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THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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FRONT ROW—HAIMONA PATARA (Speaker), HENARE KAIHAU, M.H.R., MAHUTA TAWHIAO (Maori King), HAORA TERARANUI, HOHEPA MATAITUA.
SECOND ROW—ANARU WI APO, HONGIHONGI, AHI PEPENE, HARE WAHANUI.
BACK ROW—TOHI KURI-O-WAIKATO, TE AKA TE WHARAKURA (Treasurer), TE RAWHAREKITUA TE AHU.

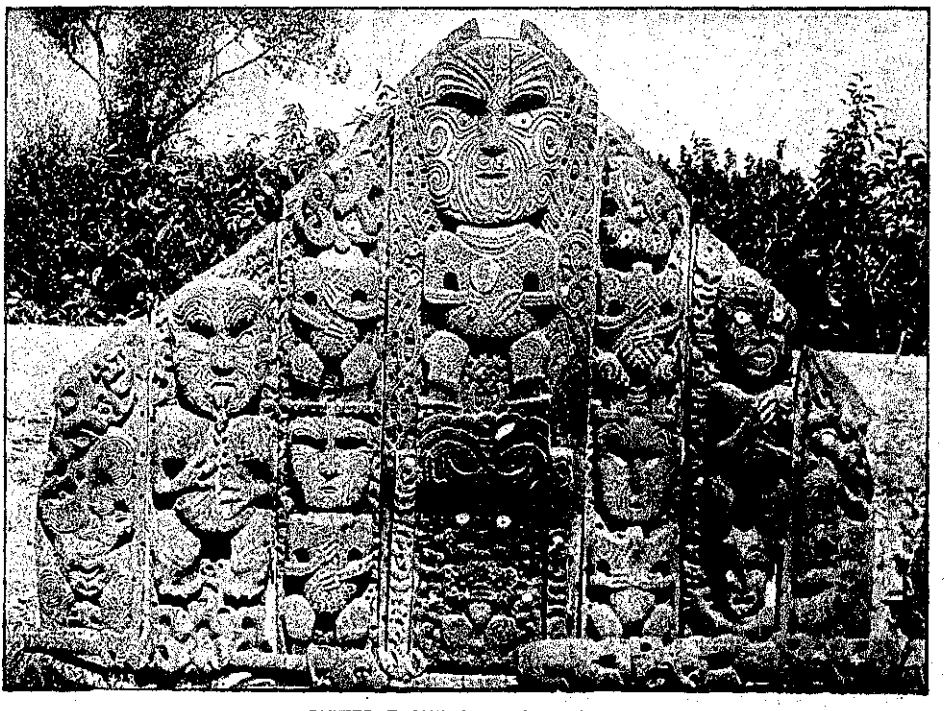
Maori Picture Writing.

By F. Carr.

THE origin of the Maoris is of peculiar interest to New Zealanders, and many attempts have been made to follow the history of the race to the parent source. So far these attempts have only resulted in producing a number of conflicting theories. The Maoris themselves in their oral traditions can go back about six hundred years and as far away as Hawaiiki; but that only takes them to one of the most recent stages in their migrations.

Fornanders, I believe, argues that the Maoris, as belonging to the Polynesian race, originally came from North Africa, and after being driven from there by a stronger people lived for a time in Southern India, and finally found their way along the southern coasts of Asia to the islands of the Pacific. Sir George Grey considers that at one time the Maoris, as members of the great Polynesian race, occupied portions of Central America. Sir George suggests that they may have introduced cannibalism into that country, and points out that this horrible custom of eating one's fellowman originated from the terrible hunger undergone in lengthened voyages by those who had been driven by gales of wind into a vast and unexplored ocean. This idea of course implies that the Polynesians had come from some other country to America.

That there are certain points of similarity between the customs of the ancient Mexicans and the Maoris is undoubted. In the matter of cannibalism Sir George says:—"The



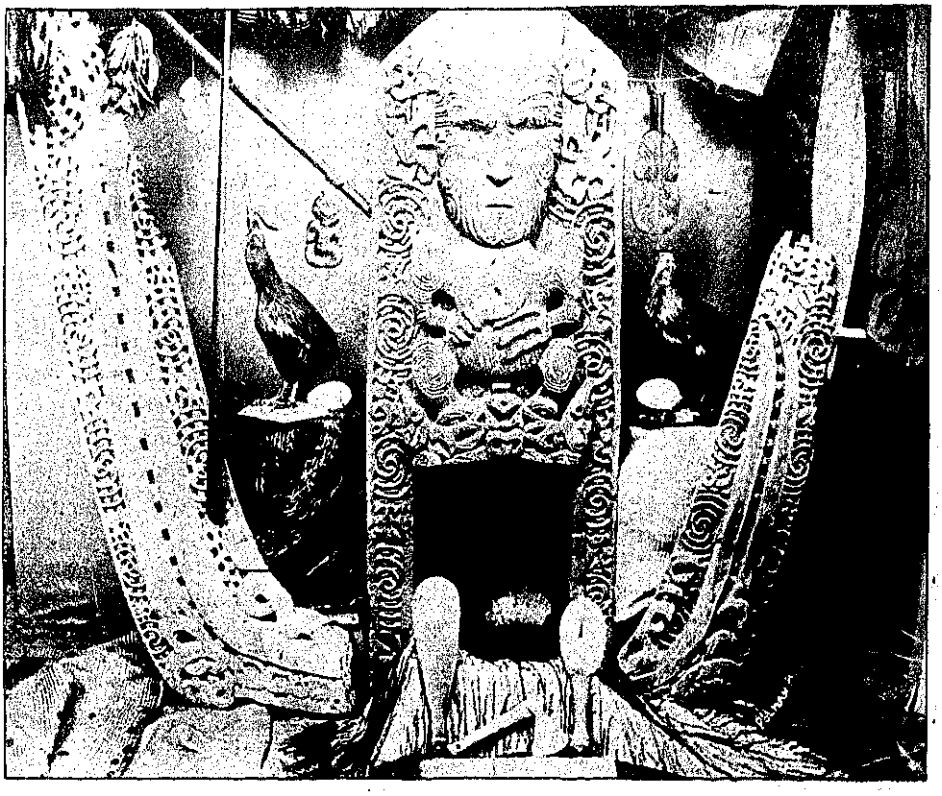
CARVED FRONT OF MAORI HOUSE.

custom appears to have been both in Mexico and New Zealand to offer the heart of the human victim to the god, and then to have given the body to be devoured by the common people." "Another remarkable instance," says Sir George, "of similarity between the Polynesian and Mexican Races is exhibited in the Mexican Calendar Stone which, in order to preserve it, was built into the Cathedral in Mexico. In all the same manner and form as that adopted in the ancient Polynesian carvings." The similarity of other customs and beliefs are also mentioned, as is also the similarity of certain words and traditions, while a still more striking evidence of relationship is found in the identification of the red stone images to be seen in the Auckland Museum and at Rotorua, with these images that are still to be seen on

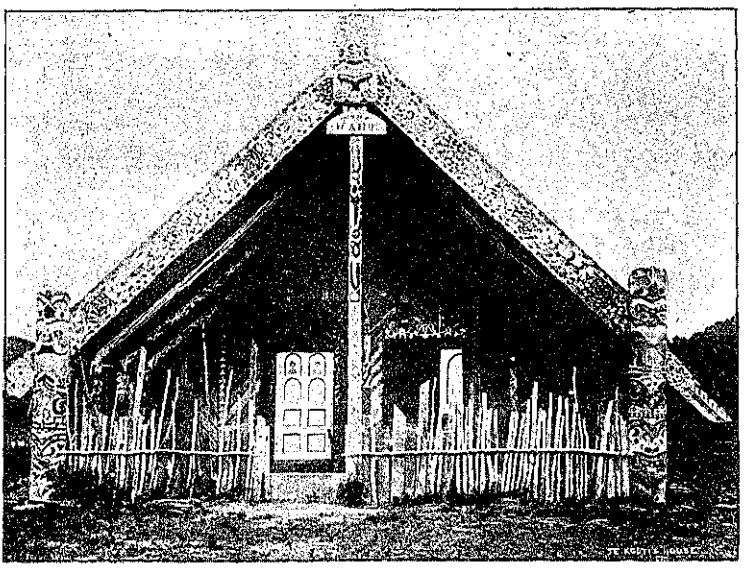
MAORI CARVINGS.

ancient wooden carvings of their ancestors, the Maoris represented the tongue as thrust out to a great length from the mouth, generally tapering off in a peculiar manner to a slender end———; whatever may be the intention of their representing a strangely protruding tongue, it is accurately copied in the Mexican Calendar Stone, where the central figure of the sun is a man's head with the tongue stuck out in precisely the Easter Island and in the Pyramids of Central America. But striking as are all these evidences of relationship between the Mexicans and the Maoris, there is still another which has hitherto escaped public notice, and that is the fact that both Maoris and Mexicans, though having no written language, had a method of transmitting history and messages by means of hieroglyphics or picture writing.

MAORI WHAREPUNI AT OHINEMUTU.

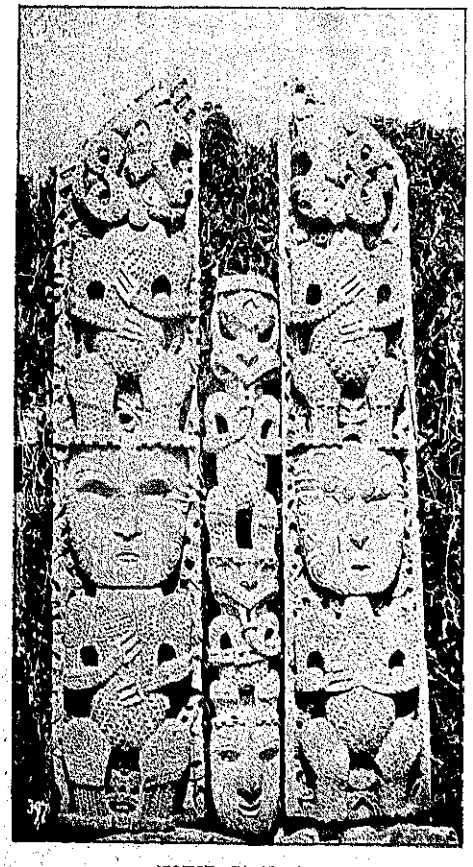


COLLECTION OF MAORI CURIOS.



TE KOOTI'S HOUSE AT TE KUITI.

Any traveller through New Zealand, who takes the trouble to examine the Wharepunis to be found in Maori villages, must be struck with the abundance and variety of the carvings in wood and the painted patterns which cover the walls of these buildings. That these carvings and paintings are meant merely for ornament can only be assumed by the most ignorant, and it is an absolute fact that they represent the history of events and of great individuals in the tribe; it is also a fact that Maoris can be found at the present day who will read these carvings and paintings as we would read a book, or rather as we would read the meaning of a series of pictures; and, furthermore, that this habit of transmitting history by means of pictures, carved or otherwise shown, is not lost even in the present day, for I have seen comparatively recent events recorded in this manner on the walls of Wharepunis in the King Country. It will be noticed in all the important Wharepunis that the walls are covered with a series of carved panels. These panels are really pages of history, and when read by a capable Maori, reveal the principal events and traditions of the tribe. The panel pages are generally in regular sequence, the first being immediately on the right-hand side of the main door, the panels being separated by carved posts, each of which represents an important individual, while the panel illustrates his or her deeds.



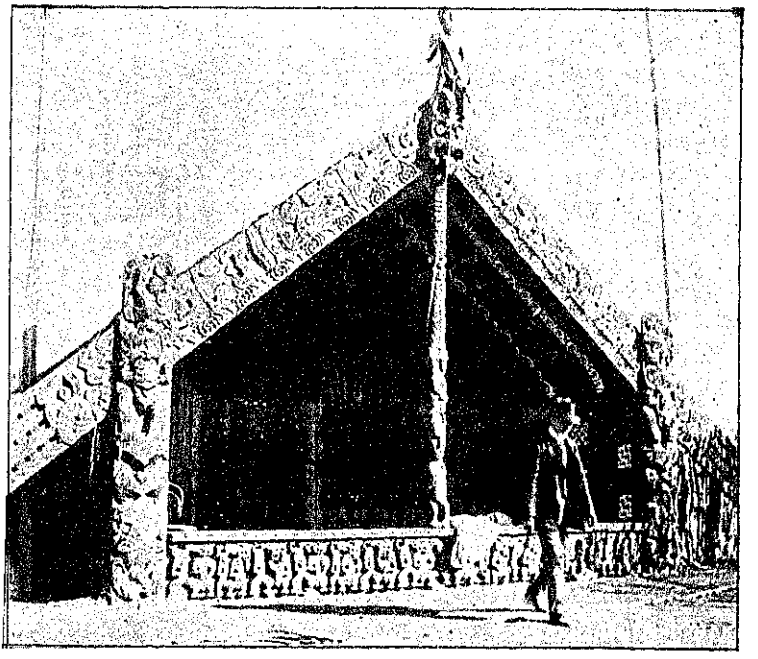
HOUSE CARVINGS.

I do not profess to have made a study of Maori picture writing, I merely wish to draw attention to the fact of its existence. It is a subject that has scarcely ever been written about, and even the guides who show tourists our Maori villages merely look upon the panels in the Wharepuni as grotesque carvings, and yet there is no doubt

that it is a subject of much importance to scientists, and of much interest to curious visitors.

My first introduction to Maori picture writing was at Ranana, on the Wanganui River, where there is a remarkably fine Wharepuni. The Maoris of that place translated some of the pictures for my benefit, but unfortunately I am not able to use my notes on these translations.

Perhaps the most interesting collection of picture writing easily available is at Te Kuiti in the King Country. The Wharepuni



RAURU WHAREPUNI, WHAKAREWAREWA, WITH MR. NELSON IN THE FOREGROUND.

stands almost in the centre of a picturesque *pa*, which occupies a level piece of ground at the mouth of the Mangaohewa Gorge. It is known as Te Wharepuni Ngati-Manipoto, or the house of Manipoto, the father of the Manipoto tribe, and its panels show why this tribe became perhaps the most famous in New Zealand, for its chief men depicted there did great deeds in every corner of Aotearoa.

I was shown through the Wharepuni by four of the leading men of the tribe, and part of the time we were accompanied by the famous Te Kooti. The leader of the party began his reading for my benefit at the first panel immediately on the left of the door. The post on the left of the panel represented Ruatapu, the second post represented Tuhoe, the third Ko Tupuripuru, then came the carved image of Ohaturo, the fifth post represented Tu-Wharetua of Taupo, the sixth Paoa with his canoe Matahua, the seventh and central post was devoted to the great founder of the tribe Manipoto with his canoe Tainui, the eighth to Turoa. It would, however, be monotonous to give all the panels and posts in regular sequence. The seventh post on the right hand wall was to Whakaaotirangi, represented with a plaited flax rope and a basket of kumeras in his hand, illustrating the fact that he brought the kumera to New Zealand in his famous canoe Tainui.

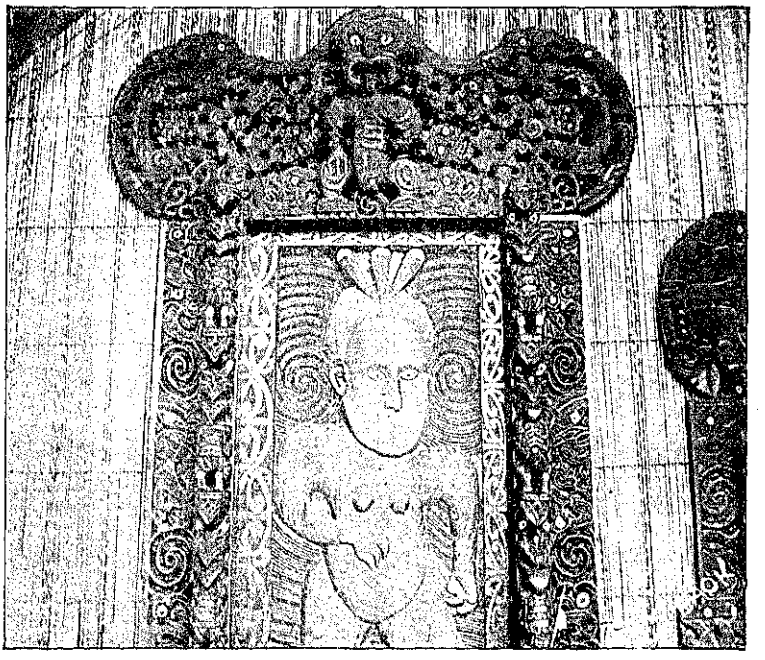
Another interesting Wharepuni is to found in the Maori village of Ohinemutu in the Hot Lake district. It is, in its way, quite equal to the carved houses at Ranana and Te Kuiti, and possesses several features of peculiar interest. The building is known as Te Wharepuni Tamatekapua, and contains much of the tribal history of the Arawa

people. The first panel which I examined represented Tutanekai, the husband of Hinemoa, and the romantic love story of the feminine Leander was fully illustrated by the carving on the panel. The second post pourtrays Whakaturia, of whom my guides could tell me nothing, but the main pillar in the centre of the building is devoted to Potakatawhiti, the dog of Tamatekapua. A panel shows this dog issuing from the mouth of Toi, and the legend of Toi and the dog was fully represented. At the foot of the post is fastened the image of a human head, which the Arawas declare was brought from Hawaiiki.

The panels to Tamatekapua suggest that this cunning hero was one of the most famous of the Arawas, although the Maoris of to-day can relate little about him save that he and his brother, Whakaturia, were in the habit of walking across Lake Rotorua to the island of Mokoia on stilts and robbing the plantations there.

There is a panel to the canoe Totarakaria, which arrived in New Zealand at the same time as the Arawa, but whose people, for some reason or other, settled at Kawhia and Aotea.

The canoe Arawa is shown, together with the shark that swam before the craft and guided it to Aotearoa. There are also pictures of the Hangihangi trees brought from Hawaiiki and planted at Maketu, where they are said to be yet growing. The three stone anchors of the Arawa, Takaturua, Takaparoa, Tutarangiharuru are shown, and the Maoris declare that these anchors had iron bands around them brought from beyond the seas. There are carvings to Tia, to Ngatoroirangi and to others, and until recently there were in the Wharepuni the carved red porphyry images which are now to be found on Mokoia and in Auckland; but to give the history of all the panels in even one of these Wharepunis would fill a book, and this article is only intended to draw attention to the significance of the carvings. It is not impossible that the curious patterns and scrolls painted as well as carved on various parts of the Wharepuni may be the characters of a forgotten language, and from the frequent recurrence of characters of a similiar size and form, I am inclined to think that this may be the case, and that besides the history of great



CARVED DOORWAY OF THE RAURU WHAREPUNI.

people and events carved in wood, ethnologists might find a written language which would throw some light on the past history of the Maori race.

The most recently-erected Wharepuni in New Zealand is Rauru, a house named in honour of the first great Maori carver. This house, although so lately erected, contains some carvings of great age. Its construction was in reality commenced by a chief named Te Waru, some fifty years since, but as several deaths occurred during the building, the parts constructed were made tapu, and work was suspended. Mr. C. E. Nelson, of Whakarewarewa, who may be seen in front of the illustration given of the house, obtained the portions of the structure already carved from Wai o Tapu, and also secured many other most valuable old carvings. He then engaged three famous Arawa carvers who with much time and labour finished the construction of the building. It was recently opened with great ceremony. Not a single detail of the ancient Maori customs on such occasions was omitted by the venerable old white-headed *tohunga*, Tahau, who was chosen as almost, if not quite, the last of his race whose knowledge of ancient lore was sufficient to enable him to execute the sacred rites with becoming fidelity.

One of the panels in this fine Wharepuni represents Maui, the Maori Hercules, hauling up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. The carved doorway is unique; it depicts Tupua—a demon in the shape of a woman who is said to inhabit the Tikitapu Lake.

Mr Nelson, who is a most enthusiastic authority on Maori subjects, went to great expense and trouble to get this historic house erected, and as, unfortunately, practically no attempt was made to keep it in the country, he recently accepted an offer of £1,600 from the Berlin Museum for it. As one of the few remaining examples of the artistic work of the old-time Maoris, and their method of recording and handing down their wonderful legions and the deeds of their most redoubtable warriors from generation to generation by picture writing, it is absolutely invaluable.

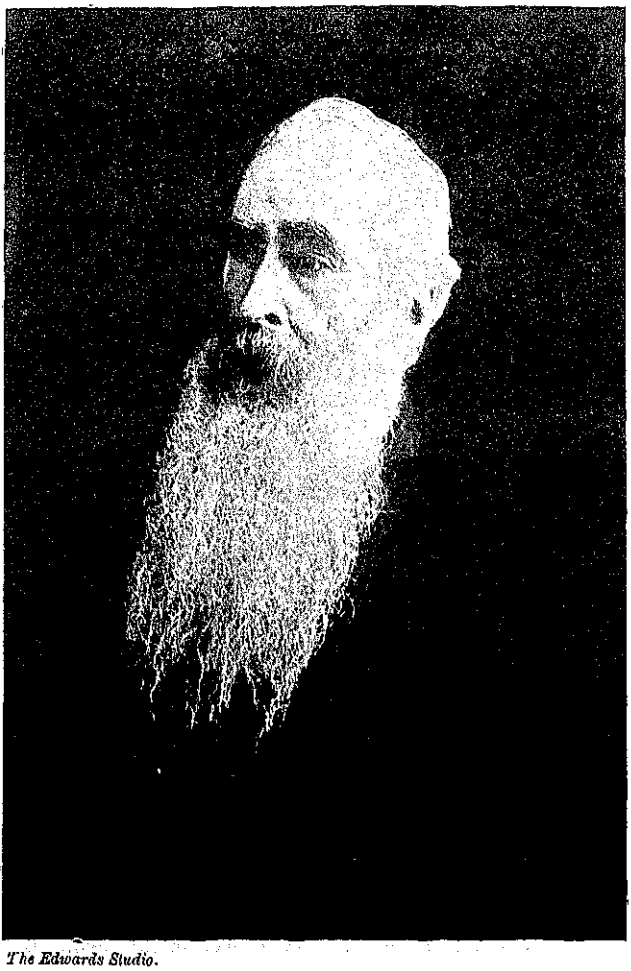
COLLECTION OF MAORI CARVINGS IN AUCKLAND MUSEUM.

The centre piece was carved to represent the Madonna and Child, for a Roman Catholic Church.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE MOST REVEREND WILLIAM GARDEN COWIE, M.A., D.D., (Cambridge and Oxford), Bishop of Auckland and Primate, in the Church of the Province of New Zealand, was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, London, on St. Peter's Day, June 29th, 1869, the consecrating Bishops being Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, Bishop Jackson, of London, Bishop Browne, of Ely, and Bishop Selwyn, of Lichfield, with others. On leaving New Zealand in 1868, Bishop Selwyn was entrusted by the Diocesan and the General Synod with the responsibility of selecting his own successor, and he accordingly chose Mr. Cowie, then rector of Stafford. Mr. Cowie took his B.A. degree in 1855 at Cambridge, where he was a Scholar of his college, and obtained the English and Latin essay prizes. He was in the First Class of the civil law tripos and of the theological examination of the University. After holding curacies in Cambridge and Suffolk, he was, in 1857, appointed a chaplain to Sir Colin Campbell's army, then advancing to the siege of Lucknow. He crossed the River Goomti on March 6th, 1858, with the column commanded by Sir James Outram, and remained with that General until the capture of the city. Before leaving Lucknow he accompanied the flying column, under Sir Hope Grant, who defeated the rebels at Coorsee. In April and May following he was present at the disastrous assault of Rooyah, the battle of Aligunj, and the capture of Bareilly with Sir Colin Campbell. In 1863, Mr. Cowie was chaplain to the camp of the Viceroy of India, and afterwards to Sir Neville Chamberlain's column against the Afghan tribes. For these services in the field he received from Her Majesty two medals, with clasps for Lucknow and Umbeyla. From 1864 to

THE MOST REVEREND WILLIAM GARDEN COWIE, M.A., D.D.



The Edwards Studio.

THE PRIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND.

1866 Mr. Cowie was resident and examining chaplain to Bishop Cotton, of Calcutta, Metropolitan of India. In 1867 he was presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Rectory of Stafford, where he remained until his departure for New Zealand. The Bishop and Mrs. Cowie reached Auckland in February, 1870, and have never since been out of the colony except when, in 1888 and 1897, the Bishop went to England to attend the Lambeth Conference. In 1895 he was elected to the office of Primate of the Church by the General Synod of the province of New Zealand. During the thirty-one years of his episcopate the number of the clergy in the diocese of Auckland has increased from twenty-eight to eighty-five, and the work of the Church has extended proportionately. The Bishop has been a member of the University Senate since 1879, and of the Council of the Auckland University College since its foundation in 1883. In the latter year he began the work of the Sailors' Home, and in 1889 the work of the Institute for the Blind. There is no part of the Diocese—from the North Cape to Stratford—in which the name of Mrs. Cowie is not known in connection with works of charity, public and private.

REV. JOSEPH CAMPBELL, M.A., F.C.S., F.G.S.

The Rev. Joseph Campbell, who has just left Auckland to take charge of a district in the Canterbury Diocese, has been well known here as a minister of the Gospel and a mineralogist, in the former capacity as Acting Vicar of St. Sepulchre's during the absence of the Incumbent, and in the latter as the introducer of a new process for the extraction of gold from refractory ores at Te Aroha. His intimate knowledge of geology assisted him materially, doubtless, in the preparation of a course of sermons which he published illustrating in a very practical manner the intimate relations between religion and science, thus explaining incontestably seeming incongruities and biblical difficulties by the aid of science. In the lecture-room Mr. Campbell gave occasional glimpses of his experiences in Australian mining camps and backwoods, proving that he was equally at home in orthodox clerical garb and the humble moleskins of the bushman. To his varied experiences and intimate knowledge of life

Gregory, Photo., *Auckland.*

REV. JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

in all its phases, together with his evident belief that an occasional dash of humour is by no means out of place in the pulpit, he owes his great popularity and usefulness as a preacher. Before coming to Auckland Mr. Campbell held the position of Principal of St. Nicolas College at Randwick and Vicar of Coogee.

MR. ROBERT CHISHOLM.

