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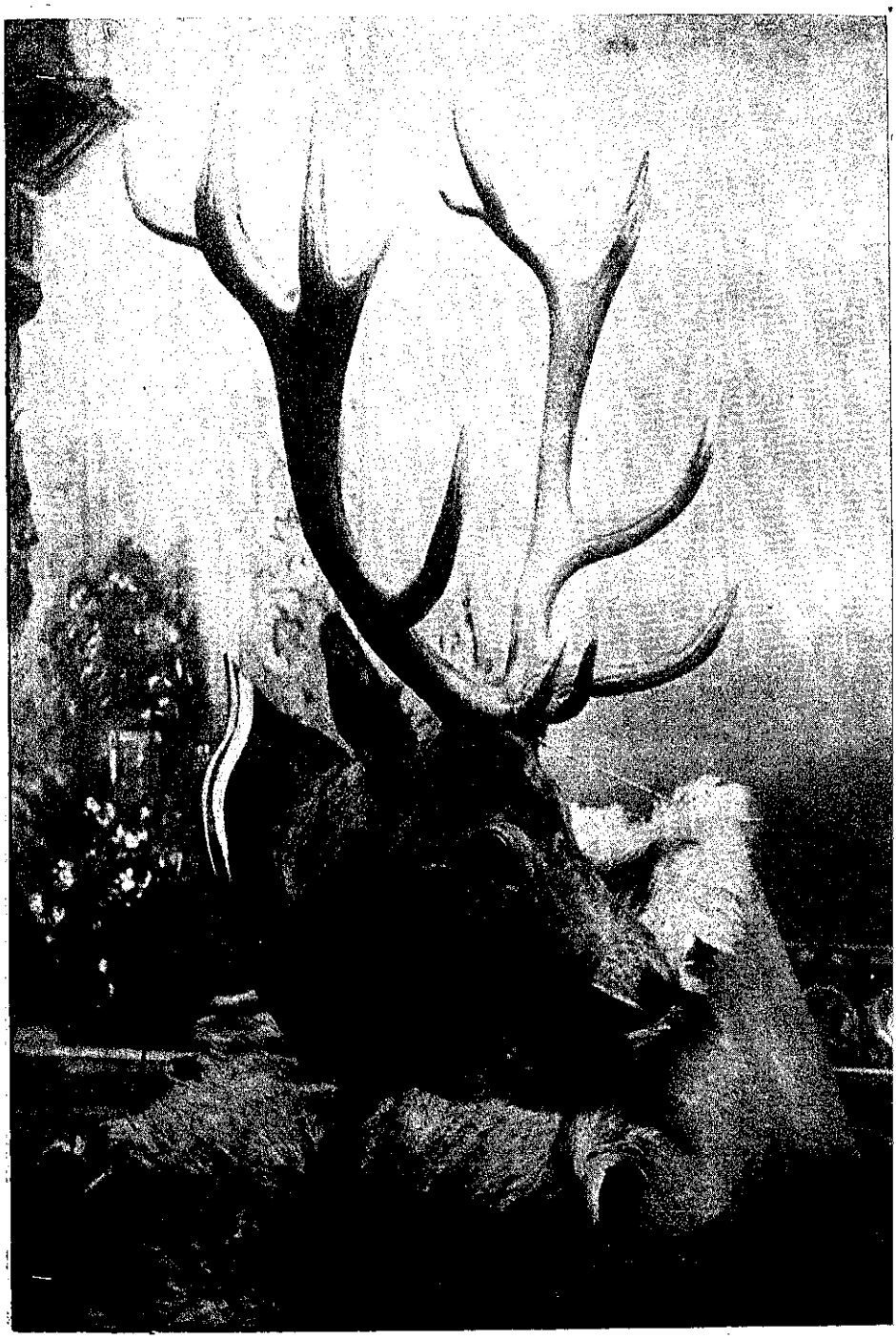


RED DEER SHOT IN THE WAIRARAPA BY RODERICK MACGILLIVRAY.

