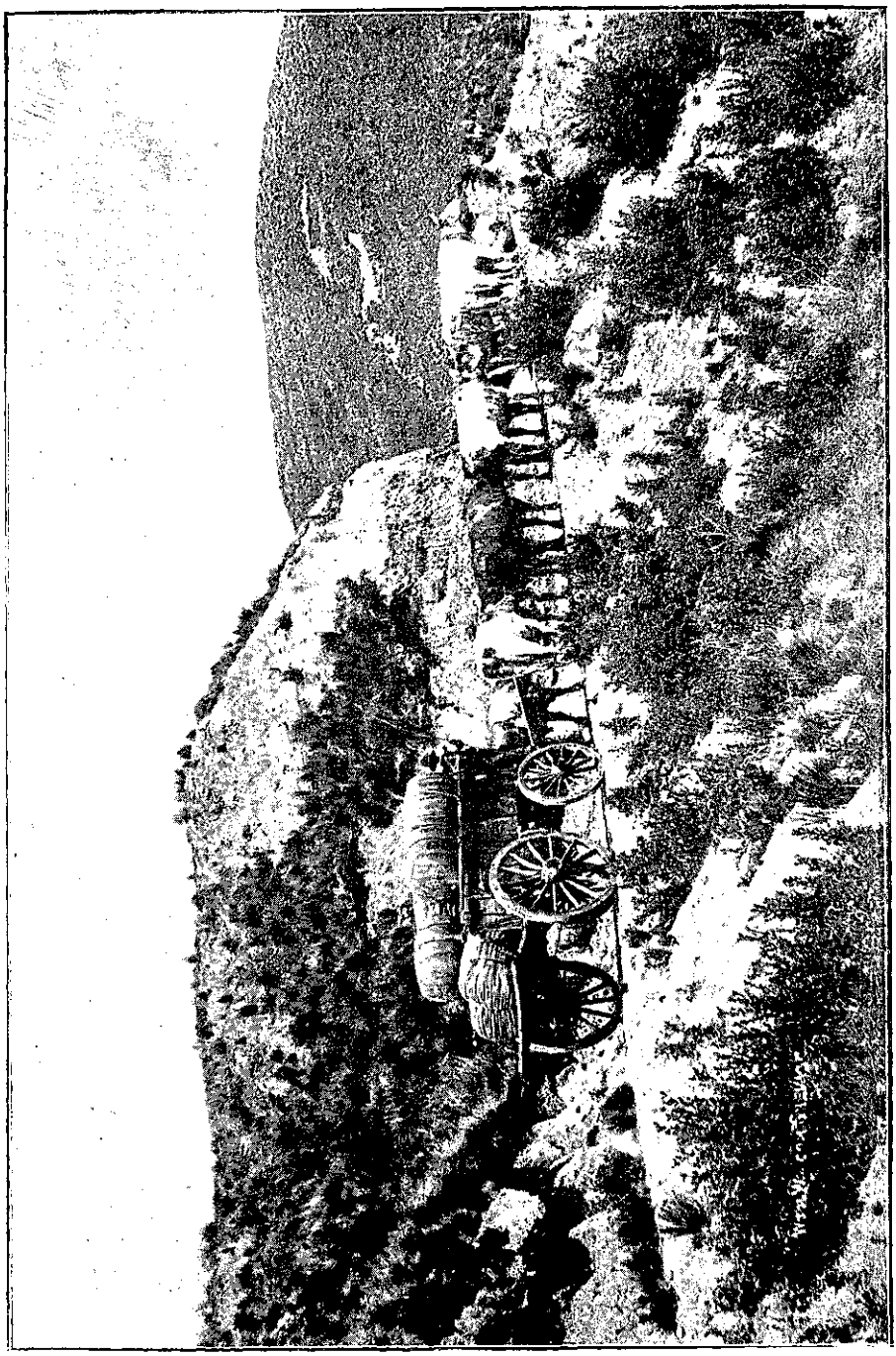


Wool Carting in the Back Blocks.

E. Wheeler & Sons, photo.

# Among the Californian Quail

By A.H. Messenger.

THE first of May, a clear, hard, nor'-west sky, and a stiff enough breeze to carry the birds down wind at a good deal above express train speed. Up on the great brown shoulders of the Makara hills the Californian quail are piping away cheerily, and as George and I stoop through the plain wire fence that borders our road, with empty guns, we feel that our day's sport is about to begin. At the edge of the stream that curves and twists among the stones, watercress and sweet-smelling banks of mint, we pause to load, whilst the dogs wallow in the crystal water.

Taepo, the Belton setter, comes forth dripping at the snap of the closing breech, and looks on eagerly with lolling tongue and anxious eye. Moi Moi, our curly-eared spaniel, being of a more excitable nature, leaps hastily from his bath, and commences a frantic search among the weeds and grasses at the creek edge.

"Number eight quail shot," remarks George, tightening his cartridge belt, when up bumps a plump grey rabbit, and goes scudding away uphill. Bang! right barrel, and bunny collapses in a quivering heap almost under the eager nose of the hurrying Moi Moi.

"Fetch him here, good lad," and the rabbit is soon tucked away in the game-bag netting.

First blood, though only a rabbit, we don't want many of them today. It is up above in the narrow scrub gullies that we must look for sport, where the quail are still calling cheerily on the clear morning air. In the scrubby fern at the foot of the first gully we flush a fine mob of some fifty dainty little top-knotted birds. "Whir-r-r-r-r!" What a row, like a heavy gust of wind sweeping through tree-tops!

"Steady, boys!" The dogs pull up at the admonition, and commence scouting in half-circles. Now then for stragglers. We each take a side of the gully and advance slowly. Taepo glides forward with lowered head and outstretched neck, pauses a moment before a clump of fern, retraces a few steps, and stands tense and quivering at a thistle bush.

"Look out, George!" The bird is on his side, and for him to attend to. At last Moi Moi arrives and blunders on top of the bird. "Whir-r-r-r-r! Smack! Bang!" Right and left, a faint drift of bluish haze from the Schultze powder, and a few drifting feathers

mark the first bird down, to be retrieved by the spaniel a moment later. The day has begun, and now steady ahead for the rest of the mob. Two more birds rise before the cover is reached. One turns uphill, flying high, and I record a miss with the right barrel. The second bird swings away on a long curve down the fern-clad slopes, and drops to the choke just as safety looms up in high scrub, a dozen yards ahead.

At last the dogs reach the edge of the main cover. A thick tangle of low rangiora bushes intermingled with clumps of mahoe and konini. Truly, an ideal patch for game. The dogs work into it methodically, and the shaking bush-tops denote the course they are pursuing. A strong gust of wind swoops down from the hill-crest high above with a scatter of grass stalks and dead leaves, and as it rushes by half-a-dozen quail rise on its downward swirl, and whiz past like a flash. There is no time to take aim, it is a case of snap shooting with a vengeance. Four shots ring out in rapid succession, and three of the birds pitch headlong amid clouds of feathers. A fourth sheds a few tail feathers, but skims on bravely around the corner and out of sight. Whilst the guns are being emptied of the cartridge shells three more birds dash past in safety, and then the guns speak again as another batch of seven launch themselves upon the breeze. Meanwhile, numbers of the birds are flying off up the gully, skimming low down on the scrub, and as the two dogs appear in a small open patch beyond the first cover, they are whistled back to hunt up the fallen birds.

Now comes what is to the sportsman one of the most absorbing and interesting phases of animal life. The dogs know at once what is required of them, no orders are given as they slip silently away down hill. One after another the birds are nosed out. First one that has fallen on the open hillside, then a second lying in a tangle of dead branches. At a thick growth of thistles, Taepo sets rigidly, and hastening forward, we are in time to see him pounce upon a wounded bird. The spaniel flushes another that drops finally to a raking right barrel, and the tally is quickly completed. Eight birds for a start, each as plump and round as a cricket ball, and now uphill once more on the track of the survivors.

The scrub grows thicker as we advance, and the birds, grown wary with their previous experience, are slow at taking wing. Moi Moi, the spaniel, however, dislodges several of them from the low branches of the scrub by his angry yapping, and now the shooting becomes keen indeed. Uphill, downhill, and straight at us, the little slate-coloured birds dash with surprising velocity, and a considerable number of tips and misses result from these tactics. Perhaps the most difficult shot is when a cunning old cock-quail hurls himself straight at me in a most disconcerting fashion. At about five yards distance he swerves suddenly and dashes off at right angles, he certainly deserves the clean miss that results.

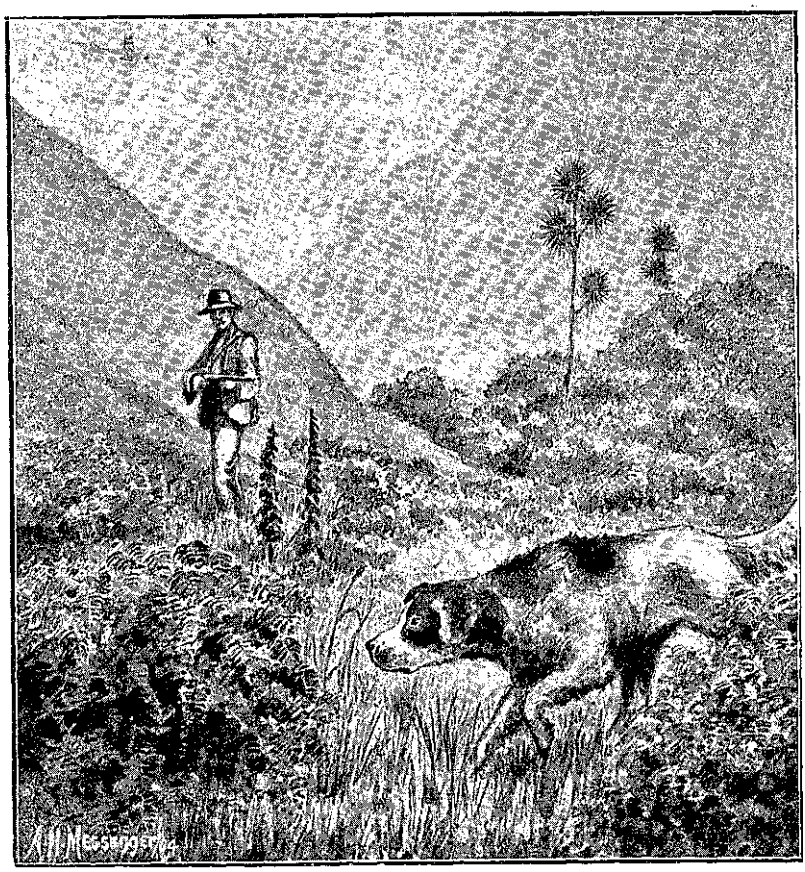
On the opposite side of the gully George is hard at work. First right and left, then two shots close upon one another. Next a difficult, twisting snap, almost a complete turn, and a cloud of feathers denotes a clean kill from a really splendid bit of shooting. For a while the birds break cover very reluctantly, and shooting becomes easier. There is more time to prepare, and in consequence the list of killed mounts up steadily.

At last the remaining members of the mob, some thirty birds in all, play the usual game at this stage of the proceedings by simultaneously breaking cover. This procedure is, perhaps, the most disconcerting that the sportsman is called upon to face. Nine times out of ten he loses his head, and, firing at random into the brown of the bird, records a clean miss. The proper

course to pursue is to simply single out one bird and let the rest go, but this is a thing that one seldom thinks of until both barrels of his gun have been emptied into space.

Once more the dogs commence their search for killed and wounded, and in the thick cover of the gully the task proves an arduous one. With tireless energy they return thankfully in the cool shade of the scrub.

The luncheon spell at mid-day is one of the most pleasurable parts of the day's outing. Sitting beside the cheerful blaze and crackle of the camp-fire, the morning's campaign is gone over again. The various shots are discussed at length. Notes are exchanged as to the merits of



A Good Set.

after each successful find to the tangle before them, and are finally called off as the tally of killed is fully made up. Twenty-two birds are counted out in a feathered heap upon the grass, and the dogs, seeing the old fire-blackened billy produced from my game bag, know from experience that the luncheon spell is at hand, and drop down

different ways of taking difficult shots, and the killing qualities of the guns and ammunition are compared. All this to the hoarse bass of the sweeping wind, now blowing almost a gale under the peerless blue of the wind-swept sky, and round about us the soft waving of long grasses and the rustle and clatter of shaking leaves and

branches come as sweetest music to our ears.

Half-an-hour's spell and the game-bags are once more donned, guns reloaded, and we start off in quest of a fresh mob. Working slowly round the steep hillside we are kept up to the mark by the restless Moi Moi, who persists in unearthing rabbits for us from every available patch of cover. One or two of them, dashing off with white bobbing tails, form too enticing a shot to be overlooked. In consequence, to Moi Moi's great delight, they are bowled over and added to our bag, which now commences to assume quite respectable proportions.

It is high up on a sun-warmed slope that we come across quail once more, when a whole covey goes buzzing off as we top the sky line. A long shot with the choke-bore fetches down a straggler, who, badly wounded, astonishes us by running down a rabbit-burrow for sanctuary. This is an entirely new departure, as far as our knowledge serves us, and, determining to capture the bird, we commence digging out the burrow. In spite of the able co-operation of the dogs the task proves a long and arduous one, for the burrow is dug amid large stones, and turns and twists in all directions. Finally, we arrive within arm's length of the end, and with long stretching are enabled to successfully bag the bird. Upon dragging the prisoner out to the daylight, we discover that besides a broken wing the plucky little chap is hard hit in several places; he is accordingly dispatched and put out of his misery.

The gully in which the rest of the birds have sought refuge is a long and precipitous one, and in consequence extremely difficult to work. The only feasible way to beat it is to take side and side, reverting to the old tactics, and attempt to drive the birds up into the narrow gap at its head. With this object in view, we commence operations, and although the birds keep rising some distance ahead of us for a start, we know that they are really playing into our hands.

Near the top of the gully our carefully-laid plans are very nearly upset by a sudden dash made by some half-dozen wary old birds in an attempt to make off downhill again. Both guns ring out almost simultaneously, and three of the birds pitch headlong into the tree-tops below. The others escape before our guns can be reloaded, but the sound of the shooting luckily deters the rest of the mob from making a similar attempt. At last the head of the gully is reached, and the cover thins out from low trees into tall fern and thick thistle clumps. The dogs are steadied down, and with almost bated breath we approach to within easy gunshot of the light cover.

Not a sound comes from the fern as we steal quietly up, and yet we know that a fine covey of birds is in hiding there. With a warning call the eager Moi Moi is held in check, and the more sober setter is sent forward to reconnoitre. It is a beautiful sight to watch his strategic advance, casting first to right and then to left of the quarry, he works slowly forward with outstretched eager head and quivering nostrils. His long, feathery tail waves slowly at first and then stiffens suddenly as he pulls up before a thick clump of fern and sets immovable. A carefully thrown stick lands fairly into the cover, and with a great fluster a fine brace of quail make a dash for liberty.

"Bang! whack!" both guns speak almost together, and the two pitch lifeless some sixty yards away.

"Steady now, Taepo!" At the order the good dog settles down to work again, and casts off to the left with head held low. Again he sets, and this time a single bird breaks cover, and, flying straight at me, first spoils my chances of a decent shot, and then escapes scot

Among the Californian Quail.

free by dodging behind some dead trees standing directly behind me.

Now the mob is fairly started, by two's and three's they streak for safety, and the gun barrels become quite heated with the rapid shooting. In spite of our speediest efforts at reloading, however, many of the birds escape scatheless, and even after all the mob appear to have been accounted for, we are still occasionally called into action by the sudden appearance of some straggler which is flushed by the dogs at the last moment.

At length the dogs are called in, and the search for dead and wounded commenced. One after another the plump little birds are dropped at our feet, though some of the wounded require a good deal of hunting down. Finally the number of casualties is found to agree with our tally of actual hits, and the dogs are called off as we bag the fifteen birds that have been gathered in.

Again we cross the shoulder of the ridge, and once more a gully very similar to the one we have just left opens out before us. Here we discover one or two stragglers of the last ill-fated mob, and our bag is further supplemented. One old cock successfully dodges my right barrel, and flying high up the open hillside, settles among some clumps of tussock grass. Feeling sure of him, I call the faithful Moi Moi, and reloading my gun, set out to flush him for a final shot. On the way the spaniel starts a rabbit from some low furze, and away the two romp gaily to a chorus of lively yapping from the excitable Moi Moi. Expecting to put up the bird easily by myself in the scant cover, I press forward to the place and commence kicking the tussocks, holding my gun in readiness meanwhile. For a while my search proves unsuccessful, and just as I am beginning to think that the bird must have run on to further cover, I am suddenly thrown into confusion by a tremendous fluttering at my feet. Almost before I have time to realise what is the matter, the cunning old bird is buzzing off at high speed. He forms a splendid target, flying straight away from me, but in my excitement at his sudden appearance, I empty both barrels, and record a clean miss. Looking at his hiding-place a moment later, I discover that I had actually trodden upon his tail, pulling out every feather of that appendage before putting him to flight, so closely had he lain in the grass.

As the afternoon sun sinks slowly down towards the western ridges, we start upon the return journey along the old home trail with well-filled bags. Our luck is once more in, for topping a low saddle, we come full upon a fine little mob of some thirty birds feeding in the open near a narrow scrub gully. They at once dash for the cover, and thither we follow them, taking up our positions on either side, prepared for action. Off steal the dogs at a low word of command, and they have scarcely entered the cover before the sport commences. The first bird out flies high, and George, who is above me on the ridge crest, takes him cleanly, sending him whirling in a cloud of feathers to my very feet. A second bird falls to my right barrel, and being merely wounded, runs at astonishing speed into a clump of furze-bushes.

Everything promises a keen bit of shooting, when suddenly the whole mob breaks cover with a whirring of wings. In an instant our guns are emptied, and they have vanished, leaving four of their number fluttering on the grass. Bagging these, we turn our attention to the wounded bird, which is smartly run down and caught by the spaniel, and then the lengthening shadows proclaim our sport over for the day. With the late afternoon the wind is freshening up considerably, and scraps of flying cloud are chasing one another across the sky. High up, over the hills, a hawk is wheeling in slow circles, as if looking for

any stragglers that we may have left wounded behind us.

The dogs are going more soberly now, and stop to wallow in every stream that we cross. We are feeling well satisfied with our day's sport, our bag is not a phenomenal one by any means, but its filling has given us much genuine sport and enjoyment.

As we near the stream below the road again, the lively call of the quail sounds once more from the ridges above us, giving promise of many another day's sport to be had in the future, and as night at last settles down upon us, we set out light-heartedly upon our ten-mile tramp homeward along the dusty road.

# To Pohutu in Ebullition.

WHENCE all this whiteness?
This star-foam of brightness
In fairy-like show?
This marvellous spasm
Outleaping the chasm
Of darkness below?
Begotten in thunder,
The stony depths under,
Thou awful white wonder—
Why travailest thou so?

Below! How infernal!
Above! How supernal!
Effervescent—florescent,
White heat and white glow:
Erstwhile thou wert sleeping
And weirdly keeping
Thy mad pulse from leaping
To vehement flow.
Oh, what are the powers
That force thy white showers
To such spectre-like play?
Doth thy vicinity
Hold a divinity?—
Or otherwise? say!
Is't a Titan in anguish?
Doth Promotheus languish
In bowels of earth?
Are Vulcans there? forging
And hammering and scourging
To frustrate the birth
Of a spirit?—infinite?—
Escaping—uprising,
The green world surprising;—
Now living—now dying,
Now flowing—now flying,
Retiring—expiring,
The exquisite vision
Falls back to its prison.

JOYCE JOCELYN.

# « BASSEIN. »

By "WIHORA."

*Photos. by W. B. Maunder, Bombay.*

No visitor to Bombay should fail to see Bassein, once called the Corte do Norte, or Chief City of the North, and to-day a witness to the ruined power of Imperial Spain and Portugal. Deserted cities and broken temples are not uncommon in India, but the spectacle of Christian edifices, cathedrals, churches, colleges, and great mansions standing in utter ruin is indeed a rare sight.

In something like an hour, the train from Bombay lands you at Bassein station on the B.B. and C.I. Railway, from whence a good road of four miles terminates in the old fortress and cathedral city. It is impossible to plan a more convenient excursion. Trains run at frequent intervals, and at either end crowds of conveyances and importunate coolies solicit engagement. Should a whole day afford insufficient time to explore the ruins, any number of subsequent trips may be taken with a minimum of fatigue and expense.

The history of Spain and Portugal is interesting to every one. The imagination is fired by the names of Colombus, Cortez, Vasco da Gamma, the Armada, Mexico, and the Inquisition. In this city we have the last resting place of Dons, Fidalgos and grandees without number, whilst it was closely connected for two hundred years with some of the proudest and most illustrious names of European history.

What reader of Kingsley can walk these deserted streets and ruined squares without calling to mind Oxenham, Granville, Hawkins, Drake, and many another hero of early days? It is easy to picture some Devonshire sea-king standing here and calling on us to witness the hand of the Lord. For what purpose were hard blows struck? to what end were curses shouted? and where flow the torrents of blood shed in those days? What requital greater than this consummation of desolation could the bitterest enemy look for?

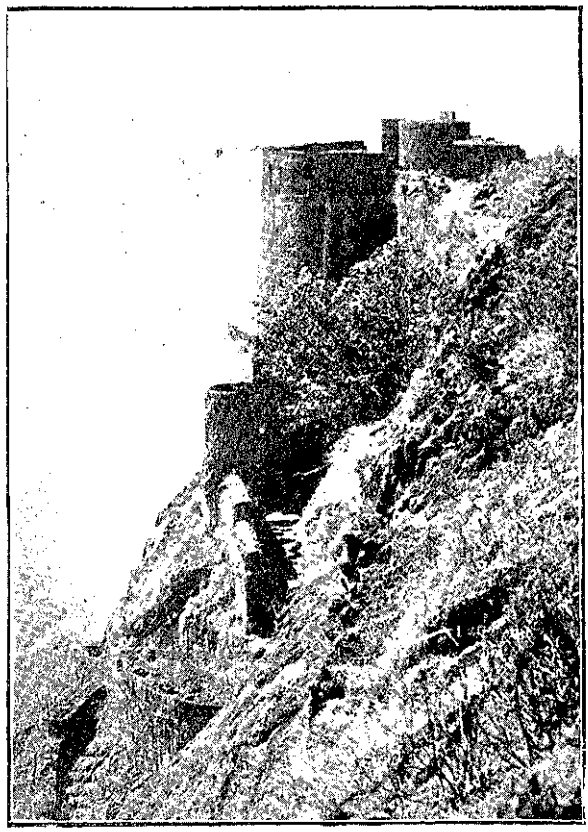
The glory has departed, but the glamour still lingers. When the morning sun lights up the great red towers and battled gateways that rise above the green distant sea, one feels that the old city is still at the zenith of her pristine greatness. The horses neigh, the captains shout, and the battle rages afar over land and sea. Count Arnaldos sings that wonderful song; large galleons, laden with rich merchandise, ride at anchor in the harbour, or lie moored at the busy wharves; Spanish sailors with bearded lips sing at their work; fair ladies of old Madrid, Saville and Granada still people the mansions; while dark, stately priests pass by convent and monastery. Those blood-stained years have gone with all their long tale of greed and intolerance. Only the ruined shell remains with a purpose that no one can mistake.

