Vol. I.—No. 10. 9d. [REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION AS A NEWSPAPER.] 9d. July, 1900.

THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Printed and Published by ARTHUR CLEAVE & Co., of Auckland, for the NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE Co.

THE THREE GUIDES.

Auckland, N.Z.

Pulman, Photo.,

The Good Old Times.

SOME NOTES ON PIONEER WELLINGTON.

By Forrest Ross.

A BUSY town whose crowded suburbs stretch long arms to the ocean and up the bare hills; a city whose great warehouses are built where the waves used to ebb and flow, and whose main street (Lambton Quay) follows the curve of the one-time beach; a splendid harbour where large ships can lie in safety but a few yards from the roads along which the trains thunder; a society that considers itself the *crème de la crème* of New Zealand, enriched by the presence of Parliament and vice-royalty; a city of to-day, fresher and purer than its greater elder sisters, yet aping their follies and their fashions—this is Wellington in nineteen hundred, *anno Domini*.

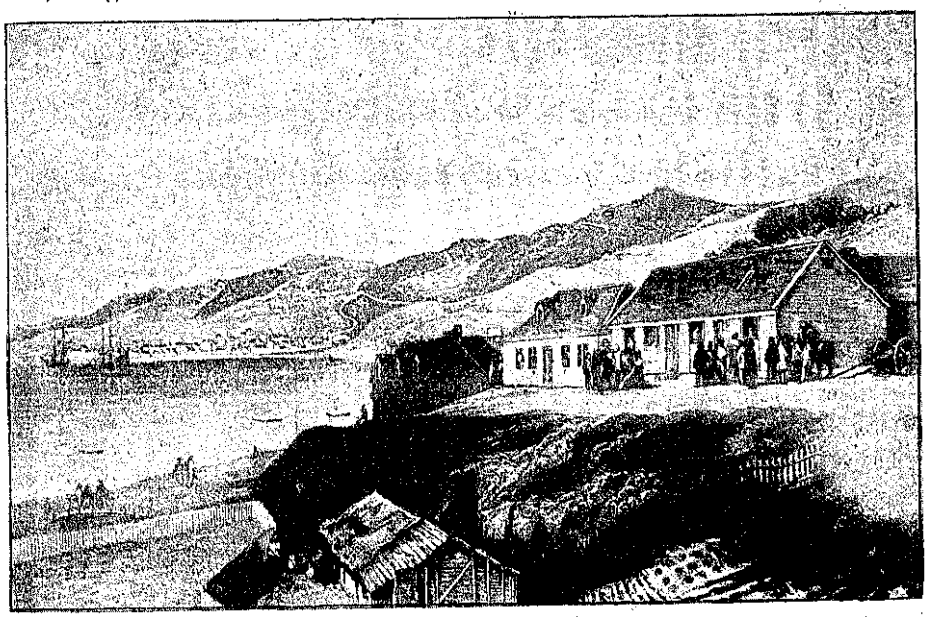
It is marvellous that only a little more than half-a-century has passed since the pioneer settlers anchored in the harbour, and looked at their new land. Perhaps, for voyages in those days were tedious, and floating palaces as yet unbuilt, any *terra firma* would have seemed fair to eyes tired of water and sky. But Port Nicholson, so named after the captain of the first ship that anchored in the harbour, must have been wonderfully beautiful in those early days. Beyond the curves of gleaming beach lay grassy slopes and clumps of native trees, where nestled picturesque huts. And further, encircling the flat, rose richly-wooded hills, musical with silver streams and songs of birds, and gorgeous in due season with unfamiliar blossoms. We dwellers in the Wellington of to-day can find it in our hearts to envy our pioneer ancestors. Our hills are bare and brown, and our trees are mostly ghastly scare-crows of their forest prototypes. Even where a survivor has been left for a time to beautify the bricks and mortar of civilisation it is generally chopped down at last to make room for gas-pipes or drains. So the scarlet tassels of the rata and the silver stars of the clematis have fled from the hills of Wellington. When the first contingent were being trained in their Karori camp we found, as we wandered on the hills and looked down on the men, some rata blossom, and yet Karori was said to be once covered with thick forest, and to be the only rural district in connection with Thorndon. But wild flowers are hard to find in any quantity near Wellington. Our bush has been sacrified by the pioneers to the fear of Maoris and of fire.

Capain Cook never was in Port Nicholson. He lay outside and scanned the rocks with a critical and disapproving eye, and sailed on for Queen Charlotte Sound, which he visited several times. The first settlers pitched their tents at Petone, but the vagaries of the Hutt River interfered with their plans, and they "flitted" to Pipitea, that part of Wellington we now call Thorndon. Here there was a Maori *pa*—indeed, Mr. Johnston's house in Hobson-street has taken its name from that fact. At Pipitea Point eventually were built the courts of justice and other kindred institutions, while another flat, further along, called Te Aro, was the commercial end of the town. The reason of this was that the latter was at the virtual head of the bay, and vessels could lie there at the various little wharves. To

Aro also had the proud distinction of possessing the gaol. The churches were divided—the Episcopal Church being not far from the courts of justice—and there were barracks at both ends of the town. To-day the conditions are little changed, and court and commerce keep their respective ancient positions.

It is curious with what diverse feelings the early settlers regarded the "ground where first they trod." Some pessimistic individuals, as they marked the wild country around and the dense bush to be cleared, thought Port Nicholson a most unpromising site for a town. Had there been ships to take them they would then and there have transported themselves and their misgivings to South America. Probably the infant colony would not have suffered by their departure. But these grumblers were the exceptions, and faith, hope and courage seemed to be common qualities in our pioneers. "Ah," says a dear frail old lady, with still a twinkle in her dark eye, "We girls had fine men to pick and choose from in the early days, far better than the young fellows whom you chatter and flirt with now. And let me tell you, girls, red shirts set off good figures vastly well, and we never minded if our partners at a dance didn't wear dress-clothes. If he wore a coat it was really more than we expected!"

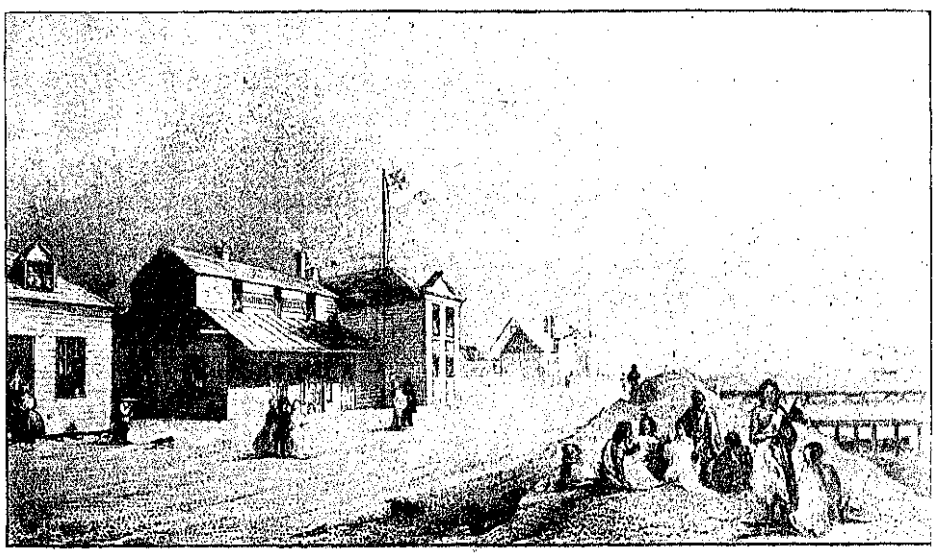
From some of the emigrants' letters home we gather their early impressions of Wellington: "It is a beautiful country," writes one woman, "but I am so scared of the natives." And yet the Maoris, until they learnt treachery from the whites, were most friendly, and the first Englishwoman to land was, to use her own curious words, "Nearly eaten by them," so overwhelming were their inquisitive, yet kindly attentions. "Port Nicholson," writes a girl, "is a paradise. Mother says it reminds her of Scotland"—a pathetic touch that gives an insight into a world of tender memories. One settler, who was lost to journalism, waxed fervid over the loveliness of his new land, and even embroidered plain facts—as journalists sometimes do. He classed burning mountains and natives from six to seven feet high among the minor attractions of New Zealand. Another pioneer—a sort of mute inglorious Milton—describes the "delightful melodies the songsters in the leafy groves produce. In all notes and keys they try to



THE LAW COURTS IN 1848.

From a Sketch published in 1849 by S. C. Brees, C.E.

out-vie each other." He also "inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers, beheld the cataract loudly murmuring as it gushed to the sea, and watched the sport of hundreds of paroquets in their native beauty"—all in the intervals of cutting down trees or tilling the virgin soil. Doubtless this pioneer of poetic phrases could wield an axe or a spade with any of his comrades, but one feels sure that the moment a poet's corner was started in the Port Nicholson paper he would be the first to fill it. Touched by his imagination the commonest actions become poetic. He writes to a friend in England, "I washed me in a pristine spring;" a smaller soul even necessaries, they had the anxiety of watching over the children, and fearing, when times grew evil, for the safety of their sons and husbands. One reads of sudden storms on the harbour, of wrecked boats and loss of life, of nights, nay weeks, of watching for stealthy foes, of dread epidemics that fell hardest on the little ones. But the women pioneers, too, possessed infinite courage, trust, and hope, and now, when time has softened the shadows of the past, the old women who were girls then speak with a sigh of the "good old times," when all lived like one great family, and cards and conventionality were unknown.



BARRETT'S HOTEL.
From an old Engraving.

would have merely had a bathe in the creek.

Doubtless the first impressions of the little lassie who came ashore hugging her doll were not so favourable. Never before had the Maoris seen such a thing as a doll, and they gathered round the child begging to look at it, and wanting to know if it were meant for the great Queen across the seas. As a rule one hears little of women, and the part they took in the struggle to gain a footing in the new land. And yet, perhaps, their lot was as hard, and maybe harder, than that of the men, for, in addition to the toil and the lack of comforts and, at times,

Light hearts make toil easy, and a girl writing Home about 1841 declares that the life was a regular picnic, and that it was much more lively than in the town she came from, for to one visitor there they had six at Port Nicholson. The novelty of cooking in the open air interested another damsel intensely. However, her father purchased a galley from the ship Duke of Roxburgh, so that things culinary grew commonplace. It was the same girl who wrote:—"Papa was appointed postmaster for the colony, and there are sometimes two or three hundred letters from Sydney. So you may have some idea of the population!"

In some cases, houses in detached parts were brought out by the colonists. But the natives built good raupo huts for one-fifth of the cost of importing the material. These were built with totara timber logs laced with reeds, and thatched in the Maori fashion. One house, 36 x 22 feet, cost 20s or 30s in goods, and took twelve natives a month to build. Another cost the householder nine pairs of blankets. Doors and windows were extras, like electric light and high pressure boilers nowadays. A man, writing Home to a friend who intended to emigrate, tells him not to bring a house but to bring doors, windows, and fittings. Timber there was in abundance. Indeed, about 1844 light vessels were built at Wellington, besides many canoes and whaleboats.

Barrett's Hotel, a well-known landmark on Lambton Quay, was originally brought from the Old Country by Dr. Evans. But Barrett transformed it into a hotel and added a wing, which contained a billard-room below and a Freemason's Hall above. An interesting story is told in connection with this hotel. A food famine arose in Nelson Settlement, and some men, led by the brother of Mr C. H. Mills, M.H.R., of Havelock, rowed a canoe from Nelson to Wellington. Arriving there, they ran the bow of the canoe up the beach until it stuck in the front door of Barrett's Hotel. The boat therefore blocked the thoroughfare, which in those days was the beach, and the men stood and demanded toll of those that had to climb over to get to the other part of the town. With the money thus obtained they bought food supplies and went back to Nelson in triumph.

It is said that in those halcyon days a nice house and ten acres of ground by the beach could be got for a five pound note. Of course at first when settlers landed there was no accommodation for them. Some Mark Tapleyan souls improvised shelters by stretching a sheet across some sticks, and lying down beneath on a bed of cut scrub. And only those who have known how delightful and fragrant a couch manuka scrub makes can realize that these pioneers might be fully as comfortable as others on spring mattresses in luxurious bedrooms, that is, provided the weather was kindly. One poor woman had to camp out on the beach all the first night after she landed. It was raining in torrents, and her devoted husband sat for three hours holding an umbrella over her while she slept. Then his drowziness overcame his devotion, and he rolled himself, too, in the blankets and slumbered heedless of the rain.

As the town grew, the houses and shops were built, for convenience sake, along the beach. Wellington Terrace, where now houses thickly cluster, was a series of undulating hills with still much timber on them.

Busy hands found plenty of work. One energetic woman let off her steam and earned a nice little sum by "washing four gents" on the voyage. She was shrewd as well as hard working, for she drove notable bargains with the Maoris, and once, she relates with pardonable pride, bought a pig of 65lbs from the King—an aristocratic pig, mark you—for her bed rug. But the natives soon grew more wily, and the good times passed when they would exchange a pigeon for a biscuit, or a basket containing 30lbs of potatoes for a piece of pig-tail tobacco.

Housekeeping was at once simpler and more complex in that little colony of huts beside the harbour waters. As a rule the menus were not varied. The changes were rung on salt beef and fish, pork, potatoes and bread. Everything else was too expensive for small incomes. But after a man has been working hard, simple fare does not come amiss, and he does not care for *caviare* or *pâte de foie gras*. Mutton was among the luxuries. Hear that, oh ye dwellers on the stations of to-day who grumble at the perennial chop! One man states that he only tasted it once in three years, and then he was dining out! Butter probably was only used on high days and holidays, for it was 4s a pound. Eggs were 3d each, flour 8d per lb, and porter 1s 6d a bottle, so that living was a fairly expensive matter in those days of Arcady.

The early newspapers are well worth studying. At first the advertisements are strictly of a utilitarian character, and set forth the merits of portable ovens and patent medicines. But gradually the frivolous feminine element may be noticed. Scotch bonnets and wearing apparel are first advertised. A little later, when folks began to find out the truth of the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," people are requested to call and inspect toys, Gosnell's perfumes, and gentlemen's fashionable dress clothing. The corduroy and flannel-shirt dances had passed and more formal assemblies had taken their place, though it is probable that for a long time the men who blossomed out in the "fashionable dress clothing" were few in number.

MR. RHODES' HOUSE, TE ARO PAH, RECENTLY PULLED DOWN.

Here is a most extraordinary list of juvenile books published in the early papers. Judging from the variety, the pioneer child must have been precocious and omivorous. "Russell's Sermons" is not exactly a volume one would present a child with, and yet it comes first on the list. "Æsop's Fables" *is* suitable, but what about "Female Policy Detected," and "The New Academy of Compliments or Lover's Secretary"? "The Highwaymen" would doubtless be fascinating reading to juveniles but scarcely improving, while "The Memoirs of Amoranda, or the Reformed Coquette" a careful mother would be inclined to keep out of her little daughter's reach. Yet, at the end of this marvellous catalogue, come the sweet old tales that are ever new, "Mother Bunch" and "Puss in Boots."

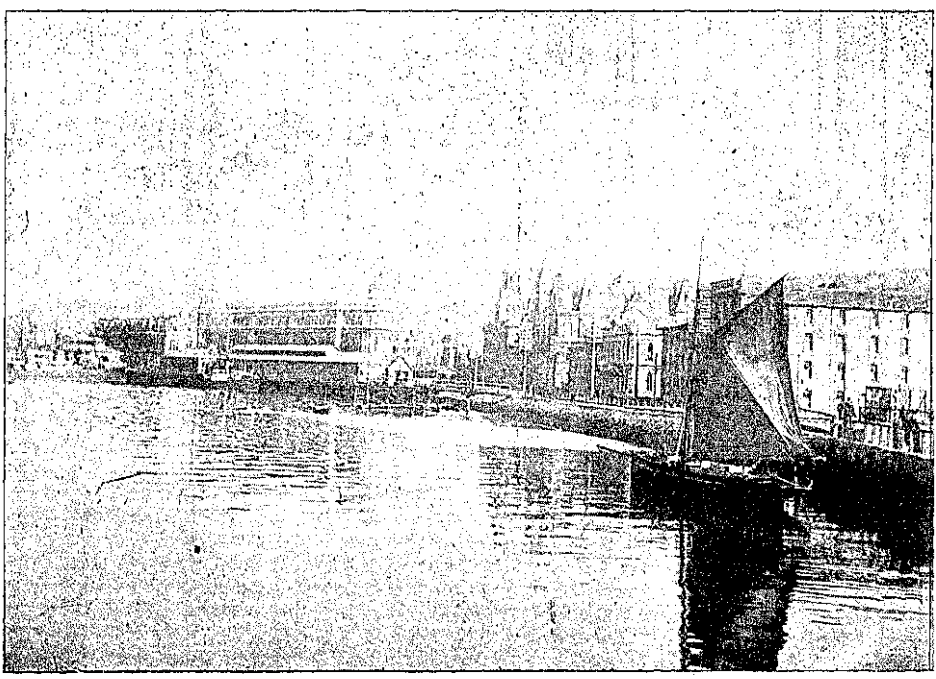
A little advertisement announces fashions prepared, and whalebone and canes for ladies' bonnets, the erections with perambulator hoods that Leech has drawn for us. Here is a quaint announcement, the very first advertisement of an educational nature:

"To the heads of families.—A married lady (no youthful, frivolous chit of a girl, mark you), just arrived from Home—long accustomed to tuition—would be happy to attend families as governess. She flatters herself (what elegant periphrases) she is

capable of instructing in all branches of female education, French, music, harp, guitar, etc."

One cannot help wondering who was fortunate enough to obtain this paragon of an instructress, and whether she imprinted the hall-mark of "Home" culture on her pupils. Something in the wording suggests back-boards and other female educational instruments of torture.

In those early days they read and loved their Dickens, and certain jovial souls bidden to take place by the missionaries, probably because it might excite the natives overmuch. Flags waved over the houses, and a large white flag—perhaps a table-cloth utilised for the purpose—fluttered over the hall where a ball was held the same evening. But, alas, in those dark ages the lady correspondent did not exist, and we get no glimpse of the gay and glittering throng that gathered from far and wide. Very likely many trudged—as an old lady told me she had often done—miles through



WELLINGTON OF TO-DAY, FROM ONE OF THE WHARVES.

formed a Pickwick Club "to show their relish," as they quaintly put it, "for the inimitable works of Boz." At a grand fête, held on a certain Monday in 1840 at Te Aro, this same club gave a prize for a hurdle race. There were gay doings that day in the town. The "fairer portions of creation"—as the paper gallantly terms the women—turned out in force to see the sports, a cricket match between the Thorndon and Britannia Clubs, whaleboat races and athletics. It is said that a canoe race, in which the Maoris were to take part, was organised, but was for-

mire and tussock, with Wellington boots drawn on over dainty dancing-slippers. And it is probable they enjoyed themselves all the better when they emerged, pretty butterflies, from their chrysalis-like coverings. There were no wall-flowers in those halcyon days, for girls were scarce and men were numerous, and the type of men who formed the early settlers was one that could dance as well as work, and possibly dance all the better for the toil. *Blasé*-ness and *ennui* were unknown—there was no time or room for them in pioneer economy.

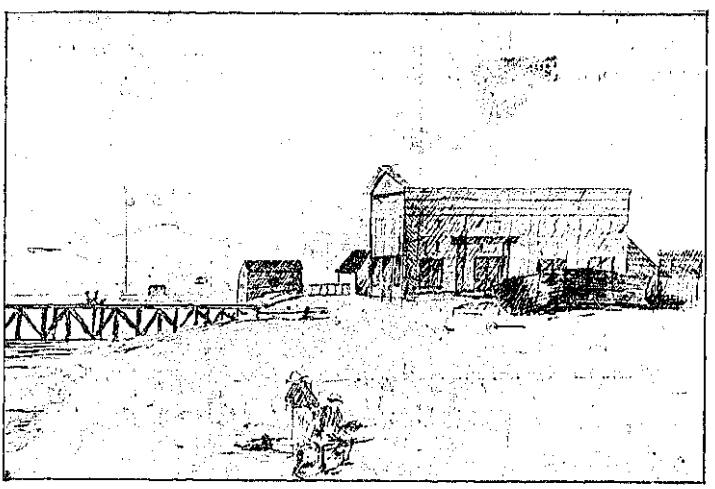
Even in those times people found leisure for newspaper argument, and the names of places formed a fertile subject of discussion. The chalky cliff along the S.E. coast of the North Island was proposed to be called Albonia, but the poetic suggestion fell flat. "Young Nick's Head" — a cape on one side of Gisborne, named by Cook after a cabin-boy—was objected to as uneuphonious, but it keeps its name to this day.

The "good old times" are gone, and each year sees the ancient landmarks becoming fewer and fewer. The plague scare and the subsequent sanitary reforms have levelled some; others have been ousted to make way for newer and more modern buildings, as is the way with humans. Still, however, we possess here and there a few survivals of the old days. One of the oldest brick buildings, if not the oldest, is Barrett's Hotel, owned and built by Mr John Plimmer. This, however, is not the old Barrett's Hotel, but simply called after it. It was erected about '47, and for a brief season was utilised as Government offices. Another very old building used to be the Roman Catholic Presbytery, and was known familiarly as "Father Ryley's house." It is said to be the oldest edifice now standing in Wellington, and is surrounded by houses. It is in Mount-street.

In Woodward-street, running down from the Wellington Club to the Quay, there is another old building utilised at present as a bottle store. It has fallen on evil days, for in pioneer times it was the Congregational Church built by Mr. Woodward, a leading Congregationalist, who has bequeathed his name to the street it is in.

The old Exchange used to stand near the Opera House, but it was destroyed by fire. It was used as a reading-room and a public hall in the early days.

The Thistle Inn was a well-known hostelry in the first days of the colony. It stood at the corner of Murphy-street and Lambton Quay, and was noted for its capital accommodation. In latter years it had lost its name, given it, probably by some enthusiastic Scotchman, and its low, old-fashioned windows contained little but a few bottles of sweets and a legend announcing "soda and milk." Only recently, when the Royal Hotel was being extended, was this relic of old times pulled down.



THE EXCHANGE,

From an old Engraving published in 1849.

Another old building is Messrs Bethune and Hunter's offices, near the Opera House, while still another was the old house in which Mr Rhodes lived. This has been quite lately demolished. It was the quaintest of homes, with tiny narrow stair-

cases leading to nests of little rooms, fine panels of what was said to be Singapore cedar, bits of coloured glass in the windows, and an elaborate scheme of decoration in the upper hall, whose ceiling was painted blue sky with white clouds, and whose wall had a curious sort of fresco with an Italian landscape upon it. It must have been, in the old times, before the paint got dim and the wood worm-eaten, a perfect mansion. Underneath the house were cellars, with quaint loop-holes for muskets, and a large recess with a door. These were said to be built in case of a Maori rising.

In Mr Bree's wonderful book, "Pictorial Illustrations of New Zealand," published in 1849, there is a picture of Hawkestone-street with one house, and glimpses of two or three others peering over the hill. The Bank, shown in another engraving, is a shingled cottage, with a sentinel soldier in front of the door, and an officer on a curvetting steed giving orders to a file of white-trousered, short-jacketed Tommy Atkins of that period.

The "good old times" are gone, and with them most of the figures who worked and played, rejoiced and sorrowed, in those far-off days. The hardships and toil they endured made perhaps their joys the keener, as darker shadows make brighter lights in a painting. To the pioneers we owe much of our comfort and our well-being. All honour to their courage in times of danger, their hope in the days to come. We who live in those good days should never forget the men and women who laid the foundations of our prosperous city.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Mine be the fate to cultivate
The garden of the mind;
Mine be the power to pluck the flower
Of sweet thoughts intertwined.