C. H. Harris, Waipukurau.

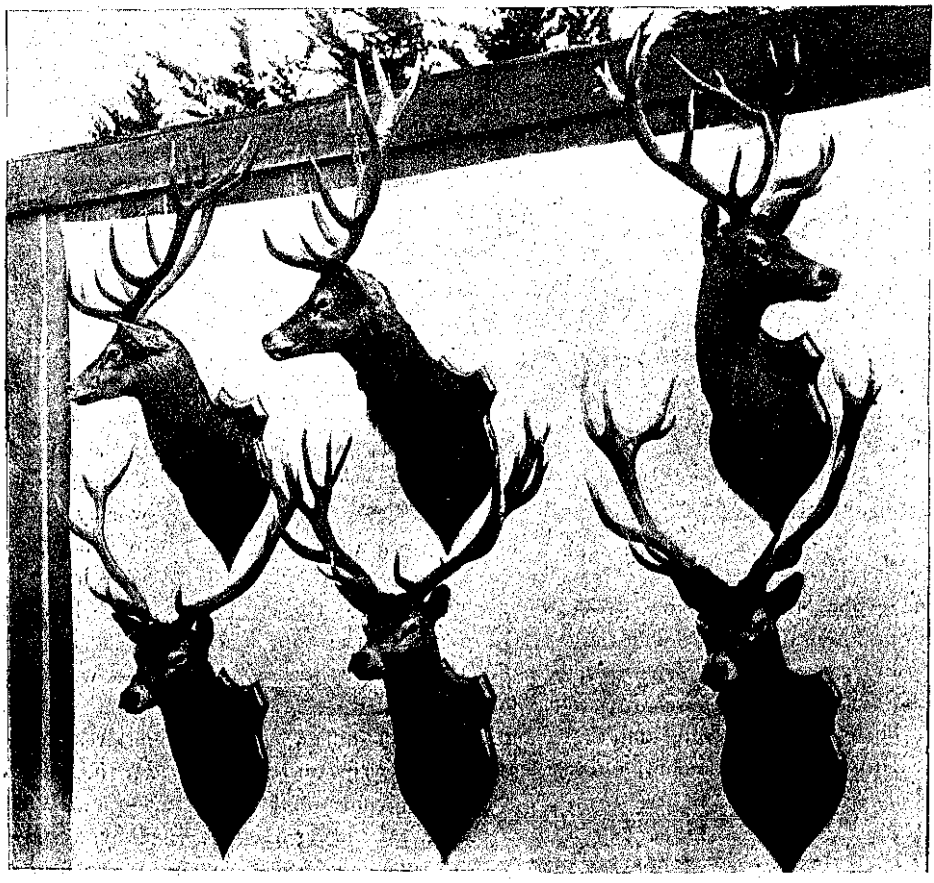
Deer Stalking in New Zealand.

By W. C. Oliver.

Illustrated by photos. kindly lent by Messrs. T. E. Donne and F. H. Combes.

THERE are in this colony three things that should bring to our shores, in growing numbers every year, men of means and leisure, viz., magnificent scenery, over one thousand rivers and streams, well stocked with trout, equal in quality and size to any thing of the kind in any part of the world, including Norway and Lapland, and herds of deer, that leave little further to be desired by the most ardent stalker. It is with these latter that the present article has to do.

The red deer are to be found chiefly in three localities—Central Otago, Nelson, and the Wairarapa district, in the Wellington province. They were introduced over thirty years ago to these respective districts about the same time, and probably the number to be found in each locality is about the same—approximately some five thousand in each.