The present Mayor of Dunedin, Mr. Robert Chisholm, is the managing director of the Scoullar and Chisholm Co. (Limited). He is one of the many examples of what a determined and

persevering man can do in a new country. Mr. Chisholm came of the race who have made Dunedin what it is—the ideal business city of a thriving agricultural and mining

MR. ROBERT CHISHOLM.

community. Sailing from the Clyde, Mr. Chisholm as a lad of fifteen landed in Otago in 1858. He started his colonial career by tending cows for a dairyman, little dreaming at the time that he would live to see the ground on which they pastured a portion of a busy city. Ten years later he joined the firm of North and Scoullar, then carrying on business in a building known as the Old Shakespeare Hotel. The present warehouse stands on the same site. He was admitted as a partner on the retirement of Mr. North in 1880, and in course of time attained his present position. Mr. Chisholm has always taken a practical interest in educational, civic and charitable institutions. His honourable discharge of the duties involving on him at different periods as Chairman of the Roslyn School Committee, the Otago Benevolent Society, Charitable Aid Board and District Hospital Board, Visiting Justice of the Dunedin Gaol, President of the Retailers' Association, Roslyn Borough Councillor, Mayor of Roslyn, and Dunedin City Councillor, assured his late election for the Dunedin Mayoral Chair by a very large majority, his opponent being Mr. W. Swan, the late Mayor.

MR. ARTHUR J. BARTH.

THE present organist of Knox Church, Dunedin, is a talented musician. He commenced his musical education at the early age of seven, and a little later had the advantage of receiving nine years' tuition from the noted pianist, Mr. John Francis Barnett, followed by lessons from Dr. Wylde, at the London Academy of Music, of which he afterwards became an Associate, and in due time Professor and Examiner. At the age of 21 he commenced to organise a series of grand concerts at St. George's Hall, which

Jones, Photo., *Dunedin.*

MR. ARTHUR J. BARTH.

he continued for several years, assisted by some of the best musical talent of the day. He also found time to appear in his capacity

as pianist at the Crystal Palace, St. James' Hall and the Royal Albert Hall. As an organist prior to his leaving London in 1881 for New Zealand, he held positions in several of the principal churches. Mr. Barth settled in Dunedin, and has since his arrival officiated as organist in St. Matthew's, All Saints', and latterly at Knox Church. With regard to his abilities as a music teacher, the proficiency of many of the pupils he has instructed, and the numbers entrusted to his care speak volumes to his credit. Mr. Barth for some time conducted the Choral Society and Liedertafel, but had to resign as his pupils take up so much of his time. He also acts as head secretary in Dunedin for Trinity College, London.

THE MAORIS AND THEIR LAND TROUBLES.

During the last few months numerous meetings have been held by the Maoris in various parts of this Island to arrange a programme of action, and to select delegates to attend before the Native Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives in support of the Bill which they ask to have passed. At the most important of these meetings, which was attended by the Premier, at Huntly, it was arranged that the agreement made last year that the Premier and King Mahuta should settle the form of the Bill to be submitted to the House, should be adhered to. The Premier promised Mahuta that he would reintroduce the Bill of 1899, and

KING MAHUTA TAWHIAO AND HIS WELLINGTON DEPUTATION.

The Edwards Studio.

On Ground: Hongihongi and Wharu Anaru Wi Apo.

Sitting: Haimona Patara (Maori Speaker), Te Aka Te Wharakura (Treasurer), Honana Maioho, Henare Kaihau M.H.R., King Mahuta Tawhiao, Patara te Tuhi, Haora Teraranui, Hohepa Mataitaua.

Standing (back row): Tohi Kuri-o-Waikato, Nehemia, Parata Mate, Mrs. Kaihau, Te Rangi-Apiteria, Hori Wahanui, Ahi Pepene, Te Rawharekitua te Ahu, J. StClair (their Solicitor).

give the natives an opportunity to suggest amendments. The result of the various meetings has been to draw up amendments to the Bill which the Maoris anticipate the Government will accept, and the delegates who proceed to Wellington are armed with a monster petition to Parliament praying that the Bill as amended be passed. As the satisfactory solution of the Native Land question is of great importance to the North Island, it is to be hoped that some practical work will be done in Wellington by the Maori delegates, who have been carefully selected as representing the various Hapus and tribes of the North Island. The Maoris claim the right to control and administer their lands as preserved to them under the Treaty of Waitangi; also in virtue of their being British subjects under the Constitution Act. Mr. Henare Kaihau, who acts as the mouthpiece of the Maori King, and has for some years been conducting the negotiations between the Kingite natives and the Government, is confident that a reasonable compromise has been already arrived at, and that a final settlement of outstanding difficulties can be made this session. King Mahuta does not go to Wellington at present, but sends the pick of his Council with his instructions, and power to meet the Premier half way in any points of difference. This is to be done with a view to the immediate opening up of their waste lands in the King Country for settlement. They are fully alive to the dangers of delay, and of allowing these lands to lie idle and become overrun with brambles, sweet briar, gorse, and the dreaded blackberry, which the birds are spreading far and wide; they are also anxious to derive benefit from the rent of lands leased, and purchase money of land sold. The opening up of these lands is of vital importance to the colony. It means not only greatly increased exports of produce, but supplying at the same time the ever-increasing demand which exists for land for the rising generation to settle on. Mr. Henare Kaihau proposes to prevent the land falling into the hands of land sharks and speculators by limiting the area of holdings to 640 acres of first-class land, as under the Land Act. The Maori delegates, on their way to Wellington, visit the aged *tohunga* chief, Te Whiti, at Parihaka, where the Taranaki tribes sign the petition in support of Mr. Kaihau's Bill, from thence they proceed to a meeting at the celebrated meeting house known as "Taiporohenui" near Patea, where the Taranaki delegates

The Edwards Studio.

HENARE KAIHAU, M.H.R., AND HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

join them. On the frontpiece may be seen King Mahuta and those members of his Council who have been chosen to go to

PATARA TE TUHI.

Wellington in support of the Bill, which Mr. Henare Kaihua is holding in his hand, and which the Maoris now claim as Mahuta's Bill. The Bill, which was drawn in 1899 by Mr. John St. Clair, Mahuta's solicitor, and approved by the Crown Law Draftsman, Dr. Fitchett, was introduced last session by the Premier, but was thrown out on second reading on the motion of Mr. Lewis, M.H.R. It provided that the Maoris, in all cases where their lands were held under perfect titles to not more than 20 natives, could, under proper protection against fraud, alienate their lands. In cases of land owned by over 20 natives, they had the option of subdividing the block, or the land could be administered through a Council of Maoris and Europeans appointed by the Governor. The principal amendments embodied by Mahuta's Council in the Bill, are in the direction of separating the Administrative functions of the Council from the Judicial. The Local Council is to consist of one European judge and two native associates. In matters of law the decision of the European is to overrule that of the native assessors, but in Maori customs, if the two Maori members are unanimous, they are to overrule the judge, but if divided, the judge is to have a casting vote. Instead of the present cumbrous and expensive procedure of the Native Land Court, Native District or Hapu Committees are to be formed to investigate and report to the Council, if no caveat is lodged against such report, the Council is to make an order thereon. There will also be an Appellate Court consisting of the Presidents of the District Councils and an equal number of elected Maori members, who will hear appeals from the decisions of the District Councils, and regulate their procedure as nearly as possible to that of the Supreme Court of Appeal. Instead of the Native Land Court procedure, by which

HONANA MAIOHO.

numbers of Maoris are kept in country towns for months awaiting their cases being called, the District Council will hear cases in which caveats are lodged against the report of the

Maori Committees at the Maori settlement nearest to the block in question, so that unless a case is disputed, it will cost the natives and the colony only a few shillings for the preparation of the necessary order. In the Maungatautari Block of 44,000 acres there are about 170 succession cases, pending which the Kauhanganui has already investigated; and had the present Native Land Court the power and inclination to give effect to the reports of the Kauhanganui, the whole of these orders could be completed as quickly as the clerk could record them, instead of, as at present, perhaps occupying the Court for two or three months, to say nothing of the numerous appeals which would arise. One important provision of Mr. Kaihau's Bill is that before any native is allowed to alienate land, either by lease or sale, he has to have reserved by the District Council a portion of his land sufficient for the support of himself and his family. Had the Government, while pretending to befriend the Maori, and buying up every acre he possessed, as has been done of late years in the King Country and the North, insisted in each seller being first provided with an inalienable reserve, there would have been no cry as at present for land for landless natives, and but few Maoris would have been eligible for the Old Age Pensions which they are now receiving. The opponents of the Bill have stated that Mahuta and his chiefs are landless Waikatos and have no right to take part in the coming legislation, but on examing the names and tribes of the delegates it will be seen that they are representatives of tribes who are still large landowners. The two veteran Maoris, Patara te Tuhi and Honana Maioho, whose photos are given above and are also included in the group of delegates, are uncles of the King. Patara te Tuhi has always been noted as a strenuous advocate of peace. His services in this respect were of great value at the time of the Maori War.

ALFRED—A MILLENARY TRIBUTE.

Land of the Saxon! Land of the breaking dawn!
Out of whose early vital spark has sprung
The mighty camp-fire of an empire race—
Thee to-day we hail, historic land,
Our people's cradle, and our changeless home.
And most to thee, sage Pilot, we raise
The note of grateful praise, that swells abroad
O'er all the continents and all the seas.
No hand lies broader on this earth to-day
Than that of Alfred, whose rare instinct laid
The broad foundations of another age
Unerringly; who, from triumphant war,
Turned back his victor's blade, to give his land
The deathless blessings of an honoured peace—
Law, Justice, Mercy, and the Lettered Art;
Who yet, in warrior strength, armed guardian stood
Of his own native soil, and reaching forth
Unto the waters, laid those early keels
Whose heirs the planet rule. These deeds were his
Who, born so far beyond his narrow times,
In patience stooped to lead by steady steps
His people onward—so humble in the strength
Of his high mind—so loth to strike the blow,
So steadfast to defend—so staunch in God—
The model ruler, patriot, and man.

ERNEST V. HALL.

A MAORI VERSION . .

OF THE

Origin of the Waikato River.

AS TOLD BY WINI KEREI TE WHETUITI
TO JOHN STCLAIR.

IT was nearly midnight late in the autumn of 1891 that we had finished the work of compiling a list of names to be put into a block of land to which Wini Kerei te Whetuiti was entitled, and the aged chief of Ngatipaoa, sitting in his *whare* at the Hoe-o-Tainui, was much pleased at the completion of the list. He had read it over again and again, and decided that nobody could have been left out. His daughter, however, reminded him that a young couple were out on the hills digging gum, and that she had heard that a child was born to them the previous day, but did not know whether it was a boy or a girl. "What does it matter?" said the aged chief, "we will give it a name and put it into the Block so that it shall have land." When asked the name a difficulty arose, some wanted one name, others a different one, until, tired out with the argument, Wini Kerei decided to call it Pena-Tikena-Kauri-Kama (been digging kauri gum), so the name was duly added to the list. As I wrote its residence in the proper column as "Te-Hoe-o-Tainui," it occurred to me to ask my old friend the origin of the name. I could see that it meant the "Paddle of the canoe Tainui," but was anxious to hear the story, especially as I knew he was a great authority on ancient Maori lore and wisdom.

"You are right," replied he, "it does mean the paddle of Tainui, but it is more, it is the steer oar of the canoe. It has two meanings: one for the wise, and one for the people; but it has a history also. Near to where this *whare* and *pa* stand is the 'Tahuna Tapu,' which divides the waters of Waikato from those of Piako (you can see it to-morrow), but the waters were not always thus divided. When my ancestors first came to this land it was a huge lake, whose waters spread far and wide, from the Au-o-Waikato to Pirongia and on to Taupiri, it is said the canoe Tainui came to the foot of Pirongia Mountain. It is correct that she was a double canoe, that is two canoes fastened together for safety, she came as such up the Waitemata, as far as the Whau, where some of the crew, finding the course blocked, climbed up Pukewhau (Mount Eden), and discovered a narrow place at the Tamaki where Ann's Bridge now is, and they took the canoe there and, taking her apart, dragged the larger of the canoes across to Manukau, and went on to Aotea, near Kawhia, where she now lies, turned to stone.

Prior to this the canoe had come up the Hauraki Gulf to this place, where she stuck on the Tahuna Tapu (sacred bank). In getting her off the steer oar was lost, and lies buried in the mud close by, hence the sandbank became sacred. Only those who are wise know how to use the paddle, and fools only injure themselves with it, hence it is best that it should be "tapu," or sacred.

When the canoe came here she was on her way to Patea, in accordance with the directions of Ture, who had told her crew to go to the river on the West Coast of Ao-te-a-Roa, which ran parallel with the coast, on the banks of which was a very sacred site of an ancient temple known to Kupe. In previous lives before the greater Hawaiki sank beneath the waves, Kupe had re-visited this temple prior to Ture's sending out the canoes, and had desired Ture to send out some people to re-populate the land and restore the fire on that ancient shrine at Patea. The canoe went on from where she lost her steer oar to the foot of Pirongia, which was at that period a very high mountain of similar shape to Taranaki (Mount Egmont), but much larger and loftier. The crew found the passage to the coast blocked by a range of hills, so returned and made their way round to the Waitemata and through by Manukau, as I have said. Some years after this, when the children of the migrations had increased and spread over the land, a great eruption of Pirongia took place, the land shook, the thunder roared, all was confusion, then the whole of the mountain blew up into the clouds, and fell in the form of rain and mud and sand. The shallow lake was almost filled up, and the waters of it were displaced, and the waters flowed, hence the name "Waikato," the waters that flowed, or rather which were displaced and fell away, for "kato" in olden days meant also to flow down or fall rapidly. The waters burst through at Taupiri, and went on down to the West Coast, and left behind them all the mud and dirt that Pirongia had vomited up to heaven, and that heaven had refused to take, but had cast it down to where the waters were gathered. Then the waters from Taupo rushing down from the Au-o-Waikato (near Morrinsville) joined the waters that were left after the large lake had broken away, and they cut through the soft sand and mud the channel which is now the "Horotiu" River," on past Ngaruawahia, where it met the Waipa River, and the two became the Waikato—Waikato Taniwha Rau, Waikato Horo Pounamu, Waikato Maumau Tangata."

The above are proverbial expressions applied to the Waikato River, and signify:

(1) "Waikato Taniwha Rau: Waikato of a hundred Taniwhas, each bend being supposed to be the abode of a Taniwha (monster said by some to be in the shape of a saurian or crocodile, but really a monster of the unseen world).

(2) "Waikato Horo Pounamu," literally Waikato devourer or swallower of greenstone or bottles, but really Waikato swallower of reputations, the "Pounamu" being a symbol of honour and reputation.

(3) "Waikato Maumau Tangata," Waikato waster of men, referring to the fact of the rapid river not only being the watery grave of many victims, but that the Waikato lands were the source of much contention and bloodshed even before the advent of the Maori War. The expression Waikato Maumau Tangata was used before the Battle of Hauwhenua and the arrival of the pakeha.

The Last of the Ngatiahutus.

By Roderick Macdonald.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

ON a warm summer's evening in the days when the advent of the white man was beginning to make its impress upon the lives and customs of the Maoris, a canoe, with a single occupant in it, might have been seen drifting noiselessly down the current of a small stream that joined the waters of a great river. The occupant, a young Maori warrior in full war paint, sat for some minutes quite motionless, his body inclined slightly forward and his eyes fixed intently upon an object in the bush to his left. Then silently grasping his oar he paddled softly in among the toi-tois and bulrushes that ranged themselves in yellow array along the left side of the stream, and the next moment stepped out on the bank, pulling the canoe up after him. With stealthy tread he now advanced a short distance into the bush until suddenly he came face to face with a young Maori girl of about twenty years. The sight of her great beauty held him rooted to the spot. Her eyes, soft and dark, were clear and beautiful; her features, regular and delicately lined, wore a faint tinge of colour, and her hair, black with the lustre of the highly-prized huia, hung loosely down over each shoulder. The figure, tall and lissome, with soft, round limbs, possessed a bearing full of calm dignity that lent a charm to her presence. As he looked at her, the young warrior felt that never before had he beheld one so sweet of face and fair of form.

Te Repa had met his fate. He stood staring at her for some moments with parted lips and beating heart, unable to utter a sound. As for the girl, she had, upon beholding him, given vent to a suppressed scream, but with an effort she controlled herself and allowed her gaze to fall to the ground. But though outwardly calm her heart was agitated with a great fear, and she knew not what to do or say. For Waimui Te Repa, decked in his war paint and clad in his fighting costume, his left hand grasping his *taiaha* and his right his *mere*, presented, in spite of the picturesqueness of his garb, a sight that was enough to instil fear into the bravest heart. And she was only a Maori maiden who had strayed from her father's *pa*, and come suddenly into contact with this fierce-looking enemy.

"So ho! my pretty one!" exclaimed the warrior immediately he had regained his composure, "and who is it that would capture the heart of Waimui Te Repa?"

At the mention of his name the girl's face turned to a paler hue and her lips trembled. She raised her eyes fearfully for an instant.

"I am Kearoa," she answered timidly, "the only daughter of Nene-Hapi, whose *pa* is by the lake that severs the great river."

She watched him closely, for she feared that the mention of her father's name would arouse the ire of the handsome stranger.

"What!" he exclaimed, advancing a step, and an angry look shot from his dark eyes.

"Daughter of Nene-Hapi, the murderer of my father and his people?"

Many expressions flitted across his dusky countenance. Now it was rigidly calm, as if suppressing some deep emotion, or stifling rebellious anger; anon it wore a look of deep hate, the whites of his eyes showing fiercely, while his teeth were clenched in bitter determination.

Te Repa grasped the girl by the wrist, and holding it in a tight grip so that she felt more afraid, cried—

"Know thou not, maiden of the lake, that I am Waimui Te Repa, the last warrior of

TE REPA STOOD STARING AT HER FOR SOME MOMENTS.

the once powerful Ngatiahutus, who were treacherously and ruthlessly murdered by Nene-Hapi, thy father. Know thou not that I have sworn vengeance upon him for this bloody deed? True," he murmured, relenting in his anger and surveying her with head held slightly back. "I did not think Nene-Hapi possessed such a beautiful princess in his daughter Kearoa, else I might not have been so rash as to make the oath."

He still held her wrist, looking half-admiringly, half-angrily at her, and seemingly perplexed. A conflict between love and duty—such a one as is experienced by men and women, both brown and white, savage and civilised, all the world over—was taking place in the mind of the stern young warrior; a conflict that was to decide whether he should allow his love for the beautiful Kearoa to prevail, or acting upon the promptings of his superstitious mind, vent his spleen towards Nene-Hapi by wreaking vengeance upon the latter's daughter. He pondered long and deeply. He was only a savage—one who must needs reason by the selfish law of feelings and superstition. Five minutes passed as the conflict waged. Then Te Repa roused himself, and placing his arms around Kearoa's neck he greeted her in true Maori fashion, and then kissed her passionately once, twice, thrice upon the soft, warm lips.

"There is no vengeance that love may not conquer, Kearoa," he murmured, "and thou art love!"

"I have seen thee often before," whispered the maiden, her eyes filled with love, "though thou didst not see me. Since then, my heart has known naught but love."

"Ha!" The face of the dusky warrior lit up with conscious pride. "And with me," he laughed gaily, "it is love at first sight."

The time sped swiftly by, so swiftly that ere they realised it the hour was late.

"You will meet me soon again, Kearoa?" he murmured, as they took a last farewell of each other. "Fear no danger, for with Te Repa thou art safe from all harm."

"I will," she whispered softly. "Look for me here at this hour to-morrow." A quick wave of the hand, and in another moment she was gone.

* * * *

For three consecutive evenings the young lovers met and renewed their courtship. On the fourth evening they were suddenly surprised. A loud scornful laugh that

instantly followed their meeting told them they were in danger.

"It is Hoturoa, my detested lover," whispered Kearoa in terror. "He has followed me."

The next moment half-a-dozen warriors, fully armed, stepped from the bush. The first of them was Hoturoa.

"So ho, and this is thy little scheme," cried the latter with mock jocularity. "And what will thy father say when he hear of this, Kearoa? Making love to Te Repa, the villainous son of a villainous father!"

The whites of Te Repa's eyes rolled ominously as he clenched his *mere* tightly, and moved a step forward as if to strike his insulter.

"It were vain, Te Repa, that thou shouldst resist," sneered Hoturoa, "for we are six to one." And as he spoke he waved his hand towards his men.

Though his heart was full of anger, Te Repa allowed his hands to be bound together behind his back with strips of flax cut from the surrounding bush. Then followed a three-mile march, slow and tedious, through the thick bush. It was dark when they reached the *pa*, where they were met by a crowd of women and children, and even warriors, whose curiosity had been aroused by the hope of seeing the last of the Ngatiahutus, who, it was whispered, had won the heart of their beloved Kearoa. Te Repa was hurried ignominiously through the curious, gaping crowd, and placed in a *whare*, while Kearoa was taken straight to her father, and compelled to undergo the indignity of a scolding in the shape of a long harangue upon the anger of the gods for her wicked behaviour.

The next day was spent by Te Repa in his prison. He was securely bound and closely guarded by a warrior, who sullenly refused to enter into conversation with him, or to furnish him with any information whatever. The excited behaviour of the inhabitants whenever they neared his prison struck Te Repa as being significant and made him fear the worst. But he was resolved to die bravely, as became the last of the Ngatiahutus.

The day passed slowly. In the evening the noise lessened, giving way eventually to deep frowns and strange mutterings as the natives stood in groups together and pointed excitedly over their shoulders towards the prisoner. His sentinel, who up till now had been strangely taciturn and sullen, seemed to be affected by the behaviour of the crowds, for every now and then he glanced apprehensively at the prisoner and shrugged his shoulders. Again Te Repa ventured to draw him into conversation, but the sentinel was brevity itself.

"To-night," he hissed through his clenched teeth, "death to the last of the Ngatiahutus!"

The prisoner's heart sank within him. He knew now that his fate was sealed, and with a desperation born of hate and fear, he tried to free himself from his bonds. But in vain.

Just as he was on the verge of despair he heard a dull thud outside the door of his *whare* as of a body falling, and the next instant the door opened cautiously and a woman's form entered.

"Hush! hush!" she whispered, "it is I —Kearoa."

He felt her severing his bonds with a knife, and the next minute he drew himself erect—a free man! He could scarce restrain his joy, and felt strongly tempted to give expression to it by a loud yell of triumph. Thrusting her own *mere* and *taiaha* into Te Repa's hands, Kearoa bade him follow her. Silently they stole from the prison, and made for an exit in the wall of palisades that encircled the *pa*. The moon had risen, and shedding a bright yellow light over the scene, made their immediate detection an extremely likely matter. A blow from Te Repa's *mere* placed the sentinel stationed at that exit beyond all chance for the time being of giving the alarm, and provided an easy outlet for their escape. They then made straight for a recess in the mountain side, which for many a long day had afforded shelter to the fugitive Ngatiahutu.

Once there, Te Repa assured Kearoa they would be safe from all harm, because the entrance was so aptly formed by nature that no man would dream of suspecting anyone to be concealed therein, while they would find food in abundance, enough to last for years.

On they stole through the bush, their progress being somewhat retarded by the thickly-tangled undergrowth of supplejacks, bush lawyers and scrub. Every now and then they would start in fear as the shrill cry of the long-tailed cuckoo, suddenly aroused from its slumber by their approach, broke out upon the still night air. The bright moon looking placidly down made many fantastic shapes with the curiously-curved branches of the tree, and often caused them to stop in their flight as the shadow of what resembled a man's form appeared on the ground before them.

They had proceeded about two and a-half miles when a chorus of yells rang out behind them. They redoubled their efforts.

But nearer the pursuers approached until presently they seemed to be almost at their very heels.

"O my love!" cried Kearoa suddenly, as she fell exhausted to the ground. "I am lost. Fly thou to thy mountain home and let me bear my father's anger alone."

Te Repa was in despair. He looked wildly round, but there was no hope of escape save in immediate flight.

"One-half mile more," he urged tenderly, "and we are safe. Gather thyself for one last effort—"

His appeal was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Nene-Hapi, Kearoa's father, who, in his eagerness to overtake his runaway daughter, had greatly outdistanced his warriors by taking a short cut. With a yell Nene-Hapi rushed forward with uplifted tomahawk to strike his daughter's lover, but Te Repa was ready and eluded the fall of the tomahawk so that it swept harmlessly past him. Then began a fierce battle between the two, Kearoa watching them with fearful eyes, and praying to the gods to spare them both. All the hatred and savagery of which his mind and heart were capable possessed Te Repa, as the recollection of his father's murder came back to him, and he attacked the other with fierce onslaught. He rained down blow upon blow, but the cunning old warrior turned them skilfully off with his *taiaha*, and in turn pressed Te Repa hard so that Kearoa feared the battle would end fatally for her

HE RAINED DOWN BLOW UPON BLOW, BUT THE CUNNING OLD WARRIOR TURNED THEM SKILLFULLY OFF WITH HIS TAIAHA.

lover. Silently, sternly and desperately they fought; first one and then the other seeming to gain an advantage, but it was apparent to Kearoa after a few minutes close observation that the youth and greater strength of Te Repa must ultimately prevail over the cunning of her more experienced father.

Suddenly the *mere* and tomahawk met in a fearful contact, and the weapons flew from the hands of both, the *mere* being smashed to atoms. Te Repa now heard the yells of the approaching warriors, and felt that he

must act decisively. The next instant both men were locked in a tight embrace. They wrestled and struggled furiously, each to gain the mastery. Down on the ground they rolled, first one on top and then the other, but at length the old warrior's strength gave out, and Te Repa placed his knee unchecked upon his opponent's chest. Stretching forth his hand, the young warrior grasped his enemy's tomahawk, and with a yell of triumph raised it aloft to deal the avenging blow. But Kearoa, sick with terror at the sight, hid her face in her hands and screamed aloud.

"Nay, nay, Te Repa, thou must not kill him," she pleaded. "He is my father, and my heart bleeds for him."

"My father's death must be avenged, Kearoa," cried the young chief, hoarse with anger, "else his spirit will deride me for ever."

"But he is my father," she persisted. "Spare him, O my love, and the gods will reward thee! I will be thy slave and love thee for ever. My love will drive away thy hate."

The tomahawk was suspended in the air a few moments as the victor paused and considered. Then Te Repa withdrew his knee from the breast of the fallen chief.

"So be it, Kearoa," he answered quietly; "but my father's spirit will never forgive me. Its anger will be swift and sure.