But the weeds will grow in spite of the hoe,
And nettles will uprise.
A tall green tree looked down on me,
With power to criticise.

We cannot help, if dogs will yelp,
We cannot stay the sea;
The Spring will spring, the birds will wing
Because it is to be.

If thought has taught the mind, and wrought
From fiery furnace bright,
The gleaming gold will be unrolled,
As stars shine in the night.

For he that has power by reason will tower
As towering palm or trees;
And he that has sought and captured thought
Knows what to see, and sees.

DOUGLAS ANCELON.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

MR. SAMUEL BROWN.

Mr. Samuel Brown, of Wellington, holds the position of employers' representative on the Bench of the Arbitration Court. He is by profession an engineer and contractor. His experience as an employer of labour dates back thirty-five years. During this period he constructed the first telegraph line in the colony, that from Masterton to Wellington; built the largest wooden lighthouse in the colony,

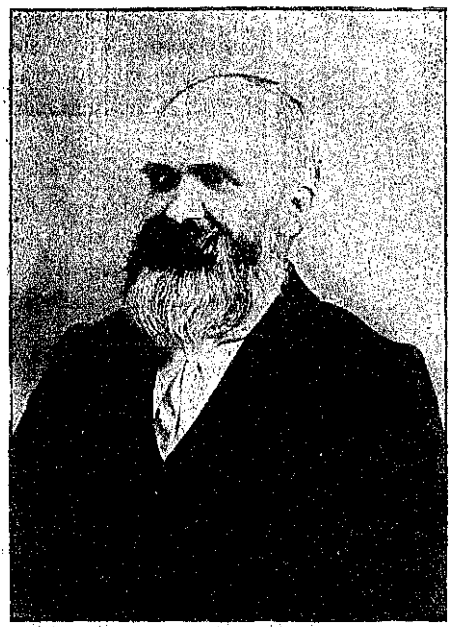
Edwards. MR. SAMUEL BROWN. *Photo.*

which stands on Cape Farewell; erected three complete plants for the Wellington Gasworks; carried out the largest contract on the Manawatu railway line, in which were six tunnels, and also the Nelson Creek section of the Midland Railway. He was one of the Company which purchased the sunken steamer, Taranaki, in Tory Channel, near Picton, raised her, and fitted her up himself. These, with many other more or less arduous enterprises, form a fair record for one man, and yet Mr. Brown found time also to attend to his duties as a citizen. For six years he was a member of the Wellington City Council, and occupied the mayoral chair for two terms, during which period he was responsible for the introduction of the electric lighting of the city and the destructor. He also served three years on the Harbour Board, and acted for four years as President of the Wellington Industrial Association. For two years he sat on the Conciliatory Board, and was finally chosen to hold the position he now occupies. It may be well to conclude this notice by remarking that the good results which have been achieved by the Arbitration Court in this colony are mainly due to the fact that the members do not act, as it were, separately for the class they each represent, but regard the interests of labour and capital as one and the same thing, and study every case from that combined standpoint.

MR. ROBERT SLATER.

During his twenty years residence in Otago Mr. Robert Slater has given much of his time and attention to the organisation and regulation of labour, and its proper relation to capital. As evidence of the appreciation in which his services were held, we find him elected to the most responsible positions in the various branches of labour organisation. He was the first president of the Otago Trades and Labour Council, and from the expiry of his term of office has been annually elected as its secretary. He is also president and secretary of the Workers' Political Committee and the Labour Day Committee, and secretary of the Pressers' Union. When the Arbitration Court was first instituted in 1895 Mr. Slater was recommended for election as the workers' representative by a large majority of the Trades and Labour Associations in the colony, and his re-election in 1898 was unanimous. His thorough practical know-

ledge of detail, cool judgment, and undeviating adherence to what he believed to be right, and last, but not least, his determination to be just alike to employer and



Edwards, *Photo.*

MR. ROBERT SLATER.

employee, have eminently qualified him for the post he now holds. As a recognition of his services in the cause of labour he recently received, at a most influential meeting in Dunedin, a handsome address signed on behalf of 3,000 Unionists. When returning thanks for the address and kindly remarks made, Mr. Slater concluded by the characteristic remark that he considered the position he now held in the Arbitration Court as the most honourable one a working man could occupy in the colony, and he certainly was not far wrong.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Mr. J. A. Gilruth (Government Bacteriologist) and Dr. Mason, who were appointed by the Government as a Sanitary Commission in view of the possibility of the appearance of the Plague in this colony, are both men of high attainments. Mr. Gilruth began his study of bacteriology in the Old Country. On coming out to New Zealand he had frequent opportunities of adding to his knowledge Indeed, the work of his Department is largely bacteriological. Not content, however, with his knowledge of the subject, he recently made a trip to Paris, where he spent some considerable time in further study in the Pasteur Institute under some of the most famous investigators living. On his return to the colony he

SANITARY COMMISSIONERS IN WELLINGTON.

MR. J. A. GILRUTH (WELLINGTON).

DR. SYMES (CHRISTCHURCH).

DR. MASON (OTAKI).

DR. KINGTON FYFFE (WELLINGTON).

continued to do a great deal of bacteriological work. He has proved himself eminently fitted for the position for which he was selected by the Government. His colleague, Dr. Mason, is one of the few doctors in the colony who have obtained the D.P.H., or Diploma of Public Health. Dr. Mason is a Scotchman, and is well known as a skilful physician and surgeon. He has made a special study of all matters connected with the public health, and is also well versed in matters bacteriological. He comes of a talented family, and his brother is a well-known London *litterateur* and a leading light in the Savage Club.

The principal District Commissioners appointed by the Government were Dr. Roberts (Dunedin), Dr. Symes (Christchurch), Dr. Fyffe (Wellington), and Dr. Baldwin (Auckland). Dr. Roberts has been for several years a successful lecturer in the Otago Medical School. He was a few years ago a noted athlete, and he has done a considerable amount of exploration work in the wild region lying between the Southern Lakes and the West Coast Sounds. He is also an artist of considerable ability and a very successful amateur photographer. Dr. Syms is a well-known Christchurch practitioner. During a recent visit to Wellington he filled in all his spare time in studying various kinds of microbes in the Government Bacteriological Laboratory in that city. Dr. Fyffe, in addition to his medical attainments, has great musical talent and possesses excellent artistic taste. In his house in Wellington he has a fine collection of both oil and water colour paintings. Dr. Baldwin is well known in Auckland for the conscientious manner in which he has discharged his duties as Medical Superintendent of the Auckland Hospital since his appointment in December, 1895, previous to which date he had an extensive private practice in Sydney. His acknowledged ability and research in the particular branches of the profession required, especially fitted him for his appointment as Sanitary Commissioner for the Northern City.

THE N Z. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual Golf Tournament, held this year in Dunedin, was productive of the best golf yet seen in New Zealand, special interest being taken in the match in the semi-final between Mr Arthur Duncan (the present champion of New Zealand) and Mr. C. E. S. Gillies (the champion of Australia). After a closely-fought battle Mr. Duncan won, and he also defeated Mr. MacNeil, the present champion of New South Wales and ex-champion of New Zealand, in the final. We give in this issue portraits of three well-known golf champions. Mr. W. Pryde, of Wellington,

MR. WM. PRYDE,

Champion of New Zealand, 1898.

has up to the last few years, when his health has somewhat failed, deservedly been considered the best and most finished golfer in New Zealand. His perfect swing and lithe, vigorous style of play have always been considered models to be copied and admired.

Learning the game as a boy, he graduated on classic St. Andrews', and brought with him to this country all the grace of the old school of St. Andrews' players. Strange to say, it was not until failing health almost caused his retirement from golf that he won the New Zealand Championship at Christchurch in 1898. The feature of his play is perhaps his fine iron play and deadly putting, which never seems to desert him. Mr. C. E. S. Gillies, the Hon. Secretary of the

Falk Studios, Sydney.

MR. C. E. S. GILLIES,

Champion of Australia.

Auckland Golf Club, commenced playing golf some five years ago when the game was started in Auckland. His whole style of play is so good that it is difficult to imagine that he is an entirely self-taught golfer, for he seems to be thoroughly at home with every club, and plays quickly and without hesitation. At times deadly, his putting has put him out of the New Zealand Championship on several occasions. He has the honour of holding the Championship of Australia, which is open to all the colonies, and which he won on the links of the Royal Sydney Golf Club at Bondi. Mr. Gillies' performances seem to point to his being a stronger medal than match player. Mr. Arthur Duncan, of Wellington, the holder of the New Zealand Championship for 1899, again successfully defended his title this year. Mr. Duncan is of strong and powerful physique, and the great feature of his game is his fine driving and cleek play, though he has no weak point in his armour. His style

MR. ARTHUR DUNCAN,

Champion of New Zealand, 1899-1900.

is most attractive to watch, and is graceful as well as vigorous. Commencing to play about five years ago, he early gave promise of becoming a great golfer, and had for his models and opponents the brothers Pryde. A trip to the Mother Country gave him opportunities of seeing the best golf, and of playing over many of the best links, and a wonderful improvement in his play has taken place in the last eighteen months. Probably his best performance is his round of 81 at Dunedin in the recent championship under weather conditions which made the result a splendid achievement.

My Christmas Dinner.

By Grace E. Grey.

Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.

I LOOK forward to Christmas Day. My wife's surprised delight at the presents she has planned I shall give her, is pretty to witness, while the half-crown tie she saves up to buy for me is always becoming. A smell of dinner makes the morning savoury and delicious. My wife and I dine tête-à-tête. Admiration compels me to propose and drink numerous toasts in her honour. She laughs and looks charming. She tells me the things I said to her the night we were engaged, and blushes when I say them again. After dinner Brown and his wife and Scrimger and Mrs Scrimger come in. While my wife and my wife's sister are playing duets to the ladies in the drawing-room, Brown, Scrimger and I retire to my study, so-called because I smoke there. Over an afternoon pipe we talk of our selfish bachelor days. Those were days! Brown, whose wife's mother lives with them, sighs at the recollection, and Scrimger and I hasten to point out to Brown that he is a better man since he put those days behind him. He is happier in a well-ordered home than in lodgings, where he may possibly meet evil companions, and have holes in his socks. If he has a little money it is infinitely wiser to put it on his wife than on a horse. By the latter course he may never see his money again; whereas he may look at his wife's new spring bonnet for two and a-half hours every Sunday morning in church, provided the weather is not too doubtful and the Simpsons have passed in their winter things. When Scrimger and I have finished telling Brown all this—such is the beauty of Christian counsel—we almost believe it ourselves.

In view of so much quiet and profitable pleasure, consider my feelings when my wife came home from a Charitable Aid meeting and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to forego my Christmas dinner for Little Dot's Hospital Cot Fund. Little Dot was an orphan and a cripple. The price of our dinner would buy her a pair of beautiful, warm, thick blankets. My wife said we should be gainers by the act of self-sacrifice, for we would lead higher and nobler lives in consequence.

"Think of it," urged my wife, pleadingly. "Little Dot is friendless and—without the blankets—homeless. A rich dinner, once eaten, gives only indigestion. Blankets will give Little Dot warmth and therefore pleasure through the cold winter months. It would be sinful to eat up so much lasting comfort and happiness."

"If you put it that way," I foolishly began, for her eyes were wet, and she had on the red dress that I like.

She kissed me, called me Dicky, and declared I was always her own old boy. She said our dinner would more than buy the blankets—there might be a trifle over for a doll and spring flowers.

"The turkey alone," she said triumphantly, "will save 8s—with accompaniments you can call it 10s; ham and three vegetables bring that part to, say, 15s; then mince

pies, one dozen, 3s; plum pudding with brandy sauce, 5s—— "

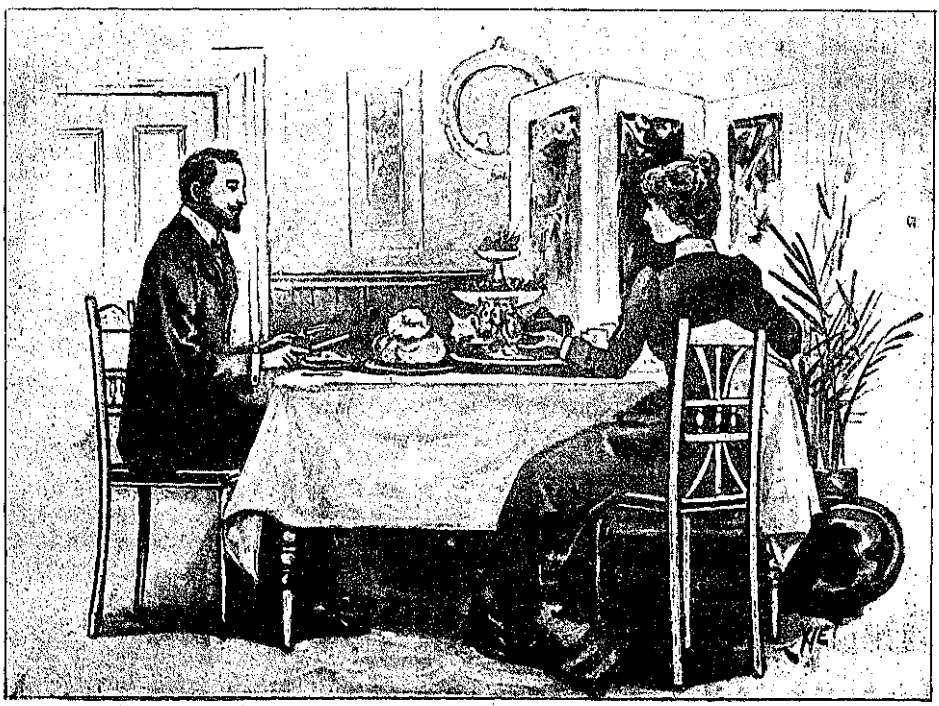
I hinted at a plainer pudding, and, by way of further saving, brandy sauce without the sauce. My wife ignored this.

" Strawberries and cream, two boxes, 6s; fruit, almonds, etc., 6s; total, 35s. Thirty five whole shillings with which to make a fellow-being happy!"

I thought she had finished when she added, " Then there's the drinks."

" Giving does not elevate human nature like self-denial," she replied in the tone which makes things final in our house.

She told me several of our friends had fallen in with the unselfish idea, meaning their wives had. The Brown's Christmas dinner was to pay half the cot. What the Scrimgers didn't eat would buy Little Dot a picture book. This struck me as a mean subterfuge on the part of Scrimger. Everybody knows a picture book costs less than



WE HAD IRISH STEW. MY WIFE SAID THE COT FUND LADIES' COMMITTEE GAVE IT THEIR UNANIMOUS VOTE.

" A little wine or whisky renders water wholesome in hot weather," I remarked.

" You drink beer *and* wine *and* whisky," my wife replied, with what I thought unnecessary emphasis. " Call the drinks sixpence each, you always have——"

I interrupted. I dislike personalities. Besides, I had an idea. " Let us give Little Dot the spare room blankets," I suggested. " That will stop your Aunt Jane from coming to visit us, the generosity will make us holier, and it will leave the dinner alone."

My wife's expression showed me with what feelings she regarded the proposal.

blankets or half a cot, and I could see that Scrimger expected to sneak some dinner with the balance, thereby robbing the Cot Fund. I advanced this argument with considerable force, but my wife negatived it coldly. She doesn't know Scrimger.

I was cornered. I felt that the only dignified course left me was to turn nasty. With a disagreeable sneer I enquired if we were to dine on the smell of blanket.

" To spoil a good action by flippancy, James, is paltry," my wife said, reprovingly. " Leave the dinner to me—we shall not starve."

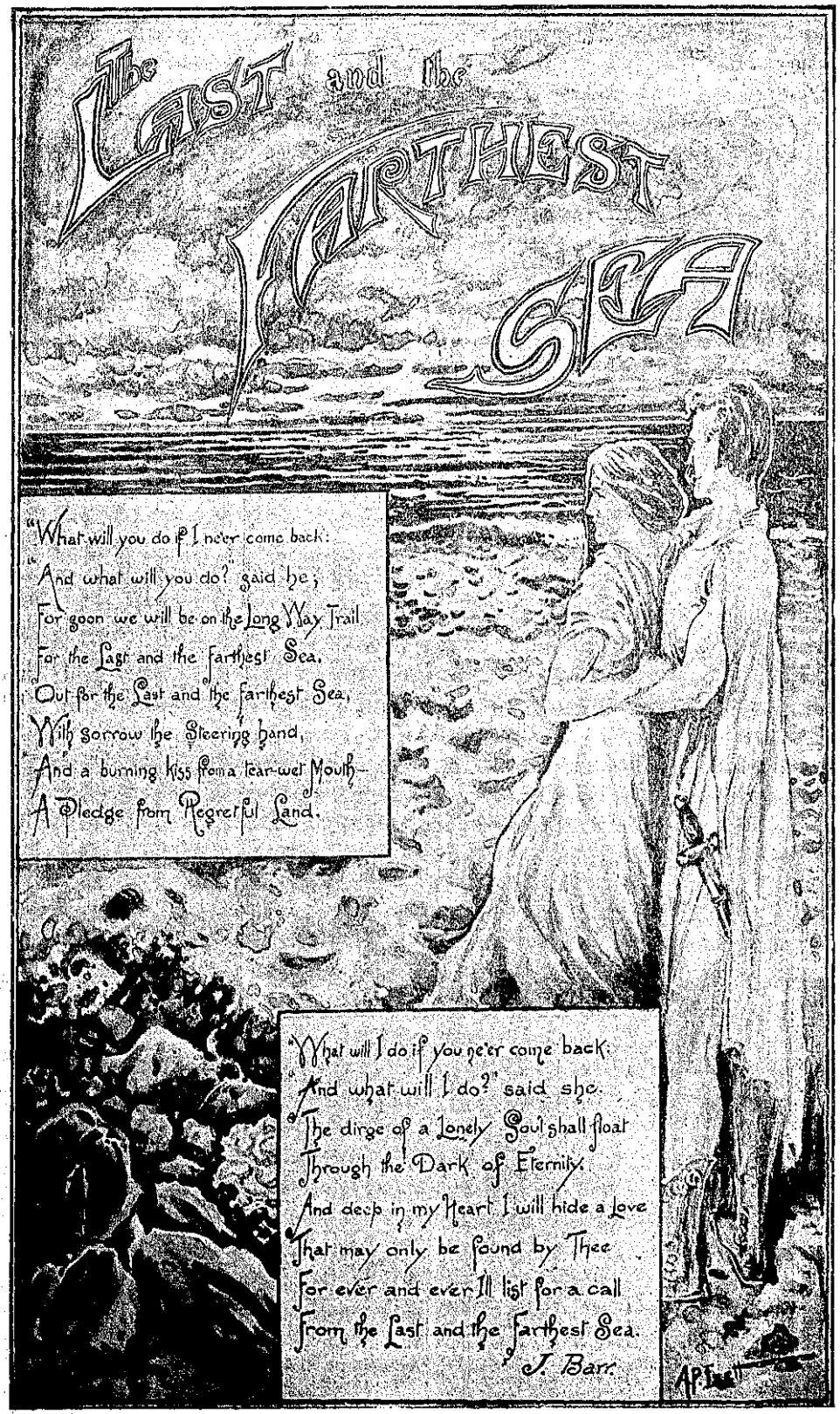
Many of my retrospections through life have been tempered with regret, but the memory of that Christmas dinner is one of the few things I look back on with unmixed feelings. We had Irish stew. My wife said the Cot Fund Ladies' Committee gave it their unanimous vote. Being a dish disliked by everybody, it made the sacrifice more complete. During the meal my wife dwelt on the beautifying effect of self-denial on the character. She said it elevated human nature. I tried to feel elevated. I succeeded sufficiently to ask for some lemon syrup, when the smell of the Simpsons' turkey brought me down with a run. My wife moved pieces of potato about her plate, and said she had never enjoyed a dinner so much in her life. I built a castle with my salt and trenched it with mustard. When the stew had removed itself (our servant refused to cook the dinner or wait table) boiled rice without raisins or jam appeared. I rose.

I said I liked boiled rice without raisins or jam so much that it would be sinful to eat it. I would take a stroll, returning in time for afternoon tea without cake or cream. The fresh air revived me somewhat; it did more—it fired me with a worthy resolve. A feeling that Brown and Scrimger might not be loyal to the Cot Fund was making me unhappy. As a boy Brown did not go to Sunday-school, and I have known Scrimger tell an untruth when I asked him for half-a-crown. I felt it my duty to see that my two friends did not debase themselves by eating Little Dot's picture book or half her cot.

I must confess it was a shock to me to meet Brown and Scrimger at the corner bound for my house on a similiar errand. Their interference struck me as officious, and I told them so. They wanted to know what the devil I meant letting my wife instigate theirs to turn Christmas into a beastly hash-house washing-day. I reminded them of the beautifying effect of self-denial on the character. Brown said he would bill me for the dinner he meant to have eaten. I pointed out to Scrimger that he had been the means of bestowing lasting happiness on Little Dot. Scrimger said "Damn Little Dot!"

We went into the "Empire" to settle the dispute. What happened after that I can never quite recall. I suppose I became faint or feverish—I forget which, but it doesn't matter. When I got home that night my mother-in-law had been sent for. Much that passed between us is a blank to me, but I recollect pressing her to have some more blanket. She has not been to our house since.

Next morning I made my wife a personal explanation. After some persuasive eloquence on my part, she admitted that the heat and insufficient food might be trying to my naturally delicate constitution. Now, when we want to raise a sum of money by self-denial, we take it out of intended Christmas presents to our relations.


The Last and the Farthest Sea
"What will you do if I never come back:
"And what will you do?" said he;
For soon we will be on the Long Way Trail
For the Last and the Farthest Sea,
Out for the Last and the Farthest Sea,
With sorrow the Steering hand,
And a burning kiss from a tear-wet Mouth—
A Pledge from Regretful Land.
"What will I do if you ne'er come back:
"And what will I do?" said she.
The dirge of a Lonely Soul shall float
Through the Dark of Eternity.
And deep in my Heart I will hide a love
That may only be found by Thee
For ever and ever I'll list for a call
From the Last and the Farthest Sea.
J. Barr.
AP

A Veteran of the "Forties."

By E. B. Vaughan.

Illustrated by the Author.

SPARE, ruddy, bright-eyed, about the middle height, with abundant white hair and whiskers, and there you have the man, alert and hard-working even to-day, who was fighting for his country only thirty years after the battle of Waterloo; a link connecting us irreverent moderns with the days of the duke and the makers of history a hundred years ago.

There are older men in the world certainly, but very few are there who would so easily carry the honours of his experience, nor are there many left who shared in the dangers and glories of the Sikh Campaign on the Sutlej River in the years of 1845-46 and who still walk upright and able with almost the energy of youth, for there is no half pay slouch in the bearing of our old pensioner, who, when encountered by a stranger, glances keenly and enquiringly, and raps out his questions crisply as one long used to the habit of authority. He holds but three medals, and he saw only one campaign, but, as one of those three medals testifies, the short spell of fighting was long enough for him to show himself to be composed of the stuff of which British soldiers generally are made, for in that campaign he performed the feat which gained him the medal for conspicuous gallantry. His other two are respectively for good conduct and for the Sutlej campaign, the latter being one of the rarest if not the rarest medal to be seen on the breasts of their winners and wearers.