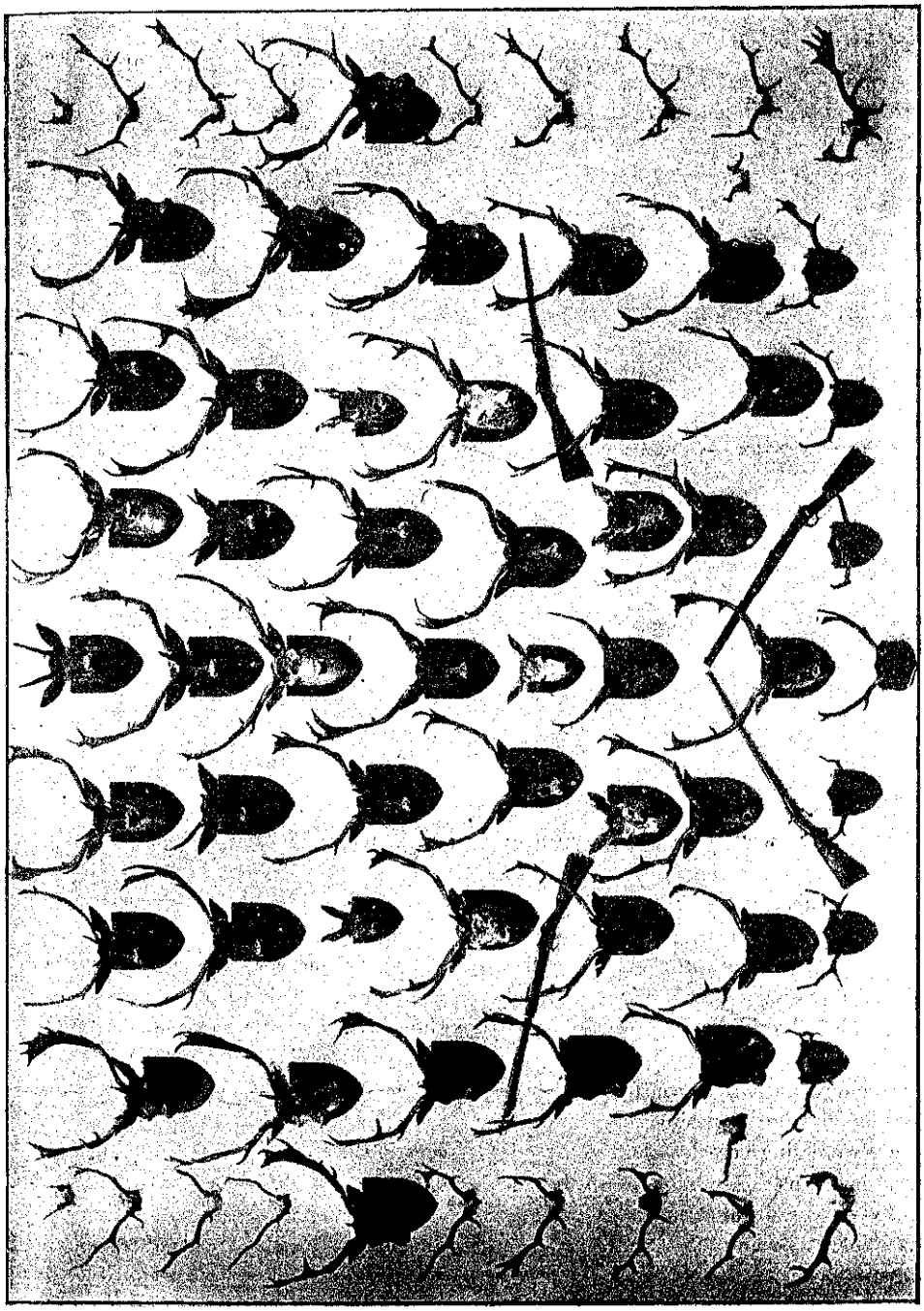
RED DEER SHOT BY T. E. DONNE, JOHN ROSS, AND OTHERS.