Again they fled, leaving Nene-Hapi lying exhausted with the exertions of his bloodless battle with Te Repa. On, on they hurried until at last they came within sight of the entrance to the recess in the mountain wherein Te Repa had promised her safety from all harm. With a yell of defiance Te Repa turned and waved the tomahawk aloft towards the pursuers, but with dismay he beheld close upon them a dozen warriors, among them Kearoa's rejected lover, the hated Hoturoa.

"Kearoa, we are lost!" he gasped, and as he spoke his face lost its colour. "It is the anger of the gods. I should have avenged my father's murder. But let not Te Repa quail in the hour of his doom. Be it not said that the last of the Ngatiahutus proved unworthy of the great *hapu* from which he sprang. Farewell, sweet one! may our souls reach their great destination beyond the Reinga!"

As he spoke a little green lizard scampered hurriedly over his feet, and in spite of his courage Te Repa's cheek turned pale once more, and his lip trembled. Well he remembered that the lizard's appearance was the symbol of his death!

The fight was long and stubborn. A blow at once disposed of Hoturoa, who had ventured in too closely. But it was evident that Te Repa was doomed, for in spite of his great courage and the skill with which he wielded his weapons, the enemy were too numerous to cope successfully with single-handed.

Heedless of the excited requests of her lover to hide herself behind some tree, Kearoa stood tremblingly behind him, resolved to share death with him. The decisive point in the battle came when a spear, hurled with great force at Te Repa, who nimbly dodged it, struck Kearoa in the breast. With a loud cry she fell at Te Repa's feet. Then did the Ngatiahutu's skill and cunning forsake him. With a yell he rushed headlong among his foes, fighting desperately, until a blow from behind stretched him lifeless.

* * * *

And so died Waimui Te Repa, the young fighting warrior. They buried him and Kearoa where they both fell, and over the former's grave the rough savages paid their tribute of respect to a brave man by implanting a slab at his head with the following inscription in Maori:—

"The Last of the Ngatiahutus."

The New Zealander of the Future.

By W. Craddock.

THE New Zealanders, as a people, seem lately to have arrived at self-consciousness, and to have developed into a distinct unit in the integral parts of an empire. Have they any distinctive characteristics as a people? It is too early to observe and mark national traits; they are yet in process of formation. It may nevertheless be possible to forecast the New Zealander of the future by investigating some of the elements that go to form national character.

Unless we hold the view that different species of *genus homo* were evolved in different parts of the world, it will be necessary to formulate some theory to explain the wide differentiation of races upon the earth—the white, the yellow, the brown, the black; or, as Huxley has it, the Xanthochroic, the Mongoloid, the Australoid, the Negroid. Why is the negro lazy, lively, sensuous; the Malayan sly, reserved, and impassible; the Papuan handsome, sociable, and demonstrative; the Brazilian deceitful, dull, and morose? The above peculiarities have become permanent racial distinctions, and in colour, form and features, the contrast is even more markedly pronounced.

Foremost among the factors which have contributed to divergence of type must be placed physical agents. Says Rousseau: "Climates, seasons, sounds, colours, darkness, light, the elements, food, noise, silence, movement, repose, all act on our bodily frame, and by consequence on our soul." These influences, when brought to bear continuously throughout innumerable generations, cannot fail to have affected the bodily and mental organisation; and as they vary so widely in different places and climes, they must necessarily, in conjunction with other causes, have helped to produce the widely different results we see at the present day.

It is no new theory that "the mind is governed by the conditions of the body, the body by the conditions of climate and food." Climate affects both mental and moral endowments, the temperament of the body, the texture of the brain, physical energy and mental vigour. "Where snow falls," says Emerson, "there is usually civil freedom; where the banana grows the animal system is indolent and pampered at the cost of higher qualities, and man is sensual and cruel; and where wheat grows, it may be added, there is civilisation; where rice, decay of mental vigour.

It will be seen that the conditions of climate and food are closely allied, if not dependent on one another; and both have an important bearing upon character, because they determine the ratio of labour and leisure in a community. In tropical climates food is plentiful, labour irksome, and leisure abundant; in austere climates food is scarce, labour incessant, and leisure scanty. An excess of labour and an excess of leisure are both inimical to improvement. The Eskimo therefore slays, stuffs and sleeps torpidly; the Equatorial plucks, eats and sleeps indolently. Temperate climates alone lure to exertion and give a just return to labour; and there the cereals form the staple article of diet. Since labour, properly regulated, is the very salt of life in a community, Buckle's statement, if rightly interpreted, is no extravagant one: "The history of most civilised nations may be explained by the chemical constituents of their food." This obviously does not mean

that man is merely a "digestive tube" or "chemical laboratory," but that, as above stated, the conditions of food and climate and their relation to labour, have a profound influence upon the nation's physique and morale.

There is another element that must be taken into consideration, and that is geographical position and nature. It has been justly remarked that the commercial spirit is rarely found within a continent, the despotic spirit is absent from an insular or maritime people, the predatory spirit is foreign to the free and hardy dwellers in a mountainous country. Nay, even religious and political institutions, art, science and literature are in a sense moulded and fashioned by external influences.

Literature and the fine arts flourished in pagan Greece—a land where the air is transparent and the sun shines brightly—a land diversified by mountain and valley, begirt with islands, bathed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean—a land where earth, sea and sky shew visions of beauty. Monotheism arose first among the Hebrews, whose land, subject to seasons of drought and of plenty, alternately cursed and blessed by Heaven, instilled a spirit of dependence, which ripened into faith in an Unseen Almighty Power. Science took its rise in Egypt, with its unchangeable climate, with its assured water supply by periodic inundations of the Nile, providing remuneration for industry with leisure to promote scientific inquiry, and to foster the arts of civilisation. Government took its rise in Imperial Rome, the geographical, and afterwards political, centre of Italy, and also the geographical, and afterwards political, centre of the ancient world. The Mediterranean was little more than a "Roman Lake," providing a highway of intercourse between rulers and subject peoples. The ancient world was little more than a "Roman Empire," with its remotest parts brought into vital connection with the great heart and centre, to which all roads led, and there arose the arts of government. "In such arts and industries," says Bancroft, "as its climate and geographical position best enable it to develope, is the germ of national character."

What of New Zealand's climate, food, geographical conditions? The range of latitude extending as it does from 34 degrees to 47 degrees, secures for it a diversity of climate, never approaching, however, the extremes of heat and cold. Its insular position secures for it immunity from the continuous and parching droughts that affect many continental lands, and are inimical alike to life and industry. And corresponding to this diversity of climate there is a rich diversity in physical feature. Huge forests of kauri, totara, red and white pine, birch, magnificent plain lands, rolling downs and vast mountain ranges, bounded on all sides by the deep blue of the Pacific Ocean, and above by the equally deep blue of a Southern sky—these constitute New Zealand's landscape.

Nor is this goodly exterior belied by the quality of the soil. Nearly thirty million acres are adapted to agriculture, and about an equal number to pastoral purposes, all of a quality to equal that of any country in the world. New Zealanders, in regard to the chemical constituents of their food, should afford splendid material for Mr Buckle to interpret their history and forecast their future.

New Zealand, therefore, we conclude, is rich in many of the elements that make for material and intellectual development and progress. Already she shows a respectable list of colonists whom royalty has deigned to honour; already she has sent forth representative sons who in literature, in the professions, in pure scholarship have covered themselves with distinction; already she has given of her best in the empire's defence, and afforded ample proof that—"A New Zealander can be a soldier too."

The New Zealander of the future, the ethnologist might predict, will be rich in mental and physical endowments; and not only should industry flourish here, but also art, science, literature, and all forms of intellectual ingenuity.

Jiff's Happy Family.

By Hunter Murdock.

Illustrated by W. Wright.

I AM an animal painter, and in that capacity made the acquaintance of Anthony Jiff. It was in this wise: One day there came into my studio a short broad-shouldered young man, close-shaven, ruddy and tight trousered. He looked so "doggy" that I was not surprised when he extracted from a capacious coat-pocket a black and tan terrier not much larger than a rat.

"This," said he, introducing her, "is the champion toy terrier, Queen Mab, and I want you to oblige me by painting her."

"It strikes me," I replied, "that she has already painted herself. Look at her."

Directly upon being put down, the imp had jumped upon a chair where I had deposited my palette, upon which she was calmly sitting.

Well, I cleaned her up, and eventually painted her portrait so much to Jiff's satisfaction that he insisted upon paying me half as much again as I had asked. This led to a friendship, in the course of which I had the most curious experience of my life.

I should premise that my friend had been a clerk in the City until he came into a "bit of money," as he termed it, which enabled him to realise the dream of his life, and establish himself in a snug little place near Barnet, where he went in for dogs, "and so on." I did not at the time realise the full significance of the "so on." It was afterwards revealed to me.

"Come down to my place for a few days," said he one hot summer day. "You'll find plenty of models, and I'll introduce you to my happy family."

"I didn't know you were married," I replied.

"Neither am I," he rejoined with a twinkle in his eye, "and that's why it *is* a happy family."

More than this I could not get out of him, and piqued by curiosity, I ran down to Barnet the next day, and was there met by Jiff in a natty dog-cart followed by a splendid mastiff.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed, jumping down. "Allow me to introduce you to Bella (champion at the Crystal Palace Show)." This in a whisper, as too sacred a piece of information for ears profane. "Bella, friend of mine."

Upon this the creature gravely held out her paw, which I duly shook. Then unluckily I patted her head, exclaiming, "You beauty!"

This was too much for her feminine vanity. She immediately rose up, placed her paw on my shoulders, and—well, let's say, kissed me.

"You must excuse her," said Jiff, apologetically, "she's young and impulsive. When she's been more into society she will understand that it is not etiquette to behave like this upon a first introduction. She is really too gushing."

"Gushing!" I growled, wiping my face, "*I* call it slobbering."

On reaching Jiff's "little place" we were welcomed by a strange chorus of barks, yelps, growls, neighing, and bellowing.

"That's my happy family," exclaimed Jiff. "They all come to welcome me on my return."

Sure enough as a boy, who doubled the rôles of groom and gardener, threw open the gates, out rushed an excited mob composed of Queen Mab aforesaid, a big-headed bull dog, who sniffed curiously, and as I thought cannibalistically, at my legs, a game cock who flew on to Jiff's left shoulder, a monkey who climbed on to his right, a horse who trotted whinnying from his stable, and last but not least a huge brown bear.

ONE DAY THERE CAME INTO MY STUDIO——.

All these were introduced in due form. "Mars" (here the bull dog held out his paw and put out his tongue as though he regarded me as a doctor who had come to diagnose his symptoms). Again the mysterious whisper, "First prize at the Agricultural. General Booth (don't you see the likeness?") Here the monkey reached down his hairy paw. "Count Orloff."

It was with fear and trembling that I shook the bear's huge paw. But I reflected that it would not do to offend him.

"You see," said my host as he led the way into the dining-room, "that I have them all under perfect control. All done by kindness and firmness."

"You don't happen to have a crocodile or a boa constrictor anywhere about?" I inquired anxiously.

"I *did* think of a crocodile," replied Jiff with a sigh, "but this climate is too cold."

"Thank goodness for that," was my mental comment.

"We dine *en famille*," said Jiff. "You don't mind it?"

"On the contrary, it will be very curious."

The creatures seated themselves round the table; I facing my host. On my right and left hand sat General Booth and Count Orloff. Then came Queen Mab, who faced Mars, for whom Jiff gave me to understand she entertained a hopeless passion, he looking languishingly at Bella. Even among dogs the course of true love does not always run smooth.

"For what we are to receive," began my host, when he was interrupted by a yell from me. What *I* had already received was a stab in the calf of my leg.

"That's Pluto!" cried Jiff, making a dive under the table and hauling forth a large raven. "Oh, you bad bird! Out you go! Mary, open the window."

The pretty parlour maid, who waited on us, choked down a giggle and opened the window, and Pluto was expelled therefrom with much flapping of wings and indignant croaking.

"He's the only one of the lot who sets me at defiance," said Jiff ruefully.

After dinner I went into the paddock to make a pencil study of one of the horses. I was speedily absorbed in my work when I felt a blast on my neck, and starting up, found that it came from a cow who had been inspecting my sketch. She danced round me with horns lowered. On the principle of facing the enemy, I danced opposite to her, trying to increase my distance. Now, I don't object to dancing in the abstract, but a *pas de deux* with a cow looks undignified, and might lead to unpleasant consequences, so I climbed into an apple tree, around which my tormentor trotted until Jiff, attracted by her bellowing, came to my rescue.

"Sorry you had such a fright," quoth he, "but Daisy never hurts anybody. That's only her play. See here!" and at a wave of his hand the wretch charged down on him just as she had done with me, stopping short when her horns were within a foot of his body.

I had no more adventures that day, and as I lay in bed soothed by the scent of roses and new-mown hay, I congratulated myself upon my snug quarters. Alas for the transitory nature of earthly bliss! In the morning, just as I was about to step out of my bath, I heard a squeak, and behold, a huge rat sitting on its haunches and rubbing its face with its forepaws and glaring at me with its fierce little eyes.

I have always had a horror of rats, even when dressed—myself I mean, not the rats. But to be assaulted by one now that I was clad only in conscious innocence, without even boots wherewith to kick at him, was too awful. For some minutes I stood shivering in the water, his ratship running round and round the bath regardless of my "shooing!" at him, which he evidently regarded as part of the game. At last I shouted "Jiff! Jiff! Help! Help!" till, after what seemed a century of suspense, Jiff rushed in, his face covered with lather and a razor in his hand.

"What *is* the matter?"

"Matter! Why, *that's* the matter," cried I, pointing to the rat. "Drive it away! Kill it!"

"Kill my poor little pet Puck!" rejoined Jiff, taking the creature up and fondling it. "Why, it's only my pet rat. He lives in that hole, and comes out for his biscuit every morning when I have my bath."

"But he was going to attack me."

"Not a bit of it. Only his play, you know."

"Are all your pets equally facetious? It may be fun to them, but a little more of this sort would be death to me."

"Each has its own little idiosyncrasies, but I'll undertake that they don't annoy you. I'm awfully sorry, old man. Let us bury the past in oblivion, and go down to breakfast."

The aggravating thing about Jiff is that he is so guileless and good humoured that one can't be angry with him long.

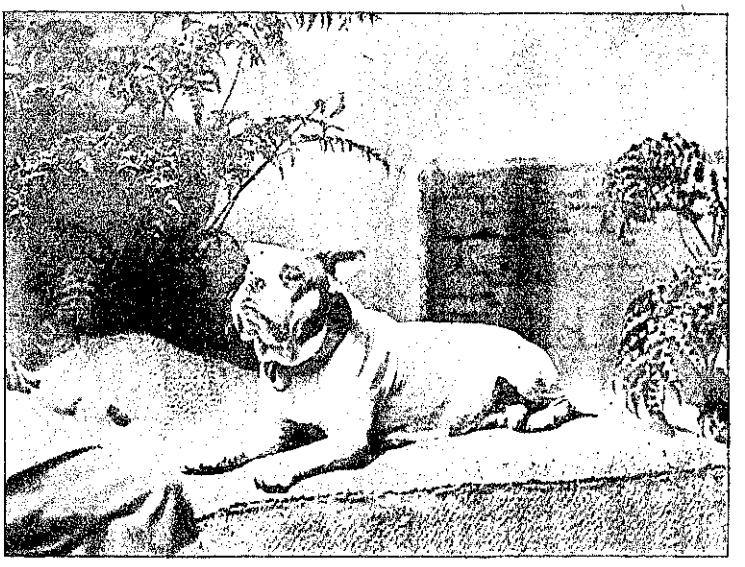
After breakfast the pretty maid came in with a telegram which brought a cloud upon his brow.

"Bother! Here's Stylus, of the Telegraph, wired that he is coming down to interview the 'Happy Family,' and I must stay in to receive him. Look here; I want you to do me a favour. Would you mind taking Mars out for his walk? He goes out every day, and would be so disappointed if he didn't."

The dog seemed so quiet that I consented.

"Here you are then," said Jiff, snapping a long chain on to Mars' collar. "Don't let him run loose on any account. I gave fifty pounds for him. And, by-the-bye, you might get me some areca nut powder at the chemist's down town."

My friend put it very nicely when he talked about my taking Mars out for a walk, but what really happened was that *he* took *me* out for a walk, or rather a run, till we arrived in Barnet, he with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, and I utterly exhausted. Then this dog, who, in the bosom of his family, looked as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, seemed to resolve to make up for his domestic goodness by becoming a very demon of mischief. Before I knew where I was, he had twisted his chain round my legs, and as fast as I turned round to unwind it, he walked round too. We were soon the centre of an admiring crowd, and I was getting quite giddy with my gyrations, when a policeman came up. He was a philosopher in a blue suit and a helmet. Stooping down, he seized Mars by his collar, unhooked the chain, unwound it, and then re-hooking it, handed the end to me with "That's the way to do it, sir." Item: A shilling to my benefactor in blue.



ONE OF JIFF'S PETS.

As long as Mars felt that the eye of the

law was upon him, he trotted by my side like a lamb, but directly I tried to go into the chemist's for the areca nut, he planted his legs firmly and anchored me to the pavement. After tugging at him in vain, I raised my hand to give him a cuff, whereupon he threw himself upon his back after the manner of a drunken man who objects to accompanying a policeman to the station. With much labour I heaved the fifty-six pounds of dogflesh on to his legs, only to see him again throw himself on his back with the object of escaping punishment. Then assembled crowd number two.

"Get a stretcher," recommended a butcher boy. "Can't yer see as the pore dorg's drunk?"

"Ere's a wheelbarrer," chimed in his friend. "Put 'im in that."

Maddened by their satire, I, as a last resource, tried blandishment.

"Poor dog! He's a booty. *Do* come along like a good dog."

He took heart of grace at this, rose to his feet and fawned upon me. A bulldog's idea of fawning is peculiar. This is how he does it: he gives a propitiatory wriggle, and when he has thus beguiled you into stooping to pat him, he jumps up and rams his great chucklehead against your eyes or nose—he prefers the nose. This is what Mars did, to the great delight of the butcher boy, who cried out, "Round the fust. Fust blood for Bully!" Then while I applied my handkerchief to my nose, Mars put out his tongue, grinned idiotically, and wagged his tail, as one who should say, "You can't say that I haven't done my best to make myself agreeable." Then, feeling that he had done the right thing, he allowed me to lead him into the chemist's and out again.

"Now," said I to myself, "we shall get on."

We did, but in a jerky zig-zag sort of a way. When Mars saw a dog ahead, he would make a sudden spring forward, nearly dragging me on to my face, and when I had lugged him past the object of his attentions, he would dart back with a force and suddenness which nearly laid me on my back. The painful part of the performance was that I could see by the looks of two austere ladies that they were under the impression that I was hopelessly drunk, and that my faithful dog was trying to drag me past the public houses with which Barnet abounds.

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed one of the austere ones.

Thus far she had sat upon me metaphorically, but now a sudden dart which Mars made between her legs caused her to sit upon me from an avoirdupois point of view with great severity.

How unequally are rewards and punishments meted out in this wicked world! How oft do the innocent suffer while the guilty escape! Here was I, a man of blameless life, crushed under thirteen stone of gentle woman, while the author of the calamity escaped, and straddling on the pavement, grinned at us fiendishly. Why didn't she sit on the dog?

When her companion had got her again into a vertical position, I began to apologise, but was cut short.

"You're no gentleman," cried one.

"If I could find a policeman," chimed in the one who had nearly murdered me, "I'd give you in charge."

"But, my dear madam, I expostulated, "it was the dog."

"Then you ought not to have such a brute."

Further parley was cut short by Mars who, spying a St. Bernard in the distance, dragged me off at a trot.

Mars (let me be just even to him), was, I believe, actuated by friendly motives in making up to the big dog. Probably he wished to say "Good morning," and ask after his wife and family. But unluckily the St. Bernard growled. This was enough for Mars. In a second he was hanging to the big dog's throat, shaking, gurgling and tearing, while his victim impotently dragged him about, unable either to bite him or get free. Then came the sage advice which the bystanders usually proffer in such cases.

"Throw some snuff in 'is heyes." Nobody had a snuff box.

"Git a red-'ot poker." It takes some time to make a poker red hot.

"Throw some water over him."

"Bite 'is tail."

"Bite yer grandmother," replies an ostler contemptuously. "*I* know this dorg, an' no bitin' will make 'im quit 'is 'old. Is any one of you game to 'old the St. Bernard while I chokes off the bull?"

A costermonger came forward and held the big dog by his collar, while the ostler gripped Mars' throat with both hands till he was forced to gasp for breath, when his huge adversary, only too glad to escape, tore away down the street.

"'Ere, let me take 'im 'ome, sir," says my new friend, taking the chain out of my hand. "Never lead a bulldog with a long chain. "'Old 'im up short, like this."

Mars seemed to know that he had to deal with a man who would stand no nonsense, for he walked by his side like a poodle till we reached Jiff's gate where I dismissed my guardian angel with half-a-crown.

What artful hypocrites dogs can be! While I was recounting to Jiff the misdeeds of his pet, the animal looked at us with an air of meek martyrdom as much as to say, "I know that I am being maligned, but I'll bear it like a Christian," and I felt that I ought to be ashamed of myself for bearing false witness against my neighbour.

Jiff listened to my recital with the philosophic calm with which we bear the misfortunes of others.

"My dear Paget, I'm awfully sorry, but he really didn't mean any harm. He's a young dog you see, and it was only his play. But I'm the one to blame. I ought to have cautioned you to lead him with a short chain."

Why, oh, why, does knowledge always come to us when it is too late to be of any use?

Then he fell a-fondling the culprit in the idiotic way which characterises the fond mother of spoilt children and the owners of spoilt dogs.

"Was he a naughty boy? And did he go tripping old ladies up, and mauling poor St. Bernards, and hitting his dear friend on the nose?" And the caitiff writhed and wriggled and wagged his tail with the air of one who had suffered much injustice, but was now being consoled.

These endearments over, Jiff looked up and noticed the scowl with which I regarded him.

"Never mind, old fellow. Let's have a pipe and a little fizz to pull you round after all you've gone through; and after dinner, choose your model, and I'll engage to keep him still."

He was as good as his word. He had only to hold up his finger to the Count, and that noble ceased swaying backwards and forwards, and stood like a statue. The same with the others, even down to the mercurial General, and so I got some very good studies.

In the evening, my irrepressible host showed me the portraits of all the prize dogs that had ever lived, and gave me the pedigree of each. I think that the intense mental effort required to follow these must have been the cause of my longing for an early turn in.

A young lady novelist would say that I "retired to rest at an early hour." I prefer to say, as being more truthful, that I went to bed, but not to rest. Mars and his misdeeds haunted me. I wondered if the ridiculous scrapes into which he had led me would get me into the papers. And so the weary hours wore on till the old church clock struck twelve.

"'Tis now the very witching hour of night.
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

I quoted to myself. And then, as I said the words, I heard the clanking of a chain and heavy footsteps ascending the stairs.

My heart stood still as I listened. "One, two, three, four! Clank! Clank! Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!" I tried to call out, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I could only utter a faint croak.

The footsteps stopped at my door. Then came a heavy thud against it. I am not

ashamed to own that I cowered under the bedclothes to escape the sight of the awful "thing," whatever it might be, about to enter. Another thud, and the door flew open. Even in that supreme moment I could not help wondering how it was that I heard the Ghost's footsteps about the room. Chains we know, Spooks *do* rattle, but it is contrary to the natural history (if I may use this term of the supernatural) I say of ghosts, that their steps should be audible. Strange to say, this discrepancy so piqued my curiosity that it gave me courage to peep over the clothes. There happened to be a full moon, the light of which filtering through the blind, revealed a huge mass slowly moving about. Then it flashed upon me that there was real danger to be feared, as I recognised my midnight visitor as the bear. While he was sniffing and turning over my clothes, which I had hastily deposited on a chair, I recalled all the gruesome bear stories that I had ever read, and wondered whether the grim Count would hug me to death, or scalp me with one fell stroke of his awful claws. At last he came up to the bed, sniffed me, and sighed. I sighed, too, with relief. Perhaps even then his better nature was urging him to refrain from his meditated crime. His next move convinced me that conscience had given it up as a bad job, for he climbed on to my bed. This time he gave a sigh of satisfaction as he rolled on to me. Oh, the weight and heat of that soft, furry monstrous body! He seemed to have no hostile intent, but merely wanted to be comfortable, but that was no consolation to me as I felt myself being slowly pressed and sweltered to death. Again I tried to call out, but had no breath left. I put all my remaining strength into a mighty shove, but he only sighed, and again subsided upon me. If only I could run a pin into him! But I had no pin, and besides, he might have resented it as an insult. These foreign nobles are so very particular.

I RECOGNISED MY MIDNIGHT VISITOR AS THE BEAR.

I do not know how long I lay in this plight. Chronologically, I believe that it was only a few minutes, but mentally it seemed an age. At last I again heard footsteps on the stairs, and this time it was Jiff who rushed into the room, revolver in hand.

"I heard a noise," he explained, "and have been all over the house with the dogs hunting for burglars. Oh, it's *you*, is it? Come out of that!" Saying which, he dragged the Count off the bed.

"My dear fellow, you must have had an awful fright. Wait till I chain the Count up again, and I'll bring you some brandy."

With this, he lugged the discomfited monster out of the room and went downstairs, followed by the dogs.

He was soon back with the brandy, a stiff dose of which brought me round. This time he was so cut up that it was I who had to comfort him.

"To think," said he plaintively, "that the brute should choose this night of all others to break his chain. I never knew him do it before. I suppose he felt lonely and wanted company. He evidently took to you when he first saw you. I'm sure he meant no harm. It was only his ——" He checked himself, and suppressed his favourite word.

I left the next morning. Years have passed since this adventure. Jiff and I are as good friends as ever, but I have resisted all his enticements to again visit his Happy Family.

GRANNY.

Seated there so still and saint-like, in the firelight's fitful ray,
Sheltered from the world that worries, often I would have you say
If you live in spirit near us, or in spirit far away.

Oft I watch the dream-shapes drifting, like cloud-shadows on the wind,
From the dim long-sealed recesses—old, old chambers of your mind—
O'er your face, and dim a moment, those dear eyes so good and kind.

And, in happy, sweet communing with your many sainted ones,
I have thought your spirit winging over worlds and brighter suns,
When you sat you down a-singing in your quaint old trills and runs.