The fortress is an irregular decagon in shape, and at each of the

ten corners is a four-sided bastion. The walls are one and a half-miles in circumference; they rise from thirty to thirty-five feet in height, being in some places forty-five feet wide. There are three entrances, the Porto do Mar or Sea Gate, the Porto do Campo or Land Gate, and a postern behind the ruins of the Franciscan church by the bastion of San Sebastian. These gates are all in fair order considering the ar-

Within the space described, there stand the ruins of the Matriz, or cathedral, five convents, thirteen churches, the misericordia, an orphanage, a hospital and two colleges, one belonging to the Franciscans and the other to the Jesuits.

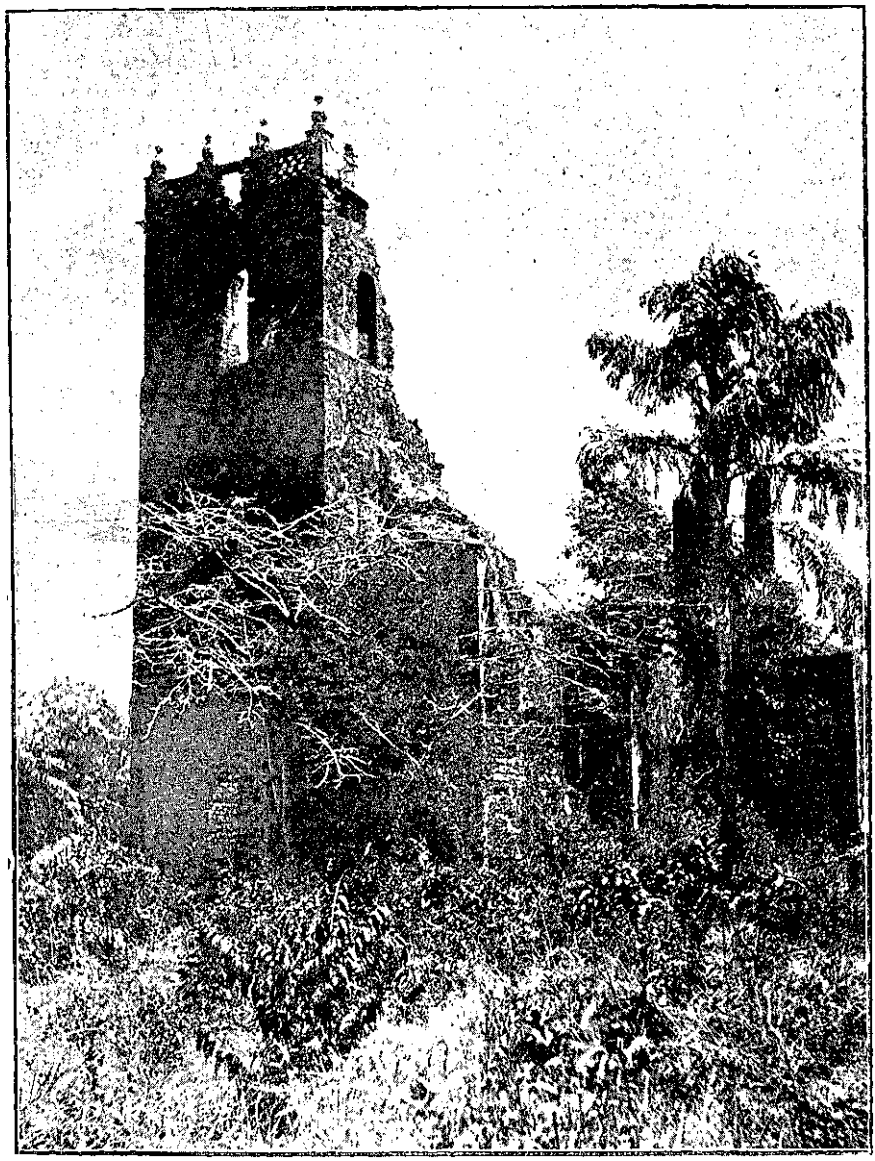
Of the life, trade, grandeur and prosperity of this city, what can be said? It was famous for shipbuilding, timber, quarries, rice, and the richest tract of country in all



Ruined Hill Fort, near Bassein. Loharghur, the Iron Fort.

saults delivered against them, and are interesting examples of Portuguese and Hindu fortifications. The doors are cased in iron and armed with immense iron spikes to prevent an attack with elephants. There is ample evidence of sieges in the shape of large rents torn by mines and artillery fire. Huge stone cannon-balls and other ammunition, rusty cannons and mortars lie about in all directions.

India. It was the residence of wealthy nobles, while the courts of the General and Captain of the North added greatly to the attractions. No natives were allowed to live within the walls. The city was described by one writer as a handsome town with wide, straight streets, large squares, stately mansions graced with balconies and large windows, and many rich and magnificent churches. To this may



Ruined Churches, Bassein Fort.

be added artificial streams and lakes, ornamented by terraces and balustrades such as are depicted in theatrical drop-scenes, shrubs, fruit trees and tropical plants from many countries. The evidences of these are still to be seen ; the lakelets are ruined, but the plants flower in wildest luxuriance, rarest and loveliest creepers festoon steeple and forest tree, draping the ruins in wonderful tropical verdure.

Bassein was first fortified in 1532 by Malik Tokan, the Governor of Diu, when the garrison consisted of 15,000 troops. It was captured by the Portuguese in 1533, the fortifications were demolished and 400 pieces of captured artillery taken to Goa among the spoils.

The foundations of the present Fort were laid about 1536, by Nuno Da Cunha, the Portuguese Viceroy. It was completed towards the close of the century, the armament consisting of ninety pieces of artillery,

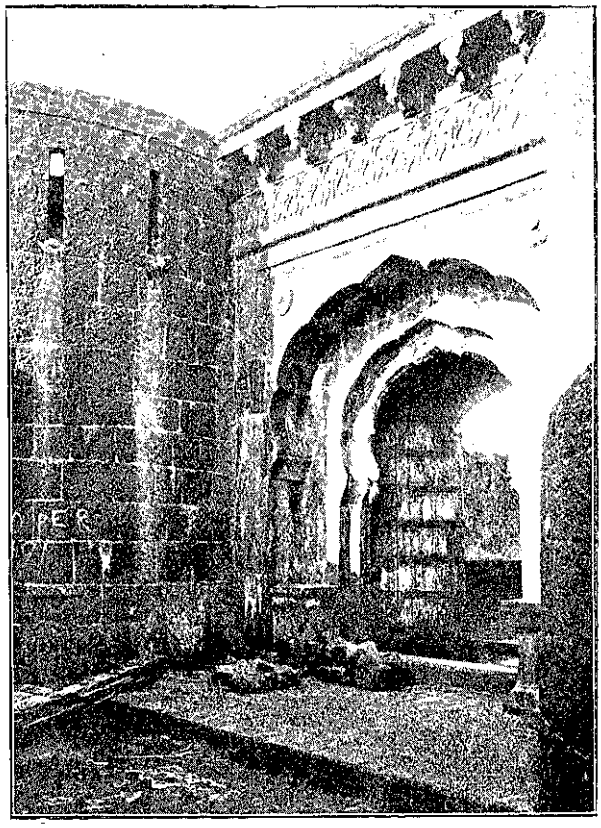
seventy mortars, with twenty-one gunboats each carrying from sixteen to eighteen guns.

The fortunes of Bassein would appear to have declined from 1618, when it was afflicted by a terrible disease from which few escaped, then came a fearful storm and earthquake. One old record says, "An earthquake destroyed many houses. The sea was brought into the city by the wind; the waves roared fearfully; the tops of the churches were blown off, and immense stones were driven to vast distances; two thousand persons were killed, the fish died in the ponds, and most of the churches were utterly destroyed."

There followed a famine of unparalleled severity. In 1674 Arab pirates plundered the country, carrying rapine and cruelty in every direction. The Governor and upper classes were reported to have been dishonest and immoral, while the downfall was hastened by the interference and persecutions of the church. In 1690 the plague appeared, and continued for several years, raging over a great part of the country.

The Maharattas turned their attention to Bassein in 1738. They seized the adjacent forts of Arnala, Varsova and Dharavi, and laid siege to Bassein on February 17th, 1739; the capitulation followed on May 16th.

"The terms were honourable," says the record, "the garrison were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and to such of the people who wished to leave, eight days were given to gather their property. The loss of the Portuguese

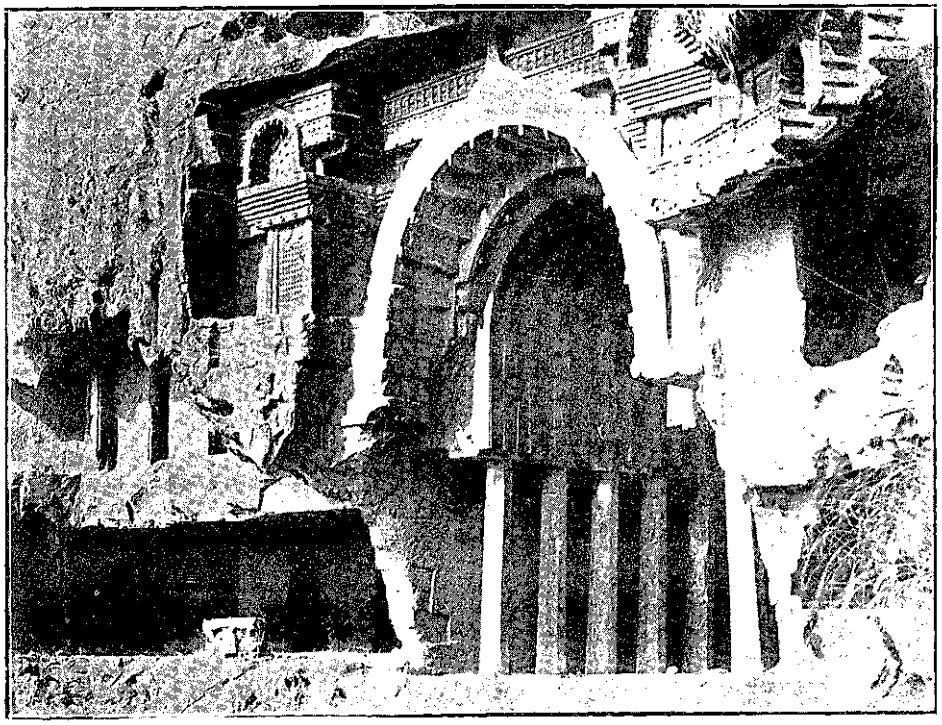


Ruined Fortress at the Island of Arnala, off Bassein.

was about 800, that of the Maharattas about 12,600. Thus Bassein fell as falls a stately tree, never to rise. No fight had been more glorious to the Portuguese, in none since the days of Albuquerque had they earned more unsullied fame."

Great accounts of this siege have been written by Portuguese writers. The immense host of Maharattas under Chimnaji Appa is typified by the threat that they could fill the moat with their slippers. The skill and perseverance of the Maharattas is made the most of in order that the indomitable courage of the Portuguese might shew the greater. There are thrilling descriptions of how mine after mine was sprung in face of a terrible cross-fire, how the walls were breached under San Sebastian's tower, and the Maharattas gained a position from which it was impossible to dislodge them. The sea was blockaded by Angria's fleet. The British at Bombay, annoyed by years of hostility and treachery, would give no help. The flower of his officers and men dead or disabled, the Commander, Sylveira De Menezes, had no choice but capitulation.

Bassein, under the Maharattas, received the name of Bajipur, or the city of Baji Row. The fortress fell to the British under Goddard on December 10th, 1780. It was restored to the Maharattas in 1783, but passed again to the British in 1817, under terms of the Poona treaty.



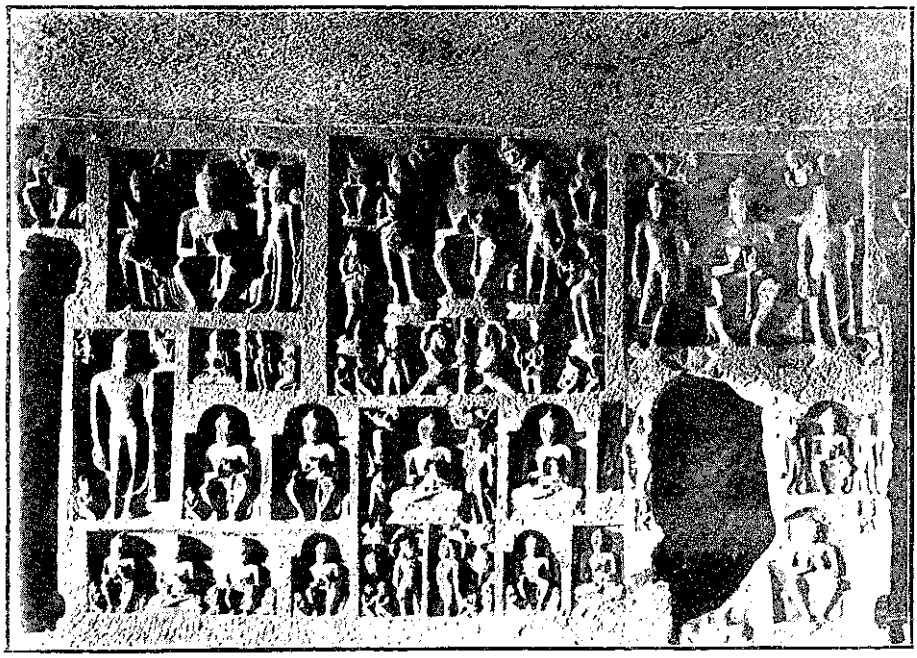
Buddhist Cave Temple at Khenery Hills, above Bassein. Built B.C. 200.

A detailed description of the ruins would be of little use to the ordinary visitor, but those greatly interested in such matters will find the fullest information in Da Cunha's History of Bassein. A guide to pilot one round can always be found, and there should be no difficulty in ascertaining the names and location of the various buildings.

Towards the centre of the fortress

stands the ruins of the citadel, which must have been a circular building. Some of the churches are in good order though roofless, and could be restored at comparatively little expense. In many cases, however, only a tower remains standing, the body of the building being a shapeless mass of stones, dangerous from the snakes they harbour. Broken pillars, porches and colonnades stand in all directions, while cornices, beautiful shafts, Corinthian capitals and sculptured lin-

followed the example of the Mahomedans in this matter, and beautiful carved stones from Jain and Hindu temples are often to be found built into the churches. The tree-covered walls with towered front, arched doorway and lancet windows furnish a series of wonderful pictures. The following inscription stands over the entrance : " NO ANNO De 1601, SENDO ARCEBISPO PRIMAZ O ILLmo SR DOM FREI ALEIXO De MENEZES, E VIGARO O PE PEDRO GALVAO



Screen in Buddhist Cave Temple at Khenery Hill, above Bassein. B.C. 200.

tels lie prone in heaps or half hidden by climbing plants that strive to throw a cloak over the ruin.

Some of the old streets may be traced without difficulty, and in many places they lead between great walls standing alone in silent majesty awaiting the doom which must surely overtake them.

The Matriz, or Cathedral of St. Joseph, is said to stand on the site of certain mosques which were demolished and furnished material for the building. The Church of Rome

PEREIRA, Se ReFORMOU ESTA MATRIZ."

" In the year 1601, when the most illustrious Sr, Dom Frei Aleixo de Menezes was Archbishop Primate, and the Rev. Pedro Galvao Pereira was Vicar, this Cathedral was rebuilt."

There are some tombs within the building, one of which bears the words, " Petri Galvani, 19 March, 1618," and another, " Antonio de Almeida de Sampaio e Su."

According to Da Cunha, the

church of St. Joseph was built in 1546 by the Viceroy, Dom Joao de Castro, under orders of Dom Joao III., of Portugal.

The Market Place, or Great Square, stands facing the sea, surrounded by ruins of fine buildings, one of which was the "State House." A doorway leads to the acropolis, and above it stands a Maltese cross, coat-of-arms, a sphere and date 1606. Hard by are the ruins of a bastion with an inscription which, being translated, runs: "The first captain who built this fortress was Garcia De Sa, by command of the Governor, Nuno Da Cunha, in the year 1536."

Close to this are the ruins of the palaces of the General of the North and of the Captain of Bassein. Another ruin, of which the portico with three arches is still standing, inscribed with the Royal Arms of Portugal, contains two stones having inscriptions translated as follows:

(1) "This portal was built during the Government of the Viceroy Dom Miguel de Noronha, Count of Linhares, and on it St. Francis Xavier was placed as patron of the city the 10th May, 1631."

(2) "When Gaspar de Mello de Miranda was Captain of the city, and Goncalo Coelho da Silva, Pero Ferreira, and Joao Boto Machado and other officers were aldermen, this portal, which took St. Xavier as its patron, was built in the year 1631."

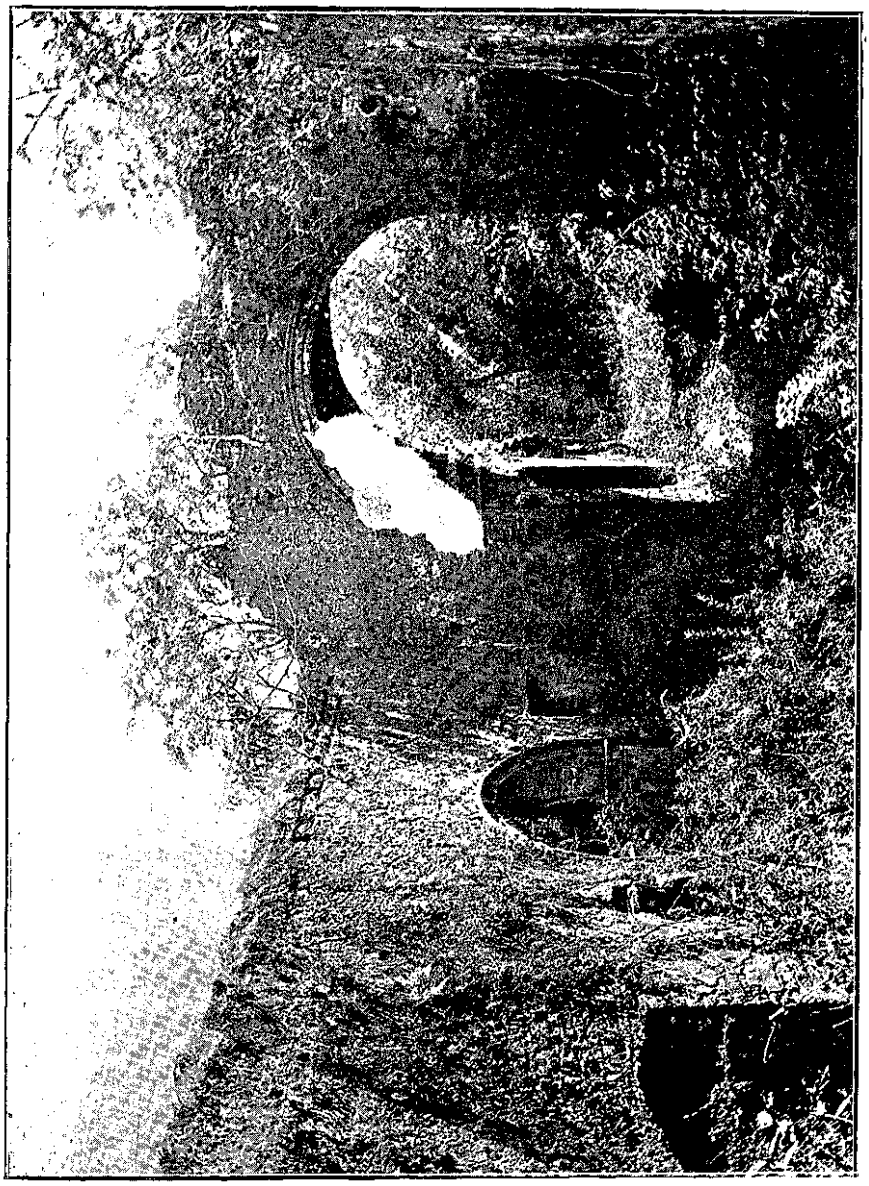
Past the ruins of a huge granary, and close to the palace of the General of the North, stand the Church and Hospital of Pity. The hospital is a long, heavy building of massive proportions, having a large quadrangular courtyard with beautifully cloistered arcade. Delicately-carved pillars set off a handsome front, above which appears a stone escutcheon, having a cross supported by dragons.

Other well-known ruins are the Church of Nossa Senhora Da Vida, the Church and Monastery of the Hospitallers, the Franciscan Church of Santo Antonio, the Dominican Church of San Goncalo, and the Augustine Chapel of Nossa Senhora De Annunciada. There is no record of the names and sites of many that have perished, but the imagination can fill in grand sounding names, such as "Our Blessed Lady of Mercy," "Our Blessed Lady of Remedies," "Our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God," "St. Michael, the Archangel," and "St. Thomas, the Apostle."

The church and monastery of the Jesuits perhaps call for more admiration than any other building. Handsome columns, fluted shafts and Corinthian capitals, with a noble arch and sculptured lintel attract attention. The ruins of the adjoining college are almost buried in wall-trees and creepers, which add ornament to the pile. Fryer described the college as having five square cloisters with cells on two sides, a spacious refactory and fine library. The hospitality of these monasteries was famous, and they made public-houses unnecessary. Pietro della Valle and other seventeenth century writers mention this as the finest building in Bassein; reference is made to a profusion of rich gilt work and a copy of Michael Angelo's celebrated picture of the "Resurrection." The inscriptions in old Portuguese and Latin on the grave-stones that pave some of the churches, indicate an early date, and are sure to interest the visitor with antiquarian tendencies.

The foundations of these Jesuit buildings were laid in 1548, by Fr. Malchior Gonsalves, an intimate associate of St. Francis Xavier. A commissary of the Inquisition was established here in 1560, and 9400 Hindus were baptised in this church in the year 1588. The name of the Inquisition sounds sinister in connection with the large number of conversions accomplished during a single season's operations.