As a lad of seventeen Thomas Hilditch had for some years endured fretfully the grinding monotony of existence in a Manchester cotton factory in an era long before the passing of the Factories Act had lightened the toil and brightened slightly the lives of the operatives; and so in the face of evident slavery for a lifetime, and inwardly bent on being a soldier, he betook himself on the 12th January, 1843, to the neighbourhood of the recruiting office instead of the cotton mill, and renounced the dismal echoes of its uncongenial surroundings for the jovial companionship of military comrades. Thus he enlisted in H.M. 80th regiment of foot, having given himself twelve months' seniority in order to join by reporting his age as eighteen years. Even then Private Hilditch's ideas of soldiering were thoroughly in keeping with the essential conditions of military life, cleanliness, order and discipline, and he, as the following will show, amply fulfilled at least one of these conditions. Standing in the ranks on the early morning parade at the depot, he attracted the attention of his colonel, who called him out with, "Come here, youngster! How long have you been soldiering?" The colour-sergeant replying for him said, "He has been here for a fortnight, sir!" whereupon the colonel said to the other recruits, "Look at him; some of you have been here six months, and you can't get near him. He's a pattern of cleanliness to you all; fall in!"

Thus early brought under his officers' notice he was on the high road to promotion when opportunity offered. His first turn on foreign Service was in Sydney, New South Wales, when his regiment was sent to guard the convicts, and where he was for the most part employed as colonel's orderly, being picked out for reasons of smartness, cleanliness and general efficiency. Sometimes there was pretty rough work with the convicts. Some of them were, to quote his own words, "so damn wicked they stole the bread out of his knapsack." Once

he lost a lot of keepsakes, and having strong suspicions against one of their number, he took advantage of their being behind the

Edwards, THOMAS HILDITCH. *Photo.*

barracks together to give him what he called "a good lacing," but that did not result in the return of the stolen valuables. On more than one occasion he was part of the guard on the chain gang of desperados, who were every day marched up from their barracks, then in course of erection. Life in a convict settlement was not altogether sweet even to the military, and the regiment hailed with delight an order for their departure for India, after less than twelve months spent in the colony. The monotony of their sea voyage was broken, and a spice of variety introduced by the total wreck of their ship on the Andaman Islands, from which place an officer of the regiment, the captain of the vessel and two sailors took boat to Copang, and from there sent relief, which arrived just in time to rescue the regiment from starvation after a long period on half rations. He arrived in India in 1884, and after spending a hot season in Agra took part with his regiment, under Sir John Little, in the capture of a Sikh citadel, then joined the army of the Sutlej under Sir Hugh Gough. Private Hilditch saw fierce fighting in the battles of Sobraon and Ferozeshur, as his medal clasps show, but it was in the former great battle that he distinguished himself, and earned by his reckless bravery the medal for conspicuous gallantry.

Round the camp fires on the eve of the battle of Sobraon, the British soldiers were discussing the chances of the coming conflict, and speculating on the possibilities of their existence twenty-four hours hence. Private Hilditch, the adjutant's orderly, enquired

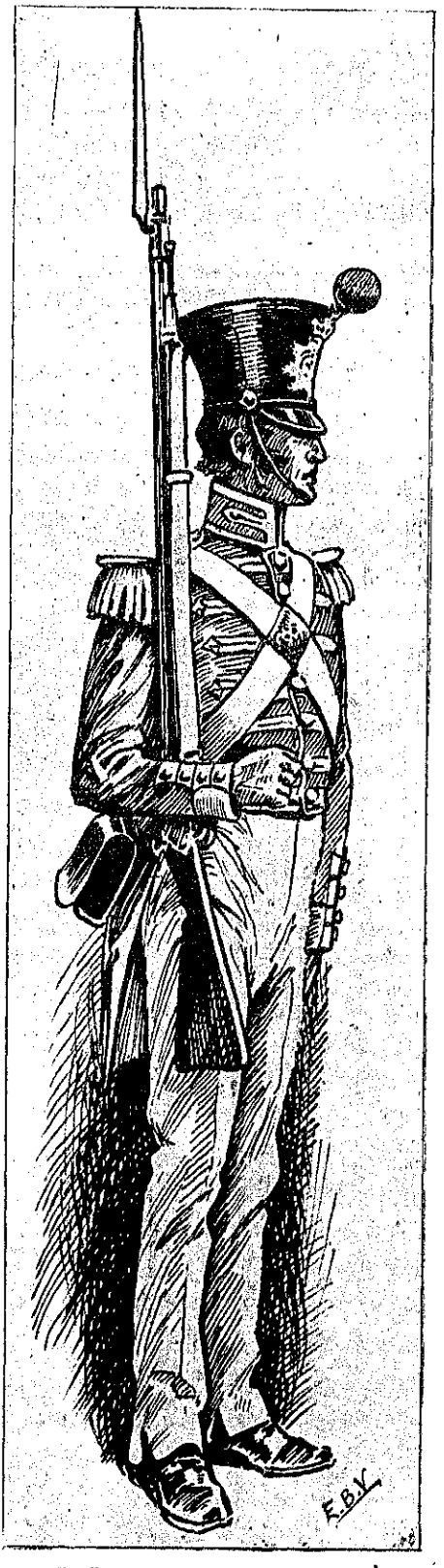
THE MEDAL FOR SUTLEJ CAMPAIGN, 1845-46 (ACTUAL SIZE).

casually what was given for an enemy's standard should anyone be lucky enough to capture one, and he was told just as casually

nothing under a commission, then said he, "If there's one near me to-morrow I'll have it."

The morrow came, and the 80th formed part of the left division under Sir Robert Dick, who had fought through the battles of the Peninsular war, and later at Waterloo had led the Black Watch against Napoleon's Guards. This division was driving the Sikhs along their line of trenches at the bayonet's point when two of the enemy's standard bearers bolted across their flank. Private Hilditch immediately gave chase on his own account, and jumping outside the entrenchment he fired after them and missed! Loaded, fired again, and brought down the rearward colour-bearer, then, as his quarry fell, throwing his musket into his left hand, he rushed forward and grabbed the colours from the expiring enemy with his right. By this time he had isolated himself from his regiment, and was surrounded by stalwart six-foot Sikhs, who cut and slashed at him with tulwars and fired their matchlocks and pistols almost point blank at his body, till it seemed as if the captured standard was going to be dearly bought; possibly the very number of his opponents, by their ferocious endeavours to assimilate his gore unto themselves, saved his life, for in that confused and excited medley he got absolutely no injury to his person, though a Khalsa warrior, who would have assuredly cut him down, was shot at the critical moment. A bullet had passed through his trouser leg, and another had torn the lock from his musket when some of his comrades jumped the trench and bayoneted his assailants with that pleasurable zest and commendable celerity peculiar to the Tommy Atkins of any period. Again the little party jumped the trench and joined Ensign de Quincey, who was leading his company in line down to the banks of the Sutlej, charging and firing for all they were worth, and driving the Sikhs before them into the river, to be shot in thousands ere reaching the opposite bank.

The only hurt Private Hilditch received in the fight was from Captain Best, an old



PRIVATE HILDITCH, OF HER MAJESTY'S 80TH FOOT, 1843.

New Zealand veteran of the first Maori war, who belaboured him over the head with the flat of his sword for firing on and killing presumed non-combatants and apparently wounded; but they were in reality armed, and had done considerable execution among the British from the rear. Nemesis, however, in the shape of a shot from one of these "wounded" almost immediately afterwards overtook the too humane captain. After the battle, in which the British lost 2,400 men, the colonel, on receiving the Khalsa Standard, offered to make Hilditch a sergeant, but was promptly told by him that so long as he could keep stripes off his back he didn't want any on his arm. Ultimately, however, he was prevailed upon or saw fit to accept the promotion he so well merited, and also had the proud satisfaction of knowing that the captured colours had been placed by the Marquis of Anglesea (he who lost an arm at Waterloo) in the Lichfield Cathedral, there materially to testify then, now, and in the future to British prowess in the field. Of the others mentioned, Sir Robert Dick was killed at the head of the 80th while leading a charge in the battle, Ensign de Quincey survived the campaign, and also served through the New Zealand Wars, and after a lapse of forty-two years met Colour-Sergeant Hilditch in Auckland. On returning home from India ten years after he wrote to his old colonel, who, as a lieutenant in the 80th, had been in Auckland in 1849, and whose company in that year had built the barracks at Fort Britomart, and from him received the following answer:—

11, St. James's Terrace,
Regent Park, 17th October, 1856.

To Sergeant Hilditch,

Your letter I received yesterday, and after many enquiries this morning I at length found out the proper person to apply to for information regarding the Royal Warrant granting the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. Mr Drake, of the Commander-in-Chief's Office, Horseguards, entrusted with the details of the distribution of these honours, informs me that they are not to be bestowed retrospective of the date of the Warrant. I had a long conversation with him on the subject of your gallant conduct at the Battle of Sobraon, and of your capture of one of the Sikh Standards, subsequently placed by the late Marquis of Anglesea in Lichfield Cathedral.

* * * * *

I have for a considerable time past refrained from making any application to the authorities at the Horseguards in favour of those who formerly served under me with honoured credit. Failure has too frequently followed my endeavouring, to cause me to wish to repeat the experiment, but in your case I felt that I had no other alternative, and I cannot but regret that your services will not (by the provision of the warrant) entitle you to similar distinction with those who have claims for more recent exploits. The Waterloo Medal, you will recollect, was given in a manner quite similar, passing over the whole of the army who had fought the Battles of the Peninsular in favour of the youngest child.

Believe me,
Your well wisher and friend,
T. Bunbury,
late Lieut.-Colonel of the 80th Regiment.

The colonel's letter, as is apparent, records the failure of the application, but eventually Sergeant Hilditch's case appeared strong enough to justify the authorities in awarding him the medal "for conspicuous gallantry," which, besides being a higher distinction, carries with it an annuity of £15, and is second only to the Victoria Cross, for which, by the way, he was recommended, and which he would have received but that his action was prospective of the date of the cross's institution.

Some little time after returning from India, Colour-Sergeant Hilditch, with the temporary rank of Sergeant-Major, was placed on the recruiting staff in his native town, there to entice and allure to the ranks of his regiment the later-born generation of his fellow citizens, and by the evidence of his own rank, assure them of the advantages which merit and good behaviour insured to the soldiers of the Queen, though the alluring and enticing on his side were somewhat counterbalanced on the other, and the experiences he gained were as many and varied, as were the tricks and dodges played on him by worthies desirous of obtaining the Queen's shilling

without thereby surrendering themselves to the necessary obligation of serving Her Majesty in return. Deserters, bounty jumpers, direct dodgers and whole regiments of the physically unfit passed through his hands and deprived him of his speculative shillings, the coats of horrible cut and slovenly fit that to-day mar the gallant bearing of our New Zealand Volunteers, though the earlier sort were in some measure redeemed from the absolute commonplace by perfect fit, emblazoned badges and smart facings.

HOW PRIVATE HILDITCH WON HIS DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL AT THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON, FEB. 10TH, 1846.

with bad results both to his pocket and temper.

Here is his picture at that time; the style of uniform had changed with the age, and in place of the smart and effective coatee which he had worn in the previous years of his soldiering, we see him in the dress of a period when military costume and civilian clothing were at their ugliest point of interest, in the long-skirted tunics similar to

Of the many amusing episodes of his experience during the piping times of peace space forbids to tell but one. It was on the march in the days when infantry took the road, and were not yet relegated to the luxury of railways that Corporal Hilditch, in charge of a squad, was billeted at an inn at Sittingbourne in Kent, he and his men occupying one large room usually set aside for passing troops. During the night a private and an

acting corporal quarrelled, and Corporal Hilditch, as the non-commissioned officer in command, was called upon to exercise his authority. It was rather an awkward affair to settle. He did not know where to find the guard house, and could not send them off under escort, so finally to compromise the matter he allowed them three rounds apiece. They fell to willingly, and at the end

SERGT.-MAJOR HILDITCH, IN 1858.

From a photograph taken at Manchester while on the Recruiting Staff.

of the three rounds he asked them if they were satisfied, receiving a vehement "No!" from both parties, he allowed them to fall to again, and that not satisfying their lust for slaughter, was followed by a third three rounds, which damped the energy of the private, who yielded more or less gracefully to the physical influence of the acting corporal's muscles, probably assisted by the moral influence of the acting corporal's rank. Thus the business ended happily, all concerned agreeing that it was much better than the trouble that would have been entailed by a visit to the guard house.

After twenty-one years and six months' service, Colour-Sergeant Hilditch in 1864 applied for his discharge with permission to retire on a sergeant's pension. The application was met by a remonstrance from his adjutant, who protested. "Why, there's ten years' good service in you yet." "But," replied the colour-sergeant, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip, and I'm sure of my pension now!" "Well," said the adjutant, "if I could keep you I would."

Shewing the shrewdness of the sergeant's observation as well as the precarious nature in those days of non-commissioned rank and its contingencies, it may be mentioned that the same sergeant he recommended for his colours was reduced to the ranks, some six months after, for allowing a prisoner to escape from a faultily-constructed guard room. This same accident may or may not have occurred to Colour-Sergeant Hilditch had he continued to serve, but he would nevertheless unavoidably have had the risk.

The year following his discharge saw Mr Hilditch, late Colour-Sergeant of H.M. 80th Regiment of Foot, settled in the colony of New Zealand, where he has since remained, and is now snugly ensconsed amid the comforts ensured by a life of frugality and hard work, backed by a substantial annuity in the shape of an Imperial pension.

Occasionally he emerges from the commonplace of civilian life and the shell of domesticity to parade bravely on military gala days, when in the old-fashioned uniform of his regiment and mounted on his old white horse, his striking personality shows out in the full strength of its picturesque effectiveness. On the last of one of these occasions he was presented by Colonel Pole-Penton to His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly, which in itself is a distinction in a democratic community like this.

As it was in the Land of Tara.

THE INVASION OF WELLINGTON BY THE NGAPUHI LEAGUE IN 1817.

By Elsdon Best.

I.

WHEN, in the early part of the century, the Ngapuhi and other Northern tribes obtained fire-arms from the early traders they piously proceeded to raid the less fortunate Southern tribes, and, armed with the much dreaded guns, marched in victorious triumph down both coasts, leaving scenes of death and desolation in their trail.

About the year 1817 an expedition was formed by Ngapuhi, Ngati-Whatua and other tribes of the North to attack the people of Taranaki and Raukawa (Cook Straits). We will listen to the account of that bloody foray, as given by a survivor :—

"Friend! Let me tell you of our raid on Taranaki and the Southern people in the days that are past. To the far South we marched, even to Raukawa, the Sacred Sea (Cook Strait), and to the great harbour of Tara,* and the Valley of the Shining Water.†

It was the third raid I had joined, for I was then a young man. The war party of Tuwhare arose. We assembled at Kaipara. The fighting men of Ngapuhi joined us, and we, who marched against the South, were five hundred, twice told. But we who returned, after twelve moons of fighting, were but three hundred, twice told; and the others? Son, they are lying beneath the waves of Raukawa, in the sand hills of the coast, by the flowing waters of the Land of Tara.

We were marshalled under the chiefs Hongi Hika, Te Kawau, Tuwhare, Te Waka Nene, Te Karu, Te Paroa, Pori, Moetara, Taoho and others. As we advanced down the coast Te Rau-paraha joined us with a band of his warriors.

We had four guns, and Hongi Hika had one of these, as he was a good shot.

Whenever we approached a *pa* those who had the guns went before, while we of the *rakau Maori* (native weapons) followed. When the enemy recognised us as a war party their braves ascended the *puwhara* (platforms—see note 1), or stages, that they might be able to assault us by throwing down stones upon us. But they knew not of the new weapon—the gun. They knew not how it destroys man from afar. For thus it was that we overran the White World and marched to and fro across the land, from far Te Reinga to the Land of Tara. Even that the name of Ngapuhi struck against the heavens.

So our warriors with the guns would advance opposite the fort and dance defiantly and defy the men on the stages with insulting words and gestures, and the enemy would challenge us to the attack. Then they would begin to cast stones at us, and our gun men would fire upon them. Friend, it was like shooting pigeons on the forest trees, as they fell from those stages. And those in the *pa* would hear the sound of the guns, and see the smoke and the flashing lightning and their bravest warriors falling, slain from afar by some strange power they knew not of. They thought that it was Maru, their war god, who had ranged himself on our side, and that the death of their braves was caused by the power of that god

*Te Whanga nui a Tara, Wellington Harbour.
†Wairarapa.

and the *tapu* and superior knowledge of our priests. Yes, it was the thunder sent by Maru. Their ancient war god had deserted them. So lost they the strength of battle. Feebly they fought, without courage and without energy, and we of the fighting North, we had then but to assault the fort, and take it with but little loss. Then would be heard the groans of dying men as they fell beneath the club and stone axe. The slain were cooked and eaten by us, and those spared we made prisoners of. They were useful in carrying the flesh of their slaughtered friends as food for our party on the journey southward

We would camp at each fort that fell to us, for a space, that is until we had eaten all the bodies of our slain enemies, or until those bodies became offensive. Then we would march further south—ever south. So we desolated the land, slaying the people thereof, burning villages, taking and destroying food, even that no man might live in our rear.

The tribes of Ngati-Awa, of Taranaki, and of Ngati-Ruanui went down before us; the people of the Setting Sun fled from our path, the children of Turi and of Ira arose and disappeared like the white mist that at early morn rises from the forest ranges.

So came we to Otaki and Pae-Kakariki, there we saw the place where the monster whales of the Great Ocean of Kiwa drift ashore. Their bones lay on the beach and we took many thereof, wherewith to fashion the weapons of the Maori. Then we found a stranded whale, and ate it. At Porirua we saw the *Kotuku* (white crane—note 2), and we fought the peope of that place and slew some. There was no *pa* there; we killed the people in their cultivations (note 3).

You must know that the name of this island is Te Ika a Maui (the Fish of Maui). Wellington Harbour is the right eye of that fish, and the Wairarapa Lake is the left eye. The rocks known as the Tangihanga-a-Kupe are just north of the harbour (at Te Kawakawa, near Cape Palliser). They stand in a row, like mourners at a *tangi*. Those rocks were formerly people, men and women, who mourned there in times long passed away, and were there turned into stone.

When we were at Te Kawakawa we saw a ship sailing on the sea. We made fires on the hilltops to attract the people of that ship, but they took no notice of our invitation. Had they landed we would not have injured them, and should they have asked what we were doing there we would have said, "We are killing people."

When we arrived at Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara some of us camped at Pipitea, and another division, mostly young men, at Te Aro. Now we found food very scarce at that place, so much so that we were compelled to kill our prisoners for food. Fortunately we had many prisoners taken on our march down the coast. We agreed that each chief should kill so many of his slaves for this purpose. I killed fifteen of mine. We stayed at the harbour of Tara until nearly all our slaves were used in this manner.

So we thought it wise to send out an expedition to search for food. The party consisted of the young warriors of the camp at Te Aro. They went by the coast, towards Te Ra-whiti and Te Ika-a-Maru (an old fort near Mr. James McManaman's homestead). They attacked a party of the people of the land and slew them. But our enemies assembled and made a night attack on our party, killing many of them. They were young men those of the Te Aro camp, and, like young men, would not be cautious to guard against surprises, and so wandered over the land like children.

Then one of our chiefs assembled his warriors and marched towards the Western Sea to attack those who had slain our young men. And with our chief went his daughter, who was a *puhi*, that is, she was promised in marriage to a man of Hokianga. But that chief and his daughter and the whole party were destroyed by the men of the land. Then were our hearts dark within us, and we rose to avenge the death of our people."

It will be as well to explain here that at the time of the raid of the abovementioned

war party of Ngati-whatua, Ngapuhi and other tribes on the south, that the Wellington district was occupied by a tribe known as Ngati-Ira, who had, nine generations before that time, migrated from the East Coast, above Poverty Bay, and as they became powerful, gradually acquired more territory until they occupied all lands between Cape Palliser and Pukerua, near Pae-Kakariki. Ngati-Kararu, a division of this tribe, were living at Porirua under the famous chief Te Whanake and his equally famous wife, Tamai-rangi, at the time of the Tuwhare raid. Ngati-Ira had several fortified settlements, as Maupuia and Orua-iti at Miramar, Ngutuihe at Puke-atua, near Waiwhetu, Korohiwa, opposite Mana Island, on which island (known as Makaro to the Maori) are also to be seen old defences.

These people must have been fairly numerous, inasmuch as an old tribal saying runs thus: "*Ko tini o te pekeha ki te moana, ko Ngati Ira ki uta*"—that is "The multitude of the *pekeha* on the ocean is like unto the numbers of Ngati-Ira on land." The *pekeha* is a small sea bird which is seen in large flocks.

NOTES.

1. Puwhara: A patform on high posts, a stage erected within a *pa* near the palisades, and on which fighting men stood, armed with long spears, stones, etc., in order to repel attack.

2. Kotuku: The white crane. These birds were numerous at Pori-rua Harbour in pre-pakeha days. The feathers thereof were much prized by natives. They soon disappeared after the arrival and settlement of whalers. I saw one in the Kenepuru Stream about thirty-six years ago.

3. No *pa* at Porirua. At that time the Pa-o-Kapo at Titahi was occupied, and probably another on the coast a little further south, but of which I forget the name. The war party, however, probably came by land, down the coast, thus the above forts would very likely not be seen by them. It was during Te Rau-paraha's second raid that Takanae and Tungia took the Wai-mapihi *pa* at Pukerua. Old Ngahuka, of Pukerua, is a son of Tungia.

II.

"So we rose to avenge our comrades who had been slain by the people of the land. Ngapuhi marched by Heretaunga (the Hutt) and round the coast to the mouth of the River of Wai-rarapa, where we made *moki* (flax stalks or dry raupo tied into bundles, the buoyancy of which enables a person to bestride it and cross a wide river thereon), and there were fifty of us, twice told, who paddled across the river on those *moki* in order to attack the *pa* on the eastern side of the river mouth. But the fifty, twice told, were defeated and driven off, and retired in confusion. Many were killed, and their bodies were eaten by the people of that *pa*. One of our chiefs was also severely wounded in the breast by a spear thrust, and afterwards died. We heard of others of our people having been killed, that is of our people who had camped at Te Aro. For that party had captured canoes from our enemies, and had crossed the Whanga-nui-a-Tara and landed near the mouth of the Wai-rarapa, and were roaming over the land fighting the men of Kahungunu.

We, who had lost men, decided to pursue the enemy, who had left their *pa* and gone up the valley of Wai-rarapa. So we crossed the Wai-o-Rotu River on our *moki*, and pursued them. For three nights* did we follow them. Then we came up to them, and we fought and conquered them, slaying many and taking many prisoners. Then we returned to where our dead chief lay (the one who had been speared), and there we slew those prisoners we had taken to serve as food for the mourners for our chief. When we had performed the usual rites over the dead chief we then cut off his head. The body was buried, but the head we preserved in accordance with our ancient customs, that we might carry it back to our home in the far north land, there to be greeted and mourned over, after the custom of the Maori. But while we were engaged in preserving and drying the head, and

*The Maori reckons time by nights, not by days.

before the flesh thereof was rendered firm and hard by heat and smoke, some of our people took away several of the palm leaves which formed a rude shelter for our priest, and in which to preserve our chief's head. These leaves they used for bedding. It was then that we knew death. For the gods afflicted us sorely for that deed. The sickness sent by the gods attacked us. Day by day men sickened and died, until two hundred had passed through the gates of death. That is how we stayed so long on the eastern side of the entrance to the great harbour of Tara. Many of our chiefs there perished of that sickness. We preserved their heads, the bodies we burned, lest their bones should fall into the hands of our enemies. But those of the party of Tuwhare who died, their whole bodies were burned, for no person of that party possessed sufficient sacred power (*mana*) to perform the act of taking off the heads.

When we were recovered from that dread sickness, it was then that we were attacked by those people. We defeated them, and they fled across the river, where we pursued them. That river is beyond the islands of Matiu (Soames) and Makaro (Ward). We found our enemies in a *pa* and we attacked them, and defeated them. For two weeks we remained at that place devouring the bodies of our slain foes. When we had finished them we went on up the river, where we took another fort, and slew and ate the people thereof.