Yes, those eyes look good and tender, through the glasses golden-rimmed;
They have known the flame, the love-light, and the pain that burned and dimmed,
When the chalices of tear drops, with their crystals, over-brimmed.

And your hair—what hand caressed it—parted it above your brow?
What lips kissed its silken tresses, as the flame-light kisses now,
Like a lover in fulfilment of some solemn, sacred vow?

Was it gold or was it ebon, in the days of long ago?
Did it wave in shining eddies? I might ask the dead, who know:
But I would not question any—more than gold I love the snow.

Did the manly come to woo you, in your scarce remembered days?
Brought they gifts of flowers and homage in their gentle courtly ways?
Did they flatter? None could flatter, where they scarce could over-praise.

Did you charm them with your beauty, when in festal halls you met?
Surely, for they still attend you, and you curtsey to them yet,
Passing radiant, star-like, queenly, through the stately minuet.

Oh! I know not all the loving, or the sorrows you befell;
These are sacred things, most holy, sacred where the dead ones dwell;
But I know, though none e'er told me, none *could* love, but loved you well.

D. M. Ross.

As it was in the Land of Tara.

THE INVASION OF WELLINGTON BY THE NGAPUHI LEAGUE IN 1817.

By Elsdon Best.

PART II.

We will now pursue the fortunes of that portion of the army of invasion which camped at Te Aro, namely, the party under the command of Tuwhare, of the Raroa tribe. It is not clear at what place or time they rejoined the division, the adventures of which we have already heard. The present narrative is given by a different man :—

"Slain by the sons of Ira were our chief and his daughter, the *puhi*, and the Sea of Tara shone red before our eyes. So lifted we the war trail of Tu, the Red Eyed, against the children of Ira, of Tara and of Kahungunu, who dwell in the Valley of the Shining Waters.

So we left the Whanga-nui-a-Tara in order to attack the people of Wairarapa, to which place the refugees from our raids had fled. We paddled across the mouth of the harbour in our canoes, and landed at the mouth of the River of Wai-rarapa, which is often closed by the force of the ocean surf, and by a huge dragon which dwells there, blocking up the mouth of the river.

We went up that river in our canoes. Our prisoners showed us the way, and gave us much information about the land and the people. For those slaves we had taken were very bitter against their own people, on account of their having been enslaved. So we went on until we arrived at a pa, at a place where the river measured fifteen *kumi* in width (a *kumi* is ten fathoms). In the channel of the river was a sand bank with raupo growing thereon. Beneath the pa was a pole stuck in the water, and on that pole were tied a bunch of fern and others of various plants. It was a wizard pole, erected by the people, that we might be destroyed by witchcraft. But we had no fear of that wizard pole, and had we been short of fuel we would have used it and the fern to heat our ovens with.

We paddled into the landing place beneath the pa, and the people came out of the fort to challenge us. But when returning they turned the wrong way about, which was an *aitua* (evil omen) for them*.

We slept on the islet that night until day appeared. It was now winter; the cold was intense; our teeth chattered. We were in number, including our prisoners, fifty, twice told. Then we separated by sub-tribes, and formed in ranks by the water side, each *hapu* (sub-tribe) at a different place. Then the priest of each party took a branch of the *karamu* shrub in his hand, and dipped the branch in the water, while repeating this invocation, to render the warriors brave in battle :

"Tupe hinga, tupe takoto, tupe ara
Ka tau te ruhi, ka tau te ngenge
Te ha meha me i o Tu,
E Tu ! Whakaarahia." (See note 1.)

The priest then tapped the right shoulder of each warrior with the branch, thus sprinkling the water over him. When, in thus striking the man's shoulder should a leaf fall from the branch, or should a

*Huri koaro—huri maui : They turned to the left instead of the right, an ominous omen at such a time. This is termed a *karapa* or *kotu* by the Tuhoe tribe.

branchlet be broken off, that man on whose shoulder it broke will assuredly be slain in the coming battle.

While we were going through this ceremony the people in the fort were casting spears at us. The *tohi* rite being over we entered our canoes and went up stream to land, but before we were all ashore we were attacked by the enemy from the pa. But we possessed guns, although the foe were numerous. We shot some of them as we landed, and our guns terrified them. They fled towards the pa, but turned and again attacked us. Some of ours were killed and we fled. But we rallied again and attacked them. They fled to the pa, we pursuing them; so, being hard upon them, we all entered the fort together. Most of the foe escaped to the forest. Those of them who entered the walls were slain by us, or enslaved. We then bade our female slaves scrape some flax and plait ropes of the fibre, and also to plait one end of a rope into the long hair of each of the enslaved women. This rope was to lead our female prisoners by, lest they escape. But those deceitful women all ran away. They obtained, in some unknown manner, a few shells with which they cut the ropes and so escaped.

The men and young girls we had taken prisoner we shut up in an enclosure made of timber, which we built for that purpose. It was like the enclosure made to keep the native dogs in. But those people also ran away. They dug a passage underneath the walls and so escaped, which was a pity. We were really most unfortunate.

So we left that place and went towards Wairua. We were guided by the prisoners whom we had captured‡. We came to a pa of the land people, who had covered the palisades of their fort with bundles of green flax, tightly lashed on. Thirty of ours, once told, went to the pa and told the people that we had brought some guns for them (*he pu ma ratou*), and invited them to a feast. So they came and were slain, at the instigation of Te Rauparaha. Then we knew that our chief and his daughter were avenged.

By this time ten moons had died and been revived by the Living Waters of Tane, and we thought of our homes in the far north. So it was that we took the back trail by the coast lands.

When we arrived at Whanga-nui we saw a new pa, which had been built since we passed down the coast. We took that place and consumed the people thereof. Then we went on to Taranaki and to Kai-para, where the Ngati-Whatua people took us across the harbour; so returned we to our homes."

THE EXPEDITION OF TUWHARE UP THE WHANGANUI RIVER.

This raid against the Ngati-Hau tribe of Whanga-nui was made by Chief Tuwhare and his tribe (Ngati-Whatua, of Kai-para) on their return from Wellington.

"At Whanga-nui Tuwhare assaulted the pa of the elder brother of Te Anaua. Ngati-Hau wished the chief to abandon the pa, as he had but fifty fighting men, once told, therein, but he and his people declined so to do, and held by their pa. Tuwhare attacked the pa and it fell to him. Many were killed; some escaped. They were pursued in canoes by Tuwhare and his party, even to the home of the Pa-moana people, to Operiki and beyond. Ngati-Hau collected from all parts and followed the invaders up the river. Many assembled at a narrow part of the river, where it runs between high cliffs, and from those cliffs they cast down great stones upon the men of Tuwhare, as they passed beneath in their canoes, casting some of those stones by means of cords attached to them. Many were thus killed, and then the invaders were pursued by those men of the cliffs. Tuwhare was struck down by Whakaahu§, but the blow did not kill him. Tuwhare said, "Yours is the hand of a cultivator; it cannot slay a man."

So perished those people. Never more

‡By this time this party had joined the Ngapuhi *taua*, who had marched from Pipitea, and whose story we have given.

§Ngati-Hau say by Te Ao-marama.

did they appear in the Ao Marama (World of Light, or Living World).

Who says that our conquests were made by the guns of the white men. There were few, very few guns among that party. It was our superior courage and superior *mana*. We traversed the Fish of Maui, from the Western Sea to the Land of the Rising Sun, and the people of many lands fled from the flash of our weapons. We took the forts of Mawhitiwhiti, Haki-kino and Tauwharenikau from the Sons of Kahungunu. And we broke the power of those people at that last fight, and slew their chief, Te Papahinga.

When we saw that *pakeha* ship off Te Kawakawa, Te Waka Nene said to Rauparaha: "O, Raha! Do you see that people sailing on the sea? They are very good sort of people, and have a great deal of valuable property, and if you trade with them they will give you guns and powder, thus enabling you to slay an endless number of people." Thus it was that Te Rau-paraha went back to Kapiti and conquered all those lands."

THE DEFEAT OF TUWHARE BY WHANGANUI, AS TOLD BY NGATI-HAU.

"When Tuwhare, of Te Roroa, returned from the Great Harbour of Tara, he forced the Whanga-nui River in canoes. The people of the Puke-namu, Patu-po and Taumaha-aote pas fled up the river (note 2). As the invaders advanced up the river they were harrassed by our people from both banks. Every pa sent men to attack them. Many followed in canoes and attacked the enemy in the rear. But what was that to Tuwhare! He cleared a way for his war party by the terror that his guns caused. When we heard the reports of the guns, we thought that they were *pu-tatara* (shell trumpets, an ancient native instrument). Our old men said: "Does this man think to conquer Te Ati-Hau with his shell trumpets? Do the descendants of Ao-Kehu and Tama-whiro fly from a sound?" So said our warriors. But when we saw our men falling dead around us, struck down from afar off, then the knowledge came to us that this was the new weapon of which we had heard, and we saw that our native weapons would not prevail against it.

Still we resisted the advance of those people, and attacked them from either side, and followed even in their rear. Far up the Awa-nui-a-Rua† did Tuwhare fight his way, until he reached the Ana-o-Tararo, near Makokoti. At that place the river is narrow and has high cliffs on either side. On the summit of the cliffs great numbers of people had collected, for our messengers had gone forth to warn the tribes of the river and of the interior. Thus the people of Nga-Paerangi and Pa-moana, of Poutama and Te Patutokotoko, assembled to repel these boastful men of the north. The warriors of Tuhua and Great Taupo of Tia travelled by night and day to join us—and the word was war.

As the canoes of our foe passed through the Ana-o-Tararo we struck them. *E tama!* From the cliffs we rolled down huge logs and stones upon the canoes, crushing many of them, killing and maiming the people therein. The Waters of Rua ran red to the ocean on that day.

Those who fled we attacked and slew, but few escaped. The men of the north, who thought to conquer the whole world with their guns, were destroyed by the children of Hau-nui-a-Paparangi, beneath the shining sun. *A-ha!* "*Te koura puta roa!*" (Note 3.)

It was Te Ao-marama who wounded Tuwhare and took him prisoner. He said to his captor: "Yours is not the arm of a chief, or you would have killed me. It is only a *ringa mahi kai* (an arm for tilling the ground *i.e.* to produce food)." From that remark a son of Te Ao-marama took the name of Ringa-mahi-kai.

The chief Tuwhare was not slain, but released. He died among the Ruanui people while on his way home."

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†Awa-nui-a-Rua, ancient name of the Whanganui River.

Heoi! It is the end. And should ye who dwell in the sunlit places of the earth look with horror upon this gruesome but true narrative of the 'good old days,' and seek to slay the writer thereof—then shall I exclaim, even as the Children of Hau : "Te koura puta roa."

NOTES.

1.—The ancient narrator is a bit mixed here. This is not an invocation to render the members of a war party courageous. It is what is known as a Tupe, an incantation to deprive of strength an enemy when you are pursuing him, and to cause weariness and weakness to assail his limbs, to enable you to catch him.

2.—Puke-namu pa. This is the native name of the hill on which the Rutland Stockade was built at Whanga-nui, Taumaha-aoto. This fort was situated on the hill opposite the square, across the river. I fancy that some of the earthworks may still betraced.

3.—"*Te koura puta roa,*" the crayfish of the long hole. A favourite saying of the Whanga-nui tribes. When attacked by a large force they retreated up the river, like a crayfish backing into its hole. It was sometimes inconvenient for an invading enemy to retreat from that hole.

The Unknown Land

ALONE I stand in a twilight dim,
No stars are shining, no lights to guide,
Shadows, like phantoms, dark and grim,
Are gathering near me on every side.

Lonely and cold by the river's brink,
With feet so cold that I scarce can stand,
I am waiting now, though I fain would shrink
From what lies hid in this Silent Land.

I long, I pray for some hand I love
To lead me on through the mists of death.
'Tis all in vain, for the skies alone
Are cold and black as the waves beneath.

The sound of waters is all I hear,
I feel them surging about my feet,
They leap and foam, but I do not fear.
To fear were late—there is *no* retreat.

. . . . .

The waves have reached to my heart at last,
And deeper, blacker around me grow,
On through the darkness they bear me fast.
Whither? Ah, whither? I do not know!

LEO. ROGERS.

By Martha W. S. Myers.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

COLTON.—At Meadowbanks, April 17th, Robert Everard, beloved husband of Joyce Ferris Colton, aged 38 years.

This death notice startled my eyes as I glanced over the newspaper during a dull dinner at the club. Dead! dear old Bob, what a mockery it seemed. I re-read the tiny black notice. *Multum in parvo*, I thought, how eloquent it is. That soul silenced, that luminous light quenched. My eyes fixed on the simple words; a rush of memories surged through me, they swelled from my heart, they choked, they blinded me. Youth with its boundless hopes, its passionate friendships, its shining shadows rose before me—and dear, dead Bob—the symbol of them all. And now! the end of all things. A breath, and then death. Here it was: the utter futility of human endeavour.

I pushed aside a tempting dish that a moment before had seemed a symbol of life to me. My heart ached: I could not eat. I left the club. What a counterfeit life is! What puppets we are! I was world weary.

Mechanically I walked up the avenue towards my home. That, too, would be lifeless, closed—it was summer, the wife and youngsters were away. Still I walked on. My study would be habitable I knew, and soothing I hoped.

Suddenly turning the corner of the street I hit sharply against a stranger. No! a friend. Dear old Professor Langley—by all that's happy! How we did wring each other's hands! Somebody from the past that lived! Jove, what a relief it was!

"Come home with me, Langley," I said, "a calming weed, a friendly glass and a long talk into the night; you will come?"

So we walked arm and arm up the quiet street.

A turn of the latch, a pressure of that magical light-giving electric button, and we were in warmth and comfort.

I pulled out pipes and cigars, decanters

and glasses, drew up two great chairs that lodged us lovingly like the embracing arms of a mother—and we settled ourselves for a long intimate talk.

And how we talked! Of all things, vague and tangible, the ideal and the real, the rush of action and the calm of contemplation; but of that which lay heavily on our hearts we gave no utterance. . . . A profound pause such as happens only when the atmosphere is surcharged with intensest sympathy; a pause, when the finger of one is laid upon the heart throbs of the other—such a pause fell upon us. It was a supreme moment, fathomless and solemn. We heard the ticking of our watches, the dull rumble of life in the street. The Professor's kind eyes rested on mine. . . . "Robert is dead," he said, "you know it. I feel that you do."

"Yes," I answered, "tell me of his life. We drifted apart after his marriage. I cannot think of him as dead; so rarely equipped was he in mind and character, so buoyant and brilliant."

"Ah," sighed the Professor, "Robert Colton died in the flesh to-day, but Robert Colton died in the spirit just nine years ago."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"I mean that in one life there is more than one death. Believe me, there are diseases of the spirit, more acute, more subtle, more insidious, more impossible of help than all the ills of mortal flesh. Have you never heard of a starved soul dying within a living body? Colton, to diagnose him psychologically, died of canker of the soul. I know, I saw it in his face. He had the look of a thirsty man seeing water always, tasting it never. That look of unsatisfied, gnawing unrest, of secret consuming fever. A breathing body bearing in its frame the corpse of a soul. He was that uncanny thing, a haunted human house."

"Langley, you must tell me all. I cannot follow you. The conditions of his life seemed perfectly adjusted to the rounding of a brilliant literary career. Talented, imbued with ambitious energy, and rich beyond all thought of material responsibilities, what was the canker?"

"My boy," he answered, "it's a long story, the story of a life. I know it in all its complexities. Its opening promise and closing chaos. It is infinitely sad. The desperate conflict of the Ego: the spiritual defeated, yet ever combating the material. The deadly encroachment of environment that by persistent intrusion overpowers the most exalted aims and slays the most ardent hopes. Fatalists call it the tyranny of circumstances, and in Colton's case we see its despotism."

"Why this discord? I don't see how Colton got into the wrong niche. We expected splendid work from his pen; yet I never heard of him, except casually, as an ordinarily successful man."

"That is just it. He carved his special niche carefully enough, but the arm of Destiny swooped down and lifted him bodily out of it. Like St. Paul, he was unhorsed."

The Professor settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and began his story.

"You remember," he said, "that at college Colton ranked as a man of fine mentality, possessing distinct literary ability with the half-philosophical, half-poetical temperament that accompanies it. Endowed with sound literary judgment and a critical faculty, which, if carefully nurtured, would have placed him among the foremost essayists of our time. His earliest writings showed the finish of a mind not immature; they were distinguished by a style lucid, brilliant and perfectly polished. In a word, I detected the glowing promise of a Walter Pater. His prose gemmed with flashes of poetic fancy, his poems dowered with abundant thought. I watched his unfolding with the pride of a father, and rejoiced that he would be permitted 'to sing to the Muses and let the world go by.' Here is one, thought I, who may sit in velvet ease and gently woo his Art, who may live on a purely ideal plane free from the sickening concerns and sordid cares of life, who may give himself up to the luxurious indulgence of his inclination."

"What happened?" I asked. "He was

independently rich and free to wander in any field."

"True. He wandered, happy into matrimony, and for the first year idled abroad with his wife, writing nothing, but absorbing the delights of Italian Art and atmosphere. He wrote me, he was living a life of the Senses: lying fallow mentally but steeping his soul in the glow and inspiration of the Old World, saturating himself with its sentiment and sunshine, which one day would illumine his mind and embellish his verse. . . I have treasured those letters; they breathe the warmth and colour of a mind radiant with exquisite impressions."

"Surely one of the world's favoured ones," I observed. "Human nature at times does meet its level, and the eternal fitness of things is beautifully seen."

"Yes," Langley nodded, "but only for a time until, with true feminine perversity, Fate spoils her work by brow-beating the human toy. What a grim jester is Circumstance! This is how she tricked Colton: He was the sole heir, you remember, of a widowed aunt, pleasantly encumbered with a million. She gave him his education, pampered his extravagant vagaries and worshipped him completely. Even his marked ability she fondly imagined was her property. His marriage with Joyce Ferris delighted her, and she heaped favours upon them both. The aunt, at that time, was on the summer side of fifty, when suddenly, without word of warning, she notified Colton that she had remarried, and bestowed her love and her lucre on a youthful husband. She located in London; and whether it was from a proper sense of humility or a total absorption in her rejuvenated romance, I know not; but Colton never again heard from her."

"What a scurvy trick!" I exclaimed. "I call it the devilry of Fate: a bitter indignity of Circumstance. . . . What did poor old Bob do?"

"Exactly what conditions forced him into, a commercial career. His wife's father coming to the rescue, set Colton in the humdrum rattle of a counting-house. Do you see now how woefully he was miscast? Forced daily to hide his poetic taper under the uninspiring shadow of a business ledger. What an outrage on Nature to crush his talents! Compelling a dreamer to carry bricks.

"His instincts, imaginative and spiritual, his opportunities, alas! sordid and matter-of-fact. What a curse is such maladjustment!

"You cannot realize, or even in part imagine, the gnawing torture of passionately desiring and of being perpetually thwarted and thrown down. His was an aspiring soul uplifted at intervals, but drawn down again and again into the slough of Materialism. He finally accepted the prose of his existence; though in hours of shattering depression, when from the contemplation of high ideals and delicious sauntering in Elysian fields of sublime thought, he fell to earth, suffering in the return to material monotonies, the most excruciating agony of the soul. He lived for bread, and dreamed of the perfume of the flowers. . . Reaching out, vainly always: battling against the petty details of world vexations: endeavouring to live above them, while existing by them: encouraged by spirit, discouraged by flesh: enfeebled, making faintly fresh effort, defeated, breathless, undone."

"As a recent writer has expressed it: his was the ironic Power of Fate to be always a god in exile turning mean wheels with mighty hands."

"What a tragedy--what profound pathos in his life. And did he never regain his spirit?"

"No; Pegasus dismounted was not reined again. He walked, thereafter, very close to earth. The stress of thought and feeling, the seedlings of the poet, wanting expression, perished from sheer suppression. Had he been permitted to enjoy a competency, he could, with serenity, have followed the special pursuit of literature. But as you well know, no achievement is attained without supreme concentration. Art is a

watchful mistress; she demands exclusive devotion and enchains completely. Neglected, a lapse into mediocrity results. . . . In the midst of the commonplace routine of commercial life, could you ask for artistic inspiration? Lilies flower from mud, but poets do not flourish in counting houses. Instead of drowsy days unrestrained in impulse: instead of hours big, boundless and free to spend capriciously or judiciously as the mood prompted, his days presented the set cast-iron regularity of a railway schedule. To dream, not to drudge, that should have been his right.

"But life holds compensations," I ventured. "Though cruelly crushed by circumstance, did he not find recompense in the love of the woman who was his wife? After all, that is the essence of actual existence; all else is outward and ephemeral."

"No. Even that did not come to him: not in its fulness. The woman he married viewed life as most women do—with an outlook towards material results. Of the world worldly, she lacked sympathy, which is at once the flower and the root of love. Nay, I may define Love as intelligent affinity or sympathetic comprehension. . . I believe that no love can endure that has not the basis of deep spiritual inspiration. The eyes may be charmed, the senses enraptured, but if congeniality of thought and union of soul are not manifest, the mere exaltation of the senses early evaporates. We speak of the love of the senses and the love of the soul; there is no such thing as a love of the senses — it is passion, not love — though thousands delude themselves all their small lives living this fallacy because they neither feel nor comprehend beyond. I am convinced that depth of thought creates depth of feeling, that the wider the intelligence, the mightier grow the emotions."

"Ah, I see. What then attracted Colton? Was she beautiful?"

"No—she was just subtly feminine. She possessed an elusive grace; about her was that alluring atmosphere of indefinable silence, which exercises much witchery and proves more eloquent than speech. Language lay in her pensive eyes. Reverie in a woman's eyes, you know, is often mistaken for meditation."

"Yes, if the woman is pretty."

"True. If the woman is plain, men call it morbid intellectuality and will have none of it. Well, Colton soon learned her limitations—her absolute incapacity to appreciate his struggles or sympathize with his hopes. He lived in idealities, she solely in realities. Hers was a mind self-complacent and unimaginative, with the colourless calm of a mill pond. Spiritually, they were as wide asunder as the poles—their natures never touched."

"And yet he loved her? What an enigma it is; will we ever explain it?"

"Perhaps," said the Professor, "when we have solved the mystery of Life, we may solve the mystery of Love."

"Poor old man, I see it all now. In the approved gospel of worldliness, he was a success. The world takes short views, it judges in a flash the externals; the individual soul combats alone, and alone knows its failure."

"Yes, a bankrupt in hope; barren in the work he loved, he suffered the unspeakable anguish of secret despair. There is nothing as infinitely pitiful as the promise of a life that failed."

GRAPHOLOGY:

How I tell Character from Handwriting.

By H. I. Westmacott.

"I HAVE not the slightest faith in Graphology. I can write three or four different hands myself, and imitate almost any writing you like to give me." How often has my assertion that I can read character from handwriting been met with these and similar words of contempt, and how little are my incredulous acquaintances aware that I can detect those very capabilities in their own caligraphy with incredulity included.

"But I write so differently at different times," says another, with perhaps a trifle less confidence in herself, and more in me, "you would not suppose it to be the same persons writing."

"Very probably, my young friend," I reply, for this is generally the remark of a young friend. "That only proves to me that your own character is variable at present. You feel and act differently at different times. Circumstances and surroundings affect you even more than the generality of people, and so, to speak still more plainly, you are subject to moods."

I am fully accustomed to having my remarks received with a doubtful smile, but I am prepared to give substantial reasons for my own faith in Graphology.

I consider the workings of the brain influence the hand, which guides the pen. Clever men and women have learnt to interpret these workings, and all who understand Graphology benefit by their knowledge. I hope my explanation of my methods of delineating character will prove interesting to those, whether incredulous or believing, who wish to hear something of the subject.

We will suppose that I have a letter given me, or part of one, as a few lines are sufficient for my purpose, from which I am to delineate the character of a gentleman I have never seen, and of whose name I am totally ignorant.

The first thing that I observe is the position of the writing. Does it slope, or do the letters and words stand upright?

If the former, the writer is sympathetic, affectionate and unselfish to a certain extent; but we have other indications to consider before we pronounce the erect caligraphy to betoken hardness of heart and selfishness, although we may safely say that the writer is self-reliant, and most likely independent.

Secondly, I glance at the capital letters *en masse*. If they be well formed and resembling type, good abilities are generally present, with different indications for each letter, of which anon. Badly-formed, ugly and ungraceful capitals show want of cultivation, and in some cases vulgarity and inconsistency. I think they almost invariably signify a want of refinement, but still, we must be on our guard against overlooking the queer shapes which frequently display originality or possibly, genius, coupled with vivid imaginative faculties.

Having made a mental note of my opinion *re* the capitals, I observe the colour of the writing. If very black it shows passionate affection, and with confirmatory evidence, generosity, a great admiration for beauty, especially in form and colour, love of children, and often a taste for cultivating flowers, but the latter traits of character are not inseparable from blackness of caligraphy. If it be thin and pale, with fine up strokes and down strokes, refinement, and with short finals economy are indicated. Should the fine writing be also erect, I come to the

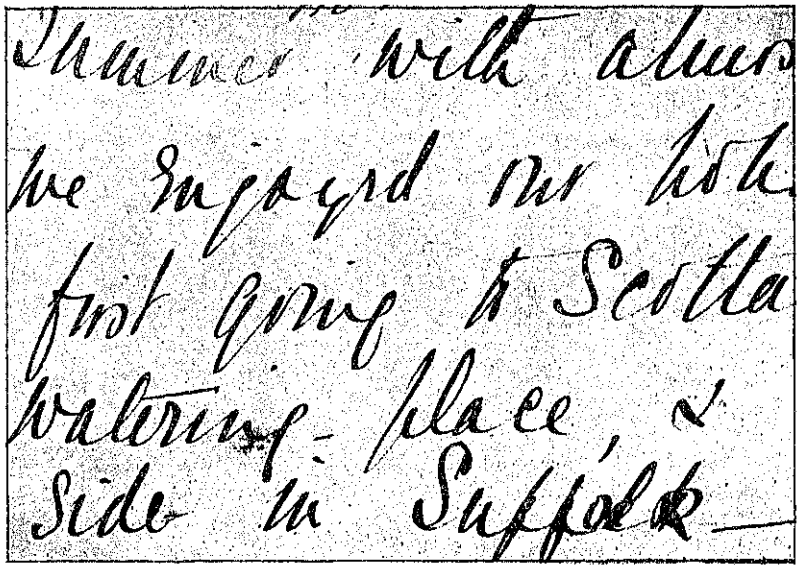
conclusion that the writer has not much warmth of heart, and little affection to bestow on anyone but himself.

