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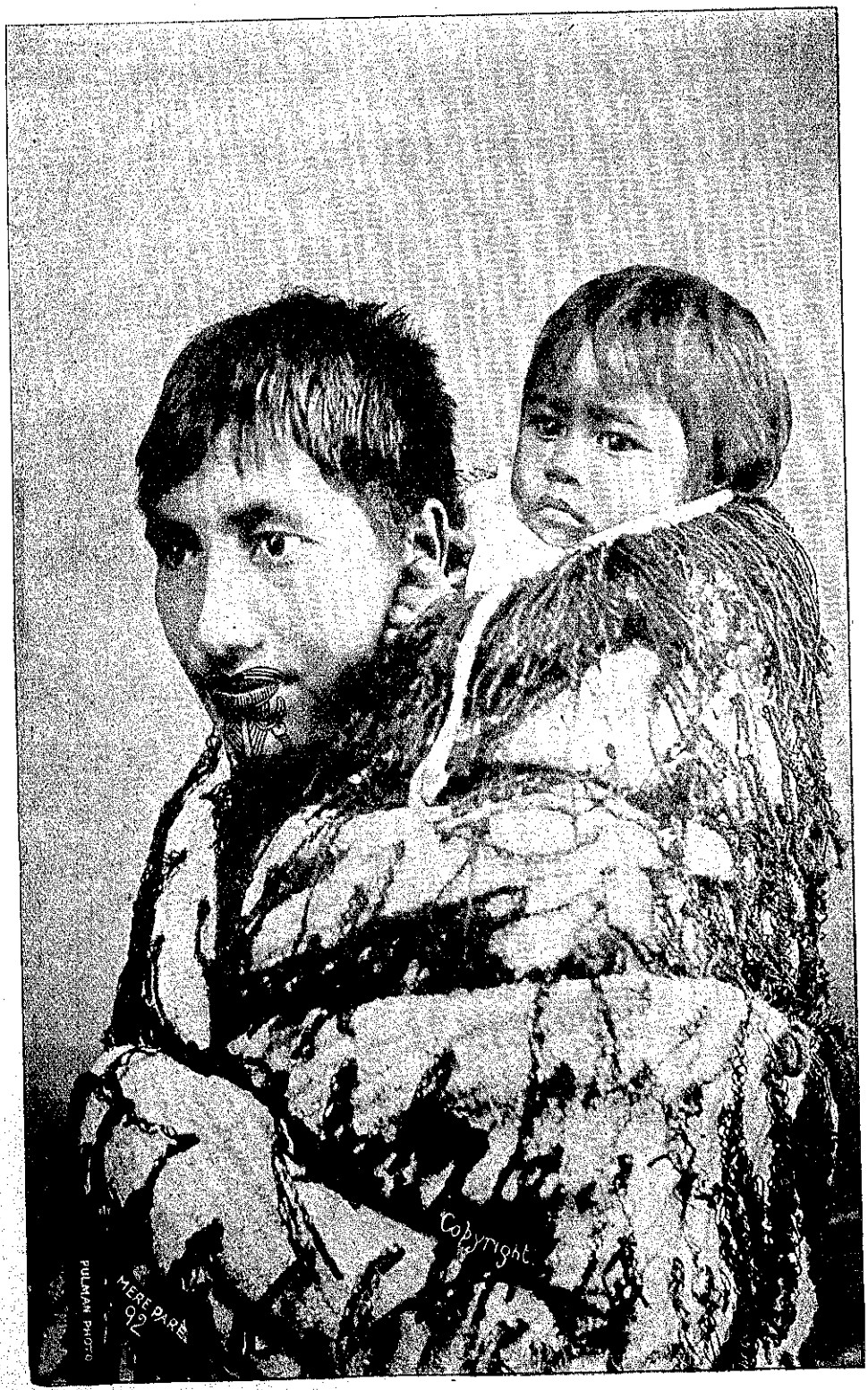


Pulman, Photo., "MY PICKANINNY." *Auckland.*

AT THE FRONT.

By Frederic Villiers.

Imaginative War Correspondents.

III.

February 6th.

THE War has lately developed a new type of journalism, which, as a member of the older school of war correspondents, I much deplore, for it is a difficult matter to keep pace with certain up-to-date members of the profession now in South Africa. First of all there is the "Snap-shot under fire" photographer, which I thought in this campaign, owing to the accurate shooting of the Boer, would not last long, but he is still as bold and rampant as ever. I was admiring the pluck and restlessness of a colleague in taking these snap-shots under bullet fire of the foe, especially one representing a section of the Dublin Fusiliers at the battle of Colenso. The men are blazing away into space from behind rocky boulders, and I was wondering how on earth the intrepid artist could get such good results under such exciting circumstances. The exact focus, distance, and, above all, the sun in the right place, while the Boers were blazing away at himself and his camera, and in spite of the men around him nursing cover, no doubt swearing and cursing at the artist who, by his bold attitude, was drawing an extra hail of nickel bullets. Eventually arriving in Natal, where most of these lovely pictures came from, I received a shock regarding the snap-shots in question. I was speaking to a young officer of the "Dubs" about these photos appearing in a weekly illustrated paper, when he laughingly told me that the special artist in question had asked him to pose a number of his men as "artists' models" behind a ridge of rocks at Frere, and, to his surprise, they came out in the papers as "The Dubs under fire at the battle of Colenso, by our special artist under fire."

Travelling from Maritzburg to Durban, an officer of the Colonial Staff, who was, for a time, in charge of two guns at the front, told me that the same snap-shotter had asked him to pose his gun with men skirmishing round it, and this picture afterwards appeared as a snap-shot taken in the throes of a bloody battle. Then I was referred to a photo, "On board the armoured train," supposed to be taken under fire. Here the models distinctly gave the artist away. Many of the men are playing their parts, pulling their triggers at imaginary Boers, but others cannot resist turning towards the camera with a pleasant grin to have, as Tommy says, "their mugs struck."

I simply mention these facts for the benefit of the public, who are apt to look upon photos as above suspicion. In fact, as a colleague of mine once said: "You know the camera can never lie." After all it depends on whether there is a liar at the back of the camera! Of course there is some excellent photographic work being

done on the battlefield, especially by Mr. Lynch, of the *Illustrated London News*. But the battlefield and the "fighting-line," in our days, are two different things. This heroic war artist is even beaten in audacity by a war correspondent who has lately enlightened his readers with a description of the battle of Magersfontein. But that this article appeared in a sedate London daily, and was copied in the colonial papers here, as by a "master-hand," I would not refer to it. One cannot help admiring the *sang-froid* of the writer. He does not hesitate for one moment, but lets his imagination run riot through three columns of the most soul-stirring blood-and-thunder — as Mr. Atkin's would say—"tommy-rot." At the outset he starts in with, probably the most flagrant inaccuracy a correspondent can be capable of. This for instance: "At every point of vantage, Cronje, with consummate generalship, had posted his artillery," and, "At the bottom of the kopje, right under the muzzle of his guns."

Now, for a fact, Cronje had *no artillery* at Magersfontein till many hours after the battle. I myself saw the first shot fired about 5.30 of the evening of the day of the battle from a solitary gun in the centre of his position. Then this correspondent rants on: "The Boer forces were estimated at from 15,000 to 22,000 men." Never did any sane man admit that there were more than 5,000 of the enemy. He is also just as much astray regarding the number of men on our side. Then comes the following drivel, I say drivel for it absolutely borders on insanity: "Our forces, estimated at about 11,000 men of all arms, including the never-to-be-forgotten section of the Naval Brigade, to whom England owes a debt of gratitude too deep for words to portray, for their steadiness, valour, and accuracy of shooting saved England from disaster on this blacker (*sic.*) day that Scotland has known since the Crimea" This surely can only be the ravings of a lunatic. We had *one* 4·7 naval gun, firing Lyddite, and, to this day, it is mere supposition regarding the damage to life that gun was capable of. Then comes the disaster to the Highland Brigade, and death of Wauchope, which would be almost comical but for the sadness and seriousness of the incidents portrayed: "The best, the bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets, yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees, and cheering his men forward," etc. Can the public for a moment believe a man riddled with bullets and bleeding from every vein could take any interest in passing events? For a fact, not a soul knew what had become of the General for two whole days. Some were in hopes that he was a prisoner and only wounded. His body was eventually found far ahead of his men, dead and alone. He was the first man to carry out his own order, and he died in the van. For the love of sanity I hope the British public will not believe this idiotic trash—for one can hardly speak calmly of this folly. In speaking of the Guards, he says: "They got within hitting distance of the foe, swept through brisket and breast-bone. Out of their trenches the Guardsmen tossed the Boers, as men in English harvest fields toss the hay when the reapers' scythes have whitened the corn fields" The Guards may number some big men among them, but the Boers are not a puny people. The only trenches that the enemy vacated were two held by the Scandinavian Contingent, and there was "no tossing." Then followed this picture of Cronje: "Cronje knew the metal of our men, and an ironical smile played round his iron mouth, and still he stayed within his natural fortress. But death sat ever at his elbow, for our gunners dropped the Lyddite shell and the howling shrapnel" (I wonder if the writer has ever heard shrapnel. It never howls—nor does it bark) "all along his lines until the trenches ran blood, and many of his guns were silenced." But Cronje had no guns, and I am afraid that metallic smile was too far off to be viewed by any one not possessing second-sight, at least. Then this interesting correspondent describes: "In the valley, behind his outer line of hills, his dead lay piled in

hundreds, and the slope of the hill was a charnel-house where the wounded all writhed amidst masses of dead, a ghastly tribute to English gunnery." Of course, this is what we should have liked to have seen, but no binocular on that battlefield could show us what was hidden behind those hills, and not even that war correspondent would dare to go and see for himself. The stuff is all romance and very misleading. He finishes the lurid article with the bold statement: "We left nearly three thousand dead and wounded of grim old Cronje's men as a token that the lion of England had bared his teeth in earnest." General Methuen himself would doubt whether in all his four great fights at Belmont, Grasspans, and Modder River he had punished the enemy to the extent of half that number.

It is letters of this description that are published seriously by London dailies, which create friction between the Press and the British commanding officers. The gross exaggerations, the lurid local colour, and the purely imaginative element as, for instance, an incident I was about to forget but which is perhaps the funniest thing of all in this phantasy of Magersfontein. In describing the Highland attack, he relates: "In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, the search-lights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders." The Boers had no search-lights whatever, the Highland Brigade advanced in a mist, and nothing was seen by many but the flash of the Mausers piercing the haze of early morning. How can British officers look on war correspondents and war artists with any feeling but disgust when bogus descriptions and fictions like these I have just mentioned are seriously published in the English Press? Both war artists and correspondents must depend on outside information and material for sketches sometimes, for they cannot be everywhere. But when it comes to the question of if the enemy had artillery or no, or if search-lights were used, or whether 300 or 3,000 were killed and wounded, the correspondent who cannot glean better information ought to try his hand at "shilling shockers." And the artist who poses his soldiers and guns in line of battle, unless from the actual front, and palms them off as his heroic snap-shots under fire, is too smart and clever for his profession. Perhaps one may seem rather bitter regarding these inventive members of one's profession, but lately the British authorities have not been courteous to war correspondents, and no wonder, for the authorities seldom discriminate, and if one falls foul of them, we are all more or less tarred with the same brush.

As an instance of this, finding things hang fire in Cape Colony, I made my way to Natal, thinking I should be in time for the movement for the relief of Ladysmith, which eventually ended in Buller being compelled to recross the Tugela after the disaster at Spion Kop. It is during a reverse that the less discreet correspondents are looked on with disfavour, for they are liable to misconstrue a strategic retrograde movement into a retreat, and cause unnecessary alarm. I had the greatest difficulty in getting to the front, but at last, after much persuasion, I was granted a pass as far as Rail-head Camp but not to join my colleagues, because a sufficient number of correspondents were already there. I left Durban at 4.50 in the afternoon, and on arriving at Maritzburg had my pass visèd by the Staff Officer for Chievely, and, to clinch the matter, a prominent official was courteous enough to allow me to proceed in his special carriage; yet, under the wing of this officer, when I arrived at Estcourt at 3.30 a.m, I was fired out, and not allowed to proceed till my pass was countersigned by the officer in command at Estcourt. "Very well," said I; "where is this officer?" "Oh, you can't see him now, he's asleep." "But," I replied, "the train is about to proceed!" "Well, you can't go; you must remain until the pass is signed." It was a wet, disgusting morning, and I was about to roll myself up in my rug on the platform till dawn, when the Station Staff Officer was good enough to offer me his office to sleep in, and told me that I was not alone in my misery, for all passengers had to be

turned out of the train, there was no distinction. The order is very strict, from General Buller, to stop every one. "When will the commandant be ready to sign my pass?" said I. "At 7.30, to-morrow morning, if you go to his tent you can get it signed, and proceed by a train leaving at eight." Well, I thought, this is not so bad after all. I shall be at the front by midday. So I went to sleep till 6 a.m., when I paced the station till the commandant should wake On arriving at his tent I found the officer had gone for his morning ride, and would not be back until eight. "But that won't do," said I; "at eight the train leaves." "Can't be helped. He won't be back." I returned to the station and found some eight passengers bewailing their fate. One was a Colonial officer, in mufti, about to take command of a volunteer ambulance corps. Another was the chief detective of Durban, others were Jew sutlers, and, above all, one of General Buller's baggage-drivers, and a special sutler, who was deploring the fact that he had fresh eggs and a case of apples for the General, and at least his eggs might spoil. When I informed the little crowd of the absence of the commandant, to say the least of it they were furious. They were even more furious when the eight o'clock train rolled out of the station, and left us standing in the drizzling rain. Though we were all under martial law, we rather kicked at the behaviour of the commandant, who kept us waiting while he had his bath, breakfast, and the necessary cigar. The order came that we might see him at his his office at ten. Huddled under the verandah of a tin building, out of the rain, we stood for two hours waiting for the gentleman in office to attend to our wants. At last he arrived, and passed into his office, and evidently we poor wretches—for now a few Kaffirs had joined our little crowd—were too offensive for his official eyes, so he closed the door in our faces. Perhaps some of our indignant looks may have made him a little nervous, for when the door opened it was only ajar, and the slit was guarded by a sergeant, who ushered us in one by one. The whole scene reminded me of a police supervision of passports on the Russian frontiers. The sergeant, after securing the door—firmly, advanced to the table, at which sat the colonel in command, with a subordinate officer at his side, who received the piece of paper representing my pass from the sergeant, and, apparently suspicious of some contamination, held it gingerly between thumb and finger, read it, and then passed it on to the colonel, who also read it, and though he could see perfectly well that it was signed and guaranteed to the front, he hemmed and hawed, and at last said; "And what may your business be?" "Oh, don't bother about that," said the applicant, "I have been badgered about for the last six days getting this pass, and I am rather tired. Kindly make out a pass back to Durban. Thank you." The next train for Chievely left at a little after one, and we had been kept by the commandant since three o'clock in the morning, some nine hours, waiting for his august signature.

After all a war correspondent is not a Jew sutler nor a Kaffir, and might receive a little more attention while he is in the execution of his duty. Of course one does not always meet with a Jack-in-office of this description With General Lord Methuen's and General French's columns all officers are most courteous to correspondents bearing their credentials—at least, that is my own experience; but, probably, when a few more letters are published after the fashion I have drawn attention to, our military friends will love us less.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

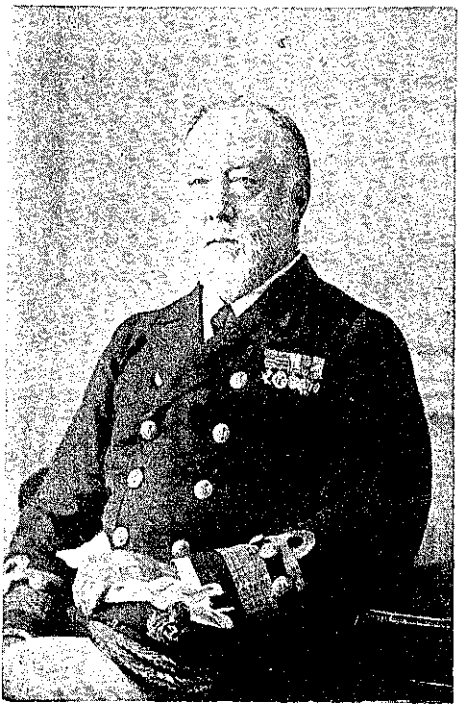
The Crown Studios, EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.C.M.G. *Sydney.*

EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.C.M.G.

THE most illustrious tourist who has visited New Zealand recently is Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G., Governor of New South Wales. His Lordship certainly made the most of the time at his command. Landing at Milford Sounds, he visited the Sutherland Falls, and, walking across the South Island, *via* Lake Te Anau, accompanied by a trusty guide, explored the wild grandeur of the Southern mountain, lake and coastal scenery. During his stay in Auckland, as the guest of Lord Ranfurly, he visited the Rotorua district, and saw all the weird wonders of that far-famed thermal region. His presence at a late Maori meeting afforded him an excellent chance of studying the characteristics of the native race, as seen in all their native simplicity, and also of hearing some of their most finished orators give their views on divers questions of the day. In Lord Ranfurly he had an enthusiastic and indefatigable guide. He visited the Rough Rider's camp, and witnessed the departure of the Auckland section of the Fourth Contingent, thus gaining a good insight into the military spirit so lately infused into our citizens, and visits to a few of our principal industries must have proved to him that we are not wanting in commercial and industrial enterprise.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B.

THE Australian Naval Squadron has never had a more genial and popular commander than the late Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, of whose death at Naples, at the age of sixty-three, we have just heard. His visit to New Zealand some twelve years since in his flagship the *Nelson*, will be well remembered by many, especially by those who had the privilege of meeting him. It is men of Sir Henry Fairfax's stamp that have made our English Navy what it is. Born in 1837, he started his naval life at the bottom of the ladder as a "middie" in 1850, but his progress up it was rapid and well sustained. After attaining the respective ranks of commander and captain in 1862 and 1868, he was appointed naval attaché to Sir Bartle Frere in 1872, and visited Zanzibar and Muscat. Five years later we find him Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Later again in 1882 he bombarded Alexandria as captain of the *Monarch*. The Khedive's Bronze Star and the third class Osmanlich were awarded him for his behaviour on that occasion. He was appointed A.D.C. to Queen Victoria in 1879, a position he held until 1885, when he became a Rear-Admiral. The next step, that of



Hanna, *Photo.*

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B.

Vice-Admiral, followed shortly after his term of command of the Australian Naval Squadron, as did also his appointment of Naval Lord of the Admiralty. In 1892 he took command of the Channel Fleet, and in 1897 he was made an Admiral, and completed a career of which any man might well be proud.

CAPTAIN C. J. MAJOR.

FEW smarter volunteer officers have offered their services for South Africa than Captain C. J. Major, who takes command of a detachment of the Fifth Contingent, and

Hanna, Photo., CAPTAIN C. J. MAJOR. *Auckland.*

few men have attained a greater degree of popularity amongst their fellows. Officers who are strict disciplinarians are often voted bores, and rarely appreciated by their men, especially in volunteer companies, where there does not seem to them to be the same necessity for stern rule as there is in the Army. Captain Major is a noted exception to this rule. No officer could have a better command of his men, and very few are so universally liked by their subordinates. He learnt his first lessons in volunteering in the Nelson College Cadets. On being appointed one of the masters at St. John's College some few years since, he captained the Cadet Corps there, and with such a leader the boys went heart and soul into it, and have become one of the best school corps in Auckland. On moving to King's College he performed the same good office there. A little later he accepted the captaincy of the College Rifles on their formation. He also held the position of Adjutant in the Auckland Infantry Battalion. Captain Major is a man whose services in promoting the cause of volunteering cannot easily be over estimated.

MR WM. CROWTHER, M.H.R.

THE life of the late Mr. William Crowther is an excellent example of what undeviating honesty of purpose, unflinching force of will, and unceasing energy and perseverance will do for a man in a new country, even without the adventitious aids of high class education, capital or influence. Mr. Crowther's record as a citizen and colonist is one worthy of note. Ten years of hard work, profitably spent on Victorian goldfields, provided him with the funds to bring to New Zealand plant in the shape of waggons and horses, with which he started a carrier's business at the Dunstan, in Otago. In 1863 he came up to Auckland, and spent the rest of his life here. In 1878 he was elected a City Councillor. The appreciation in which he was held by his fellow citizens, and the manner in which he performed his duties, were apparent in the fact that he held the position for sixteen years, two of which he had the added honour of spending in the Mayoral chair. Mr. Crowther's conduct of his civic duties led his fellow citizens to conclude that no fitter man could be chosen to represent them in Parliament, and the fact of his re-election at the last general election, when many good men were left out in the cold, showed that their confidence had not been misplaced. At various times during late years Mr. Crowther has done good service as member of the governing bodies of the University College and various other educational institutions. He was also on the Committees of the Charitable Aid Board and Sailor's Home. Few men have devoted so much of their time to the welfare of the city in which they dwell with such good results as the man who was lately laid to rest in our midst. The new generation owe much to the indomitable and unselfish labours of our old pioneers in the

Hanna, *Photo.*

MR. WM. CROWTHER, M.H.R.

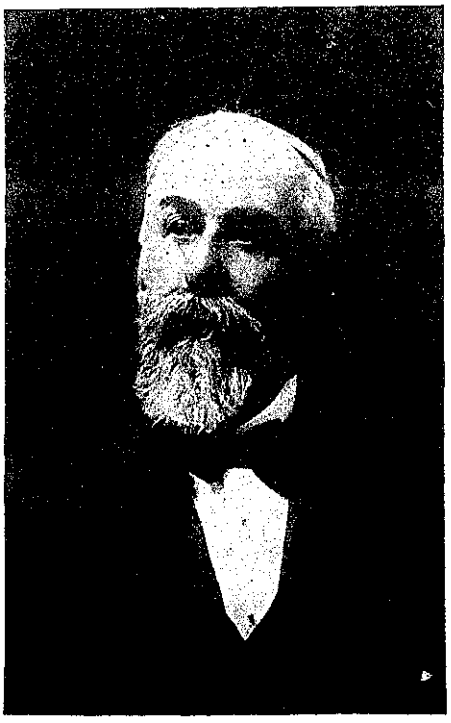
building up of our colony to the position it now occupies in these Southern Seas.

THE BY-ELECTION.

THE three gentlemen who have definitely and unconditionally announced themselves at the time of writing as candidates for the seat in the House of Representatives rendered vacant by the death of the late Mr. William Crowther, are Mr. J. J. Holland, Mr. R. Hobbs and Mr. J. H. Witherford.

MR J J. HOLLAND.

MR. J. J. HOLLAND is a gentleman who is by no means new to Parliamentary duties. He is a staunch Government supporter, and the



Iles, *Photo.*

MR. J. J. HOLLAND.

chosen of the Auckland Liberal Association. He was a candidate at the last general election, but failed to secure a seat, principally on account of an impression which prevailed that Auckland Members, in the past of, whom he was one, had not possessed sufficient backbone to secure to their constituency its

Iles, *Photo.*

MR. R. HOBBS.

due share of the good things that might be going, and the desire to return men who would have sufficient energy and force of character to do so. Mr. Holland has also served the City of Auckland by occupying a place in the City Council, the manner in which he performed his duties there caused him to be placed in the Mayoral chair for one term of office. Mr. Holland has many qualities which are essential to a public man, and will make a good representative if his devotion to his leaders does not cause him to follow them too blindly without sufficiently counting the cost in some instances.

MR. R. HOBBS.

MR. RICHARD HOBBS is, if possible, a stauncher Oppositionist than Mr. Holland is a Government supporter. To those of his political

"persuasion" his chances of election appear sufficiently rosy. He is a man of high integrity, undoubted business ability, and has always evinced a strong interest in everything connected with the welfare of the city and country he dwells in. Like Mr. Holland, he has had some experience in politics as a representative of the people, but his experiences date further back than Mr. Holland's. Before retiring from business, he devoted a goodly proportion of his time to public duties; now he is prepared to give more of it. In his capacity on the Board of Governors of the Auckland University College and other educational institutions, he has done good service by his firm adhesion to what he believed to be right. And it is this quality which should make him a useful man in the position for which he is a candidate.

"The Tryst."

Little Janet sitting
Where the boughs entwine,
To form an arbor o'er her,
Looking quite divine;
Casting anxious glances
Athwart the setting sun,
Anxiously expecting
Her own beloved one.

Honest Hubert riding
Up the forest glade,
All intent on meeting
His bright little maid;
Spying her embowered
'Midst the arch'ed trees,
Wafts a sigh of pleasure
On the evening breeze.

Two beating hearts entwined
In a fond embrace,
On his manly bosom
She leans with artless grace.
Earth to them elysian,
Life a flood of joy;
Alas! that to such happiness
There should be a cloy.

Donald chafing at his rein,
Looks at them askance,
With a world of meaning
In his sagacious glance;
Old Hector dozing lazily
With half clos'ed eyes,
Wags his tail approvingly,
And looks serenly wise.

Dream on, bright hearts,
'Tis right that youth,
In its sweet fullness
Of joy and truth,
Should sip the sweets
Of life's bright morn,
Nor dream of care
As yet unborn.

Dream on, why anticipate
Cares born of years?
Youth, the season is
Of hopes, not fears;
Why break the spell
Of illusions all too brief?
Or hasten the approach
Of inevitable grief.