Again we travelled on until we came to a *pa*, which our prisoners told us was the largest fort of the district. We arrived at it by keeping moving up the river. We found the *pa* abandoned by the people. Two hundred of us, once told, camped there, and one hundred went on up the river. In one week from the time the one hundred left us they were attacked by some of the people of the big fort. They fought in the river, and our hundred were defeated, but a handful escaped. Our main body rose and marched swiftly to the battlefield. We lifted the trail of those who had slain our hundred. We paddled all day in our canoes, and as night fell, we came to a large fort, and we saw that it contained many men. Te Rau-paraha proposed that we should not attack the fort, but paddle on up the river that our foe might pursue us. So we paddled on, and the men of the *pa* followed us, running along the banks of the river, and keeping pace with us in our canoes. Soon we arrived at a branch river, which blocked the people on shore, for the bottom of the stream was soft and boggy. We would have killed them had they attempted to cross it, while they were struggling in the soft mud. We landed on the other side of that branch stream, and ever as those people followed us did they jeer at us on account of our small numbers, and style us foolhardy to raid a numerous people as they were—and we so few. But the guns had not yet spoken !

They cried out that they would assuredly eat us all, and that we, being so few, would not satisfy them. And the guns were still silent !

Our priests told us not to answer the jeers and insulting words of those peope, so we stayed on the bank of that branch stream, and our foes remained on the other side thereof. And we looked at them and they looked at us. And the voices of our guns were not heard !

They continually jeered us, those people across the stream. But we remained silent. And our prisoners remained silent as they sat in the canoes. And still the guns were silent !

We remained on shore, and our slaves prepared food for us. The warriors rose, and, stripped to the war girdle, marched down to the bank of the river, where we stood in file while the priest performed the rites of the war god. When the *tohi* ceremony was over and the invocations repeated, we returned to our canoes, which we had taken from our foes, having found them concealed along the banks of the river. By this time many more of the people of the land had arrived, and all stood on the river bank looking at us. And the guns of Ngapuhi were dumb towards them.

As we approached them in our canoes

they started up and defied us by rolling their eyes, thrusting out their tongues at our gun bearers, and calling to us to land and fight. Maybe that they thought to destroy us by their great numbers ?

It was then, O son ! that the voices of our guns were heard, and those jeering people were caught in the snare of Hine-nui-te-Po (Goddess of Hades). The guns resounded. A gun sounded and a man fell, a gun sounded and a man fell. They were so startled by the reports of our guns that they stood foolishly about ; fear had deprived them of strength, of all power to act. Our ears tingled with their piercing shrieks. They shouted and wailed, broke and ran. They fled to cross the muddy creek, but one of our canoes, laden with warriors, had gone there to intercept them, and shot several of them. So they fled back towards us, and we rose against them, while our men of the canoe in the creek also landed and attacked them on that side. Again the guns sounded, and many were killed. They fled by the way they had pursued our canoes, and we followed them, slaying as we overtook them, and taking many prisoners. So we chased and slew them until we arrived at their *pa*, which they rushed into, but we of our war party entered with them, even that they had no time to close the gates of that fort. So we attacked them within the walls, and killed, and killed, and killed, until our arms grew weary with striking, and the *pa* was full of their dead. Then we cut up the Ika-a-Tu (the fish or prey of Tu, the war god), and for three-quarters of the moon we remained at that place and ate the finest ones. Those whom we could not eat we prepared the flesh by cutting it into strips and placing them on a platform of sticks, that the heat of the sun might dry them. The pieces were then packed in vessels, which were filled with the fat from the bodies, that the damp might not injure it. We found this very useful when travelling. All the bones of the bodies were burned lest they be collected by our foes, and deposited in the sacred places of the tribe.

The heads of the slain chiefs were cut off and piled in a heap, and the head of the principal chief was placed on the top of that heap. Then we took other heads and threw them at the pile of heads. The one head on the top of the pile made a fine mark to throw at. This is an ancient game ; it was practised by our ancestors, although stones were often used instead of human heads to throw at the pile of heads. We continued our game until all the heads were quite crushed. After we had finished our game the young men took those heads and burned them. They thought that burning those heads was fine sport. The leg and arm bones were broken at one end, then a fern stalk was heated at the fire and inserted in the bone in order to melt the marrow (mongamonga) within the bone, which we then sucked. It was a very good relish.

After that we fared on inland to attack another *pa* there. Our prisoners had told us of this *pa*. When we came to that *pa* Te Rau-paraha advised that we should deceive the people thereof by pretending to make peace with them. So we made a deceitful peace with those people that they might not discover our intentions in regard to them, and that we might the more easily take the fort. For it was a large *pa*, and its defenders were numerous, while we were few. So we sent a messenger to make peace with the *pa*, and to invite the warriors, who were three hundred and fifty, once told, to attend a feast that we had prepared for them. And it was arranged by Te Rau-paraha that each man of our guests should be placed between two of our people (placed alternately), and that when the women brought the food, and just as those people were stretching out their hands to take food, each of our men was to attack the man sitting on his right hand. At the appointed time it was Te Rau-paraha who gave the signal, and each of ours struck at the head of his man. Then were heard cries and groans as men's heads were crushed by our weapons with a sound like that of a calabash being broken. Even so

that three hundred and five tens were slain by us, not one escaped, and the land was covered with the dead. Then black fear stuck at the hearts of those people, and behold, they became as a nameless people and were not known of the land!

We took the *pa*. The people thereof started up but to be slain, and some were enslaved by us.

It was in this fight that Hongi Hika first swallowed the eyes of man. For one of these people had killed a relative of Hongi, one Keke-ao by name, and here we slew the slayer, and Hongi plucked out and swallowed his eyes (to square the account). You must know that Hongi was a young man at this time. This raid south occurred some time before he went to England.

During this expedition all the surprises, treacherous attacks and deceitful acts were taught us by Te Rau-paraha. The chief Keke-ao was killed during this raid. Other chiefs who were of our party were Patu-one, Wharepapa, Te Rangi-haeata and Tawhai, and the rest of the chiefs of old who have passed away. And of these Te Keke-ao and Moetara were slain in the southlands.

We were a whole year absent on that expedition, and as we marched we plundered the different places of food and canoes, and we burned everything that fire would burn. One thousand, once told, were we who invaded the lands which border upon the Sacred Sea, and six hundred of us returned to the north. But we brought back the heads of our chiefs, even of those who died of sickness and in war, back to our homes.

And the slaves whom we brought back with us were slain by our people at home in revenge for our warriors who fell in the southlands, and for food. For human flesh was sweet to us in those days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REFRAIN.

A vision fair
Gleams through the crowd—
Light silken hair,
Lips curling proud.
Thus, Helen, did of old thy perfect face
Embroil whole nations, in like evil case
Were this beholder, but its beauteous grace
Was cold to me, was cold to me.

In statue white
Of classic art,
No rose-flush bright
Flows from the heart.
Yet not as statue's staring blanks of stone—
Like clearest pool in glacier river shewn
By gleams of sun, surely those eyes must own
Some stir for one, some thrill for one.

But no, a star
With icy sheen,
Remote, afar
Is only seen,
And touches only dreamily our thought,
Less lovely joys with fancies hotly wrought
Are better than a form, which love-untaught
Is cold to all, is cold to all.

EDMUND B. R. PRIDEAUX.

The Taming of Koreronui.

By H. F. Bedggood.

Illustrated by Kennett Watkins

IWI TE HAKIRO was a Maori chief of considerable weight, both physically and mentally, for besides being endowed by Nature with a frame of phenomenal proportions, he held absolute sway over about 800 warriors, to say nothing of women and children. He was descended from a long line of illustrious rangatiras whose very names had once struck terror to the hearts of their enemies, and whose valiant deeds were still preserved in the poetical effusions chanted upon state occasions by the bards of his tribe.

But notwithstanding his high social position and aristocratic lineage, Iwi was not altogether happy. Metaphorically speaking, there was one bitter drop in his calabash that turned the whole contents to gall, and made his life a burden to him. The cause of this may be briefly summed up in three significant words—a scolding wife.

The partner of Iwi Te Hakiro's joys and sorrows was a tall, lank wahine of vinegary aspect, and a decided tendency towards making the most of that "unruly member," which is generally conceded to be—in conjunction with a broomstick—the principal weapon used in feminine warfare. She bore a most appropriate name, bestowed upon her, according to Maori custom, for that very reason. It was Koreronui (big talk).

Had Koreronui been a wahine of less degree, her long-suffering husband might easily have obtained a final separation, for the divorce laws in New Zealand at that period were not quite so complicated as they are now, notwithstanding the humane tendency of recent legislation in this direction. None of the legal formalities attendant upon a protracted trial were observed then. One skilful well-placed blow with a "mere," and the obnoxious knot was effectually severed at once and for ever.

Unfortunately for our friend Iwi, however, Koreronui happened to be a lady possessed of rank quite equal to his own, and she belonged to another tribe, consequently the summary process just hinted at would have been highly injudicious, not to say dangerous, on account of the vengeance of her relatives.

The alluring prospect of permanent relief thus unlawfully obtained failed to justify any such rash proceeding. Iwi Te Hakiro was forced to bear the burden of his consort's tongue with resignation, and a fortitude almost equal to that displayed by the great Socrates himself under similar circumstances. But according to a well-worn aphorism, "everything in this world must have an end," the chief's forbearance at last gave way beneath the strain of an insult, which no Maori rangatira with any self respect could brook without at least attempting some sort of retaliation. It happened in this way.

One of the warriors, having affronted Koreronui in some trifling manner, the inflammable dowager, according to her invariable custom, lost no time in giving

him her opinion of him in language of a highly derogatory nature.

Now, instead of receiving her rebukes in the spirit of meekness due to her exalted rank, the warrior not only flew into a violent rage, but proceeded to return them in kind, and an exchange of civilities ensued which it is unnecessary to describe in detail. the affair to a climax by hurling a stick at his screeching adversary; although the missile (perhaps intentionally) flew wide of its mark, the offence was none the less unpardonable from a native point of view, and after a fearful shriek of mingled rage and astonishment at such unparalled audacity, the frantic wahine rushed off in search of

TE HAKIRO WAS FORCED TO BEAR THE BURDEN OF HIS CONSORT'S TONGUE WITH RESIGNATION.

For the next few minutes the entire community were treated to a display of vituperative eloquence on the part of Koreronui that broke all her previous records, and elicited yells of approval from the grinning spectators.

At length the warrior, goaded to desperation by this hailstorm of rhetoric, brought her august partner, bent upon seeking immediate redress. She found Iwi Te Hakiro sitting in his *whare* suffering from an acute attack of indigestion occasioned by over-indulgence the night before in Maori spare rib, a delicacy he greatly esteemed, consequently he was anything but pleased when Koreronui burst unceremoniously

into the hut, and immediately began to detail her wrongs at the top of her by no means melodious voice. After dwelling at some length upon the enormity of the crime just perpetrated by one whom she loudly stigmatized as nothing less than a *ware* (a coward) the irate dowager finally concluded by demanding in a most peremptory manner that the offender should be forthwith offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of her outraged dignity, as a fitting reward for his misdeeds.

To her astonishment and mortification, however, Iwi, after listening impatiently to her harangue, sternly declined to authorise such a sanguinary proceeding on the grounds that Koreronui had not been struck by the stick, and also because he would shortly require every warrior he could muster to resist the impending invasion of a hostile neighbour.

This logical conclusion evoked a storm of shrill abuse from Koreronui. Had she confined herself to mere vituperation all might have gone well—Iwi was accustomed to that—and the final catastrophe would have been averted. But, unfortunately, carried away by her excessive resentment, she went still further, and in an evil moment gave it as her firm conviction that Iwi required the warriors more for the protection of his own sacred person during the progress of the battle than for anything else, inasmuch as he was at heart a coward of the deepest dye.

HE HAD ONLY TO PRODUCE A PIECE OF ROPE, AND SILENCE REIGNED.

This humiliating insinuation, coming on the top of his indigestion, was too much, and Iwi Te Hakiro sprang to his feet with a yell of rage that startled everyone within hearing. Seizing his astounded wahine by the arm, with a grip that caused her to squeal with pain in an entirely new key, he dragged her outside in a twinkling, and calling half-a-dozen warriors ordered them to bind her securely at once.

This operation was not conducted without a considerable amount of difficulty, for the dowager, in her uncertainty as to what such an unusual proceeding might portend, resisted with all her strength, but at last it was successfully accomplished, and the panting warriors looked to their chief for further instructions.

They had not long to wait, for Iwi Te Hakiro, after surveying his prostrate and loudly protesting partner with an air of significant triumph, ordered them to carry her along, and picking up a coil of stout, plaited rope which happened to lie ready to his hand, set off rapidly in the direction of a neighbouring stream. Arrived at the bank of a deep, dark-looking pool of water in a bend of the creek, the chief skilfully threw one end of the rope over the limb of an over-hanging manuka tree, and then quietly proceeded to form a disagreeably suggestive noose at the other end.

From these ominous preparations poor Koreronui immediately arrived at the harrowing conclusion that she was about to be "hanged by the neck until she was dead," and consequently her cries became even more alarming. Without taking the slightest notice of her, however, Iwi calmly finished his preparations, and carefully securing the noose around the body of the luckless wahine, he ordered the warriors to grasp the end of the rope, which hung over the manuka branch. The next moment he gave them a signal to pull all together, and in a twinkling the squalling disturber of his conjugal peace found herself dangling between heaven and water in a highly uncomfortable and indecorous position.

After allowing her to enjoy this somewhat unique experience for a minute or so, he commanded the willing warriors to let go. Then came a fearful shriek, a mighty splash, and a few bubbles rising in a ring of ever increasing circles upon the surface of the dark pool, were all that could be seen. But only for an instant, for Iwi Te Hakiro merely wished to give his wife a well-deserved lesson, and the next moment a stout pull from the natives hauled her once more, spluttering and shrieking, into the glorious sunlight.

When this process had been repeated a few times Koreronui began humbly begging for mercy, and was at length liberated in a state of utter exhaustion. It is only fair to state that her lord and master never again had to resort to this hydropathic treatment, for whenever the wahine betrayed any inclination to use her tongue too freely on subsequent occasions, he had only to produce a piece of rope, and silence reigned supreme, where formerly a most exasperating altercation would inevitably have taken place.

Amongst the Matabele.

Many Years Ago.

By Rev. W. Curzon-Siggers, M.A.

FABLE has long had its say about Matabele's Land. The Moors held firmly to the traditional belief that here the Queen of Sheba ruled in Oriental luxury and magnificence, and from this place to King Solomon they fetched gold, 400 talents. The land of Ophir has three claimants: one, a site on the west coast of India, two, Arabia, three, Sofala or some place inland. There is much to favour the opinion that the land of Ophir was the land of the Matabele, now better known as part of Rhodesia. For many years this land was known to be auriferous by white men who penetrated these regions, and retained the knowledge of the existence of untold wealth locked securely with masonic fidelity in the safe repository of their breasts. Even the natives who brought down occasionally quills of gold dust revealed nothing. Hunters penetrated these regions, and told us of the numerous pre-historic remains long before writers in English monthlies claimed to have discovered them. This is the land for the miner and farmer who are willing to work in harmony with the guiding spirit and originator of the British South Africa Company.

In the land of the Matabele there is pasture as well as gold. The ancients have extensively worked its gold, copper, and iron with appliances which we consider rude, perhaps because we know nothing about them. These appliances could cut and remove enormous blocks out of the bowels of mountains, and leave all the sides as smooth as though a smoothing iron had been over them. The richness of the soils in some parts is supported by a good water supply from rivers and streams. Game abounds, though every month decreases the opportunities for sport. It seems as if food for man and beast had been preserved hidden in this goodly land until the over-teeming population of the Empire of the twentieth century required an habitation.

Though the country is large the land occupied by the Matabele is small, therefore there is room for whites and blacks. The native will be an invaluable and cheap servant to the colonist, and so long as fire water is kept from these bright lands, so long the white man may expect to have at hand a ready, cheap and willing worker. These natives are splendid servants under good management. If you simply tell a native to do some work, *e.g.*, in your garden, you might expect to find him, later on, reclining beneath the shade of the fig or pomegranate. And why not? You have not shown him that you understand what you want him to do. Your mere command is not sufficient proof to him, unless he has

tasted the sjambok, that you are a judge of work. The kraals of the Matabele occupy the lovely and healthy plateau forming the watershed between the Zambesi and the Crocodile Rivers.

The population was about 200,000. As a people they are a mixture of the Zulu, the Bechuana, the Mashona and the Makololo. The most serious item of that blood mixture was the Zulu element. Theirs is the warrior's blood, the blood that would endure and give any torture till death puts a welcome end thereto, for the Zulu knows that his future prosperity depends upon the number of foes he succeeds in slaying. Promotion is dependent upon slaying the blood of the king's enemies. Age does not decide a man's rank, but killing the king's foes does. Lobenguela was a direct descendant of the Zulu monarchs, and had all the Zulu determination and astuteness in him. It is just possible he was friendly because he hoped that the B.S.A. Company would help him to eat up the Mashona. On the other hand the Mashona may have been friendly in the hope that the Company would protect them from the Matabele. These are two theories upon which the success of the Company was said to have depended. But the peaceful attitude of Lobengula may have been due to the gracious reception given by the Queen to two of his Indunas in 1888, whom he sent to the Queen to see whether she still lived, because the defeat at Amajuba and the policy afterwards pursued caused him to doubt the fact. These chiefs were to be his eyes, ears and mouth. The Queen's gracious reception of them at Windsor won their hearts. Wondrous were the stories they related upon their return. Not half of England's glory and greatness had by report reached Lobengula until his eyes had seen the tokens thereof. As Lobengula's predecessor on the throne, the Queen of Sheba, went to Jerusalem to behold King Solomon's glory, so Lobengula, after the lapse of centuries, went to Solomon's lineal descendant, Queen Victoria, according to the Anglo-Israelite, who sits enthroned in the Isles of the West, and whose eldest son takes one of his titles from the ancient mines, whence yearly the ships of Tarshish sailed with tin to Judæa. Lobengula declared that peace should reign between his servants and her servants. Lobengula, being a shrewd man, is said to have had a very good memory. He regarded state affairs from an exceedingly practical point of view, and the apparent cruelty of his severe justice was due rather to necessity than to a cruel heart. It is unfair to judge him by our standard. His people are a turbulent race who neither value nor care for life. Mr. Maund, an Englishman, who had known Lobengula for the past six years, relates the following statement which the sable monarch made on the subject of killing his subjects:—"You see you white men have prisons, and can lock a man up safely. I have not. What am I to do? When a man would not listen to orders, I used to have his ears cut off as being useless; but whatever their punishment, they frequently repeated the offence. Now, I warn them, and then a knob-kerried man never repeats his offence." There is certainly the usual amount of native logic in this speech. The natives reason in their way from European customs to their own needs and deeds; *e.g.*, a European clergyman had in his employ a native servant, who having helped herself freely to some drug, justified her conduct with the assertion, "God made white fellow and black. God made all things. All people equal in God's sight, so the Missionary says. What God gave you I may have, because Missionary says we are brothers and all equal. You no give me and I takee; that is right. Mine is yours and yours is mine." But she was puzzled to account for the fact that the medicine made her ill, whereas it appeared to make her master better. However, in due time a reasonable explanation suggested itself to her mind, viz.:—"That God made white fellow weak, and he wanted medicine to make him strong. God made black fellow strong, and the white man's medicine was like poison to him." This conclusion she arrived at after having drunk pretty freely of a bottle of chlorodyne.

Lobengula was the chief rainmaker of his people. The power to produce rain is an article of faith in all parts of Africa. The customs are somewhat similar in all the tribes. The king and his armed warriors form a circle. In the centre the rainmakers perform their incantations. The rainmakers are men of renown in that art belonging to the same or some other tribe. The penalty of failure is usually death. An influential wizard will force the people to believe that the failure is due to an evil spirit in one of the company, who is singled out and put to death. There is an interesting marriage law, namely, that mothers-in-law may not visit the houses of their sons-in-law, and that if a mother-in-law meets her son-in-law anywhere outside his hut she must not look at him.

In its physical features the Matabele Land extends from the high veldt plateau of the Matopo range, formed by vast sand belts running east and west, from a few thousand yards to fifty miles wide, and in elevation the crest above the trough from a few feet to several hundred. These belts have good grass and a great deal of bush with camel-thorn trees, the bush thickest on the crest. This marked feature, explorers tell us, extends with a few variations caused by the outcropping of granite limestone and basaltic hills from the Namaqua Land on the west to Basuto, Transvaal, and the Mashona Mountains on the east, and as far north as the Zambesi.

The central plateau is rich in minerals, the soil fertile, and adapted for corn. To the east the slope of the land is abrupt and the country broken. The plateau is furrowed by many rivers, the rainfall good, the climate healthier than the sea board. From April to November the air is dry and salubrious. September and October before the rains are the hottest in the year. All vegetation is then dried up. The grass lands are burnt off by the natives. The cattle are driven away to find grass and water. The hottest month varies from 105 to 111 degrees, but being dry the heat is not felt. Evenings and mornings are cool. All things grow well, rice in Mashona Land, cotton and india rubber in the north, tobacco and vegetables flourish.

During the winter months—May, June, and July—it is very cold at night in these highlands. Blankets and rugs are required for camping out then on the veldt. Yet notwithstanding this great variation in temperature, the dry season is very healthy. However bracing this may be to the white man, the unclothed native moves off to the lower lands. To clothe the natives as Europeans is to produce diseases they would not otherwise have. Englishmen have lived here for the last quarter of a century, and traders and missionaries have reared families there. The soil all along the rich valleys is very fertile. Crops are sown in October and November—the last month of spring and the first month of summer—and after the first rains it is astonishing to note the rapidity with which the grass and crops grow. As if by magic the country changes its russet scorched dress for one of emerald green, whilst the veldt and the forest are beauteous with flowers and resonant with the songs of birds of the loveliest plumage who flit and twitter amongst the trees. The harvest is gathered in at the end of autumn, and the corn is quickly made into Kaffir beer, the national drink of the South African native. The future of this country will be made not only by goldfields but by its corn ground and cattle rearing, for which it is specially adapted. And so thought the Boers after they saw Colley on Majuba Hill, when, thinking all was lost, some of their leaders proposed a trek thither. As an illustration of agricultural methods we may mention that the late Rev. T. Thomas formed a garden and led on the water to it from a spring—a common method of supplying water in inland places. Hitherto this land has been the country of the missionary and the hunter—of men as humble, as brave, as modest, as energetic—of men whose prowess is undoubted, whose praises no historian has sung, pioneers who had no thought of fame, but prepared the way for others to enter and to reap the fruits of the new land.

"TOOTUMS."

(For the Children).

By "Kiwi." *Illustrated by H. E. Taylor.*

I AM always hearing people say: "What a fine cat! What a beautiful coat he has, and only look at his whiskers! Tootums, poor Tootums!" And I am of the same opinion, I am really a splendid cat, and I have reason to be proud of my whiskers. But I am not proud of my photo. My mistress stupidly stood before the window when I was posing, and spoilt the effect She's a better looking woman than you'd imagine from her shadow. I weigh about

"I AM REALLY A SPLENDID CAT."

thirteen pounds. My mistress weighed me one day, she popped me in a sugar bag and put me on the scales. I fought and scratched at first, but she gave me a smack and said "Bad cat!" and so I had to keep still. Why is it people will put poor cats in sugar bags to weigh them? Once a naughty little girl put me in the coal sack. When I got out I went and sat on her best Sunday hat.