After this I have the final letters or terminals to look at, and from them I judge partially of my subjects' temper, perseverance, sincerity, extravagance, or the reverse, impulsiveness, etc, etc. The loops and tails of the letters come under consideration. The crosses to the t's are most important, as they determine my verdict as to temper; so also are the dots to the i's, the stops, the general formation of the letters, and whether they be round either at the top or bottom, or pointed, or round at both ends.

on Graphology) considers that the first thing a student has to learn is to examine writing for delineation *without* reading it. I may remark *en passant* that this came to me involuntarily, before I had seen his book.

Having explained the manner in which I work, I will give some details of the rules by which I discover, with so little trouble, the character and capabilities of persons absolutely unknown to me from a few lines of writing, the sense of which does not give me the least assistance.

I will take the list of most notable traits of character in alphabetical rotation :



No. 1.

The width of margin must be notified. The distance between the words, and whether the letters in the words, be all joined together or some joined and others separate. Separation of letters denotes much observation. Connection gives sensitiveness, if accompanied by long loops and flying-up crosses to the t's.

I glance at the signature, if there be one, and the flourish or no flourish beneath it, and then I am ready to begin (if I have to give my delineation *viva voce*) without having read one word of the letter, my inspection of which has taken me about one minute.

Mr H. Frith (one of the best authorities

Amiability is indicated by soft curves and rounded finals.

Ambition by the first stroke of the capital M being much the highest.

Artistic taste requires well-formed capitals, and the small s to be larger than the other letters.

Benevolence and courtesy are also shown in graceful capitals and round finals.

Credulity is shown by even and very open writing, and this also gives clearness of mind, conscientiousness and truth.

Cruelty is marked by heavy crosses to the t's, unsightly capitals, rough thick terminals and very black angular writing.

Deceit and dissimulation are notified by indistinctness, several letters being represented by a line and brief terminals

Distrust and suspicion are indicated by little dashes at the end of each sentence.

Despondency or latent ill-health by falling lines and letters

Energy requires pointed tops to letters and general ascent of writing.

Egotism appears in the capital E's, which curve backwards inwardly, and a peculiar d.

Firmness and will power are found in thick down strokes and strong even crosses to the t's. Hooked terminals also give determination.

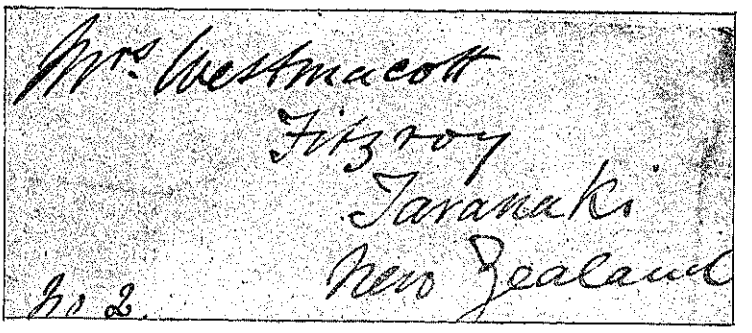
Fidelity and constancy require all the letters to be made in the same way.

Kindness exists with benevolence. Love, affection and tenderness appear in black, sloping writing, with softly-curved finals, and some signs of imagination. In deep, true love there is frequently a little ideality.

Modesty appears in the three strokes of the capital M being even. If the strokes are also close together, it denotes diffidence and shyness and a want of ambition. If the M be misshapen, proper pride is absent.

Negligence and carelessness are easily discovered in untidy writing and badly-formed capital A's.

Observation separates some of the letters, and when pointed, angular writing has also this separation, the keenly-observant faculties are assisted by intuition.



No. 2.

Generosity shows in long loops and tails to the g's and y's, and black, sloping writing.

Honesty and honour speak for themselves. They are found in bold, open writing, the terminals clear, and the lines straight.

Industry is generally marked by pointed characters. Industry requires energy, but they may be rounded at the bottom, and small letters only pointed here and there, and with a look of extreme neatness and care in their formation, indicate a love of construction and useful work.

Imagination is shown by flourishes in the capitals, curly tails to the C's, and long loops to the small h's and l's.

For jealousy I look for vivid imagination, egotism and suspicion, and I sometimes find it with imagination only, and a total absence of self-esteem.

Obstinacy and its companion tenacity are dispayed when the crosses to the t's are long, and thicker at the end than at the beginning. Hooked terminals give determination, without obstinacy.

Perseverance is indicated by long crosses and finals.

Penetration by the down stroke of the p being clear and fine.

Prudence and caution appear in short finals and neat writing.

Pride is notified by the loops being tall, the up-stroke of the capital M high, and often by the small letters and capitals being almost equal in size.

Sensitiveness is detected in long tails to the g's connected with the next letter, and I may observe that out of every six specimens of handwriting sent to me for delineation, at least five exhibit sensitiveness.

Self-esteem is easily recognised in large heads or tops to the capitals.

Sensuality and love of comfort and ease are found in thick curves at the bottoms of letters and finals.

Sympathy exists in the sloping hand of tenderness and unselfishness.

Selfishness, as I have said, is discovered in erect writing, but for thorough selfishness, we must also find egotism and love of ease, with lack of generosity.

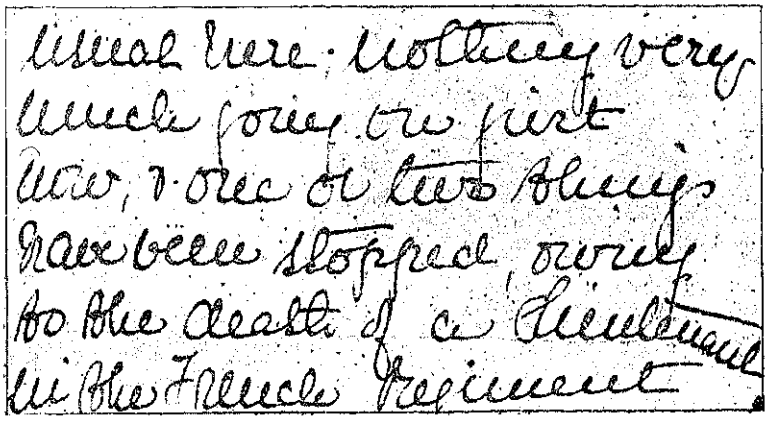
Truth and sincerity are found in clear writing with well-defined finals, and often the evenness which indicates justice and conscientiousness, etc., etc.

Vanity shows itself in large flourishes and loops. Of course in this list I have omitted many characteristics, as I fear to weary my readers with too many details, and often the graphologist has to discover the presence of one quality by the absence of another, and *vice versa*. Thus, a person in whose handwriting neither tact nor imagination were visible would most likely be plain-spoken and unsympathetic; and, if sensible and not imaginative, we may safely conclude that he is practical.

The absence of observation and self-esteem will often add jealousy to passionate affection. I am always rather distrustful of the truth and sincerity of the writer whose brief finals indicate, in *one* sense, caution and economy. I have more than once found that the economy was extended to truthfulness. I heard some of the truth, but not all.

A good graphologist should never guess, but it becomes imperative to put two and two together.

The practical man, who writes a pointed hand, with the lines straight and the crosses of the t's long and firm, has energy and intuition to guide him. If the letters be separated in some cases, and the words are, here and there, joined together, he is observant, far-sighted, and can reason well. The small i, dotted unevenly, denotes impressionability. If on the contrary the dot is exactly over the letter, I invariably find the writer thinks for him or herself, and does *not* receive impressions quickly.



No. 3.

Well-formed capitals give good judgment. Even spaces between words usually bespeak punctuality; an even margin adds neatness and method.

Of temper I judge by the crosses to the t's and the terminals, a short, thick cross flying up denotes passion and impatience; while a square terminal gives severity and bitterness of speech. But, even with both these indications, if the closed letters, o's and e's, which give evidence of self-control accompany them, we may reasonably expect that the hot temper and bitter tongue will be governed and restrained.

Wit, and a keen sense of humour, are indicated by the terminals being curved upwards, but unless some ability be manifest

in the capitals this may mean simply impulsiveness and a tendency to act on the spur of the moment.

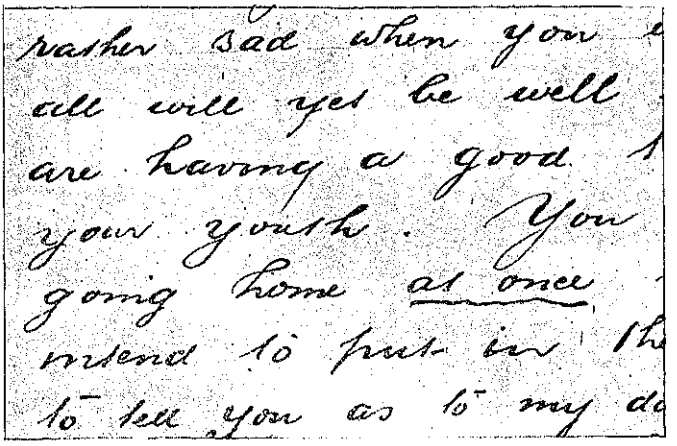
A sanguine temperament is always shown by ascent. The letters and lines look up. Hope is in the ascendancy. Falling lines, letters and terminals show sadness, despondency, depression of spirits, and sometimes latent or temporary illness. If some terminals fall and others fly up, the writer's "moods" are variable. He is easily elated and readily depressed.

I will now comment on a few specimens of hand writing, the writers of which are unknown to me.

In No. 1, I read the indications of a strong character. Artistic taste is visible and much self-reliance. The lady has a very firm will and much deep, and even passionate affection; but she bestows it on few, and is reserved in expressing her feelings. She is self-contained, but highly impressionable, and as she has little observation, this may render her judgment defective. The thick, soft curves in some letters denote love of beauty, luxury and comfort. Her temper is good, but I think on occasion she might become very jealous. She is intensely proud, and a subordinate position would be insufferable to her.

In the writing of No. 2 I recognise unselfishness, tenderness of heart and keen observation, but the writer is very determined, rivetted to his own opinion, and although full of consideration for those he loves, he never forgets, and finds it difficult to forgive an injury. He is not sanguine, and is inclined to take a gloomy view of life. The capitals show good abilities.

No. 3 is a specimen of candour and sincerity. The lady will condescend to no subterfuge of any kind, and sometimes she is too proud to practice even necessary diplomacy. She is warm-hearted and generous, but sensitively proud. Her temper is quick, her temperament impulsive, and she speaks with severity when angry, but is never vindictive, and can both forgive and forget with generosity. Meanness of any



No. 4.

kind has no place in her character. She is highly impressionable, and as she devotes no time to observation, and pays no attention to minor details, she may be liable to errors in judgment. Self-esteem is conspicuous by its absence.

Attention to detail is indicated by small, neat writing. A precise and conventional person rarely writes a large, bold hand.

Of the name and residence of No. 4 I am quite ignorant. The specimen was sent to me by a person equally unknown, but if he happen to read this article he can scarcely take umbrage at what I have to say of his hand-writing. A most desirable temper is displayed in the rounded finals. Excellent sense and good business capacities are visible

in the clear, even letters. Punctuality is indicated by the spaces between the words. Observation, firmness and self-control are all well represented, and to complete the satisfactory whole, warm and steadfast affection are betokened by the sufficiency of blackness, and by many of the letters being made in exactly the same way.

I could write much more of the signs of imagination, literary ability, loyalty, music, and many other traits of character, but, as this is only a single article and not a series of lessons on Graphology, I think I have said enough for the present. I have had years of experience, and to me it has become easy to trace the gentle, refined lady, perhaps of the old school, ever ready with kindness and sympathy, or to detect at a glance the domestic tyrant who makes the life of the home circle burdensome.

Deceit is not deceptive to me, and shyness and self-distrust are fully comprehended if I have only seen a few lines of the sufferer's caligraphy.

The change in the writing of the present day is, I think, an additional proof of the truth of Graphology. Our girls are more self-reliant and independent than their mothers were before them, and their hand-writing almost universally displays more or less independence, love of freedom, and liberty and self-reliance. The slope has greatly disappeared, but the indications of vanity, love of approbation, comfort, ambition and selfishness remain to be detected.

In conclusion, I must say a few words on the flourishes which often accompany signatures. A man, always on his guard, and with something in his character, either good or bad, which he wishes to conceal, surrounds his signature with a flourish. Aggression, or a quarrelsome disposition, is shown by a flourish in the air.

Neatness and accuracy place a plain horizontal line under the name with two little dots beneath it, and steady perseverance appears in a heavy, and even straight, line. Neat stops indicate, as may be supposed, a neat and careful writer. Large, heavy commas show bad taste, vulgarity, and sometimes coarseness and cruelty.

When We are One.

When we are one, and thenceforth life we share,
Trusting and trusted, all our hope or care—
That glow or shade that may have come and gone—
Shall be as benisons to help us on,
Content with what we've borne, and yet may bear.

When carelessness grows staider, yet can spare
A tithe of its life-joyance—and anon
Grows to the full, life's day-dream shall be fair
When we are one.

Be Earth as 'twill; ourselves, we can declare
All Earth is good that we may look upon;
All blemishes that seemed to be, are gone,
For in the fulness of the glory there,
Each little sorrow hides a joy most rare
When we are one.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

A Lesson in Manners.

A TALE OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

By H. P. Sealy.

Illustrated by the Author.

RESTRAINT on human passions can hardly be regulated by law. Tact, education, custom, precedent will, in great emergencies, fly to the winds. Caution, which has saved, and yet which, when carried to extremes, has ruined thousands, hardly enters into the question when a sense of the terrible injustice of circumstances flashes unexpectedly on an excitable temperament.

The feelings of thousands of Britishers in the Transvaal called, for want of a better term, "Uitlanders," were being ruthlessly outraged, chiefly by a few adventurers, who, having nothing to lose themselves, cared but little for consequences, so long as they could allow their undisciplined brutality to find a vent.

It was a struggle between passion and reason. Reason always wins.

Our departure from the farm at Lindenberg Pass amounted almost to flight. I had only been married six months, and had amassed a considerable sum during the "boom." Fate had been kind to me; with a good woman to share my fortune, with the flush of success in my heart, and with the feeling that the Kaleidoscope of Fortune was turning the right way, guiding my steps, I had the courage to face what to many of my neighbours was absolute ruin.

My only thought was the safety of my wife, so hurriedly making my arrangements, and taking with me all I possibly could, I determined to go with her to Capetown, and leave her there, if necessary, with her relations. For me there was always the possibility of fighting sooner or later, and history had already shown that the climax was not far off.

It was a long and tedious journey to the station, with a much longer and more tedious journey in the train before we were even clear of the country where no British subject was free from insult. We had passed one or two stations without any signs of trouble. At every stoppage, crowds of people jumped in, and fresh carriages were added to the train. It was a stampede for safety. Most of the carriages were filled with women and children of all classes. Some of them were Boers, but most of them were English. As we got further from civilization I was prepared for trouble. Disturbing rumours had reached us of the insults offered to unoffending Uitlanders, especially to ladies, and we naturally kept a sharp eye on the strangers who entered the carriage. At first there was no cause for anxiety. The Boers who entered the train from curiosity were often the worse for liquor, but in an amiable and half-jocular condition. Some of them exchanged light bandinage with the passengers, but there were no signs of ill feeling.

At one station, not far from Jacobsdaal, the train was delayed. We had waited some ten minutes or so, five more and we were to start.

Suddenly, a rough, fierce-eyed young farmer pushed his way in, evidently spoiling for a quarrel. Inflated with bad liquor, denouncing in alcoholic language the whole British race and transporting them unconditionally to a sulphurous climate, this dangerous fool, who had swallowed with his drink any little tact or decency he might ever have possessed, was evidently not only bent on mischief and assault, but had already, as such fools will, acquired an influence with his countrymen.

We were sitting about the middle of the carriage, my wife was on my right, and my old friend, Major Kellet, on the other side of her.

The Boer, half serious, half silly, was chucking the women under the chin, and indulging in other familiarities. As he approached us I felt as if my head was bursting. Will he have sense enough to restrain himself? Shall I have fortitude enough to contain my fast-rising passion if he should insult my wife? I asked myself. No; I knew I could not. On he came, the mistake. The Major was standing beside us, a hand on each of us. Hastily confiding my brave little wife to his charge, I pushed the insolent brute to the door, where, as good luck would have it, I met the guard, a decent fellow, half Dutch by birth, but British in sympathy. By dint of threats and persuasion we got him clear of the carriage, and shortly afterwards the train started.

During the few minutes he had been in the carriage I had made good use of my time, and I could safely bet that not a feature of the man's face, not a gesture that might

A STRONG RIGHT ARM THAT MIGHT HAVE DONE SOME HONEST WORK HUNG HELPLESS.

blundering hound, full of Dutch courage, master of the situation for the present, utterly careless and ignorant of the future. Suddenly his hand seized the brim of my wife's hat. He lifted it roughly, and stooped down close to her face.

"You dog—you infernal cur!" I struck blindly at him. "You're protected now, *now*, NOW! Wait!" I hissed the words in his face. "You'll get a lesson in manners some day that will make you regret this day as long as you live!"

He looked half stupidly at me, and then seemed to realize that he had made a be recognised, was missed. His height, his colour, a peculiar turn of the head when looking to one side, which latter was perhaps accentuated by his half-drunken condition, were all duly noted, and I felt convinced that I could pick him out from a thousand.

The guard told me his name was Staal, that he had a small farm in the neighbourhood, and that, when in liquor, he was a cantankerous fool, adding in modern slang that he was at best a "waster," who never would be any good.

We reached Mafeking in due course, and the rest of our long journey was as uneventful

as it was uncomfortable. I stayed longer than I had anticipated with my wife's people, and finally, yielding to an irresistible desire, gave myself up to the service of Her Majesty the Queen.

Within a week the war had broken out in real earnest. Soldiers were wanted on every side. I joined a corps of rough riders, and was not long in getting a whiff of gunpowder, and seeing a little of real soldiering; sixteen hours in the saddle, four hours' rest, and then another long spell will satisfy most men's craving for excitement. To be candid, a married man in my position, although he might not shrink from hardships, naturally would not care to be made a target of to please anyone, whether he was in the right or not, so I felt that I did not care how soon the war was over.

We had been ordered to do scouting work, and I must confess the chances of meeting my friend Staal, remote as they were, added considerable interest to the proceedings. We were, at one time, less than a hundred miles from the memorable spot where I had made the brute's acquaintance, and I even went as far as to make enquiries, with the idea that he might be fighting, and was told on good authority that he was attached to a small force of mounted Boers, probably doing similar work to our own.

It was absurd to fancy we should meet, and in my cooler moments, it seemed hardly worth while to revenge a mere drunken insult, but these moments were few, and rankling in my breast was the memory of the frenzied passion of the time when I had faced him in the train and felt that I was powerless to strike, so I determined to take the chance if it came.

Fortune still continued to smile on me.

One day three of us were sent out scouting among the hills. Our orders were to ride in different directions and meet at a certain place. There was every possibility of a skirmish. On the right was some broken country which the fighting Boer loves so well, affording as it does plenty of cover for loose warfare. Before we had been separated five minutes we heard some twenty or thirty shots, then a great many more, then a few heads appeared. Our men were adopting the Boer tactics, and fighting in loose order. It was a skirmish, but evidently we had the advantage, being on the higher ground with better cover. A pause, then the shooting grew less frequent; the real battle was not coming off to-day.

One or two riderless horses were galloping about. I saw one, evidently wounded, stumble and fall. His rider, thrown clear of him, was apparently stunned. It was the merest chance that made me dismount and see if he wanted help. As I drew near, a grin of delight must have burst over my face.

What extraordinary luck! The one man in the whole world I particularly wanted to meet was rising, half dazed, to his feet and looking towards his rifle, which had been thrown a yard or two away.

I came rapidly towards him on foot, drawing my revolver as I did so. I was about to redeem my promise. Hate had developed into pity. It was not for me to amuse myself—soldier as I was for the nonce—by boring holes in ill-mannered and unarmed Dutchmen at five yards' range. The situation was almost humorous. I determined to be polite at all hazards.

"Good morning, Mr Staal, I'm really very pleased to meet you, sir. You will probably remember me."

The answer was inaudible, but the start of recognition unmistakeable.

"I have come to fulfil a promise I made you some weeks ago. Mr Staal, excuse me," covering him as I spoke with my revolver, "I don't want to kill you, but you must leave your gun alone. Remember you are my prisoner."

The reply was an angry scowl. He made a quick movement forward.

One barrel of my revolver was emptied. A strong right arm that might have done some honest work hung helpless.

The scowl had changed to a look of mingled fear and pain. Possibly he had never suffered acute pain before. I had, but mine was a different sort, and harder to bear.

The man was completely cowed. I helped him to bandage his arm and put it in an improvised sling. We were almost alone now, so I mounted my horse, and, his own being crippled, marched him slowly back to camp, a wounded prisoner of war.

The lesson was incomplete still, but some months later, when he and a lot of other prisoners were conveyed South, Staal made a profound apology to my wife for his extreme rudeness and cowardly insult.

The apology was received gently by my wife, and with a kindly spirit.

The quarter of an hour following that Staal spent at our house over a cup of excellent tea was probably the longest he had ever spent in his life, and I know he will never forget it.

It is doubtful which cost him the most pain, the gentle, pitying glance from a pair of brown eyes, or the physical suffering of a shattered limb.

Possibly he had never met an English Christian lady before.

England Gave us Fathers.

NORTH to Bay of Islands,
South to Mitre Peak;
Back and forth among the hills
Till the echoes shriek,
Comes the cry from homestead,
Town, and clearing track—
"Oh, England gave us fathers,
And our sons we'll give her back!"

Where the shingle beaches
Stretch for ninety miles,
Where along the upland plain
Sunny pasture smiles,
Where upon the hillside
Sways the supplejack,
Hear, "England gave us fathers,
And our sons we give her back!"

England's chain of battle
Circles every sea,
Add another link to it—
Strong, if small it be,
Now she draws it tighter,
Help pull in the slack—
"If England gave us fathers,
Then her sons we give her back."

Keep faith, young New Zealand,
Lies with you our fame;
You are playing "Forwards" now
In the grim old game.
Take your fire—baptism
From the Mauser's crack—
Ah, England gave us fathers,
But our sons we give her back!

Go from old Otago,
Strong, and staunch, and stern;
Go from sunny Auckland homes,
Bowered deep in fern;
Go where choking snowdrift
Blinds the swift attack—
As we are sons of England,
So our sons we give her back!

Let your hearts be steadfast,
Fight for God and truth;
Deep the honour that is laid
On you in your youth.
May His arm uphold you
In the battle wrack.
You now are Sons of Empire—
Sons we give Old England back.

Brown and kahki-coated,
Over seas they come;
Beating up the Transvaal front
To seek the Boers at home.
Teach them the true colours
Of our Union Jack.
We give our sons to England.
God in mercy bring them back.

KERON HALE.

Landscape and Life in Japan.

By W. Gray Dixon, M.A.,

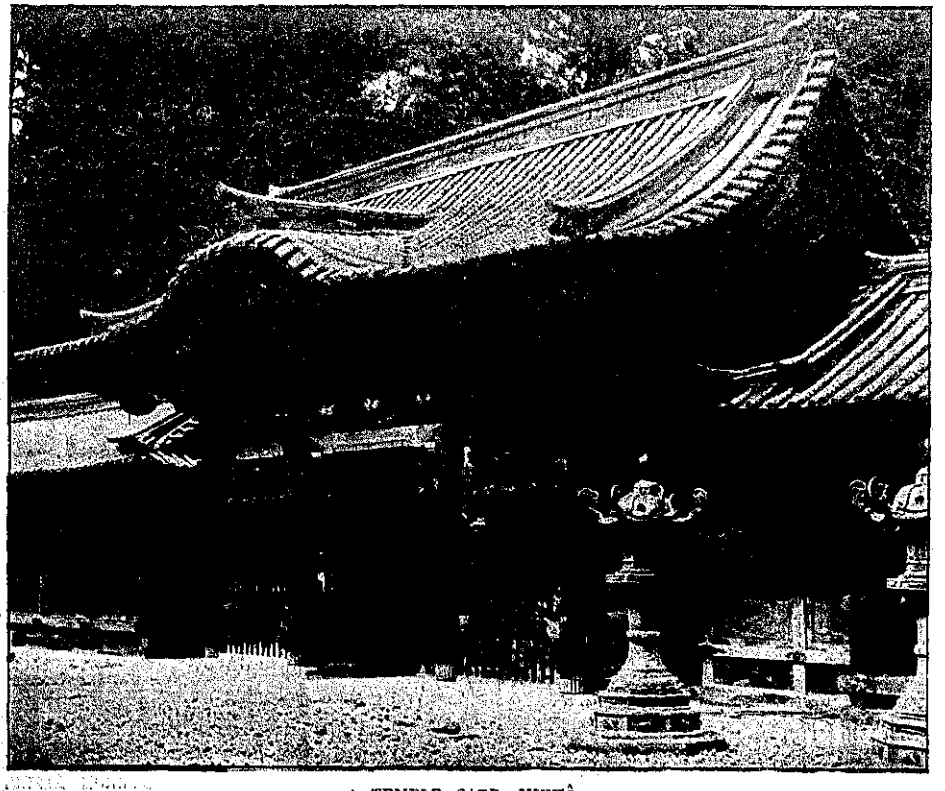
Sometime Professor of English in the Imperial College of Engineering, Tokyo.