T. J. Tunks.

"Rebels to the Queen."

By Harry Dean Bamford.

Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.

"Truly ye come of the Blood."—*Kipling.*

CHAPTER I.

ONE calm and pleasant evening in the early spring of 1863, two Maori boys were fishing for eels in the large swamp at the back of Meremere, a little village fronting the clear, swift Waikato. Darkness had settled over the land, and scarce a sound

"HA, NINI! I HAVE HIM AT LAST, AND HE IS A BIG ONE!"

broke the deep stillness. The boys, intent upon their sport, talked but little, and then in low voices, unconsciously tuned to the perfect repose around them. A small fire, burning close by them, served to attract the fish to the spot in large numbers, and—for so profound was the stillness—one could plainly hear the peculiar sucking noise made as they rose to the surface of the water.

"Ha, Nini!" suddenly exclaimed the taller of the lads, "I have him at last, and he is a big one!"

Rapidly hauling in his line, he landed a fine silvery eel, a couple of feet long, firmly secured by the sharp steel hook.

"Look, Nini," continued the young fisherman, as he cautiously, and with some difficulty, unhooked his wriggling prize, "see how firm the *pakeha's* hook has caught him! I should never have got him with the old bone hook hanging in my father's whare. Ah, it is keen and strong, like the *pakehas* themselves! Truly they are wise and cunning, the *pakehas*, and I would see more of them."

"True, Tautini," replied his comrade, "they are wiser than we, but they are also greedy, and would take away the lands of the Maori."

"But," returned the first speaker, "they are not all cruel and greedy. They are mostly like the Pihopa Herewini* that old Rangiamohia has told us about. Yes, I would fain learn more of them and their ways."

"Ah well, Tautini, for me, I am quite happy here. When I am older I will marry Tohe, and live comfortably here in Meremere, and surely that will be better than going far away among strange people like the *pakehas?* But come, let us return to the *pa*. We have enough fish now, and I am sleepy."

* Bishop Selwyn.

"Ay," replied the taller, and besides I want to hear what the strangers from the North have to tell us at the *korero* to-night. Let us go."

The two boys seated themselves in a small canoe and paddled off with quiet and easy stroke. Crossing a broad arm of the swamp they entered a small creek, which, fed from the marsh, emptied itself after a short course into the Waikato. A few minutes' paddling brought them out on to the rapid current of the river, and, turning down stream, they made their way to the Meremere *pa*

Both the lads were fine sturdy specimens, Tautini (a chief's son) being somewhat the taller and more slightly built. He was straight and supple, with keen, bright eyes, his whole bearing forming somewhat of a contrast to the more stolid, thick-set appearance of his comrade, Nini.

As the boys were soon to know, there were great events gathering in the Waikato district in that month of October, 1863.

It was about nine o'clock when Nini and Tautini reached the *pa*. After placing their fish in safety, they immediately went to the big meeting whare, in which the *korero* mentioned by Tautini was commencing. The whare was crowded to the utmost to hear the new arrivals, and the lads joined the throng with feelings of interest and curiosity. The events of that night were graven deep in Tautini's imaginative mind.

The natives—both men and women—sat crowded together upon the floor of the dimly-lighted building, which was lined with quaint and ancient carvings. At the far end sat the chief, a strong, vigorous, middle-aged man, and by his side the *Tohunga* or priest. At the sharp command of "Silence!" the steady hum of conversation ceased abruptly, and one of the strangers from the North rose to address the assembly. In dignified and flowing words, enforced by facile gestures, he related to the attentive listeners all the trouble that had arisen with the white man. How, far away in Taranaki, quarrels had broken out in connection with a piece of land which the *pakeha*, in defiance of the immemorial custom of the Maori, claimed as his own, and how their brothers in that district had long been defending themselves against the greedy white man. How in their own district, in spite of solemn warnings, the road had been pushed right into Maori land. How the whole country was rushing to arms to defend the rights of the Maori against the perjured foe. Brandishing a spear above his head, the orator, with fiery vehemence, called upon his hearers to prove themselves men, and to strike hard for their liberty and their lands.

Scarcely had he ceased than there sprang up old Whaitiri, he who had fought of old against Hongi, and later still, had followed the great Heke, and shared in the sack of Kororareka. With burning words he called aloud for war, war to the very death! Warrior after warrior followed, each crying for vengeance against the treacherous, grasping foe.

The stinging words sent the hot blood surging through Tautini's veins as he sat drinking in the burning eloquence. Ah, how he longed to strike for his race against the pitiless white! How he clenched his fingers, and almost gasped for breath when his father, the chief, in tones of uncontrollable fury, called upon his people to fight even to the death in defence of their rights, their homes and their children! The tense, quivering forms around him showed how the lust for war was seizing the minds of the savage listeners. Suddenly is heard a voice chanting the old, old war chant, ages old, handed down by generation after generation of warriors, tracing its origin to the dim, misty past. One by one the listeners take it up, till gradually the swelling sound, with strong, sustained electric fervour, strikes weirdly upon the ear, and sends the blood coursing madly through the veins. With rhythmic wail and rhythmic beat, now swelling, now sinking with strange, monotonous, almost unbearable intensity it continues, dying away at last in barbaric minor wail.

Ah, how the peaceful villagers are transformed! The mad fury of their lust for fighting almost overmasters them. Their eyes start from the sockets, their mouths and

tongues roll in hideous, devilish rage, their whole frames quiver with the frenzied emotion that possesses them.

Tautini is no longer a boy. He is a man now, he is indeed the chief's son, burning to lead his braves to victory. He will do great deeds; the whole land shall ring with his fame; the *pakeha* shall fear him as the lightning; he will drive the *pakeha* backward into the sea.

"Arise ye bold, arise,
And stem the flood;
Shout loud the battle cry,
And storm and conquer!"

CHAPTER II.

It is six months after the big meeting at Meremere, and Tautini is in a rifle pit in the little *pa* at Orakau. Alas, he has realised to the full the bitter hopelessness of striving to push the white man into the sea.

"What can we do?" he sadly remarks to his neighbour — not stolid, kindly Nini, for he fell at Rangiriri with a bullet in his broad young breast— "What can the Maori do? As fast as we kill one, another fills his place. We cannot fight against their ships and guns. We are doomed to perish! At Meremere Rangiriri, Te Rori and Rangiaohia we have been forced to fall back, leaving behind us scores of our strongest braves; we make here our last stand under Rewi the bold, and what hope have we of victory? Our water is all gone, our food is nearly done, and death is very near. The home of his fathers is being snatched from the Maori."

The scene in the hastily-constructed *pa* was a painful one. There were but three hundred ill-armed men, with perhaps as many women and children, cooped up in rough dug rifle and shelter pits, with no water, little food and no hope. For two days they had endured the deadly hail of shot and shell from fifteen hundred British troops outside. Again and again with unconquered bravery they had hurled themselves upon the foe, only to struggle back, gasping and broken; again and again, with fierce joy, they had

"AKE! AKE! AKE!"

beaten back the bull-dog charges of those who strove to surmount their poor palisades. And now the sap was within twenty yards of them, and a hellish, screaming whirl of shell and shot swept through and through their scanty protections, till mortal thing could scarce live save in the friendly pits.

By-and-bye the firing ceases, and a messenger calls upon the Maoris to surrender, that their lives may be spared. How strangely soothing the unwonted lull seems to the weary defenders, how sweet the thought of peace after the long, long days of war and strife! Up then stands their leader Rewi, tall, commanding.

"Friends," the words are flung fearlessly at the foe, "this is the word of the Maori—We will fight on for ever, and ever, and ever!"

With sudden start, galvanised into life, the weary braves behind him take up the thrilling cry. From frenzied throats, nigh bursting with the vehemence of the dauntless answer, blares out the cry—"Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake!" The very women scorn to leave the *pa*—they know no yielding—"Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake!" and the dazed little children take up the cry. The dying with wild convulsive gasp shriek out, and perish with the choked defiance on their lips—"Ake, ake, ake!" and a thrill of ungrudging admiration runs through every man that hears the stinging defiance. A big sob breaks from one lad in the ranks.

"My God! They're better men than we," runs from mouth to mouth as, with almost an unwillingness, the troops are moved forward, and hand grenades thrown into the *pa*.

The last scene in the tragedy has come.

Suddenly and without warning the Maoris, under cover of the smoke, glide out in steady, compact array through an almost unnoticed gateway, and are rapidly traversing the fern-clad slope before their movement is seen. All at once they are perceived, and the startled guard at that point gives the alarm. Steadily—as steadily as in the old meeting whare at Meremere—rises loud clear and swelling the ancient chant of deathless hate:

> "Arise ye bold, arise,
> And stem the flood;
> Shout loud the battle cry,
> And storm and conquer!"

Without a shot, for powder and shot are almost priceless now, they move gallantly on, seeking shelter in the friendly swamp from the death that strives to overtake them. Volley after volley, shot after shot, breaks from the English ranks, and the little band grows thinner at every pace. And then the ground trembles and resounds beneath the headlong charge of cavalry, victorious, impetuous and irresistible.

Tantini is buffeted in the mad whirlpool, and strikes out blindly and savagely. With the butt of his rifle he fells one stout assailant, but the next moment the wave of men and horses sweeps over him, and he is crushed lifeless upon the ground. The few who have gained the swamp turn, and spend their long hoarded ammunition in the work of avenging some few of their comrades. The bulk, caught in the open, fall before the fierce onslaught, but even as they die there rises clear above the battle's noise the old defiance: "Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake!"

That night Tautini's bruised and broken corpse was found by Hinetuatai, the daughter of Rangiarunga; it was borne with wailing and lamentation far away into the secret places of the Maori, and wept over by the remnant of his conquered people.

Departure of the Fourth Contingent.

By N. Johnston.

AS the sun dawned over the eastern hills and bathed the Empire City in its golden light, it awakened the drowsy citizens to a new day and new thoughts. It is St. Patrick's Day—the day so loved in Erin's Isle, and the day on which "Our Boys" are setting off to the far-away shores of South Africa. There is much to do, and the citizens are up and abroad, for it is a big day, and a long programme has to be put through.

As the streets begin to be thronged with pleasure-seekers and sight-seers, it becomes very apparent that the "immortal" shamrock is to-day quite the "chosen leaf" of the young Colonials, whether they happen to be the children of sweet Erin's Isle, Bonnie Scotland or Old England. There is no feeling of race prejudice in our sunny "Britain of the South," and may there never be. We are all here, and may it be for our common good, for he who harms his neighbour, harms himself more, and it's "good luck" to all of whatever nation, race or colour it has pleased God that they shall be. We cannot help our birth, but we can help ourselves to a thoroughly enjoyable day. And so bright, merry faces are to be seen in all directions—men, women and children. Some are decorated with sprigs of shamrock or emerald ribbon, while others rejoice in a promiscuous mixture of red, white, green and blue.

The Hibernian Sports at the Basin Reserve form one of the attractions of the earlier part of the day. All sorts of Irish national airs are enthusiastically rendered by the Garrison Band, while athletic sports are being indulged in, to the admiration of the on-lookers. Races on foot and on bicycles, wrestling in the real old Irish fashion, and jig-dancing are prominent among the items.

The Sports claim the undivided attention of the spectators until "Our Boys" make their appearance at the gates, then everything else is forgotten for awhile, and in marches the Fifth Contingent, followed by the "observed of all,"—the Fourth Contingent, the heroes of the day! They are quickly surrounded by their friends and relations; many a heart must have ached at the thought of these brave young fellows so soon to depart from our shores. Truly New Zealand is giving the greatest gift she can bestow on the Mother Country, when she sends the flower of her youth to fight in the battles of the Motherland. Mothers, sisters and sweethearts were determined to see all they could of their loved ones, for certainly there was no lack of attention on the part of the gentler sex.

To an onlooker, who can see below the surface, it was plain that there were many heroes and heroines being left behind. A bright, fair-skinned lad walked through the crowd with his aged mother on his arm, and it strikes me forcibly that brave men have brave mothers. God bless her loyal old heart, and bring her son back safe and sound! There are many such mothers amongst us, and we forget, as we hurry along the paths of duty, to whom we owe the greatest debt.

The Premier is in right good form, and in his great-hearted way says all he can to blend the hearts of all to work for common good. "We will all wear the shamrock—everyone

of us, whether we are Irish or not," he asserts, and his words are received with hearty cheers. The speeches come to an end, and "Soldiers of the Queen" is played while the populace are making their way out in order to take up the best vantage ground possible. Good-byes are said, and the troops are off again, while there is a rush to line the roads along which they are to march.

Conspicuous among those mounted were Colonel Newall, Dr. Cahill and a number of the Heretunga Light Horse, with their captain, while Colonel Pole-Penton and Lieutenant Collins marched with the men of the Fifth Contingent.

As our boys proceed, the crowd increases. There is a halt at the Rotunda, where the mass become almost impregnable. The Rotunda was surrounded by enthusiasts before the troops arrived, and vain efforts were made to stem the crowd. Stern rule gave way to popular demonstration. The horses of the mounted men were surrounded, and came in for much admiration when it was found that they were as quiet as lambs. "He is quite safe, he has never had the whip," said the voice of the popular Wellington medico, as the crowd pressed so close to his horse that they stroked its smooth, satin coat.

The Premier, in the meanwhile, was expressing his pleasure at the proceedings of the day, but refrained from detaining the Contingents longer than was necessary, and after calling for cheers for the Fourth Contingent and the Salisbury Administration, the inspiriting Maori war-cry was given by the troops The National Anthem was then sung, and the troops moved on, singing the "Soldiers of the Queen."

During the delay the populace had made the best of its opportunity, and had become almost inextricably mixed up with the departing Fourth. Progress seemed almost impossible, when the "Fighting Fifth," as they are jocularly called, already formed in fours, linked arms and, making a firm back-guard, pressed on, thereby preventing a blockade. On they all went, troops, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, on their way to the wharf.

The wharf gates are at length reached, and here they proceed without much difficulty, for directly the troops and the immediate pedestrians are all through, the gates are closed on the streaming public. Guards keep the gates, and it must have been hard indeed to say "No" to many of the entreaties of "Let me in!" or "Do open the gates!" which fell from the lips of the gentler sex when they found they were shut out.

The last view of the Contingent is most picturesque, for having embarked, they place themselves in good prominent positions, and present a closely packed mass of kharki. Their enthusiasm, together with that of the spectators, reaches its climax—handkerchiefs, sticks and hats are waved from ships, wharf and foreshore, and amid cheers, adieus and firing of rockets, the Fourth Contingent takes its departure from Wellington on the memorable St. Patrick's Day, 1900, on its history-making voyage.

WHY FEDERATION IS NOT DESIRABLE.

By W. Hutchinson.

In a late issue, a paper on Federation appeared, by Mr. Mahon, which, like many other papers and speeches on the subject, commenced by shewing what Federation had done in other countries, but I have carefully noted that the countries which do not shine as "beacons" for the federating wayfarer to steer by are studiously avoided, and kept in the background. We have had the union of England and Scotland given to us as an object lesson for Federation, but it has been rather a matter of surprise that the union of England and Ireland has never been quoted, or why there is such a vast difference to be explained. In one case there has been prosperity, and in the other terrible sufferings and adversity—a country devasted and depopulated, with harrowing details of cruelty that make any fair-minded Englishman blush with shame as he reads of the wrongs of Ireland, as an unwilling partner in her federation with Great Britain. Other instances can be quoted, which shew that Federation is not an unmixed blessing.

The United States has been quoted as an example of Federation, but the terrible Civil War, with the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money, just because of a difference of opinion as to the election of a President of the Republic, brings us face to face with the fact that a federated union is one that must lead to civil war, or bloodshed, before any separation can take place between the federated states. In Norway and Sweden we have federated states leading an unhappy life, borne only because bloodshed alone can bring about a dissolution of the two. Germany, forced into a federation by the "blood and iron" Chancellor, is not truly happy. It was bound together, and is kept together, by militarism. Austria and Hungary are constantly on the verge of civil war, which must culminate in disaster and separation with the death of the present Emperor. These are instances that go to shew that National Federation is not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

With respect to the word itself, like that blessed word, "Mesopotamia," it is being constantly rolled over the tongue as a word to conjure with; but it must not be forgotten that had there been no secession of Colonies in Australia from the mother Colony of New South Wales, there would never have been any necessity for the word Federation to be used, and the question of New Zealand becoming part of the Commonwealth would never have been mooted. When looked at in this light, it will be seen at once on what flimsy grounds the argument for New Zealand federating with Australia rests—that because the Australian Colonies are going to join together as one indissoluble whole, from which they ought never to have been separated, there is going to be no safety or prosperity for New Zealand unless she joins in with this glorious Commonwealth.

This Colony has made rapid progress—a greater progress so far, since she was cut adrift from New South Wales in the "swaddling clothes" time of her history, than the sister Colonies—and has held her own, has led the van in political reforms—copied and made law by the various neighbouring Colonies; and yet, all at once, we are gravely informed that unless this Colony falls into line, and sacrifices her national existence as an entity, and becomes an

outlying province of Australia, dire disaster is to be the result—we are to be the prey of the nations, who are ready to swoop down upon us, as soon as the Australian Federation is an accomplished fact, and we shall regret but once, our blind indifference, and that will be forever.

Some of the ultra-hysterical party, who have been howling Federation until they seem to be now pretty well exhausted, told us at the beginning of their campaign that if we did not federate the "Japs" would come down on us, and take us. When we remember for one moment that we are debtors to the British nation of nearly £47,000,000 sterling, the idea that our great creditor is going to allow the "Japs" or any other Power to take possession of these Islands is simply unthinkable, and I suppose for that reason we do not hear that kind of argument made use of at the present time. Mr. Mahon hints about navies, as others have done, of the Celestial, and Japanese, and other Powers being strong in these waters, as a menace to us; but if Federation is required by us for *protection*, and we are not satisfied that Great Britain is able to afford, by her immense sea power, the required protection, then, I say, by all means let us federate, but let it be with the United States, and not with Australia, for the great Republic could and would afford us protection as a federated state, while Australia would be but a broken reed to lean upon.

Shortly, I propose to traverse the views commercially, nationally, and for defence.

Quotations have been made as to the volume of our trade with Australasia, and, finally, a great deal has been made of the fact that in oats and potatoes we are large exporters to the sister Colonies. When this has been said, all has been said in favor of Federation; but when we are assured by a financial statesman, the late Sir Harry Atkinson, that federation with Australia would mean an annual financial loss of £400,000 to this Colony, it surely cannot be said that our export of oats and potatoes is worth that loss if we never exported another bushel of the one or a sack of the other to the neighbouring Colonies. This large annual loss has been more than substantiated since. It has been estimated that if the imports from the other Colonies were "free," it would mean a loss to the fiscal Revenue of over £300,000; and on the authority of a Sydney paper, the estimated cost of serving the Commonwealth, irrespective of any of the services now in existence, and quite outside of them, would amount to £500,000 per annum; this taken on a population basis would cause us to pay as our share £100,000 per annum, for we should become third on the list of contributory states—but very far behind that in our political voting power, it will, therefore, be seen at once that the loss of £400,000 per annum is fully accounted for. The question of having our Customs and Excise revenues handed over to the Commonwealth is one requiring serious consideration, but which we will not stop to investigate in this paper.

Commercially, Federation spells ruin for New Zealand manufactures, and in saying this, I feel I am on sure ground, and not a sentimental one. Some gravely inform us, that surely we should not be afraid to compete in open markets with our brethren in Australia, but, unfortunately, that is not the whole truth, for we should have to compete against *Chinese labour*. This is no myth, for an ounce of fact is worth any amount of fiction. It is possible to produce evidence of a French polisher in this Colony, who worked for one of the largest firms of furniture manufacturers in Melbourne, he could inform you that, at times, in that factory not a stick of furniture was to be seen, and on the following morning the factory was full of unpolished furniture, brought in during the night from the Chinese dens, slums and shanties of Melbourne, and polished in the Melbourne factory, and then sold as English-made furniture. Would any patriotic New Zealander wish to see his fellow-countryman compete against this kind of labour? To prove that this is no fiction, I may quote a conversation with a gentleman from Australia, who was a fellow-traveller with me down the coast recently. We were

speaking of Federation and its effects on New Zealand, and he confessed that he was afraid, from a manufacturing point of view, that it would be disastrous, for he said: "I saw Chinese furniture, manufactured of Kauri, and sent from Melbourne, offered for sale in your shop windows in Queen Street, Auckland; and when I considered that the Kauri grew in New Zealand, was exported to Melbourne, manufactured there, sent back to New Zealand, and paid 22½ per cent. duty, and yet competed with the home-made article, I felt that Free Trade would not be a boon, or a blessing, to New Zealand artizans."

The Colony of Victoria is our greatest competitor in the butter industry, and all the older Colonies in the frozen meat industry. They can manufacture on better terms than ourselves, and can import at 33 per cent. less freights than New Zealand, which is handicapped through having so many ports of call for the "ocean tramps" in order to secure a full cargo, necessitating a considerable amount of steaming and consequent increased expenses. Melbourne and Sydney, on the other hand, are the only ports for foreign trade in the two Colonies. This is the outcome of steamship combinations, and there is nothing on the face of it to prevent Sydney importing English-made goods, remarking them as of colonial manufacture, and sending them across to New Zealand at a less cost than we could import the goods direct from Europe. American prison-labour goods have already found their way into this Colony, and of course, as long as the goods pay cost of material that is all that is looked for. It seems rather rough on our manufacturers that, although every state in the American Union has barred their own prison-labour goods from being sold in the States, and thus competing against "free labour," they are imported into these Colonies to the detriment of the Mother Country and our own manufactures. Now, as we are at present we can place a prohibitive tariff against these goods, but as part of the Australian Commonwealth there is nothing to prevent Sydney introducing these goods, and shipping them across to New Zealand as a free port. The cheap labour goods of Japan are going to be strong competitors against British trade with the Colonies, and must tend to make the toiler's lot in the Old Country harder than at present. Already our merchants are importing Japanese goods, and specially Japanese matches, to the detriment of the match industry of this Colony, and they find it necessary to do this in order to compete against the goods "Made in Germany."

Not to dwell on the question of commerce, the Commonwealth would control the army and navy in these waters, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Admiral of the Navy would reside at the capital of the Commonwealth. Those who remember the troubles they endured as soldiers in New Zealand under the control of military authorities in New South Wales, when sometimes six months elapsed before replies were received touching military matters, would not willingly care to be controlled from that quarter a second time, notwithstanding that we are now in touch by cable, which in war time might be destroyed, and are only four days' steaming from headquarters. If any trouble arose, it would be quite possible for disaster to come upon us through want of communication with Australia, as it did at Nicolson's Nek the other day, when 1,500 men had to surrender owing to inability to make known their position at headquarters at Ladysmith, only a few miles distant.

In naval matters, however, I consider that we should suffer more severely as part of the Commonwealth. That Australia wants to control a navy in these waters, is evident from the effort being made to establish a Naval Reserve. This idea is scouted by the *Times* and other papers in Great Britain. The conditions existing in these Colonies are such that a century must elapse before we could have a navy, however small, brought to the state of discipline, efficiency and effectiveness that now obtains through constant instruction at Whale Island of the best men out of a large navy, who, in their turn,

become the instructors of squads on board the vessels to which they are appointed. It is an open secret that the gunnery practice in Manila by the American Navy was largely due to the fact that a number of gunners in the British Squadron at Hong Kong managed to desert conveniently just as Admiral Dewey was leaving for his attack on Manilla. It does not detract from the bravery of the sailors on the various foreign navies, American included, when we state that none of them could withstand equal numbers of British vessels of equal tonnage and guns, owing altogether to efficiency, constant practice, and the extreme accuracy of our naval gunners. To confirm this we have only to look at the present war in South Africa, and see that at Ladysmith the greatest damage is done to the enemy by the splendid service and extreme accuracy of the naval contingent working their batteries. The fear exists that the Commonwealth, with a desire to look "big," and suffering from "swelled head," might lead to a persistency of having an Australian Naval Squadron in these waters, run entirely by the Commonwealth, in which event the Imperial Government would naturally withdraw, keeping, perhaps, a small cruiser for the South Sea Islands' police work.

At the present time New Zealand is to be made a second naval base for the South Pacific Squadron, and Auckland is to be the headquarters on account of its superior dock accommodation. As part of the Australian Commonwealth, the expenditure now being made in the Auckland Harbor for dock accommodation would be thrown away, for it goes without saying, that though we might have some of the Commonwealth Naval Squadron occasionally visiting these waters, never, on any consideration, should we expect that squadron to be docked here, so long as the Commonwealth had docks in Australian harbors, and a majority in the Commonwealth to control affairs. This is only natural, and the outcome of purely political organizations, where the majorities invariably rule. Not to make this paper too long, I would shortly state what I consider would be the effect upon this Colony, so far as I can grasp the question, and from my point of view. I am well aware that it is impossible for any one to prophecy what would be the outcome of New Zealand federating with Australia. The sanguine ones harp on the fact that four millions of people would be open to receive our produce, but this is just the trouble; the four millions of people in Australia do not want our produce. They produce themselves the same produce that we do, and in larger quantities, and at less cost than we can hope to produce. New Zealand would never recover her prestige if it became a province of an Australian Commonwealth.