Under Philip II., of Spain (1556



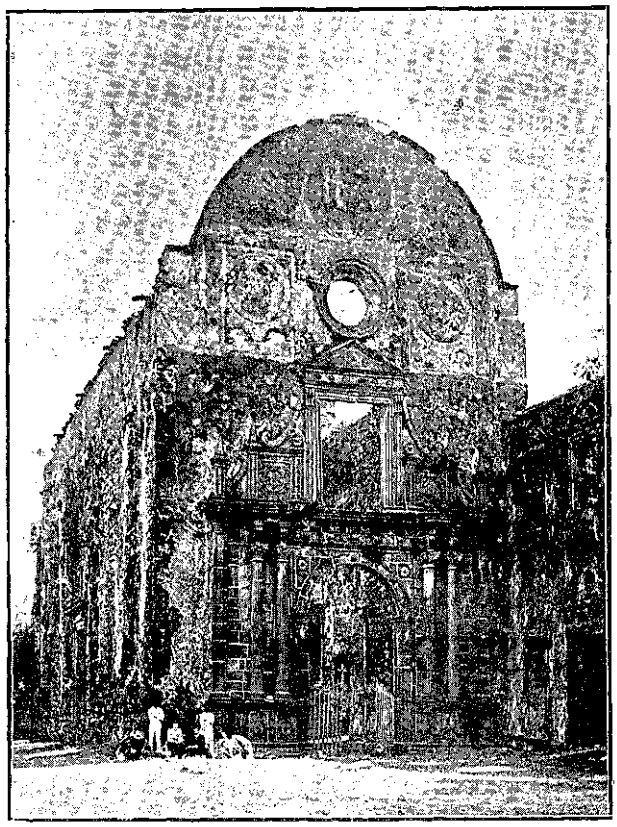
Interior Ruined Church, Fort Bassein

to 1598) the greatest ill-feeling was shewn towards unconverted natives and the laws against them were most strict. No heathen might be employed, and to none might any friendship or kindness be shewn. No infidel might serve in public offices, and all were forced every Sunday to attend a lecture by a priest, or pay a fine if they stayed away.

This puts the case very mildly indeed, but it is only right to remember that many Protestants, if allowed, would employ the same means at the present day.

The heathen had their innings under the Maharattas. Madhaw Rao, the Peishwa, squared matters by offering grants of rent-free lands to such Hindus as cared to accept them, and a tax was levied to support priests who were brought to re-initiate the perverted. It is worthy of remark that in the midst of the Christian ruins there now flourish no less than three Hindu temples, and one of them receives a yearly grant from Government.

The Monastery of San Antonio accommodated St. Francis Xavier during his three visits to Bassein, in 1544-48, and the Church is interesting from having been the headquarters of the Rev. Father Antonio de Porto, a gentleman who in 1534 transformed the Buddhist cave temple, at Khenery, into a Catholic Church of St. Michael. This priest discovered a labyrinthine passage in the Khenery Hill, which he failed to explore during an expedition of seven days. It is a matter of sad regret that more detailed accounts of that seven days' exploration were not left for the guidance of posterity. There is no sign of the passage



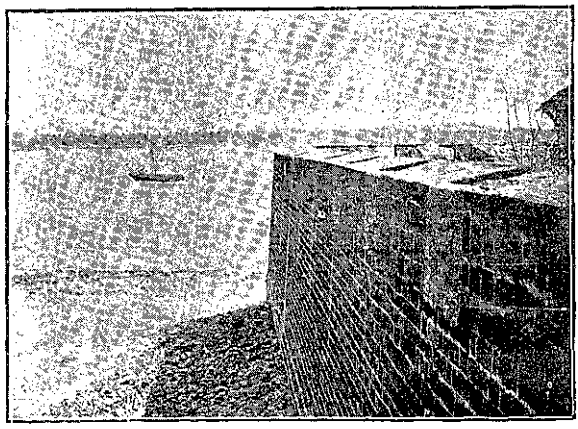
Our Party of New Zealanders at a ruined Church.

now, and all we know of it is mere conjecture.

One of the most interesting inscriptions in the fortress refers to the bastion of San Sebastian, and is translated as follows :

"During the reign of the most high and mighty King Dom Joam of Portugal, the third of this name, and when D. Alfonso De Noronha, son of Marquis of Villa Real, was Viceroy, and Francisca De Sa, Captain of the Fort and City of Bacai, this bastion named San Sebastian, was built on the 22nd February, 1554."

Bishop Heber described the ruins as striking, from their lofty proportions, but being of mean and paltry architecture. It is difficult to agree with the latter part of this opinion, which is so entirely opposed to all that the old writers have left on record.



Fortress Walls, showing Creek.

The Thanna Creek joins the ocean at Bassein, and along its whole course are towered castles, fortified mountain peaks, ruined palaces and the most enchanting scenery in India. Apart from the interest attaching to the Portguese ruins, is the fact that Bassein centres on a district of the greatest antiquity, where history extends far into the shadowy past, commencing with the Birth of Time.

The island on which the fortress stands was known to the ancients as the Island of Sopara, and six miles to the north lies the city of that name, which from 1500 B.C. to 1300 A.D. was the capital of the Konkan. Eminent writers, Benfey, Reland, Reinaud and Yule support the opinion that Sopara is Solomon's ophir. The Mahabharat mentions it as Shurparaka where the Pandar Brothers rested on that long journey to Kathiawar. Here, according to Buddhist writers, Buddha in a former birth was Budhisattva ; here, Shripal, the Jain King married Tilakasundari, daughter of King Maha Sen, and here great Rishabha Nath preached his incomparable religion of charity.

Southwards rise the Khenery Hills guarding forgotten Veharas ; below them lie the stones of many an unknown city. There, in some undiscovered labyrinth amongst priceless treasure, lie the fragments of Gautama's bowl awaiting the coming of Maitreya Budhisattva, the Merciful and Unconquered. One day he will come again to save the world, so people say, and the time cannot be far distant, for in India there are no longer followers of Siddharta, He who was the princely flower of all his land.

NOTE.—The writer visited this historic scene with a party of New Zealanders on 1st January, 1904.

# The Martyrs and Troubadours of Old Provence.

By JESSIE MACKAY.

I.

FEW pages in the history of medieval literature are so fascinating as those which tell of the bright and brief reign of lyric poetry in Provence. Though that poetry flowered in little more than two centuries, and died six centuries ago, its singular grace and tenderness has preserved its memory in Europe and left a lasting mark on the literature of France. A remarkable proof of this abiding charm is the attempt by certain French authors of the day to resuscitate the Provencal as a literary language. Mistral, the chief mover in this unique enterprise, lately read a poem he had written in Provencal at the unveiling of a bust to Alphonse Daudet; which is as if an English author were to celebrate the memory of George Eliot by composing a poem in the language of "Piers Plowman," or the "Canterbury Tales."

The very name of Provence indicates its importance in the palmy days of Roman empire. Southern France was called "The Province" as far back as the Second Punic War. When Latin decayed in the time of the Gothic invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries, Provencal was the first literary language to emerge from its ruins. But its writers, with characteristic self-esteem, tacitly ignored all sister languages by calling their own Lengua Romana or Romance. In other countries it usually bore the name of "langue d'oc," as distinguished from the Italian, or "lingua di si," and Northern French, or "langue d' oil"—"oc," "oil," and "si," all meaning "yes." The Langue d'oc, or Provencal, was spoken not only in Southern France, but down the East Coast of Spain, in Aragon, Catalonia, and the Balearic Isles; but its written literature was almost entirely confined to the soil of France.

The rise of this literature, whose melodious tenderness charmed medieval Europe, is shrouded in obscurity. We can but speculate how a cheerful Southern people, possessing their ancestral soil in comparative tranquillity, would probably preserve fragments of old Romanic literature lost by other countries in the triumphant overflow of Teutonic barbarism. We may imagine how these Romanic fragments would be changed into folk-songs suitable to the people; and how rapidly the earlier Renaissance of learning under Charlemagne must have spread under the mild skies of Provence till the rude folk-songs became a world's wonder of finished form and grace. Some have argued that the Troubadour lays of Provence were the work of men trained in special schools of poetry and composing by a set academic method. Such institutions did exist in Northern France, but there is no trace of them in the South. The academic idea is altogether foreign to the lively spontaneous character of early Provencal poetry. The Troubadours themselves denied being taught their art by any living person; the trees, the flowers, the

rivers, above all, the eternal spirit of Love—these, they said, were their only teachers. All we know with certainty is that Provencal lyric poetry was an active force at the end of the 11th century.

Another obscure and much debated point is the relative position of the two classes into which Provencal poets were divided—the Jongleurs, or Joglars, and the Troubadours. It was asserted by some that the Jongleurs were the skilled servants of the Troubadours, singing their masters' songs throughout the country. This hypothesis will not stand. We find Jongleurs and Troubadours abusing each other with fine medieval freedom ; but the closest examination can scarcely discover where one class began and the other ended. Both turned out work of the same character and quality ; both made an excellent living out of their poetry ; and both wandered round the country in minstrel fashion, going on a kind of circuit round the homes of the great nobles. Sometimes a Troubadour was content to cast in his lot with the Jongleurs ; often a clever Jongleur rose from the ranks and was counted a Troubadour. The difference between them seems to have been like that now existing between a professional jockey and a gentleman rider. It is probable that the Jongleur was often a better executant, while the Troubadour generally excelled in imagination ; the common practice of a Troubadour employing a Jongleur points to the likelihood of the latter being engaged to polish the great man's verses. The Jongleur was plainly an older institution than the Troubadour ; his name, akin to "jocular" and "juggler," proclaims him the descendant of the Roman mimes or mountebanks. During those silent centuries of the Dark Ages, it was, we may well believe, the humble Jongleur who kept alive the flame of poesy in Provence, and adapted old themes to the new dialect forming there. We may safely discount the Troubadours' theory that their poetry was born among the nobles and descended from the nobles to the people. In its fresh beginning it worked upwards, owing as little of its origin to the tinsel glamour of chivalry as to cut and dried academic rules. Rather might we say that the Troubadours' poetry created chivalry ; for medieval chivalry began in Provence, in the golden prime of the Langue d'oc.

The word "Troubadour," like the Italian "Trovatore," and the Norman French "Trouvere," meant "finder," an apt and dignified name for a poet. The first Troubadour proper was Guillem Count of Poictiers, who was born in 1071, and became a Crusader in the time of William Rufus. Though much of his verse is of an unedifying cast, the rank and renown of Guillem did much to raise poetry to the sudden height of esteem it now attained in Provence. From this time to near the end of the 13th century the barons and princes of Provence vied with each other in their profuse generosity to poets—a generosity that often ruined them. Strange state of society when the keep of a poet, not a racehorse, menaced the solvency of the beau mode. Often the noble or royal Maecenas was himself a Troubadour of repute ; and the frankest camaraderie existed between these exalted singers and their poorer brethren of the craft. In that subtle Titanic romance, "Richard Yea and Nay," Maurice Hewlett luridly pourtrays two notable Troubadours of the Golden Age in Provence—our own Coeur de Lion, and Bertran de Born, the stormy petrel of song who was the evil genius of the royal Angevins, stirring up strife between Henry II. and his sons. The living Bertran was anything but saintly ; still, he scarcely seems to have been as black as Hewlett's picture of him. One redeeming point in his character was his genuine affection for Henry's son, William, who died before his father.

The death of this prince inspired one of Bertran's finest poems, a verse of which will serve for an example of Provencal art :

"If all the pain, the grief, the bitter tears,
The sorrow, the remorse, the scornful slight,
Of which man in this life the burden bears,
Were thrown a-heap, their balance would be light
Against the death of our young English King.
Valour and youth stand wailing at his loss;
The world is waste, and dark, and dolorous,
Void of all joy, full of regret and sorrow."

In Scott's "Anne of Gierstein," we have a pathetic, pleasing picture of the last royal Troubadour, Rene the Good, father of Margaret of Anjou, the haughty Queen of Henry VI. Rene and his tiny court were really only a mournful afterglow of the brilliant Troubadour period. In the same novel we have a brief prose version of the tragic tale of Guillem de Cabestanh, an admired young singer of the earlier time; and from both we glean Scott's manly insular contempt for the old regime. A strange, fantastic time was this reign of the poets in old Provence. The Troubadour carried his world before him : those who braved his sword quailed before his biting song. They were inordinately proud of their art, and glorified themselves and it with an amusing naivete. "My song is good !" is the burden of many a chant. Inordinate conceit gave rise to extraordinary caprices in many of these minstrels. Peire Vidal believed himself beloved by every lady who looked on him. Finding his affection for a certain noble "Loba" (she-wolf) not returned, he ran about the country in a wolf-skin, requesting the shepherds to hunt him with their dogs, which they did. Peire was a Crusader, though, like most of his class, no enthusiast in the affairs of Holy Church. Having married a Greek lady, a distant relative of the Emperor, Peire Vidal assumed Imperial state himself for a time. Rambaut, of Orange, declared that "since Adam stole the apple, no poet's work was worth a turnip compared with his."

Lightly as friendship brushed away the cobwebs of wealth and rank, professional etiquette never hindered the broadest personalities when poets quarrelled. "Villain" and "highway robber" were quite common courtesies on such occasions.

But it must not be imagined that the Troubadour was simply a Lord of Misrule. To his lady he was all submissive ; patience and meekness in love was the first article in the Troubadour's creed. To the world he was more or less of a hedgehog, but on the whole a useful hedgehog, fearing neither Pope nor King, and partially supplying the place of the modern Press, since he scourged all faults and follies but his own without fear or favour. Though many of their number were Churchmen, they unsparingly denounced the oppression, cant, and cruel dogma which characterised the Papal rule at that time. Both in religion and politics they generally favoured liberty.

It cannot be said that Provencal literature was of a lofty cast. If we judged Provencal society of that time solely on the songs of the minstrels, we would think as poorly of its morals as a reader of the 25th century would think of the morals of England and India on the single testimonies of Marie Corelli and Rudyard Kipling. Their glowing love lyrics were in every case addressed to married ladies. In no recorded case did any Troubadour think of celebrating his own wife in song. Without doubt the lax standard of much of its poetry was reflected to a great extent in social conduct. But students of medieval history are assured that many of these gallant effusions were the accepted expression of a fantastic friendship perfectly open and innocent, a source of pride to the families of both. It was a recognised necessity that a poet must

have a lady for a lay figure whereon to hang emotions and sonnets. It was reckoned an honour to a lady to carry her name on the wings of song over the land. Thus when the Troubadour chose the wife or sister of some great Baron for his inspiration it was often a matter of mutual accommodation, the gratified Baron frequently going to much trouble in making up quarrels between the pair. While gladly accepting this amended view of Provencal life, one cannot but feel with artistic distaste that cant is cant, and just as nauseous in a canzonette as in a sermon.

II.

What manner of poetry was this, that ruled so absolutely in its own country, and commanded the admiration of the greatest medieval poets in Europe—Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and others? Dante crowned his extravagant eulogy of the Troubadour, Arnaut Daniel, by borrowing some of his intricate measures. On the other hand, he honoured Bertran de Born with a whole page in the "Inferno," where he makes the contentious poet appear carrying his own severed head in his hand as a warning to all evil counsellors of princes.

In its infancy, Provencal poetry was of high lyric excellence, being airy, melodious, tender, and spontaneous. At first it had a genuine grace of nature description; but afterwards the nature images became sterotyped and conventional. It was naive and direct, but neither deep in its thought nor lofty in its tone. It does not translate well, much of its charm depending on the flowing vocables of the Langue d'oc. It was distinguished by an extraordinary and fantastic elaboration of form; its studied repetitions and intricate rhymes rendering many of its verses more like Chinese puzzles than poetry in the ordinary sense.

Provencal poems were divided into three classes: canzonettes, or love songs, sirventes, embracing all themes but love, and tenzones, or contests on a given subject between two poets. These tenzones were conventionally supposed to be improvised on the spot; but in point of fact it seems the poets had ten days' grace before the trial began. Richard Coeur de Lion was reported to have acted as judge on one occasion. It was certainly a tenzone by which Blondel discovered him in the Austrian Fortress, though it has not been preserved. There still remains, however, a not over-remarkable song Richard composed in that time of durance.

The Sirventes included laments, satires, pastorals, classics, political songs, war songs, and many others.

The graceful canzonette breathed the tender, ideal worship of a lover as to a star. It was generally sad in character. A fair example is this verse of a poem of Folquet's to the Lady Azalais:

"Maybe I once was happy for a space,
But joy and hope of love have passed away;
No other good can make me blithe and gay,
For all the world I hold in dire disdain.
Of love the full truth let me now explain;
I cannot leave it, nor yet on my way
Press back or forward, neither can I stay;
Like one who mounts a tree mid-high, and fain
Would mount still higher, or downward move a pace,
But fear and terror bind him in his place."

Among the sub-divisions of the canzonette, those songs called the alba and the serena were most famed. The alba was a love song of the dawn, the serena a love song of twilight.

Among the ranks of the Troubadours were some women singers, though not many, and none of them prolific writers. Of these, Clara of Anduse and the beautiful Beatrice de Die, wife of Count Guillem of Poitou, were most noted..

But side by side with this bright, sensuous, butterfly school of love and song, a still mightier force had grown up as swiftly, as mysterious-

ly as the first. For the ill-fated sect of the Albigenses also rose and perished on the soil of Provence; the stern renunciations of the one, and the easy defections of the other naturally presenting the antipodes of the mercurial, passionate Provencal character. It is usual to speak of the Albigenses as a kindred sect to the Waldenses, who are still a flourishing church amid their native Alps. If the Waldenses are not a survival of the Apostolic Church, as has been often claimed, they were at least the forerunners of the Reformation, and the brightest examples of faith in a dark and cruel period. It is certain that the hapless Albigenses were as courageous, as devout, and as sincere as their brethren of the Italian Alps; but the exact nature of their doctrines can scarcely now be determined. These doctrines seem to have come from the Lower Danube about the beginning of the 11th century. That century was a time of great spiritual unrest; and a great outflow of religious enthusiasm from the Balkan Principalities had materially heightened the prevalent discontent with the ruling church. The creed of the Albigenses was at that time generally considered Neo-Manichean rather than Christian, and was said to be filled with the austere Oriental mysticism of that early heretical sect. If so, the Albigenses could have had little in common with the Hussites, Lollards, or Waldenses, but the common hatred of oppression, corruption, and sacerdotalism. The utter destruction of themselves and their documents by their persecutors, left no certainty as to their doctrine; their life was ascetic, honest, and peaceable; their outspokenness and example were extremely offensive to the priesthood.

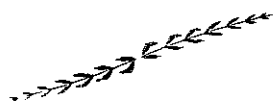
The rapid rise both of the Albigenses and the Troubadours cannot be explained without a glance at their country's political position. Provence, since the Roman decay, had enjoyed peculiar advantages. It was parted under hereditary rulers, kindred to the people they governed, not tributary to the Kings of France; and from its position it was comparatively protected from invasion. It was a wealthy and fertile country, producing much, and favourable to industry. Feudalism indeed accompanied chivalry in Provence as elsewhere, but it was tempered and limited by liberal laws and, for the time, a remarkably enlightened system of representation, centred chiefly in its capital, Toulouse. This comparative freedom and security gave the lively questioning mind of its people much scope. Some, indeed, maintain that England owed the foundation of her parliamentary system to the example of Provence, through the connection of the "good Earl," Simon de Montfort, with that country. His father, also Simon Count of Montfort, was one of the many infamous persecutors whom the love of plunder attracted from Northern France to hunt down the wealthy heretics of Provence. So noted was the elder Simon in this bad business as to win the grant of Toulouse from the Pope. Happily he was killed in prosecuting his claims; but there is every probability that these claims directed his son's attention to the excellent representative system of the country.

The Albigenses were first heard of about the beginning of the 11th century. They were censured and called "The Toulouse heretics" by Pope Calixtus; but their countrymen called them the "good people" instead. Their faith spread far and wide, numbering not only multitudes of the middle and lower classes, but several nobles. After a century of wordy warfare had passed, Pope Innocent III. took the matter in hand, checked the Crusades to Palestine, and proclaimed a crusade against the Albigenses instead. Most of these heretics were under the mild sway of Raymond, sixth Count of Toulouse. The part

played by Raymond at this crisis is all the more remarkable and praiseworthy because he was not himself an Albigense, but lived and died a Catholic. Raymond temporised and promised obedience; but no threat would induce him to actively harass his heretical subjects or hand them over to the Papal mercies. In 1209 the Crusade began, ostensibly to avenge the murder of the Papal Legate, Peter of Castelnau, an event parallel with the murder of Archbishop Shairp on Magus Moor, in Scotland. The real object, however, was to put down Raymond and give his dominions to a more obedient vassal. Still Raymond held out, and for twenty years Provence was wasted and drenched with the blood of her noblest children.

A strange, sad page of history is that which links the fate of the light-living, carolling Troubadour with that of the silent, austerely-pure Albigense in one national doom. The Troubadours almost to a man held with Raymond. Very few joined the persecutors, and these were reckoned traitors to their art and country. It will be remembered that the Troubadours as a class had satirized and denounced the faults of the priesthood in the plainest terms. On the other hand, only one Troubadour is expressly stated to have been an Albigense. Many battles were fought. At the siege of Beziers the Papal Legate, Abbot Arnold, gave the infamous order, "Kill them all; the Lord will know His own"; thus consigning at least 20,000 men, women, and children to massacre. In 1229 Raymond was forced to make peace with the Pope. A residue of his once rich lands was suffered to descend to his son, Raymond VII., to be held during his lifetime: after his death it passed to the King of France. The horrors of the Inquisition were soon at work in Provence. By the middle of the 13th century the Albigenses had ceased to exist; a miserable remnant of them fled to Bosnia. The success of the Crusade had crushed both the religious and the political liberty of Provence. It had put down the great nobles who once fostered freedom and chivalry. No more did the Troubadours go on circuit to their castles, bringing gladness and receiving princely gifts. Provencal lyric poetry, the glory of its literature, was also dead by 1300. A faint shadow of it lived on for a time, with good King Rene and other lovers of the old regime. In this decline came the days of the Courts of Love and the Games of the Golden Violet. These institutions, unknown in the prime, were really vain efforts to call back a love and poetry that had ceased to exist.

Literature of a sort, indeed, still lived on. Cumbrous epics of history remained, like those of Northern France. The deeds of Charlemagne and Arthur were sung in these long metrical romances. "The Song of the Crusade of the Albigenses" is valuable, and contains fine and spirited passages. But the glowing singing self of old Provencal literature passed with the martyrs and the Troubadours; and the liquid Langue d'oc ceased to be spoken by living men.



# A LAME DUCK.*

By W. BROOKE.

THERE had been a fire at Pier 19, East River, and Captain Trent, the Port Warden, was down making enquiries on behalf of the Insurance Companies. He was a short, square, energetic-looking man of about forty-five. After he had jotted down his notes and bustled off, I remarked to Frost, the Harbour Master, that Captain Trent seemed a shrewd, wide-awake sort of man.

"Yes," replied Frost, "he's just as smart as a steel trap. I saw him work a cute move about ten years ago, when he was master, and I was chief mate, of the ship 'Oregon.' He took a big risk, too, but he saved himself and the other owners of the 'Oregon' about nine thousand dollars."

"How did it happen, Captain Frost?" I asked.

"It was over a towage job when the ship was dismasted and crippled in the North Atlantic. We were bound from Santos to Boston in ballast, and, as half the crew had died of fever at Santos, we left port short-handed. The 'Oregon' was a big, full-rigged ship of over 2000 tons register, and it was heavy work handling the sails with so few men. However, all went well until we were within two hundred miles of Cape Cod, when one night the ship caught aback in a heavy squall with all sail set. The squall laid her over on her beam ends, then the ballast shifted, and being so short-handed, we couldn't haul the yards round and get the sail furled. I thought she was going to capsize; and she would have done so right enough if we hadn't cut away the main and mizenmasts, which caused her to fall off before the wind and straighten up a bit.