The Otago herd is of the purely Scotch type, and is found scattered all over the Alpine ranges between Lakes Wanaka, Hawea, and Mount Cook, commonly known as the Morvin Hills. The herd have worked their way up the Hunter River, and have undoubtedly found their way over the watershed, and down towards the West Coast, where in the immense forest country they may roam and increase for years in undisturbed security. The ground is reached from Dunedin in two days, either by train to Kingstown, with coach over the Crown Range on the following day to Hawea, or by train to Kurow, on the Waikato, and by coach on the following day to Longslip or the Lindus. The distance does not differ materially which ever route be chosen. The whole of the deer country here is essentially mountainous — the ranges rising from three to seven thousand feet, and usually very steep and rugged. It is, however, well grassed and open. There are patches of birch bush in gullies here and there, and about Hawea Lake, considerable forest, but generally the country is free from heavy cover.

RED DEER SHOT BY NAT GRACE.

All over this district the stags are fairly plentiful, and the stalker who is not afraid of a stiff climb can generally find his game. I knew one lucky sportsman bag three royals during his first day, near the foot of the Hunter River. Some magnificent heads have been got here. The average, upon the whole, is good. The antlers may be characterized generally as long rather than massive. There are exceptions, however, some being massive as well as long. The skin is remarkably shaggy, no doubt owing to the severity of the winter.

I give my last stalk there two years ago. I had with me two ardent stalkers and crack shots, Messrs. Harold and Con. Hodgekinson, of Longslip. We had struck camp, and a little after sunrise started for home, Con. taking charge of horse and pack, while Harold and I made straight across country in the hope of seeing some worthy game by the way. We had not gone more than half a mile when, on reaching the top of a spur, and scanning the country we were leaving with our glasses, we saw a stag and half a score of hinds, basking themselves in the morning sun on the top of a flat ridge about a mile and a half behind us—as the crow flies. Counting his tines carefully, we made him out to be a good royal. We soon made up our minds to go back and pay our



FALLOW DEER SHOT AT MOTUTAPU AND WAIKATO, PRINCIPALLY BY F. H. COMBES.

RED DEER SHOT IN THE WAIRARAPA BY T. E. DONNE.

respects to his royal highness. By a detour of about a mile, the wind being favourable, we made our way to their whereabouts without any loss of time. When we reached the edge of the ridge where we expected to find the game within range, they were gone. Advancing cautiously, we found they had gone down the opposite side, and were leisurely crossing a creek about three hundred yards below us. On moving up the hill a bit, they showed indications of a purpose to rest there during the morning hours. Leaving my friend to watch, I retraced my steps, and after a round of a little over a mile, with a good deal of the snake-in-the-grass business, I got within a hundred and fifty yards of them. The country did not admit of a nearer approach, and the deer looked restless. I never had any scruples about shooting a good stag before, but as the king stood surrounded by his harem, he looked so grand that I had considerable feeling over the matter. It was my last chance for the season, however, and I wanted one other head to make up the complement, so the express bullet soon reached him, and he toppled over, stone dead. As I have looked upon his noble face in the hall many a time since, and been reminded of the incidents of that stalk, and the number of weaker brethren that he would have slain in the meantime in combat had he lived, I have not regretted having bagged him, but rather rejoiced at having performed a good action.

The Nelson herd are spread over a very wide area. Taking a westerly line from Havelock, for over a hundred miles one passes through good deer country—mostly rough bush land, but admirably suited to their habits. With the city of Nelson as centre, the stalker can find the object of his quest on nearly every hand. With the splendid climate that reigns almost unbroken in this lovely spot of eternal sunshine—for it is reputed to have more sunshine during the year than any place in the world—a camp-out will add to the conditions of success. The heads here, though superior to those of Scotland, on the whole, are not the finest in the colony. They are of good, dark colour, and fairly massive, but compared with those

of Wairarapa and Hawea, they have not the average of span or spread. There are exceptions, of course. Splendid royals are to be got, but imperials not often. There has been too much breeding-in. I have heard of three hundred being shot during a season.