Every interest of our Colony would suffer, present and prospective, and our best interests are opposed to the proposed alliance, which means neither absorption nor protection, but would only mean an embargo on our political, social, and economical development. Let us stick to our insular independence and work out our own destiny, and together with Australia as a Commonwealth, strive after the larger federation that will embrace all the English-speaking nations in a bond of unity without uniformity, but all making for the peace and prosperity of the race.

In conclusion, I would shortly shew by our Year book of 1899, which is the richest and best customer of our Colony. The value of the total trade of New Zealand has advanced from £13,431,804 in 1886, to £18,748,555 in 1898—nearly half as much again in 1898 as in 1886. The total amount of exports from New Zealand to the United Kingdom in 1897, was £8,168,123, while Victoria, with a population of 1,175,490, and New South Wales, with 1,346,240, against 743,463 in New Zealand, only exported to the United Kingdom £9,559,249 and £8,728,828 respectively. In other words, New South Wales, with nearly twice the population of New Zealand, only exported a little over half-a-million more to the United Kingdom, and Victoria nearly one million and a half more than the Colony of New Zealand. In our imports also from the United Kingdom we shew the amount of

£5,392,738 against £7,557,069 for New South Wales, and £6,004,798 for Victoria. I think this shews that we are the best customers of Great Britain, and they take more of our produce than from the other Colonies in proportion to population.

A closer tension between Great Britain and New Zealand would be the outcome of a federated Australia, and this Colony working out its own destiny without being entangled in a bond which might hinder her progress, and lead to strained relations rather than to closer ties. What we require to strive for is an Imperial Zollverein—a commercial union between Great Britain and her Colonies and dependencies, under the most favored nation clause, which will strengthen the bond of unity more effectively than the mere sentiment of patriotism, or united defence, and in which case a federated Australia can stand, shoulder to shoulder, with a free and unfettered New Zealand in a closer bond of unity than federation with Australia could possibly produce.

"COAL, YO HO!"

Oh, it's "Coal, yo ho!" Let the boxes go,
Let the jig chains rattle away;
Let the clink of picks, and the shot booms mix
In the flare of the fierce men's fray.
The great world waits at the pit-mouth gates,
And thus does the great world cry—
"Coal, yo ho! Let the boxes go,
And the diamonds black go by."

The glow-worms shine, in the deep, dark mine,
And the blue gas flares in streaks;
Shirts grow wet, with the heat and sweat,
And over the timber creaks.
Grimy faces, and rustling races,
And bustle, and scuffle, and "Hush!
Do you hear her crooning? The bad roof's groaning—
Grizzling away for a crush."

"Coal, yo ho!" Let the boxes go—
"Curse it! You fools, come on!"
The wheeler yells, and the tumult swells
As off like a shot he's gone.
Hurry, scurry—hurry, and hurry—
Glimmer of lights in smoke—
Cloudy black damp, and "clamp! clamp! clamp!"
Says the sturdy mine engine's stroke.

Still it's "Coal, yo ho!" Let the boxes go,
Let the jig chains rattle away;
Let the clink of picks, and the shot booms mix
In the flare of the fierce men's fray;
For the great world waits at the pit mouth gates,
And thus does the great world cry:
"Coal, yo ho!" Let the boxes go,
And the diamonds black go by."

THOMAS MCMAHON.

After Twenty Years.

By Harry Rhynd.

SLOWLY, up the side of Porter's Pass toiled a couple of coaches. It was fine when the party set out from Springfield, but the rain met them when half way up the slope, and it now beat heavily against the covers of the vehicles. The parties inside were fairly comfortable, but the drivers outside felt the full force of the wind as it swept in heavy gusts down the pass.

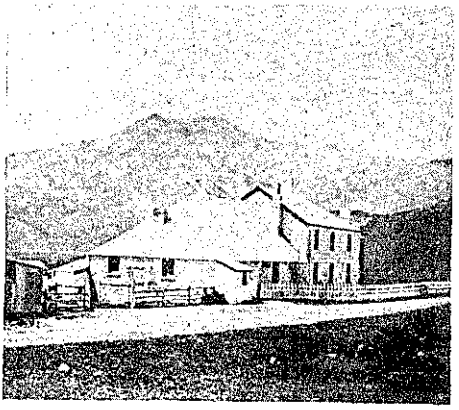
They were a party of holiday makers going out camping to the West Coast, and intended

W. Kennedy, *Photo.*

PORTER'S PASS.

giving concerts on the road, stopping to camp for a day or two at a time. Most of them were old friends, but Dr. Richmond and Mrs. Reece, a wealthy widow, had met only a few times before.

Mrs. Reece must have been nearly forty, but she did not look five and twenty. She was a beautiful woman with a delicate face, grey eyes, and a bewitching smile. The Dr. owned to himself that she attracted him, and he felt in her presence an excitement that he had rarely experienced in anyone else's company. She revived a host of feelings in him that he thought were long dead. He fancied



W. Kennedy, *Photo.*

CLOUDESLEY'S HOTEL, CASTLE HILL.

that she experienced similar emotions at the sight of him. At any rate he felt encouraged to cherish the idea that he, a confirmed bachelor, might marry after all. He was rich, had no ties, except a child he had

W. Kennedy, *Photo.*

THE BEALEY TOWNSHIP.

adopted as his nephew, but he meant before he asked her to marry him, to tell her of this child, now almost grown up, and then let her decide whether she would have him.

The doctor, as I have said, was no longer young, but he felt that he could still give her a life that she might envy if she married a younger man. The long, weary waste of years that had made up his life would not have been spent in vain, if this were to be the happy ending of it.

Camped in the thick of the bush, and sitting round a blazing fire, with the birds overhead breaking out into wild songs, they began to forget that there was any other world than that in which they were then living; and, as the different members of the party sang songs, wonderfully pathetic and filled with lost passionate loves, an air of romance and unreality began to spread itself over the campers. The simple, natural life they were leading, undisturbed by the

Alex. Bickerton, RIVER BEALEY. *Photo.*

Presently the rain cleared off, and from the moist bushes the birds seemed to thrill with full throated notes of passionate happiness.

At first, when they camped for the night, the tents for the men and the women were pitched far apart, but one night the gentlemen were roused by screams from the other tent. A tramp had popped his head in, and frightened the ladies out of their wits.

After this the tents were pitched closer together, regardless of conventionality.

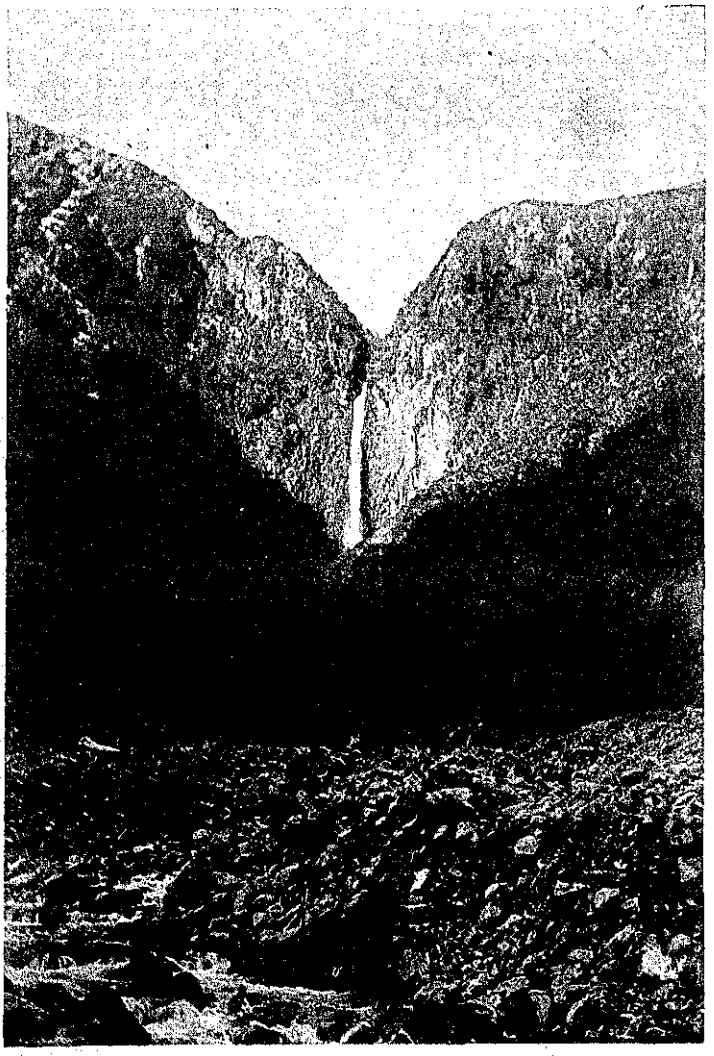
cares and worries of civilization, enabled them to enjoy to the full the marvellous grandeur of the scenery around them. Sometimes the road wound high up on the precipitous slope of the mountain side, while far below the river rushed and sang, looking like a stream of sapphires sparkling in the sunlight. It formed a glorious contrast with the green bush-clad mountain sides, descending almost perpendicularly into the foaming torrent below. Above on either side towered gigantic snow clad peaks, whose

summits were often lost in masses of fleecy clouds.

Meanwhile, the intimacy between the doctor and Mrs Reece progressed rapidly.

He regretted that he was old for her sake, and never had the one sin of his life, a sin that he had hidden completely for twenty years, rankled in his heart, or reproached him so keenly as it did now. All his surroundings reminded him of that far off time. He was then in the flush of his first love, and he and the girl he loved had wandered beneath leafy trees and beside a running stream, and now the blue mountain rivers and the dense bush set him thinking of that other time.

He possessed a strong sense of honour, and he resolved that he would tell the woman he was courting the truth of his life, and if she shrank from it—well he would try and crush out his love, and leave her.



Alex. Bickerton, THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL. *Photo.*

One day he hired a trap at the Bealey and drove out with Mrs. Reece towards the Otira Gorge, while most of the party were fishing in the Waimakariri. As they drove along he said "I want to tell you the story of my youth. It is a bitter story." After a pause, he continued, "Money seems

to be at the bottom of almost all evils. At that time I worshipped wealth. I had been brought up to believe that if I became rich I should be honoured by all, and like many another, trained as I was, I fully believed it. If I had an ambition, it was wealth. If I had a guiding star, that star was a gold sovereign. As to my morals, they were left to take care of themselves, and the result was as might have been expected. The crisis of my life came. I fell in love with a girl, called Lucy Lyons." Mrs. Reece sat pale and as impassive as a marble statue. "No man likes to be saddled with a wife at the outset of his career. I wronged her. Fortunately she was young, and a girl at that age does not feel much."

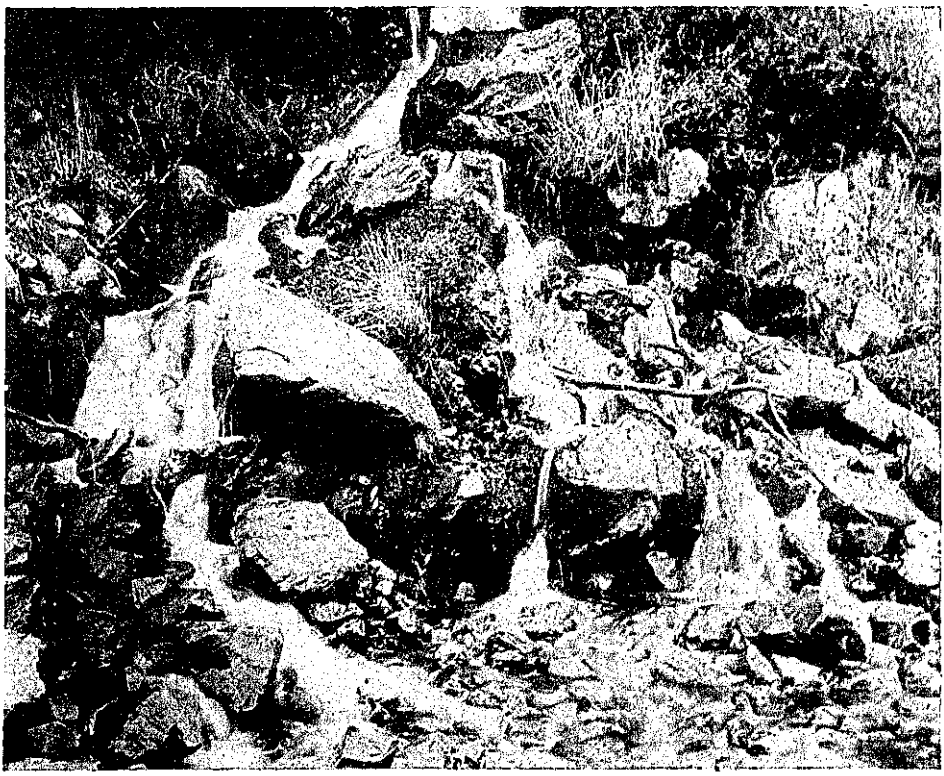
"Perhaps she feels more than you imagine, Dr. Richmond."

"I think not. Our child—she let it go from her without a word. There are some girls who, as long as they can throw off the responsibility of their child, will forget they have one. She was one of these; yet I still loved her."

"And Lucy, where is she now?"

"She was the daughter of poor, but well educated people. She suddenly disappeared shortly after. She may have become a governess. It is difficult to imagine her after life. I have searched everywhere for her, but have never been able to discover a trace."

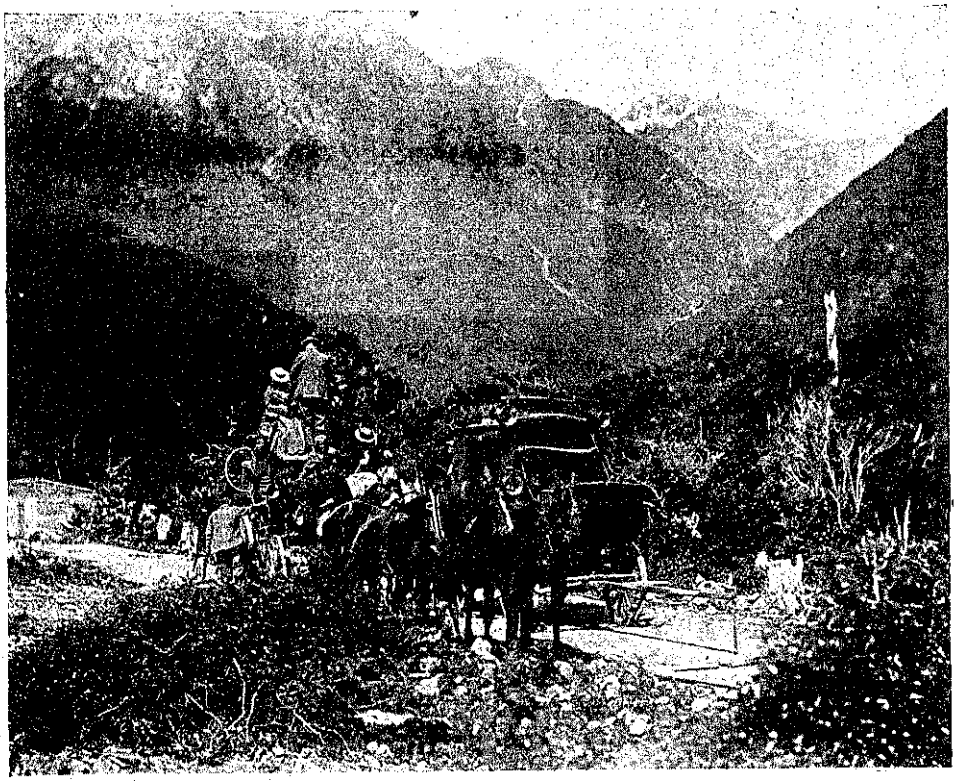
"And the child?"



Alex. Rickerton, WATERFALL OPPOSITE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL. *Photo.*

"I was conscious of the wrong I had done her, and I wished to share some of the responsibility. I have brought him up as my nephew. He is my son."

They had by this time reached the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the doctor pulled up as if he wanted to look at this beautiful waterfall; but in reality to look at his companion's face, to see how she bore this confession, and whether she could still respect him. Presently she said: "How strange you should tell me of this to-day!"



Alex. Bickerton, AT THE OTIRA. *Photo.*

Alex. Bickerton, IN JACKSON'S AVENUE. *Photo.*

"To-day! Why to-day?"

He looked up startled.

"Because, last night I had a strange dream."

"Tell me of it."

"I dreamt that I had a baby. It was my own child—my child born out of wedlock. It had deep blue eyes, and as I looked into their marvellous depths a light seemed to flash out of them at me, and I felt a thrill of joy. My child loved me. One day they came and told me that it was to be taken away, that its father would see that it was brought up as a gentleman. There is one tie between the illegitimate child and its mother; it shares with her the shame, the child and its mother, not the father I wished my child to be spared the agony of a lifelong shame, therefore for its own sake I let it go." Her voice grew sad and then she stopped speaking.

"You reproach me, Mrs. Reece. Rest assured the girl did not feel as you would have felt." And he wondered how it would be possible for him to explain the difference between this elegant woman and Lucy Lyons?

One evening, when the others had gone up the Otira Gorge to see the glow-worms that glimmer on the precipices like thousands of fairy lamps, the Doctor and Mrs. Reece sat by the camp fire, watching the dying embers. Presently Mrs. Reece began to picture to herself those days, years ago,

Alex. Bickerton, LAKE PEARSON. *Photo.*

when with handsome face and assured manner, he had fascinated that other girl. It was not difficult to imagine it, his features were still beautiful, his hair just tinged with grey; and she meditated on the difference between a woman of experience like herself and a young and innocent girl.

Dr. Richmond sat watching her face. She was looking beautiful that night. The fire was shedding enough light to make her face dazzlingly fair. There was a restfulness in her attitude as she leant against a log of

wood. And there was a light in her eyes which was dangerous to the man who loved her. It would need a man of iron will to resist telling her of his love when that light was in her eyes, and he felt that the moment had come when he must tell her that he loved her. Something of this must have appeared in his manner, for when he spoke she started suddenly, as if awakened from a dream, and sprang to her feet.

century, fashionable drawing-room with its dainty furnishings and Dresden teacups, and the din of ceaseless traffic outside. At least that is what the doctor thought as he came into the room and saw the well-dressed group before him Yet as they chatted and drank their tea, they looked very happy and seemed the better for their holiday. Did they all? All except the woman he loved. Dressed as she was in an "At Home"

Alex. Bickerton, MT. ROLLESTON, WEST COAST ROAD. *Photo.*

"I think I will go to the tent, I have a headache—good-night."

The tone in which she said this warned him that the time had not arrived for him to speak.

* * * * *

The party of campers had returned to Christchurch the night before. One or two of them had called, and were now having afternoon tea with Mrs. Reece. Perhaps there could not have been a greater contrast than the rough camping fare and the stillness of the native bush, and this nineteenth

costume, she had a touch of conventionality in her that he did not think possible. Although Dr. Richmond had not spoken of his love, he had, as the saying goes, thought the more. Forever, all day long, the image of her had been in his mind. This afternoon he outstayed all other visitors, and when he found himself at last alone with her, his heart began to beat wildly. Presently she said:

"And you too, will you miss the camp?" She had risen from her chair as she spoke, and he went up to her, took her hand in his, and said earnestly:

"Miss it? That depends"—his eyes were bent with passionate love on hers, "that depends on you!" She saw his white, powerful face before her, and his grey eyes—eyes that grew deeper every moment, looking into hers, then she felt his hand tremble, and he continued:

"The other day I told you a story——could you forgive it?" She answered softly,

"Yes, I forgive you."

"Darling, do you love me?" She looked quite wild as she answered:

"Love you? Yes, I love you." He clasped her hand more closely, and said:

"I have been very lonely. It seemed as if having loved one woman and wronged her, I could never love another.——For years I have had a craving to love some one, and now I have found you, better and purer——"

"Do not speak so," she interrupted. "You do not know all." He smiled, and said:

"Perhaps, when we are married——"

"Never! never! You and I can never be married!" Her pale face and nervous, agonised manner told him what it cost her to refuse him, and he began to be overpowered by a sudden fear. He realised that some great barrier stood between his and her love. He whispered hoarsely:

"Tell me why?" She was silent. "For God's sake tell me why we can never marry?"

Presently she lifted her head, and by that same look in her eyes that he had seen in other eyes, he knew that whatever was the cause of their separation, she still loved him. In a voice so low that he could hardly hear her, only there are some things that we listen to as carefully as we do to the last words of the dying, she replied:

"Before I was married——my name was ——*Lucy Lyons*." And then he fell as if he had been struck by lightning.

A Song of Smoke.

As upward curls the fragrant cloudy vapour,
Slow steaming from my pipe bowl to the skies,
I would my pen could but transmit to paper
The thoughts that in my peaceful bosom rise.

I would the suffering world my joy might borrow
(That is—at ten per cent. for thirty days),
So might they all have rest, and cease from sorrow,
While I enjoyed the proceeds—and the praise.

I would that, when a bright young life seems blighted,
And sorrow treads close on misfortune's heels,
Some Guardian Angel stood, with sweet pipe lighted,
To charm away the anguish that he feels.

So would the world be better, happier, brighter,
And mankind to its hard lot more resigned;
While every Angel's task would then be lighter,
And sinners once again know peace of mind.

ANTHONY J. WEBB.

Southern New Zealand Historical Romance

TAIERI-MOUTH TRAGEDY.
THE LOVER'S LEAP.

By Ro. Carrick.

LOVE'S sacrifice was not a marked feature in the Maori character. They were a polygamous race whose conjugal relations were based first on rank, and second on labour. The man of mark selected his wahine, or principal wife from the Rangatira-tanga, or privileged classes; the Hoahoa, or subordinate wife, on whom the drudgery devolved, came as a rule from the Awheawhe, being the workers. Offspring of the former excluded that of the latter in rights of succession, but where the former failed the other succeeded. More than that, the latter might in virtue of superior abilities supplant the other, and in *pakeha* parlance the first became last, the last first. Under these circumstances devotion to the sex had no great chance of expanding into chivalry, nor even the gallantry attained under monogamic institutions. Love tragedies did occur within measureable distance of the marriage relations. A disconsolate widow on the death of her husband would retire into the bush, and hang herself, and what was also common, the inconstant wife, rather than face revelations, took upon herself the happy despatch. I only know one real tragedy enacted outside these lines. It commenced on the banks of the Taieri, so named, or rather misnamed, from a peculiarity in the flow of its tides at the eleventh day of the moon, and ended on a skerry, Green Isles, lying half a league off Parangiaio Point, Ruapuke Island.

It occurred between 1820–25. It was rather a peculiar period in Maori history. Hostilities between the two great Southern tribes—Ngatimamoe and Ngaitahu—had ceased, and the turbulent Ngaitahu had to find another outlet for its warlike propensities. In default of better, what is known as the Kai-hunga feud broke out. The word, cannibalistic in its origin, is rendered odious to even the man-eater in its application. It signifies devouring one's own relations. Ngaitahu sub-tribes, residing at Kaiapoi, Bank's Peninsula, and neighbourhood, got into complete disorganisation—one waging war on the other. According to our way of thinking, the origin of this hubbub was paltry and inadequate. An old lady named Muri-haka, with a vanity peculiar to the sex, bedecked herself in a dog-skin mat. The lady's name bears festive significance, and we may be sure she exhibited herself in the borrowed plumes at some jovial gathering or *haka*. The mat belonged to the Upoko-Ariki, who was heir to the ancestral honors of the noblest family of the Ngaitahu. I cannot better explain that character of nobility than by describing him as the Lord Spiritual and Temporal, besides whom there was none else. Fancy a mountebank, or glee-girl snatching the wig of a Lord Justice General, and using it in the mimics which delight a "vulgar burgher horde!" That conveys only a partial idea of the enormity of the offence. The greatest consternation, we are told, prevailed throughout the *pas*. The thirst for blood became intense. Instead of appeasing

it at the expense of the original offender, a poor servant woman, belonging to a relation of hers, was seized and put to death. Utu, or satisfaction, on equally indiscriminate terms, was sought and obtained, and so reprisal followed reprisal until these sub-tribes found themselves plunged into the horrors of internecine warfare. Although not directly interested in the *mêlée*, the sport was too good for Otahou and Murihiku men to stand| aloof. An armed force under command of Taiaroa hied away north for the ostensible purpose of assisting the Tau-mutu. Taiaroa on the occasion appears to have acted a double part. Professing to assist his friends, he was mainly instrumental in warding off the blows aimed by them at their enemies. On the theory that the end justifies the means, this conduct may have been commendable. After a deal of hard fighting with varied success, Otakou and Murihiku warriors returned home to the south, carrying with them the entire population of Tau-mutu, fearing to leave them behind, exposed to the vengeance of the survivors of the *pas* that had suffered at their hands. A chief, or chief person of the refugee tribe, named Taki-anau, was amongst the number. He and a few immediate followers separated from the main body of the fugitives, who took up their abode at Parakaunui, outside Blueskin Bay; Taki-anau and his followers going on to Waihora (now Waihola), on the south-eastern bank of which, not far from its confluence with the river, they built a *pa*. Taieri travellers, prior to the railway advent, recollect the *pa* well. It was within a few yards of the traffic road not far from the river crossing. Many a tired swagger and heavy laden teamster *en route* to Gabriel's Gully and the woolshed used it as a halting place for the night.

Tradition describes Taki-auau as a mild tempered, reflective man, and we can understand, after the fierce battles he fought, his then comparatively quiet retreat at the Taieri would be doubly welcome.