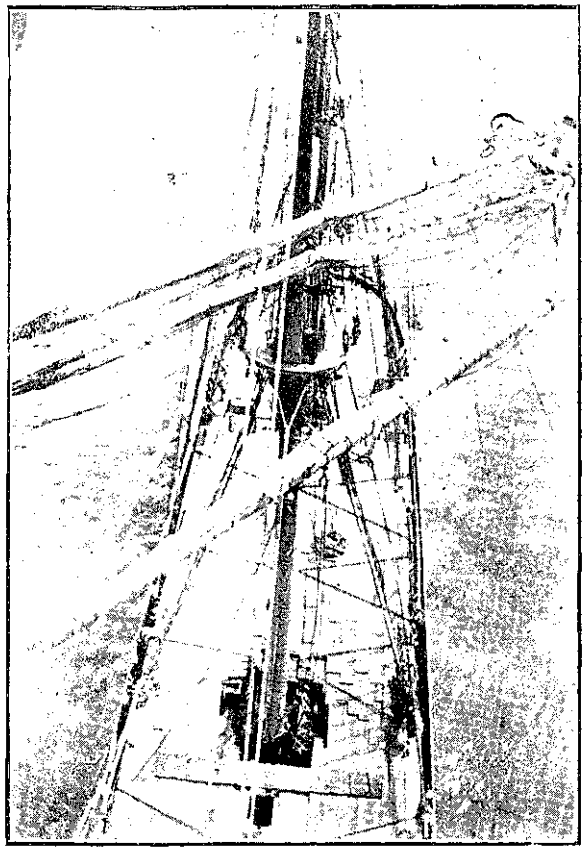
"Then we had a big job cutting clear of the wreckage, but we managed it at last because, although it was blowing hard, the squall had come suddenly and the sea was not very rough. Soon after getting clear of the masts and top hamper, the weather moderated, and all hands were sent below to shovel the ballast back into place; and after a few hours work the ship was on an even keel again.

"The carpenter sounded the pump wells and bilges, and we found that she was not leaking at all; yet with bulwarks smashed, sides battered by the heavy masts, and spars thumping alongside before we cut them adrift, and only the foremast standing, the ship was just as helpless as a lame duck. Fortunately, the wind being nearly due east, we were able to sail slowly before it towards the coast. Captain Trent tried to edge her to the northward all he could, but of course with nothing but the sails on the foremast the ship would only steer with the wind nearly dead aft. The weather was foggy for the first few days after being dismasted, and we got no observations, but when the weather cleared enough for us to find our position by the sun the ship was about fifty miles from the coast of Massachusetts, half way between Cape Cod and Nantucket. After he'd located her on the chart,

* The sea term for a crippled sailing ship.

Captain Trent came up on deck and called out for me. 'She won't clear Cape Cod with this breeze, Mr. Frost,' he said, 'we shall have to take in all sail and let her drift.' 'Why not try and run for New York, captain, if you can't make Boston?' I asked. 'What! and get in among Nantucket shoals with an unmanageable ship. No; not me! We'll just let her drift, and wait till a steamer comes along and picks her up, and if she drifts into soundings, we'll have to anchor and trust to luck and fine weather!'

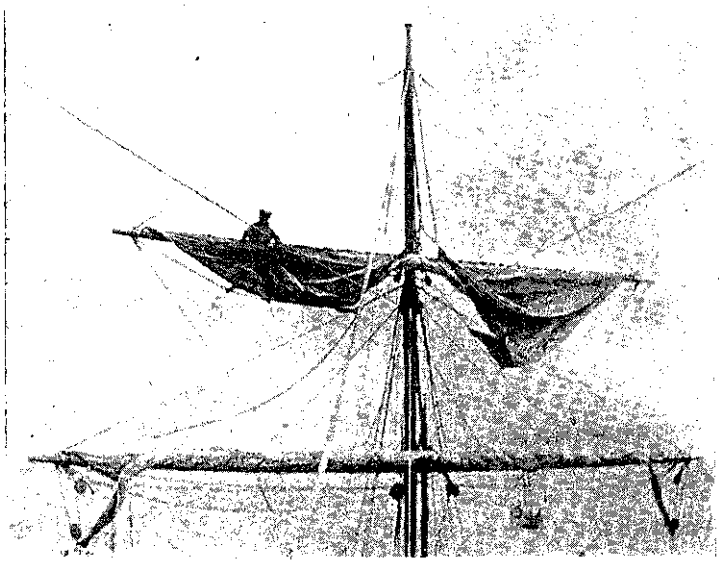
"Well, we furled all the sail there was left and waited, then, sure enough, before long we sighted a steamer, aad as soon as they saw us the steamer's course was altered a little, and she made straight towards us. The weather was fine, and the steamboat captain brought his craft close alongside and stopped. She was a good-sized cargo-boat, called the 'Crescent City,' and bound from Galveston to Boston. Her skipper was looking quite jubilant to think that he had found a lame duck drifting around; and leaning over his bridge rail, he shouted out: 'Do you want any assistance?' All the steamer's crew who were not on duty below crowded to the bulwarks to listen to the bargaining, and speculate on the amount of salvage money that would fall to their share. 'What will you tow me to Boston for?' asked Trent. 'Make it a low figure, because we've no cargo—nothing but sand ballast in the hold.' 'Oh, I'll tow you in for ten thousand dollars, captain; that's a fair



D. Macdiarmid A View from Aloft. Photo.

price,' answered the man on the bridge. 'Fair price!' shouted Trent, who was part-owner of the 'Oregon.' 'Come now, d'ye want to ruin me? Why, if we were only fifty miles further north, I could sail her in without assistance!"

"The steamboat captain laughed, and guessed we couldn't do much sailing with a light ship, and only one mast, besides, he said, he wasn't going to wait all day. Ten thousand dollars was his price, and if Captain Trent didn't agree to that figure, well then, the 'Oregon' would probably drift ashore before morning, because there was every appearance of an easterly gale coming on. In the end, Trent had to agree to the other skipper's terms, but he bargained for the use of the steamer's wire hawser, as our own tow-rope was stranded and unreliable. As soon as the bargain was made, no time was lost, and everyone worked with a will in order to get the work of securing the tow-rope finished while the fine weather lasted. The steamer's people lowered a boat and passed the end of a long coil of three-inch rope to us. This we took to our small steam winch, and hove the end of the steamer's six-inch steel wire aboard, then shackling on the end of our starboard anchor chain to the eye in the wire hawser, we payed out fifteen fathoms of chain to act as a spring, and ease the strain on the wire tow-rope. The steamer captain arranged with our skipper that if the wind and sea increased, he would blow two long blasts on his steam whistle as a signal for us to pay out more chain, and ease the jerk on his hawser. Then he started ahead with us.



D. Macdiarmid, photo. **On the Main Royal Yard.**

"The 'Crescent City' was only a nine knot boat, but as the 'Oregon' was in ballast trim and light in the water, the steamer walked away with her at the rate of six knots an hour, the heavy length of chain causing the tow-rope to just trail in the water. Soon after dark the wind began to freshen, and by midnight it was blowing a hard gale from the eastward, with a heavy sea rolling in on our starboard beam, which made the two

vessels plunge and jerk at the tow-rope until I thought the windlass would carry away, but we were now nearly abreast of Cape Cod, and once we rounded the corner and got off before the wind, the ship would tow more easily. At midnight, when the watches were being changed, the captain of the 'Crescent City' tooted on his whistle for us to pay out more chain, as he was evidently afraid of the tow-line parting, and I was going forward when Captain Trent called me from the companion stairway. Leaving the second mate to look after things, I went into the cabin.

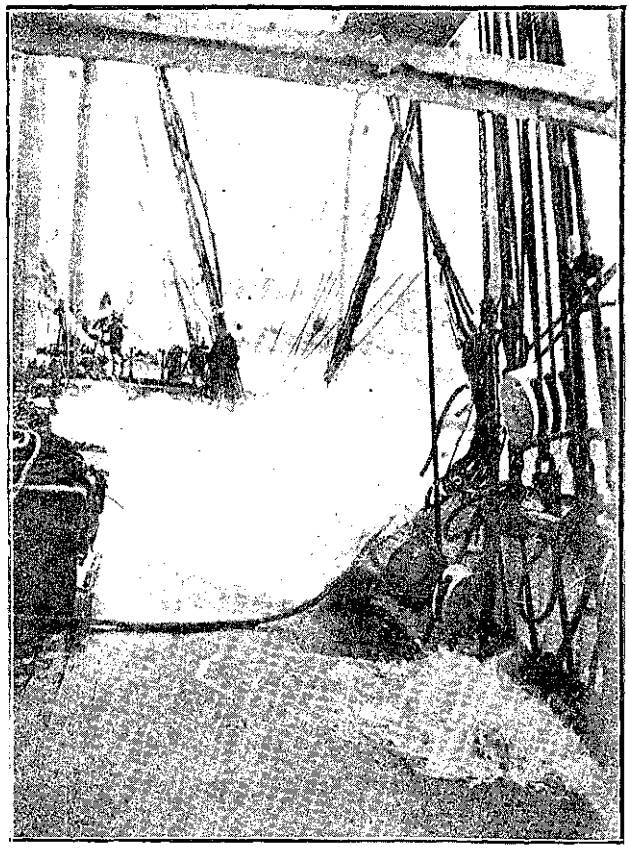
"Then the skipper shut the cabin door, and said: 'Look here, Mr. Frost. That steamboat man caught us in a tight place, and he's piled on the price, but he'll find I'm a pretty slippery citizen before long, because I don't intend to pay ten thousand dollars for a hundred and forty miles tow—not this tide, anyhow! Now, you're a smart young fellow, and I'm going to recommend you for a ship when we get to Boston. So just send all hands aft for a tot of rum, and while they're away, you heave in the chain till the wire comes on the windlass; that'll snap the towing wire quick and lively. Let me know as soon as the wire snaps, and I'll square right away before the wind for Boston Harbour. Mind, I don't want to slip the hawser; it's got to carry away in order to save the steamboat's salvage claim!' 'All right, Captain,' I said, 'I'll manage my part of the business.' Then I went forward and turned the steam from our little deck-engine on to the windlass. When all was ready I sent all hands, look-out man and all, aft for their grog, and when everyone was out of the way I started the windlass.

"Away ahead of us, I could see the steamer's stern-light rising and falling as she plunged through the gale, and I could hear the thud of her propeller when she raced. Her skipper was still working her to the northward, although he could have kept away before the wind, but I suppose he wanted to give Cape Cod a good wide berth. The 'Oregon' had a powerful steam windlass like most big American sailing ships, but every time our bows lifted to a sea the tow-rope would tighten and stop the windlass, then I had to rush in the slack every time she plunged down the slope of a sea and forged ahead. The heavy cable had been acting as a good spring for the wire, but when the end of the hawser was hove into the hawse pipe, it tightened like a harp-string with an alarming jerk at every plunge the vessels made, and I stood well clear so that my brains wouldn't be knocked out by the flying end when the rope parted—as part it soon must. Just as the steamer's whistle was screaming again for more slack chain, a high sea with a broken crest came rolling down on us, and as the 'Crescent City's' stern was swooping down into the hollow, the 'Oregon's' bows were leaping nearly out of water. No single wire without a spring to ease it could be expected to stand a jerk like that, and snap went the hawser a few fathom from our bow, the broken end flying back like the crack of a whip. I sang out sharp to Trent on the poop: 'Tow-line's parted, sir, all adrift forward!' and ran aft.

"The crew had finished their grog and were going forward again, when the skipper shouted to them to loose all sail on the foremast, and jump lively if they wanted to save their skins. Trent had put the helm up and got the ship off before the wind as soon as the tow-rope broke, then when the canvas was loosed we took the halyards and sheets to the steam winches, everyone working their hardest. Half-an-hour afterwards, with all sail on the foremast set, we were scooting dead before the gale on a straight course for Boston Harbour. The steamer captain had eased down to haul in the end of his

broken hawser, and then he headed for us again, but being only a nine-knot boat, we left her wallowing away astern, for the 'Oregon' in ballast, sailing dead before the wind, was a flyer; and we were going a good twelve, because with the wind dead aft, one mast is just as good as three.

"We ran before the gale all night, and soon after daylight, land was aft to speak to him, he was standing by the compass watching the steering, with his feet planted apart on the rolling, heaving deck, and his face set and determined-looking. 'Are you going to take in sail, and signal for a tug and pilot?' I asked him. 'No, Mr. Frost: I guess I know the way into Boston harbour, so we can do without pilots or tugs. I don't intend to pay any



D. Macdiarmid Photo.

**Making for Boston Harbour.**

sighted, with the entrance to Boston Harbour right ahead. Surely, I thought, the skipper won't try to sail the ship through the Heads in a howling gale with only one mast standing! I knew he was a smart seaman, and well-acquainted with Boston harbour, but I didn't think he would risk it. Captain Trent had never left the poop since the tow-rope broke, and when I went salvage claims if I can help it, besides a tug or pilot-boat could never get alongside with a big sea running like this. Now, go forward, and let all hands stand by to work the sails and anchors. I'm going to take her in through the Black Rock Channel.'

"I went forward and got the men to the braces and halyards, but they didn't need much telling, for they

were all on deck awaiting orders, quite aware of their danger. It was blowing a hard gale with a big following sea, and I saw a tug and pilot-boat trying to come off to us, but they couldn't face it, but had to turn back. It was summer time, and crowds of people were grouped on Nantasket beach, watching the ship as she approached the harbour.

"It must have been a grand as well as an unusual sight, to see a big two thousand ton ship, with smashed and battered sides and bulwarks, and with only her foremast left standing, flying dead before the gale in towards the harbour mouth at the speed of thirteen miles an hour! On she flew, two men with sweat-streaming faces, heaving the wheel over to keep her straight, as the mountainous following seas lifted her stern high in air, and then raced forward along her sides to break in a thunder of foam amidships as they passed under! Captain Trent, watching every swoop and swing of her dripping bows, stood by the wheel directing the steering. He knew Boston harbour well, but without the help of sails on the main and mizenmasts it was impossible to sail her through the main channel, so he headed the ship for the Black Rock Passage, which is seldom used except by small vessels in fine weather. It was narrow and exceedingly dangerous, and to take a big, crippled ship through in a heavy gale required great nerve and skill.

"With clanging trusses and straining canvas the ship came sweeping round Hull Point, and into the comparatively smooth water of Black Rock passage. Here Trent grasped the wheel himself, and sent one of the helmsmen forward to assist me with the sails, as we were very short-handed. Then, with rocks and broken water close alongside, on she flew through the passage, where, had she struck, she would have torn her bottom out, and sank or capsized in the swift current, but Trent rushed her clear through into the open bay, and then shortening sail he ran her in behind Deer Island and dropped anchor.

"After the ship was safely anchored, the steam pilot-boat came alongside and hailed us. 'You came in through the wrong channel, Captain!' shouted the pilot. 'Well, I guess I'm not going out again to come in through the right one!' retorted Captain Trent, who was not without some humour.

"When the gale moderated, several hours later, the 'Crescent City' came steaming slowly in through the main channel, and as she passed the 'Oregon,' the steamer's crew clustered at the rail, staring in amazement at the lame duck that had flown away from them in the night, and threaded her way through a narrow, dangerous channel that even the local pilots dreaded to navigate in fine weather. Of course the ten thousand dollar bargain didn't hold good, because the tow-rope had broken, and only Captain Trent and myself knew why it broke.

"The Salvage Court certainly awarded the 'Crescent City' nine hundred dollars for towing the 'Oregon' to windward of Cape Cod, at the same time Captain Trent saved himself and the other owners of the 'Oregon' over nine thousand dollars by his smartness and skill, and considering the risk he took, I guess he deserved all he saved."

# The Head of Te Rangihouhiri.

By J. COWAN.

HEAVY rain poured down on the reed roof of the wharepuni, and the sound of the surf on the sandy shore half-a-mile away came with a roar on the wings of a north-east gale. The marangai was blowing—a wind always associated on the Bay of Plenty coast with overmuch rain and "dirty" weather. But within the tribal meeting-house we were in warm and cosy quarters, and when the evening prayers were over and the people of the little hapu gathered with us round the fire for a long night's korero, we blessed our hosts for their hospitality—one of the primal virtues of the Maori.

And pipes came out, and tales and songs went round. Our surroundings were in weird harmony with the strange stories we listened to that night. There was no light but the glowing fire, which, however, was bright enough to illuminate the gaily-painted rafters, scrolled in ancient native patterns, and the carved figures that stood round the walls, each with its diabolical lolling tongue, painted red, and its huge glistening eyes inlaid with pawa-shell.

At the foot of the central house-pillar was the carven effigy of the tribal founder, with his scornful lips and tattooed face, grinning and balefully glaring in the flickering of the fire. Stowed along the walls were two or three guns, a taiaha, and other wooden weapons of the past. In a corner a couple of little girls were rehearsing the swing of the poi-balls, in time to a softly-chanted dance-lilt. And with minds attuned thereby to thoughts that were Maori, we heard old Manihera tell with excited mien and gesture of the wiles of Ngaiterangi's wizard, who held sway over the powers of darkness, and not only makutu'd the tribal enemies, but had even bewitched a football-ground, so that a team of young men from a neighbouring district were woefully beaten when they foolishly ventured to play on it against the medicine-man's hapu.

Tattooed, saturnine Hakopa arose, and sang a quavering waiata and told of the brave deeds of his departed comrade-in-arms, Te Pokiha, ally of the white man and foremost in a battle-charge, whose grave was in the village-square. Then came legends of ancientry, of the days when the Arawa double-canoe made land-fall here from the South Seas. But of all these "tales of the times of old," none equalled in "thrill" and Homeric action a narrative that came from the lips of a woman, the young and handsome chieftainess, Rongo-Kahira. When there came a pause in the old men's reminiscences, and the children were humming out the haunting air of the interminable poi, the lustrous-eyed Sibyl compelled attention with uplifted arm and dramatic gesture, and told the story of "The Head of Rangihouhiri."

"Whakarongo mai! Listen to me, pakehas, for this is no korero-

tara, no child's fable. It is a true story of our tribe, of a woman whose hate was as strong as her love, whose words and whose beauty nerved men to deeds of valour.

"More than three hundred years ago there lived in this village—the most ancient kainga of our tribe—a beautiful girl of high birth, whose name was Tu-parahaki. She was a celebrated puhi (virgin), protected by the law of tapu, and her name went through all the land. As she grew up she was sought in marriage by a young Chief of the Waitaha, named Tukutehe. Him she loved, and with great ceremony they became man and wife. Here begins my story. They had been married but a little while when war burst upon the tribe. From the eastward came a wandering band of warriors, the fugitive tribe Te Rangihouhiri, commanded by a bold and masterful Chief, whose name was also Te Rangihouhiri. They made an attack on Maketu pa, which then, as now, stood on its green and shady hill, and was surrounded by strong lines of palisading. The battle raged fiercely round the walls of the fortified village; and many deeds of bravery were seen on either side. The owners of Maketu were overpowered, and for the time being dispossessed, and fled inland to recruit their forces for a great battle with the invaders. Placing his trust in their words of peace, Tukutehe ventured amongst his enemies; but the Chief, Te Rangihouhiri, treacherously killed him.

"When the news of Tukutehe's murder reached Tuparahaki, the young wife was wild with grief. She lacerated her arms and breasts with sharp flakes of obsidian, and her tears fell as unceasingly as the haumaringiringi, the dewy rain which Rangi weeps down from the sky upon his severed earth-wife Papa. For days and months she sat in her lonely whare, speaking little, but ever grieving, ever brooding. For two years she remained in her sad widowhood, and she dried her tears in the thoughts of revenge. For her blood was that of a warrior race, and hatred of her husband's slayer possessed her.

"Tuparahaki was still but a girl, and the fame of her rank and beauty brought many young chiefs from other parts of the Island—from the Ngapuhi country, from Kawhia and Waikato, from Taupo, from the East Cape. One after another they sought her to wife, but she refused them all. She stood up in the crowded Council-hall one night, when many visitors from distant tribes were present, and announced that she would not marry any man save he who brought her the head of Te Rangihouhiri.

"'Who is Te Rangihouhiri, and how shall we know him?' asked a chief from Waikato.

"In reply, Tuparahaki told once more the tale of Tukutehe's death, and described Te Rangihouhiri and his method of fighting. He was a tall and savage warrior, exceedingly powerful and skilled in the use of the two-handed wooden sword. Should there be a battle, he would not engage in the combat at the first, but would hold back until the struggle was at its height, and the warriors were in the thick of a furious hand-to-hand encounter. Then he would rush forth, laying about him with terrific sweeps of his weapon, and cut a lane through his enemies, hewing them from his path as if they had been so many stalks of korari—the flower-stems of the flax. When that dread figure joined the fray, 'twas indeed the Rangihouhiri. Many a man had lost his own head in rashly attempting to shift that of the grim warrior of many battles.

"The terror of Te Rangihouhiri's name abated the ardour of many of Tuparahaki's wooers. The tribe from the east still harrassed the lands of Tapuika and Waitaha around Maketu. At last the tribes, calling to their aid the Lakeland Arawas and others, made a combined attempt to expel the invaders.

"Amongst the warriors from afar who came to the call of the Tapuika and Waitaha, burning to distinguish themselves, was a young Chief, named Kaihamu, from Kawhia Harbour. He was the son of Mango (the shark), a rangatira of the Ngati-toa (Tribe of Heroes). When he beheld the mournful face of the beautiful young girl Tuparahaki, his heart straightway went out to her, and being made aware of the conditions upon which he could win her, he resolved to take Rangihouhiri's head, or fall on the field of battle. He learned all he could of the enemy's Chieftain, and his manner of fighting, so that he could mark his man in the midst of the combat.

"A great battle soon followed, on the ferny hills that slope down to the white sands of the sweeping bay. Te Rangihouhiri and his tribe left their entrenchments and fought boldly in the open. Spear clashed on spear, and stone axes in the hands of wild, naked men smote through skulls and severed limbs; and with loud battle-cries the chiefs incited their warriors. The lines of struggling, fighting men swayed now this way, now that. It was desperate work, and each man fought for his own hand.

"Kaihamu stood apart, waiting for the slayer of Tuparahaki's husband. At last, when the roar of the battle was loudest, and dead and wounded strewed the field, Te Rangihouhiri appeared. A tall and powerful tattooed warrior, grey-haired, but athletic as his youngest follower, he leaped into the thick of the fight. Anana! A very toa! Like a whirlwind he rushed through his foes, smiting them down right and left with herculean blows of his two-handed sword—just like korari stalks, as Tuparahaki had described. Right through his adversaries he rushed, then turned and smiting with gigantic blows he clove his way back again.

"Then he met Kaihamu. Aue! Never was there a fight like that. Kaihamu was armed with a taiaha, of akeake wood, and with this he parried the sounding blows that Rangihouhiri showered upon him. But the older man's terrible work had wearied his mighty arm. Warily Kaihamu fought—then, with a sudden lightning-stroke, he felled his foeman to the ground. The next moment he ran the tongue-shaped point of his taiaha through the old warrior's throat—and that was the last of Te Rangihouhiri."