The Wairarapa takes the palm for large stags and massive heads. Their ancestors came from Windsor Park, and had a large dash of the German blood in them. The season before last over sixty heads were brought into Martinburgh to be set up by Mr. Ross, who is an expert at the taxidermist art, everyone of which had from twelve to sixteen points. This was probably one of the finest collections ever made from a limited locality in one season. Mild winters, with plenty of feed, may account for the superior heads developed in the Wairarapa herd. Martinburgh may be regarded as the centre, and is reached from Wellington in a few hours by train and coach. To do the business well, one should be prepared to go into camp.

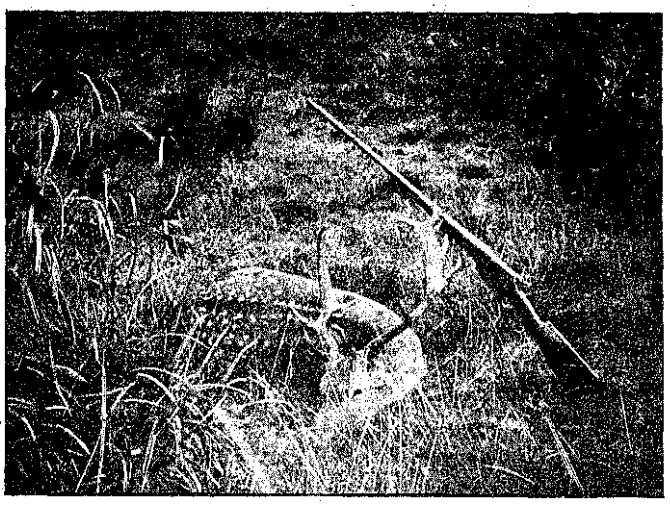
The fallow deer are only second in interest to the red, and they are to be found in large numbers on the Blue Mountains at Tapanui, in Otago, up the Wanganui River, and in the Waikato, in the Auckland Province. The bucks develop heads in our colony very much superior to those of Briton, due doubtless to our superior food and climatic conditions. They are just as keen in sense of sight, hearing and scent as the red, and quite as wary. They are more pugnacious, too, and during the rutting season they are fighting each other constantly. Excepting in the early days of the season it is rare to find one that is not full of scars.

One day in the Black Gully, on the Blue Mountains, two were engaged so fiercely in mortal combat that when a friend, with whom I was stalking, came upon the scene and shot one, the other would not decamp until he had received a sharp leaden message.

This has occurred, though very rarely,

RED DEER SHOT BY JOHN STRANG.

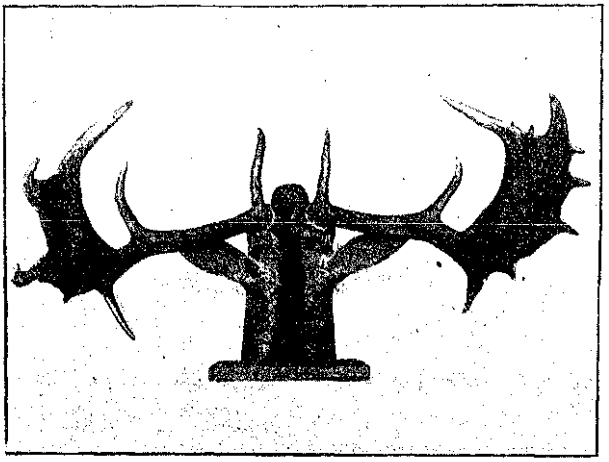
with the red. I saw two good heads brought into Nelson one day that were both shot while fighting. The battle was going on close to a settler's homestead in Happy Valley, and after watching them for a time, he put a pair of bullets into a double-barrelled fowling piece, and when he had shot one, the second only ceased from butting his fallen foe on receiving a fatal message himself. Such cases are, however, very rare, but they indicate the determined spirit with which these fellows fight.



FALLOW DEER SHOT AT MOTUTAPU BY F. H. COMBES.