His eel weirs and cultivations must have been prolific. The alliance between his Ngaitahu friends and their old enemies the Ngatimamoes, coupled with their remoteness from the bloody Kai-hunga and its strifes, rendered the situation comparatively safe. We may therefore conclude it was just what the soul of the mild reflective man would delight in, being in effect a scene of peace and plenty. Unfortunately the green-eyed monster was at hand. Tribal contest left him alone, but the tender passion whipped up a tumult which drove him into deeper exile, and eventually brought about his ruin. His son, on whom a name signifying the voice of the gods had been bestowed, was amongst his followers. Koroki-whiti was the name of this gifted youth. His dulcet tones seem to have been heard at the mouth of the Taieri, where a crusty old Ngatimamoe chief, Tu-wiri-roa, had long resided in a *pa* commanding the entrance to the river. He was a cantankerous old fellow, just the sort of man for heavy villain in a dark plot, or harsh parent of a love stricken maiden. As luck would have it, he had an only child—a daughter. Her name—Haki-te-kura—in some way imports red frills or flutters, but whether the allusion was to the colour of her hair or her complexion cannot now be ascertained. Be that as it may, our youth of the heavenly voice and this young lady established a good understanding, and all unknown to the lady's friends, had a trysting place on the sands, "where the river tides run low." There they appear to have spent a good deal of time in the society of each other. What a rousing romance this would have been for the ploughman poet, had his muses extended to the Taieri! His "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" would not have bloomed more "fresh and fair" than Taieri river rippling with a tide on the eleventh moon. As for "Mary in Heaven," the chances are she was not more enraptured than our dusky Haki-te-kura, under the spell of Koroki-whiti's god-like intonations.

The course of true love did not run smooth, It got in amongst snags, and a good many knocks ensued. The crusty old Ngatimamoe sternly forbade the clandestine meetings on the river sands. They were nevertheless persisted in. The stern parent locked the

lady up in the *pa*. In doing so he muttered something to himself loud enough to be overheard. These mutterings duly found their way into the *pa* at the lake. Horoki-whiti and his father interpreted them as a purpose, on Tu-wiri-roa's part, to consign them to the *umu*, or oven, and so dispose of them in accordance with ancient custom. Getting uneasy at the turn things had taken, Taki-auau communicated his alarm to his kinsman, Waka-ta-punga, uncle of the noted Tu-hai-waika, then residing at Ruapuke. Coming to the rescue, Makatapunga invited Tuki-auau and his *hapu* to occupy Green Isles, a bird snaring station east from the Island of Ruapuke. The invitation was readily accepted. The mild tempered, reflective Tuki-auau, pursued by a varied, but still relentless fortune, was again on the wing—an exile in search of a home in the far south. They went by sea in four canoes. So great was the fear inspired by Tu-wiri-roa's threat, it was deemed advisable to get away out to sea under cloud of night. Koroki-whiti was in charge of one of the canoes, and in sailing down the river dallied so that he approached the Ngatimamoe *pa* at daybreak. His imprisoned beauty had so managed that she was fully cognisant of her lover's movements, and at just the right time succeeded in regaining her freedom. The *pa* dogs getting suspicious, set up a howl, and the relentless father got out of bed to ascertain what was the matter. He saw his daughter running towards the beach where the lover's canoe was in readiness to receive her. Divining the purpose, he followed her. Finding her flight cut off, she rushed towards the precipice, and next moment was dashing headlong over it. It was a descent of two hundred feet, with subjacent rocks, so that by the time the body reached the river, it was battered out of all possible recognition.

According to strict Maori observance, *utu* or satisfaction for a death could not be taken until the expiry of a year after the death occurred. The theory was, grass should be allowed to grow green over the oven in which the bodies were cooked, or the grave in which they had been buried. Any violation of that rule was esteemed mortal sin, the *Aitu* would sooner or later visit with condign punishment. Tu-wiri-roa was strict in his observance of the traditions of the fathers, but he was also prompt and decisive in his measures for punishment according to law. He was a man well stricken in years with the lofty bearing and punctilio of the Ngatimamoe chief. In the latter, at all events, he had hardened considerably since the death of his child. Never at any time communicative, he had become absolutely reticent and relentless, brooking no interference in the executions of his designs. His *taua*, or war team, was unexpectedly apprised of his determination to set out on a warlike expedition to the south. Approaching Green Isles, they were at a loss to make out the whereabouts of those they were in search of. Subsequently they caught sight of their canoes shooting out from the land for the fishing grounds. When they anchored, and their attention was engrossed by their lines, Tu-wiri-roa bore down on them, and cut off their chance of escape. Taken unawares, and being without weapons, they were easily overpowered and put to death. Being close to Parangiaio Heads, Rua-puke *pa* was soon alarmed and promptly brought into action. The cannon, whose presence on the Island has created so much surprise, sent belching forth some well directed shots, and being quite a new experience in Maori warfare, created the greatest sensation. Tu-wiri-roa's people did not know which way to turn for safety. In that dilemma the Islanders caught up to them, and they were driven ashore, the chief and all his principal men slain—the common people kept as prisoners. Consequent on this disaster, Taieri-mouth *pa* was deserted; the territorial rights of its haughty chief becoming part of the Ngatimamoe-Ngaitahu lands, embodied in the sale of Otakau Block to the European. Survivors of the Tua-mutu exiles returned to their *pa* at Waihola Lake, where they remained a broken tribe until within comparatively recent date. Their descendants are now scattered over the coast settlements, the largest number living about Akaroa.

"MAD KITTY"

A Story of the Early Days.

By Marion Bates.

Illustrated by H. West.

I WAS strolling round the quiet mining township of Onepoto shortly after my arrival from Auckland. On reaching the store, which comprised the post office as well, I stood for some time watching the crowd of soft-shirted miners eagerly enquiring for letters and papers. After the last one had departed, I saw the figure of a woman approaching. She was somewhat raggedly clothed, and apparently in want of proper food and nourishment. Going up to the mail counter, and looking into the kindly eyes of the good-natured postmaster, she enquired, in a trembling voice:

"Is there any letter from Jack?"

"No, Kitty," he answered, "nothing for you. Will you come in, and the wife will make you a cup of tea?"

She did not appear to hear his kind invitation, but walked off down the single street of the town, muttering to herself: "When is Jack going to write? When will he write?" and was soon lost to view.

Being somewhat curious, I went to the counter and enquired for letters, though I knew there would not be any. Upon being answered in the negative, I casually enquired: "Who was that woman who just asked for 'a letter from Jack?'"

"She is well known here as 'Mad Kitty,'" replied the postmaster. "Her story is a long one, and if you'd like to hear it, just come into the parlour, where we can smoke to our hearts' content, and I'll tell you. It's worth hearing, for if ever a woman was wronged, poor 'Kit' was; and she fully deserves the sympathy she gets from those who have heard of how her life was blighted."

Having nothing else to do, and, as I said before, being curious—for the withered and shrunken figure of what was apparently a once handsome woman, and the tremulous voice and glistening eyes had aroused my sympathy as well—I accepted his invitation, and in a few minutes we were before a roaring wood fire, smoking our pipes and listening to the cheery crackle and splutter of the flaring maire logs.

"You've asked me who 'Mad Kitty' is?" said my newly-found host, "and I'm not surprised, for this is not the first time I have been asked to tell the story of her life, and each time I relate it I feel more sorry for her. Poor Kitty!

"It must be some thirty years ago now that Ben Maling came down here to try his luck. He was the first on the ground, for a long time 'picking' about with no luck at all. At last he found the colour just round the bend of the river there, and after a week's work, he was well enough satisfied to peg out a claim, go back to Auckland, where he had left Kitty, his only child, and bring her down. He soon ran up a canvas-covered shanty, such as only a miner knows how to build, and then began working his claim in real earnest. At that time Kitty was sixteen or thereabout, with bright, flashing eyes, a pretty face and graceful figure that would

have attracted attention anywhere, and a wealth of rich brown hair flowing over her shapely shoulders—no wonder old Ben loved her, and valued her more than all the gold in the earth. She washed and mended his clothes, and kept the shanty spotlessly clean and comfortable. In fact, she was wife and daughter in one, and there was not a bird in the bush more happy than was Kitty. After a while news got about that Ben's claim was panning out well, and a bit of a rush set in.

"Amongst the new-comers was a young chap named Morgan—Jimmy Morgan, and it wasn't long before he pegged out a claim, and wanted Kitty to enter into a life partnership with him. But it was no use, for Kitty was happy with her father, and though she liked Morgan very well, for a long time she would never allow him to talk about the subject he was most anxious to discuss.

"However, as time went on, she gradually yielded to his wishes, and events of the future became an all-absorbing topic with them. It cannot be said she really loved him. It is true she thought she did, or she would never have entertained the idea of marriage. She liked him better than any other man, but there was one thing she did not understand, and that was, she could never get him to speak of his early life.

SHE WALKED OFF DOWN THE SINGLE STREET, MUTTERING TO HERSELF.

"Some two months after her acceptance of Jimmy Morgan there was another rush to the camp, and one of the new arrivals, Jack Leuwin, straightway lost his heart at first sight, and Kitty—poor Kitty—was affected the same way. It was some time before she realised the truth, and though she shrank from imparting to Morgan the discovery of the change in her feelings, yet she felt in honour bound to do so.

"He took it—not like the man she thought him to be, but like a cur. He left her, vowing vengeance on Jack Leuwin, and cursing her for her deceit, as he called it. The poor girl was greatly distressed at such a turn in affairs, but in Jack Leuwin she found consolation and comfort, for they felt that between them were bonds which could never be broken. It was a new feeling to her, and her increased happiness made her all the more sorry for Morgan, who sold his claim and left Barrytown, as he said, for ever. She soon forgot the past, and ceased to worry about it.

* * * * *

"One day news arrived that the Maoris were breaking out again, and all the able-bodied men in the district were held in readiness for active service. The first in the camp to offer himself was Jack Leuwin, and Kitty, like a sensible girl, made no objection, though it cost her many a pang to think of her lover leaving her on such a dangerous mission. The men were ready to be called out at any time, when intelligence arrived that the Tuhoe fanatics had burnt out the miners up the river, and taken their tools and provisions, as well as their horses, which were grazing on the luxuriant grass of the river bed.

"Immediately our little band was mustered, and with as much expedition as possible, we set out for the scene of the depredations. Poor Kitty! How she clung to her sweetheart at that last fond farewell. I can almost see them now, standing in front of the shanty, she full of apprehension, he full of hope.

"Our way lay up the river bed, which in places was nothing but rough boulders and shingle, and very severe on the hoofs of our horses. For miles we pushed forward, at times getting a good brisk canter across a beautiful grassy river flat, only to have to draw up again on encountering more boulders. In places we were threading our way between high papa cliffs, which cast a deep, dull gloom over the river bed, made more intense by the rush and roar of the ceaseless torrent as it dashed against the rocks and *debris* which lay piled high in every corner.

"All this time strict watch was maintained in case of any ambush, but there was no sign of the enemy, and towards nightfall we cautiously approached the scene of the recent depredations. There was nothing to be seen of any habitation, but piles of ashes confirmed the intelligence we had received. Of the men who had been working at the time of the attack, one escaped, and informed us of the raid; another was shot in attempting to make for cover, and the third had either succeeded in getting away, or the Maoris had taken him prisoner. His fate was doubtful, but in any case it was our duty to find out what had become of him. We held a council and resolved to follow the natives to their *pa*, distant about a day's march, and then do what we could to recover our lost man, should he still be living, or else avenge his and his comrade's deaths. We were not really strong enough to attack the enemy on their own ground, but relied principally for our success on being able to take them unawares. We were away early next day, and after a long tramp through the bush approached the *pa* towards nightfall, unperceived as we thought. After dark, when the Maoris were smoking their *tororí* (native tobacco) over the dying embers of their fire, we sent forward two scouts, both of whom understood Maori.

"Creeping as close to the stockade as was safe without fear of being detected, and hiding in the fern, our scouts heard the *korero* of the natives, and as they listened their hearts beat faster, for after several had spoken, there arose a tall figure from among the group reclining round the fire, and, at the sound of his voice, his unseen listeners had no difficulty in identifying him as a *pakeha*. To one of our scouts the voice seemed familiar, but he was unable to tell who the renegade could be, for a *pakeha* on such good terms with rebel natives must surely be a renegade. After having gathered what information they could, our men stealthily regained camp, where we anxiously awaited their return. Speculation ran rife

as to the identity of the *pakeha* Maori, but it could only end in mere conjecture. We decided the best thing to do was post a picket, then the rest could snatch forty winks, and attack just before dawn of day, though we were 'dog tired' after our forced march. However, it was our only alternative, for to remain where we were meant certain

"Every half-hour or so we went to the fringe of undergrowth that surrounded the little glade in which we were camped, in order to make sure all was safe. I had gone about thirty yards, or so, from the camp when I was suddenly startled by a shot, some distance away to my right. Thinking Jack had fired on an enemy, I rushed into the

THERE AROSE A TALL FIGURE FROM AMONG THE GROUP RECLINING ROUND THE FIRE.

discovery, and that would of course spoil our plans.

"I remember that night only too well! Jack Leuwin and I were posted, and a weary watch it was. Poor lad! I didn't interrupt his thoughts much, for I could see by the expression on his face by the light of the flickering fire, that his thoughts were back in Barrytown. It wasn't too cheery, either, sitting there listening to the sighing and moaning of the wind as it mournfully bent the lofty boughs of the huge pines.

centre of the glade, where I found the boys all on their feet, rifles in hand, awaiting the expected attack.

"Where's Jack? I asked, but no one knew.

"We searched as well as we could in the dark, but our search was futile. Then knowing it would be suicidal to leave our position, we remained there a compact knot with every nerve strained to the utmost. But no enemy could we see or hear, and Jack did not return. The suspense

was awful. One young fellow proposed an immediate advance on the *pa*, but the old 'uns, knowing the danger of fighting the Maori at his own game, were more inclined to stay where they were, and a dreary wait it was. As soon as the approaching dawn gave forth enough light to advance in greater safety, we set out for the *pa*, throwing out scouts on every side in hopes of finding some trace of poor Jack Leuwin. But no sign of him could be found, and we were in the gravest doubts as to his safety. Cautiously we approached the *pa*, which was situated on a rising knoll by a large creek, but not a sign of life could we see. Meeting with no opposition, we at last rushed the position, clambering through and over the palisades, only to find it deserted.

"Not a living thing was there! We had been outwitted! The wily natives had evidently noted our approach the previous day, and had retreated to the hilly ranges behind. We again made a thorough search for Jack. Up and down the stream, in fact everywhere where there was the least possible chance of his being found, but we could discover nothing that would throw any light on his strange disappearance. For a small band like ours to attempt to follow the natives through such country would have been madness, and our object having been successfully baulked by the cunning of the enemy, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon poor Jack to his fate and return to Barrytown.

"How the news was broken to Kitty I don't quite know, but for some months she pined and withered until she was but a semblance of her former self. Gradually, however, she picked up again, and though she soon recovered her health and good looks, yet there was a difference. The girlish look had gone for ever, being supplanted by an expression of yearning, which told its own tale. She had even ceased to hope.

* * * * *

"Some time after we were somewhat surprised to find Jimmy Morgan had returned to camp. He had changed a good deal since he left. Of course he was not long in camp before he heard of Kitty's misfortune, and at once proceeded to the shanty of old Ben Maling, where he found her in the pretty little garden sewing. Seating himself beside her, he related his experiences since leaving Barrytown. He had gone to Auckland, thence on to the Fijis, where he had accepted a billet as storekeeper. Having made a good deal of money, he resolved to return to Barrytown, and try and persuade Kitty to be his wife, as he had heard that Jack Leuwin was dead. He soon wormed his way into her good graces again, and Kitty, thinking he surely must love her, at last consented, for the second time, to be his wife.

"Morgan was determined there should be no 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' again, so it was arranged that the marriage should take place immediately. The day arrived, and the whole population of the camp was up early making arrangements for the ceremony. It was decided to hold the service under the huge totara on the other side of the flat, for there wasn't a shanty in the place large enough to hold us all.

"A few minutes before the time appointed Morgan arrived, looking spruce and gay. He was saluted with a running fire of chaff and banter, but I noticed he was a bit fidgetty about something. Kitty didn't keep him long, for a few minutes after she appeared with her father, looking pale, but exceedingly pretty, I can tell you. Old gray headed Wilkins was to officiate with the prayer book, being the one who knew most about that sort of thing. I fancy I see that group now.

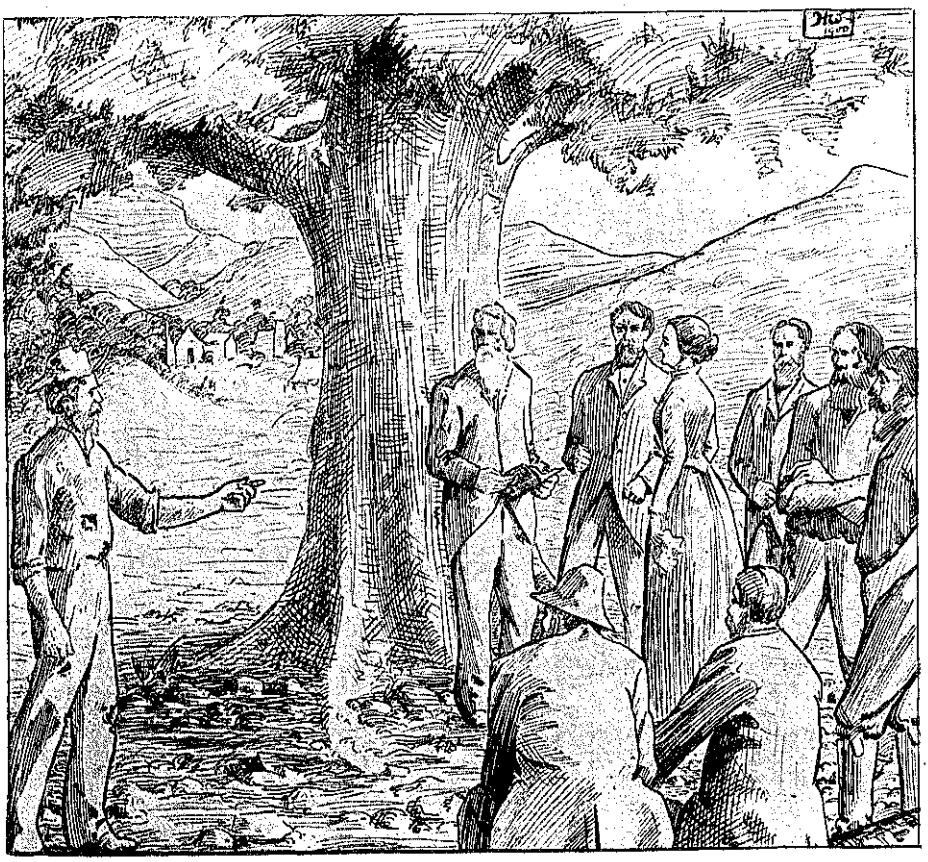
"Old Wilkins, with the prayer book in his hand, standing with his back to the trunk of the great totara, and in front of him Kitty, pale, but calm, and Morgan, still a bit restless. All around stood the population of Barrytown. Suddenly we were startled by a coo-ee from away across the river. Wondering who it could be—for every living soul we knew in the locality had come to the wedding—some of us made for the river and scanned the opposite bank. Presently the undergrowth was brushed aside, and there

emerged from the shadow of the bush a white man, in tatters and rags.

"The wedding was of course postponed. In fact, the two most concerned positively seemed more interested in the appearance of the stranger than in the interrupted ceremony. We were not long in bringing the poor chap across to our side, and after giving him a good feed, for he was famished, we gathered round the totara and again the service began.

"'Yes,' answered Wilkins, 'this gentleman's name is Morgan.'

"'Then, by thunder, I've only just arrived in time! Keep your eye on Mr. Morgan, an' I'll tell you an interesting little story. When I've finished, you'll be glad I came along afore you'd gone too fur. I'm Fred Harrison, I am, one of the three chaps wot was working the claim up the river when the cussed niggers came on us all of a sudden and took



"SAY, AIN'T HIS NAME MORGAN?"

The stranger was invited to join us, and see what was going on. He did so, and his gaze was immediately rivetted on Morgan. At the same instant Morgan glanced across, and the effect was electrical. He turned pale, trembled, and I thought he was going to drop.

"'By the holy poker, if that ain't him!' cried the unexpected guest. 'Say, ain't his name Morgan?'

us unprepared! Poor little Stumpy was shot, I know, for I saw his body lying face down near the patuka. How Bill got away, I don't know, but he sneaked a march on 'em mighty slick, I can tell yer, an' I suppose came down here an' gave the alarm. Well, after the darned niggers had got all there was worth having, they fired our shanty and patuka and started for their *pa* Wot they kept me for I couldn't understand, but I

found that out later on. After tramping all day we reached the *pa* just at sunset, and there we were met by some old men and women and a white man. That's the cove, there! I'd know him agin in a thousand! As it happened I didn't know much about Maori at the time, but I knew enough to get the "hang" of the "korero ing," and that infernal white cuss there was telling 'em how they could attack this place and collar all the stores and things. Then one old chief rose and asked: "Why does the *pakeha* turn on his own? Why does he help the Maori? Is there any trap?" But that white-livered sneak said he'd been robbed of his wife by a man in Barrytown, and he wanted revenge. This explanation seemed to satisfy the chiefs. With promises of plunder, of guns, ammunition and stores, he soon got them to yield to his wishes, and then the cunning devil proceeded to play his hand. Taking with him two of the best natives, he left the *pa* about midnight. I lay there, tied hand and foot, racking my brains for some means of escape. For about an hour all was still, save for the lapping and washing of the creek, when suddenly I was startled by a loud report. Immediately the whole *pa* was alive, and before the niggers had any time to find out what had happened, back came that infernal scoundrel and his two cronies. With them they had a prisoner, a young, good looking chap he was, too, and though he'd evidently given his captors a bad time of it, yet he was no match for the three of e m. The order was at once given to get on the move, an' quicker than I can tell, we were on the back track for the ranges. All that day we were forced along, up and down hill, over rivers and deep ravines. Not once did I get a chance to speak to my fellow prisoner. Towards nightfall we reached a *pa* perched up on a hillside, and approached by a long winding track along a sharp razor back spur. Here we halted, apparently at our destination.

"'After having devoured a solid meal of corn perau and kumaras, I managed to get within talking distance of the lad, and we related to each other our experiences. He told me the story of his sweetheart, of Morgan, and of the expedition which set out to try and rescue me, and avenge poor Stumpy's death. In the *pakeha* friend of the Maoris he recognised Morgan, and realised the meaning of it all. Shortly after that arch-devil came along, and eyed Jack Leuwin with no friendly look. He taunted him with his temporary success with Kitty Maling, telling him she would yet be the wife of Jimmy Morgan. He had sworn it, and he meant it. The agonies the poor lad underwent were terrible, and could he have been free from his bonds, it would have been a bad ten minutes for that sneak there. Then he left us, telling me that I was to be dealt with by the Maori fanatics. I knew what it meant, an' I made up my mind to avoid it as soon as I got a chance.

"'Towards morning I was attracted by Jack's touching me on the shoulder. Turning round, I saw his hands were free. In less time than it takes to tell, he had loosed his feet and untied the flaxen ropes with which I was bound. Then, feeling sure the sentry was dozing, by crawling cautiously, we made our way out of the *pa*, and as soon as we were safe beyond the palisades, we rose to our feet and ran for our lives along the track. Hardly had we gone twenty chains when we heard a shout, and we knew we were missed. Running as fast as we could, stumbling over projecting roots and trailing vines, we shaped our course down the razor-back spur for some distance, and then, suddenly diverging to the left, found ourselves in a deep gully, at the bottom of which was a wide creek. We followed this down until daylight, when, thoroughly exhausted and worn out, we threw ourselves down and went fast asleep. I was rudely awakened about two hours after, and looking round, my eye rested on the great ugly face of our sentry of the previous night. "I was afraid I had lost you, my beauty," Morgan was saying to Jack, but the lad seemed not to notice him, and we were dragged back to our prison.

"'First thing next morning, Morgan came to us, and looking at Jack, said: "Now, Leuwin, I've got the upper hand, but I'm

going to give you a last chance. If I provide guides to take you to the coast, where you can get a berth on a whaler, will you promise to leave New Zealand and never come back? You have only one alternative, and if you refuse my kind offer, well——" and he shrugged his shoulders. Jack was a brave lad, and looking the cur full in the face, he answered: "Rather than resign her to an inhuman brute like you, I'll accept the alternative!"

"'Nearing mid-day, Morgan again approached, and making Jack the same offer, met with the same answer, though I had tried to persuade the lad he could perhaps save Kitty by taking the chance, and then when he was safely away from Morgan, he could return to Barrytown and p'raps make things alright, and thwart Morgan's plans. But he was inflexible. Half-an-hour after Jack was taken away from me, and a few minutes later I heard a shot, and instinctively knew what it meant. I never saw Morgan again till now. After being a long time a prisoner at that *pa*, and being compelled to fill cartridges for the wretches, I managed to escape again, and this time I got clear away, and here I am. Just in time, too, it seems, for I've stopped that cursed scoundrel from adding another crime to his record, and saved a woman from being married to the hardest-hearted devil going! If you doubt my word, look at him!'