When the narrative reached the "sticking-point," the old man Hakopa could sit still no longer. Seizing a taiaha from the wall, he leaped at an imaginary enemy, and with actions of indescribable fierceness, went through every movement of the duel—thrust and parry and death-stroke—in rather inconvenient proximity to our heads. Then he sat down, and with burning eyes fixed on the story-teller's face, said, "Tena"—"Go on."

"Kaihamu, unnoticed by his fellows, took the dead man's sharp-edged greenstone mere from his belt (it had once been Tukutehe's) and with it cut off his head. He stripped the body of the short mat of white dog-skin which was one of Te Rangihouhiri's most envied possessions. The head, the mere, and the mat he wrapped up in a flax cloak taken from the field, and then watched the progress of the fight.

"The tribe of the dead Rangihouhiri were defeated, and loud were the songs of triumph that greeted the warriors of Tapuika and Waitaha and their allies when they returned to the palisaded village of Tuparahaki. In the hall of meeting they gathered that night, and before the Chieftainess sang their proud waiata and pioi, and recited their battle-deeds. It was known that Te Rangihouhiri had fallen, but by whose hand?

"One after another the warriors who had slain a foeman rushed up brandishing a ghastly head. For many of them were strangers, and knew not the appearance of Te

Rangihouhiri. Up and down they rushed, gripping their trophies by long and blood-matted hair, but the lady made no sign.

"At last out bounded Kaihamu, the young and brave. His eyes flashed with living fire, his head was decked with the snowy feathers of the toroa (the albatross), his handsome face covered with the symmetrical lines of blue tattoo; red war-paint on his cheeks.

"He looked, indeed, a hero. Leaping like a deer down the centre of the great whare, he stopped short in front of Tuparahaki, and suddenly drew from under his mat a beautiful greenstone mere, and waved it round his head.

"'Ka-tahi!' exclaimed Tuparahaki, when her glistening eyes recognised the weapon. 'That's one token. Go on.'

"Bounding from side to side in leaps of fantastic exultation, the young chief went down the room. When he returned, he had a rolled-up garment in his hand. This he unfolded and threw round his shoulders. It was the dog-skin mat.

"'Ka-rua!' said the lady. 'That's two. Tena!'

"With a cry of delight and an astonishing leap, and whirling his mere round his head, the warrior taki'd back to the end of the room. Returning with a high-pealing yell of triumph, he flourished in front of the lady the severed head of a grey-haired, tattooed man.

"'Ae! 'Tis Te Rangihouhiri!' cried the wide-eyed Tuparahaki. 'No more will the wairua of Tukutehe come before me in the night and cry for utu, for his blood. Tukutehe is avenged—and you are my husband!'

"So Kaihamu won his love. Great were the rejoicings of the tribes, for they had gained a noble warrior; and the mournful face of their chief-lady no longer silently reproached them. But Tuparahaki stayed not in the country of the Arawas. Kaihamu's people became her people, and his land her home. Kaihamu returned first to his Kainga on the shores of Kawhia, to prepare a fitting reception and home for his wife. And then she followed with her retainers, halting only at those places on the way which Kaihamu had karakia'd and made sacred as resting-places for her. And grand indeed was the loud powhiri of greeting which the people of the great stockaded pa at Powewe, high above the shining waters of Kawhia moana chanted as the Ariki lady of Maketu approached—the manuhiri-taurangi (stranger from beyond the sky!).

"Haere-mai! Haere-e-e Mai!
Welcome hither, lovely stranger;
'Twas our dearest son that brought thee,
Brought thee from the eastern seashore,
From the bounds of earth and heaven,
From the very distant places.
Welcome—welcome to our home!"

"So the young warrior and his well-loved wife lived and died at Kawhia, in the land of the Ngatitoa. But their children returned to Maketu—and one of their descendants is Rongo-kahira, who tells you this story."

# MACHINES, NOT MEN, A.D. 2005.

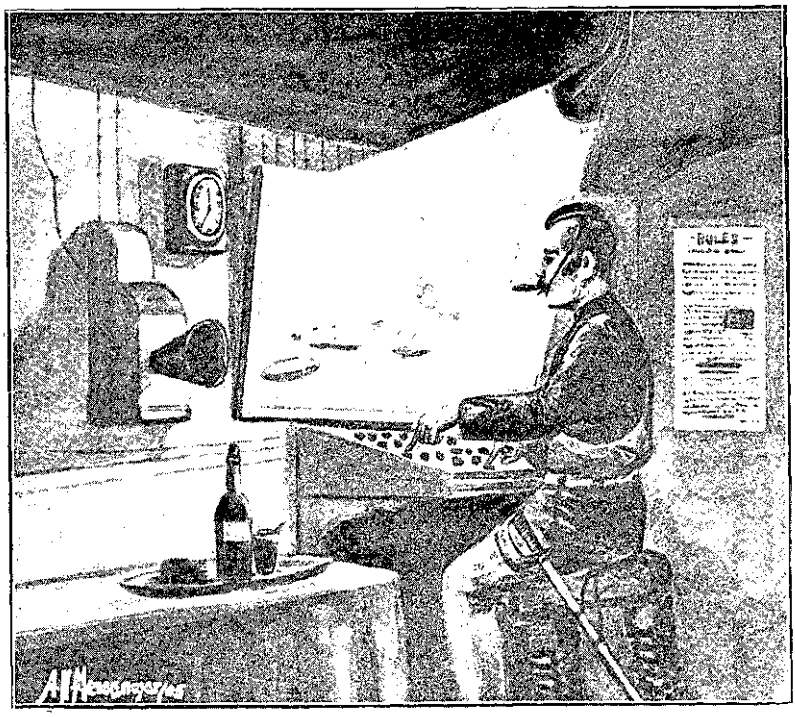
By W. EDWARD LUSH.

TO those who have been watching and studying the changes which have taken place in warfare, it is evident that, whereas in days of yore it was the intention of combatants to kill as many of their enemies as possible, it has now become the object to destroy as much of the enemy's most valuable war property, whether it be ships, or forts, or towns, and to treat the loss of life as a necessary though inconvenient accompaniment which ought to be avoided as much as possible consistently with the object of victory. Now, it was with this knowledge firmly fixed in his mind that the great Military Engineer, Colonel Lyddite Electron Smith, brought out those modern inventions which have, in this year of our Lord 2005, so completely revolutionized all modern warfare. Finding it possible, after much patient investigation and many tentative inventions, to gain by a special electric machine the power of aiming a gun without being near it, but only by being connected with it by an electric current, either on wire or ethereal, he at last brought out his marvellous invention which was duly commended by the Hague Conference, bought up in dozens by the great Powers, and now is used instead of the old-fashioned armies, the costly artillery, and so forth. It is unquestionably of the greatest advantage for a General to be able to sit in his explosive-proof mine, with his electric communicator like the console of a modern organ in front of him, and not only actually fight, but also thoroughly enjoy the whole battle himself.

For the sake of those who are not military experts, it may be as well to explain the whole working of the machine, how it was invented, and how the many other inventions of the day entered into its evolution. The usefulness of a motor-car at a review struck Colonel Smith, and then he built one to carry a Maxim gun. After some time, by a careful adjustment of ball-bearing riflings in his modified Maxim, he found it possible to make the very explosions of the gun help the motor-car forward; it then occurred to him that it would be possible to work a motor-car for battery purposes with electric power to run out a definite distance of, say, not more than a mile, and return, coiling up its own cable. At last he reached the electric control of the car so perfectly that he could on a high hill, and by a variety of electric appliances, not only run, stop and steer the car, but also to a certain extent aim the gun and set it into action, doing great devastation among the things which he had erected to practise at.

This in itself was a remarkable engine of war. But a system of wireless electricity with many currents and different sets of instruments, attuned as it were to each to pick up the current meant for it, gave him a still greater power, until on the summit of his inventions he hit upon the greatest of all, one

that would transform a ray of light focussed on a certain kind of plate into an electric current, and then where it is received again transform it into light, so that the image appears on the plate before the eye, just as it does from the telescope at the other end. This at once made it possible for him to make the engine do all its work at the opposite side of the hill, and finally made it possible for him to put the electric general at the bottom of a pit or anywhere else out of all danger, and to upset, break, destroy, or otherwise incapacitate the electric war-chariots of the enemy. There is now no life lost at all, it is simply a war of skill with two powerful machines of great value, or in some battles, a whole line of chariots pitted against a similar line of opponents. The sport of modern warfare has thus become much more entrancing, and the danger only great to newspaper reporters and others who persist in looking on.




Colonel Lyddite Electron Smith, in his Bomb-proof Shelter, directing the Battle.

give him full command of the fighting engine.

But it may be asked, wherein comes the principle that warfare is the destruction of valuable fighting property? By the time the whole invention is complete, the amount of money in each of these electric war-chariots fully accounts for where that comes in, the machinery is most expensive, the armour has to be light and yet effective, and the whole object of each General is

The facility with which the machines can be worked and sent through difficult manoeuvres is the beauty of the invention. The idea was laughed to scorn, as many new ideas are, till it was exhibited in action, and the doughty Colonel, being much laughed at by the Naval authorities, invaded their domains with new torpedoes, which could be sent for thirty miles under water and made to go through any evolutions desired, rise and shew

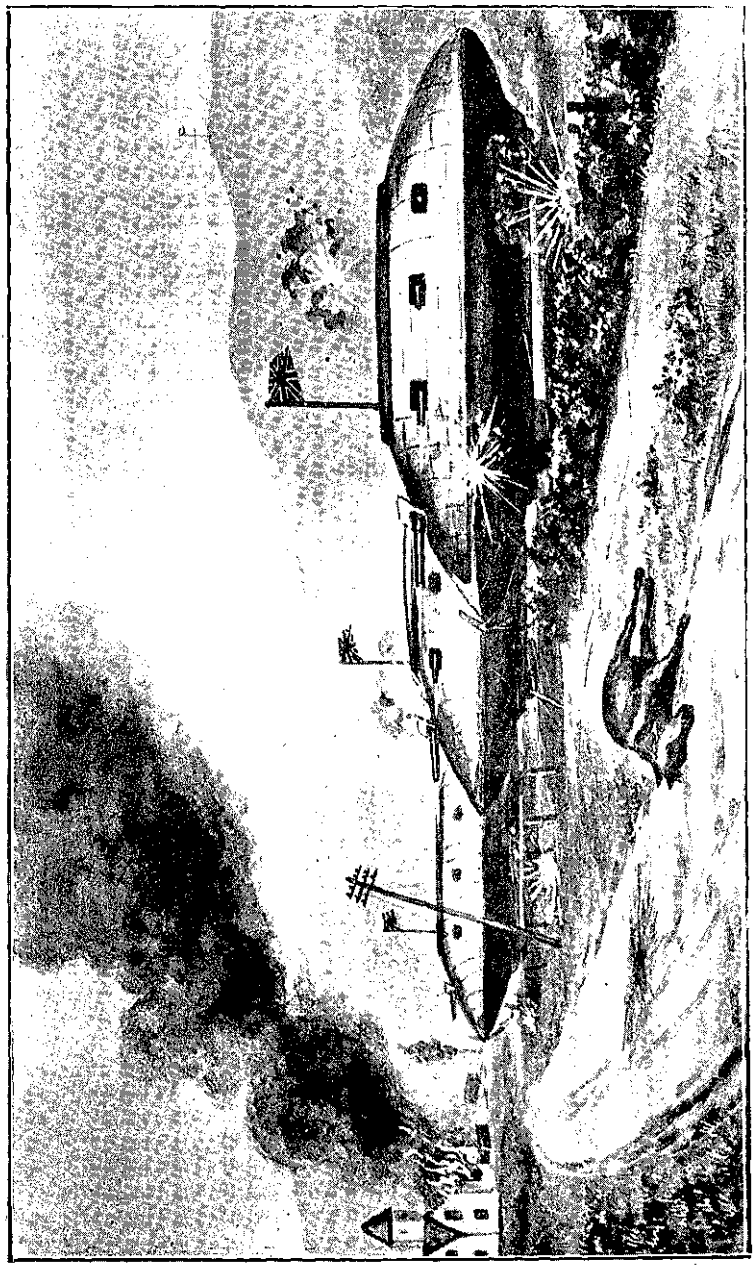
themselves if wanted, dive, steer, and so forth, and also a system of submarines and small surface craft, which could be either worked from the shore, or from a powerful ship at high speed without anyone being an board of them. The object of modern warfare is easily attained in this manner, property is presented for destruction and is destroyed, and the one who destroys the most gets the victory. What can be more satisfactory? And who could be designated as a greater benefactor of civilization than Colonel Smith? The invention allows all the necessary outlet of feeling which nations require when they make up their minds to fight one another, and yet it conserves human life. War can be carried on for little more expense than the cost of these truly wonderful and elaborate machines, and the nations are not now required to reduce the producing power of the people, or to endanger their lives on the field of battle.

After the machines had been well tested, and the costs had been duly voted by their respective Parliaments, the English War Office picked a suitable General, and sent a challenge to France to experiment with the inventions one against the other, for as no lives could be lost, except those of reporters and military experts and critics, who would, of course, come to look on at their own risk, it seemed worth the expense to try the game in reality. First, there were many exchanges of politenesses to reassure one another that the battle was nothing more than a test of scientific engineering and military skill; then it was agreed that if the English General won, he should be at once decorated with the highest badge of honour that the French Government can give, and vice versa.

These preliminaries settled, and a suitable plain with distant hills surrounding, selected for the operations, the happy idea occurred to a very mercantile Englishman that the whole country round should be guarded, and every point of vantage from which a telescope could command the scene of battle could then be charged for, and the proceeds devoted to paying the expenses of the fight, thus relieving the English and French Governments of the cost. He was at once decorated with minor orders of knighthood by both countries, allowed a decimal percentage on the receipts, and arrangements were made with all speed. Each General was furnished with three chariots, which were placed in two lines about three miles apart, and behind them the respective Generals sat snugly, each in a large chamber some twenty feet underground.

A signal in the form of an explosion half-way between the two lines announced to the many thousands of distant spectators that the trial war was declared. Immediately the lines of war chariots were seen to advance, keeping well in line as far as natural irregularities would allow, rushing occasionally forcibly at fences, and bursting them aside with their armoured and pointed noses. When within about a mile of one another they opened fire, and fortunately the smokeless nature of the explosives used enabled the whole action to be seen. The centre machine on each side was armed not only with a quick-firing gun, much of the maxim type, but also with a heavier gun to throw a heavier shell of an explosive nature.

The shots from the quick-firing guns rattled on the armour of the adversaries with a precision of aim which amazed the critical experts. Then the heavy centre guns boomed out, and it was soon evident that English big gun had ruined the left hand and smaller French chariot, for it started off at full pace, firing wildly in a way which seemed to endanger the distant hills, and plainly showed that part of its controlling gear had been broken up. Finally it dashed into a stubborn cliff of rock, and retired from existence with a threefold ex-



The Advance of the English Chariots.

plosion. This had the effect of making the French General somewhat reckless, for he began again to advance, apparently with the object of dashing his cars into the English ones in order to try a process for which the cars are admirably fitted, similar to that of ramming at sea. The English General stopped his fire immediately, divided his cars so as to keep the heavy one in front, and made the two light ones approach at angles. As soon as they were in a favourable position they poured their shots into the flanks of the French chariots.

A million of French money was already blown to atoms with the loss of the first car. The eyes behind the telescopes on the distant hills were scarcely able to see for excitement, as the momentary silent but swiftly-approaching chariots went through their movements. Now they fired a few shots as if to try the efficiency of their present vantage ground, then with a sudden turn the heavy French chariot rushed one of the lighter English chariots. It was a question of clever steering, of avoiding and firing on every momentary advantage. Skilfully as the English chariot replied by movement and fire, the superior weight of the French machine bore down upon it at last with such a terrific rush that it succeeded in smashing the back wheels. In doing this the French General demonstrated the complete control in which he held the machine—had he struck the side anywhere but where he did, a violent explosion would have resulted, and both cars would have been wrecked. As it was, the French chariot turned the English one round, rendered it useless, and then proceeded to attack the heavy English chariot.

The combatants were at least again equal in strength, and their general appearance from a distance was not unlike that of two large pigs rushing at one another. The power of the chariots, and the advantage of making use of the nature of the ground was evident now, for as the heavy French machine was turning to dash at the heavy English machine, to everybody's surprise the latter darted away and opened fire upon the light French chariot, which was just preparing again to attack the light English one, when it darted off up a slight incline, and succeeded in getting its nose under the side of the French chariot, lifting it off the ground, but was itself in a measure pinned down by the weight. Now, if the heavy English chariot could only stop the light French one, and then get round and ram the heavy Frenchman on the lifted side the battle would be won. But could it? By a fortunate shot the English chariot with its heavier gun got an explosive shell right under the light French chariot. This caused trouble in the magazine of the French chariot and disarranged the machinery sufficient to put it out of action. Thereupon, the victor wheeled round, received some little superficial damage from the tilted up Frenchman's guns, and succeeded, not by a fierce run, but rather by steady pressure in making the French machine "turn-turtle." Thus the battle was won, and two millions of French property and one million of English made quite a formidable scrap heap.

The inverted French chariot was not much damaged. Ten thousand pounds covered the cost of repairs. The fees paid for vantage points on the hill sides, and the specially laid telegraphs from the battle-field amply repaid the two nations for their outlay.

Not a life was lost. The news of the success of the trial flashed across the wires, and all the nations of the earth rejoiced together over the highly successful test of an invention which had solved such a mighty problem, robbed war of all its horrors, and made the long hoped for universal peace entirely unnecessary.

# 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.

## PICTURES IN SILK.

IT is curious to reflect that even in women's work there are cycles. Once it was the making of pictures in tapestry that occupied the attention of all true ladies. After that they wove and spun their own clothes, always they brewed wines and cosset cups, the lady was the "hlafdige" or loaf kneader. We can make pretty pictures of the work of the bygone lady, much prettier ones than we can of those of our own age who sit in offices and stand at telephone wires. But during the last twenty years there have been more accomplished women than ever before. Witness the numbers of teachers of music and of art! And there are workers in fine linen, too, and lace! So that now we seem to have arrived at a period when women do a little of everything, a great many of them doing it uncommonly well.

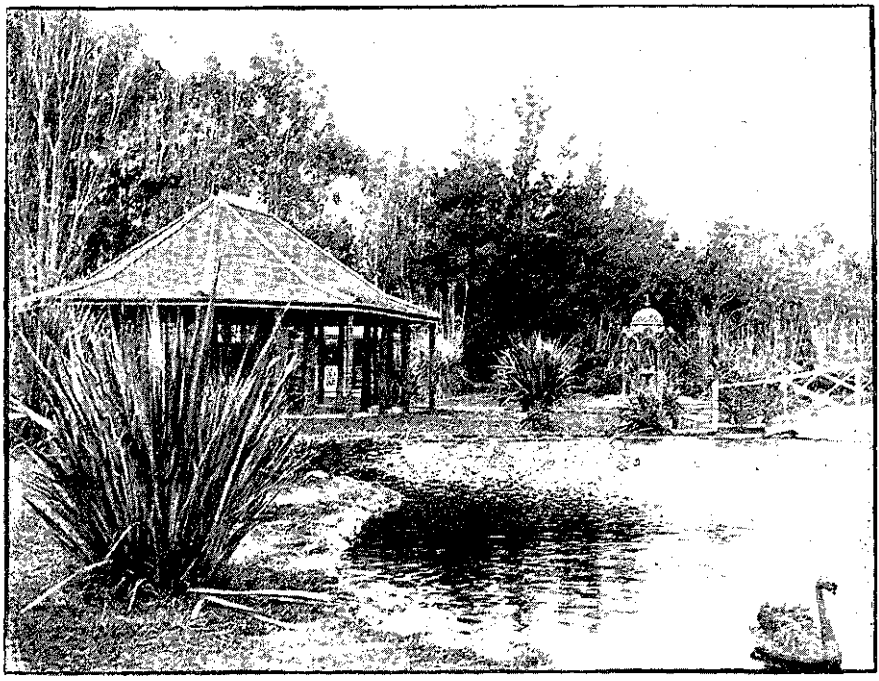
C. E. Caley, photo. **Cabbage Trees.**

But about the cycles? Well, the tapestry picture has come back again, this time from Germany. The reviews of the exhibition of the wonderful colour dreams of embroidery of Frau Florence Jessie Hosel make one angry with the limitations of money and distance, for I fear that there is no hope of our seeing her marvellous work. With needle and thread this lady paints exquisite pictures.

"I saw a work," writes Max Ludwig, "in which rare, glistening flowers stood out against the intense darkness of a background of fir-trees. It was as though a scene from India bloomed in a rough landscape."

The artist works without designs. She conceives a picture just like any other artist, and she takes her needle and her silken thread, just as a painter would take his palette and brushes, and without preliminary sketching, she commences her picture. She has found that she could not buy thread in all the colours of nature as she knows it, so she dyes her own to the required tints, and the result is a marvel. Her aim is to express ideas in needlework. The London "Times" gives her an excellent notice. Here is an extract:

"The show piece is a wonderful table top representing the four seasons, the distinctive characters of which are conveyed solely by colour. The total design is a large circle. Within a smaller circle are the four skies proceeding from the pale blue of Spring flecked with white clouds, to the dull, slate-grey of Winter. In each case, the sun, which rests on the outer edge of the smaller circle, is red to preserve the simplicity of the design. Below comes a characteristic landscape of trees in bud, full-bloom, decay or winter nakedness growing out of grass, flowers, dead leaves, or snow. Particularly happy are the dead leaves and branches on the ground in the autumn landscape and the winter ice covered with withered snow-



C. E. Caley, photo. **Ornamental Grounds, Wanganui.**

lined sticks. The work took six months at eighteen hours a day to complete it."

There's Old Country application for you, daughters of the South!