Of all outdoor sports deer stalking is probably the most invigorating and healthy, and only those who have plenty of physical vigour and endurance should engage in it. To get away from the din of city life, from the perpetual tax and possible worry of office or business cares, and go into camp away up among the mountains, where the scenery is grand, the air the purest, with no wire or mail to remind one of what the grinding world is doing, is no small bliss in itself to the real toiler. Many of the deep ravines and narrow gorges in our primeval forests, presenting every possible tint of green, with tree and shrub and creeper hanging in luxuriant festoons, make a perfect paradise. No palace garden in the world equals it. Tennyson or Wordsworth never wrote such a poem. Then the mountain top at dawn —and the stalker will often be there then— has its own glories.

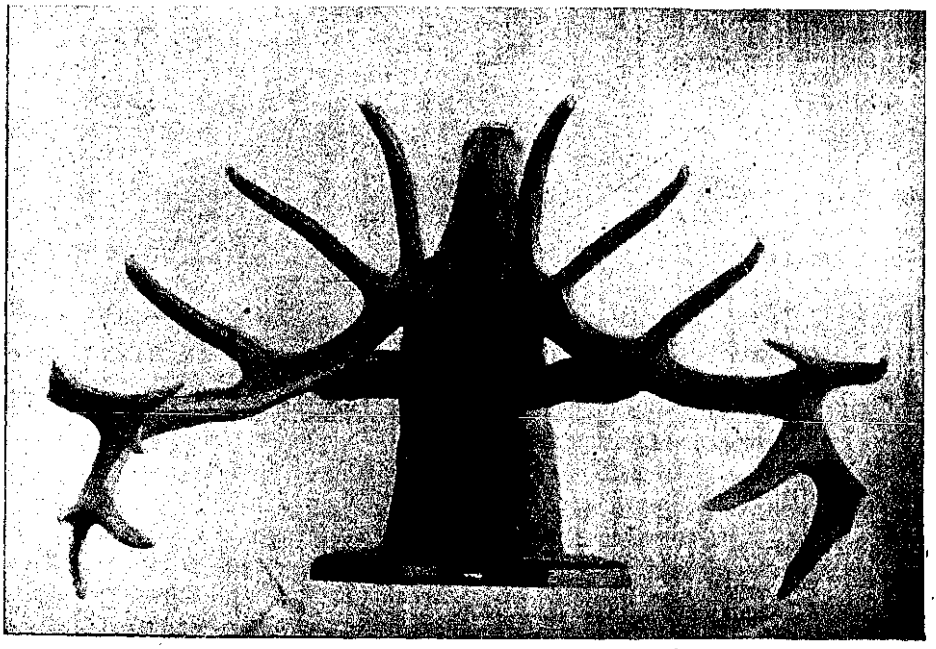
Twice I have been there before the light of day to find the whole world around, and a few feet beneath, one unbroken sea of cloud, and when the sun had crossed the horizon, and sent his golden rays over all the ocean of vapour, the sight was really grand. These are incidental, however. The stalk is not secondary but first. Dawn and eve are the times when deer are chiefly to be found. They are then going or returning from their night excursions. During the day they are ordinarily resting in thick cover. In the height of the rutting season the stags are very restless, and are often on the move during the day as well as at night. One has to travel, first over hill and dale, until one has found one's game, and the next, and often the more difficult thing, is to get within range. All the senses of deer are remarkably acute. I have seen them pick up the scent of a man three quarters



FALLOW DEER SHOT IN THE WAIKATO BY F. H. COMBES.

SLEDGING HOME THE DEER, MOTUTAPU.

of a mile away instantly. The wind, therefore, has always to be considered. Not unfrequently an old hind is on the watch in some conspicuous place, and when she has become tired of her vigil, and returns to the herd, another



RED DEER SHOT IN THE WAIRARAPA BY T. E. DONNE.

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN ON THE HEAD OF A RED DEER SHOT IN THE WAIRARAPA.

marches off to her place. Sometimes days are spent in the hope of securing a shot at a good stag, but an enthusiastic hunter never becomes impatient. Endurance, skill, and a steady aim are his three indispensable qualities.