"Morgan was by this time ashy pale, and had to support himself against the box that served as a table. Everyone had listened with breathless interest to the stirring narrative of the stranger, and when he had finished and cleared up the mystery of the fate of poor Jack Leuwin, whom everybody liked for his own sake as well as Kitty's, a threatening murmur arose which boded none too well for Morgan. At the news of Jack's cruel murder, Kitty had swooned away, and been taken back to her father's shanty to receive proper care and attention.

"'Have you anything to say, Morgan, to the story we've just listened to?' said Wilkins, but the guilty man seemed speechless. At last he muttered a few words, then, before anyone had time to realise his intention, he drew a revolver from his pocket, placed it against his breast, and pulled the trigger. That was the end of Morgan. We picked him up, dead as a door nail, and he was buried in the shadow of the great totara, beneath which he was to have been married; and old gray haired Wilkins, instead of the marriage read the burial service.

"Kitty was unconscious for some time, and when she came to her mind was completely unhinged, and the only thing she seemed to remember was her sweetheart, Jack Leuwin.

"Her father died a broken-hearted man when he found his child had lost her reason, and all through that accursed scoundrel, whose only redeeming point was that he loved the girl.

* * * * *

"That, my friend, is the true ungarnished tale of 'Mad Kitty,' and I don't think a sadder case was ever known."

My host knocked the ashes from his pipe, and extending me a kind invitation to "drop in" whenever I was feeling lonely, wished me "Good-night," and left me to return to my hotel and ponder over the fate of the poor lonely woman who enquired for "a letter from Jack."

OUR NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

By J. Cowan.

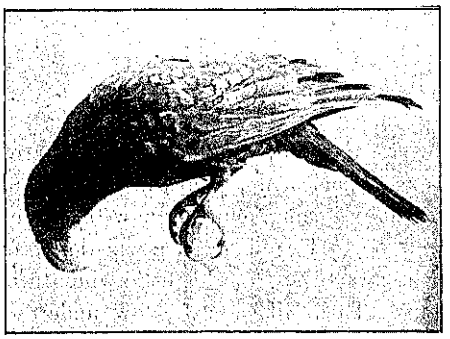
Photographs by A. L. Cleave, taken by kind permission of Mr. T. F. Cheeseman, Curator, from specimens in the Auckland Museum.

PART I.

IT is at the edge of one of the great forests in the interior of New Zealand, or on some of the remoter wooded islands on the coast, that one must sojourn to hear the sweetest songsters of the bush. There are few things more delightful in the world of Nature's music than the early morning chorus of the native singing birds in the deep green forests of this country. It more than compensates for all the discomforts of bush travelling. Memories of the morning symphonies of the wild birds are amongst the pleasantest recollections of all who have journeyed much in the New Zealand forests. The writer's first experience of the *Korimako*, or bell-bird, was one that will not soon be forgotten. We were camped on the banks of a river by the northern fringe of the great bush which covers the whole of the north portion of the Taranaki province. In the cold gray dawning, when the wandering *pakehas* woke up to shiver and draw the blankets more closely around them, the Voices of the Forest began to speak. First of all the rasping cry of a solitary *Kaka* parrot disturbed the repose of the forest shades. After a pause came a little piping twitter from some sleepy bird; then a single metallic bell-like note chimed out with startling clearness from the unseen depths of the black forest. Next came a liquid gurgling morning note from a wakened *Tui;* and soon before the first light of day broke into the tall groves of *rimu*, *totara* and *tawa*, the whole forest edge was alive with the wildest bird-harmony. The sweet, clear notes of the *Korimako* rang out above all the rest; the *Tui*, with its hardly less melodious song, joined in the morning pæan of rejoicing, emitting now the silvery sound of a bell, and again a whistle of exquisite sweetness from his little white-tufted throat. Then, like a soft, low undertone, came the gentle cooing note of the drowsy wood pigeon from his perch high up in the branches of some leafy "son of Tane," (the Tree God). The *Korimako* and *Tui* seem to sing their morning hymn out of pure exuberance of spirit; the joyous chimings and ringings of the bird-Angelus are poured forth with a prodigality which the poor caged songsters in haunts of man could never find it in their little hearts to attempt. But the concert is all too short. When the garish light penetrates the forest aisles, and the first sunbeams are flung over the hills and the bush, the bell-bird and the *Tui* retire within themselves, as if their day's programme were done. The voice of the *Tui*—the parson-bird of the Europeans—is, it is true, a frequent sound in the forest throughout the day; but the bell-bird, in the few places in the North where it still exists, is, as a rule, only to be heard at its best in the dim misty morning at break of day.

The Little Barrier Island (Hauturu), on the East Coast of the Auckland Province, is one of the principal localities where the vanishing *Korimako* is still to be heard. This little visited spot will soon be the last home of the bell-bird and sundry other of the rarer forms of our bird

life; and should it be your fortune, as it has been mine, to land on the rocky beach of this remote islet just before sunrise, you will be saluted with the choicest of wild matins from the *Korimako* and *Tui* perched in the ancient trees on the steep hill-sides above you. As I watched my time, one early morning, between the long, lazy rollers and jumped from the dingy on to the boulder bank of forest-clad Hauturu, and then stood



KAKA (PARROT).

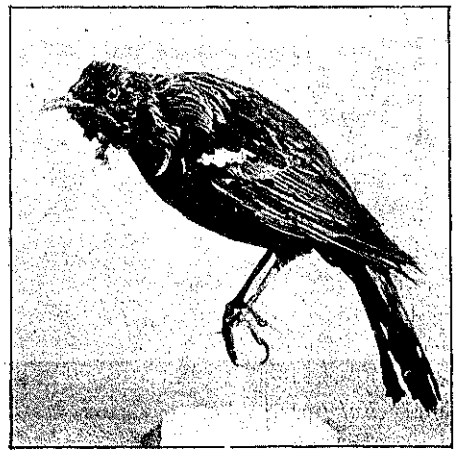
still in sheer astonishment at the wealth of bird-music above and around me, I fancy I shared in the feelings of Captain Cook when he first heard the bell-bird in Queen Charlotte's Sound. This is what the great sea explorer wrote in his diary, while lying in that Sound in the summer of 1769-70:

"The ship lay at a distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile from the shore, and in the morning we were awakened by the singing of the birds. The number was incredible, and they seemed to strain their throats in emulation of each other. This wild melody was infinitely superior to any that we had ever heard of the same kind—it seemed to be like small bells, most exquisitely tuned, and perhaps the distance and the water might be no small advantage to the sound."

But the bell-bird is a creature of the past in most parts of the Northern mainland; the wild cat, the Norwegian rat, and the honey bee of the *pakeha* have wrought the destruction of this nightingale of New Zealand, and also, though in a lesser degree, of the *Tui*. The latter bird is shot by the thousand every year by Maoris and Europeans, for, unluckily for his feathered reverence, he is very good eating. In the South Island the *Korimako* is still, happily, very numerous.

With commendable forethought, the Government of New Zealand have set apart the Little Barrier Island, at the entrance to the Hauraki Gulf, and Resolution Island, in one of the remote Sounds of the West Coast, as reserves for the protection and preservation of our native birds. Kapiti Island, in Cook Straits, has also recently been acquired for the same purpose. Here the shy wood birds, to which the very breath of the encroaching white man seems fatal, will have a chance to prolong their peaceful days and multiply. No ruthless collector will invade their leafy domains; no murderous fowling-piece may awaken the frightened echoes of the forest.

On the Little Barrier are to be found some species of birds which are extinct, or almost quite so, on the mainland. Amongst the teeming bird-life on that Island, a precipitous mountain of some 7000 acres in extent, are to be found the *Tui*, *Korimako*, *Popokatea*



TUI (PARSON-BIRD).

(white-head), various kinds of fly-catchers, two kinds of parrakeets, the pigeon, the silver-eye or *Tauhou*. The pretty and infrequent *Hihi*, or stitch-bird, had been almost exterminated there but is increasing again. The dense bush on the Island

—*kauri*, *rata*, *pohutukawa*, *miro*, *puriri*, *taraire*, *tawa* and *manuka*—affords thick shelter and abundant food for the birds. The honey-suckers, such as the bell-bird and *Tui*, flock to the *pohutukawa* and *rata* when those beautiful trees are covered with their gorgeous red blossoms; and the pigeon, *Kaka* and parrakeets grow fat on the berries of the *tawa*, *miro and taraire*.

The feathered population of Resolution Island, in the far South, where the screw of the steamer is the rarest of intruders from the outer world, is of quite a different kind. There are *Kiwi* there, but the principal birds are the *Kakapo* and the *Roa*, two short-winged creatures which abound in the mountains of the wild West Coast. The *Kakapo* is a peculiar bird of the parrot family, about the size of the domestic fowl, and is known as the night parrot. It became extinct in the North Island many years ago.

Amongst our arboreal birds the *Korimako* (*Anthornis Melanura*) is a small bird of modest brown plumage, which blends well with the forest foliage. Its tail is forked, and it takes its swift flight on a pair of strong wings. Of the two premier songsters of New Zealand, the *Tui* (*Prosthemadera Novae Zeal:*) is by far the handsomer. It is a beautiful black bird, with a bunch of remarkable soft white feathers on its neck, like a pair of clergyman's bands, and it is quite an accomplished little creature, the liveliest bird imaginable. A *Tui*, when caught young, can be taught to whistle like a parrot, though far more sweetly, and to talk. A pet *Tui*, or "Mokai," was often to be found in Maori villages in former days. One of the favourite foods of these honey-suckers is the flower of the flax plant. The large red flowers on the flax stalks in season are the resort of large numbers of native birds, chiefly the *Tui*, and the little creatures chatter away gaily as they hover round each other, and settle down on the flax stalks to suck the sweet juice of the *korari*. In former times the *Tui* was snared and speared in great numbers by the Maoris.

In forest-covered districts such as the Urewera country, Taranaki, the bush around Rotorua, and the wild country to the west of Lake Taupo, the native people could hardly have existed without birds, and in fact the pigeon, *Kaka* and *Tui* still form a large portion of the food of bush-dwelling Maoris. Such mountains as Titiraupenga, in the Hurakia district, back of Taupo, are famous places amongst the Maoris for their "manu huahua," or birds preserved in their own fat for future use. The snaring of the *Kaka*, pigeon and other birds is still carried on to a small extent in the Urewera country, where some old customs linger yet. The

KOTUKU (WHITE HERON).

usual "mutu kaka," or snare for taking the *Kaka* parrot, is a carved wooden perch, generally formed out of a forked branch. It was lashed to the top of a pole, and set on a tree top frequented by *Kaka*. A noose or loop on the "mutu kaka" was operated, when a bird alighted on the perch, by the bird catcher, hidden in the leaves below, pulling a long flax string, the end of which he held in his hand after setting the

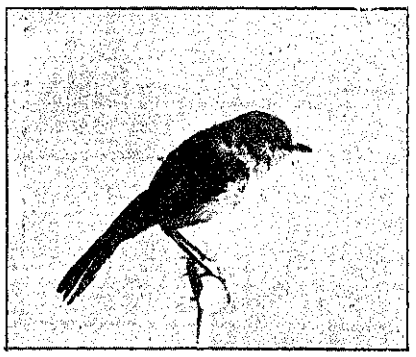
The *Kaka* was securely caught by the loop, and in due course went into the household oven. I have seen numbers of these snares at Ruatahuna. One of the favourite methods of catching pigeons (besides spearing them with a long wooden spear barbed with bone or iron) was to set snares for them over *waka* or wooden troughs of water in the bush, where the thirsty birds flew down to drink.

MATUKU (BITTERN).

The wood pigeon—*Kuku* or *Kereru*, as the Maoris call it, and *Kuku Carcophaga Novae Zeal:*, family *Columbidae*, as the scientists label it—is one of the commonest of our New Zealand birds, and in some ways one of the most interesting. The Maori sense of the appropriate is seen in his beautiful name for the pigeon; the word kuku is taken from the note of this bird, literally a coo, the softest, most loving of forest calls. Travelling through the bush in the autumn, when the golden fruit of the *karaka* hangs in clusters overhead, and the small but sweet *koroi* berries on the *kahikatea* trees invite the wayfarer, and when the *kotukutuku* (New Zealand fuschia), the *miro*, the *taraire*, or the big blue *tawa* berries are ripe, you will see the *Kuku*—a large lazy bird, with a beautiful white breast and a glossy green and gold neck—feeding on these forest delicacies. If disturbed it will perhaps fly heavily to another branch and start feasting again, and should you have a fowling-piece along with you, there will not be much difficulty in potting the easy-going *Kuku*, which makes a very welcome accompaniment to the frugal fare of the bushman or the surveyor. The ancient mythological name of the Maori pigeon is *Rupè*, and it is said that a demi-god of that name was wont to turn himself into a pigeon and back again just as he chose. Quaint old legends, reminiscent of the *Arabian Nights*, are extant concerning Rupè and Maui and Hine-te-iwaiwa and their deeds in the remote Hawaiiki fatherland.

Should you visit the new carved house belonging to Mr. C. E. Nelson, at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua—the finest specimen of modern Maori art in New Zealand—you will see a boldly-executed carving on one of the large *totara* wall slabs, representing Maui, the famous demi-god of the Maoris, and the fearsome goddess of Death, Hine-nui-te-Po, the "Great Lady of Night." At the foot of the figures are carved two little birds—whereby hangs a tale. The birds, cunningly designed by the brown-skinned carver, represent the *Riroriro* (the little bush warbler), and the *Tiwakawaka*, or fantail, two of the commonest and liveliest of bush birds. The Maori story is that Maui, the Maori Hercules, endeavoured to cap his other performances and "break the record" by passing through the body of sleeping Hine-nui-te-Po (the personification of Death), and so make all men immortal. The little birds of the forest, the *Riroriro* and fantail amongst them, assembled to see Maui's great exploit. The sight was such a funny one (the carving, done by men who call a spade a spade,

sufficiently explains it) that in spite of Mani's cautions the tiny birds could not control their mirth. They screwed up their little cheeks, but at last the *Tiwakawaka* could hold it in no longer. He exploded in a giggle and a chirp of laughter, which woke



RIRORIRO (BUSH WARBLER).

up the ancient woman, who instantly snapped the poor hero in two. That was how Death came to the world. Who would imagine that the action of the harmless-looking fantail could be responsible for such a dread result? Certainly the *Tiwakawaka* deserves our severest reprobation for its criminal levity at such a critical moment, but you can hardly find it in your heart to fling a stone at the lively little thing as it hops round you in the bush and displays its pretty fan-tail like a lady showing off a new dress—no matter how much it may deserve it.

The *Riroriro*, or diminutive bush warbler (wren I see it called sometimes) is another sociable little creature which enlivens the tedium of the bush journey or the camp with its merry restless chirp. There is an old Maori song beginning—

"Tangi e te *Riroriro*,
He tohu o te raumati."

. . . . . .

"Singing now is the *Riroriro*,
A sign of summer days."

Two very interesting birds of passage, of the family *Cuculidæ*, visit our shores every spring and summer. They are the shining cuckoo (*Pipiwharauroa*) and the long-tailed cuckoo (*Koheperoa*). These handsome birds arrive here in the springtime from the South Sea Islands, it is supposed, and when their pleasing voices are heard in the groves on the East Coast, it is time to plant the *kumara*. The brown-backed *Koheperoa's* clear note is frequently heard on the Little Barrier and other East Coast localities as summer draws on, and the *Pipiwharauroa's* shrill whistle strikes on the ear in the long warm days of Christmas-tide.

The *Koheperoa* (*Eudynamus Taitensis*) has a long tail something like the sparrow-hawk's, and has a short, strong body. The other migrant (*Chrysococcyx Lucidus*) has a white breast with rows of greenish gold feathers, the back is green and bronze. This summer visitor of ours is quite a pretty little bird.

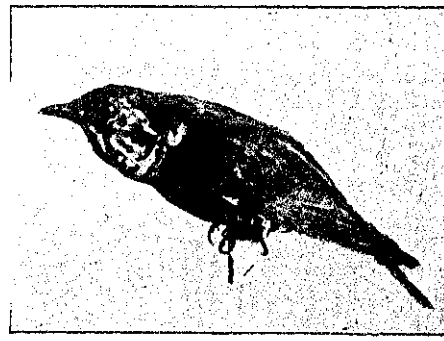
In an old Maori *tangi* or song of lamentation I find these lines:

"He aha te huhuatanga whakarongo nua?
Ko te tangi o te *Pipiwharauroa*—
'Kui, kui! Whiti, whiti ora!'"

. . . . . .

"What is that pleasant sound?
'Tis the cry of the cuckoo—
'Kui, kui! Shine, shine and live!'"

This was interpreted by the Maoris to be the cry of the *Pipiwharauroa* when the warm summer days came and gladdened its heart

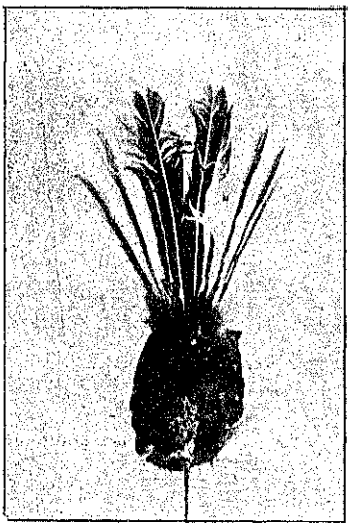


PIPIWHARAUROA (SHINING CUCKOO).

and warmed its blood. These birds are said to take wing for the warm latitudes of the South Seas—the Hawaiiki of the Maoris—in March.

Of wading birds there are a number of varieties in New Zealand. Besides the rare

and beautiful white crane (*Ardea Syrmatophora*) and the blue crane, there is a bittern (*Botaurus poeciloptilus*), the *Pukeko* (*Porphyrio Melanotus*) and several smaller birds. Of these the red-legged *Pukeko* is by far the



PIWAKAWAKA (FANTAIL).

most numerous. It is to be found in large numbers in every swamp and morass, and is often to be seen in the vicinity of cultivations and on newly-ploughed land. The *Pukeko*, which the Maoris say was one of the birds brought as pets in the canoes from Hawaiiki, is unlike most other New Zealand birds in that it not only does not decrease, but even increases in settled districts of the colony.

The melancholy bittern, a type of all that is desolate and mournful, is a frequent sight in the swampy country of this land. Where the long *raupo* waves in the wind, and the sharp-edged flax leaves rustle against each other, and the *toi toi* dips its pendant flags in the still pools on the margin of some deep swamp—there is the haunt of the bittern, the *Matuku* of the Maoris. Or say we are pulling down a creek bordered by low swampy banks. As we round a bend, the splash of our oars startles a family party of lively little *Weweiia* or dabchicks, which scurry away into the sedge with a curious flapping motion along the surface of the water as fast as they can get out of sight. A couple of black shags, or *Kawau*, which have been perched on an old tree-stump, intently contemplating the glassy water on the look-out for their breakfast, rise sulkily at our approach into their domain, and seek another roosting place. Suddenly we come upon the king of the morass, the *Matuku*. A large dingy-coloured bird with brown spots and a long ruffled neck, he stands by the foot of a tuft of *raupo*, in a little placid back-water of the creek, with his long bill pointing heavenwards. Silently he gazes at the intruders, but for a moment; then he rises heavily and wings his steady flight to a more secluded spot where the inquisitive Sons of Tiki will molest him not.

The cry of the bittern is a deep, hollow melancholy note, repeated three times. There is a Maori tradition on the West Coast that when Turi, the chief of the Aotea canoe, left his village at Patea to go to fish or to work on his cultivations, that his enemy might not

PUKEKO (SWAMP-HEN).

be aware of his departure, and also that he might take all his people with him, and not be obliged to leave any behind to guard the *pa*, he placed a *Matuku* or bittern in it, so that

did anyone come they might hear the cry of the bird—"Hu, hu, hu,"—and fancy the chief was at home.

In Maori songs now and then allusion is made to the *Matuku*. In a lament for a lost loved one, a widow bewails her sad and desolate fate—"He noho whaka-*Matuku*"—"Sitting like unto a lonely bittern."

Probably the rarest of all our New Zealand winged birds is the *Kotuku*, the white heron or crane. The *Kotuku* seems to have quite disappeared from the northern part of the colony, but it is still said to exist on Stewart Island and in various remote parts of the South Island. The *Kotuku* is a large bird of pure white plumage, with a very long curved neck and yellow bill. "Kotahi ano te rerenga o te *Kotuku*."—"Once only is the flying of the *Kotuku*," that is to say, a man only sees the white heron once in a lifetime, is a Maori saying which well illustrates the rarity of this graceful bird.

Next to Sir Walter Buller's splendid work on New Zealand Birds, the most interesting descriptions written concerning the life and habits of our birds, are contained in a series of excellent papers published upwards of

KOHEPEROA (LONG-TAILED CUCKOO).

thirty years ago by the late Mr. T. H. Potts, F.L.S., of Wellington and Canterbury. In an article on "The White Heron," Mr. Potts gave a beautiful word-picture of the *Kotuku*:

"Early in 1857 a lake of considerable size in the Ashburton country was, by the writer, named Lake Heron, from the numbers of

KUKU (WOOD-PIGEON).

these waders which then frequented its shores; now its occurrence in that part of the country is rare indeed. It is a sight for the naturalist to remember when his eyes fall upon a *Kotuku*, silently standing with meditative mien in some shallow pool awaiting its prey, ready for the fatal dart; how quaint the attitude preserved! Its spotless plumage, thrown into bold relief perchance against the backing of a mass of foliage, is mirrored distortedly by the rippling water. Long is the patient watch maintained in stilly silence; to the whole figure the retracted neck gives somewhat of a gloomy air. At length the glistening prey glides unwarily within reach of the spear-like bill; one quick stroke, almost too quick for the eye to follow, a slight movement of the neck tells that the prey is captured and engulfed, and the silent watch is once more resumed. . . . One gazes with delight on the flight of the *Kotuku*, on

the purity of its plumage, relieved by the bill and black feet, whilst the movement of the arched wings lends an impression of aerial softness, like the waving of delicate feathery fans, such as some gentle spirit might employ to win to the forgetfulness of slumber the restless soul of some warrior chief."

Not long since I was struck by a certain poetical reference in a Maori "waiata" to the shy white heron, which, according to an ancient Maori legend, is an inhabitant of the under-world of Death. Tamarahi Tomairangi, an Arawa man from Ohinemutu, and the writer were camped one night by the white sandy beach of Tapuaeharuru, on Lake Rotoiti. Above us towered the wall-like mountain of Matawhaura, the sacred burial place of the Ngatipikiao tribe, its tree-clad heights sharp cut against the clear starry sky. As we reclined on our sleeping-mats close by the rippling lake, my Maori companion gazing up at Matawhaura, crooned a well-remembered and celebrated *tangi* sing, a death chant of the Lake tribes, which was originally composed by the chieftainess Rangi-mamao, of Ngatiwhakaue, on the death of her husband Maihi. The "waiata" ended with these lines:

"Behold, O spirit, over thee
In misty heaven,
Thy guardian, the lofty peak of Matawhaura.
Below we rest on the sounding shore,
But thou art still in death.
The *Kotuku* thy sole companion is.
O, husband mine, alas!"

Nothing could exceed the sorrow and pathos expressed by the mourner in the last two lines:

"Ko te *Kotuku* tou tapui—e!
E tama, e—e!"

But we are getting away from our birds, which will have to be further considered in a future number.

A FRAGMENT.

I ask no gift of power divine
To enter realms of mystic thought;
To bid the light of genius shine
Upon the ideals I had taught,
But just that I might oft rehearse
Some noble thought in modest verse.

The power to touch another's heart,
And, maybe, ease his couch of pain,
And dimly feel—though wide apart—
The song I sang was not in vain.
A simple verse, that he should know
A fellow feeling moved me so.

RODERICK MACDONALD.

"The Interpreter and the New Chum."

By A. A. Kenny.

Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.

THE work of the party was suspended, for a venerable Maori of conservative principles had taken objection to the proceedings of the surveyor. He doubted the intentions of the *pakeha*, and he profoundly distrusted the theodolite, through which the *pakeha* cast a sinister eye over his broad lands, the chain also was an evil thing, and by no means to be tolerated. He could see plainly that he had been deceived, and the *pakeha* had a big swindle on; therefore he harangued his tribe, male and female, bidding them rise and resist. The former hung back a little, but the *wahines* entered fully into his views, and pulled up flags, and assaulted chainmen with great enthusiasm. The sex of the combatants hampered the hands very much, though not perhaps to the extent a rigorous chivalry would have required, and before long operations were entirely suspended while the surveyor sought far and near for an interpreter.

Idleness reigned; the assistant surveyor sat on a candle box in the almost deserted camp, smoked and bullied the cadet. The cadet lounged on the grass beside him, and looked what he was—a meek youth, born to be sat upon and bullied by aggressive people such as the assistant surveyor.

It was a blazing hot December day; the stunted cabbage trees and tea-tree scrub round the camp gave very little shade. Somewhere out of sight, a creek babbled with a cool refreshing sound, but the camp looked bare and untidy, and simply shrivelled with heat. At the foot of the cabbage trees sat the great assistant surveyor, the lesser cadet and an entirely unimportant visitor, who found himself rather oppressed by the aggressive self-satisfaction of the gentleman at present in charge of the camp. Clad in the lightest possible attire, the three young men sat and smoked; and the cadet sighed and wished the assistant surveyor and his domineering voice a mile or two further away, say over the range, or on White Island. It would have been cooler and more restful without him. And the visitor sighed also, and wished for sufficient information and a ready tongue, that he might meet the irritating assistant on his own ground, and give him the setting down he so sorely needed.