Author of *The Land of the Morning.*

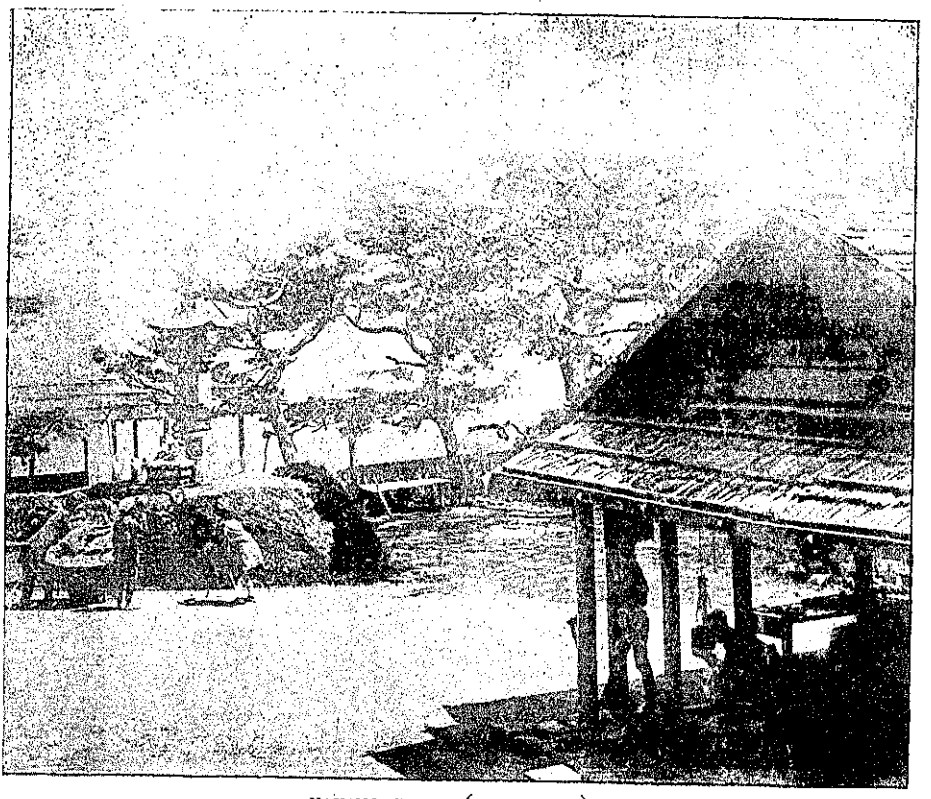
[concluded].

We find our way now into the cities and note how their teeming life is touched by the landscape.

Most fascinating of all the cities of Japan is undoubtedly Kyôto. It is one of the pre-eminently romantic cities of the world. The fact that for twelve centuries it was the hallowed seat of the Emperors, adored as the Sons of Heaven, would alone invest it with no dim halo, even did it not present such exceptional charms of nature and of art. It is a city of five hundred temples and of two thousand professional singing girls, a city of picturesque

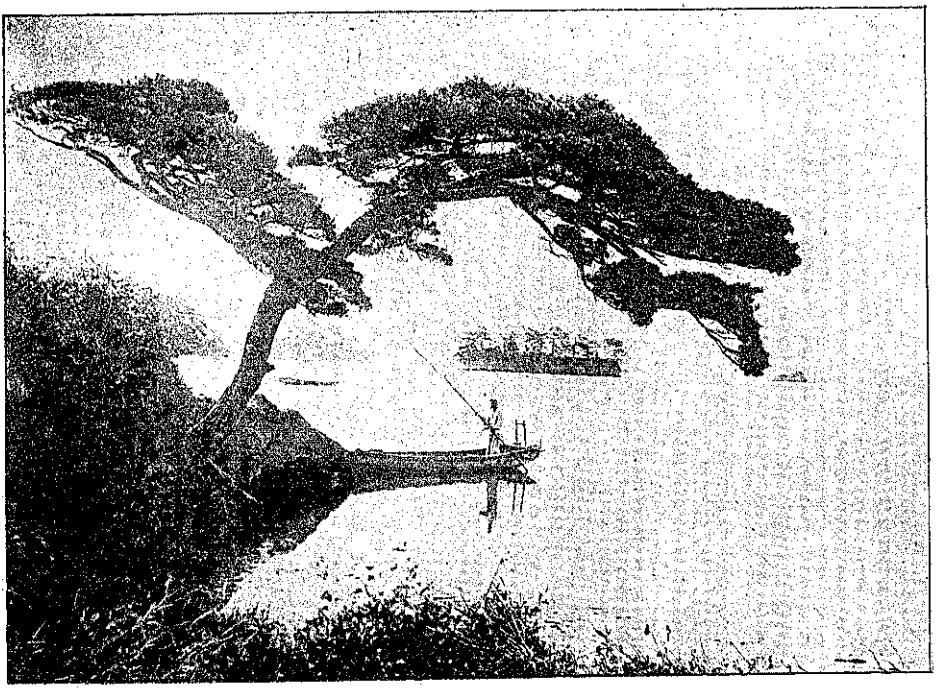


A TEMPLE GATE, NIKKÔ.

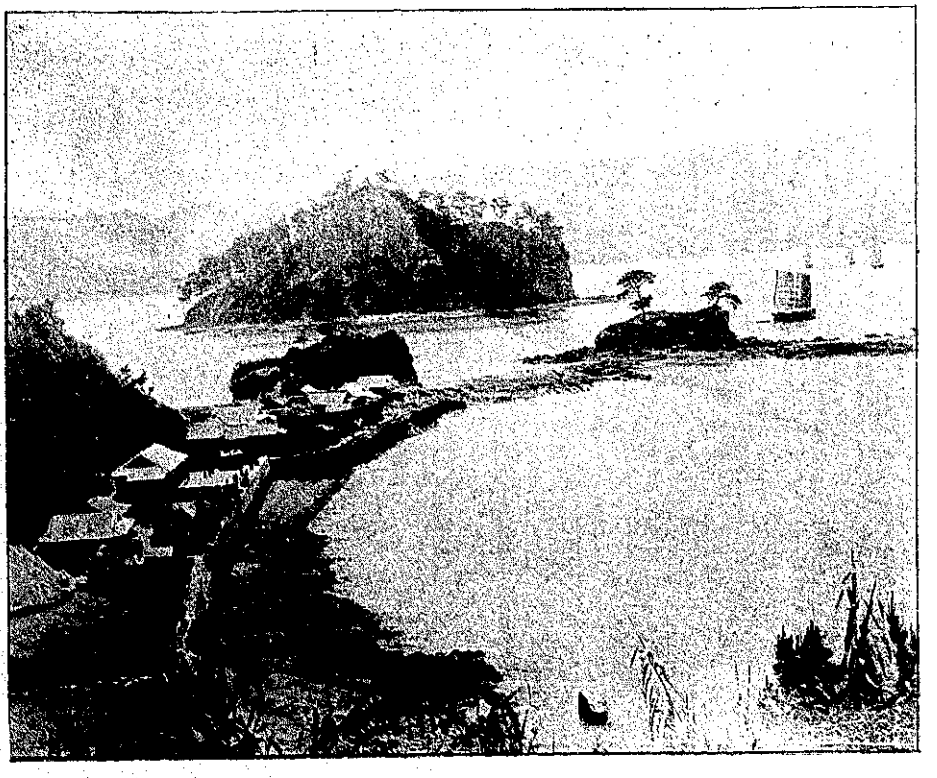


NAKANO CHAYA (TEA HOUSE).

A WAYSIDE RESTING PLACE.



VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA.



PAPENBERG NAGASAKI.

solemnities and equally picturesque gaieties. I can see it in the moonlight from the wooded slopes that overlook it from the east. Orderly and elegant it lies in its long valley, divided by the pebbly bed and clear waters of the Kamo-gawa. Imposing avenues ascend these slopes to venerable shrines, marvels of architecture in wood, slumbering perennially in the shadow of their tremendous overhanging roofs and in the soft light that filters through their dense groves. There to the right hangs the seventy-ton bell of the ancient temple of Chionin, and when it sounds it is not a ring but a roar. Regular dots of light mark the tidy symmetrical streets. That dark area to the right is the domain of the Imperial Palace, the holy of holies of old Japan, of which the ancient poet sings:

"Gentle is the rise of the hills,
Bearing hundreds of trees,
Pleasant is the murmur of the rapids,
As downward they rush.

"So long as in the spring-time
(When the nightingale comes and sings)
On the rocks brocade-like flowers blossom,
Brightening the mountain-foot:

"So long as in the autumn
(When the stag calls to his mate)
The red leaves fall hither and thither
Wounded by the showers,
The heavens beclouding:

"For many thousand years
May his life be prolonged
To rule over all under heaven
In the great palace,
Destined to remain unchanged
For hundreds of ages."

But the Emperor is no longer there: he is in Tôkyô, and every one may see him, and if he is less of a god, he is more of a man, and if he has adapted himself to the ways of those vulgar foreigners, no one can deny that he has done it well, with rare good sense and discrimination and to the lasting glory of Japan. Beyond the city looms behind the bewitching veil of the moonlight a range of Arcadian mountains, notably the wooded and beflowered Arashi-yama famous in Japanese song. And now, looking again upon the city, we note certain ruddy lights, not in lines like the others, but in clusters scattered lengthwise through the area of buildings. That is the bed of the river, and these are the lanterns of hundreds of holiday-makers holding festival on little platforms above the cool gurgling water. You may hear their laughter rippling up from the city life, when the *basso-profundo* bell has ceased to rumble, you may hear it mingling with the trills of *geisha* and the strums of guitars and the wailing music of the temples. The

A GEISHA.

air is strong with the scent of daphne, and the cicada is chirruping lustily. Who can outlive the spell of Kyôto?

The naturally much less picturesque city of Tôkyô, the ancient Yedo, is nevertheless also a world of romantic inspiration. If it lies flat, it is yet dominated by the most beautiful mountain in the world. Fuji, the Peerless, is sixty miles off as the crow flies, but nevertheless he dominates this mighty city of a million and a quarter inhabitants. No home that cannot see him is deemed quite lucky.

He is their white priest linking them to heaven. Look at these lively, happy, bowing, chattering, singing crowds in the streets. What a good-natured, high-spirited people they are with their sparkling black eyes and courteous manners! How motley, too, with their blending of New Japan with the Old!—a moving mass of blue with

TEACHING WRITING.

here and there a flash of pink from a girdle and petticoat, and here and there a touch of brown or green or black or other quiet colour, men in European dress, men in Japanese dress; men in a mixture of both, women happily in their own inimitable dress, which so well accords with their charms. The shopkeepers, squatting on their matted floors open to the street, are bowing

customers out and in. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, the wooden clogs ring on the stone pavement, while stall-keepers and trotting pedlars bawl the merits of their wares in every key, and street singers in strident tones accompany their guitars. Nondescript 'bus conductors, with a hungry look of importunity upon their faces, keep hailing pedestrians from the steps of their conveyances, or leap down, and, walking by the side of some one they have marked out, eagerly pour into his ears the advantages of taking a 'bus, until the distance between themselves and their conveyances has so widened that a violent run has to be made to overtake them again. An occasional phaeton passes, driven by its owner, while the groom with his light pants

and long sleeves outspread like wings runs in front clearing the way, or it is a horseman who passes heralded in like manner. And innumerable are the jin-riki-shas, a sort of compromise between the old and the new, most of them with one runner, but some with two or even three, some going at an easy jog-trot, others spinning along furiously, clearing other carriages by mere hair's

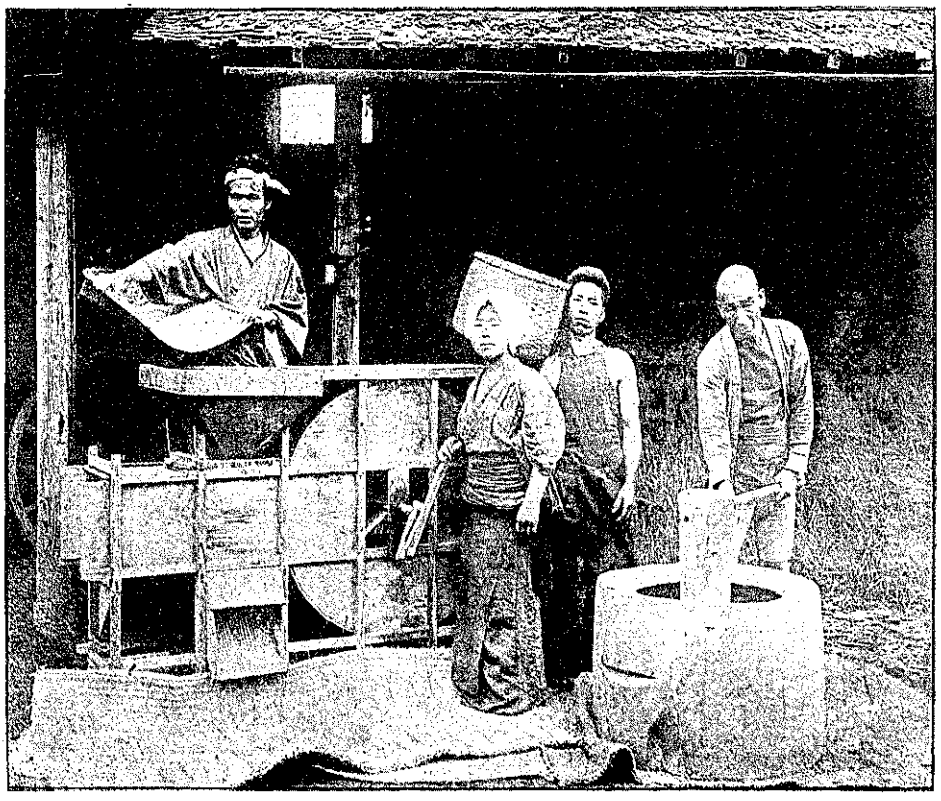
COMBING HER HAIR.

breadths, and making sudden curves which threaten to send their occupants flying on to the road, while their drawers leap and whoop and seem at the highest pitch of enjoyment. The streets are fairly wide and at right angles, the blocks of a uniform length, every house, every individual in every house, carefully registered, and as each branch street opens out to us, there, above the Western-Eastern activities, the streets and institutions, ancient and modern, the extensive moats and battlements, and the wall of mountains beyond the rolling plain, keeps watch the tutelary divinity, silent, unsullied, sublime before the Most High, Fuji the Peerless. Various are the aspects of the all-impressive cone: sometimes dark purple against a twilight sky, again ashen grey, again, though sixty miles away, gleaming spectral through the moonlight; sometimes almost overlooked; for what is that far up above the white belt of cloud standing out in a patch of blue sky like a white lily in a lake? It seems too high for any mountain to be, but it is none the less the snowy summit of Fuji, and the devout Buddhist will tell you that it has eight

peaks around its edge like the eight petals of the lotus. Or, it may be that, instead of being the last, Fuji is the first object to catch the eye, as he flashes silvery in a cloudless autumn sky, his symmetrical lines clear-cut, or the summit blurred by what looks like smoke but is really the snow spinning before the wind. Sometimes at evening these wreaths of snow are lit up with the glory of the setting sun, and to the citizens of Yedo it seems as if their sacred mountain had again broken out in eruption after a rest of well nigh two centuries. And however seen, this truly matchless mountain ever asserts himself as the genius of the city, and the oftener he is seen the more deeply does he sink into one's soul and become part of oneself.

A few notes of how the life of the people follows the procession of the seasons may fitly bring these sketches to a close.

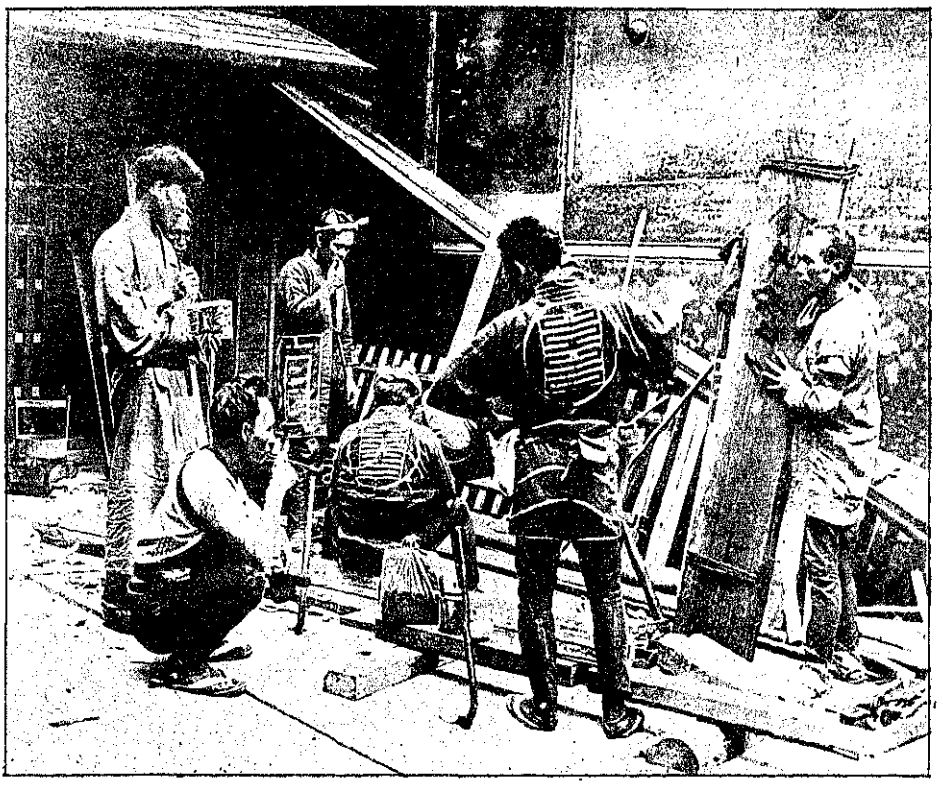
Of all the times of rejoicing the New Year is the chief. This formerly fell in February, but is now celebrated according to our calendar. Striking features of the season are the decorations erected in front of nearly every door. The objects composing these are as follow:—On our right as we face the door is a *me-matsu* (*pinus densiflora*), and on our left an *ô-matsu* (*pinus thunbergius*), both standing upright: the former is supposed to be of the female, and the latter of the male sex, and both symbolize a robust age that has withstood the storms and trials of life.



CLEANING AND POUNDING RICE.

Immediately behind each of the pines is a bamboo, the straight stem of which, with the knots marking its growth, indicates hale life and fulness of years. A straw rope of about six feet in length connects the bamboo seven or more feet from the ground, thus completing the triumphal arch. In the centre of this rope, which is there to ward off evil spirits, is a group of several objects. The most conspicuous of these is probably a scarlet lobster, the bent back of which symbolizes old age. This is embedded in

branches of the *yusuri* (*melia Japonica*), the older leaves of which still remain after the young ones have been shed. "So may the parents continue to flourish, while children and grandchildren spring forth!" Another plant in the central group is the *polypodium dicotomon* of Thünberg, a fern which is regarded as a symbol of conjugal life, because the fronds spring in pairs from the stem. *Gohei*, pieces of twisted paper supposed to attract the spirits of propitious gods, are



CARPENTERS AT WORK.

scattered here and there. Then there may be also a *daidai*, or bitter orange, which through a play upon its name (which also means "generations") indicates a wish that the family pedigree may prosper. Another pun is involved in the presence of a piece of *sumi* (charcoal), that word having the additional meaning of "to dwell" and "to be easy in mind." The piece of seaweed (*holochloa macrantha*) has a historical significance: tradition says that this plant was used to feed the horses of the Empress Jingô during her invasion of Korea in our third century, so invigorating them that in the strength of it they rushed to victory. The other seaweed decoration, the *kobu* (*laminaria saccharina*) through a pun on its name indicates joy. Besides all these there is probably a lucky bag filled with chestnuts, the roe of the herring, the seeds of the *torreya nucifera*, and the dried fruit of the *kaki* (persimmon); and there may be a ship of fortune made of twisted straw, and represented as loaded with luxuries

When the snow comes, the children, like their brothers and sisters in Europe, build forts and fight mimic battles and make snow men. The personage whose effigy is most popular is Daruma, a disciple of Buddha, who, by long meditation in a squatting position, lost the power of his limbs. Sometimes Geiho is represented. Geiho is one of the gods of good luck, and has a forehead so high that a ladder is needed to reach his crown. In winter the youngsters

also find much enjoyment in walking on stilts through the snow.

Then spring! Scarcely are the New Year festivities over, when, through the snow that has fallen on the plum-tree branches, there begin to peep buds of pink and white, and in a week or two the numerous gardens, which everywhere pad the low roofs of the city, are bright and fragrant. In the suburbs are gardens specially devoted to the plum blossom, and thither the father betakes himself, accompanied by his wife and family, all dressed in their best. A blooming damsel effusively welcomes them, and conducts them to one of the many matted platforms which are scattered throughout the little plum grove. Squatted on this, they refresh themselves with tea and sweetmeats, and, inspired with the beauty of the rich pink clusters which overhang them, the elders write quaint couplets on slips of paper and affix them to the branches. The cloudless sky, the scented air, mild with just a whiff of the snowy mountains, the masses of bloom unbroken but by the thin lines of the boughs, the twittering birds rocked in the blue, the stillness only accentuated by the drone of a humming kite flown by the children—all combine to make a scene of elysian happiness and peace.

Soon thereafter the peach and the camellia have their gala, the peach beloved by the elves, "the camellia of eight thousand years." But queen of the spring blossoms is that of the cherry. An avenue of two miles on the further bank of the Sumida river near Tôkyô is devoted to this flower. To the flower, mark you, not the fruit, for to this romantic people beauty is more than utility. Nothing but cherry bloom on either side and overhead for two miles—it is one of the sights of the world. In the avenue it is difficult to make one's way, so dense is the throng. But at the side are

MAKING TEA.

little gardens with tea-houses, where breathing space may be had, as well as refreshments, a specialty of the place and season being a drink flavoured with cherry-blossom. It is a merry scene. The endless vista of over-arching boughs, as white as if laden with snow-flakes, each breath of wind scattering a shower of delicate petals, the cheerful crowd of holiday-makers moving quietly or sitting in rest-houses with their tasteful attire and winsome manners, the peals of laughter and fugitive strains of music, the tidy pavilioned pleasure-boats moored to the stakes which support the sedgy river-bank, one or two white sails of barges moving up or down stream, a glimpse of the upper reaches of the river, with its low, grassy banks and a reedy islet in mid-channel, cityward the pagoda and great temple roofs of Asakusa, and above the vast city, with its grey roofs, sprinkling of white walls, and wooded bluffs, the inspiration of Fuji, the Peerless. We are nipping ourselves to see if we are in the body.

A month later we will take a house-boat up the river and along canals branching to the eastward to Kameido, sacred to the wistaria (Japanese *fuji*). Here there is a lake overhung with trellises of bamboo, from which multitudes of the tapering blossoms, so exquisite in form and tint and fragrance, droop like stalactites, making beautiful ceilings for the matted platforms on which groups of holiday-makers sit and feast and sound their praise. Your umbrella may not be long enough to measure some of these wonderful flowers.

Early in summer the peony attracts its admirers, and the artificial lakes at Horikiri bloom with three hundred varieties of irises. August brings the great pink or white bulbs of the sacred lotus, rising beside its immense parasol-like leaves, on the waters of the castle-moat.

GIRLS AT HOME.

" The waters are soiled and dark below—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)
Why art thou fair as a flake of snow ?
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)

" Over the waters thy lifted leaves—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)
Thrill with the fragrance their heart receives—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)

"Now is the mystery plain to me—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)
Heaven came down with its love to thee—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)

"And *the angel* in thee arose to view,
Crystalline pure from the mire she grew—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)
Morning and even the gift was new,
Heaven that came in a drop of dew—
(Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower !)"

And when autumn comes, it is the most glorious season of all, as beautiful in its death as even the spring-time in its life. Only North America can compare with Japan for the brilliancy and variety of the colours that shine beneath "the slanting light of fall." The maple, of almost every shade, from purple-black to vermilion, the maiden-hair oak, a huge mass of bright yellow—these, with many trees well-known in England, make the picture of autumn a companion blaze of glory to that of spring. And it is in autumn that the Japanese national flower, the chrysanthemum, blooms with its amazing versatility. This awakens patriotism no less than æsthetic emotion, for from time immemorial it has been the badge of the Emperor, and the palace garden is all-glorious with it. One way of displaying the chrysanthemum is to weave of it costumes for life-size figures. This is done on the largest scale at Daugozaka, in the Tôkyô suburbs. Here are arrayed many *tableaux* in illustration of scenes from Japanese history and mythology, the figures of which have their heads and limbs of enamelled clay, but their dresses are entirely of chrysanthemum flowers of various colours. A poet of old Japan has thus sung of the chrysanthemum, the *motif* of his song the ancient fancy that the dewy juices in its heart are the elixir of life :—

"O bloom of chrysanthemums,
Fabled of old
A fountain of rapture
And sweetness untold,

"The dewy wine sparkled
With life in its flame,
And mortals partaking
Immortal became.

"But lo ! there hath opened
A wonderful flower ;
For *God's Love* hath blossomed,
Soul-life in its dower.

And its petals shall shine
More enduring than thine,
With their fabulous treasures of life-giving wine—

"Far Fairyland's store—
And its dewdrops shall glow,
And its fragrance shall grow
From more unto more,
While the years come and go !"

May the ancient imperial chrysanthemum, the vitality at whose heart has so vividly expressed itself in the recent new departure of the Japanese nation, contribute of its elixir of life for many a generation to come to the onward march of mankind.

THE END.

One Hundred Years Hence.

By P. J. O'Regan.

ALTHOUGH the public is wont to regard predictions with an amount of scepticism, which is natural under the circumstances, there is absolutely no reason to doubt the accuracy of that foreknowledge which comes from reading the past and the trend of current events aright. Progress cannot be denied, and there is no difficulty in predicting what will happen in the next century if we consider the logical issue of many movements now going on quietly, almost imperceptibly, but none the less surely.

It is certain that our descendants a century hence will look back on a period of marvellous development. We sometimes wonder at the achievements of the present century; but they will pale into insignificance when compared, one hundred years hence, with the realities of the twentieth century. Then will have been achieved universal peace — peace between nations as the complement of domestic and national peace. Armies and navies will have become things of history, and the emblems of war in connection with great functions will be meaningless to those whose memories do not go back to the days of legalised murder. People will wonder why professing Christians so long tolerated war. Just now, when England is in the throes of a bloody fight in South Africa, this may seem a wild impracticable dream. Nevertheless the tendency of the times is all for peace. But in order to realise this clearly we must take a survey of the past. We shall then realise that war will go the way of gladiatorial combats, of duelling, of slavery, and many other customs once believed to be as unchangeable as the hills. Time was when war was deemed the chief aim of nations. Even virtue was construed to mean prowess on the battlefield. Then trade and industry were considered the baser callings. The "first gentlemen" were those who revelled in military glory. That time has passed forever. Trade is now the road to the highest and most honourable positions, and no form of honest labour is so proscribed that he who follows it may not rise to positions of trust and of high respect. The growth of trade—"the harbinger of peace"—will be marvellous within the next century; indeed, it will be one of its greatest wonders. The international exhibitions and trade congresses will eclipse anything yet attempted. The number of ocean-going vessels will increase beyond the limits of imagination. Ships will be propelled solely by electricity; indeed, steam, as a motive power, whether on sea or land, will be almost obsolete. Fares will be merely nominal, and people who do not travel will be the exception. Of course the result of all this will be to break the barriers of nationality; in fact, it will be difficult to discriminate national origin, at any rate among English-speaking people, a century hence. All this necessarily must promote a cordial feeling of kinship among nations, and it will, therefore, be readily understood with what aversion war will be regarded.