The lion or tiger hunter plants his "kill" in a suitable spot, and then plants himself in a convenient tree near by, and if the man-eater comes along, he takes his deliberate aim, and he has any amount of time to do it in. Or he finds where the game is lurking in the jungle, and sends in his beaters and takes his stand, or waits on an elephant's back at or near where the prey is likely to break cover, and the business is done.

In the dawn, on the Blue Mountains one morning, I heard a roar, and I knew that it came from a good stag. It took me just half a day crawling, scrambling, running, and climbing before I found myself eighty yards from the vocalist. He was in the centre of a few acres of dense scrub in the forest. Now and again his antlers and a section of the upper part of his forehead became visible from the spot where I was. I tried in all directions to get a better sight of him, but in vain. I had to be content with the speck that became visible, and risk it. By good luck I got him. In bush stalking such an experience is not an unfrequent thing. A stag may be heard in the early morning and followed for miles, and then it is found that he has gone to his noonday's resting place into a dense patch of scrub, where he is absolutely invisible. If one has a companion, one can enter the cover, and there is a chance of a shot for the other as the stag escapes. When the deer are found in the open, it is very different. If the country admits of it, they are simply stalked up wind. The stalker keeps out of sight and approaches noiselessly until within range—which is generally from eighty to two hundred yards. The shoulder is the spot chosen for the aim, if possible. It is quite a popular fallacy to suppose that the stag shot through the heart must fall instantly. If the bullet passes through the upper part of the heart this will be so; but if through the lower part, the stag may run nearly a hundred yards before he drops.

The rifle is a matter of great importance, and the choice, now, with experts lies between

the Express and the 303 Winchester, or Savage. The latter are very handy weapons, of good penetration, wonderfully accurate, and with a trajectory so flat that up to two hundred yards it is hardly necessary to put up a sight. This largely obviates the frequent difficulty of calculating the distance —a matter, except at short range, of supreme importance. For smashing or paralysing power, however, the Express will probably never be superseded.

REV. W. C OLIVER BRINGING HOME THE SPOIL.

The following will illustrate:—Stalking a stag one morning in fairly open bush country, from his roaring I expected him to come in sight two hundred yards from where I lay, and I put up the sight for that distance. After a period of waiting, he suddenly appeared some thirty yards below me, a splendid royal, side on, but hid by the curve of the hill, excepting his head and some four inches of his back. I did not care to aim at the head for fear of injuring it. I was using a 500 Austrian rifle. There was a chance of the backbone, and I aimed accordingly. His appearance was so sudden and unexpected, at that spot, that I forgot the two hundred yards' sight that I had put up, and fired. He bounded away down the hill, seemingly untouched. At three hundred yards he stood and looked over his shoulder, giving me a good rump shot, which I saw took effect, but failed to stop him. He ran about half a mile further, and took a third shot to drop him. This was an immense stag, and measured nine feet from nose to rump. The first bullet entered the shoulder, and just grazed the spine. An Express would have smashed it, and the stag would have dropped instantly. The second hit the right haunch, well back, and lodged in the second rib on the left side. In either case, the Express, or the 303, would have stopped him at once, as the next case will show. A good stag was known to have his habitat in a patch of timber near the foot of the Blue Mountains, but he always managed to make his escape from every stalker who had tried to secure him. I got a friend to walk through the bush while I marched along outside, some hundred yards from the margin. After a quarter of an hour's march I heard a sharp, excited "Look out!" On

FALLOW DEER (SHOT BY F. H. COMBES) WITH FIGHTING PRONGS OF HORNS ONLY.

looking over my shoulder, some eighty yards behind me, the stag was bounding away towards the mountains. I fired—my Express this time—and he dropped on his haunches instantly. He was hit in the small of the back, and the hindquarters were quite paralysed. He roared vociferously, and tried his best to reach us with his sharp antlers. We soon secured him, however. Now, the bullet hit him not more than two inches at the very outside, from the top of the small of the back. It was not, by at least an inch, as low down as the ball from the Austrian rifle was on the shoulder of the royal. Had I been using an ordinary rifle, the Martini in particular, instead of an Express, this stag would have escaped as if untouched.