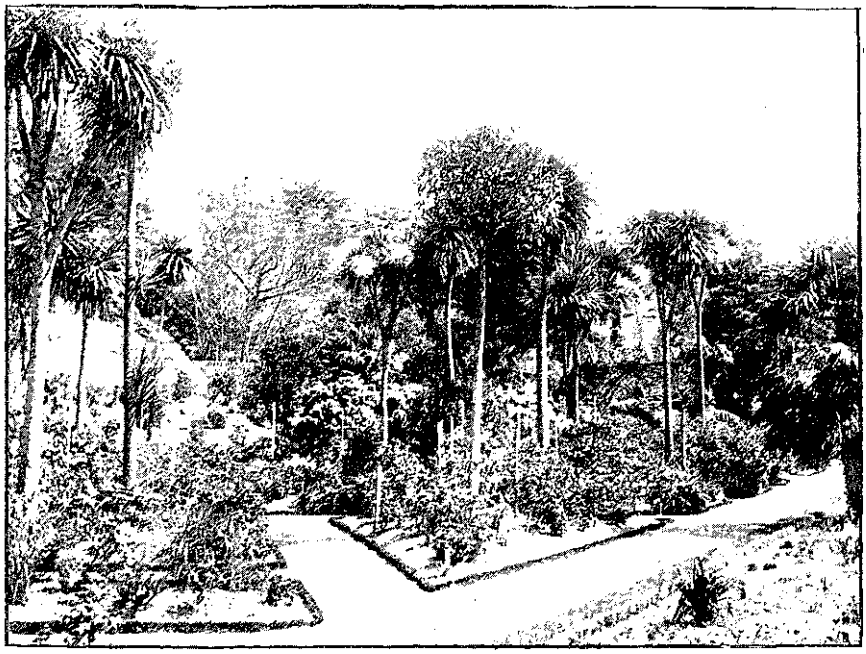
"A scene for the nursery is a wood with a foreground of grass on which brown and white rabbits are playing. Another has a riot of many coloured butterflies flitting above an undulating meadow. No. 5 shows an autumn landscape, a grey sky overhanging a stretch of heather which runs up to distant, gloomy woods, and in the foreground, sharply defined, are poplar trees turning gold. The effect of distance and atmosphere is wonderful. The forest landscape is remarkable for the manner in which the fir-crowned hills slope away into the distance. The sun is shining on the trunks of the nearer trees; and beneath and beyond them stretches a brilliant mass of red and white flowers. Especially beautiful is No. 16, butterflies worked on a piece of linen one hundred years old. Frau Hosel makes great use of linen, and like the old carvers in wood or stone, she never repeats a detail without varying it by some new touch of invention. All her work is full of individuality, highly imaginative and impulsive, and is entirely unlike the lifeless and timorous needlework commonly seen."

"Summer," remarks the "Daily Mail," "with its brilliant poppy fields and deep blue sea, is extremely beautiful. Its price is £150. A spring landscape with trees in blossom and the fields strewn with pale spring flowers is priced at £30. Much art and ingenuity appears in a cushion-cover with trees and rippling water, the ripples being worked in flashes of blue silk. The German Crown Prince bought this cushion design, with others for curtains."

A single strip of Frau Hosel's embroidery measuring less than a yard in length, has been valued by an eminent art critic in Paris at £500.

Frau Hosel describes her method of working in these words:

"All my designs are my own.

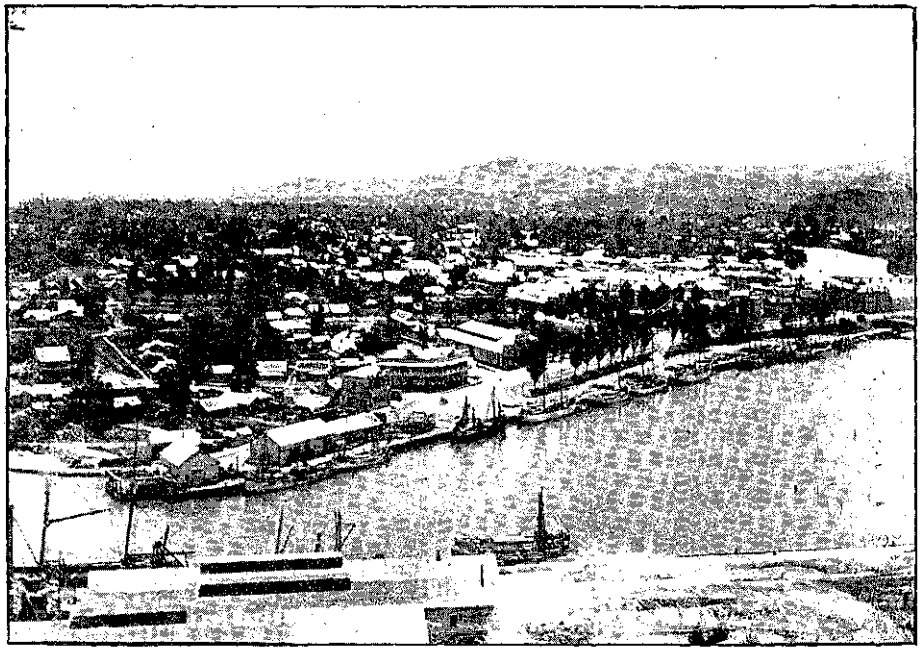


C. E. Caley, photo. Botanical Gardens, Wellington.

But I work straight on the linen, and never prepare the designs beforehand. I use my needle as fast as others use a brush. I work very fast, as fast as I can get my needles threaded, and I often work sixteen or eighteen hours a day. Colour was my great difficulty. At no shop in London, Paris, or Berlin could I get grey silks for a winter scene. Now I dye my colours myself !"

The "Express," which so quotes the artist, tells of a picture representing hundreds of butterflies swarming over undulating fields carpeted with bluebells, the effect of dawn in the atmosphere is obtained by dyeing the linen.

Does not the bare description of such beautiful work fill every artistic New Zealander with a desire for the magic carpet of the Fairy age, to bring us in front of these visions of colour embroidery ?



C. E. Caley, photo. Bird's-eye View of Gisborne.

## JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

No wedding ring attests the marriage of the little Jap wife. The length of her sleeves and the height of her coiffure are her distinction from maiden ladies. If she be a widow, she shaves off her hair. So they cannot have the wicked, fascinating widow in the Chrysanthemum land ! A woman with shaven head would not, to our minds, be very dangerous. The older she grows, the sadder in colour become her dresses. The Jap little maid is a butterfly, the Jap old lady is a very dowdy moth.

## AN AERONAUT.

Mdme. Lebaudin, of Paris, is the first woman who takes charge of an air-ship. She recently took sole control of one, and remained in the clouds for an hour before descending.

## THE SERVANT.

Was it not a Wairarapa man who travelled the other day to Wellington to engage, as soon as she landed, one of the two women servants who emigrated from England. Well, we grumble, but what do you think of the position at Los Angelos,

where a Chinese cook gets £12 a month, and is so frightfully extravagant that he uses a dozen eggs to make a custard for the servants' dinner? We talk about not getting satisfaction when we pay the noble sum of two pounds a month, and as for eggs, well, they are much cheaper here than in that place.

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## LADIES WHO WORK.

Lady Duff Gordon, sister of the authoress of "The Visits of Elizabeth," is a costumier now. It was she who designed what were described as emotional gowns for Mrs. Brown-Potter, the celebrated actress. In business, the costumier is known as Madame Lucile.

The Princess Henry of Battenberg is a composer. Her last song was "The Sunny Month of May," and was sung at Ryde, Isle of Wight, by Madame Ella Russell.

George Daring, author of "The Golden Light," is a woman, and sister to Mrs. Brown-Potter. She is a poet as well as a playwriter.

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## "IN DUSKY NIGHT AND SILVER."

At the request of some of the readers of this column, we give here the words of Breton Fleming's song mentioned in the last number.

When all the night is dusky
My heart's astir and cries
For thee! thy shy wild sweetness,
For thee! thy wandering sighs,
For thee! for thee! My heart's astir and cries
For thee, whose hands are petals
Plucked from a sun-warmed bloom,
Whose tresses, falling twilight,
Lie soft in scented gloom.
Small love, blossom of rose,
Sweeter than bulbul's song,
Memory echoing, echoing, echoing,
Floodeth my soul with thee, with thee.
Small love, blossom of rose,
Night is lonely and long,
Star of the passion flower, opens and trembles,
The nightingale sings in the tree.

When all the night is silver,
And dew pearled leaf and tree,
The lotus deep in slumber,
I bring my heart to thee, to thee, to thee,
I bring my heart to thee.
My love whose eyes are starlight,
With voice of summer wind,
Whose mouth of stolen sunrise
My kisses swoon to find.
Small love, blossom of rose,
Sweeter than bulbul's song,
Memory echoing, echoing, echoing,
Floodeth my soul with thee, with thee,
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Night is lonely and long.
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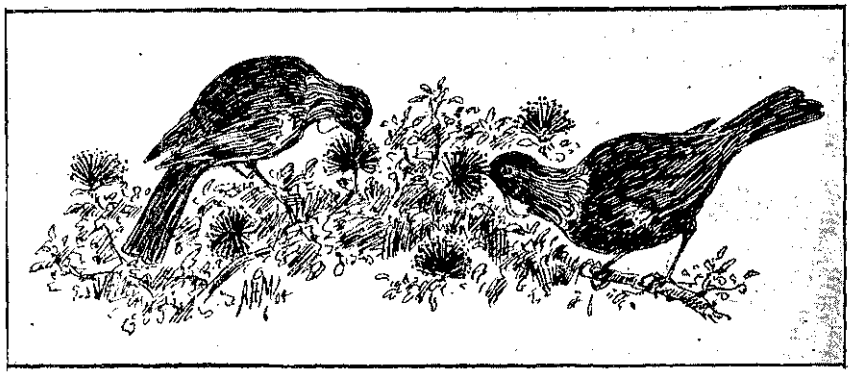

# BOB'S BILLETS.

## No. II.—THE FARM-MANAGER.

By "ROLLINGSTONE."

PERSONALLY, I do not like serials, this is not one, but it has all the advantages without the disadvantages. You can read Part II., for instance, without wishing to goodness you had Part I. to get the hang of the story, and there is a delightful absence of the strain of remembering what Bob did or did not do in a previous instalment. If you take a fancy to Bob you will be just as anxious to renew his acquaintance next month as if he was the hero of a thrilling love romance to be continued in our next. A peculiarity about Bob—the exceptional ease with which he adapted himself to the circumstances of his respective callings, renders this disjointed style of narrative as necessary as it is convenient.

I would defy anyone to write Bob's life-story, for it simply was not a story, but a distinct series, each part complete in itself. His whole life was ordered in sections, and his love affairs naturally followed suit.

Each new employment gave him a new idea of the sort of girl he would like to marry, and he wasn't the man to have an idea without taking some preliminary steps towards carrying it out. I, for one, did not blame him. The difficulty of the position was obvious. It was next to impossible to find a girl who could take an interest in the whole wonderful range of Bob's occupations, and a wife who takes no interest in her husband's affairs is really not worth having.

I once asked Bob if it was not rather a bore, after he had made good running with one girl, to have to begin again at the beginning with another. He replied with his usual calm adaptation to circumstances that he had never found it any trouble, girls seemed to take to him, somehow.

"But you know, old man," he added, "I shall really stick to the one I'm after now. None of the others anything like came up to Lily!" This statement was not a premeditated falsehood, he really believed it himself at the time, but I did not.

It is not my purpose to set in order all my mental notes on Bob's numberless occupations and give them in classified form as they followed one another. This would entail too much toil. I choose rather to give those few examples of which the details come to the surface most freely at the time of writing.

Bob always said it was wonderful how one billet led on to another. He had insured the life of a Loan Company's station-manager by praising the breeding of his sheep and his skill at breaking in back

country. The manager was so pleased at Bob's discrimination and manifest clearness of judgement, that a month or two later he wrote Bob that he had been promoted to the position of Inspector of a lot of properties the Loan Company had acquired by mortgages tumbling in, and that he wanted a few smart young fellows to manage them. He promised Bob a show if he felt inclined.

Bob accepted on the spot. The salary was not munificent, but as he got a house free, and everything found, from the house-keeper down to the newspaper, he was wild with delight about it. It is true that there were a few little matters not quite as he would have liked them, but they were mere midges in the ointment, it would have been gross exaggeration to call them flies. Perhaps the one Bob found most noticeable was the age of the house-keeper. She worried him rather by wanting to be a mother to him, and fussing round generally. But Bob put up with it fairly well, especially when her fussiness developed into a fixed idea that he was delicate, and that his life depended on his having tempting dishes set before him. How this idea could have possibly occurred to her passes comprehension, but it was chronic, and Bob certainly took no pains to make it otherwise.

It will doubtless be a matter of surprise to many that Bob could possibly know enough about stock to keep a manager's billet after he had got it, and more so perhaps that the Inspector should have appointed a life insurance canvasser to such a position. But has not our worthy Premier given us numberless instances of much more glaringly incongruous appointments to yet more important positions? But few of these perform their new duties as satisfactorily as Bob did his, for although friend Bob was a typical "Jack of all trades," he certainly did not belong to the "master-of-none" variety. Moreover, he had taken care to impress on his employer the fact that he had had considerable experience on a farm. He did not consider it necessary to add that it was in his callow youth and in the humble capacity of cow-boy and shepherd-lad to a forty-acre cockatoo.

There was also another thing to be taken into consideration: luck always befriended Bob, he was constantly getting a reputation for smartness on very slender grounds.

I will give one out of numberless instances. The Inspector had been round and ordered Bob to sell a flock of seven hundred merino wethers. They had been bought by the previous owner of the place to fatten, and five hundred of them were good mutton, the balance were decidedly scraggy brutes that would never put on flesh, and should not have been bought. The Inspector gave Bob strict orders to draft them at the sale yards, and sell them in separate lots, so that the scrubbers would not spoil the sale of the fats. Bob replied that he would, and started to drive the sheep the ten miles to the sale yards before daylight in order to get to the drafting yards in time. But to his disgust, when he got there, he found the yards overflowing. It was the sale of the year. The wise men had taken their sheep there the night before. He could not even get a pen to put his sheep in, but had to hold them up in a corner of the sale paddock. There was not the slightest chance of drafting out the obnoxious two hundred; the only thing to be done was to keep them as much in the background as possible.

In due time the auctioneer came to Bob's lot. "Now, gentlemen, here's a prime lot of merino wethers." Bob groaned inwardly. "How much for them—700 in the lot—take the pick of a hundred or more."

To Bob's delight the bidding was brisk. Two rival butchers, who were deadly enemies, went at it

hammer and tongs, each determined the other shouldn't have them. At last they were knocked down at fully half-a-crown a head over Bob's wildest anticipation. The successful bidder took five hundred.

"Now for the balance!" cried the auctioneer. "How much for the other two hundred, after this man's had his pick?" "Six shillings!" cried a well-known dealer, who had evidently imbibed too freely. Bob was amazed. At the price sheep were then, he had not expected more than half-a-crown. There was not another bid, and the lot was knocked down.

The next time the Inspector visited Bob, he asked whether he had drafted the sheep before selling. Bob replied no in a mournful voice, and gave the reason.

"You ought to have had them down the night before, you lazy beggar. The next time you disobey my particular instructions, you go. Of course you chucked them away selling them in a lump. What did they realise?"

"How much ought I to have got for them, sir?" asked Bob.

"Well, the 500 fats should have fetched, if properly drafted, seven-and-six, and the scrubbers, say half-a-crown," returned the Inspector irritably.

"I'm hanged if I don't think my way was the best, after all!" remarked Bob calmly. "I got ten shillings for the fats, and six for the scrubbers!"

"Well, Bob, I wouldn't have believed it. I see I can't teach you any points about selling sheep, so I'll say no more about it."

Bob was very glad he did not, for he knew very well that the Inspector was right, and it was only the luck of meeting two quarrelling butchers and a drunken dealer that had enabled him to score.

Although Bob was generally stationed on the one farm, he was often sent to take over other properties, which were continually falling into the rapacious maw of the great money lending company he represented. This, Bob said, went sorely against his grain. He wasn't built for a pawnbroker's bailiff. Still, the work had to be done, and Bob did it, although he frankly admitted that in little matters left to his own discretion, he often studied the interests of the outgoing occupants more than those of his employers. But, fearful perhaps of acquiring too much credit for his humanity, he added—especially when there were any pretty girls in the family. His darling Lily, referred to above, was a case in point. Her father knew nothing whatever about farming, but the ambition of his life was to be a large landed proprietor. He had bought an exceedingly rich little farm of some 300 or 400 acres, but not satisfied with this, he mortgaged it to the Loan Company, and spent the money in purchasing another farm, mortgaged that to buy a third, and so on. By bad management he made such a muddle of his affairs that the Company took his property over, lock, stock and barrel, to save themselves from loss. Bob was sent over to take possession, and instructed that, as the Company did not wish to be too hard on a good customer, he might make them a present of a hundred pounds worth of their own furniture and effects, but not a cent more. Bob went about the business with a heavy heart.

The family did not give him a very warm reception when he arrived, but he was not in the house half-an-hour before he was on excellent terms with Lily, the eldest daughter. The rest of the family soon realised that Bob was not half a bad fellow, and that it could not by any stretch of the imagination be said to be his fault that they had come to grief, so they treated him courteously, and he assured me that he never had a better time in his life than during the fortnight that he was empowered to give them to quit. He added some sentimental

nonsense about love's young dream, and Lily's unsurpassable charms, but I promptly told him to switch that off. To fill in the time he helped them pack, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the hundred pounds worth of effects they took away would have realised considerably over 200 per cent. profit, to say nothing about the old man's pet hack, which Bob would persist in declaring belonged to Lily, notwithstanding the denial of the whole family.

It is true, Bob got dismissed for his leniency, but that did not trouble him a jot, he said he had meant to leave in any case. He had a better thing in view, as usual. During his journeying for the Company he had heard of a snug little grazing farm that the owner wanted to let at a rental at which he was confident it was a bargain. He took it forthwith, moved the family to it, and appointed himself as managing partner. It was near an important agricultural centre where periodical stock sales were held, and Bob decided to start as a dealer. He made friends with the auctioneer and succeeded in getting excellent credit, provided all stock were sold through him. This was pre-eminently necessary, for Bob's cash resources were exceptionally limited.

Bob brought business ability and luck to the family he had befriended—two things they needed sorely. He bought cattle and sheep whenever there was a slack sale, and sold again whenever a profit could be made, which was fairly frequently. He strongly suspected that the friendly auctioneer frequently knocked down bargains to him when higher bids would have been forthcoming if they had been given time. But he never complained on this score. He said he did not like to make such an aspersion on the auctioneer's professional reputation; it might have hurt his feelings. He bought likely-looking young horses, taught them to jump, and got Lily, who was a splendid horsewoman, to show them off at open-air coursing meetings, and sold them as lady's-hacks and hunters. The deal he prided himself on most, however, was one wherein he got the better of his old friend the Inspector. It was all fair and above-board. Bob would have scorned to take a mean advantage of anyone who had once befriended him. It was before he left his old employment that he made the purchase.

The Inspector was furious. He had had two spills while galloping his horse about a stony plain for an hour or more trying to yard a refractory cream-coloured hack on a new place Bob had just taken over. Bob had offered to do it if the Inspector would lend him his horse, as he knew the wily tricks of the unruly animal, and was moreover a much better stock-rider, he said he could have done it in ten minutes, and had occasion to prove it afterwards. But the Inspector did not believe in allowing anyone to mount his pet nag if he could help it. It irritated him still more to see how easily Bob ran the brute in when he was obliged to hand the job over to him after failing himself.

When the horse was caught and saddled, and Bob mounted, the Inspector declared that a horse like that wanted hanging. He was worse than useless on a place. The time and horseflesh wasted running him in must be something atrocious.

"Don't have him hanged," interposed Bob mildly, "I'll give you a fiver for him."

"Right, you can have the brute, only keep him out of my sight!"

Bob obeyed this condition literally, for a short time afterwards a friend of his in another part of the country wrote asking him if he could buy him a good cream-coloured buggy-horse to match one he had. He was willing to give £25 for a good match, any day. Bob knew his friend's horse, and had been struck with the similarity of the

two. They were as like as two peas. The one he had, had never been in harness, but that didn't trouble Bob. He popped him in a sledge with an old plough-horse, and had him quietly broken to the collar in no time. He had also, by petting and quiet handling, made him so that he would catch him in the paddock with a bit of corn any time. He got the £25, and his friend the horse, and both were equally pleased.

Bob did not confine himself to doing all the business of his new firm. He enthused the whole family and kept them interested. For the old lady and the girls he started a poultry department on a large scale. Some time before Christmas he had heard that store geese would be a good spec as they were going to be scarce. Bob was always great at miscellaneous information. He alarmed Lily and her mother by scouring the country buying all he could lay his hands on, and bringing them home in scores for them to fatten. Waste grain was cheap, and other products of the farm could be thus utilized. Bob's information proved right, prices ruled high, and their geese were the plumpest on the market.

The old man found plenty to do. His ambition to be a large landowner had disappeared with the old place and the load of mortgages. His mind was easy, and he recognised that contentment was better than riches. During the months that followed, Lily's eldest brother, who worshipped Bob, was learning all he could about successful buying and selling. This was lucky, for though Bob often declared at the time that he had at last hit on the chance of his life, he had a sort of inner consciousness that something better might turn up, and he hated to feel tied in any way to one occupation. He would not have left the whole family in the lurch on any account, so he was very pleased to notice that Dick had taken him for a model in some respects, knowing that the farm would prosper should he feel compelled to leave.

It may be here observed that Bob like many other mortals was very severe on others who had his special failing. He was most particular to impress on Dick the great advantage of a young man, after finding out what calling best suited him, sticking to it through thick and thin, and aiming incessantly at attaining success without turning to the right or left. Dick, having fortunately known Bob only in his present capacity, took heed to the lesson, thinking that a rule which had made his hero what he considered him, the finest fellow on earth, was certainly the one of all others to follow.

Knowing Bob's erratic nature as I did, I was not surprised to hear on my next visit to that part of the country, that even Lily's charms had not been strong enough to hold him. He had gone to the North Island to join a friend in a whaling expedition. I was pleased to hear that he had acted generously in the dissolution of the partnership in the farm, and perhaps more so to find that Lily had not been left lamenting, as I gathered from a strictly impartial source that that lively young lady had as versatile a fancy in some respects as Bob himself. She had an absent lover, it now appeared, and thought it no harm to keep her hand in with Bob till he returned. Whether Bob had found this out or not, I never heard. In any case it would have made little difference to him. Reason or no reason he was bound to be off, when his restless nature gave him the call.


## EMERSON ON SHAKESPEARE.

I noticed in last September number of the "Atlantic Monthly" some hitherto unpublished notes of Emerson's on Shakespeare, and am tempted to quote liberally from them, feeling assured that the extracts will be of great interest to the many who have not had an opportunity of reading the article in the periodical mentioned:

"Shakespeare's fame is settled on the foundations of the moral and intellectual world. Wherever there are men, and in the degree in which they are civil, have power of mind, sensibility to beauty, music, the secrets of passion, and the liquid expression of thought, he has risen to his place as the first poet of the world."

"Genius is the consoler of our mortal condition, and Shakespeare taught us that the little world of the heart is vaster, deeper, and richer than the spaces of astronomy. What shocks of surprise and sympathetic power this battery, which he is, imparts to every fine mind that is born! We say to the young child in the cradle, 'Happy, and defended against Fate! for here is Nature, and here is Shakespeare waiting for you!' 'Tis our metre of culture; he is a cultivated man who can tell us something new of Shakespeare; all criticism is only a making of rules out of his beauties. He is as superior to his countrymen as to all other countrymen. He fulfilled the famous prophecy of Socrates, that the poet most excellent in tragedy would be most excellent in comedy; and more than fulfilled it, by making tragedy also a victorious melody, which healed its own wounds. In short, Shakespeare is the one resource of our life on which no gloom gathers; the fountain of joy which honours him who tastes it; day without night; pleasure without repentance; the genius which, in unpoetic ages, keeps poetry in honour, and, in sterile periods, keeps up the credit of the human mind."