The dream of Isaac Pitman will be so near realisation that complete phonetic spelling will be considered on all sides only a matter of time. This will conduce marvellously to the spread of the English language, and the people of the twentieth century will agree

as its finally becoming the universal tongue.

Slum life in cities will be a thing of the past, as also will that curious paradox of modern life—involuntary poverty. Individual fortunes will not be so large as now. But the aggregate amount of wealth will be much greater—a statement which will be readily believed if the reader bears in mind that every pair of hands, now compulsorily idle, means so much wealth lost to the community, besides which further labour-saving appliances will enormously facilitate production. There will of course be a much greater diffusion of wealth; in fact, everyone will possess exactly what his or her labour produces. Greed is an abnormal quality—due to social conditions based on a false foundation. Men are never greedy of water, or sunshine, or air, because they are always assured of enough of these gifts of the Creator. In the twentieth century men will always be assured of abundance of all they need, and hence they will "take no thought for the morrow," knowing well that the morrow will provide for itself. With the fear of want selfishness will undoubtedly disappear, and people will work for the love of work, not for mere personal gain.

Trades organizations, conciliation boards, old age pensions, life insurance, and mortgages will be no more, because the need for them will have passed away. There will be no laws for the recovery of debts. People will pay cash for everything, and books will be kept for statistical purposes only. The State will be the sole banker, and paper will be legal tender. All laws of entail and primogeniture will belong to the wretched past Men will not think of accumulating wealth for their children since, obviously, there will be no need to do so in a state of society where everyone is able to provide himself with abundance There will be palatial public schools, but a great many people will prefer private tuition, some even engaging teachers in their own homes. On account of the growth of technical instruction, the schools of the next century will closely resemble factories and workshops.

Under such happy social conditions, it is no matter for surprise that people should soon realise the utter folly of war. Trade, travel, and education will be the great peace agencies. Already they are at work, but men thwart them with so-called protective tariffs and jealousies.

Suicide will be very rare, because of the absence of that incessant strain and worry which are such marked features of modern life. Crimes against property are chiefly modern. They will be unknown in the twentieth century, and other crimes will be very rare, and will generally be treated as diseases. The span of human life will be much longer, and mortality will be little greater among infants than among adults. Marriage will be early, and unmarried people, except in the cases of people of scientific pursuits or of religious orders, will be so rare as to excite remark. Atheism, scepticism, pessimism, and many allied vagaries will be unknown, and historians will regard them as the eccentricities of unnational and unjust social conditions. There will be no patent laws; indeed, inventors will feel an intense pride in making gifts of their contrivances to their fellowmen. Honour and glory will be the reward alike of the inventor, the man of science, the sculptor, the painter, and the athlete.

The microbe of cancer will be known, as also will that of baldness, and both will be mastered by the men of the twentieth century. The plague, tuberculosis, typhoid, diptheria, and similar diseases will be so rare that their occurrence will be conclusive proof of insanitary surroundings, and the civic authorities will at once proceed to vigorously eradicate the cause.

Music and painting will be indispensible accomplishments for women, and sculpture will rival Athenian excellence. In the few cases of insanity or deformity the friends of the afflicted will gladly provide for them, and there will therefore be no public institutions for their detention. Evolution will have become a settled principle with certain modifications, chief of which will be

that the struggle for existence will not be held to apply to human life.

Railways, telegraph lines, telephones, and postal services will be free, as are our own public libraries, museums and art galleries. One grand result of all this will necessarily be to do away with the congestion of people in towns; indeed, in the twentieth century it will be very difficult to tell where the town ends and the country begins. The residents of towns will thus be able to get more of the pure air and enjoyment of country life, while country folk will know no more of that monotonous existence to which so many are condemned nowadays. My readers naturally ask, where will the public revenue come from? I answer from the unearned increment of land. Land will be common property, and our descendants will be amazed when they learn that once upon a time there were such institutions as human slavery and private property in land. This change will be affected by gradually remitting all taxes, and taking the revenue by a land tax, so-called from the rent of land. Rent will be found to be ample, especially as there will be no costly Customs taxation, and the functions of Government will have become so enormously simplified. Let the reader imagine how simplified Government must necessarily be when the State is sole landowner if there are no laws of entail or primogenture, no Custom House, no laws to recover debt, no State Insurance, or old age pensions, and he will easily see how much cheaper it will be. Aerial navigation will be practicable, but not for the carriage of goods. The functions of local bodies will be greatly extended. The municipalities will own trams, water supplies, lighting, hotels, etc., and the members thereof will be elected by universal sufferage.

There will also be great political changes. Members of Parliament will be elected by the Hare system. There will be no electorates as we now have them, and no polling day. Each voter will receive a voting form through the post, and he or she will fill this and return it within a prescribed time. Ministers will be elected by Parliament, and will be eligible for election to the Imperial Parliament by the people. Women will be eligible for seats in Parliament, and for all the learned professions. Second Chambers will still exist, but they will consist only of the heads of all the learned professions. Their speeches will be distributed free in order to add to the common store of knowledge. There will be no aristocracy except an aristocracy of merit. The most conspicuous buildings will be cathedrals, churches, libraries, museums, schools, and universities.

Great also will be the changes in the world of science. There will be no idea of force, as apart from matter. The "conservation of energy" will be considered an exploded fallacy. Our ideas of what we call matter too, will be radically changed; indeed, the term will be deemed to include a great deal more than is now comprehended by it. For instance the diameter of the earth will be found to be in reality much greater than is now supposed; in fact, its revolution round the sun will be found to be analagous to the motion of a rapidly-spinning top along a piece of cardboard held stiffly against it. The Newtonian doctrine of gravitation will be upset. The student of the twentieth century will be taught not that matter is constantly tending to motion, but that it is constantly tending to equalisation, which is never obtained, motion, as we call it, being the result. Heat, light, electricity, and magnetism will be regarded as different manifestations of the same principle of excitation, caused by the reciprocal action of matter on matter in its main effort to reach a state of equalisation. On this principle will be explained many vexing problems physical and psychological, including the cause of earthquakes, hardness and solidity, mesmerism, spiritualism, etc. Scientific men will not wonder then what becomes of that vast portion of the sun's light and heat which the earth does not intercept, since it will be found that the heat and light we receive are consequent on the different states of excitation as between sun and earth, and the earth's motion on its own axis will be explained by the same cause. It will be found

that when equalisation is nearly established as between the sun and that portion of the earth which is turned towards it, the influence of the sun is powerfully exerted on that part which is averted, the result being constant evolution.* It will be found also that what seems repulsion of the magnet is really always attraction, or excitation; the same idea will supersede that of the conduction and induction of electricity.

Such are a few of the many changes which will distinguish the century on which we are soon to enter. My readers may be sceptical, but they will live to see some of the changes themselves. Civilization has been pre-ordained from the beginning as being man's proper state in this world, and what I have endeavoured to depict is but the logical outcome of powerful if soluble forces now at work.

To what extent will New Zealand be affected by all these changes? It is of course difficult to say precisely. But we may rest assured that our country will not be a laggard in the race of progress. The changes I have endeavoured to outline will affect the whole world more or less, and there is no reason to doubt that New Zealand will maintain that reputation for social advancement which has already given her a high place among nations. Of course perfect freedom of trade will solve the question of Federation—both Imperial and Colonial. Her vast resources will enable her to carry an immense population; in fact, at the end of the twentieth century she should contain fully 10,000,000 of people. An express electric train will run to and fro twice daily from Auckland to Wellington. A splendid electric ferry service will convey passengers across Cook Straits, and the "iron horse" will speed on from Picton to the Bluff. The goldmining, gum and timber industries will have practically ceased. What little gold will be found in New Zealand a hundred years hence will come from deep-level quartz veins. Frozen meat, wool, butter, grain, cereals of all sorts, and iron will be the chief items of export. Where are now primitive mountain fastnesses will be picturesque roads and splendid hotels in consequence of the immense tourist traffic. The Maori race will not have become extinct, but will be becoming absorbed in the white population. The colony will include the Cook Islands.

The reader who does not believe I have exaggerated the potentialities of the coming century—or should I say the potentialities of human nature?—will agree that New Zealand, and indeed the world generally, will be much better as a place of abode a hundred years hence. But I would point out in conclusion that our highest aim should be to leave our country and the world better for our having lived. In this will be found the highest degree of human happiness now attainable, and by this means alone can we make the lot of those who are to come after us better and brighter than our own.

*See "Some Unrecognised Laws of Nature" by Singer and Behrens.—John Murray, London.

The Thing in the Box.

By Alice A. Kenny.

Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

For the Children.

"THIS is an awfully rum-looking box," said Cuthbert to his brother.

"I don't see anything rum about it," responded Jack, taking it in his hand. "Indian, isn't it, by the stink," and he sniffed gingerly at the lid.

It was the first day of their holidays, which they were spending with their uncle in Auckland.

Uncle James was an Anglo-Indian, a retired officer, who had come to live in New Zealand, and his house was full of delightful curiosities dear to the hearts of boys. Wonderful shields and weapons adorned the walls of the dining-room and hall. Everywhere were cunning swords of Indian workmanship, curious idols and images, pottery, paintings and all manner of things.

Uncle James, whom his two nephews found a pleasant, but somewhat stern, old gentleman, had been obliged to go out on business directly after lunch, and, as it was raining, he had shown the two boys his private sanctum, and told them they might amuse themselves with any thing therein, excepting the contents of a certain cupboard. Their cousin Roderick was due by the six o'clock train that evening, and they were looking forward with pleasure to his arrival.

What possessed Uncle James to ask three rowdy schoolboys to his quiet and orderly home? It would be hard to say. Perhaps it was a sense of duty towards his married brothers, who were well-to-do settlers in different parts of the Auckland province. The last words their father had said to Cuthbert and Jack were these:

"Now mind you behave yourselves. Have a good time, and see everything; enjoy yourselves, but don't get into mischief. Your Uncle James is not used to boys, and he won't stand any nonsense, so mind!"

The rain fell steadily all the afternoon, or the boys would have been out exploring. Cuthbert was desirous of spending most of his time on the wharves, and Jack had a firm intention of doing his duty by the Museum and Art Gallery.

But at present, there being nothing better to do, Cuthbert prowled round and round the room examining everything, while Jack teased Uncle James' dog, which was old and fat, into a perfect frenzy.

Cuthbert was mindful of Uncle James' prohibition at first, but somehow one door of the cupboard came ajar, and the curious little box before mentioned caught his eye, and he pulled it out just to see what it was like.

Once in his hand what more natural than that he should put his finger in the little nick in the lid and draw it back.

What he discovered made him jump and gasp for breath, and then look hurriedly round to see if Jack had observed him.

Jack had not, so he closed the lid and offered the box to him with the remark already recorded.

"Wonder what's in it?" said Jack, "feels light, doesn't it?"

"Have a squint inside," suggested Cuthbert, which was his way of saying, "Open it." Jack accordingly prepared to squint; he drew back the lid, it was a sliding one, while Cuthbert, in delight, awaited the result.

His nerves were exceptionally good, but Jack's were not. He uttered a sharp yell, and promptly dropped the box, which was only saved from a fall by Cuthbert's ready hand.

"Look out, you ass! We should get into an awful row with *him* if it got smashed," he remonstrated, but Jack only replied in agitated accents.

"What a beast of a thing!"

"Why, you're shaking," cried Cuthbert, quite charmed. "You are a mutton! It's no end of a thing."

Jack was examining the back of his hand.

"It's made a mark," he said, rubbing the place, "but it didn't punch a hole. Keep it away from me; I don't want to see the beastly thing."

"Why, it's not alive, you goat! Isn't it cunning though?" remarked the amused Cuthbert. "By Jove, it did give me a start, but I didn't make such a hullabaloo as you did about it. It would be a go if we broke it. I took it out of the cupboard."

"Then you'd better put it back and look sharp," returned Jack. "You'd have uncle in you're wool and no mistake, if he knew! You'd no business to touch it."

"You're mighty good, aren't you?" retorted Cuthbert, "only it's come on too sudden. Oh, ginger! I wish this were mine—I wonder if he'd sell it? I would have larks with it at school!"

"You'd jolly soon get it collared, I know," said Jack, still severe; but the thought of this treasure at school made his face relax.

"It would be a lark," he admitted. "I'd like to catch young Blakey with it; he's so blamed smart about everything—and some of the girls! By Jove, wouldn't they screech?"

"*Some* of the boys can do that all right," answered Cuthbert, and winked, whereupon Jack threw a heavy silk and bead-work cushion at him. Cuthbert dodged, and the cushion struck on the image of some cross-legged deity, and forthwith hurled him from his bracket.

"You've done it now!" cried Cuthbert in dismay.

"Its all your fault," returned Jack, equally alarmed. "Why didn't you stop there; it wouldn't have hurt *you?*"

"Likely," said his brother, "go and pick it up; it mightn't be broken."

Luckily it was not. Jack restored it to its place, and tossed the cushion back on to the sofa.

How all these things smell!" he remarked to Cuthbert, who had seated himself on a tiger skin on the floor.

"Um! yes," said that young man, still busy with the mysterious box, "sandal wood and pepper." Jack reclined on the couch and flourished his knicker-bockered legs in the air, studying the curious things on the wall, and discussing them sagely with his brother.

Suddenly a glorious idea struck Cuthbert. He got up and danced gaily across the room, clasping the box, and then hit Jack on the shoulder and apprised him of his thought. "We'll try it on young Roderick; that's a good idea. Won't it give him a scare? What do you say, Jack? He'll take hold of it and start the lid back like you, and won't he get a fright! It's the best lark out!"

The idea found favour in Jack's sight, and he lay and laughed at the thought of Roderick's alarm until he remembered that they had no business with the box, and would probably get into trouble if found with it in their possession. Cuthbert thought for a while, and then opined that he'd get a chance somehow.

Just as the servant girl came to summon them to tea, the door bell rang sharply and in bounced cousin Roderick with his bag and overcoat, and a loud salutation of "What cheer, blokes?"

His mode of entrance was sufficient to show that Uncle James was not with him, and as he hung up his overcoat and threw his cap into a corner, he explained:

"Uncle met me at the station and sent me on. He told me to say that he can't get home till about eight. We are to have our tea, and not wait for him. Come on, blokes!"

The "blokes" accordingly adjourned to the dining-room, dispensing for the occasion with the formalities of hair-brushing and hand-washing.

Cuthbert undertook the tea-making, and the housekeeper and the girl retired to the kitchen, shaking their heads over the unusual uproar beginning in the dining-room.

The three boys round the table were perfectly happy. They ate, drank and shouted anecdotes at one another with a running fire of raillery and laughter.

"Such a lark coming down in the train," vociferated Roderick, with his mouth full of cake. "There was an old bloke, such a sight, and there was a young chap got in, and he stowed his dog, a grand little terrier it was, up in the rack, so as the guard wouldn't drop on him, you know—"

"More likely the dog would drop on the guard up there," said Jack, kicking at Cuthbert, who was neglecting his duty of listening to Roderick.

"Stop it, can't you!" cried Cuthbert.

"Well, give me some more tea then, not such slush as the last, and more sugar. Get out, I'll make it myself!"

"You won't!" quoth Cuthbert, rising up with the sugar basin. "I'll sugar your head for you."

HE LOOSED HIS HOLD ON THE BOX INSTANTLY, AND SHRIEKED HYSTERICALLY.

After a short struggle, in which the teapot was overturned, and the butter knocked off on to the hearth-rug, where an expectant cat was waiting, Jack got his tea and returned to his seat.

Meanwhile Roderick's narrative had flowed cheerfully on, and at this point became audible again.

"He thought it was me, and he said to me, 'You little rip, you; for two pins I'd pitch you out of the carriage!' He was in a Scot!"

"Have a cake," replied Cuthbert, who was steaming gently, having received the teapot in his arms. "Pass Rod a cake, you lout!"

"It's all right," answered Roderick, "I'm trying some of this stuff. Where's the butter?"

"Inside the cat mostly," said Jack, discovering and picking up the dish. "S'cat, you beast!" and he kicked the dignified Thomas off the rug.

The conversation turned presently on all they intended doing during this delightful holiday. Roderick was not new to the town, but his cousins were, and they began to lay plans that could scarcely have been carried out in three months. There were inter-colonial football matches to be seen; there was a man-of-war in harbour, which Uncle James had promised to take them over, and any number of excursions to make. After tea, when the table was cleared, they indulged in a little horseplay, a thing which must have been a revelation to Major Elliot's chairs and couches, and then Roderick threw open the piano and sat down to play with a pink lamp shade on his head.

This was the moment Cuthbert chose for his "lark." Winking at Jack, he slipped out of the room, and finding his way to the study, took the mysterious box out of the cupboard. When he came back Roderick was thumping away and shouting:

> "Oh! I'm a British soldier
> Of the dashing Light Brigade,
> And mid war's dreadful horrors
> I never feel a-fraid."

He was just beginning to expatiate musically upon the difficulty Britannia's sons find in ever, ev-er, yielding, when Cuthbert thrust the box under his nose, and interrupted him without ceremony.

"Look at this, Rod," he said, "one of uncle's old Indian things."

"What is it?" asked Roderick, twirling round on the piano-stool, and cocking the lamp shade over one eye. "A box—what's in it—anything to eat?"

"Not likely," said Cuthbert, innocently, and Jack in the background doubled up with a sudden emotion.

"Let's have a look," said Roderick. "How does it open? Oh, I see!"

He put his forefinger in the notch, and unsuspectingly jerked back the lid. But before it was half off there darted out with lightning-like rapidity a hideous counterfeit snake, with curved back and wicked darting head, it struck viciously at the boy's hand.

Cuthbert and Jack were waiting ready to burst into a roar of laughter, but the effect the hideous creature had on Roderick surpassed all their expectations. He loosed his hold of the box instantly, as Jack had done, and shrieked hysterically.

"Oh, oh!" he cried, starting up and growing pale through his healthy tan. "Oh! Cuthbert!" and he stumbled over the legs of the piano-stool, and fell backwards on the heavy fender.

Jack and Cuthbert shouted with laugher at the success of their joke, but their merriment was short-lived, for Roderick did not get up.

"What's up with him?" cried Jack in alarm, and Cuthbert hastily went to his prostrate cousin.

"Rod, I say, *Rod*!" he whispered in a frightened voice, and pulled him by the arm.

Roderick sat up, looking dazed, and put his hand to his head.

"Why, dash it, I'm in the fireplace," he remarked. Cuthbert sighed with relief, and began at once to upbraid him.

"You ass, get up! Whatever did you go and make such a fuss for?"

"It bit me—the thing," said Roderick.

"You young beast! I'll pay you and Jack out."

The brothers howled him down, and laughed aloud with derision.

"It's not alive, you idiot! It's a wooden thing—it's a kind of game."

"It's a pretty rotten kind of one," grumbled the victim, who was angry and ashamed of his panic. "Look at the back of my hand; there's a hole like a pin-prick."

"That's rum!" said Jack, in some surprise. "It never went through my skin—

just rapped it—why—why—your hands all over blood."

"It's my head," replied Roderick, putting his hand up again to the place where his head had come in contact with the edge of the fender. "Hang you, Cuthbert!" he added faintly. "I—I feel beastly sick." He had risen to his feet, and as he spoke he clutched unsteadily at the table. "It's going round like anything," he murmured. "I'd like to sit down."

Cuthbert, who was more concerned than he liked to show, pushed him into the nearest chair, and put his handkerchief to the bleeding head, while Jack ran for the housekeeper.

"Dear! dear! now what have you been doing, and what will the Major say?" said Mrs Franklin, as she bustled in and proceeded to wash and bandage Roderick's head. "I knew you'd get into some mischief."

Cuthbert explained briefly that his cousin had fallen over the piano-stool and collided with the fender. Mrs Franklin said she didn't wonder, and Roderick, who had not quite collected his wits yet, muttered by way of an excuse that it was the snake. "The snake! Bless the child, what does he mean? I hope he's not much hurt; he seems that dazed and queer!"

Cuthbert and Jack exchanged guilty glances, but did not offer any explanation of Roderick's remark. The box was on the floor, and Cuthbert endeavoured to thrust it further under the table with his foot, but unfortunately Mrs Franklin dropped her scissors, and, stooping to pick them up, she saw the box with its hideous contents, and seized upon it.

"Oh, you naughty boys!" she cried. "What's the meaning of this? You have been at the Major's cabinet!"

In a moment she was receiving confused explanations from both boys. She caught up Roderick's hand and examined the queer little puncture in it caused by a tiny point of bone protruding from the snake's head like a tooth, then wrung her own in terror and despair.

"It's *poisoned*!" she cried. "Oh, merciful Heavens, what shall we do? Them *fearful* Indian things! You bad, bad boys to go and disobey and touch them—look at him, white and stupefied! Oh, merciful Lord, he's dying!"

Jack and Cuthbert grew as white as poor Roderick. They trembled and looked at their own hands, which, however, had come off scathless. Who could have guessed that so harmless a lark held death in it? They grew sick with terror and unavailing remorse. Oh, why, why had they disobeyed and touched the contents of the cabinet?"

A panic seized poor Roderick. He sprang up from the chair only to fling himself down on the sofa. The sickness and dizziness he felt were not the effects of the fall, but the cruel, deadly poison already working in his blood.

"Oh, Cuthbert!" he cried in a frightened voice.

"Mrs Franklin! oh, can't you do something, can't you do something? It'll kill me!"

"I never meant——. I didn't know——" faltered Cuthbert, and Roderick began to cry helplessly.

"A doctor! go for a doctor!" cried Mrs Franklin, dashing out of the room to get brandy and call the housemaid for assistance.

The two boys stood irresolute and panic-stricken, gazing at each other, and at poor bandaged, dying Roderick, who continued to sob somewhat vigorously for a person in an almost comatose condition.

In a moment Mrs. Franklin returned with the housemaid at her heels.

She shook the boy roughly into an upright position, and made him drink some strong brandy and water.

"Go for a doctor!" she reiterated, as the victim coughed and choked and resisted.

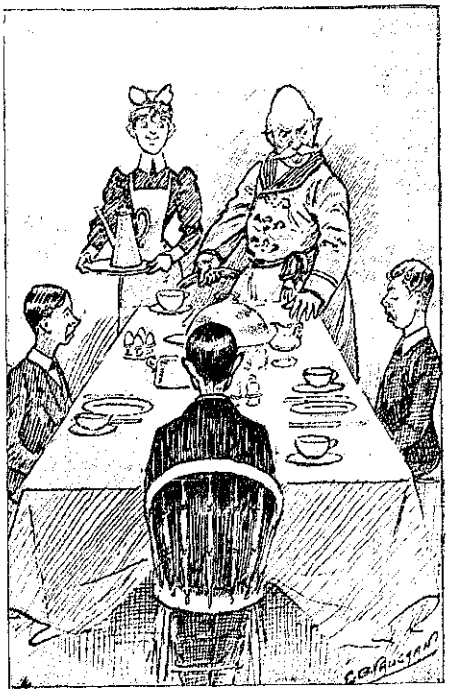
"I don't know where to go," stammered the frightened Cuthbert.

"The first red lamp—down the street. Run, quick! quick! Oh, why isn't the Major here?"

Cuthbert, hatless and distraught, rushed

out into the street, and was brought up with dislocating suddenness in the arms of the Major himself.

"Hullo, young man!" cried his uncle, "where away in such haste?" and Cuthbert experienced a wave of relief so deep that there was no room left for personal apprehension.



THE IRON DUKE HIMSELF COULD NOT HAVE CARRIED OUT THAT OVERWHELMING SENTENCE HAD HE SEEN THEM AT BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING.

"Uncle James," he cried, almost tearfully. "Rod's hurt! Oh, come and see him! Mrs Franklin sent me for a doctor. Come and see him!"

In another moment Major Elliot was in the midst of his frantic household, and heard the story in brief, hysterical ejaculations from Mrs Franklin and the boys.

"Great Scott!" he cried angrily. "It's *not* poisoned! What nonsense. Mrs Franklin, you'll make the boy tipsy. A doctor! A fiddlestick! What made you think it was poisoned? Who dared to touch my cabinet?"

Roderick gave a gasp of relief, and buried his aching head in the cushions; the fatal symptoms began to diminish at once, and he was fervently glad to know that he was not to die of a horrible Eastern poisoning trick.

Mrs Franklin swept the brandy bottle off the table and vanished with the housemaid. The change from tragedy to comedy was rather sudden, and a little difficult to carry off with dignity, however welcome it might be.

But though the great fear was removed, there still was for Jack and Cuthbert an element of tragedy in the affair. There was the thing in the box on the table accusing them of disobedience, and ingratitude, and various discreditable actions, and there was the Major looking upon them with an angry over-aweing gaze, which brought the paternal wrath all too vividly to mind.

Then Cuthbert began to explain. It was he who did it; it was his idea, and—and—

"Go to bed," said the Major, "and to-morrow you go home!"

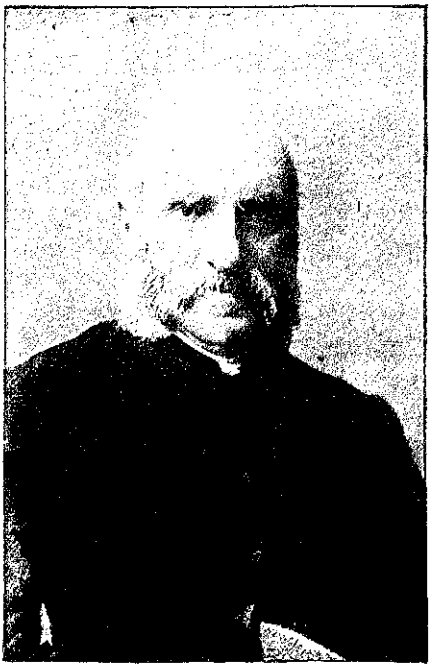
But they did not. The Iron Duke himself could not have carried out that overwhelming sentence had he seen the condemned at breakfast next morning.

And Uncle James found that he could not; but the words in which he conveyed his altered decision were of such a nature that they lingered long in the memory of his nephews, and left serious wounds in their naturally abundant self-esteem, which perhaps was not a regrettable matter.