"And so here we stick," he was remarking to his companions, as he filled his pipe from the visitor's tobacco pouch, "wasting precious time until the boss can get that bally interpreter to come and do the jawing. Nasty tasting tobacco this of yours. Strikes me pretty forcibly that a surveyor ought to pass in Maori before he calls himself qualified to run this kind of business. When the authorities *do* wake up, I expect that will be a pass subject."

"Please goodness it won't!" groaned the cadet, "not till I'm through, anyway! Its all very well for a chap like you."

"Oh, me!" said the assistant, with his

peculiarly offensive laugh. "I shouldn't mind! I'm getting along in Maori as it is, but it wouldn't be a popular innovation, not with most of the chaps, I fancy."

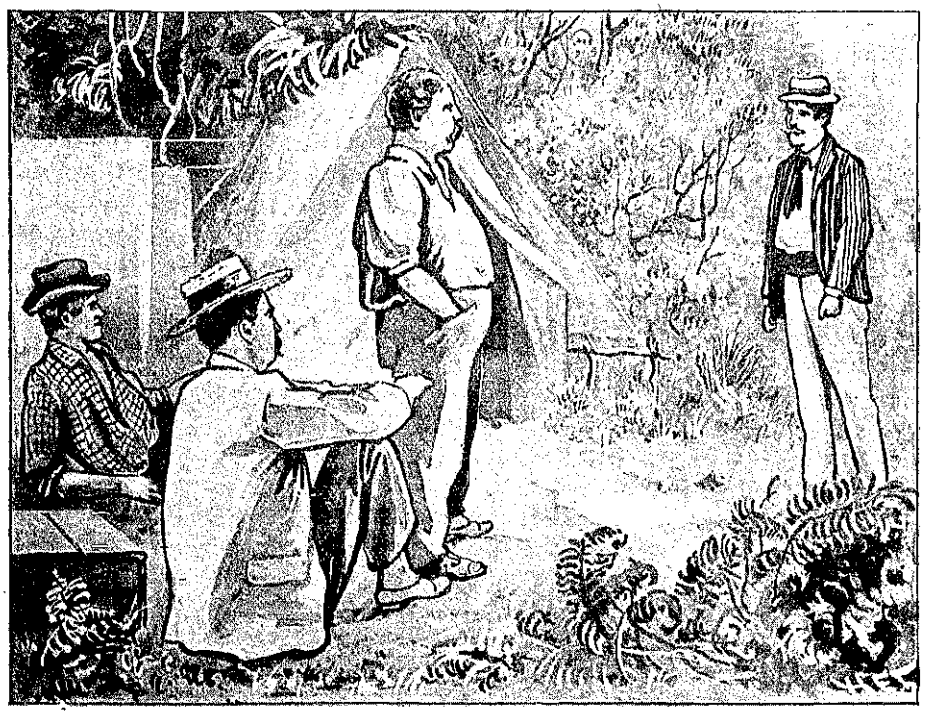
The cadet said he should hope not, and the visitor uttered a snort that might have meant anything, and put up a silent, earnest prayer that he might live to see the assistant swing if every other purpose of his life failed.

"Who is this Hawke, anyway?" pursued the subject of his prayer. "Why, if the boss had only condescended to ask me——" he finished the sentence with a shrug and a raw material to be licked into shape by us!"

"Pity some one wouldn't take you in hand," said the visitor, *sotto voce*.

At this moment a figure emerged from the tea-tree and came towards them. A slim young man in white, his hot face, with a fringe of straw-coloured hair, beaming out from under a white hat. A very spick and span young man, looking inexperienced and immature from his pale moustache down to his dusty, fashionable boots.

"By George, here he is, the new chum!" said the assistant under his breath. "What



A VERY SPICK AND SPAN YOUNG MAN, LOOKING INEXPERIENCED.

jerk of the eyebrows, more expressive than pretty.

"Oh, Hawke's quite a noted man!" exclaimed the visitor, glad of the chance to put in a word. "A splendid interpreter, and a great fellow with the Maoris; no end of a fellow to manage them!"

"Is he?" said the assistant, and his tone was contemptuous. He had little belief and no interest in the accomplishments of others.

"And there's that other chap due to-day, too," he said presently, in an aggrieved tone. "New chum, of course; more excessively

a coon of a fellow he looks! I say, you chaps, he's fresh from the Old Country, you know! We'll have a rise or two out of him about this Maori row, as sure as I'm——"

"A conceited town fool!" added the visitor with conviction. But the assistant had risen to meet the new-comer, so only the crushed cadet heard it; he became convulsed with laughter where he lay, and his heart yearned towards the visitor with affection and gratitude. The assistant turned back to say in a whisper:

"Now don't you two say a word; just

leave him to me, and watch me draw him! I promise you some fun!" and then he hastened to greet the arrival.

"Glad to see you; sit down," he said. "Boss will be along presently; beastly hot day, isn't it? And what do you think of our scenery out here?"

The assistant, having got a start, rattled on with his accustomed rapidity and his air of being well worth listening to, pointing out this and that which might be of interest to a stranger, and touching on *our* way of doing the work, and *our* method of dealing with the natives in a manner at once charming and instructive; but the new chum seemed taciturn and very deliberate in his replies. He looked surprised, perhaps a trifle overpowered, and then he smiled slowly and twisted his moustache.

"Being new to the country and the life, I expect you'll find the work pretty severe at first," said the assistant affably.

The new chum looked down at his hands reflectively.

"Rea-ally, do you?" he said, somewhat dolefully, for his hands, though sunburned, were very smooth. "I thought surveying was a nice gentlemanly—er—occupation, y' know!"

The assistant winked aside, and proceeded to enlarge on the hardships and dangers of the surveyor's life, with the present situation as an example. Work stopped—enraged natives—assaulted chainmen—possibilities of serious trouble.

And the new chum fanned himself nervously with his hat and ejaculated:

"Rea-ally? By Jove!"

"Yes, 'pon my word; just look at us now! I only hope to goodness that interpreter fellow will come soon!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the agitated new chum. "Surely there's no danger here?"

The assistant shook his head ominously, and then said suddenly:

"You're carrying a revolver, I hope?"

"N-o-o!" said the new chum, with a dismayed recoil in his voice. "You don't mean to say——"

"I do, though!" said the other. "'Pon my word, I do! I always go armed myself in wild country like this. I don't exaggerate when I say that at times we absolutely carry our lives in our hands. ('No, you lie, that's all!' murmured the visitor to himself). The boss is a most reckless fellow, the way he trusts himself among these bloodthirsty, treacherous brutes is a caution."

"Treacherous, are they?" gasped the new chum, with a lengthening jaw. "How beastly! Will the interpreter—of course he'll come with an armed force?" he fumbled nervously with his handkerchief. "I heard that there was trouble with the natives y' know, but I never apprehended— Wouldn't it be wiser to leave this place, this—er—exposed position?" and his eyes wildly searched the neighbouring scrub.

The assistant surveyor winked with ineffable self-appreciation at the other two, and assured his victim that retreat was not to be thought of.

"You ought not to have joined us just now," he declared solemnly. "I tell you I was surprised to see you turn up alone. I daresay you noticed it?"

The new chum had not observed it.

"No! The fact of the matter is that the men have sloped, deserted, but *we* must stick by the boss, and our best show is to take it easy till help comes. We've got weapons stacked in the tent there," he lowered his voice as he spoke, "but confidence is our little game. It's a toss up whether the boss gets here first, or the natives. I wish to Heaven the interpreter'd come! I can't tell you how anxious I am!" and he also glared round at the harmless scrub as though it swarmed with enemies.

The new chum sat dumb for a time, but he was visibly paler than when he arrived, and he wiped his forehead again and again. At last he burst out:

"I wish—I'd brought my rifle, y' know, a fellow likes to be properly armed; but I—I thought all fighting and—ah—bloodshed was over in this country!" He grew excited. "Oughtn't we to be doing something? It would not be possible

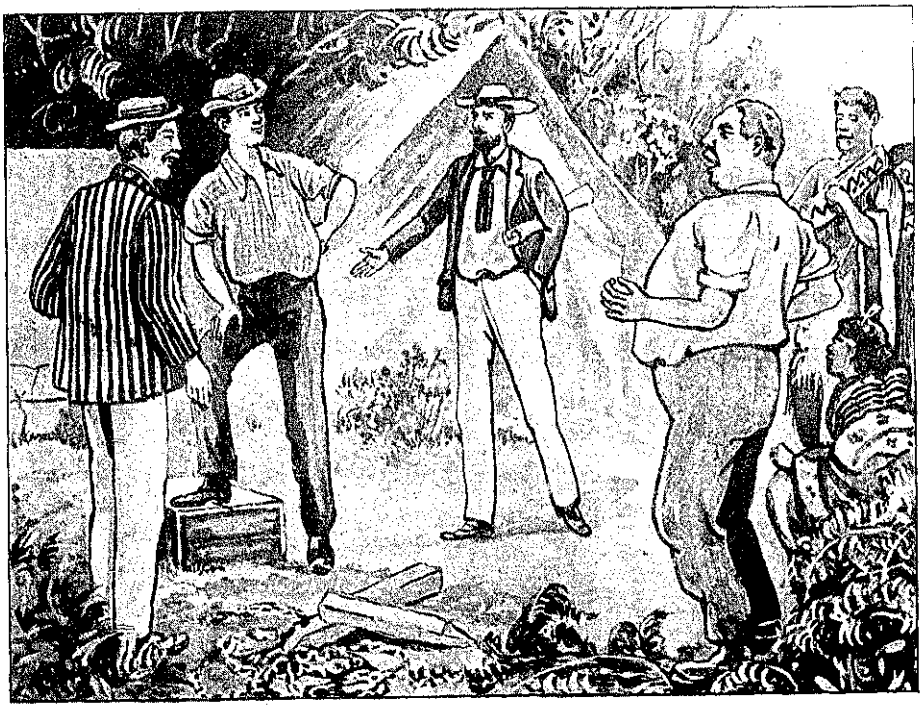
to defend this place if we were attacked."

"Ah! but we must keep up an appearance of perfect confidence, you see," said the assistant, with well simulated anxiety. "But mind you, things aren't so bad yet! The boss hopes to be able to settle it peaceably with the interpreter. Hark! What was that? Keep your eyes about you, boys, for God's sake! Since that frightful affair with young Wilkes, I have always distrusted old Haere-Mai-te-Pikau-Kai, he's the leader in this trouble, you know—old scoundrel!"

"We were out pig-hunting together," the assistant sailed serenely on; "he was an Englishman, you know, a new chum like you, and we hunted our pig down—splendid boar, tusks as long as my knife—and stuck him as he stood at bay in a hollow tree, when out of the bush stalked old Haere-Mai-te-Pikau-Kai——"

"Haere-Mai
Te-Pikau-Kai

runs in perfect ryhme," murmured the new chum in a kind of chanting voice. "I really



"HULLO, HAWKE, IS THIS WHERE YOU ARE?"

"Curious name that!" said the new chum, and his voice shook with emotion. "Ah! who was this young Wilkes you mentioned?"

"A splendid young fellow, poor Wilkes!" said the assistant, too charmed with his own acting and his prolific imagination to observe the conflict of emotions on his victim's face.

Not so the visitor.

"The *awful* fool!" he whispered suddenly and violently into the cadet's ear. "*He's* pulling *his* leg! Look!"

beg your pardon; the strange unfamiliar beauty of the name caught my attention. Pray go on!"

During this recital two of the men, the reputed deserters, had dawdled into the camp, and, unobserved by the assistant, silently joined the audience of two.

"He advanced his rifle a bit as though in menace," continued the assistant, "and said to us: '*Haere rau e noho kiwhea o mai pakeha? Whare here-here, te whaka he kuri porangi.*'"

"By Jove!" said the new chum, opening his innocent, affrighted blue eyes wider than ever. "And what did you do?"

"That means," explained the unabashed assistant, 'What do you on the land of my fathers, O strangers, slaughtering the sacred pig?' You know the wild pig is a sacred beast to them, they worship it in memory of Captain Cook. You'll often hear wild pigs referred to as Captain Cooks on that account."

"Rea-ally!" uttered the new chum, and there was a smothered chuckle from somewhere in the background.

"Yes, and I—we were rather in a funk, I must admit, but we braved it out. Wilkes said to me: 'What's the old boy want? You talk to him,' and I answered the old ruffian in conciliatory tones, y' know: '*Taurekareka, wahine, ngairo, manuka, get the moi. You trek it, chop-chop, hohoro mai, kumera tangi*——"

At this point he was interrupted, for another of the men appeared on the track opposite to which they sat, and remarked, without any noticeable show of alarm:

"I say, here's the boss, and the whole blooming tribe of 'em!"

Everyone looked at the new chum; he gazed wildly, but scarcely suspiciously around, and caught his breath with a gasp.

Hard on the messenger's heels came the boss, with a gloomy-looking native beside him, the troublesome chief in person, with a bevy of dark retainers at his back.

"Outnumbered!" murmured the assistant to the unlucky new chum, but the boss looked over at them and uttered a shout of joy.

"Hullo, Hawke, is this where you are? I've been hunting for you everywhere. Come and talk some sense into this con—this old —well—our friend, I mean!"

"Tena koe (greeting to you), old man!" said the new chum, as he sprang lightly to his feet. "Tena koutou; homai to ringa ki a au (greeting to you all! Give me your hand,") and he grasped the Maori by the hand and shook it heartily, while the chief bared his teeth in a slow, but cordial grin.

Then he turned to the assistant surveyor, whose hat was slowly rising off his head. "Excuse me—Mr.—er—" he said, with his innocent smile, "perhaps you wouldn't mind finishing the story later, when I'm disengaged. Anything that throws a new light on Maori customs and the language interests me." The smile became a grin which barely covered an indecent derision, and the face of the assistant was a study as he looked up and met it, for it opened an endless vista of torment for him.

It was the old story of the biter bitten, and badly bitten, too; perhaps it was just as well that what he said in the first flush of his rage was drowned in the shout of laughter that went up from his audience. His angry disconcerted face was the very cream of the joke, and the cadet and his friend almost hugged each other in sheer delight at such a stupendous "fall in."

Needless to say, the inexperienced Mr. Hawke soon managed to arrange matters between the boss and the misguided chief, and the interrupted survey went merrily on; but the life of the assistant became a burden unto him, owing to constant solicitations to tell the story of young Wilkes and old Haere-Mai-te-Pikau-Kai, whose name passed into a proverb. He could not slaughter the hands when they conversed audibly about Hawke, the interpreter and new chums; and when he had to overhear conversations of this tenor, he felt that nothing but bloodshed would give him relief.

"I say, Wentworth, did you ever hear that yarn about young Wilkes and old——"

"Yes; poor Wilkes, he was'nt a bad bloke at all. *Hohoro mai kumera tangi*. Wish I knew what a *kumera tangi* is. I'm interested in Maori customs and the language, I am."

When the genuine new chum did arrive, he was at once regaled with the whole story.

This proved the last straw to the unlucky assistant, and he fled to a district where the name of Haere-Mai-te-Pikau-Kai had not yet penetrated, and the worship of the wild pig was an unknown cult.

Hymns for Military Services.

DEDICATED TO THE FOURTH CONTINGENT.

COMPILED BY W. CURZON-SIGGERS, M.A.

Tune: Austria, A. and M. 292.

BRITAIN'S sons with hearts and voices
Raise to God your praise alway,
God hath made our arms victorious,
Been our Empire's Strength and Stay.
Praise the Lord, our God, Who sitteth
High enthron'd and judgeth right!
Praise the Lord, Who vict'ry giveth
To the cause right in His sight!

Praise the Lord, for deeds all glorious
By our arms on land or sea!
Praise the Lord, Who to our Nation
Giveth wealth and liberty!
Praise the Lord, Who hath upholden
All our plans to bless mankind!
Praise the Lord, Who doth embolden
Warriors noble, true, and kind!

When we fight to give the nations
Righteous rule and equity,
God of Comfort end all suffering
By a speedy victory.
When we raise our supplication
With our thanks as now to-day,
God of Hope and Consolation
Be our soldiers' Strength and Stay.

Tune: "Ein Feste burg," A. and M. 378, 1st.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Unite to praise our mighty Lord
For mercies to our Nation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown:
Let all our Nation praise Him!

Stretch forth, we pray, Thy mighty Hand,
O God of our Salvation!
Still guard our Queen and Fatherland
And prosper Thou our nation.
Our Empire's Staff and Stay,
O Father, be alway!
Protect it by Thy power
In peril's darkest hour.
Let all our Nation praise him!

Rejoice to-day with one acclaim
In humble adoration;
God's mighty works of love proclaim
His blessings on our Nation;
He hath been ever near,
His servants' paths to cheer;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God this day!"
Let all our Nation praise Him!

Tune: S. Gertrude (Sullivan).

Lord of Hosts and Nations
Unto Thee we pray
For our valiant soldiers,
Be their Guide and Stay.
In their weary marches,
In the stubborn fight,
In their unseen dangers,
Guard them day and night.
Lord of Hosts and Nations
Unto Thee we pray
For our valiant soldiers,
Be their Guide and stay.

Lord, lest we forget Thee,
Make our faith increase;
'Tis our Empire's Mission
Captives to release.
Justice, love and mercy,
By Thine aid Divine,
Help us to establish
Throughout ev'ry clime.
Lord of Hosts, etc.

Comfort hearts, now grieving
For their loved ones slain,
With thy glad assurance
"Ye shall meet again."
To our dying comrades
Hope of bliss reveal;
For the sick and wounded
Bless the skill to heal.
Lord of Hosts, etc.

Speed our arms to vict'ry;
Bid all wars to cease;
Conquerors with conquered
Join in lasting peace.
Jealousy of *Nations*,
King of Kings restrain;
May our Empire flourish!
Long in peace remain.
Lord of Hosts, etc.

YACHTING.

By F. W. Coombes (The Reefer).

WHETHER or not the old Phœnicians, wonderful mariners that they were, ever indulged in the pastime of yachting is not recorded, although it is extremely probable that this was the case with these lovers of the sea. Nor can there be much doubt but that the Greeks also

H. Winkelmann, HOME BAY—A FAVOURITE RENDEZVOUS. *Photo.*

gave considerable time to the sport, judging by the spirited accounts which have reached us from those distant centuries of the great trireme races. Long years after, when an Englishman, named Pett, visited the Mediterranean, the scene of these old time encounters, he paid great attention to the picturesque craft turned out by the Venetians and Genoese, and on his return to England is recorded to have built the first yacht. This progenitor of the present enormous fleet of pleasure craft was christened the *Disdain*, and is described as a handsome little vessel, although her measurements, viz., twenty-eight feet long by twelve feet beam, strike us moderns as rather odd.

Probably the first yacht race in England, certainly the first of which we have any record, was on October 1st, 1661, when Charles II. sailed off a match against his brother, the Duke of York. This was over

a course from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, and was for a hundred guineas aside, the King's yacht proving successful. The Thames must have presented a very different

C. Hemus, MR. ROBT. LOGAN, *Photo.*

Head of Firm of Logan Bros., builders of Rainbow, Thelma, Mercia, etc.

sight in those days to what it does now, when yachts attempting to race over this part of the river would have but a sorry time of it.

The Royal Cork Yacht Club, or as it was then called, the Water Club of the Harbour of Cork, was founded in 1720, and thus ranks as the oldest yacht club in existence. Some of the regulations applying to the members in those early days possess a quaint humour all their own. Thus we read: "That for the future, unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremptory," which would suggest that the members were inclined towards conviviality. Evidently yachtsmen of that day were also given to wearying their friends with all sorts of tales of alleged prowess on the main, for we note in the old rules "That such members of the club, or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner be fined a bumper."

It was not, however, until 1815, a year famous in English history, for it was then the great Corsican met with his final overthrow at Waterloo, that a number of gentlemen founded that world-famous club now known as the Royal Yacht Squadron, and from that time the pastime has increased to immense proportions. A love of the water has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and, therefore, it is small wonder to find that wherever the people have settled this fondness for aquatics has always obtained. In the United States, in Canada, in India, China and Japan may be found devotees, but in no other part of the world has it secured a greater hold than in the Australasian Colonies. Climatic influences, as well as eminently suitable surroundings,

J. Hubert Newman, Photo., *Sydney.*

MR. C. BAILEY,

Builder of Bona, Laurel, Meteor, etc.

have also largely helped to develop these inherited tendencies.

It is, however, more with yachting in New Zealand that the present article is intended to deal, although, of course, it is practically

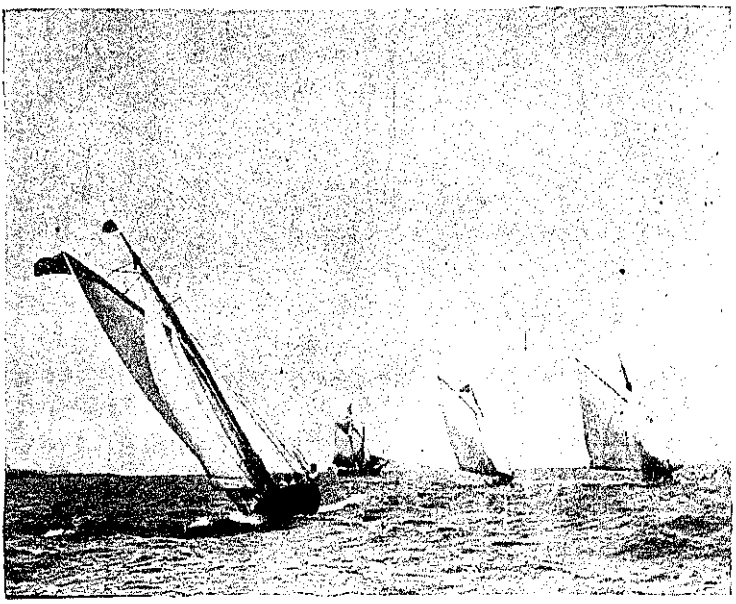
impossible to do justice to the subject in such narrow limits. In both Islands the sport has many followers, although, curiously enough, there hardly seems to be that spirit of rivalry between North and South which is to be found in other branches of sport.

Brought up on that famous stronghold of yachting, the Clyde, as so many of the early residents of Dunedin were, it is small wonder to find the Otago Yacht Club a flourishing institution. Unfortunately the city itself lies some distance from the ocean, and the long arm of the sea leading up past Port Chalmers to Dunedin is not particularly well suited to the pastime, many of the bays being very shallow, while sudden gusts from the lofty surrounding hills prove treacherous. Still a good deal of fun is obtained, a shallow type of boat proving the most popular. The *Thelma*, a 2½-rater, built by Bailey, of Auckland, for Mr. S. S. Bannister, has proved herself the champion of the district, and her sporting owner has twice taken the crack north to Lyttelton, where she has proved victorious. Dunedin also boasts a model yacht club, and by those who cannot afford a big boat it is surprising what an amount of sport can be got out of the miniature racers.

Although many good trials of strength take place at Port Lyttelton during the season, yet the big annual Regatta is the great feature. This aquatic carnival is attended by thousands of people from Christchurch and the surrounding districts, and is probably the biggest function of its kind in New Zealand. Special trains are run and heavy loads of excursionists conveyed down to the Port to witness the racing. A club also exists at Akaroa.

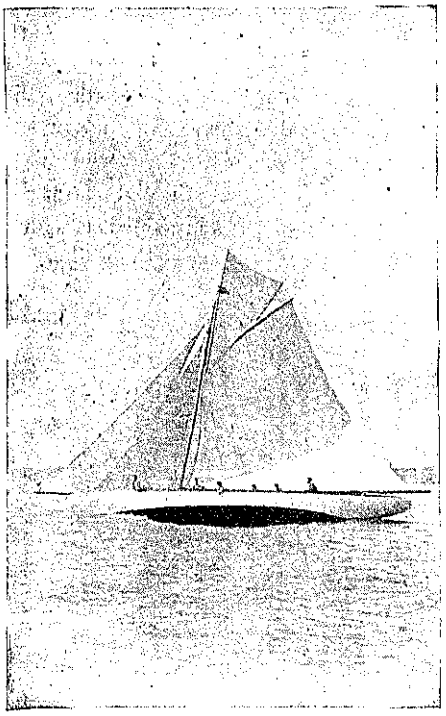
At the Empire City yachting is looked after by the Port Nicholson Yacht Club and the Arawa Sailing Club. The former chiefly devotes its energies to the bigger classes, and possesses a good fleet. Of these *Waitangi*, *Maritana* and *Ngaire* among the big fellows, and *Rona*, *Atlanta*, *Kotiri*, *Mahaki*, *Mahina* and *Mapu* in the smaller ships, are perhaps best known. Mr. A. H. Turnbull holds the position of commodore, and Mr. J. B. Speed hon. secretary. The "Ports" are also allied to the Thorndon Yacht Club, which boasts a very comfortable club house.

The Arawa Sailing Club is also a very live institution, Mr. T. Collins, the hon. sec.,



H. Winkelmann, OFF FOR A CRUISE. *Photo.*

keeping things going, and there have been many good encounters between *Miru*, *Dauntless*, *Ruru* and Co.