"His genius has reacted on himself. Men were so astonished and occupied by his poems that they have not been able to see his face and condition, or say who were his father and his brethren, or what life he led; and, at the short distance of three hundred years, he is mythical, like Orpheus and Homer, and we have already seen the most fantastic theories plausibly urged, as that Raleigh and Bacon were the authors of the plays. Yet we pause expectant before the genius of Shakespeare, as if his biography were not yet written: until the problem of the whole English race is solved."

"While he has kept the theatre now for three centuries, and, like a

street Bible, furnishes sayings to the market, courts of law, the senate, the common discourse—he is yet to all wise men the companion of the closet."

"There never was a writer who, seeming to draw every hint from outward history, the life of cities and courts, owed them so little. You shall never find in this world the barons or kings he depicted. 'Tis fine for Englishmen to say they only know history by Shakespeare. The palaces they compass earth and sea to enter, the magnificence and personages of royal and imperial abodes, are shabby imitations and caricatures of his—clumsy pupils of his instruction. There are no Warwicks, no Talbots, no Bolingbrokes, no Cardinals, no Henry V., in real Europe, like his. The loyalty and royalty he drew was all his own. The real Elizabeths, Jameses, and Louises were painted sticks before this magician."

"The unaffected joy of the comedy!—he lives in a calm—contrasted with the grandeur of the tragedy: where he stoops to no contrivance, no pulpiting, but flies an eagle at the heart of the problem, so here his speech is a Delphi, the great Nemesis that he is and utters. What a great heart of equity is he! How good and sound and inviolable his innocency, that is never to seek, and never wrong, but speaks the pure sense of humanity on each occasion. He dwarfs all writers without a solitary exception. No egotism. The egotism of men is immense. It concealed Shakespeare for a century. His mind has a superiority such that the universities should read lectures on him and conquer the unconquerable if they can."

"The Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620. The plays of Shakespeare were not published until three years later. Had they been published earlier, our forefathers, or the most poetical among them, might have stayed at home to read them."

Goldwin Smith, in the "American Historical Review," deplores the fact that we have no great poets left. He says:

"We seem now to have come to a break in the life of poetry in England and elsewhere; let us hope not to its close. There are good writers —Mr. Watson, for example. Swinburne, with his revolutionary fervour, is still with us. Edwin Arnold, with his singular command of luscious language, has only just left us. But neither in England nor anywhere else does there appear to be a great poet. Imagination has taken refuge in the novels, of which there is a deluge, though among them, George Eliot in her peculiar line excepted, there is not the rival of Miss Austen, Walter Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. The phenomenon appears to be common to Europe in general. Is science killing poetic feeling? Darwin owns that he had entirely lost all taste for poetry, and not only for poetry but for anything aesthetic. Yet Tennyson seems to have shown that even science itself has a sentiment of its own, and one capable of poetic presentation. Ours is manifestly an age of transition. Of what it is the precursor an old man is not likely to see."

The following clippings from recent announcements in the "Publisher's Circular," are calculated to whet one's literary appetite. Some of the works mentioned have no doubt already appeared, but have not, I believe, yet reached the Colonies:

"'The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton),' which are being published in two volumes by Mr. Edward Arnold, will be read with keen interest. Both as a lawyer and as a sportsman, Lord Brampton has come in contact in his time with every grade of society and occupation, and the variety of his anecdotes—legal, racing, and miscellaneous—is said to be

extraordinary. The true version of many of the stories current about Lord Brampton himself is incidentally supplied by Mr. Richard Harris, K.C., his old friend, who has arranged these volumes for the press."

"Mr. John Long has got a rod in pickle for the wicked 'Upper Ten.' He asks us to state, and we do so on his authority, that he is about to publish a novel entitled 'The Storm of London,' with which 'no novel published within recent times is comparable for audacity.' That is a big order! It is to be a regular warmer-up of the 'worst side of high-class Society.' Yet, with all this badness, there is to be 'no sadness' and 'no offence,' provided only you possess 'the saving gift of humour.' Who is to be judge of your gift of humour Mr. Long does not say."

"Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce the immediate publication of the first long and complete novel by the author of 'Wee Macgreegor.' 'Jess and Co.,' as the tale is called, tells of a young wife who triumphs over the lazy habits of her husband by taking his affairs in hand, and it is from this theme that 'J. J. B.' has evolved a most amusing novel, full of the delightful character-sketches of Scottish life which have won for him a world-wide reputation. The book will contain no less than fifty full-page illustrations by A. S. Boyd."

"'A Japanese Romance,' which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is a story of an English artist's life in Japan, wherein Mr. Clive Holland has given us a searching analysis of the Japanese woman, not only in respect of the butterfly qualities which have become so familiar to English readers, but as regards her deeper capabilities of love and hate and revenge. The book will be strikingly illustrated."

"Admiral Fremantle's new work 'The Navy as I have Known It' is in a forward state of preparation, and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The Admiral's grandfather commanded a line-of-battleship both at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and was one of Nelson's most intimate friends. Admiral Fremantle entered the Navy in 1849, and in this work he will record his experiences and observations during a distinguished career extending over more than half a century."

"Messrs. A. Brown and Sons, Ltd., will shortly publish, under the title of 'Modern Merry Men,' a volume, by Mr. William Andrews, dealing with the wits and humourists from the commencement of the reign of Victoria to the present time."

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Books favourably reviewed at Home:

"'The Food of the Gods,' by H. G. Wells. How much of Mr. Wells's new story is to be taken simply as an excellent yarn, and how much as a satire on political and social institutions, is for each reader to decide for himself. The idea of a food which increases sevenfold the size of him who eats it is not, perhaps, new; but no one could possibly accuse the author of want of originality in extending and applying it. Rats as large as leopards, giant wasps that buzz like a sawmill through the air, nettles twice as tall as a man, extravagantly big babies, puff-balls swollen to the size of a family umbrella—these are some of the immediate effects of the manufacture of Herakleophorbia by Mr. Bensington. But it is when the babies grow to young men and women of about forty feet in height that the true significance of Mr. Wells's idea is manifested. It goes without saying that they are cordially detested by the pigmies who surround them; people who materially differ from their fellows always are. At every turn these Gullivers among the swarming Lilliputians meet with checks and restrictions, until the crisis comes;

war is declared between the half-hundred giants and the rest of the world. At the opening of the story Mr. Wells satirises scientists and their methods with biting wit; throughout the book, indeed, are many passages where the follies of mankind are held up to scorn. Although the tendency of the plot is continually towards farce, there are moments when the reader is impressed by a vivid sense of horror, for Mr. Wells is still able to conjure up those grotesque and terrifying visions with which we used to meet in his earlier work. We regard 'The Food of the Gods' as likely to add to the author's reputation; that he owes something to Dr. Swift for his plot and mental attitude is obvious, but the vigour of thought and phrase, the peculiar but living sarcasm, and the unfailing ingenuity are entirely his own."

"'Imperator et Rex: William II. of Germany,' by the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress.' It is certainly not every writer who has the power of so delightfully unfolding a life history as the authoress of this volume. Occasionally we may think that her own individual charm has imparted a false impression to an incident, that the colouring is a little misleading, but as to the generally attractive character of the book there can be no question. Those who would gain complete insight into the life and disposition of the German Emperor, acquired through the most enjoyable of literary companions, could scarcely do better than consult this book, which distinctly merits attention. They will find it very absorbing reading, if somewhat superficial, from beginning to end. Its pages are interwoven with numerous illustrations, including several portraits, and these furnish an added attraction to the volume."

"'A Yankee on the Yangtze: being a Narrative of a Journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma,' by William Edgar Geil. This will be found a particularly bright, interesting work, written in a straightforward unaffected fashion that adds greatly to its value. The author has obviously the keen scent for information distinguishing the practised traveller, and also the mental power that carefully sifts the material. Further attraction is imparted to the volume by a large number of illustrations reproduced from photographs."

"'The Senior Tutor; a Story of a Cambridge Court,' by Alan St. Aubyn. Mr. St. Aubyn has betaken himself again to Cambridge life, with the most pleasurable of results. The book may not, perhaps, be so firm and decisive in its handling as the same author's 'Fellow of Trinity,' or even 'The Junior Dean,' but its merits are undoubtedly great as it is. A powerful wave of humanity seems to sweep through its pages, and often the emotions of the reader are strung to their highest pitch. 'The Senior Tutor' occupies about two thirds of the volume, the remainder being devoted to 'The Bishop's Delusion,' a story that is scarcely so good."

"'The Bandolero,' by Paul Gwynne. We have had great pleasure in perusing Mr. Gwynne's contribution to the novels of the year. Like 'Marta,' it is a representation of Spanish life, exhibiting the same power in the character-drawing and in the presentation of dramatic scenes. The country folk are delightful and, better still, convincing, and a deep note of romantic feeling inseparable from the hot Southern blood is struck again and again, with the skill of one who has brought great knowledge and sympathy to his subject. The figure of the 'bandolero' himself stands out a rugged, tender-hearted patriot, bitter with just hate, doing his best for his country in a curious sort of way, which is nevertheless an intensely human and Spanish method. The plot is well developed, but as we close the book we feel uneasy that the villainess is left at large.

She can do (and, no doubt, is doing) incalculable harm in the country of the stiletto, and we should have been much more comfortable if she had been quietly killed or shut up in a convent."

"'The Red Window,' by Fergus Hume. We may always calculate upon making the acquaintance in Mr. Hume's pages of a choice selection of villains and villainesses, and in 'The Red Window' the story is assuredly not spoilt for want of warm colouring. The chief crime committed is insidious and plausible to a degree; he has fixed his evil eye on his uncle's estate, and failing to obtain this he is prepared to go to great lengths in iniquity to obtain the much-desired pelf; but a woman character, in the person of an inscrutable housekeeper, runs him a close race for unenviable notoriety. It is she who murders—but we will not spoil sport and give away the plot. Suffice it to say that it is of an extremely exciting character, and that the mystery is well sustained to the close. Mr. Hume's novels may not be very descriptive of real life, but they at least have the advantage of thoroughly absorbing the reader's attention."

"'A History of the Gunpowder Plot: the Conspiracies and its Agents,' by Philip Sidney. The subject of this volume is without doubt rather weatherworn, and it is greatly to the credit of the author that he has been able to endow it with such fresh interest. His chief claim to notice is that he has been more impartial in his record than those who have preceded him. The foundations for his work are based entirely upon the original evidence as represented in the mass of Domestic and Foreign State Papers dealing with the reign of James I. preserved at the Public Record office, and at the British Museum (Additional MSS. 6178). Considerable light is thrown upon the connection of Fathers Garnet and Greenway with the Plot, a subject that has always furnished a cause for keen controversy. The volume is illustrated with sixteen facsimiles from old prints, several of great interest."

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In the literary columns of the "Daily News," London, of late date appears the following paragraph:

"'The Strand Magazine,' on its first appearance some years ago, was immediately followed by a host of imitators, not only in this country, but on the Continent and in America. Long ago the illustrated sixpenny magazine was taking root even in the furthest of our Colonies, and now we see that 'The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine' has started Volume XI. This periodical is printed and published, and apparently written and illustrated, on New Zealand soil."

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Bertram Mitford has chosen "The Red Derelict" for the title of his new book. It is published by Methuen and Co., and was forwarded for review by Messrs. Wildman and Arey. In the Prologue the red derelict is described, and the awful condition of the one survivor on its deck. The first chapter introduces Wagram Gerard Wagram with a rifle in his hand surveying his father's wide domains with satisfaction at the thought that they would some day be his. He hears a cry of horror. A young lady riding a bicycle is being pursued by a brindled gnu, one of a collection of African animals kept in his father's park, which has escaped. Wagram rushes to her rescue, fires his gun in the air to frighten the animal, not wishing to destroy it, but only diverts its fury to himself. Delia Calmour, the young lady, seizes his rifle which he has dropped in grappling with the savage beast, and popping in a cartridge, which has also luckily dropped, shoots the brute in time to save Wagram's life. The plucky girl turns out to be the daughter of a drunken old

military veterinary surgeon, whose family are not held in high repute, but she proves an exception. Her elder sister had succeeded in getting a large sum for damages in a breach of promise case from a young aristocrat in the neighbourhood. On hearing of Delia's adventure, her brother Bob, an unmitigated young scoundrel in a lawyer's office, wants her to bring a case against Wagram senior, as he feels confident of getting a cool thousand. Her practical and exceedingly slangy sister, Clytie, tells Bob he is a "juggins," and condemns his scheme as "being content with one silver spoon when you could collar the whole swag," and advises Delia, who is a very pretty girl, to lay herself out to "capture the man." Delia, who has fallen in love with young Wagram, refuses to do either of these things. The reprobate father and son arrange, however, to put in a claim without her knowledge. She goes straight to the hall and returns the cheque, and without scheming, drifts naturally into excellent terms with the man she loves. Then Develyn Hunt, the survivor of the wreck, appears at the Hall. Old Wagram had, it appeared, married twice. His first wife, Wagram's mother, had been married before. Everard, the son by the second marriage, was a scamp who had found it necessary to disappear. Develyn Hunt had a marriage certificate to show that Wagram's mother was his wife when she married the squire, though she believed him dead at the time. He now threatened, unless well paid, to produce the disreputable Everard, known as Butcher Ned, and install him as heir to the estate. How Wagram took the blow, and on his father's death went in search of his brother, and eventually cleared ap all complications, must be learnt from the book. Other characters are introduced, and the red derelict is met frequently during Wagram's adventures.

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"A Duel," by Richard Marsh, is another addition to Methuen's Colonial Library. Mrs. Gregory Lamb, an utterly unscrupulous young lady, to put it mildly, found at the end of her honeymoon that her husband had deceived her both as to position and birth. Instead of being a man of property he was dependent on what money he could wring out of his mother, a small shop-keeper. He expected a letter bringing remittances. His wife opened it. It was from the mother refusing further help. Mrs. Gregory decided to leave her husband at once. Money was required for the purpose, and she robbed her landlady to obtain it. It was necessary to walk some distance in the night. She lost her way, and almost perished with cold. A doctor on his way to a patient picked her up and took her to the house. An old paralytic man was supposed to be dying. To spite a relative he wished to be married. The doctor assured Mrs. Lamb that he wouldn't live twenty-four hours, that if she would consent to go through the marriage ceremony with him, she would inherit a large sum. She consented. He lived long enough to regret what he had done. She kept the relative, a very pleasant young lady, away from him, and on being asked to write out the form of a will leaving the bulk of the money to the girl, and only a portion to herself, drew out two, and by sleight-of-hand got him to sign one leaving all to herself. Then she caused his death. The husband whom she had left returns to live with her, but not for long, retribution followed swiftly, and she got her deserts.

# « THE STAGE. »

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

WE have been reminded of late, with a constancy that almost amounts to regrettable iteration, that the support given by the people of New Zealand to theatrical enterprise has so impressed a certain great manager that he has determined for the future to supply us with all his latest novelties as they come to hand. This flattering assurance has been so frequently repeated that some persons are inclined to regard it, after the manner of the Reverend Mr. Spalding, as a "password." Certainly it should not be taken as evidence that this Colony has been, so to speak, toiling over a playless desert for half a century and has at length arrived in sight of the Promised Land. There were great men before Mr. J. C. Williamson, and when we consider the changed conditions of population and locomotion, we shall probably grant that the manager of the past was at least as enterprising as, and a great deal more daring than, the caterer of to-day. The profession has changed with the times. To the days of the individual digger, and bush pioneer, and urban tradesman (who served behind his own counter and lived over his shop) belonged the school of actors and actresses who crossed the Tasman Sea unheralded, and in most cases unendorsed, and dropped down in various spots, literally gods and goddesses out of a machine. In this age of syndicates, limited liability grocery and drapery establishments, and no-liability gold mines, we have their counterparts in the theatrical world, with their smoothly-working organisation, their regular orbits, circuits, or what not, and, I am bound to add, their uniformity of character.

Individuality is no longer the keynote. In the few brief years of the present century the actual number of "artistes" that have appeared in the Colony approximates very closely to the sum total of the "actors" and "actresses" belonging, let us say, to the last forty years of the Nineteenth. Yet the "stars" of the older period can be numbered by the score, while those of the new may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The death the other day of that fine old actor, J. B. Steele, was an event that recalled a crowd of dead and gone faces that are associated with his. But if we have lost in individual excellence, we have gained much in general effect. The old were not staged with the magnificence and completeness that are characteristic of the modern plays. If the leading men and women of to-day leave us comparatively cold, at least we are not distressed by the protuberant faults and eccentricities of the second and third-rate actors and the awful gaucheries of the supers, things that were wont to make playgoers of the last generation swear between their fits of wonder and admiration.

Our tastes have been educated on a most liberal scale, and it is no longer possible for any actor, however exalted his genius for the interpretation of Roman thought and feeling, to delude us into the belief

Mr. Chas. McNaughton, of Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co.

that a tablecloth is identical with a toga. The aim of the present-day manager is to assimilate the stage picture as closely as he can to the natural conditions prevailing in the time and at the place when the events of the drama are presumed to have occurred, and it has to be admitted that the measure of his success is extraordinary.

The firm with which Mr. Williamson was originally identified in management played a distinguished part in what may be called the revolution in the mise en scene, but credit is due proportionately also to Mr. Bland Holt and Mr. Rignold, each of whom worked along lines of independent enterprise. The gereral advance is surprising even to those of us who have marked it foot by foot, so to say; to the theatre-goer of half a century ago, if he could but re-visit the glimpses of the footlights, the change would seem almost supernatural.

The change is general. Even the "snide show" cannot afford to ignore the item of "realistic effects," though it mostly fails egregiously. And in this connection the enterprise of the theatrical magnate or syndicate tells distinctly in favour of the public. It is easier now than formerly to pick the difference between good and bad.


Miss May Garstang, of Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co.

When both used the old stock scenery and the convential dresses, it took some time to reckon up the intrinsic value of the show. Now the show does this for us automatically. The manager who spends a couple of thousands on painters and costumieres is prima facie a purveyor of good plays, even though these may not be quite so good as advertised.

Thus it is perfectly safe to book your seats for an attraction advertised by those managers who are known to have sunk capital in the framework. And it happens that the big Australian managers are not alone in this connection. We have produced in New Zealand at least one entrepreneur who aims at nothing short of perfection. Mr. George Stephenson is a native of Dunedin, and inherited from his forbears not only the hardy physique

Miss Alice Nixon, of Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co.

and shrewd Scotch mind, but also something of that quality which the Scots reckon in "bawbees." Born in an atmosphere of commerce, he imbibed a love for the stage, and as a boy played a by no means undistinguished part in amateur enterprises. But his yearning was for management, and as he is still on the sunny side of thirty, he will in all human probability achieve considerable distinction. So far his experience has not induced any misgivings, though he has had "downs" as well as "ups," and the profession has been shorn of some of the illusions with which his boyish imagination invested it. Curiously enough, he began the business in England, where some years ago he engaged a company and travelled the Provinces. Then he returned to his native land to put his experience into practice here. He began by sending Mr. Fred. Duval to America in search of

Mr. Will Bovis, of Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co.

a comedy company, and as a result we got the Stine-Evans Company, an organisation that, while it did not take the world by storm, was on the whole a success. But Mr. Stephenson's first bid to be included in the ranks of the providers of first-class fare was made when he commissioned that prince of comedians, Mr. Edward Lauri, to proceed to London to gather together a musical comedy company, and secure attractive plays. The mission was not an easy one. It was not possible, even if it had been practicable, or advisable, to pick up the best talent in London, but if we adopt any available criterion it will be admitted that Mr. Lauri performed his task conscientiously. The difficulty, indeed, lay not so much with the players as with the plays. There is an unappeasable market for anything that is good, or even tolerable, in the shape of musical comedy, and for the best

the price demanded seems excessive, even extortionate, though it is regulated simply by the laws of supply and demand.

The ordinary critic is apt to consider that nothing could be easier to construct or "fake" than the average "musical something to laugh at," but when he is asked to evolve something of the sort from his own humorous inner consciousness, he begins to modify his judgment. The fact is that, though we are all ready and willing to laugh, it takes something good to set us going. The variety artist must feel this acutely, or he would not be so frequently driven to adulterate his small store of genuine laughter-compellers with grosser and cheaper compounds of riskiness and nastiness.

Since his present company was organised, Mr. Stephenson has received from ambitious playwrights, mostly amateur, fully a hundred manuscript musical comedies, containing for the most part some merits, but all wanting in the one essential element of humour. In the circumstances, then, he was more than lucky to get two amusing comedies like "The Rose of the Riviera" and "The Skirt Dancer," and equally fortunate to obtain the help of a company quite uncommonly rich in the ability to interpret the many phases of human levity.

Mr. Edward Lauri, of Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co.

To find four first-class comedians and at least one commedienne of the front rank in one company, is unusual if not unique. Mr. Edward Lauri is at once the director and the chief actor. He is an actor by descent. His father and mother trod the boards long before he was born, chiefly, I believe, as exponents of the inductive, or rather seduc-

tive science of dancing. Spryness in the nether limbs for more than one generation is necessary to the acquirement of the perfect ease displayed by artistes like Mr. Lauri and his cousin, Mr. George Lauri, of the Royal Comics, whose parents also danced their way to fame. But Mr. Edward Lauri is a great deal more than a dancer. He is a clever patter singer, and a brilliant comedian, with an inexhaustible flow of spirits and a keen eye for effect. He is an old friend and needs no introduction. Twice at least he has visited the Colony with Mr. George Musgrove's productions, "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "The Fortune Teller," and lovers of musical comedy and comic opera will always take his name as a guarantee of the excellence of the company that supports him. At present he is seconded by a lady who has been closely associated with him professionally for the past three years, and who, also, requires no commendatory note in these pages. Miss May Beatty is one of the most accomplished, certainly one of the most engaging actresses we have ever had, and it is something to be proud of that we "raised" her. Bright as in her brightest days with the Pollards, Miss Beatty lacks nothing but strength of voice to place her ahead of scores of artistes who are her plain inferiors in everything else. When the real comedy once more supersedes the musical variety, we may hope to see Miss Beatty following in the footsteps of Mrs. Brough, Miss Nellie Stewart, and Miss Rose Musgrove.

Mr. Lauri's body supporters in comedy are Mr. Charles McNaughton and the Bovis Bros., all of whom have been successes on the London stage. The lady members of the company include several of more than average merit, and two at least may be singled out for special mention, namely, Miss May Garstang (who in private life is Mrs. Charles McNaughton), and Miss Alice Nixon, the wife of the assistant stage-manager, Mr. Sydney. Both ladies are graceful actresses with a pretty gift of singing. The chorus is exceptionally strong, and the ballet quite equal to the Williamson standard. This naturally leads me to say that in all other respects, including the orchestral arrangements, the Stephenson Company belongs to that high order described in the earlier part of this article.


Macey, photo. **Opawa River, Blenheim.**

# The Past Month.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

DICKENS somewhere tells of two octogenarian gravediggers, who referred to those younger than themselves as children almost, and believed with more sincerity than feigning that their own "time" was somewhere in the dim distant future. We all know old people of that kind; people who refer to the death of a contemporary as "untimely," and who profess to believe that a man dying at seventy is cut off in his prime; people who refuse to consider their "latter end," as a contingency too remote. Yet if the slightest cough assail them they are ready to lie down and give up the ghost at once.