I have very strong teeth, and one day a strange dog came and I bit him for looking at me. I caught him by the ear, and then got on his back. Off he started, and I thought I was a circus cat. It was a terrible ride, and at last I fell off into a ditch of dirty water. How my mistress laughed! She said I was a good "Tootums" for fighting the nasty dog. She gave me a saucer of milk, but I wanted meat, so she said I could go without. This was distinctly rude of her, wasn't it?

I can catch mice and rats, if I'm in the humour. One day there were some rats in the wash-house, and I was shut in to catch them, I watched for a little while, but at last I got sleepy and went off into dream-land. The rats came out and ran round and had a grand time. At last a little girl, named May, came and awakened me, and then she began pulling the boxes about to make the rats come out. All of a sudden out jumped a huge great-grandfather rat. Oh, dear, how that little girl yelled and jumped! All of a sudden in her fright she came down with a terrible stamp on that very same rat, and killed him. She was off like a streak of lightning, and I pounced on the old fellow and shook him and growled like a roaring lion.

My mistress came to see what was going on, and when she saw what I had done, she said I was the most wonderful cat in the world. How I purred and pressed my claws in and out. The great-grandfather rat was thrown in the rubbish-tin. What do you think I did? I pulled him out and carried him to mistress' bedroom, and put the beautiful rat on her bed. When she went to bed that night she spied him, and thought it was another rat, and she nearly screamed. When she found it was my doing, she said I ought to be shut up, and kept out of mischief.

I am very fond of the butcher, he is a very fine man with a red face. He likes raw meat I am sure, and so we are good friends. He gives me meat when he comes with the cart. One day I stood up on my hind legs and stretched up my fore-paws and spread out my claws and then pressed them into his fat legs. Oh, you should have seen him jump!

"You beggar," he cried, "I'll teach you to scratch me!" and the next moment I was running for my life with his dog at my heels.

"A LITTLE GIRL CAME AND WAKENED ME."

I went as fast as I could and ran up a post, I fuzzed up my tail and back, and opened my mouth and glared at that dog. He barked at me and I spat at him, then I swore so badly that he got a fright and ran away.

The most terrible time I ever had was when Miss Kate was going to get married. They were so busy that they forgot all about me, and I had to steal to keep myself alive. On the wedding-day I stole a wing of duck, drank half a jug of cream, and ate a little chicken pie. They said I ought to be hanged just because I tried to get my own living.

I am very fond of chickens, dear, little fluffy things! I like them very young and tender. One day a hen brought out a lovely brood of twelve, yellow chickens. I was feeling very hungry indeed, and climbed up on the fence to have a good view of them. Presently they came past me, and then they began pecking round the pig-barrel, so I stepped on the edge of the nasty, dirty thing and, oh, would you believe it? The hen stuck out all her feathers like a turkey, and gave me such a fright that I fell into the pig-barrel—head over heels! It was something horrible! I was nearly drowned, and there I was covered with pig's food. You never saw such a filthy sight. Greasy pig-wash and curds stuck all over me. I tried to lick myself, but it tasted too horribly nasty. I went into the house and peeped into every room, till at last I got to the drawing-room. Everything looked so comfortable there that I got on the best easy chair and went to sleep.

When I awakened I felt a little drier, as a great deal of the pig-wash and grease had soaked into the cushions. The front door bell rang, so I slipped off the chair and got underneath. In another moment a grand lady sailed into the room. She was so kind, for she sat in the pig-wash chair, and hid me while I waited to get away. Suddenly she said: "What a smell of pigs!" I nearly died of laughter, for people as a rule say "What a smell of cats!" I thought it was time to "get,"—so I "got," and ran out of the front door, and sat on the gate to watch. After a while the old lady came out, holding her nose with her handkerchief. As she passed me I turned up my nose, for oh, she did smell so strong of pig-wash! I don't think she ever came to see my mistress again.

I have a very bad enemy next door. He is always quarrelling with me. One day I was sitting on a post wagging my tail, when my enemy came along. He was so rude to me that I got off my post and boxed his ears —"One, two, three! There, take that:" I cried, and then he said; "Four, five, six, seven! There, take that!" And next moment we were rolled up in a ball, hugging

"I FELL INTO THE PIG-BARREL—HEAD OVER HEELS!"

each other like fun. It was bite, bite, bite and scratch, scratch, scratch; we scratched and bit as only cats can. All of a sudden I

saw his tail in the air. I got it in my mouth, and bit it with all my might—I nearly bit it off. Oh, please don't laugh, he jumped up and ran away, and I found the tail was my own! It was nearly bitten in two, and it has had a kink in it ever since.

When cats see it, they say: "What's the matter with your tail?" I tell them it happened in a battle where there were ten thousand cats, and I was the only one left alive! I had to bury them all, and that nearly broke my tail.

I have another cat enemy. He is an ugly yellow fellow, and I call him "Ginger," and he calls me "Pig-wash," for I'm sorry to say he saw me fall into the barrel that terrible time. One morning we met, and he said: "Good-day, to you! Will you come and sing at the concert to-night?"

I thought for a moment, and then I shut my eye to think better. "Well, let me see," I said, "you know I have a beautiful voice, so I shall expect to get a good part, Mr. Ginger."

"Yes, you are a good squaller," said rude Tom Jones, for that was his real name.

"And you are a twopenny concert shrieker!" I replied.

"And you are another!" was his insulting reply.

"You are a hideous ginger cat!" I shouted, getting in a rage.

"And you are another!" he answered.

"You are a disgusting rat-catcher!" I howled.

"And you are another!" he again replied.

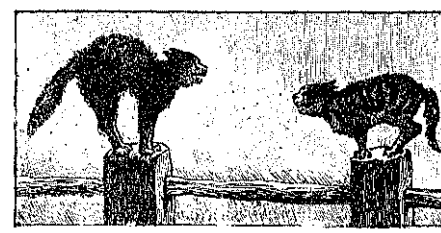
"You are a rat!"

"And you are another!"

Everything I said, he said "You are another!" Now I can't bear rude cats, so I scooted after him like a greased monkey, and bit him on the nose. His tooth unfortunately caught in my eye, and that is why I squint so.

Being such a handsome cat, I am always asked to take part in concerts. Once we had a concert under a gentleman's bedroom window. We waited till everybody was in bed, so that they could hear our singing in their dreams. When all the lights were out we started. Some sang very deep—bass they call it, and others sang very high—treble, I think that is called. Well, we were going a perfect see-saw, when the window was quickly thrown up and a young man threw us out a boot. When all was quiet again we made another start. All of a sudden we heard a noise, and out came another boot, followed by a comb. "Goodness!" said my sweetheart. "these presents are for singing so well."

Then we made another start, and out came a boot brush; this came out of another window that we had not seen before. In the hurry-skurry Pat Jones trod on my sweetheart's tail, and there was a row. I set to work to kill the fellow, and in a minute there was a battle. All sorts of things came out



"I WAS SITTING ON A POST, WAGGING MY TAIL, WHEN MY ENEMY CAME ALONG."

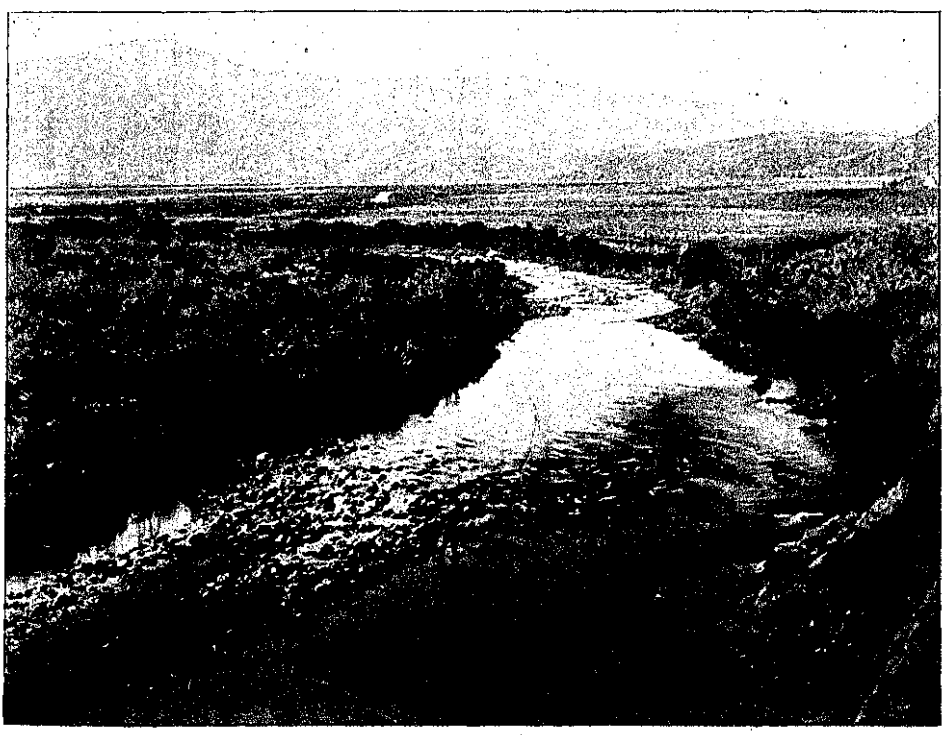
of the windows—boots, shoes, looking-glasses, combs, hair-pin boxes, ink bottles, pen-holders, in fact all the nouns in the nearest houses. We howled and mewed, and mawed and squalled like furies; we bit, kicked and scratched. We were all rolled up in a huge ball, like a stack of hay, only it was a stack of cats instead. Some of us had come from Auckland, some from Dunedin and other towns such as Christchurch, New Plymouth, Blenheim, Nelson and Wellington, and each fought for his country's honour. Well at last they began to get a cannon fixed up in one of the windows, so we all cleared as best we could. Next day some of us were missing, and I fear some were shot. My dear sweetheart had her leg broken, and has given up going to concerts now. I got my fur singed, but it soon grew all right. So much for our concert. Good-bye, my dear children, I hope you have concerts and birthday parties, and that you are fond of cats.

Trout Fishing and Trout Streams in New Zealand.

By Sportsman.

THE trout streams of New Zealand may be divided into two classes — Rain Rivers and Snow Rivers. There are only one or two streams in the North Island that come under the latter heading, but in the South all the great rivers are fed by melting snows.

From the great mountain backbone—the Southern Alps, which, roughly speaking, stretches from Marlborough County into Southland—there rush eastward and westward innumerable great rivers. Those on the western slopes run through wild and sparsely settled forest country, and none have yet been properly stocked with trout. Those on the eastern slopes run through open tussock land—the mountain sheep country—and in every grand gorge or broad valley the angler can find habitations and good fishing water. These Snow Rivers have peculiar characteristics. They are low and clear after weeks of rain, and they roar in



FISHING WITH CREEPER AT THE HEAD OF A POOL, UPPER SELWYN, NEAR COALGATE.

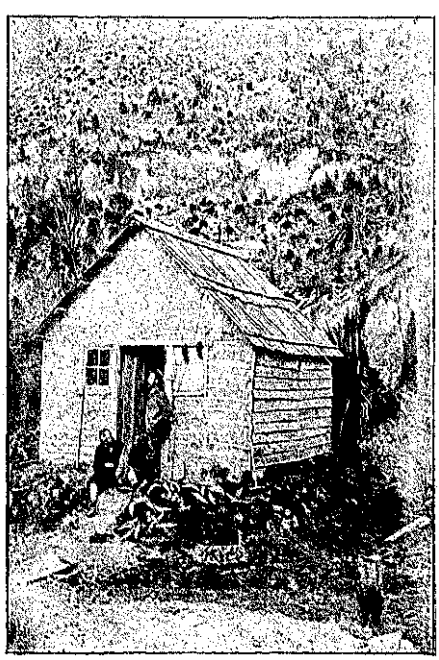
flood during dry, hot weather. Anglers have need to study these peculiarities. A few hours of nor'-west wind will turn shallow streams into raging, turbulent floods, which in the gorges rise a score feet or more, and on the plains spread out in places over a mile in width.

Why the great Southern rivers should be low in rainy weather and high in dry weather is easily explained. Having their sources up among the illimitable snowfields with glaciers winding down all the main tributaries, they are very susceptible to changes in temperature. Rain only falls on the lowlands in south-west and easterly weather, and on the high country the rain is changed to snow. When the nor'-west winds, which blow so frequently in summer time, reach the high altitudes they discharge the moisture gathered in their passage across the wide Tasman Sea, and retain the heat accumulated in the tropics and on the dry plains of Australia. The warm rains and the warm wind melt the snow with wonderful rapidity, and from the vast white fields and majestic glacier valleys the snow waters pour by ten thousand channels, leaping into the parent stream with a fury that is irresistible. The New Zealand angler may swear at these sudden changes, for they spoil all chances of fishing, but he cannot

THE UPPER RANGITATA RIVER, CANTERBURY.

but admire the might and majesty of the rushing waters and the terrible fierceness of the nor'-west wind in the gorges.

These Snow Rivers, as I remarked in a previous article, offer the best fishing near the sea, and their estuaries will always provide the main supply of trout, for the real home of the largest trout is the Pacific, and the rivers are their summer feeding ground; but from the sea coast to the mountain tributaries such rivers as the Waimakariri, the Rakaia, the Waitaki, the Waian, the Rangitata, Clutha, Aparima, and scores of others carry splendid fish. If an angler wants big baskets let him fish from the dreary shingle wastes within reach of the salt tide. If he wants pretty fishing and magnificent scenery let him travel into the mountain gorges, where he will learn to feel something of the might and grandeur of the Snow Rivers—something that will add to the charm of sport and to his love of nature. I remember fishing one morning in the gorge of the Rakaia when I saw such a sight as was worth many champion trout. On each side of me rose precipitous cliffs of shingle several hundred feet high. Above the cliffs like titanic steps rose the wonderful glacial terraces, square cut, magnificently regular, each step at least five hundred feet in height, and the highest only reaching to the base of Mount Hutt. Then a bold slope of rocky mountain side rising to a clinging



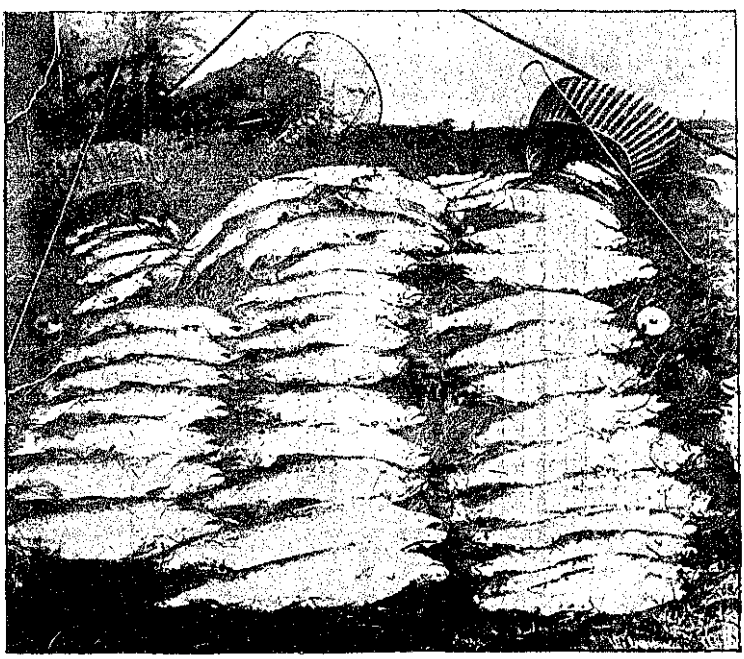
FISHING HUT, UPPER SELWYN.
AN EVENING'S BASKET WITH CREEPER AND FLY.

bank of clouds, and above the bank of clouds the majestic snow-clad dome shining in the sunlight.

The Rain Rivers are the rivers of the lowlands. Some have their sources amid the tussock or birch-clad foothills that lie against the mountains. These form, perhaps, the prettiest and pleasantest of all our trout streams. Among such rivers are the Selwyn, the Temuka, the Waiwera, the Mimeha, the Hororato in the South Island, and nearly all the rivers of the North Island. Up in the hills, or down in the fertile thickly-settled valleys, these rivers are picturesque, and attractive also from the purely sporting point of view. They may not yield such heavy baskets as the Snow Rivers, but they give the most delightful fishing, and for this reason I think the North Island will in time be the favourite trout fishing ground when the rivers are thoroughly stocked and the scrub cleared from the banks. Most of the trout streams in the South Island run through open grass or cultivated country. Most of the streams of the North Island run through scrub or forest country.

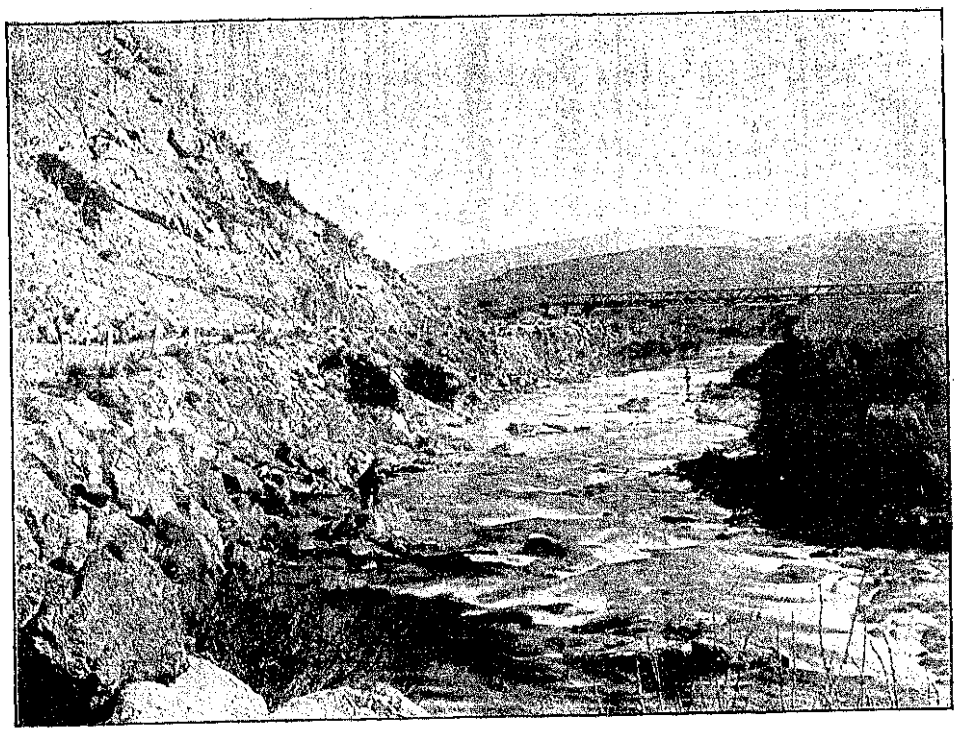
When the valleys of the King Country are turned into pasture land, Auckland will have some of the prettiest fishing waters in New Zealand; but at present, not only Auckland but Taranaki and Wellington anglers can only fish very small portions of their rivers.

There is another class of trout stream which is common to both Islands, the swift, clear New Zealand creek. There is scarcely a square mile in this splendidly-watered country that has not a creek of some kind or other, but of their infinite variety I am not inclined to write; most of them are smaller counterparts of the Rain Rivers. In the South, and particularly on the Canterbury Plains, there are creeks peculiar to the country. They gush clear and cool from subterranean sources in the glacial shingle, rising in innumerable bubbling fountains. Of such a class is the Avon, which becomes a river near Christchurch; of such a class are the tributaries of the Avon and the Heathcote, the Hororata and the Lower Selwyn. It was on this class of stream that I caught my first New Zealand trout nearly fifteen years ago, and I cannot conclude my



RESULT OF CANTERBURY ANGLERS' SOCIETY FISHING COMPETITION, 1893.

article in a better fashion than by describing it. It flows across the Upland Plain thirty odd miles west of Christchurch, where the vast stretch of yellow tussock land, a thousand feet above sea level, slopes to the feet of Mount Torlesse and Mount Hutt and Big Ben. The creek bubbles from a hundred springs in the paddocks of Hartnell's and Olliver's farms, runs for a mile or so through arches of tall green flax and stately toi-toi, dips between masses of water-cress in the swamp, and slides into Rollitt's mill dam. Then it tears through tumbles through an arch of willows, and in it are heavy fish. One was taken from it 14lbs in weight. I took one beauty from it that weighed 11½lbs, and there are fish there still that would gladden the heart of a Thames angler. It takes practice to fish this pool. The weeping willows and the strong current make difficulties that have cost many a slender top and fancy cast of flies; but there is just one place to throw from, and if you throw straight and sure the March Brown will sail toward you like the Lady of Shalot and——



GOOD FISHING WATER, NEAR THE WHITECLIFF BRIDGE, UPPER SELWYN.

the race, or leaps over the sluice gate into its old course, and winds through meadows and cornfields, a thing of beauty and a joy to anglers. It has been stocked as long as any stream in New Zealand, and as the big dam is a splendid breeding ground, and the course of the creek through private lands, it always carries innumerable fish, and is the most delightful water the angler could desire. There is good fishing above the dam, but the best is below. Underneath the sluice gates is a deep pool, into this pool a waterfall

Below the pool the creek rushes over a shingle bed through the kitchen garden, a pretty bit of fishing water, then it falls into a long, deep pool, which half encircles the orchard. There are big trout there, but it is a pool difficult to fish, and many a Moorfowl and March Brown lie tangled in the water-cress or the purple willow roots. It is better to cross through the orchard and sample some of the luscious apples, and then cast in the mill race, for this is the safest water. The stream in the race is about two

yards wide and two feet deep, with just the right fall to suit the most fastidious angler, and it literally teems with lusty, cheeky, happy trout, ranging from a quarter of a pound in weight to occasionally as high as four pounds. I took a four-pounder from it one evening, and the joy of landing that fish thrills me yet. Every inch of this race carries trout, and it is no unusual thing to take a fish on each fly, and a half-pounder there seems to give as much sport as a two-pounder elsewhere. In one place tall broom (golden with blossom in the fishing weather) overhangs the creek, and to drop a fly into the water there, and to swing it across and across the current, requires special training; but it always means a fish, no matter what the weather is like; that is, if you are patient enough to work that fish, much against its will, up stream and into the landing net. Below the race the creek enters its old channel and winds through rich pastures, where the short grass grows down to the water's edge, and where the trout are eager to be caught. To follow this creek from the dam to Derrett's Farm is a pleasant walk before breakfast, and one can be sure of a basket heavy enough for the family in the big white house among the poplars, and if you send the basket by the ever-ready cow-boy there is time for a bathe in fifteen feet of clear, cold water before those trout await you on the table, golden brown in their crumb dressing, as dainty a dish as man could wish to eat. If breakfast fishing has not satisfied you, you can follow the creek through the Haldon Swamp to the big pools on the Hororata River, and fish that river up stream to the source of the creek again, and if you are skilful enough, and the day is not too bright and clear, you will have a basket fit to cause envy among the anglers in town and gladness among the friends to whom you give the fish.

MORNING.

Over the hills steals the morning glory,
Touching with beauty each spire and tree;
Warming the peaks of the mountain hoary,
Gilding a path o'er the silent sea.

So o'er my soul breaks the hope eternal,
Chasing its sadness and gloom away;
Earnest and seal of the joys supernal,
Waiting the dawn of a brighter day.

Up from the meadows the lark is springing,
Carolling clear in the early light,
Waking the world with its glad thanksgiving,
Hailing the day that has vanquished night.

So may my heart in its glad exultation
Rise through the lingering mists of earth;
Joining the world's song of adoration,
Praising the God who gave all things birth.

M. A.

"HIS UNLUCKY STAR."

By C. A. Wilkins.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

1000, Hereford-street,
Christchurch,
December 12th, 1899.