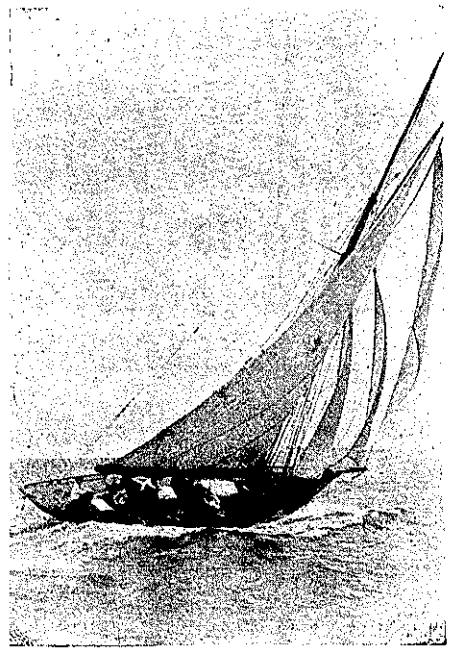
H. Winkelmann, Photo.

THE RAINBOW.

Intercolonial Champion.

It is, however, in Auckland that yachting has its greatest stronghold, and the reason for this is not far to seek. It is extremely problematical that any harbour in the world possesses finer facilities for cruising than can be obtained in the Hauraki Gulf. Port Jackson is justly famed as a great anchorage and a beauty spot, but in the opinion of yachtsmen it must lie far behind its sister of the Waitemata. The Clyde and the Solent cannot for a moment challenge comparison with this ideal cruising ground. Stretching far away to the northward past Whangaparoa, Kawau, Waiwera and Mahurangi is a peaceful sea, whose slumbers are guarded to the eastward by those mighty bulwarks, the Great Barrier and Cape Colville. What an infinity of sheltered havens are to be found in this yachtsman's paradise, many of them veritable dreams of loveliness! Then again, for more extended cruising there is Whangarei with its orchards, Russell with its suggestions of the olden days, and its bay of a hundred islands, beautiful Whangaroa and its reminiscences of the massacre of the *Boyd*, and Mangonui—all well worth visiting, and all possessing numerous and most picturesque anchorages on their own account.

The Auckland Yacht Club, although founded some years earlier, started its present successful career in 1881, and may now be considered one of the most powerful clubs in the Southern Hemisphere. Mr. J. Wiseman (*Matangi* yawl) is the present commodore, and is an extremely popular officer, while Mr. G. H. Bellamy, the hon. secretary, makes a very able first lieutenant. Among nearly fifty yachts on the roll are some very up-to-date specimens, and, therefore, each season witnesses plenty of good and exciting racing. The Parnell Sailing Club and North Shore Sailing Club also help



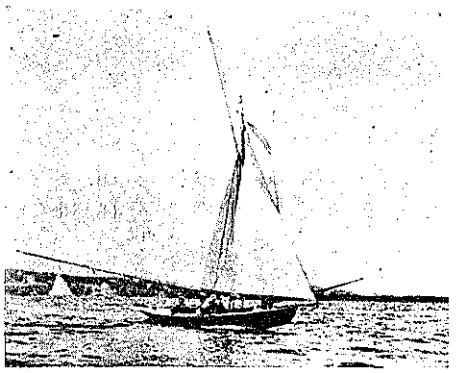
H. Winkelmann, Photo,

THE THELMA.

to make matters very lively during the summer months on the Waitemata.

Some three seasons ago when the writer, who for many years was closely identified

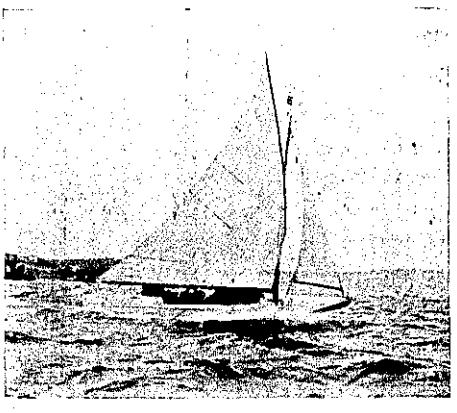
with the sport in Sydney, came to Auckland to reside, he was naturally much struck with the many fine yachts belonging to the Port. At that time, and for some two years previously, the crack yacht of her class in Port Jackson was *Bronzewing*, a 2½-rater built by the great Scottish designer Watson. This smart little racer's great deeds had virtually extinguished the class which she



THE LAUREL.

Intercolonial Champion One-Rater.

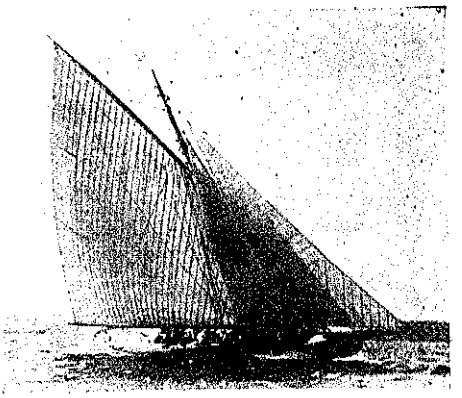
represented, as no other could approach her for speed. In Auckland, however, there was a yacht with a somewhat similar reputation, this being the 30-footer *Meteor*. The writer immediately conceived the idea of an Intercolonial match between these champions. Mr. A. T. Pittar, the owner of the Aucklander, and a very keen enthusiast, was immediately willing to cross the Tasman Sea, while the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron at once



Swain & Co., Photo., *Sydney.*

THE EX-AUCKLANDER MERCIA.

A constant winner in Sydney.



Swain & Co., Photo., *Sydney.*

THE IONA.

accepted the challenge on behalf of *Bronzewing*. Very great interest was taken in the encounter, but up to the last Sydney yachtsmen refused to believe in the possibility of defeat for their favourite, whose sail plan was altered, and improvements made in every possible way. The result of the encounter came as a surprise to the water-loving folk on the other side, for in the races *Meteor* completely outsailed her rival, winning the match very easily.

H. Winkelmann, A DUCKING IMMINENT. *Photo.*

Another race of an Intercolonial character occurred during the following season. This was a championship for one-raters, and took place in the Waitemata, when the local fleet were opposed by Mr. Rymill's *Geisha*, of the Royal South Australian Yacht Squadron, and Mr. S. Hordern's *Bronzewing IV.*, of the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. Victory, however, rested with the Aucklander *Laurel*,

a boat built and owned by Mr. C. Bailey, after a hard fight with *Bronzewing* and *Mercia*.

And now again this season has Auckland shown her supremacy, when Mr. Pittar once more crossed over to Sydney with his racing cutter *Rainbow*, and defeated all comers at the New South Wales Anniversary Regatta. The winning yacht, which was built by Logan Brothers, further enhanced her reputation by somewhat easily outstripping *White Wings* in a match. The latter cutter belongs to Mr. S. Hordern, a Sydney millionaire, and is from the designs of W Fife, who, it will be remembered, turned out the America Cup challenger *Shamrock*. In connection with the last Intercolonial Race in Sydney, a good object lesson may be drawn as to the superiority of Auckland builders by the fact that out of six competitors in the big yacht race no less than five hailed from the Waitemata.

Much might be written of the joys of a cruise in the Hauraki, and other New Zealand yachting grounds, and truly in the later summer months an idle jaunt in these placid waters must be a near approach to the lotos eater's paradise. What wonderful effects of sea and sky! The dim grey dawn first heralds the coming of the day, and then, as the golden streamers shoot upwards, and the sun god rises from the bed of waters, a faint zephyr will steal along the surface of the ocean, which immediately scintilates like a myriad diamonds. Then, as the haze disperses, the emerald islets one by one steal into view and complete a perfect picture. But the yachtsman is a prosaic mortal, and is more concerned with the prospect of breakfast than in any study of wonderful atmospheric effects, and surely the countless millions of the finny tribe are ready at hand —a fisherman's heaven! Then, after a refreshing dip, the anchor is weighed and sail hoisted, and once more the good ship is bowling along before the breeze, until some other charming islet haven is reached. As the night closes in and "the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," while everywhere is peaceful stillness, broken only by a laugh from the deck, where the smokers lounge and gossip, surely, then, it must seem that there are worse ways of spending a holiday in New Zealand than in yachting!

H. Winkelmann, THE DINGHY FLEET ASHORE. *Photo.*

Little Fairy Shining Eyes.

By Annie Bower Poynter.

Illustrated by Clara Singer Poynter.

For the Children.

ONE hot Sunday afternoon in midsummer, little Philippa Vane sat in her father's stable loft and wished there never was such a day as Sunday. She leant idly back against the sweet-smelling hay, and gazed across the narrow passage-way that even her short legs almost spanned, at the pile on the other side. Upon her knees lay her prayer book, open at the catechism her father had set her to learn as her Sunday task, but how could she think of such dry, dry things when the birds would twitter outside, and the bees hum on and on with a drowsy, warm, sun-shiny sound, as though inviting her to come and join them? Even the scent of the hay distracted her, making her think of horses and waggons, and glorious rides at harvest time, the delightful picture being intensified by the steady munch, munch from the stable below as her father's pretty bay mare contentedly finished her dinner.

Now a little voice somewhere inside her would whisper that the hay loft was not the very best place in the world in which to try and learn her catechism when these distracting sounds would not stop, but the thought of the dark, quiet dining-room made her shudder. Her father, the Reverend Frederick Vane, would be sitting in his study she knew, resting after his morning service, and reading those very clever, dry, good books that filled her with a horrid feeling of awe whenever she saw them, but then he liked reading them—being so very clever and so very stern, and could stop whenever he felt inclined to—she was sure he never thought of that.

Once more she tried to fix her thoughts on the task before her, but the words seemed to slip round and round, and with weary arms thrown under her head, and slowly drooping eyes, she sank down again on her fragrant bed.

"Little girls," she thought rebelliously, "should never have clergymen for their fathers, or, if that could not be helped, then clergymen should never, never, under any circumstances, have little girls!"

By which train of reasoning, it will be plainly seen that little Miss Philippa Vane was fast drifting to the Land of Nod. But hovering on the borders of that sometimes very pleasant land, a mysterious sound fell lightly on her ears, and with wide open eyes she sat bolt upright in a moment. Now the sound she heard was nothing but a soft rustle in the hay, and if she had not been quite, quite sure, she might have thought it was only the straw behind her yielding as she leant further back upon it, but she *knew* it came from the pile upon the other side!

She looked from one side to the other, listening intently, and pinched her arm vigorously to make sure she was not asleep. But she was as wide awake as any little girl could be.

Then the sound came again, a quiet, stealthy movement, and with a sudden gasp little Philippa beheld a pair of large, shining

amber eyes watching her steadily through the straw. Speechless, she returned the gaze, but she had no need to ask what it was. Had she not read, and thought and dreamt of fairies ever since she thought and dreamt of anything? Then, fearful lest the first, the very first one she had ever really seen, should slip away without a single word, she clasped her hands together and whispered softly:

"Do *please* speak, dear little fairy Shining Eyes!"

and excitement tingling through her right down to her very toes, she sat on and on, and thought and thought. What would her father say when he heard of it?—who always frowned and said "ridiculous nonsense" whenever she spoke of fairies; and Mrs. Broadway, the housekeeper, she wouldn't smile indulgently any longer, and say such little people only lived in story-books. But she would wait a little, and then when she had found out something more, what a surprise they would get!

SHE SANK DOWN AGAIN ON HER FRAGRANT BED.

But alas, alas, at the sound of her voice the great round eyes vanished, and nothing was heard save faintly flying feet!

For several moments, so bitter was her disappointment, little Philippa felt ready to burst into tears, but the many stories she had read came to her aid, and she remembered that fairies were often very, very shy, and she would have to stay very still, and perhaps watch for days and days, and then—after that—something was sure to happen.

With a wonderful feeling of delightful joy

The catechism was repeated very, very badly that evening, and little Philippa's father told her severely he was both shocked and amazed.

Very early the next morning she climbed up into the loft again, and watched and waited until the ringing of the breakfast bell warned her imperatively that she must return to the house, but not even the smallest sound had greeted her listening ears, and when she returned again in the afternoon, after her lessons were over, her patience still went unrewarded.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed in the same monotonous way, little fairy Shining Eyes still making no sign. Full of hope, little Philippa would cross the yard with flying feet, only to return after an interval of weary waiting, with lagging steps and downcast face.

On Thursday, however, her hopes rose again with a sudden bound. She saw nothing, but she once more heard a distinct, a most distinct little bustle. Reassured, she sat in breathless silence, feeling sure little fairy Shining Eyes was peeping down upon her from some corner, although, as yet, she did not deign to make her small person known. But it was quite enough to fill little Philippa with fresh delightful anticipations. What visions flitted through her brain for the rest of the day! She sat over her lessons as though in a dream, and kindhearted Miss Frost, her long-suffering daily governess, grew quite concerned about her, thinking she must surely be unwell—it was so unlike Philippa to let her tongue rest for such an unheard of period as five minutes at a stretch; indeed, poor Miss Frost was generally quite worn out trying to keep the Reverend Frederick Vane's little daughter quiet long enough to learn any lessons at all. But how was she to know fairies lived in the stable loft?

The following day, suddenly, without any warning, little Philippa was confronted by the amber eyes again! This time she made no attempt to speak, but simply sat in an ecstasy and wondered if any little girl had ever been as lucky before! She was quite sure it must have been at least three minutes, though at the time it seemed hours and hours, that the big eyes were fixed upon her, then, as silently as before, they again vanished. But she had only heard little fairy Shining Eyes the day before, and this time she had actually seen her again, so for the present she was quite content.

Saturday was the nicest day in the whole week—with no lessons, and no catechism, and little Philippa made up her mind to spend every single hour of it in the loft. She was not going empty handed, however, for how could anybody be *quite* sure that fairies always dressed in gossamer and rose-leaves? Perhaps if she knitted a *very* fine little petticoat—very fine and pretty, bright blue with a pink border—perhaps, who knew, when winter was coming and the weather grew cold, little fairy Shining Eyes *might* wear it—and then—and then—the Reverend Frederick Vane might change his mind about the pleasures of having a little daughter, if *fairies* would wear the petticoats she knitted!

So, much to Mrs. Broadway's astonishment, this changeable little lady followed her into the work-room, and asked for the thing she usually shunned above all others, especially on Saturday—some knitting needles and a ball of wool.

"Is it to make a new petticoat for Lady Sabina Jane?" she asked, looking down in bewilderment at Miss Philippa's demure little figure. "Why I thought with you, my dear, Saturday was the day for no work and all play, wasn't it?"

"It's too hot to play this morning!" Philippa answered, "and it is a petticoat I'm going to make, if you wouldn't mind casting on the stitches for me please, Mrs. Broadway." But she did not say it wasn't for Lady Sabina Jane, for Mrs. Broadway would not have understood. She would explain all about it by-and-bye.

So she got her knitting, and worked away in the hay all morning, and a more diligent, exemplary little girl it would have been difficult to find anywhere. When her hands got very hot and sticky she hung them down through the trap-door into the stable below, and then patted them on the straw beside her; and she conscientiously picked up every stitch she dropped. But though she worked and worked, stretching and smoothing out the little garment, and frowning over it in silent admiration, little fairy Shining Eyes was not to be enticed out that day.

But the next afternoon, when Sunday had come round once more, something startlingly unexpected did happen. Little Philippa had again brought up her prayer book, for her father had told her to learn again, and thoroughly, the lesson repeated so badly the

Sunday before, but how could she learn this Sunday afternoon any more than last when she, and she alone, knew of something nobody else even suspected.

Repeating the words mechanically, her eyes roving hither and thither watched for the slightest sign, and after a little while it came. With a louder rustle than any she had yet made, heralding her approach, little fairy Shining Eyes looked through the straw for the third time.

"IS IT TO MAKE A NEW PETTICOAT FOR LADY SABINA JANE?" SHE ASKED.

Now this was too much for little Philippa. Surely, surely when she appeared for the third time she would speak! So throwing her prayer book with all her former precautions to the winds, she moved softly across the narrow space between them, and with outstretched hands entreated:

"Dear, darling, beautiful little fairy Shining Eyes!" And little fairy Shining Eyes responded—not in a soft, low, fairy voice—but in an unexpectedly high, clear "mew!"

For one breathless moment little Philippa was stricken dumb with mingled disappointment and amazement. Was her beautiful, beautiful castle tumbling about her ears? Was little fairy Shining Eyes no fairy at all? Even as the thought flashed through her brain, little fairy Shining Eyes pushed through the straw and stepped down before her.

She was no fairy, but if anything could console little Philippa for that bitter discovery, it was to find her a beautifully friendly and engaging little cat.

It had always been one of the standing grievances of Philippa's small life that her father would not allow any cats at the Vicarage. "Detestable brutes!" he called them, and had sternly forbidden her to bring any about the place; but this little stranger had come of her own accord, and as little Philippa's hands gently stroked her silky coat, she purred in ever-increasing volume as she rubbed her soft tabby sides against the little girl's dress.

If any shred of disappointment still lingered in Philippa's heart, the one thing needful to dispel it happened at that moment. From amongst the hay rose a tiny piping voice, little fairy Shining eyes turning anxiously in the direction of the cry to assure herself it was not one of distress.

As for little Philippa—actually trembling with excitement, she was upon her knees before the straw in a moment, and by pulling some aside, and burying her fair head in the fragrant mass, she found a little round, warm nest with four little gently twitching, softly breathing grey balls.

Tenderly slipping her hands under the fluffy, round objects she raised them up, and clasping them to her, pressed her cheek against them, kissing them with almost inarticulate words of endearment, while little fairy Shining Eyes climbed into her lap and purred to keep them company.

This new discovery was far more than little Philippa could keep to herself; she must tell someone what she had found, but alas, the pitfall she invariably fell into was rushing through the first open door she came to, and pouring out her story to whoever she met inside, and this day was no exception to the rule. If she had been a wise little girl

she would have gone straight to Mrs. Broadway and poured everything out into her motherly ears, but—right in her very path, standing invitingly open, was the long French window of her father's study—it was irrestistible, and without a moment's pause she dashed headlong through it!

Now when the Reverend Frederick Vane retired to his study on Sunday afternoons, he said he was going for a quiet dip into his books, yet, strange as it may appear, when little Philippa so unexpectedly arrived upon the scene, his book lay limply in his white hand, while a silk pocket handkerchief had been thrown over his refined face to shut out both the light and the troublesome flies, as he lay with closed eyes in his easy chair.

With a sudden shock, you might almost have said it was a guilty start, he whisked the handkerchief off his face, and sat bolt upright.

"Oh, father!" little Philippa said breathlessly, "little fairy Shining Eyes isn't a fairy at all, but the beautifullest tabby cat with four sweet little angels of kittens—just the loveliest little dears!"

With a slow sweep of his hand, the Reverend Frederick Vane settled his glasses upon his nose, and fixed his eyes upon his small daughter with a cold and glassy stare.

"What atrocious nonsense is this, Philippa?" he demanded, noting her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, her pinafore pulled away, and the hay straws still sticking in her tumbled hair. "What disgraceful jumble is this about fairies and angels—cats and kittens? What does this shameful disorder mean? And on the Lord's day too! Go to your room this moment, and do not leave it until the hour for evening service; and never let me witness such a sight again! I am thoroughly ashamed of you!"

Poor little Philippa! For a while it was a very, very miserable little girl who sat in her room, and cried, and cried. But her tempests were always so very fierce they could not last any great length of time, and by degrees she grew calmer and began to think of other things. Kneeling down by the open window, she hung her tear-soaked little handkerchief out to dry, and propping her elbows on the sill she nursed her chin, as she meditated.

She must get little fairy Shining Eyes some milk—the milkman would give her some she knew, he was such a kind man—if she only took a little saucer for it, and she could get scraps of meat from the kitchen, heaps and heaps of them! How glad she was she hadn't told father they were up in the loft; and perhaps—perhaps—she might give the pink and blue petticoat to Lady Sabina Jane after all!

A GLIMPSE of the KING COUNTRY.

By Allen Hutchinson.

The Illustrations are from Photos. taken by the Author.

"THE King Country." What visions of the noble savage does that name inspire! There but a few years since, scarce a white man had penetrated, and there the Maori, living in his pristine seclusion, held his ground, if unconverted, at least untainted by what we call civilisation. "The Waikato." What inspiriting memories of the fighting Maori, the relentless foe, the splendid hater and the staunch ally, does the term call up! Those generations are no more, they have been gathered unto their fathers, their bones have been duly scraped, and we hope they are at rest.

PIRIMI TE PAHAU

Hapus, Ngatiwahino and Tuhourangi; Tribe, Te Arawa.
(Over ninety years of age).

OLD WOMAN

Hangia te Marama.
Hapu, Tuhourangi; Tribe, Te Arawa.

It is with mixed sensations that one is carried by the early train from Auckland, bound for the King Country of the present

day. The object of my journey is to study the Maori, and, if possible, secure some types of the race in "sculpture" relief. I have

RANGIPUATA
Waikato Tribe. (A cousin of King Mahutu).

with me my easel, a bucket of clay, with baggage for a month, and last, if not least, my wife. We are bent upon enjoying ourselves, and are prepared for anything that may come. The train is fairly comfortable, and the cultivated farm land for twenty miles outside Auckland is pleasing and cheerful. Beyond this, and till we join the Waikato at Mercer, we pass through a dreary stretch of sterile land, serving, however, as a good off-set to that river. As at length the train winds in and out along its fertile banks, showing pretty peeps of Maori villages, here and there, nestled among the trees, with river and canoe in the foreground, the Waikato is shown for what it is—a really grand stream. At Te Awamutu, just a hundred miles from Auckland, we are told we have entered the King Country. Here cultivation becomes scarce, and we enter a wild and more or less rugged country. This is still the home of the Maori who owns the land, and it is on this account that so little has been done to spoil a natural and interesting picture. It is the King Country as of yore, but the Maori, how changed is he! The *whare* has given place to the sawn timber house; the native dress has gone, and in its place—but it is needless to say more. Here I may state that the King Country is a misnomer as far as the native is concerned, for they are as civilised as in any other part of New Zealand.

Te Kuiti, the present terminus of the line, is our destination. The township, a single street made up of Maori billiard rooms, stores, and a large accommodation house, which is crowded, as it is race time, and bookmakers and jockeys are plentiful. Fortunately we have telegraphed for rooms. The surrounding country is wild and interesting, and the Maori villages scattered about give promise of models. It is a bad time to secure them, however, for the Maori is altogether interested

YOUNG NATIVE FROM TAUPO.

in the odds on the race course, and has no time for frivolous work. Te Kuiti boasts of one of the finest meeting houses in New

Zealand, its entrance and interior being richly carved, elaborating historical events, and has more than one wooden statue of great interest. Such a *whare runanga* must be of priceless value, and future generations will regret the inevitable decay and destruction to which it is doomed, and which is already in progress.

The friendly Arawa tribe of the hot lake district, I found much more amenable for my purpose than the natives of the King Country. I was also fortunate in finding other models staying there from different districts. I was thus able to combine a good variety at Rotorua, securing the six types which illustrate this article, and which form the first of a series that I hope to complete from other districts in New Zealand.

I am particularly struck with the resemblance the Maori bears to his Hawaiian

PAREHINGAWATEA

Hapu, Tarabaiahi; Tribe, Te Arawa.

cousin. This is not only in language and idiosyncrasies, but also in feature, so much so that it is easy to recognise the same variety of type in both people. The Maori has the advantage in force of character; this may be owing to the colder and more bracing climate of New Zealand.

YOUNG BOY OF TE ARAWA TRIBE.

It is sad to see the decadence of the race in comparing the old generation with the new; this was very evident in my contact with the various ages. I noticed how the word of the old could be relied upon, how willing they were to suffer the tedious sitting, and do their part to help me. With the younger ones it was the reverse, they were unreliable and lacked character. From whatever cause this may arise no one who has studied them could fail to observe it, and I must draw the conclusion that the Maori, like all primitive people who come in contact with the white man, is rapidly losing his identity, and he will develop in course of time a different type of feature and character. Surely it is a privilege, while we yet have the opportunity, to hand down to posterity that which still remains, of what is most vigorous and noblest, in a race which has been called the noblest savage in the world!"

LITERARY CHAT.

By Danvers Hamber.

Several books about Egypt and the Egyptians have made their appearance since the defeat of the Khalifa Abdallah by Sir Francis Wingate's force last November. Mr. Silva White in his *Expansion of Egypt*, published by Methuen and Co., gives a thoroughly accurate and carefully complete account of what Great Britain has done for the country since she stepped in and prevented the absolute ruin that threatened the land of the Fellah. It is reported that Nubar Pasha once said that Egypt's greatest needs were justice and water. Mr. White's book proves that the English gave the people justice, and that the water question is always receiving attention which is ever increasing. The author tells how the arduous work has been carried out, notwithstanding tremendous difficulties, and he shows how British perseverance surmounted the obstacles formed by the long continued system of bribery and corruption that bid fair to sap the fertile country of its vitality. Mr. White believes in Egypt for the English, he will hear nothing of evacuation, for under British influence the country of the Pharoahs is indeed a land of promise. Mr. W. Basil Worsfold has written an entertaining work on Egypt entitled *The Redemption of Egypt*. It is profusely illustrated with beautiful reproductions, reflecting the highest credit on the publisher, George Allen. Like Mr. White, Mr. Worsfold is intensely patriotic, and seeing that Great Britain has done so much for Egypt, he says: "Those Englishmen who think it right to assume an apologetic air when they refer to the continued presence of England in Egypt are either ignorant of the facts, or misinterpret the principles of international morality upon which censures are based." The book is really a description of a recent travel through the country, and it must be said that Mr. Worsfold recounts his experiences and formulates his conclusions in excellent manner.