A curious, nay, a comical parallel to the state of mind here noted is to be found in the mental attitude of Aucklanders in respect of volcanic action. It happens now and then that some globe-trotter, whose appetite for knowledge has been relieved chiefly by the reading of guide books and the tales of antecedent travellers, and who is driven by the pseudo-scientist's passion for making deductions, expresses the belief that Auckland will some day be hoist by its own petard, as one might say. He has learned that Rangitoto, Mounts Eden, Hobson, Albert, Wellington, Smart, and a dozen other cones, are volcanic and once upon a time vomited fire, and, cheerful pessimist that he is, sees no reason why they shouldn't "go it again."

But he does not alarm the Aucklanders, for the simple reason that no Aucklander believes it possible for Rangitoto or Mount Eden, or any of the other craters, to misbehave themselves after so long a persistence in decency and order. "Qui a bu, boira," say the French, but this tendency to "break out" does not apply rigidly to volcanoes, and to Auckland volcanoes not at all. Most likely the Aucklanders are right; at any rate, we all hope they are.

Nevertheless, it is a remarkable circumstance that, the other morning, when some person or persons unknown dynamited a tool-shed at Mount Eden, with a bang that was heard for miles around by people whom business or pleasure or a bad conscience kept awake, half the population reading the scare heading in the morning paper at once jumped to the conclusion that a volcano had broken loose somewhere. Directly the mystery had been cleared up they were just as firmly convinced as before that wherever else the alleged "internal fires" may seek an outlet they won't come this way.

Christmas has come and gone since the last instalment of these notes was written, and we are well launched into another year. And yet there is no appearance of the commercial depression about which we have been so repeatedly warned ever since the new century was born. So far as appearances go, we are still in the hey-day of prosperity. Even the Prohibitionists fail to discern any signs of decay in our material welfare. It would chime with their traditional policy to look for them, because the no-license advocates have always claimed that the drinking habits of the Colony were rapidly driving it down the easy descent to Avernus. In earlier days the statistics of the police court were recognised as a barometer of trade, that is to say, trade generally, not the Trade with a capital T, which stands for the liquor traffic. When there were plenty of cases of drunkenness trade was considered to be brisk. When the police went about vainly searching for an inebriate, the student of sociology looked up and down the street to see how many shopkeepers were standing at their doors waiting for customers, just as one looks for a white horse when he sees a red-headed girl.

Whether the rule could be depended on in these days is not so certain. I am inclined to think it would fail. Over-indulgence in strong liquor, not to say drunkenness, has ceased to be fashionable in any class, while it is righteously reprobated in all classes. The happy change is due in great measure, no doubt, to the efforts of the various temperance agencies, operating morally rather than politically. In part, also, it is due to social evolutionary influences, that need not be specified.

At any rate it must be apparent to anybody brought largely into contact with his fellows that there is less drinking than there used to be, and a wise teetotal advocate would accept the virtually proved fact as at once proving the utility of temperance and accounting for our national material progress. But that is just what the prohibitionist will not do. He takes the statistics, and because he sees an increase in the number of arrests for inebriety he concludes that the crime is on the increase. He will not accept the obvious explanation that the police, egged on by his own party, are making the way of the reveller much harder than it was wont to be, and so lands himself on the horns of a dilemma. For if the country goes on prospering and drunkenness goes on increasing, pari passu, what becomes of the contention that drink is sending the Colony to the dogs?

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In the middle of our annual merry-making it is disquieting to think that the greatest man amongst us—the man to whom some at least of the prosperity we enjoy is due—has been in poor health. The Premier for many a year stood amongst us as the very symbol and embodiment of physical strength and vigour. Ten years of strenuous activity has told upon him, as it would upon anybody, but until last year the effects were discernible only in Mr. Seddon's whitening hair and softening manner. After a decade of the Premiership he looked twenty years older than when he made his first tour as head of the Government, while the rough and ready style of the West Coast digger had been superseded by the courtliness that we instinctively associate with the Old World aristocracy. But last year came a warning note of bodily weakness, and though the indomitable spirit refused sympathy for the weakness of frail mortality, a pause was inevitable.

The halt and rest in the shade were recuperative, and Mr. Seddon was satisfied with that, and plunged into his work once more, carrying on his shoulders the burden of the Session's work, incurring, as it seemed, no danger of a relapse.

Nevertheless, we read in the newspapers that the Premier's usual Christmas and New Year's sojourn on the West Coast was characterised by few, if any, of the features that were so prominent on former occasions. He appeared ill and depressed, took no part in the public manifestations of gaiety, and sought no occasion for speech-making.

The Premier, like all strong men, has made many enemies, and is himself a good hater, but there is not a man in the Colony, no matter what his political "colour" may be, that will not harbour a sincere wish for the Premier's bodily welfare.

With the prospect of another "warm" Session and the storm and stress of a general election at the back of it, the question of the Premier's retirement is bound to occupy a prominent place in public discussion. The difficulty of the case, as indicated in former notes, is this: That the Liberal Party owes real allegiance to no leader save Mr. Seddon, and without him the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed would probably fall apart. He is the solder that holds them together. It is significant that since the retirement of Mr. Seddon has passed out of the region of improbable events, little or nothing has been heard about the threatened Independent Labour Party. Without Mr. Seddon the Labour Party would be left to speculate upon the chances of its existence as a determining factor in political life at all, with no time to worry about independence.

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Charity, if it does not begin at home, certainly does not end there, in New Zealand. The extensive bush fires in Australia brought the sympathetic nerves of our Colonists into play, and meetings were convened in various parts of the country with the object of creating funds for the relief of the sufferers. Such a course has been followed invariably whenever flood, or fire, or drought has robbed our cousins of the Commonwealth. But in the present instance we have been somewhat abruptly checked. Advices from Australia and the opinions of such prominent Australians as happened to be visiting New Zealand, were hostile to our display of neighbourly benevolence.

Apparently the damage caused by the bush fires is not as great as it was at first reported to be, and the copious rains that have since fallen have no doubt by this time half repaired the mischief done. Australia is a land peculiarly subject to accidents of this kind, and her capacity for making a quick recovery is quite phenomenal. Bush fires do not mean there what they mean with us. Here the bush practically is never restored, there the marks of a fire are often obliterated in a couple of years. Besides which the ring-barker does infinitely more to denude the country of its indigenous timber than all the fires that ever raged.

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Talking about the Commonwealth, which is so near to us and yet so far away in many respects, the tide of popular feeling that set in against Federation shows no sign of returning. The people expected too much from political union. And the advocates of Federation committed the error, inevitable and unavoidable in all such cases, of promising the Millennium. Every reformer, whatever may be the nature of his reform, is easily self-deluded into the belief that it is a panacea, a solvent for all the ills that our pockets are heirs to.

That quality and nothing less was claimed by Henry George for the Single Tax, and Mr. Samuel Vaile claims it for his system of railway fares. The trouble is that the general public, which it is sought to advantage, are so impatient. If they take a pill or a draught they expect

to feel the benefit of it in five minutes.

But one would think that even those obvious advantages that flow from the abolition of the border customs regulations had been sufficient to reconcile the bulk of the people to the change. Before Federation the traveller between Adelaide and Brisbane was obliged to submit to the inconvenience, not to say indignity, of having his trunks and bags rummaged three separate and distinct times. But the Customs trouble affected the pastoral community much more keenly. A tax was levied on every ton of produce and every head of cattle passing over what everybody felt to be the most artificial of boundaries. Strangely enough, the removal of this tax is looked upon as a disability by the very class of people who formerly condemned the impost itself.

Eventually, of course, all parties will shake down comfortably. It took nearly a century, and the biggest war of modern times, to convince the American people that close unity and assimilation of interests were the best things for a nation, and Australia will arrive at the same conclusion by an easier and quicker process.

The advantage of being able to act promptly and unitedly respecting matters affecting their welfare outside of the Continent will aid in reconciling the various States to the new order, and remove much of the existing friction. A foreign issue of grave importance has already arisen to occupy the attention of the Commonwealth Government. The free participation of the British Colonies in the trade of the Pacific has been seriously menaced by the action of the German authorities in the Marshall Group. One of the largest Australian Shipping firms, Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co., which has heretofore done considerable business with those Islands has been "warned off the grass," and it is now claiming through the Government damages to the extent of £10,000.

Germany, it is pretty clear, threatens to be a dangerous rival in the Pacific, and needs as much watching at this end of the world as she does at the other. Why she was ever permitted to gain a solid footing in these latitudes is a puzzle that could only be solved for us by the ghosts of dead and gone Colonial Secretaries of the Little England type. New Guinea, the Marshalls and Samoa, all should have been ours, and mankind would have been the better for the acquisition. Germany is thirsty for Colonies in which to perpetuate the laws, customs and manners of the Vaterland, but her cast-iron system everywhere stands in the way of success, and there isn't a German colonist dumped down under the Red, White and Black, who would not be infinitely happier under the Red, White and Blue.

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A generation ago Sir Julius Vogel was ready to seize Samoa and annex it to New Zealand, but the old ladies at Downing Street in those days held up their white hands in horror at the audacity of the proposal. Probably they regarded it as a species of piracy. Yet the day came when Mr. Seddon was permitted to collar Raratonga, and we, that is to say, the British, are apparently on the point of absorbing Tonga. The High Commissioner has been there, counted up the balance in the Treasury, amounting to four and sevenpence or thereabout, and, considering this unsatisfactory, has executed a coup d'etat. He ran in the Premier and the Secretary to the (empty) Treasury and sent them to Fiji, and then proceeded to lecture the titular King George, a native gentleman set up by us to gratify the pride of those foreign nations who object to our out and out assumption of the sovereignty. What the upshot may

be, if not open and unashamed annexation, one cannot conceive.

Of course we may go on playing the farce of allowing the island to retain its independence with our benevolent aid, as we do in Egypt and in some of the Indian Principalities, or as the French are doing in Tripoli, but it will be cheaper and better to do as we have done in Fiji.

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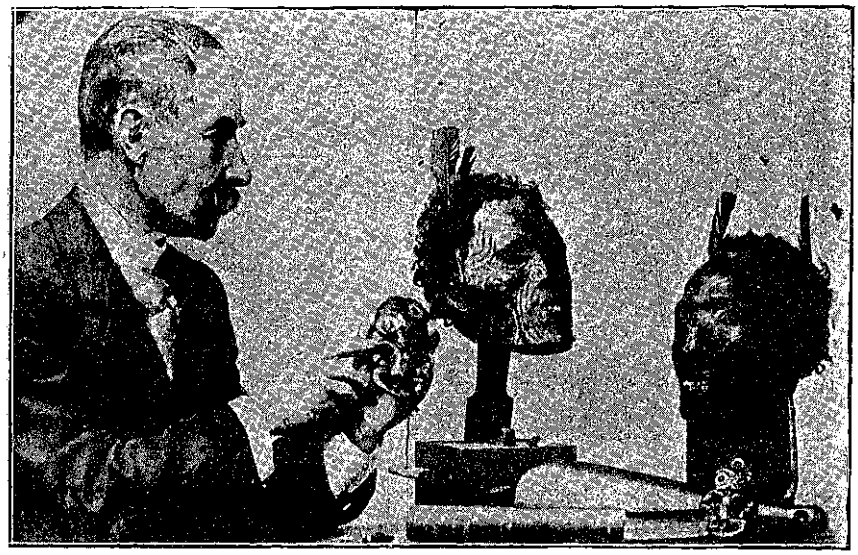
The war news during the month has not been startling. On the first day of the year the long-expected surrender of Port Arthur became a fact. The event was inevitable, but it now appears that if all things had worked together within the beleaguered town it might have held out for a few additional weeks. The commissariat blames the ordnance department, and the ordnance blames the commissariat. The one declares that the food was plentiful but the powder supply had given out, and the other says ditto, with the necessary change of terms. What is worse than this sordid tale of recrimination is the report of Russian callousness and cruelty. According to the Japanese, hundreds of the besiegers who were wounded during the assaults were left to die where they lay. The charge is not contradicted, and if true will account for the intense horror of capitulation felt by the Russians. Possibly they feared reprisals. Had the circumstances been reversed they would themselves have sought a bloody revenge.

But the Japs are teaching all the world a lesson in the practical application of those cardinal virtues which we have been in the habit of calling "Christian." Their treatment of the Russian wounded and prisoners has profoundly impressed the Muscovite mind, and filled all others with admiration.



Major-General Robley in his Study. He holds a valuable Tiki in his Hands, and his published Work lies on the Table before him.

The land operations, at the time of writing, may be quoted as easy. In the neighbourhood of Mukden somewhat over half a million armed men are gathered, and something momentous is bound to happen soon. If the Russian Bureaucracy had a cool head the something would be Peace.

As these pages go to press, grave news of a threatened revolution comes from Russia.

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In British politics there is the

calm that usually intervenes at this season of the year, but there is stormy weather ahead. The general election that is rapidly approaching will, it is agreed on all sides, give the Liberals another chance. What use they will make of it is another pair of shoes. Meantime, Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Imperial protection will be thrust into the background, though it is not likely to be shelved for long. The feeling in favour of preference, if not spreading, is deepening, and the view that it does not imply a reversal of free-trade, but rather the scientific adaptation of new principles to modern needs is setting into a conviction. This conviction may not be popular yet, but it is held by men who think, and thinking men govern.

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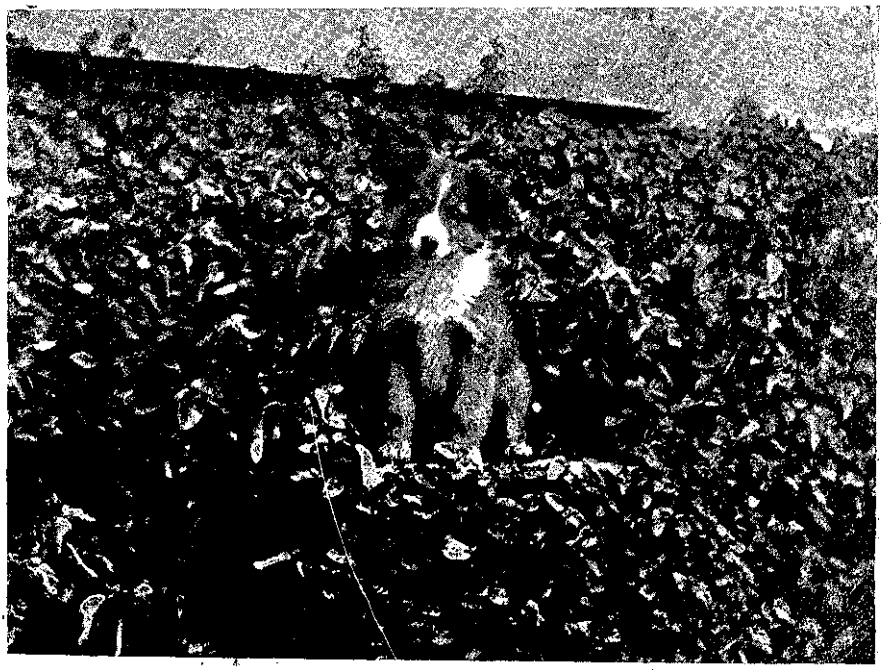
Major-General Robley, whose connection with New Zealand dates back to the war days of '64-'66, when he fought gallantly as an officer of the 68th, is better known to most of the readers of this Magazine as a collector of tattooed Maori heads. He probably knows more about heads of that description than anybody living, though there may be here and there a native patriarch who can claim a more intimate acquaintance with them. Cannibalism is not so far off as some of us may think. In the 'forties it was common, and was occasionally resorted to at a much later date. The late Mr. Marshall, of Waikato Heads, informed me that he well-remembered witnessing the finishing touches of a cannibal feast at a settlement between the Heads and Whaingaroa Harbour—upon what is now Te Akau Estate. That would be in the late 'forties, I think. His attention was attracted by seeing some children playing a game resembling football with a woman's head, and he ascertained, by cautious inquiry, that the body belonged to an erring wife of one of the Chiefs who had been taken in adultery. General Robley, in sending New Year's greetings to the Editor, encloses a characteristic photograph, which is reproduced in these pages.



A. L. Cleave, photo. **A Favourite Perch.**

# Question and Answer.



"Is it the wind through the pine-trees,
Or is it the surf on the shore—
That sound which is rising and falling,
And gathering for evermore?

"Is it the tramp of an army,
Or the roll of martial drums?
It seems to die in the distance,
Yet nearer and nearer it comes."

"It is not the wind through the pine-trees,
Nor is it the surf on the shore,
Though it rises and falls, my dearest,
And gathers for evermore.

"It is not the tramp of an army,
Nor the roll of martial drums,
That sound that dies in the distance,
Yet nearer and nearer comes,

"It is the march of the Ages,
That solemn and steady tread;
Thou shalt hear it for ever and ever
In thy heart and in thy head.

"And the roar of what is, my dear one—
Thine ear is so fine and keen—
Cannot deaden the sound of what shall be,
Nor the echoes of what hath been.

"The surf may rage on the beaches,
The wind may sweep through the pine;
But it would not disturb nor affright thee,
Dearest and best of mine!"

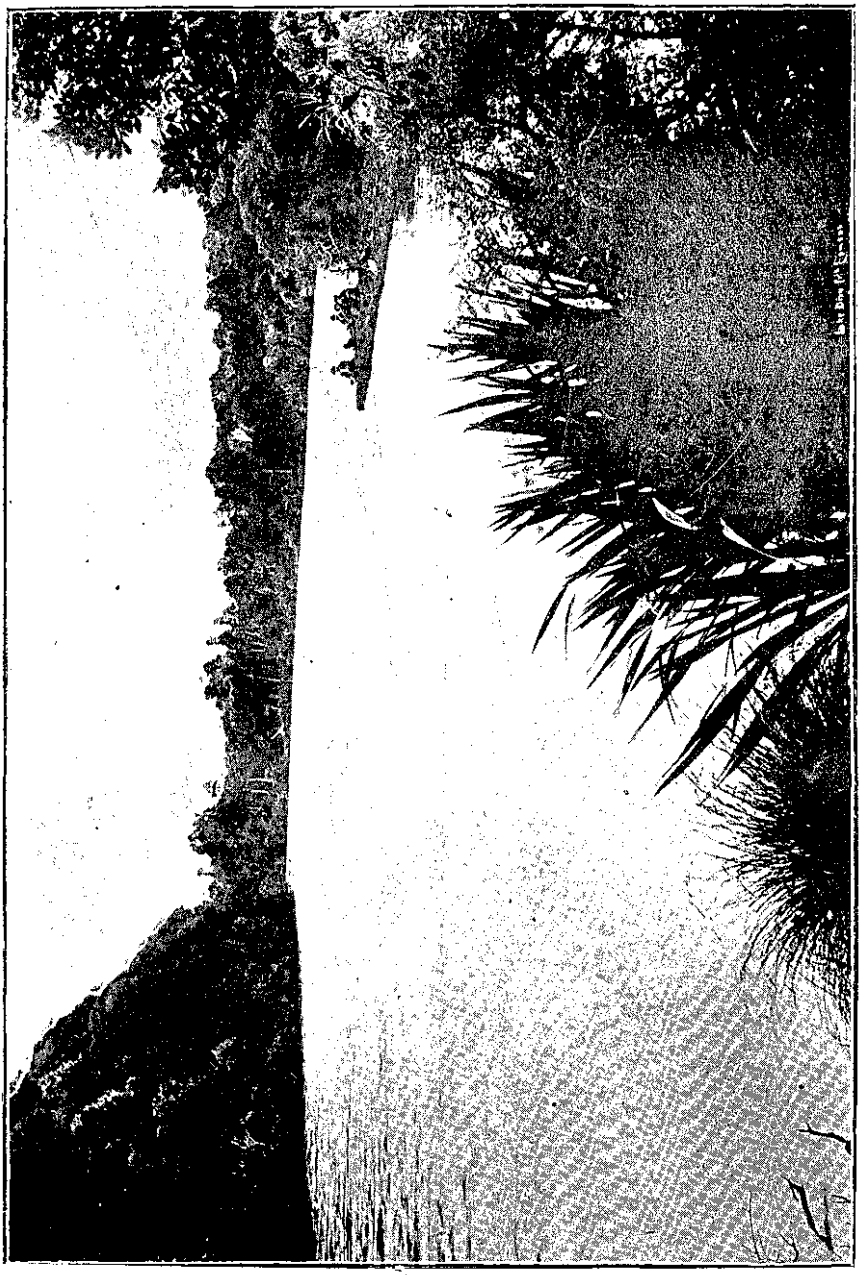
DORA WILCOX.

Havelock, Pelorus Sound.

W. H. Macey, photo.

Head of Lake Te Anau.

Tourist Department, photo.



J. McAllister, photo.

Lake Dive, Mt. Egmont.

Mt. Egmont.

J. McAllister, photo.

# SCRAPS.


"Shift for a bloomin' motor car." "Not me!"


"Ugh-h-h-h-h!!!" Ah-h-h+*!!!!"
H. Messenger '05


NEW CHUM: "Great heavens! The rats are running all over me!"

OUTBACK HARRY (calmly): "Well, what else is there for the poor beggars to do? There isn't room for them all on the floor."


Caught Napping.

# THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

## ADVENTURES OF AN INDIAN DACOIT CHIEF.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements for a series of short stories dealing with the career of Tantia Bheel, a noted Indian Dacoit Chief who defied all efforts for his arrest. Many of our readers will remember having made the acquaintance of this slippery outlaw in a story entitled "Dobson and Tantia Bheel," which appeared in our October issue. The author, Mr. T. S. Gurr, resided for some years in India, and the stories are the result of material collected on the spot.

## RATS I HAVE KNOWN.

A. H. Messenger's contribution to our next issue will be a humorous one with the above suggestive title. We venture to predict that even those who have a horror of all rodents will read with interest the result of the author's close study of the character of his many acquaintances in this particular phase of low life.

## OPENING THEIR EYES.

In the literary columns of a recent issue of the London "Daily News" surprise is expressed that the NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE had entered on its eleventh volume at the antipodes, and that such a magazine could be written, illustrated, printed and published in this little far away colony. In this, as in many other respects, we are gradually opening the eyes of the "Old Folks at Home."

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly :—

ABOUT KEATS.—Joyce Jocelyn.
THE MORIORI AND THE ALBATROSS.—By W. B. Te Kuiti.
HONOLULU.—By C. L. Harris.
RATS I HAVE KNOWN.—By A. H. Messenger.
THE WRY-BILLED PLOVER.—By H. L. Machell.
ON SUMMER SEAS.—By F. W. Coombes.

Storiettes by the following Authors :—

MATES TOGETHER.—By Arch. M. McNicol.
TOM BOWLING.—By J. Cowan.
FIELDING AND TANTIA BHEEL.—By T. S. Gurr.
BETTY'S LOVERS.—By Hilda Keane.
THE JUSTICE OF THE KAINGA.—By Alice A. Kenny.

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