New Zealand Churches.

KNOX CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

ANYONE visiting the flourishing city of Dunedin now would find it difficult to credit that so short a time ago, comparatively speaking, as forty-two years, the whole population only amounted to 2,500, and that this flock had but one Presbyterian shepherd, the Rev. Dr. Burns. But this was the case. However, at this time, like true sons of the Kirk, the pioneers bestirred themselves and



Muir & Moodie, Photo.

DR. STEWART, D.D.

determined to provide for the future by establishing a second charge. They forthwith communicated with Professor James Miller and Drs. Bonar and Guthrie, of Edinburgh, requesting them to select and send out a suitable minister. The valuable gift of half an acre of land at the junction of Frederick and Great King Streets was made for the purpose by Mr. John Hyde, and what is now designated as Old Knox Church was erected on it, and opened for divine service in May, 1860. It received the time-honoured name of Knox Church at Mr. Hyde's request. For sixteen years or so this edifice resounded with the prayers and praises of the fast-increasing congregation, and then, in its turn, its accommodation became too limited, and

Muir & Moodie, Photo.

REV. WM. HEWITSON, B.A.

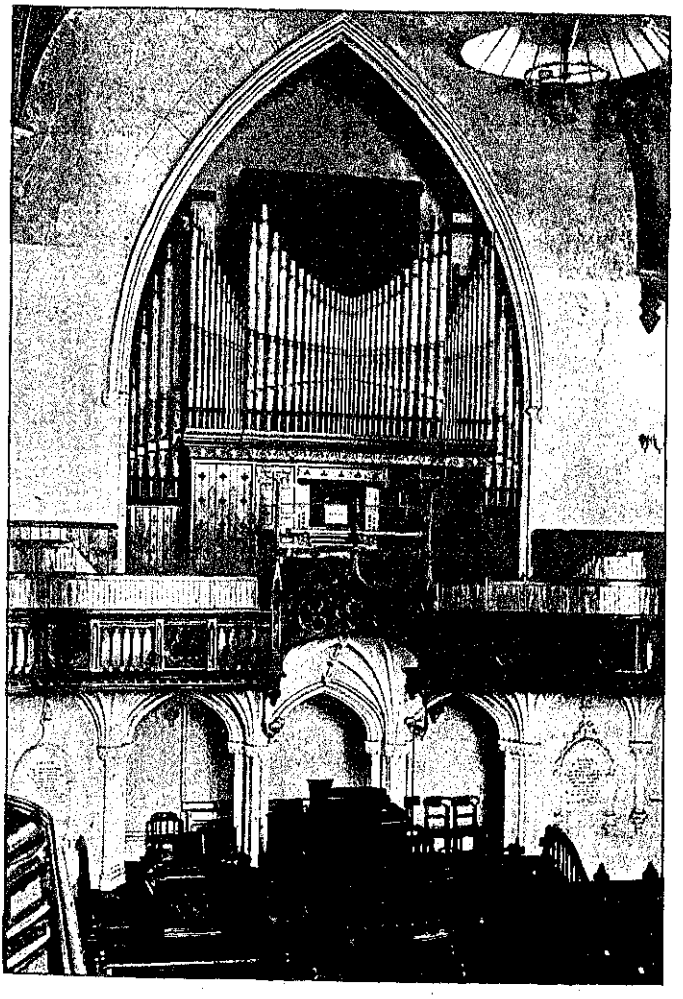
once again the congregation determined to put their shoulders to the wheel, and erect a building which should be worthy of the purpose for which it was erected, and stand as a stately record of the spiritual progress of their fair city. The site chosen was at the corner of George and Pitt Streets in the

centre of the city. Under the capable hands of the architect, Mr. R. A. Lawson, the present Knox Church, with its tapering spire rising to a height of 166 feet, was completed in November, 1875, at a total cost of £18,332, providing seating accommodation for 1,400 persons. The thirteenth century style of Gothic architecture was wisely adopted, and blue stone. with white Kakanui stone facings, used in its construction. Carefully trained ivy now covers the walls and gives it the venerable appearance of an old world sacred edifice transported into a colonial city.

The fine organ, of which an illustration is given, was built by Messrs. T. Lewis and Son, of London. It contains three manuals and full pedal organ and twenty-eight stops, of which twenty-four are speaking stops, and the other four couplers. It has 1,587 pipes. There are a number of beautiful solo stops, and the instrument is admirably adapted for recitals. There is a large voluntary choir of 60 members. Mr. A. J. Barth, whose photo is given on another page, is the organist, and Mr. A. M. Braik officiates as choirmaster.

A little over two years ago a handsome

manse was built adjoining the church at a cost of £2,400. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, to whose memory a beautiful stained glass window has been placed in the south gable of the present church, was the gentleman chosen by the committee in Edinburgh in 1860, to take charge of Knox Church, and the deep reverence in which his memory is still held amply testifies to the wisdom of the choice. In April, 1890, the Rev. A. P. Davidson was appointed as his first colleague, for thirty years he had been sole pastor. Mr. Davidson resigned in April, 1894, and Dr. Stewart, after labouring faithfully in the church for some thirty-four years, was removed from his charge by death in May of the same year. The Rev. W. Hewitson, B.A., was selected to succeed him, and is still in charge, with the Rev. D. N. Pryor, B.A., as his assistant. The church membership roll embraces 1,100 names, and the satisfactory proportion of 743 attended the quarterly communion service in June last. There are thirty elders and thirty-two deacons, and the Sunday School attendance averages 586. The work of this influentia church is systematically carried out by the aid of the following organisations :—Minister's class for study of the Bible and English literature, Band of Hope, Young Men's Fellowship Union, Ladies' Association, Young Women's Society, Missionary Association, Christian Band, and Sewing Class for Girls.



THE ORGAN, KNOX CHURCH.

LITERARY CHAT.

By Danvers Hamber.

The Seafarers by Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton is a volume in Messrs. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. The author has inscribed this book to his "Old friends and comrades who have been or are still seafarers, either in the Royal Navy or other branches of the sea service." There is a love story of course, and there are tales of shipwreck and other harrowing adventures through which the heroine, the hero, and the villain, "not wholly bad," come with miscellaneous fortune. Here is a sample of the author's conversational style:—

"'Yet,' said Mrs. Waldron, to whom advancing years brought the power of philosophic resignation, if not the thorough strength to overcome that which rendered her unhappy, 'yet, Bella, my dearest, it is so much for you. Such a position, such a future! Oh, think of it! A position you could scarcely ever have hoped to obtain. And the love, my child, the love! Think how Gilbert loves you and you love him. For you do love him, Bella. Of all men, he is the one for you.'

"'With my whole heart and soul I love him,' her daughter answered. 'Mother, if I had never met him I do not believe I could ever have loved any other man. Ah, I am glad Juliet called Romeo the god of her idolatry. It has taught me how to think of Gilbert.'

"'And the position, Bella. The position—think of that! In our circumstances, though you come of a good stock and are descended from ladies and gentlemen on both sides from far-off years, you could never have hoped to make such a match.'

"'The position is nothing to me, mother. I love Gilbert fondly. I long to be his wife. Why should I think of the position?'"

In the end Bella's longing is satisfied, but she goes through a lot beforehand. I think I have quoted enough to show that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's seafaring friends must wish he had never forsaken the sea. In case anybody would like to know more about Bella and Gilbert, I may say the book is on sale at Messrs. Wildman and Lyell's. Seriously speaking I think it rather a pity that Messrs. Bell should publish such poor fiction in their Colonial Library. We want raising up, not levelling down.

Messrs. Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland, have forwarded me the Rev. Joseph Hocking's *The Purple Robe*, a book that has occasioned much talk, some little controversy, and a good deal of admiration. Mr. Hocking's work, which forms a volume of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s Colonial Library, is a sort of sequel to that excellent book, *The Scarlet Woman*, for Father Ritzoom, the Jesuit, again appears in this less vividly-titled story. Mr. Hocking writes with a certain amount of Protestant bias, yet at the same time he is not too anti-Catholic. He makes his priests, Father Sheen and Father Ritzoom, completely lifelike, men of the Church, yet men of the world. The chapter on Ideal Catholicism is very finely written, and all through the book there is much about the Romanists to hold the interest of even the most prejudiced Protestant. Duncan Rutland is a well-conceived character, but there is nothing about him at all fascinating, though he is a genuine, honest and sincere fellow most of the time. There is a period when he would forsake his Church for the love of a woman, but happily the author does not require him to make that sacrifice. The girl of her own accord solves that

difficulty. With some people the idea prevails that the book has an abrupt ending. I cannot see why anybody should think so. Duncan Rutland tries to become a Roman Catholic and cannot, Alizon Nevill endeavours to remain in the Church of her forefathers and fails. Therefore these two young people, being earnestly in love with each other, take things into their own hands. Mr. Hocking has made a rather dramatic *finale*, but it is not in any way abrupt in the meaning that the story is cut short. *The Purple Robe* is clever, and therefore highly entertaining. The fact that it is written by a Nonconformist parson adds to its interest.

THROUGH the Brett Printing Company Mr. William Satchell has published a volume of verses entitled *Patriotic and Other Poems*. The Boers have given Mr. Satchell many opportunities, and he has seized them with avidity. He versifies on Mafeking, Matjesfontein, the Uitlander, Pretoria, and Europe and Co. Rudyard Kipling is largely his model, and he contrives some very fair Kiplingese. There are some sonnets of higher imagination in the little volume, and there are some longer pieces which show that Mr. Satchell has striven hard to get out all the poetic fire within him. Many of these verses have been published in local and Australian newspapers. One of the best is the "Song of the Gumfield." As a specimen of Mr. Satchell's more thoughtful style I quote this:

THE YEAR.

A curling feather on the fires of time,
A flake of snow upon a shoreless sea,
A faint vibration in a ceaseless clime,
An echo dark with sound's intensity—
Such is a year, yet in its single breath
Are folded instants longer than an age.
Innumerous life, deep centuries of death,
Cold cheerless hate and iron-heat of rage.
Thro' love, then madness, happiness and pain,
Onward they troop with level lance at rest,
And with their famished faces o'er the slain,
Treading the dust into the crimson west.
Life, death, love, hate, short peace 'mid human jars,
And over all the clear, unceasing stars.

THAT indefatigable American lady, Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, whose translations from the French I have before drawn attention to, has lately re-entered the field of publication. And on this occasion—with the characteristic energy of her race—she has published two books at the same time. Both are issued from the house of Mr. W. Heinemann. The first is a translation of the Abbè Brantôme's *Le Livre des Dames*. The book contains Pierre de Bourdeille's memoirs of Anne of Bretagne, who was married first to Charles VIII. and afterwards to Louis XII.; Catherine de Medici; Mary Queen of Scots; Elizabeth, a daughter of Catherine de Medici, and the second wife of Philip II. of Spain; and Margaret of Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medici, and wife of Henry of Navarre, the Regenerator of France. The Abbé Brantôme was a great admirer of a beautiful woman. Here is a description of Margaret of Valois: "Once, on a flowery Easter Day at Blois, still being Madame, sister of the King, I saw her appear in the procession more beautiful than ever, because beside the beauty of her face and form, she was most superbly adorned and apparelled; her pure white face, resembling the skies in their serenity, was adorned about the head with quantities of pearls and jewels, especially brilliant diamonds worn in the form of stars, so that the calm of the face and the sparkling jewels made me think of the heavens when starry. Her beautiful body, with its full, tall form, was robed in a gown of crinkled cloth-of-gold, the richest and most beautiful ever seen in France. . . . She wore it all that day, although its weight was heavy; but her beautiful, rich, strong figure supported it well and served it to advantage; for had she been a little shrimp of a Princess, or a dame only elbow-high (as I have seen some), she would surely have died of the weight, or else have been forced to change her gown and take another. That is not all; being in the procession, and walking in her rank, her visage uncovered, not to deprive the people of so good a feast, she seemed more beauti-

ful still by holding and bearing in her hand her palm (as our Queens of old have done) with royal majesty and a grace half-proud, half-sweet, and a manner little common, and so different from all the rest that whoso had seen her would have said: 'Here is a Princess who goes above the run of all things in the world.' . . . And I swear to you that in that procession we forgot our devotions, and did not make them while contemplating and admiring the divine Princess, who ravished us more than divine service, and yet we thought we committed no sin; for whoso contemplates divinity on earth does not offend the divinity of Heaven, inasmuch as He made her such." The Abbé, though without much liking for Catherine de Medici, manages to say a good deal of good for one who has been declared "the most astute and unscrupulous woman of modern history." The Abbé visited England when Francois, Duke de Guise, brought his niece, Mary Stuart, to Scotland. He tells of the cold welcome accorded the Duke by Queen Elizabeth, of Mary's deep regret for her "beautiful France," of Chastelard's murder—for it was a murder though the poet-gallant was tried and hanged—and he writes with heartfelt sorrow about the tragedy of Mary's execution, and declares that "the time will come when some good Pope will canonize her in memory of the martyrdom she suffered for the honour of God and His law." Miss Wormeley's other book is entitled *The Correspondence of Madame, Princess Palatine, Mother of the Regent; of Marie Adelaide de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne; and of Madame de Maintenon, in Relation to St. Cyr.* Elizabeth Charlotte, the Princess Palatine, who renounced her right of succession to the crown of England so that she might marry the brother of Louis XIV.—the ambitious and extravagant Louis—and Madame de Maintenon hated each other like poison, and as they were certainly two of the cleverest women of Louis XIV.'s Court, their letters make delightfully interesting reading. In both books Miss. Wormeley quotes from Sainte-Beuve's writings on the ladies and periods mentioned.

LATE in June Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of London, were to publish a new novel by the famous Hungarian author, Dr. Maurus Jokai, entitled *Debts of Honour*. The book will contain fine photogravure portraits of the talented writer and his charming wife, *nee* Mdlle. Arabella Nagy, the celebrated actress. By the way, the Paris Exhibition authorities erected a special pavilion for Dr. Jokai so that he might exhibit his work in the original Hungarian and in other languages.

MESSRS. WILDMAN AND LYELL, of Auckland, send me *The Second Coming*, a curious and clever book by Mr. Richard Marsh, a volume in Messrs. Grant Richards's Colonial Library.

"If," asked the Man in the Street, "Christ were to come again to London, in this present year of grace, how would He be received, and what would happen?"

"I will try to shew you," replied the Scribe.

Such is Mr. Marsh's introduction, and his work represents the Scribe's attempt to achieve the impossible. I may be wrong, but I think the author has written an excellent account of exactly what would happen if the Second Coming of Christ were to occur at the present time. To some people the book will undoubtedly seem an epitome of blasphemy, but such a view will be taken only by the narrow-minded. To the vast majority it will be known as the work of a clever writer. Mr. Marsh in a measure imitates the style and language of the New Testament. He does so successfully, and presents a very readable book. As in the old days those who should have known the Lord knew Him not. I quote the following from the interview between the Archbishop, the Cardinal, and the Stranger. . . . "The Archbishop fitted his glasses on his nose. 'Is this the person? Really! How very interesting! You don't say so!"

Since the Stranger had paid no heed to their advent, the Archbishop addressed

himself to Him courteously. "Pardon me if this seems an intrusion, or if I have come at an inconvenient moment, but I have received such extraordinary accounts of your proceedings that, as head of the English Church, I felt bound to take them, to some extent, under my official cognisance."

The Stranger, looking at him, inquired: "In your churches whom do you worship?"

"My dear sir! What an extraordinary question."

"What idol have you fashioned that you call after My Name?"

"Idol! Really, really!"

"Why do you cry continually: 'Come quickly!' when you would not I should come?"

"What very peculiar questions, betraying a complete ignorance of the merest rudiments of common knowledge! Is it possible that you are unaware that I am the head of the Christian hierarchy?"

Said the Cardinal: 'Of the English branch of the Protestant hierarchy, I think, Archbishop, you should rather put it. You are hardly the undisputed head of even that. Do your Nonconformist friends admit your primacy? They form a not inconsiderable section of English Protestantism. When informing ignorance let us endeavour to be accurate!"'

Later on the Archbishop says to the Stranger: '"The public mind appears to be in a state of most lamentable excitement. The exact cause I do not pretend to understand. But if your intentions are what I hope they are, you can scarcely fail to perceive that you owe it to yourself to remedy a condition of affairs which already promises to be serious. I am told that there is a notion abroad that you have advanced pretensions which I am almost convinced you have not done. I wish you to inform me, and to give me authority to inform the public, who and what you are, and what is the purport of your presence here?"

"I am He that you know not of."

"That, my dear sir, is the very point. I am advised that you are possessed of some singular powers. I wish to know who the person is who has these powers, and how he comes to have them!"

"There is one of you that knows!"

The young priest advanced saying, "I know you, Lord!"

Presently the young priest says to the cardinal: "'But, Eminence, it is so strange! so wonderful! Your vocation is for Christ; you point always to His cross; you keep your eyes upon His face; and yet—and yet you do not know Him now He is here! Oh, it is past believing! and you, sir, you are also a religious. Surely you know this is the Lord?" This was to the archbishop, who began to stammer.

"I—I know, my dear young friend, that you—you are saying some very extraordinary things—things which you—you ought to carefully consider before you—you utter them. Especially when I consider your—your almost tender years!"'

It is so rarely that a master in one art successfully ventures into the wide dominion of another that one hails him with nearly as much enthusiasm as Mr. Seddon would have us bestow upon his New Zealanders returned from South Africa. Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., F.S.A., one of England's foremost architects, and certainly one of her most artistic designers of things in bricks and mortar, has published a book of poems through Messrs. George Bell and Sons, of London. Mr. Bodley has shewn in architecture that he possesses the poet's mind and the artist's eye. I quote the following to shew that he can write poetry:

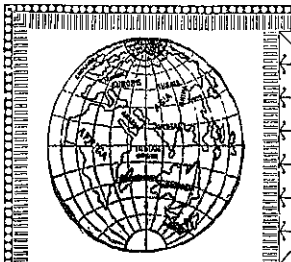
BY THE RIVER.

Love, my light,
The moon has risen red, the restless stream
Has changed its pallor into running gold;
The river flows by darkened trees that seem
To wrap a glory in a sable fold.

My love is like a light that goldens all
The moving stream of Life. Amid the gloom
Of lengthening, darkening shadows that enthral,
O, Love, thou art a light to lead me home.

From Messrs. Upton and Co., of Auckland, I have received *Janice Meredith* by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, one of the latest additions to Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.'s Indian and Colonial Library. Mr. Ford is an American author who has already hit the public taste successfully, therefore it is not altogether surprising to find that his story of the American Revolution is one of the most attractive historic novels that it has ever been my lot to read. And I am persuaded to believe that there will be few readers of the book who do not share my opinion. Round the central figures, saucy Janice Meredith and masterful John Brereton, Mr. Ford has woven a delightful romance, and in the telling of his story he introduces real personages, such as George Washington, Lord Cornwallis, Sir William Howe, Major André, Lord Clowes and other prominent figures who took part in the War of Independence. The pen portrait of Washington is very fine. Mr. Ford has limned the great-hearted yet simple-minded soldier with telling effect, and the same may be said of his other historical portraits. Clowes he shows up in his true light. The battle pictures are intensely vivid, for Mr. Ford has splendid descriptive power, and he writes very easefully and with much picturesqueness. Janice Meredith, the heroine, is a delightful young woman, and John Brereton, though now and then rather a brusque individual, has his heart in the right place. Though the story is a long one, Mr. Ford never tires his reader. His work is charming as a love story, and interesting throughout as a record of that stalwart independence that has made America what she is. I can strongly recommend *Janice Meredith* as one of the books that must be read.

The following novels have reached me from Messrs Wildman and Lyell, of Auckland :— Mr Guy Boothby's *A Maker of Nations*, published by Messrs Ward, Lock and Co.; Miss Florence Warden's *The Plain Miss Cray*, from Messrs George Bell and Sons; the late Mr Grant Allen's *Hilda Wade*, a volume in Messrs Grant Richards's Colonial Library, and Mr Percy White's *The West End*, which comes from the house of Messrs Sands and Co. *A Maker of Nations* possesses all the attractiveness of Mr Boothby's former books, but the principal idea, that of raising a revolution, has been so often used by other writers that one rather wishes that Mr Boothby had set his chief characters some other kind of filibustering work. Miss Florence Warden has gone to Ireland this time in search of adventure, and it must be admitted that she has not grasped the true inwardness of the Irish character. Neither has she achieved success in depicting the life of Irish men and women of gentle blood. As a teller of mysterious tragedies Miss Warden has few equals, but in her latest essay she comes far below others who have made Ireland the happy hunting ground for their stories of love, jealousy and sudden death. The late Mr Grant Allen's *Hilda Wade* is a story strong in interest and wide in detail. The hero is a sort of female Sherlock Holmes, with a marvellous power of prevision. Determined to right a foul wrong done to her father she partakes of adventures in a London Hospital, Matabeleland, Thibet, and a shipwreck on the fatal coast of France. Ultimately she prevails over her enemy, and almost forgives him on account of his wonderful scientific discoveries. Like all the deceased writer's stories *Hilda Wade* is very cleverly written, and though the marvellous episodes are piled on top of each other, like Pelion upon Ossa, one does not weary of them, so intensely absorbing does the struggle for supremacy between Hilda Wade and Dr. Sebastian become. The illustrations by Mr Gordon Browne, which adorn the book, are really excellent. I have not had time to read *The West End*, so I must defer any remarks about it until next month.



ROUND THE WORLD.

CHINA.

OF all rebellions the most blood-thirsty and destructive have ever been those occasioned by religious fanaticism. The most horrible atrocities and barbarities have been committed by those who consider it their highest religious duty to avenge the insults offered to their respective deities. Lashed to madness by their estimate of the enormity of the offence, they forget for the time that it argues very ill for the almighty power of their particular gods to imagine that they are not able to avenge themselves sufficiently; and they perform this imagined religious duty with infinitely greater zeal than they exercise over others. The hatred to the missionaries in particular, and foreigners in general, appears to have been the origin of the disastrous state of affairs in China at present. Here we have a nation whose industrial resources are enormous, allowing herself to be utterly disorganised and worked up to such a pitch of suicidal fury as to practically fit herself in the battlefield against the rest of the world, by bands of rebels, whose boast is that they are sworn to "protect the Heavenly Dynasty and drive the devils into the sea." That the result, as far as the nation herself is concerned, can only be her partition between the Powers if she persists in this course, is generally conceded, but the destruction of life and property, and the complications which must accrue before peace and order can be again restored are not pleasant to contemplate. The comparatively easy defeat of China by Japan in the recent war caused the Powers to set a very low estimate on the military resources of these teeming millions, and drew attention completely off them. They, however, with the imitative faculty which is strong within them, have not been slow to take advantage in the meantime of the costly lessons they learnt, and have busied themselves unremittingly in acquiring greater proficiency in military matters, and the latest improvements in arms and ammunition.

THE NATIONAL ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE selection recently made of Lieutenant R. F. Scott as commander of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition appears to be a wise one. It is a position for which very few men have all the requisite qualities. The dangers that have to be encountered require consummate courage and coolness. The man who knows exactly how to do the right thing at the right time and place when in exceptional circumstances and surroundings, is by no means easy to obtain. Lieutenant Scott entered the navy as a boy of fifteen, and has seen considerable service during the fifteen years he has been at sea. He is reported to be a perfect seaman, equally at home at steaming or sailing, an enthusiastic explorer, an excellent organiser and leader of men, and to have a good practical knowledge of all matters likely to be of use to him in his present responsible position. Dr. J. W. Gregory, Professor of Geology in the Melbourne University, accompanies him as head of the scientific staff. His explorations in Spitzbergen, Africa and North America have stamped him as an able and enthusias-

tic scientist, and the experience gained will stand him in good stead on the present occasion. The expedition is to start about next August. Dr. Drygalski, the noted scientist, who has charge of the German expedition which is to co-operate with Lieut. Scott's, is said to be more forward with his preparations. With such men as leaders, and the able staff under their leadership, supplied with all the latest instruments and appliances that previous experience has suggested, this expedition should give some substantial additions to the comparatively limited knowledge of these mysterious regions at our command.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE protection of wild animals, birds and fish, in Central Africa, is a movement which should certainly have been instituted earlier and should command very general sympathy. At the International Conference, lately held in London, in which Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the Congo State, Portugal and Spain were represented, a convention was drawn out, duly signed and issued as a parliamentary paper. It contains a set of regulations, including amongst other things, entire prohibition of destruction of certain animals, partial prohibition of others, fixing closed seasons to facilitate rearing of young, imposition of shooting licenses, export duties on hides, horns and tusks, confiscation of all tusks sought to be exported below a certain size and weight, restriction of the use of nets and pitfalls, supervision of sick cattle to prevent fear of contagion to wild animals, protection of ostrich eggs, and destruction of those of crocodiles, pythons, *et hoc genus omne*. This is a large order, and by no means easy of execution. It is, however, a step in the right direction. The wholesale shooting down of animals, male or female, without regard to the perpetuation of species just to satisfy the lust of senseless slaughter, or for purposes of present profit only, is much to be deplored, and means speedy extinction.

THE TRANSVAAL.

THE cable news from the Transvaal of late has been very meagre, both in quantity and quality, with the exception of the surrender of General Prinsloo, the Free State Commandant, and some thousands of men, just come to hand. With the overwhelming number of something like 255,000 troops in the field our natural inclination has been to wonder what they can all be doing, forgetting that in meeting such a wily foe as the Boer in such a country as his, there are many moves in the game which bear no immediate brilliant results, but lead up to the final checkmate, which must come shortly now. The rush to be in at the death and obtain some of the spoils which accrue to the victors is said to be great, but it is doubtless premature. Intending South African emigrants will do well to exercise a little patience before they start, for they will otherwise have to exercise it there under much more trying circumstances. A fuller inquiry into the conditions of life, the quality of the land, etc., etc., would in all probably stop many of them starting at all.

ITALY.

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, has just been foully done to death by the anarchist Bressi at Monza. The murderer has either been actuated by his own evil impulses or, as he states, the substitute for Sperandio, whose death prevented him carrying out his treacherous designs. When anarchy and rebellion are rampant in a country, extraordinary precautions are taken to protect the persons of royalty. But what precautions can avail against the black-hearted villains who work in twos and threes when suspicions are lulled, and shoot a man down just because he happens to be a king, without any regard to whether he is a despotic tyrant or one whose reign is as wise and beneficent as King Humbert's was?