Mr. Reginald Temple,

Dear Sir,—We regret to inform you that, owing to impending changes in the office arrangements, we shall not require your services after this day fortnight. Trusting to hear of your speedily obtaining another appointment.—We remain, faithfully yours,

Pepper & Salt.

This letter was handed to Reginald Temple, together with his week's salary, one Saturday at 1 p.m. by the cashier of the firm, John Dixon, who, knowing the contents of the communication, had considerately waited until the other fellows had gone before giving poor Reginald his "walking-ticket.' The latter opened the envelope and read the contents as he stood at the counter.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," said Dixon, when Reginald had finished reading. "I only got to hear of what was in the wind an hour ago. What will you do?"

Temple bit his lip moodily.

"Don't know, old chap. Can't get my thinking-apparatus to work for the moment. This is what Dick Swiveller would call 'an unmitigated staggerer.' Of course there are no impending changes. Have you heard of any?"

Dixon was silent.

He knew as well as the other that the firm had employed a polite fiction to get rid of Reginald.

"No; of course you haven't. It's only another specimen of my infernal luck. I'm beginning to feel about full up of everything. If I were only fit I'd go to Africa and help fight the Boers. There's going to be trouble with the beggars, you mark my words. But I'm not fit. I'm all run down. I'm one of life's failures. One of the 'not wanteds.'"

"Don't talk rot, Reggie," said Dixon, who was the despondent man's only intimate friend in Christchurch." You are naturally knocked all of a heap by old Pepper's letter. Wait for me while I finish up, and come and have some lunch. You'll feel better afterwards, take my word. Then we'll have a smoke and talk things over a bit. As good fish in the sea, old chap, as ever came out of it. Why, I only wish I had your expectations."

"I suppose you refer to my Uncle Gregory?"

"Of course I do! Isn't he a kind of Crœsus, rolling in riches. Isn't he sixty, and aren't you his heir? Why, you'll be able to buy up Pepper and Salt, lock, stock and barrrel one of these days. Never say die, man!"

"My dear Dixon it's all jolly fine for you to talk! But a chap can't live on his expectations! As for Uncle Gregory, his is what insurance men call a better life than mine, by long odds. Although he's sixty he has the health of a ploughman, and is as likely to see a hundred as any man I know. I'm sure I hope he may, although he hates me. Your successful self-made man has precious little sympathy with an unfortunate chap like myself. And its quite on the cards that he'll alter his will before he pegs out and leaves his money to found a home for lost dogs, or something of the sort. It would be just like him."

At this juncture old Pepper, upstairs in his room, getting through arrears of correspondence, rang his call-bell sharply, and with an "excuse me half a moment, old man," Dixon bounded away to obey the summons. When he returned Reginald Temple had gone.

A fortnight later the discharged clerk walked out of Pepper and Salt's for the last time, his last week's salary in his pocket. Refusing another invitation of Dixon's he wandered moodily back to his lodgings in Gloucester-street, Linwood. During his fortnight's "notice" he had answered several advertisements. But all in vain. To-day he was feeling terribly "hipped," regularly down upon his luck. The feeling was a painfully familiar one. This young fellow (he was but thirty) was one of those people that astrologers declare are "born under an unlucky star." His whole life, as he had told Dixon, had proved a failure. Left an orphan at ten years of age he had been adopted by his rich Uncle Gregory and his wife, his only living relations. What they did for him was prompted solely by a feeling of duty. They never took to him or he to them. At five-and-twenty he had been packed off to New Zealand, and landed at Lyttelton with a meagre outfit and a ten pound note. Gregory Temple, the retired contractor, in presenting him with the latter, had not failed to remind him (for the thousandth time) that he (Gregory) had started life with half-a-crown, and found it amply sufficient as the nucleus of his handsome fortune. Reginald, who hated his dependent position, was glad enough to leave England, where he had had far from a happy time. He was anxious to see whether a change of climate would bring a change of luck. It did not. The young fellow was steady enough. He was certainly no fool. He was not bad looking; his manners were pleasant and those of a gentleman, but he was unlucky. Before his ten pound was all spent he had secured a good berth in a Christchurch shipping-house. A few weeks later a severe attack of rheumatic fever laid him low—and severed his connection with the firm. Recovering he secured, with great trouble, a billet as traveller for a wholesale house—which went through the court shortly afterwards. Every step he made seemed to lead to disaster, just as had been the case ere he had quitted England. When, after a long series of ups and downs—the downs very much preponderating—he secured a post with Pepper and Salt (three months before this story opens) he hoped he was all right at last. With Salt, the junior partner, he got on well enough. But when crusty old Pepper returned from England he seemed to take a dislike to the new clerk at once. His early dismissal followed, as we have seen. It was, as he had said, "just his infernal luck, that was all."

* * * *

Reginald's first care on reaching his lodgings on the day he left his billet was to

A CABLEGRAM ARRIVED AT PEPPER AND SALT'S.

settle with his landlady, Mrs Nipper, for his week's board. Then he paid one or two other trifling debts, and found his total available capital reduced to the sum of five shillings. He went to bed early that Saturday night, and tried to find forgetfulness in sleep. But in vain. Throughout the long night the young fellow lay thinking. The outlook was far from cheering. He had never thoroughly recovered from the attack of rheumatic fever. His doctor, with the irony for which his profession is celebrated,

recommended a generous diet and a long sea voyage. He might as well have prescribed a trip to the moon to the unfortunate man who was called upon to face the world afresh with a couple of half-crowns in his pocket. Towards morning an idea came to him—and not for the first time. He smiled as the familiar thought returned, and rolling over on his side fell into an uneasy slumber, which lasted till it was time to get up and face another day.

After eating an apology for a breakfast that fateful Sunday morning, Reginald Temple went out and sauntered aimlessly, pipe in mouth, into Hagley Park. Here he sought the quietest spot he could find, and threw himself upon the grass beneath the pleasant shade of a spreading tree. For two hours he lay there striving to find a way out. And he could see none. Bitter experience had warned him to avoid borrowing money, and he had, months before, registered a solemn vow that he would never run seriously into debt again. Therefore he could not borrow, and he would have been at a loss to know to whom to apply for a loan even had he felt himself free to do so. His few acquaintances, including Dixon (a married man), were pretty nearly as needy as himself. He thought of his uncle Gregory rolling in money, as Dixon had said, and amused himself in speculating on the result of despatching a cable to that gentleman—supposing he had the wherewithal to pay for it. He smiled a little bitterly as he thought of Gregory Temple's virtuous indignation on receipt of his wire. "He wouldn't advance another copper if he knew I was dying," said Reginald to himself. So, as billets do not grow on gooseberry-bushes, and he had no money to pay his way till he got one, and as he was physically unfit for manual labour there seemed to the broken-spirited man absolutely no way out—save one. And as he thought again of that way he smiled once more. "So be it," he said rising, and consulting his cheap metal watch. "And, in the meantime—lunch. I will eat, drink, and be merry, though to-morrow ———." He didn't finish the sentence, but set off at a brisk walk in the direction of Warner's, where he treated himself to a half-crown lunch, and a decent cigar after it. Then he strolled out into Cathedral Square. A Sumner tram was on the point of leaving. He scrambled on top of one of the cars, and after paying for his ticket had just one solitary shilling left.

He saw Dixon near the Cave Rock, walking on the sands with his wife and children—and envied them. But he carefully avoided meeting them. He had no desire for any company but his own. Apparently he had much to think of. Early in the evening he returned to town. When the tram was passing the City Hotel—and owing to being a little behind time, it was travelling very fast—Reginald Temple did a strange thing for a man of his cautious habits. He descended, and without waiting for the cars to reach the terminus, swung himself off the platform.

Then there was a sudden shout, a bump, a jolt, the tram stopped. A great crowd gathered — and all that was mortal of Reginald Temple was lifted on a shutter and conveyed to the hospital. The house-surgeon said death must have been instantaneous. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." Tears were in honest John Dixon's eyes as he read the report of the inquest. He had been standing on the next platform of the crowded tram when Reginald swung himself off, and he alone had noticed what he was thankful to be spared from telling to the jury.

* * * *

The morning following Reginald's death a cablegram arrived at Pepper and Salt's for him. Dixon ventured to open it. It briefly announced that Geoffrey Temple (who had been for some months a widower) was dead. Apoplexy. The family solicitors desired Reginald to come Home at once and enter upon his inheritance. And they directed him to draw on the Bank of New Zealand, at Christchurch, for whatever money he might require.

Landscape and Life in Japan.

By W. Gray Dixon, M.A.,

Sometime Professor of English in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokyo.

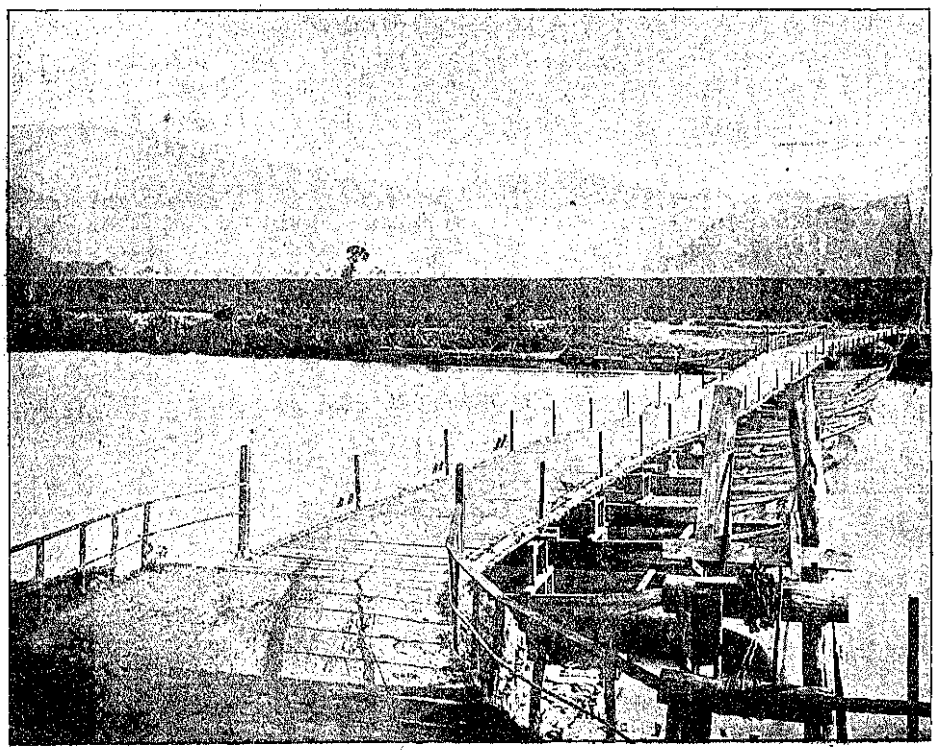
Author of *The Land of the Morning*.

[continued].

MOVING inland from the fishing villages and the long towns that bead, as it were, the highways on the seaboard, we take note of the farmhouses and the monasteries and the castles. It is at once evident that this land bears the impress of ancient feudal and ecclesiastical systems, and that this impress heightens vastly the natural picturesqueness of the land. It is a land of a romance strangely parallel to that of mediæval Europe, the Buddhist community corresponding to the Catholic Church, and the feudalism with which Buddhism was allied, and even at times, in the case of warlike prelates, identified, so developed as to be pronounced by good authorities the most elaborate the world has seen. Blending with the natural sunshine of this bright land is the soft, sweet, mystic Light of Asia, keeping watch with its mountain fastnesses are the white curving-eaved towers of its many castles of chivalric fame.

Descending a mountain pass, a lush green plain opens to the eye, flat as a chess-board and chequered like a chess-board with rice fields. In the middle distance cluster the buildings of the provincial capital, and central and conspicuous among them the towers, white above the grey battlements of the castle, rivalled only by the pagodas and marquee-like roofs of the temples. Beyond rises a blue background of mountains. Farmhouses and villages are packed cozy in clumps of wooding, and around the temples are dense groves, and Far Eastern pines stretch their arms over the castle moat. The Castle of Yedo has a spiral moat at least ten miles long, spanned until lately by forty-eight bridges, and with embankments sometimes forty or fifty feet deep; some of the blocks of granite in the battlements of Osaka Castle measure twenty to forty-two feet in length by fifteen to twenty in width and six or eight in thickness.

Occasionally a feudal keep appears, not on the middle of a plain, but high on a rock among the forest heights, where the waterfalls glance like spears, and the mountain stream marches to its perennial music far beneath. And marvellously picturesque are the monasteries that we pass in our wanderings among the hills. A rush into the ears of the trilling of insects, a deepened flavour of the incense of pine, a dappling of the path



BRIDGE OF BOATS.

KANASAWA.

with denser shadows, and we see that we have come upon one of those retreats of the seekers of Nirvana. The rich dull red of the consecrated buildings shows exquisitely against the dense vivid green of the trees, with the bronze fittings and the slaty and white tiles or grey layers, thick as thatch, of shingles, and the matchless curving of the roof. The five tiers of the pagoda hung with tiny bells in token of the music of the spheres emerge partially behind the intervening layers of pine boughs, and the screw-like finial pierces the sky. Stepping along the broad slabs that pave the approach, we note a dim light burning before the altar, incense blends with the fragrance of the pines, and there floats forth a chant in tones which we might almost call Gregorian. Down in the valley a water-wheel slowly gives forth the notes, *d* : — : — | *t* : | *t* : — | *d* : *t* | *l*, : — : —, and we think of Notker, the monk of St. Gall, who composed one of his most famous sequences to the dictation of just such another water-wheel weirdly musical among the mountains. In an open tower hangs the great monastery bell: it may be anything up to seventy tons in weight; and when it rings, struck from without by a sort of battering ram, its mellow roar seems to shake the whole valley.

If it be a shrine of the indigenous cult of Japan, Shintô, that we pass, the approach to the much plainer and more primitive structure is spanned by that variety of portal peculiar to Japan known as a *torii*. The *torii* consists of two upright, slightly converging pillars, crossed at the top by a beam curving at the ends, a little below which is another beam let into the pillars. Sometimes a *torii* forms a frame for the view of a distant sacred mountain. Thus have I looked from the top of a pass right across the province of Hida to the White Mountain of Kaga.

DAIBUTSU AT KAMAKURA.

The roofs of the cottages, too, are varied and picturesque and congenial to the scenery. There are steep, thatched roofs, with eaves projecting over the gables like those of temples. There are broad roofs, sloping only slightly, but projecting well over the walls and covered irregularly with stones

seldom more than two storeys high, but in the valleys of Kaga in Western Japan I have seen them of three or four, doubtless on account of the heavy winter snowfall. For the same reason I have seen thatched roofs with two and three storeys of attics.

Many a stirring and romantic scene have

A STONE IMAGE.

like the roofs of châlets in Switzerland. Perched above rivers under the forest steeps, villages with roofs of this type look exceedingly picturesque, especially when decked with the banners of the many guilds of pilgrims who traverse them in the summer months on their way to the sacred summits. These cottages are generally one storey, and

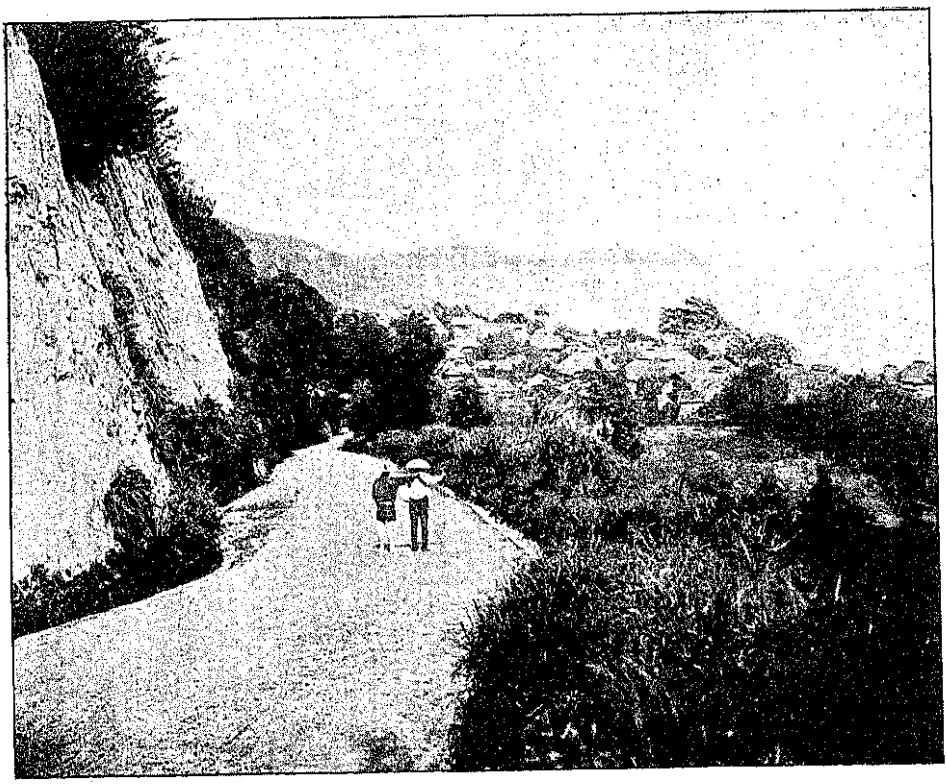
these hills and valleys witnessed in the days of old Japan. Processions of barons with their two-sworded retainers emerged from barbicans. Swash-bucklers traversed the mountain passes. Castles were besieged and even monasteries, as, for example, that of Hiyei-zan, three thousand feet above the imperial city of Kyôto, whose warlike monks

defied even the Emperor to subdue them. Feudal times are now gone, gone for Japan more completely in some respects than for England, so drastic has been the recent revolution. Man's ways have changed, have become—must we not confess it?—somewhat vulgarized by the commercialism that has displaced the old feudalism; but nature remains as before. As a Japanese poet of the tenth century sang:

"No, no! As for man,
How his heart is none can tell,
But the plum's sweet flower
In my birthplace, as of yore,
Still emits the same perfume."

The landscape is but little modified. The impress of the so recent, if much discarded, feudalism is all-pervasive. Not all the castles have been dismantled, and those dismantled are beautiful in death. The temple bell still blends with the rumble of the waterfall. The peasants sing at their work in the valley as they have sung for two thousand years. Strings of pack-horses round the corners of the passes as of old, the happy deferential driver dismounting, in respect for the European stranger as in former days for the two-sworded *samurai*. Landlords bow their visitors from abroad to the handsome apartments formerly reserved

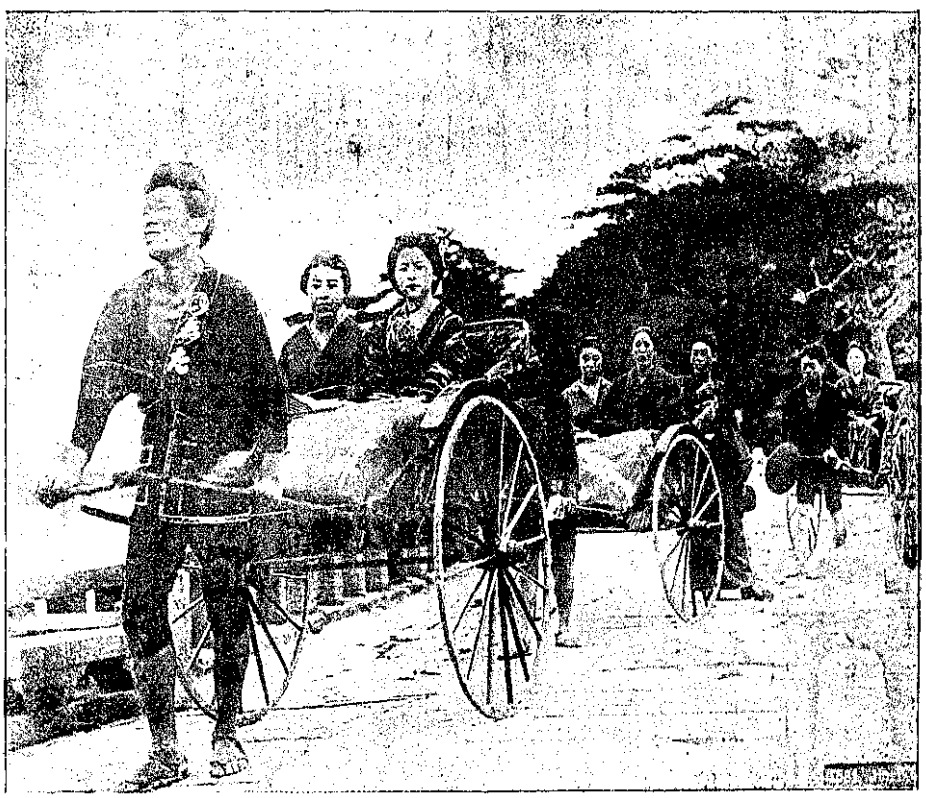
READING A LETTER.



MISSISSIPPI BAY, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

TEA CEREMONY.

for noblemen and gentlemen in the village inns with much of the old-time courtesy. The *geisha* still twang the *samisen* and sing in tremulous nasal falsetto in the hotels built about the many hot springs. Silk factories have not altogether withdrawn the good wife from her spinning wheel in the cottage open to the village street. Troops of pilgrims in white brush aside the long bamboo grass, pace the avenues of pine and cryptomeria, view with veneration the vast



JINRIKISHAS.

cone of Fuji-san closing the forward vista, pause and drone their prayers before wayside images of the benign Buddha, banter the pretty waitresses in the tea-houses and village inns, toil in zig-zag course up the lava slopes, and ranged on the summit of their country above the clouds at early dawn —white against the blue—greet the rising sun with a psalm.

However it may be with a few in the open ports, the *Yamato-damashii*, the spirit of Yamato, the Japan of chivalry, of doughtiest deeds in battle, of gentlest courtesy in peace, is far from dead, and, even when the exigencies of modern life give it a new form, must continue to express itself to the lasting glory of this ancient and attractive people. The recent war concerning Korea, which was a singular parallel to what had happened just three centuries before, awoke the whole world in surprise at the spirit of immemorial Japan. And as for the ancient art of the country, it might almost be said that there is hardly a home in Christendom that is without traces of it, that does not in some degree help to perpetuate the impress of the Japanese landscape and life.

At frequent intervals on the Japanese highways one is tempted to halt by attractive booths where winsome *nesan* or waitresses dispense tea and sweetmeats. These rest-houses are often most picturesquely situated at vantage-points in the course of a mountain pass. Emerging from a forest and straining up a zig-zag to a natural platform high

GIRLS PLAYING A GAME.

PLAYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

above the trees, nothing can delight one more than to see one of these places of refreshment with its tidy matted platforms,

GIRL PLAYING SAMISEN.

its rows of brilliant flowers set in handsome porcelain pots, and its musical, graceful welcome from mine hostess.

Tea-drinking is quite a fine art in Japan. When Rikin, the most celebrated teacher of the art of tea-making, was asked by a pupil to state the objects of his art, he replied, "To make tea to suit the palate, to arrange charcoal to boil water, and to construct a house so as to ensure coolness in summer and warmth in winter." On hearing this, the pupil was disappointed, and said that if that were all he had no need to learn; whereupon the teacher rejoined, "Very well, I wish you to become my instructor." "Right, sir," cried a priest who sat near; "a little child understands all you have said, but the most experienced man could not perfectly carry it out in practice."

Through the hospitality of the late Lord of Kuwana the writer had the privilege of being present at a ceremonial tea-party. The house is situated on a hill commanding an extensive view of the flat city of Tôkyô. It is thoroughly Japanese in character, although some innovations—such as clocks, carpets, or mirrors, to be seen in some of the apartments—suggest foreign intercourse. At the entrance we find a novel arrangement for announcing the arrival of guests: as soon as we step on the board in front of the door, an electric bell is set in action. Having of course taken off our shoes, we are ushered into a room, entirely Japanese, with the exception of some trivial details, such as a few small foreign pictures, when we are received by our host and hostess—the former apparently between thirty and forty, the latter not more than twenty-five. The lady has

GIRL BEATING SORT OF CYMBALS.

considerable beauty, and is plainly but richly dressed in silk, light brown prevailing. Both she and her husband have the long

clear-cut features characteristic of the aristocracy of Japan.