At the beginning of the year the Egyptian Exploration Fund published the Second Part of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, edited by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. There is a wealth of material for the classical scholar, who will find that the decipherers of the *papyrus* have performed their task most admirably. The difficulties they had to overcome and the merit of their work can be estimated by a careful examination of the photographs which are reproduced, showing the state of the original documents which had to be interpreted. Those poor mortals of the nineteenth—or is it the twentieth?—century who suffer from neuralgia or the tortures of toothache, and are continually being told that those afflictions are entirely modern complaints, may perhaps find consolation here. The ancient Greeks suffered from ear-ache. A miscellaneous fragment of *papyrus*, evidently part of a collection of Greek medical prescriptions, contains a few certain cures for ear-ache: "Dilute some gum with balsam of lilies, and add honey and rose extract. Twist some wool with the oil in round a probe, warm, and drop in"; "Pound Myrrh and alum in equal quantities and insert"; "Rinse with warm onion juice." Down to the present day the heart of a boiled onion is said to be a specific for an excruciating ear-ache.

Mr. Alleyne Ireland, an American writer, has recently published through Messrs. Macmillan and Co. a work which should be of great value to those politicians who are interested in the important question of colonisation. Without a doubt this is one of the questions of the day, and though Mr. Ireland's book *Tropical Colonisation* has as its *motif* the furtherance of American colonisation, it is a thoroughly independent study of the subject, and must, therefore, commend itself to practical men of European nationalities. England, Germany, France, Russia and Austria are compelled to consider the colonial expansion policy very deeply just now, and as the main fields for future settlement lie in the tropics, Mr. Ireland's book is published at an opportune time. The author gained his personal experience in a British colony, British Guiana, and as aids to his own knowledge, has made a careful study of the history, and a close examination of the methods of tropical colonisation in other parts of the globe. In the result he has produced a highly interesting work, a book not only of value to the layman, but one to be carefully studied by those high in authority in the colonial departments of all European governments. One chapter of the book, Trade and the Flag, commands the attention of the English-speaking public. Mr. Ireland states that "the British colonies and possessions are establishing their commercial independence of the United Kingdom, for (*a*) the United Kingdom is receiving a less proportion of their exports from year to year; (*b*) the United Kingdom is sending them a less proportion of their imports from year to year." Then again the author says: "During the past twenty years the United States have been more important to the United Kingdom as a source of supply than the whole of the British Empire. Taking the British Empire as a whole—exclusive of the United Kingdom—we find that, man for man, the people of the United States are better customers of the United Kingdom than the people of the British Empire, each American buying annually 1.50dol. worth of English goods, and each colonial subject 1.02dol. worth." Dividing the British colonies and possessions into two classes, tropical and non-tropical, Mr. Ireland says that the last named export to the United Kingdom goods to the value of 23.18dol. per head of population, while the value per head of the exports of tropical colonies is only 66 cents. The non-tropical colonies consume per head 12.32dol. worth of English goods, and the tropical colonies 71 cents.' worth per head per year. In concluding this chapter the author says: "There is no evidence in the above facts that trade follows the flag, in the sense that possession of a country produces any extraordinary development of trade between the dependency and the dominant country. On the other hand, when the alternative lies between possessing a given territory, or allowing it to pass to the control of a nation which will erect formidable barriers against the trade of foreign states, possession is the only effective method of assuring a fair proportion of trade to the interested country."

Mr. A. C. Benson, who has given to the world an excellent *Life* of his distinguished father, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, has also compiled a volume of *Prayers, Public and Private*, composed by his illustrious parent. Sometimes Dr. Benson's prose was terse and rugged, but generally he wrote with a telling simplicity. There are some hymns in the collection, some are good and some are not good poetry, and it seems a rather unfilial act to preserve that one commencing with the following verse:

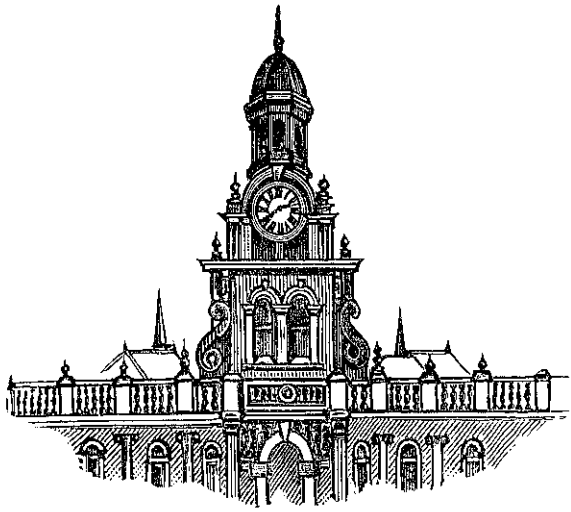
> Hushed the storms that lately ravéd,
> O'er the earth no armed roar;
> Full upon the House of David
> Shines the Bright and Morning Star.

This stanza shows that an Archbishop should be very careful when "dropping into poetry." Unlike Silas Wegg, he cannot inspire an immortal reputation as a poet by so doing.

At a time when wireless telegraphy is interesting scientists and puzzling the less-learned portion of humanity, Mr. J. J. Fahie's *History of Wireless Telegraphy*, published by Messrs. Blackwood, is issued at an appropriate moment. It will be startling news to the majority of readers to discover that the idea of wireless telegraphy is as nearly ancient history as is the system of the electric telegraph. The famous electrician, Professor D. E. Hughes—whose death has been announced since Mr. Fahie's book came from the press—wrote a letter to the author telling of some experiments he made over twenty years ago. He then succeeded in transmitting electric signals without connecting wires up to a distance of five hundred yards. The Professor avowed the results achieved to be due to actual aerial electric waves, which were undiscovered up to that time; but Sir George Stokes, who was one of the scientific witnesses of the tests, believed that they could be accounted for by known electro-magnetic induction effects. Professor Hughes was so disappointed at his failure to make Sir George Stokes believe, that he determined to say nothing about his discovery until he could give a perfect scientific demonstration of the existence of aerial electric waves. The eminent Hertz made public the result of his experiments about 1888, and then Professor Hughes thought it was too late to say anything about his own trials. What Hughes indicated, and Hertz improved upon, Marconi has perfected; yet it is practically certain that if Sir George Stokes had not thrown cold water on the aerial wave theory, the honour of being the discoverer of wireless telegraphy would have rested with the late Professor David Edward Hughes.

Mr. Harold Gorst, son of Sir John Gorst, is about to add to his literary laurels by the publication of a *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*. The work will be produced by Messrs. Blackie and Co., and will form a volume of the "Victorian Era Series," published by the well-known Edinburgh and London firm. Mr. Gorst will forestall Lord Rowton, whose authorised life of the famous statesman, politician and novelist, is a long time in making its appearance. Of course Mr. Gorst is too young a man to be able to write from a personal knowledge of Lord Beaconsfield, and, therefore, his book must perforce be somewhat lacking in interest. But he wields a brilliant pen, and as he will have had the advantage of his father's reminiscences of the great Tory leader, the work is certain of appreciation. Mr. Gorst, who is one of the editors of a new weekly review, is also engaged upon a book dealing with England's interest in China.

The Incorporated Society of Authors has inaugurated a scheme which is meeting with much attention and consideration from authors at Home. The proposal is to raise a sum of money which shall be used in the payment of pensions, and thus do away with the system of donations followed by the Society previously. The pensions are not to be less than £30 or more than £100 per annum, and they are not to be awarded to anyone who is under the age of sixty. They will be given for life, but in certain circumstances may be discontinued if the Committee of the Society should consider such a course desirable. Of the money raised for this pension scheme two-thirds will be added to the capital of the pension fund, while the remainder may be devoted to the payment of pensions, or may be used in the purchase of annuities to provide for the pensions granted. Some well-known writers have expressed themselves in favour of the scheme, and amongst those who have already sent in subscriptions are Mr. Anthony Hope, who has given £200, and Messrs. George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, Gilbert Parker, Douglas Freshfield and Sir Walter Besant, who have each donated £100. Then a large number of literary men have promised annual subscriptions to the fund, so there is no doubt that the object meets with general approval. The cordial response made by successful authors shows the "fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind."



SONG

"The Chimes of Wellington."

I.

Ring on, ye Chimes of Wellington,
Ring deep in heart and brain!
Your surging waves of melody
In pleasing rhyme roll over me;
And answering chords of Memory
Re-vibrate to the strain
That rang through Hope's delicious prime,
Through Friendship's glow, and through
Of Love's rare-raptured pain. [the time
Then chime, ye bells of Wellington,
Again, and yet again:—

"Love, Hate, Life, Death,
Joy, Grief, and Pain;
Time is but breath,
And Pleasure vain."

Chime—Chime—Chime!
Bells of Wellington,
Bells of Wellington,
Chime glad hours away!

II.

Ay, chime, ye bells of Wellington,
Though hearts be sad and sore.
Your song is now a threnody,
For once fond friends are false to me,
And Faith, and Love, and Loyalty
Now dwell on earth no more.
Your harsh repellent chime to me
Will tell a tale of misery
Till Life's sad dream is o'er!
Prophetic bells of Wellington,
Chime on for evermore:—

"Love, Hate, Life, Death,
Joy, Grief, and Pain;
Life is but breath,
And Pleasure vain!"

Chime—Chime—Chime!
Bells of Wellington,
Bells of Wellington,
Chime our lives away!

J. Liddell Kelly.

Music and the Drama.

Professor Carl Schmitt.

By the death of Professor Carl Schmitt, the musical world of New Zealand loses a most distinguished ornament. Though for nearly the whole of the past twenty years he was closely associated with Auckland, he made his influence felt over a far wider area, and

Hanna, PROFESSOR CARL SCHMITT. *Photo*

his departure for the Unknown Land leaves a void that cannot easily be filled. Carl Schmitt was a son of Dr. Aloys Schmitt, a well-known German authority on music, who was at one time Hoff Kappelmeister at Munich. That position in the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is held by the late Professor's brother, Herr Aloys Schmitt.

It was some time in the early sixties when Carl Schmitt first came to New Zealand, and after a short stay in Auckland he journeyed to Tasmania, where he became musical director and honorary aide-de-camp to Sir Frederick Weld, the then Governor. Travelling to Sydney, he held the leadership of the Sydney Philharmonic Society and other important musical positions. He stayed some few years in the capital of New South Wales before returning home to Germany. There he found the climate too trying, and he returned to Sydney. It was then he met that scholar, musician and good fellow, the late Judge Fenton, who induced him to come to Auckland and take in hand the Auckland Choral Society. Arriving in the fair Northern City in 1881, he, by strenuous effort and marked ability, lifted the Society from a slough of despond, and made it one of the foremost musical societies in the colony. That position it still holds, thanks to Carl Schmitt's unceasing interest and kindly teaching. As a conductor he was masterly, and his kind and genial manner endeared him to the members of the societies with which he was connected, and to his many private pupils. Professor Schmitt had much to do with the formation of the Auckland Amateur Opera Club, he founded the Young Ladies' Orchestra, and was Lecturer on Music to the Auckland University up to the time of his death. He held honorary offices in great number, was in earlier years a keen volunteer, and was generally beloved by all with whom he came in contact. One can imagine that if he could have bid good-bye to all his friends, he would have said:

> "Give me a hand—and you—and you—
> And deem me grateful, and farewell!"

MDLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI

IT is very pleasing to know that Mademoiselle Trebelli is meeting with much the same sort of triumph in America as she gained during her tour of the Australasian Colonies last winter. The famous songstress created a very favourable impression on the occasion of her first visit to New Zealand, and the reception given her by the music-loving public was very cordial. But it was mild in comparison to the warm greeting she received last year. Commencing in Auckland Mademoiselle Trebelli went through the colony right away to Invercargill, and every concert was attended by large crowds of delighted listeners. In Sydney and Melbourne it was the same, and at Hobart the *artiste* was presented with a laurel wreath made of Tasmanian gold as a souvenir of her triumphal progress in Tasmania. That wreath will always be cherished by the accomplished soprano as an evidence of artistic appreciation. Long before she reached America the big cities were heralding her coming with rapture, and according to accounts they have not been disappointed. Disappointment was

Iles, Photo. MDLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI. *Auckland, N.Z.*

impossible, for on the concert platform Mademoiselle Trebelli's voice is at its best. Though hardly powerful enough for operatic work, but absolutely charming in style and delivery, her singing will live long in the memories of those who have been privileged to hear her—the gifted daughter of a talented mother.

Iles, Photo. MRS J. MILBURN *nee* MAUD BEATTY. *Auckland, N.Z*

MISS MAUD BEATTY (MRS. J. MILBURN). IT is only truth to say that when play-goers heard that the popular young New Zealander, Miss Maud Beatty, was about to retire from the stage, they were greviously disappointed. Miss Beatty has been married some months now, but still we miss the clever "boy" who largely helped to make successes of many of Mr. Tom Pollard's productions. Miss Beatty was for more than eight years a member of the Pollard Company, and during that time there never was a more hard-working or painstaking young lady. Beloved by her fellow workers, she was admired by the public, and it would have been hard to find a more popular actress on the Australasian stage at the time of her retirement. Some idea of Miss Beatty's work can be gained by a glance at her very extensive *repertoire*. During her eight years' career she played the following parts: Peter Blobbs in "An Adamless Eden," Genii of the Ring in "Aladdin," Charlie Goldfield in "A Gaiety Girl," Boccaccio in the comic opera of that

name, William in that silly concoction "Saucy Susie," Prince Eucalyptus in "Djin-Djin," The Chevalier in "Erminie," Boleslas in "Falka," Captain Vladimir in "Fatinitza," The Pirate King in "Girofle-Girofla," Mad Nance in "Handy Andy," Lord Clanside in "In Town," Pippo and Frettelini in "La Mascotte," Madame Hilarius in "La Poupee," Sergeant Verto in "Madame Favart," Buckingham in "Nell Gwynne," Mdlle. Lange in "Madame Angot," Valentine in "Olivette," the title *rôle* in "Paul Jones," Grosvenor in "Patience," Fairy Queen in "Prince Bulbo," Captain Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw in "H.M.S. Pinafore," Hans in "Rip Van Winkle," Captain Robert in "Tambour Major," Pirate King and Frederick in "The Pirates of Penzance," Guiseppe in "The Gondoliers," Katisha in "The Mikado," Manola in "The Princess of Trebizonde," De Montaland in "The Little Duke," Mrs. Honeycomb in "The Gay Parisienne," Abdallah in "The Forty Thieves," Don Luiz in "The Black Cloaks," Lady Hawser in "The French Maid," The Duchess and Captain Fritz in "The Merry War," The Marquis in "Les Cloches des Corneville," and George Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The foregoing is a rather heavy list of characters for such a young actress, but Miss Beatty always got through her work in excellent style. Possessing a powerful voice, an elegant figure and a handsome stage presence, she made a dashing "boy," and but for Cupid she might have made a reputation extending far beyond the borders of her native land.

appreciation bestowed by the critics is only a just reward given to true merit. It is stated that Miss Stewart is to appear in pantomime at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, next Christmas, but I should not be at all surprised to hear that she has gone in for comic opera. I know her desire leans in that direction, and as a wilful woman generally has her way—especially if she is pretty and clever—Melbourne may wake up one fine morning, and be all agog to hear and see Miss Nellie Stewart in the latest London successes in the way of comic opera.

Alfred Ellis, *Photo. London.*

MISS NELLIE STEWART.

The Clever, Charming Australian Actress, now in London.

Miss Nellie Stewart.

While it is to be regretted that ill-health prevented the charming Australian actress from keeping her place in the Drury Lane pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk," Australians are generally delighted to know that "our Nellie" is returning home to grace the Melbourne stage once more. Clever, *piquante* and sprightly, her success in London is not to be wondered at, and the generous

Mr. Arthur Styan.

The accomplished villain of the Bland Holt Company is a young English actor who has made a big success in the colonies. Off the stage he wears glasses, and if one could put him in a clerical frock coat the result would be the mildest-mannered young curate that ever stepped out of Lambeth Palace. As Caliban in "Women and Wine,"—a much over-rated play—he loses himself entirely;

so he does in "New Babylon," wherein he enacts the brainless stick-sucking masher. But where he plays the gentlemanly villain in some others of Mr. Bland Holt's complete *repertoire* of melodrama, one is struck by the

Talma & Co. *Photo., Sydney.*

MR ARTHUR STYAN.

sameness of his voice. As the blind, ruffianly and hypocritical beggar in "Life in London," he was excellent, and just as Miss Harrie Ireland was the perfection of graceful sinfulness in woman, so Mr. Styan fulfilled the *rôle* of the wicked man. I should say he could do even better things. He seems to have great ability, and with the rough edges of the file-like voice smoothed down, he might make a tender and sympathetic lover. I, for one, should be glad to see him play in something less lurid than the general run of Mr. Bland Holt's successful stories of tethered vice and harrassed virtue.

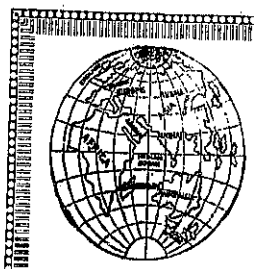
Mr. H. J. Ward.

It is not very often that a character actor of the calibre of Mr. H. J. Ward comes to New Zealand. Young, earnest and hard working, Mr. Ward must have a good future before him, even though he is now playing in pantomime at Sydney. With the Hoyt and McKee Company we New Zealanders only saw him in the character of an elderly man, but we witnessed enough to know that an excellent artist was strutting his fretful hour before us. In America Mr. Ward has met with constant success as a character actor, and wherever he has played he has received the highest praise for his undoubtedly painstaking work. In addition to his labours as an actor, Mr. Ward sketches in black and white with remarkable fidelity, and when I

Iles, Photo. MR HUGH J. WARD. *Auckland, N.Z.*

Who played Ben Gay in "A Trip to Chinatown," and Baron Sands in "A Stranger in New York," and creates the part of Maverick Brander in "A Texas Steer."

say that he is an adept at putting pen to paper, I shall not be saying anything less than the truth. Mr. Ward is versatile, and he is clever. It is to be hoped that he will not return to America for some time.



ROUND THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

FROM the Old Country comes the news of the deaths of several men of greater or less degree of notability. Sir Frederick Burton, erstwhile President and Director of the National Gallery, Sir William Lockhart, Mr. Raphael Tuck, and last, but certainly not least, Sir Henry Fairfax, whose visit to New Zealand ports in his capacity of Admiral of the Australian Naval Squadron will be well remembered. The Queen's visit to Ireland will be the next sensational event, and a godsend to our colonial press now that war cables have lost their piquancy, and begin to pall on our surfeited senses. The magnificent manner in which the War Loan was oversubscribed speaks volumes for the patriotic spirit and confidence of the British public in their own institutions. English journals, which in the past knew not New Zealand, are profusely eugolistic in their adoration of the loyalty of the little colony in general, and of stout Premier Seddon's opportune offer to support Lord Salisbury in his determination to carry out to the uttermost the purpose of the war, in particular.

THE TRANSVAAL.

AT the commencement of hostilities President Kruger is said to have given the Boers a fortnight to polish off the British. They had only to take Kimberley, Ladysmith and Mafeking and a few other positions of similar importance, and the thing was done. He had it all cut and dried for them, and the best biblical authority, according to his reading, for his surmises. Results have proved him a false prophet and an inaccurate expounder of Holy Writ. The end has not yet come, although it would appear to be within easy distance. The Free Staters have evidently had quite enough of it. It has at last struck them that the game is not worth the candle. The wonder is that this did not strike them before. It will take the Transvaalers a little longer, perhaps, to learn the same lesson, as they are notoriously unteachable, and prefer the dangerous course of kicking against the pricks, and thus learning by sad experience the knowledge which they might have acquired in a much less expensive and disastrous manner, if their dispositions had been only facile enough to assimilate it. Incomprehensible President Kruger, whose affectations of profound diplomacy appear to have a marvellous power of forcing themselves on to his follower's credulity, made peace proposals of such a bombastic nature that surely no one would have been more astonished than he, had they been accepted. His reason for doing so remains concealed in the sinuosities of his curiously constructed brain. He still adheres to his determination to accept no convention, but claims absolute independence. The imbecility of making a claim which there is no possible manner of supporting, has evidently not yet struck him. That conviction will come later. Baffled in his preposterous pacific schemes the irate old gentleman had recourse to the still more unwise policy of threats of all sorts of treacherous and unwarlike actions, such as filling trenches with women to prevent the British firing at them, torturing prisoners, etc., etc., which have been met with a deserved contempt.

Resources such as these conclusively prove that he is very near the end of his tether.

AUSTRALIA.

THE Australians are beginning to reap the first fruits of their patriotism. The Secretary of War is offering the different colonies a very liberal supply of artillery and infantry commissions, in order to fill up the many vacancies caused by Boer bullets. The war has already been very far-reaching in its effects. It has originated a spirit of militarism in the colonies which will be for their permanent good. A course of military discipline, taken at war time, is the best possible training that young men brought up to the wild free life away back can have. The Bubonic Plague is asserting itself more and more in Sydney, and will do so until the drastic measures now being played with are thoroughly carried out. Federation draws its slow length along. It is matter which cannot be settled off-hand. The delegates are having by no means an easy time of it. Amendments galore are being proposed by the law officers in the Commonwealth Bill, which the delegates for the most part are doing their utmost to oppose. Mr. Reeves, presumably at Premier Seddon's instigation, is fighting for a clause enabling any State in general—and New Zealand in particular—to come in at any time on the same terms that would be required if it joined at the first inception.

FRANCE.

THE animosity shown by France to England has curious and obviously weak outlets, as depicted by her vain appeals to Germany and Russia to take advantage of England's pressing business in South Africa to nobble Egypt, in order to fill in the time till she herself has built a fleet which will enable her to come in at the finish, and cause the utter collapse of the nation which, without some such salutary check, bids fair to rule the world. Ever prescient Stead has reviewed the situation of his country, and taking as an example a few of the early inexperienced reverses in the Transvaal, points out with what apparent ease the latter part of France's programme could be carried out. This, no doubt, will be encouraging to the would be victors, but is scarcely calculated to cause much dismay to the majority of his fellow countrymen, who have more faith in the resources of their country, and less prophetic knowledge of detail. Russia and Germany wisely declined to take a prominent part in the little scheme proposed, not wishing for any interruption in their present wrapt attitude of watching the course of events, and learning object lessons in nation building, while they have such an excellent chance.

AMERICA.

THERE does not appear as yet to be any diminution of that excessive and ambitious energy—that living at exceptionally high pressure which characterises our cousins over the water, and which able men have prophesied will tell, and eventually cause great deterioration of the race. The nation is at present progressing by leaps and bounds, by no means blindly, every step in their progress is marked with caution and an eye to the future. Not the least of the objects of the Nicaraguan Canal Treaty, drawn up by Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefort, is the idea of an Anglo-American alliance. The purchase of the Chatham Islands as a coaling station, and other moves in the same direction, are significant of careful provision for the future. One reads with a curious sense of the complete contrast to the prevailing scramble for the almighty dollar, of the founding of an Edward Bellamy Settlement in the vicinity of Chicago. The founder, the Rev. A. A. Keane, is confident of success in his attempt at equality in every respect, notwithstanding the fact that so many similar schemes have failed. He claims to have already educated his congregationalists up to the community-living point, and thinks the rest is easy. Time will show.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

The Article on "Wireless Telegraphy," announced to appear in this issue of THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, was not to hand in time. It will, therefore, appear next month. The subject is one of absorbing interest, owing to the immense possibilities it opens up, and also on account of the comparatively small amount of information yet available by the general reader regarding it.

Descriptive Articles on the following subjects by the pens of well known writers will appear in early numbers of the MAGAZINE :—

"A VISIT TO A NEW ZEALAND STUDIO."
"ALPINE EXPLORATIONS."
"ANTIQUITIES OF THE PACIFIC."
"SAMOA."
"THE INVASION OF WELLINGTON BY THE NGAPUHI LEAGUE IN 1817."
"A TRIP OFF THE BEATEN TRACK."
"OLD MUSICAL DAYS IN WELLINGTON."
"TROUT FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND."
"MAORI WHAREPUNIS"
"AUSTRALASIAN ATHLETICS."

Where possible these Articles will be well illustrated. There will also be a succession of able Articles on the principal questions of the day.

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS will continue from time to time his highly interesting Articles from the seat of War.

Amongst the short Stories to appear shortly, are—

"A VISION OF CORAL," by Miss Jessie Mackay.
"ANOTHER PRINCESS OF THULE," by Miss Sherriff Bain.
"HIGHER COURTS," An Indian Military Story, by Guy Scholefield.
"IN THE CHART ROOM," by Fabian Bell.
"A PRODUCT OF THE PLAINS," by Keron Hale, etc., etc.

It is intended next month to announce a Photographic Competition, in which Photographers (Amateur or Professional) will be invited to compete. The classes will include New Zealand Beauties, as well as all descriptions of New Zealand Scenery, and should prove exceptionally interesting.