Our host and hostess having left, we are conducted into a small room exclusively devoted to tea-drinking, and, as befits its purpose, of plain but neat appearance. One side consists of two recesses, one containing a censer emitting wreaths of sweet-smelling incense, the other a *kakemono*, or hanging

A GEISHA.

picture, with a fan-shaped pen-and-ink sketch. The side opposite this is occupied with the usual Japanese sliding windows; and of the two remaining walls, one is bare, the other having a small *kakemono*. Here we are received by one of our host's retainers, who bows his head to the floor as we enter. We squat in a semi-circle facing the man, while he occupies himself in infusing tea, performing every manipulation by rule and with the greatest care. On his right is a quaint brasier, the charcoal ashes of which are piled up into a miniature, Fuji-san, with one red ember glowing in its crater. Beside the brasier lies a dingy basket of plaited bamboo, from which the stove is occasionally replenished with a lump of charcoal. Crude and decayed as this basket appears to our eyes, it is no doubt of great value on account both of its history and of the evidences of high art which the initiated can detect in its marks and irregular lines. The tea leaves are in a venerable porcelain jar, the brown surface of which shines with a brilliant but uneven glaze. A bamboo scoop is produced from amid its wrappings of crimson silk, and a quantity of the leaves is measured out into a tiny teapot not more than an inch and a half in diameter. Water is then poured from the kettle into the teapot, which, notwithstanding its dimensions, seems to have a capacity quite magical, for from its spout there presently issues enough of a pale-green effusion to partly fill five little blue-and-white cups, each apparently almost as large as itself. The tea is tepid, as the best tea in Japan should be, and very strong, but of a peculiarly mellow flavour.

The ceremony is that of *sen-cha*, or infused tea, one of the two methods of conducting the *cha-no-yu* or tea-clubs instituted by the Shôgun, or Regent, Yoshimasa, in the fifteenth century. The whole scene is fascinating. It is quite a glimpse into old Japan. The quiet decorum in the little chamber, the sweet fragrance of the crimson incense burning in the dimly-lighted recess, the sound of the fifes and stringed instruments upstairs discoursing weird minor runs and harmonies, and a glimpse, between the window screens, of the quiet city lying beneath the moonlight, make up a scene as romantic as to our Western eyes it is strange.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Value of a Maori Dog

(As Related by Hare Hongi).

By H. M. Stowell.

Illustrated by Kenneth Watkins.

"Kei ki kohe ki te Kuri Maori he aha? ko tetahi take tena i ngaro ai te tangata."

"Consider not the Maori dog as a thing of little consequence: it was a cause which occassionally contributed to the extermination of man."

SOME generations ago a band of our Puketarata people (Taranaki East), which included some women and most of our young men, well furnished with Maori weapons of greenstone, whalebone, and our trusty *ake rautangi*, proceeded on a distant eeling expedition to the wilds of the Ngaere, which lies inland from the present township of Eltham. Who could be aware of the fact that a hostile war party of the Ngatimaru were in the vicinity for the express purpose of attacking us there? They divided their force down stream, and favoured by the moonless night, stole unobserved along each bank, close behind our fishing party. Upon reaching the best fishing grounds, our party laid aside their weapons, and while some prepared temporary habitations of raupo-reed and bulrush, the majority at once engaged in the business of the expidition. There was an abundance of eels, which so delighted our people, that, ever and anon, loud shouts of

THERE WAS AN ABUNDANCE OF EELS.

satisfaction went forth in celebration of the good fortune in store. In truth the rejoicings speedily partook of the nature of a carnival. That was our foes' opportunity, for, at this supreme moment, their forces were upon us, rending the air with their war cries and overwhelming us with their numbers and ready arms. "*Kei a au te mataika* (I have the first fish)!" was simultaneously given out from several different points, our unfortunates could but exclaim—"*Ka mate a au* (E-ah me, I die.)!" Taken so completely by surprise, in an instant all was confusion and despair, and the swish and thud of our

Ah me—that dog.

Now Moko, the chief of the Araukuuku, had, at the time, a tame dog—*kuri whangai*, there also existed the *kuri mohowao*—wild dog. This dog, which was in excellent and pampered condition, was called Nonoke So excellent was its condition, that the refugees hungered after it—yea, with a great hunger, and what wonder! for a piece of such dog-flesh was a very rare morsel in those days, very rare indeed. Now as time passed on and it became more and more apparent that Moko did not contemplate adding dog-meat as a relish to the other

NOW MOKO, THE CHIEF, HAD A TAME DOG.

enemies weapons—ours, alas, were not at hand—kept time to their exultant shouts—varied in turn by the groans of their hapless victims. Flight was the only resource, and those of us who managed by the most extraordinary means to disentangle themselves from that deadly struggle, fled towards the Pa of our kinsmen of the Araukuuku, near the township of Normanby. As a precaution against being waylaid, a wide detour was made, and these reached the Pa, in safety shortly after dawn. Here it was found that seventy had escaped from perishing, and these were hospitably treated by our Araukuuku kinsmen.

good things with which they were regaled the spectacle of the fat creature roaming leisurely amongst them, or basking lazily and contentedly in the warm sunshine, more and more intensified their hungry longing to transfer it to a more useful and, on their part—desirable sphere. Wherefore a section of the sufferers held secret council at which it was decided to establish a private larder, and also that one of their number should honour its institution by the casual contribution of the coveted dog—dressed. This was the council's finding—truly a most savoury one. Following upon this a moonless evening materially assisted the execution of

the project, and, that self same night testified to the oily fat of the dog anointing the vocal organs of the conspirators. Curiously enough no arrangement had been made as to a store room, but no hitch occurred on that account; as fortunately, their stomachs proved equal to the emergency. *Taau mahi e te whakaaro maori* (Thy action, O perverted mortal)." Morning dawned, the familiar form of the dog was missed, and its absence created no little surprise, and a corresponding amount of speculation. Moko orded a thorough and immediate search "*Keihea ra te kuri e kimihia kautia nei*? (Wherever can the dog be, so vainly searched for)?" While this was being prosecuted Moko consulted his Tohunga, who recommended that the refugees be assembled in the courtyard for the purpose of question and examination. This course was adopted and the sun shone upon the proceedings, casting rays of warmth and brightness upon innocent and guilty with equal favour. It was at this interesting point that one of our women announced that a small residue of the missing but now defunct animal had been reserved by her husband for future processes of digestion, and, at that particular moment, was carefully secreted beneath his pillow! This narrative is now concluded, the Araukuuku fell upon them and slew them to a man. Of the seventy, who, for a few brief days, had been classed as survivors from the fated eeling expedition, and entertained with the most affectionate regard and sumptuous hospitality, not one was now spared. Hence was the Araukuuku Pa called Kaikai — stolen food, and hence a feud exists between these branches of our tribe, to this day. "*Toona taonga tena o mau—he kuri* (such was the estimation in which a dog was formerly held.)"

MY FRIEND.

What is a Friend? Can dictionary tell
Its meaning clear? Go, seek, then come and say
You know it now—'tis briefly put. Away,
Define it not! Disport the snow-drop's bell?
Explain its cause, its wherefore—how befell
The pure, pale thing to meet the gold sun-ray,
And whitely cast its lustre on thy way
Within the bosky depths of yonder dell?

My flower and friend I greet as sent from God;
I trace in both the lineaments divine,
As summit-wards I climb the path, well-trod,
That leadeth up, past tow'ring mountain pine—
Past all these earthly helpers, till His nod—
His "Well done!" soundeth through the even-shine.

DOLCE A. CABOT.

Supernumeraries of the Press.

By One of Them.

IT flashed upon my mind one day that after all we were only penny-a-liners—whom we had always supposed to be a foreign species of mankind of the very lowest type, a sort of scribbling Bushman. Our chosen name for ourselves is "Journalists," but though our "stuff" (a flattering office phrase) is only now and then paid for by the yard, I fear we are little better than a colonial Grub Street. We are nearly all retired geniuses with extinct missions. I might say all, and so avoid comparisons. There is evidently not a large demand for colonial geniuses with missions. When in our youth we laid plans for taking the world by storm, our friends looked on and marvelled. We wrote epics, dramas, philosophic novels and social treatises, improved versions of Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson. At that stage most of us had dedicated ourselves to the Muse of Poetry. We sent our creations over the seas and they always came faithfully home again. We continued heroic and secreted piles of MSS. The newspapers gave us support and inward comfort by publishing from time to time accounts of great authors whose works had been rejected by publishers. As publishers had rejected our works, it followed that we were great authors. But at middle age one becomes tired of blushing unseen and being a gem in unfathomed caves, besides it does not pay. Our adoring relatives were the first to perceive this fact, and to point it out to us with comments. At present we have given up working for Art and are writing for bread and butter. As we had begun at the end of Literature, we are now likely to end at the beginning. Some of us find our life tragic, and some of us find it humorous—it amounts to much the same thing.

We write articles of all kinds to order of the public taste, leaders, leaderettes, topics of the day, the facetious notes column, sketches, correspondence, country gossip and reports on such special subjects as chess or tennis tournaments; our highest artistic level is generally the Christmas story. Sometimes we get an article into an English magazine, and never recover from the shock. This happens, on a rough average, two or three times during the life of a Maoriland supernumerary. The first occasion has been known to be fatal. Bewildered at never seeing the body of MSS. again, but only its glorified form in the pages of "The Atlantic," or "The Gentleman's," or "The Cornhill," the author has been known to go on sending feebler and feebler copies of himself to the magnificent donor of three guineas a column until he finally died (in a literary sense) of sheer exhaustion. Of course this fate befalls only weaklings. A hardened supernumerary merely sits down, and finds on calculation that while one article out of a dozen may be accepted in England and paid for at the rate of three guineas a column, one out of every two will have a better chance of being paid for in Maoriland at the rate of one guinea a column; so he decides that the grey old mother has no particular use for his talents. Except as an advertisement, writing for English or American journals is sheer waste of time—that is, for a genuine inhabitant of our Grub Street, who has got to keep his house and family there. Within the colonies a great deal depends upon your town, and the generosity or parsimony of the particular newspaper company that favours you; for the rest, your success or failure

turns upon your special capacities for the work. The first point gained is to drop your mission, whatever it might have been, and to write whatever pleases the great master of us all—modern Democracy—what interests it at the moment, what it wants to be told. Max Beerbohm, I see by "Literature," agrees with Lord Rosebery, that the leading article should be abolished, and he cruelly sums it up as some anonymous person's idea of what the editor thinks, the proprietors think, the public thinks nice. Well, we do not quite deny this impeachment, but why this hanging sentence upon Grub Street? Its work is just as necessary as turning out dress materials of the latest fashions, or passing laws to suit the majority. It is hard work, too, always keeping one's finger on the public pulse. Then we have had to learn the trick of writing on everything under the sun, from Kruger's old hat and Joubert's coat pockets up to Ruskin's Ideals and the Imperial Destiny of England. And it must all be done at lightning speed. What does a thankless public care about the cost to the human machine? When a late cablegram comes in about midnight, who pauses to marvel at the luminous disquisition which appears next morning on the port of Masanpo or the province of Ajerbaijan? The only reward is a sneer at the editorial omniscience. We who know the editor, know that he is the last man in the world to consider himself omniscient; his normal condition is to be feeling his mind a perfect vacuum, and to be making frantic attempts to fill it before twelve o'clock at night. Besides he did not write that article.

Given all the requisites of journalism, there is a chance of moderate success. In most large offices, for some odd weeks in the year, there is sure to be some one ill, or having a holiday to avoid getting ill, or being dismissed, or throwing up the business or the country on his account That is where the tired and trusted supernumerary comes in. But the great harvest time is the Parliamentary session, when all sorts and conditions of journalists flock to Wellington. A first-class journalist, who is reporting, corresponding, and writing political notes and articles at the same time for different papers, may thrive well during these months. But the fraternity may consider me a traitor if my account should beguile others into our midst and increase competition. So I hasten to add that the living, on the whole, is most precarious, and some of the work not much more intellectual than writing advertisements for patent medicines and soaps. Sometimes you may have a run of bad luck. You may work for days together, each day more nervously than the last, and your MSS. comes back, or it does not come back, according to the habits of the editor, but your article never appears. It does not always matter how well you work, or how promptly. You may be forestalled, or the paper may be filled with war or parliamentary news. Here are some of the *contretemps* that occur. A "topic" on some anniversary is duly sent in to the sub-editor, but he is away for a day, and when he returns the anniversary is passed and your topic is a stale fish. Or you post an article on some obviously important subject. Next day, not yours but another article appears, and the editor sends you a note thanking you courteously—editors, when they are not in too great a hurry, are the most courteous men alive—but he had already written his article, or accepted another on your subject; or he puts yours by for a day or two, and meanwhile his "Contemporary," as he calls the Opposition newspaper, has exploited your theme. Sometimes you inadvertently send him a scathing attack on his proprietors, or their vested interests, or his own most sacred sentiments—the few he has remaining after serving the public so long. The next time he meets you, he is bland but not cordial. Sometimes he forgets all about your MS., or the clerk behind the counter forgets, or the office boy forgets. Nobody ever does know exactly who lost it, but when you go and inquire too solicitously after it, they smile, and smile, and you think them all villains. I pass over the editor's little way of changing your words to suit his own ideas, and cutting out all your best parts,

and joining two different quotations into one, or making it appear that you (or rather he) must be the author of Kipling's lines. These are matters of pure sentiment.

I have spoken of a fraternity, but the only sort of freemasonry we have, is that we can always tell each other, just as an experienced teacher can always distinguish another of his own species. It is the Press supernumeraries that most haunt public libraries' and swoop down upon new books and papers and magazines. We know them by their look as of a bird of prey, hurriedly skimming over ten pages a minute till they settle down upon their chosen morsel and eagerly devour it; we know them by their profound indifference to the novel-reading, leisurely subscribers, but most of all by the fierce resentment with which they eye the other man who is enjoying the particular paper they themselves want.

We are not all alike. Many are mere dilettantes, professors, lecturers, sportsmen, specialists of all kinds who write only on their own subjects, and only for the exquisite joy of earning money they don't want by some way out of their own sphere. Even amongst the real journalists there are many who eke out their living by other means, by coaching, typing or casual office work. None of us are wealthy; some of us are poor. The best supernumeraries continually leave our ranks to become permanent "members of the staff" of some office. With large numbers the stop-gap stage is only temporary. Then there is an increasing number of women journalists pressing in, and bidding fair to rival the men. Some of them live in small cottages, and some groups of friends in a top flat of some big business buildings close to the office. It is romantic to live in a flat but not comfortable. If you are a Socialist you do not mind being uncomfortable, because you believe that living in a flat is part of the Millennium.

So much for the material rewards of unattached journalism. In regard to the "fame," it is a splendid training in altruism. If your work is really of its kind first-class, you can have the consciousness of merit to reward you. No one else knows whose it is. The editor gets the credit, but generally there is no credit to be got, so he gets the blame. Yet we could envy him even the thorns and pricks of power. For our part no one troubles to attack us. We are the unknown, the unnamed, the unseen, the people who in the public eye are not even shadows but non-existent.

"COURAGE."

A GLEAM of light, that cheers the soul
When life seems sad and drear;
When the World's a blackened nightmare,
And the heart depressed with fear—
When all the hopes and dreams of life
Are sinking fast, and Death
Seems all that's left for me, I turn
To Courage for my breath.

A breath that seems like Wind, from shores
We dare not hope to see;
From heights we cannot hope to scale,
So veiled in Mystery.
The lightness, then, the heart can feel
Is ecstasy sublime,
When Courage comes to cheer the soul,
The sun begins to shine.

H. P. SEALY.

The Canterbury Society of Arts Exhibition.

By Leaflet.

LOVERS of art, living in New Zealand, have more than one cause for regret, when considering the improvement, or the reverse, to be noticed in our Annual Art Exhibitions; not the least of which is the fact that distance separates the chief centres so widely, and breaks up what should be one good exhibition into numerous secondary shows. Another cause for regret is, that so soon as our promising young art students arrive at a period when their productions can not only please us, but make us proud of their proficiency, they leave our shores to seek a wider scope for their budding ambitions, and a more competent school than we can possibly offer; and so it is that, year after year, we are pleased and yet disappointed at the result of our year's work amongst the artists. We never seem to get any further advanced, for after all is said, our exhibition is little more than an exhibition of students' work. As such we are proud of it, but as an art exhibition the result is very disappointing. I have not had the privilege and opportunity of comparing our Christchurch exhibitions with those in other centres, but I presume they are all very similar, and have the same merits and demerits in common.

I hope to be able in a short space to give a slight notice of some of the best pictures hung in our gallery for exhibition this year.

The Art Gallery is situated in one of the prettiest parts of Christchurch, opposite those charmingly interesting buildings, the old Council Chambers, better known as the Government Buildings, which I love to think of as still peopled by the early law-makers of Canterbury, the little band now growing so thin. The gallery, which is built of brick, is very largely due to the enterprise and energy of the late secretary, Captain Garcia, who gave his extensive art knowledge so courteously and so freely to the furtherance of art in our city. It is not very decorative from an outside point of view, but I hope that I may live to see, hanging on the walls of the permanent gallery, many examples of the best of modern art.

I have often wished that some arrangements could be made for the temporary exchange of pictures with Dunedin, Auckland and Wellington, to enable students to profit by seeing the best examples possessed by the various societies, to say nothing of the extra pleasure which might be thus given to the art-loving public.

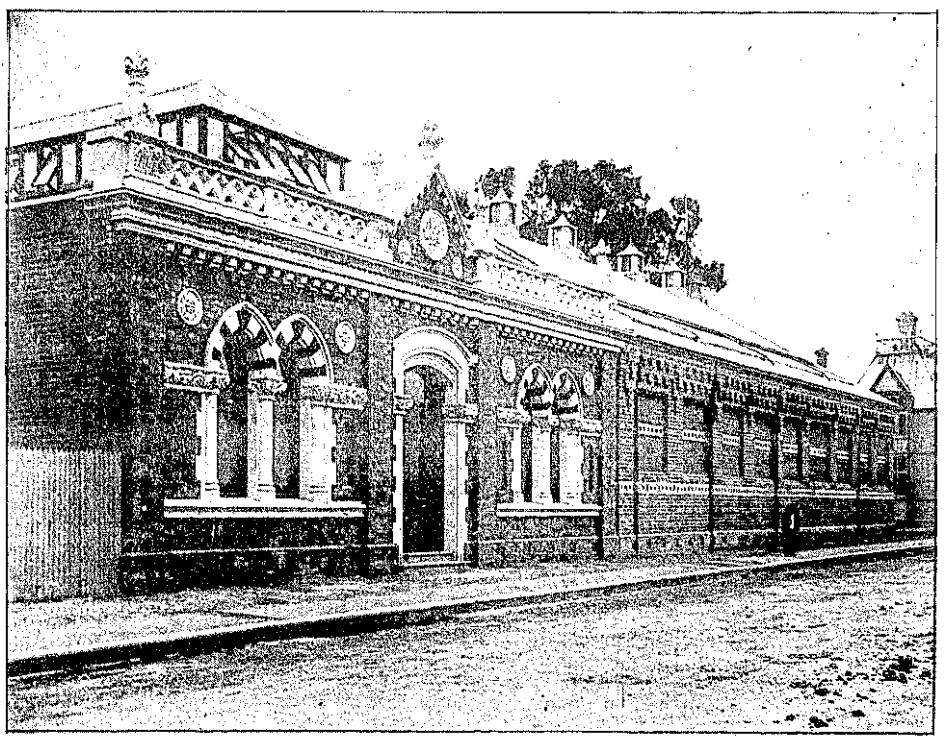
We want to see more work by English and Continental artists, and if the societies of New Zealand would join forces in this respect, much lasting good would be done. Good work not only serves as a guide to those who are floundering in a hopeless whirlpool of ignorance and incompetence, but it educates the public taste to appreciate and love what is good and true in art. It is always sad to me to notice the class of pictures which almost invariably sell during these exhibitions. It is not the best, but the pictures which are painted with a view to catch the eye. Of course this is not always the case, but in the majority of instances it most certainly is.

Perhaps few of the paintings in the gallery this year created more interest than those sent by Miss Stoddart. It is interesting to note the effect study in England has had upon her work. Of the eight which she exhibited seven sold, which speaks for itself

as to their popularity. All were greatly admired. Her work is always delicate and refined, and eminently truthful and full of tender feeling for the subject treated. She paints stronger and more forcibly than before she went away, and is evidently greatly impressed by the beauty of English scenery. One of her paintings which drew forth many exclamations of pleasure was entitled "An English Wood"—very simple in subject, but so delicate in design—a silver birch tree in the distance, and all the foreground blue with wild flowers. Her best picture was a group of violets and primroses, perhaps the most desirable picture in the room, beautifully painted in every respect, and certainly an improvement upon her flower painting before she went Home. Another of her paintings which found many admirers and would-be owners was a "Yorkshire Village," a quaint old-world scene, with white cottages and delightful red roofs.

Mr. J. F. Scott, a new exhibitor in Christchurch, sent several charming little bits of English and French scenery – such lovely colouring and atmosphere—impossible to describe, but very desirable to possess.

The Sydney artist, Mr. A. J. Hanson, who exhibited last year for the first time in Christchurch, had this year one large oil and three water colours. His work is that of a master hand, and shews up strongly as such when exhibited in a gallery where students' work is so conspicuous. The oil painting, "An Australian Station Smithy," cannot be too highly praised. A dark interior, showing a well-managed sunlight effect coming through the open doorway, and in the distance the bright firelight throwing a warm glow upon two brawny men who are hammering into shape a red-hot horseshoe. Mr. Hanson's largest water-colour, "Changing Paddocks," required to be seen two or three times before it dawned upon you that you were looking at an



SOCIETY OF ARTS GALLERY, CHRISTCHURCH.

extremely clever and beautiful picture. When I had once realised this fact the picture positively fascinated me. I seemed to feel the whole scene; it was so simple and natural. A large stringy bark gum tree stands out in all its untidiness against a clear afternoon sky. A shepherd is dreamily moving a flock of sheep—the atmosphere and harmony of it all is wonderful. The same mellow harmony characterises Mr. Hanson's two paintings of West Coast scenery.

Mr. Worsley's work is now becoming well-known and appreciated all over New Zealand. He is always interesting, and has always something fresh and crisp to tell us. This year he sent us three small oils—two of which were Spanish and one in the Isle of Majorca—scenes of gay colouring and bright sunlight. His water-colours were in no degree less interesting.

Mr. Menzies Gibb is somewhat disappointing. He paints very pretty little atmospheric effects, which command a ready sale, but he seems to aim too much at prettiness.

Mr. John Gibb always excites my admiration in that he is so hardworking and persevering. He stands well to the front of our marine painters, and I trust he may long enjoy his proud position.

Of the younger artists three stand out conspicuously as having worked hard and essayed to paint difficult subjects. Of these, Mr. Sydney Thompson's ambition is evidently to be a portrait painter, but it is a life-long study, and needs especial talent and a perfect insight into character. True portrait painting achieves a something which photography cannot grasp, but it is given to few artists to excel in this particular branch. The portrait painter also needs to study the best examples of the greatest masters before he can hope to earn distinction and be regarded as a success. However, I heartily wish Mr. Thompson the success he merits, for he has plenty of perseverance, and that is an indispensable aid to ambition. Two paintings by this artist excited considerable interest. One, the portrait of an old Scotchman, the other a card-table scene. Two rough country men are contesting a game of euchre. The expressions were capitally conceived and executed.

Mr. Proctor deals in landscape, and shows great patience and hard working capabilities. He will undoubtedly be an excellent landscapist if he goes on working so conscientiously. The same may also be said of Mr. Bickerton, who also displays a very large share of that artistic quality—a poetic imagination—which, if he had nothing else, would scarcely fail to make his pictures interesting.

LITERARY CHAT.

By Danvers Hamber.

The Wiles of the Wicked is the title of Mr. William Le Queux's latest novel, a volume in Bell's Indian and Colonial Library, published by George Bell and Sons, London and Bombay. The book comes to us from Mr. R. Mackay, of Queen-street, Auckland. The author has written a clever and fascinating book, and though he uses the *Called Back* blind man as a thinking but unseeing witness of the tragedy with which the story opens, the subsequent proceedings are so interesting that so much plagiarism may be forgiven. The hero, Wilford Heaton, becomes stone blind in early manhood, and one evening is run over by a cab. He is taken into a house, and when recovered from the effects of the accident he hears a murder committed. His sight is returned in a marvellous manner, and afterwards he finds himself a visitor at the house where the tragedy occurred. There he meets and falls in love with a Miss Anson. Leaving the house one night he goes to a friend's rooms, smokes a drugged cigar, knocks his head accidentally, and for six years loses all memory of his previous life. During that period he marries, and becomes a financial magnate. Another accidental blow and his memory returns, though recollection of the past six years' events vanishes. This idea of forgetfulness is most skilfully worked out. Setting himself to unravel the mystery Wilford Heaton eventually succeeds, and in doing so sustains the interest to the end of the last chapter. His lady-love turns out to be a member of the Royal House of Austria, whose romantic history will ever serve the writer of novels. Mr. Le Queux's stories are always bright and attractive, and in *The Wiles of the Wicked* he keeps up his reputation.

I do not consider this an altogether appropriate place to refer to a problem exercising many minds in the colony at the present moment, but I cannot help referring to a work by Ellice Hopkins, published by Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co., of Paternoster Buildings, London. It is named *The Power of Womanhood or Mothers and Sons.* It is a book for parents to study, and one worthy of the earnest attention of those in *loco parentis.* A difficult subject is handled with so much delicacy and with such great sincerity that the authoress commands high regard. Formation of character rests largely with parents, and a perusal of this work, while harming none, would undoubtedly benefit many.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have lately published another edition of the late Mr. Archibald Forbes' most excellent book, *Memoirs and Studies of War and Peace.* This is the fifth reprint of the work, and as the present issue is published at six shillings the public have the opportunity of obtaining a wonderfully entertaining volume containing practically a history of our own times at a very moderate figure. The same firm has also issued the third edition of Mr. Forbes' famous record of *The Black Watch,* a regiment whose deeds entitle it always to be remembered with the greatest admiration.

One can readily imagine that any work of Mr. Andrew Lang's would meet with a most favourable reception. Therefore it is not surprising to know that the first volume of

the talented writer's *A History of Scotland From the Roman Occupation* published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, has occasioned a kind of *furore*. Such a history written by such a Scotsman would be sure to arouse enthusiasm amongst Scotsmen, and at the same time it would delight those other British admirers of the author who are not his countrymen. Mr. Lang writes so independently and so vividly always, that one can quite appreciate the following verdict upon his first volume:—"Dry-as-dust facts have been reclothed and revivified; stirring incidents depicted with freshness and vigour; the result being a history at once attractive, informing and entertaining."

FROM Messrs. Upton and Co., of Auckland, I have received Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal From Within*. This most interesting book has met with great success. Eight editions were exhausted between September of last and March of this year, and the copy I have received is one of the ninth, or popular edition. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a South African by birth. He has lived in the Transvaal since 1884, and he was Secretary of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, so he possesses excellent qualifications for telling of the transactions of the South African Republic. After the Reform leaders were released from Pretoria goal Mr. Fitzpatrick was sentenced to three years' banishment, and he spent the time in writing this book. The author very clearly puts the conditions of life in the Transvaal before his readers. He does justice to the Boer whenever possible, but he puts the case of the Uitlander so completely and comprehensively that no one who has read the work can wonder why Great Britain warred with the Transvaal Republic. Mr. Fitzpatrick proves conclusively that the policy and the aspirations of the Transvaal were aggressive and not defensive. He does so without passion and without prejudice, and therefore his work is all the more valuable. President Kruger, when the Chairman of the National Union on Boxing Day, 1895, published the manifesto containing what the Uitlanders considered their bare rights, said, after a careful perusal of the document, "Their rights. Yes, they'll get them—over my dead body!" Mr. Fitzpatrick says volumes of explanation could not better illustrate the Boer attitude and policy towards the English-speaking immigrants, and no one is likely to disagree with him after a study of his book. Of the man who dreamt of a Dutch Republic stretching from the Zambesi to Capetown, the author says, "In the history of South Africa the figure of the grim old President will loom large and striking—picturesque, as the figure of one who by his character and will made his people; magnificent, as one who in the face of blackest fortune never wavered from his aim or faltered in his effort; who, with a courage that seemed, and still seems, fatuous, but which may well be called heroic, stood up against the might of the greatest Empire in the world. And, it may be, pathetic, too, as one whose limitations were great, one whose training and associations—whose very successes—had narrowed and embittered and hardened him; as one who, when the greatness of success was his to take and to hold, turned his back on the supreme opportunity, and used his strength and qualities to fight against the spirit of progress, and all that the enlightment of the age pronounces to be fitting and necessary to good government and a healthy State." This is a brief but strikingly true pen-portrait of the man who has misgoverned his country. In his memorable speech at Bath Lord Rosebery, in justifying the attitude of Lord Salisbury's Ministry, made mention of Mr. Fitzpatrick's book in the following terms:—"If you wish to read a history of the internal economy of the Transvaal I would simply suggest that you should procure a book called *The Transvaal From Within* by Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a denizen of the Transvaal, and much interested in its progress—a book which seems to me to bear on every page and in every sentence the mark of truth, and which gives you in

wholesale and in detail an extraordinary, and, I think, I may say, an appalling record of the way in which the Government of the Transvaal was carried on, and the subjection to which it reduced our fellow countrymen there." Lord Rosebery's high opinion of this book is evidently shared by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, for in response to a correspondent who deplored the want of a printed defence of the English Ministerial policy in the Transvaal, the Colonial Secretary said, "I refer you to Mr. Fitzpatrick's book." Mr. Chamberlain could have given no better answer, for Mr. Fitzpatrick's work, which is published by Mr. W. Heinemann, of Bedford Street, London, is a damning yet just record of Boer cruelty and treachery towards the Uitlanders. The author writes pleasantly, and with much literary skill, and thereby adds a charm to a work which is monumental in the completeness of its indictment.

THEO. DOUGLAS, who has written some very readable novels—notably, *A Bride Elect*, *Iras: A Mystery*, *A Legacy of Hate*, and *Carr of Dimscaur*—has in *Nemo* fashioned an absorbing and a weirdly fascinating story. The book forms a volume of Bell's Indian and Colonial Library, and comes to me from Mr. R. Mackay, of Auckland. *Nemo* is a Maskelyne and Cooke sort of idea made of springs, wires and a leathery skin. By hypnotism Professor Bannerman impels his daughter's vitality into his machine, and it writes on a blackboard and performs the usual feats of spiritualistic mediums. How this is done and what it leads to the author tells cleverly. The story is an impossible one, but there is no leaving it once commenced, for naturally one wants to find out all about the mystery. The interest is well sustained throughout, and altogether *Nemo* is a book to be acquainted with.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN invariably tells a delightful story, and he is never without a charming heroine. *Sophia*, his latest publication, is the most recent addition to Longman's Colonial Library. The work has been sent to me from Messrs. Wildman and Lyell, and also from Messrs Upton and Co. I do not think Mr. Weyman has previously composed a story about the times of the Georges, but I do know that *Sophia* is so skilfully written that one wonders why the author has so long left the period alone. Mr. Weyman has caught the tone of the speech and manners of the time of George II. most excellently, even though he now and then spares the modern sensibility by smoothing the rough edges which we know existed in the conversation of the day. The heroine is desired by her married sister and her brother-in-law to make a match with Sir Hervey Coke, but as she is eighteen and he is thirty-four Sophia declines. She believes herself in love with an Irish adventurer, who has discovered her wealth and also the fact that if her twin brother marries before he is of age a large amount of his money goes to his sister. The Irishman endeavours to bring about a double marriage. Sophia he destines for himself, and an old flame, Oriana, for the young brother. Sophia elopes from her sister's house, but before she is irrevocably lost she learns the true character of her lover, and Sir Hervey Coke, happening on the scene, a marriage takes place and scandal is averted. Mr. Weyman tells his story most effectively, and the change in the feelings of Sophia is depicted very charmingly. Gratitude of course she has for her preserver, but soon learning her husband's generous nature she comes to love him. Before this is brought about there are some exciting adventures told in Mr. Weyman's well-known attractive and exhilarating style. Lady Betty and Sophia's brother, Sir Thomas Maitland, play pretty comedy in the story, which is as interestingly romantic as the author's works always are. The characters are well drawn, and in Sophia Mr. Weyman furnishes a heroine who, though at first rather foolish, develops into a true and lovable woman.

THE STAGE

By Paul Pry.

Sarony Studios, MR. DOUGLAS ANCELON AS OTHELLO. *Auckland.*

The Ancelon-Bentley Dramatic Company.

THE Auckland public had the pleasure during three weeks of last month of witnessing some Shakespearian revivals, a clever dramatisation of Hall Caine's remarkable book, "The Christian," and that fine example of stage craft, "The Silver King." The opportunity afforded by the visit of the Ancelon-Bentley Dramatic Company was not lost, and throughout the season large and appreciative audiences rewarded the management. Everybody was glad to welcome Mr. Walter Bentley, who had not been seen in Auckland for some years, not only because of the actor's power and individuality, but also for the reason that the Company promised Shakespeare—an intellectual treat not often offered to Aucklanders, whose lines in things dramatic are otherwise laid in very pleasant places. Mr. Douglas Ancelon, the manager of the Company, is a man of many parts. He is an

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MISS ADA WOODHILL AS GLORY QUAYLE.

actor, he writes verse and prose, and he has been an explorer in Australia, New Guinea and Borneo. His intention, when he formed the present Company, was to present high-class plays to the public. So far as New Zealand is concerned, he has carried out his resolve with the highest satisfaction to his

"The Three Musketeers," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and probably an adaptation of Marie Corelli's intensely dramatic book, "The Vendetta." In Shakespeare's comedy Mr. Ancelon will play Sir John Falstaff, and Mr. Bentley will take the part of Ford. The Auckland public only saw Mr. Ancelon in

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MR. WALTER BENTLEY AS JOHN STORM.

patrons. After the present tour of New Zealand is completed, it is Mr. Ancelon's intention to revisit Tasmania and Australia, thence he will journey to America, *via* Honolulu, and from the States travels to South Africa and on to England. Before leaving this colony Mr. Ancelon will stage

three parts; as Alderman Ingot in "David Garrick," as Othello, and as Dr. Carr in "A House of Mystery." He gave a fine reading of the jealous Moor, an interpretation betraying much study and an intense appreciation of Shakespeare. Mr. Ancelon's Alderman Ingot was also a very praiseworthy

piece of acting. Mr. Walter Bentley's study of Hamlet aroused much enthusiasm. His portrait of the melancholy Dane was the finest ever seen in New Zealand, and must rank with Sir Henry Irving's and Mr. Forbes Robertson's impersonations. As Matthias, in "The Bells," he scored a great triumph. the subtle devilry of the false-minded friend was most artistically brought out. Mr. Bentley's Iago is not so gloomy as some I have seen. He puts more gaiety, more life into the man who, with vengeance in his heart, plays upon Othello's feelings until he has accomplished his full meed of foul

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MISS ETHEL HUNT.

The performance was naturally reminiscent of Irving's Matthias, for Mr. Bentley acknowledges that the eminent tragedian's pourtrayal of the Burgomaster was his model. One of the most telling performances during the season was this clever actor's Iago. It was a fine conception admirably executed. All intentions. In addition to being an excellent tragedian, Mr. Bentley can play comedy most happily. As Dr. Bill in the absurdly-comical piece bearing that title he acted very cleverly indeed, and proved that if he had never desired to attain higher honours he would have earned fame in this less classical

branch of his art. His Jock Howieson, in "Cramond Brig," may be quoted if further proof of that assertion should be needed. It was a performance full of humour, not without some pathos, and generally an exquisite piece of pure comedy acting. Mr. Bentley's Shylock was another fine achievement. Personally, I liked him best of all in this character. It was a clever, earnest and very dignified conception of one of the finest playing parts in Shakespeare's plays. Had Mr. Bentley had the support of a company stronger in its ablity to interpret the Bard of Avon, and those scenic and stage effects which necessarily go some way towards success, no finer production of the "Merchant of Venice" could be desired. For the last week of the season in Auckland, Mr. William Henry Maddox's adaptation of Hall Caine's "The Christian" was staged. The book has had such wide-spreading popularity in English-speaking countries that dramatisation was sure to follow. The author has adapted it for the stage, Wilson Barrett has written his own version, and now Mr. Maddox has done it for Mr. Bentley. This latter adaptation is the first produced in New Zealand, so we have as yet no means whereby a

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MR. DOUGLAS ANCELON.

comparison can be made. I may say at once that Mr. Maddox has done his work well. The narrow limit afforded the playwright must be considered in criticising a play of this description. The adaptor has to condense and preserve the prominent features of the story, so that he may present in two or three hours a life-history that would occupy as many days in reading. The author can clearly bring out every phase in the existence of his characters, but the dramatist must condense and again condense, so that he may ensure action and dramatic interest. Mr. Maddox has evidently written his play for Mr. Bentley, and probably he had the latter's experience to assist him. However, that may be, he has wisely selected John Storm and his vicissitudes as the *motif* of his work, and those episodes in the book in which Storm bears a part loom large in the play. Storm is a socialist and a dreamer, a moralist, a philosopher, and a man who, with all these attributes, is utterly unable to cope with the problems of life. He sees things with a distorted vision, and wonders why the world will not be led by him. Each new idea dominates him for the time being, till he finds out its impossibility in his case, and

The Sarony Studios, *Auckland.*

MISS HELEN GIBSON.

then he discards it, only to find new difficulties. He foolishly indulges in prophecy, and ultimately wrecks his life. The object lesson he presents is a powerful one, and depicted by such a fine actor as Mr. Bentley, makes an indelible impression on the auditors. At one moment he is full of religious enthusiasm woman he loves, to save her soul, but again through the intensity of his humanity, he fails, and ultimately the evil passions of the populace whom he has misled, overwhelm him. It is a strange stage picture enhanced by the powerful delineation given to the central figure by Mr. Bentley, who held the

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MR. ORLANDO DALY AS LORD ROBERT URE IN "THE CHRISTIAN."

and revival fire, the next he is in the lowest depths of despair; the monastic idea is then seized on, but only to be discarded, and his humanity asserting itself, he seeks his mate, only to find that he has delayed too long, and another has taken his place. Urged on by passion, he believes it his duty to slay the audience from his entrance to the fall of the curtain by an exercise of stage art rarely seen on our local boards; indeed no one in Australasia at least could have given such an interpretation of this many-sided personage. From a psychological point of view, Mr. Bentley clearly discriminated in his delinea-

tion the loftier ideals and the baser passions, and very distinctly established the principle that, as Hall Caine says, the blending of the life of nature and the life of grace is the true Christian character. It is just there where Storm wrecks his life. There is no blending, or attempt at blending, till too late, and Mr. Bentley succeeded in presenting a vivid picture of a being torn to the heart strings by this mental conflict. Glory Quayle, though the secondary character in the drama, is an exacting *rôle*, and was treated in a charmingly artistic manner by Miss Ada Woodhill, who seconded Mr. Bentley's efforts so admirably that in one or two scenes she shared with him the triumph of the situation. Though the Glory of the play is not the Glory of the book, Miss Woodhill presented a true womanly ideal. In other plays Miss Woodhill was quite as successful. Miss Helen Gibson gave an excellent representation of Jane Callender in "The Christian," and her Emilia in "Othello," and her Queen in "Hamlet," were deserving of high praise. In lighter work, such as Mrs. Carr in "A House of Mystery," and Mrs. Brown in "Dr. Bill," Miss Gibson was equally effective. A very promising member of the Company is Miss

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MISS IVY GORRICK.

Ethel Hunt, who, in addition to being the possessor of personal charms, is a very clever and lively *soubrette*. She has humour, and knows how to make the most of it. As Polly Love in "The Christian" she has little to do but sob, but she does it well. Mr. Orlando Daly contributed an excellent

His Cassius in "Othello" was excellent, save that he would keep time to his speech with his right leg. I know I am acting the part of a candid friend in uttering this little protest against anything like machinery in motion. Mr. Johnson Weir, who was the Canon Wealthy in "The Christian," did not

The Edwards Studio, *Auckland.*

MR. JOHNSON WEIR.

character study in the part of Lord Robert Ure in "The Christian," although, perhaps, his idea was a little below the average man about town. I am sure Hall Caine's Lord Robert Ure possessed a little more vigour than Mr. Daly invested him with. In several other plays Mr. Daly did really good work.

altogether attain the possibilities that the part offered, but as the week wore on he improved. As the Jew in "The Silver King," he was more in his element, for low comedy is evidently his forte. Miss Ivy Gorrick, who enacted the Matron of the Hospital in "The Christian," and other

characters during the season, is the possessor of a nice voice, and her singing at the Sunday recital were much appreciated. A part in "The Christian" played with great effect was the Father Lamplough of Mr. Cyrus Hales, whose acting was of a high standard, and whose lines were delivered with much

The Edwards Studio, MR. E. R. GALLAUGHER, *Auckland.*
Treasurer of the Douglas Ancelon Dramatic Company.

feeling. Mr. Le Chateau is a member of the Ancelon—Bentley Company, who merits praise for his careful character studies. It would not do to close these reflections without mention of Mr. E. F. Gallaugher, the treasurer of the Company. His work is never done, and he always does it well. Mr. Gallaugher first visited New Zealand some fifteen years ago, and in the intervening years he has paid several visits to the Colony. One feature making for the success of the Company is the excellent stage management of Mr. Walter Bentley. He personally supervises every production, and gives the benefit of his valuable advice. Knowing Mr. Ancelon's determination to produce high-class work, Mr. Bentley puts his heart into the business, and judging from what I have seen, I believe I am right in predicting great success for the coalition.

ROUND THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

FROM England lately flashed the announcement of the death of Mrs. Gladstone. To singularly few of those who dwell in high places has been given the power or the facility to lead such a long life of usefulness as did this grand old lady. As the helpmate of one of England's greatest statesmen she was incomparable. As a hostess she showed a daring regard of the fetishes of birth, wealth, and social position amid her guests, and put in their place moral and intrinsic worth. As a Lady Bountiful she was untiring. It would be hard to find a better theory than the one she inculcated that the poorest could do something for her in return —and more than that, something for God also—by giving a kind word or a helping hand to another. Another of whose death we have lately read is Dr. Ryle, whose tracts reached a circulation of 12,000,000, and were translated into over a dozen languages. He started life expecting to inherit a large fortune from his father, a wealthy banker, but bankruptcy swallowed it instead. He then entered the Church, and died last month at a good old age as Bishop of Liverpool. The overflowing vitality and vigour which made him a great athlete as a young man permeated his tracts, and accounted for the popularity and power of what is generally a most unpopular and inefficacious class of literature.

AMERICA.

THE wonderful increase in the production of pig iron in America is an index pointing to her taking the premier place amongst the countries of the world in manufacturing industries. Andrew Carnegie, one of the best authorities on the subject, says "that the city or nation that can produce the cheapest ton of steel has insured industrial supremacy. The cost of so many other articles depends on the cost of this prime element." In 1884 the United Kingdom produced 7,811,727 tons of pig iron, in 1899 about 9,500,000. The United States record in 1884 was 4,097,869, and in 1899 nearly 14,000,000, ominous figures truly. The American, it is true, has advantages in the shape of rich deposits of ore, but this is not all. The very best labour saving machinery that can be devised has much to do with the returns. The English manufacturer is content to stay at home and only take advantage of such improvements in machinery as he hears or reads about. The American, on the other hand, travels far and wide to see for himself the different modes of manufacturing, and his inventive genius is ever on the alert to improve on them and apply any principle to his special purpose. The result is obvious. As an example, at the Lake Superior ore deposits a steam shovel lifts five tons at a hoist, and takes five digs to fill a twenty-five ton railway truck. Six hundred tons are said to have been deposited

in trucks within the hour by two men and four cwt. of coal at a cost of about tenpence per ton. That is the way in which competition can be defied.

GERMANY.

Mr. Gastrell, Commercial Attaché at Berlin, has given some convincing figures in his late report on the economic position of Germany. They show the gigantic strides taken of late years in securing a substantial share of the world's trade. He compares the volume of commerce in 1892 with that of 1899, and deals with what he calls "special" trade, viz., imports for home consumption and exports of domestic produce. In 1872 the special imports total £163,000,000, and the special exports £116,000,000, in 1899 imports 259,000,000, exports 199,571,000, showing an increase of £96,000,000 in the imports and £36,571,000 in the exports. With regard to industries, he briefly states that the quantity and value of imported raw materials for local manufacture and the export of manufactured articles steadily increase. The actual tonnage of German shipping stands second in the world. His conclusion is that there are three obstacles to prevent a continuance of this rapid increase, scarcity of labour, difficulty of further opening up of foreign markets, and want of available capital. The record is a good one, and goes to prove that the brand "Made in Germany," once almost a reproach, is now very much the reverse.

CAIRO.

The last twelve months have been notable for the progress made in Archæological discoveries in Egypt. Six institutions have been prosecuting researches and delving into the long-forgotten past with unremitting energy. A handsome museum building is being erected in Cairo, and its employees are excavating near the Pyramid of Horce, and have found an unfinished burial of the Saitic Period, which promises to throw unexpected light on the mode of architecture of the sarcophagus and pyramid of that date. The Berlin Museum representatives have unearthed one of the Ra Sanctuaries showing trenches for carrying off the blood of victims. An alabaster altar and some bas-reliefs describing wonderful ceremonies of the Sed Festival have also come to light. Professor Petrie, working for the Egypt Exploration Fund, has been rooting amongst the rubbish heaps left by his predecessor, M. Amèlineau, and has discovered a Royal Tomb once tenanted by King Merneit, previously unknown to later-day fame. For the Egyptian Research Account Mr. Garstang has found material which he hopes to turn to good account by proving hitherto disputed dates as to the length of the intermediate period between the 12th and the 18th dynasties. Other remarkable finds have been made, one of the most noticeable being the unearthing of several thousands of mummified crocodiles, amongst these (which, by the bye, were the deities of the Fayum) were some wrapped in papyrus sheets and stuffed with papyrus rolls. The stuffing, however, does not appear to possess great literary value, although of late Ptolemaic date.

CHINA.

That extraordinary combination of rebels, ycelpt the Boxers, with their innate hatred of and opposition to everything foreign, have so far had it practically all their own way, and committed massacre after massacre with impunity, and it is very difficult to judge at present where their ramifications end, as they are constantly breaking out in fresh places. The Chinese are essentially a nation of workers. State Government and both political and military leadership are virtually lost arts to them. Misguided as these rebels are, the fact that the Powers are placing 30,000 troops in the field does not appear to dismay them. They require a severe lesson, and it is already commencing. The position is one wherein the principal danger lies in the complications that may arise when the victors proceed to administer the estate of the vanquished.