OUR CAMP IN THE WAIRARAPA

With the facilities for travelling that are now obtainable, it is likely that sportsmen from England will come to this colony in growing numbers for their trophies. Something like three thousand stags are shot in Scotland every year, and according to the *Field*, a few years ago, each stag cost the sportsman about £50. The man who can afford a few weeks' extra time will find it cheaper to come to New Zealand than go to Scotland, and his heads are likely to be much superior also.

In addition to the red and fallow, we have the Sambur and the moose, recently introduced, which in a few years will materially add to our big game. The Sambur have multiplied considerably in the Carnarvan district, and the moose will doubtless flourish on the west coast of the Southern Island, between Hokitika and the Sounds, where they have been liberated.

THE TOWNSHIP OF TAPANUI AND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

In the Public Eye.

JUDGE GRESSON.

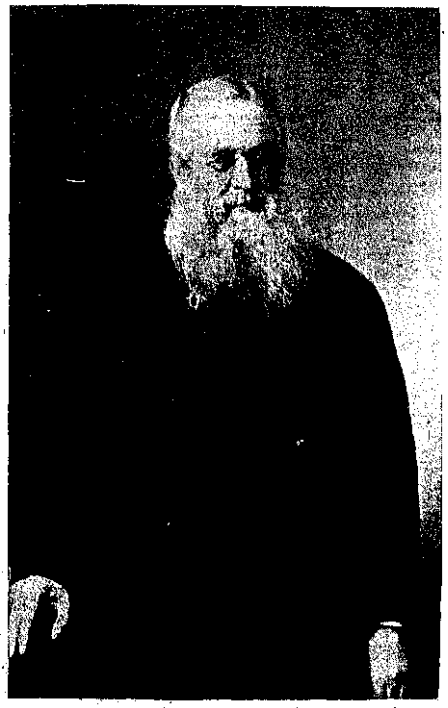
Judge Gresson, who died recently at Christchurch, was born in the County of Meath in the year 1807. He took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin. After having kept his terms at the Temple, he practised at the Irish Bar till the year 1854, when he emigrated with his family to Canterbury, New Zealand. The idea of colonization had always great attractions for him, and he made his adopted country his home. Shortly after his arrival he accepted the office of Provincial Solicitor under James Edward Fitzgerald, the first Superintendent of Canterbury. In 1858 he was made Judge of the Middle Island, and after taking the sessions in Nelson, rode from thence to Christchurch with a guide, crossing one river nineteen times in one day, and later on to Dunedin. After the finding of gold on the West Coast, Westland became populated, and the increase of crime necessitated the holding of a session at Hokitika before the present coach road was completed. The first part of the journey was made in a gold escort waggon, and when the road became too bad for driving, the Judge and the Crown Prosecutor continued their journey on horseback—the latter, however, returned by sea, preferring the dangers of the ocean to those of the road. Later on the districts were divided, and Judge Gresson's work was confined to Christchurch. In 1875 he resigned the office of Judge, and retired to his farm "Waiora," about seventeen miles from Christchurch, where he lived for seventeen years, taking a great interest in all that concerned the welfare of the neighbourhood, including the Maori village of St. Stephens. He was a frequent exhibitor at cattle shows, and a great promoter of the local Flower Show. But it was in Church matters that he took the deepest interest. He was for many years Synodsman and lay reader for the district of Woodend, and for a time held the post of Chancellor of the Diocese. In the early days of the settlement he had been one of the warmest promoters of the building of

Standish & Preece, JUDGE GRESSON. Christchurch.

Christchurch Cathedral, and in after years suggested the erection of the Selwyn pulpit to the memory of New Zealand's first Primate, and was mainly instrumental in carrying it to completion. In 1893 he came to live in Fendalton, a suburb of Christchurch, where he resided until his death on January 31st, at the age of ninety-two. For several years he was a regular visitor at the Christchurch Hospital, and was a Vestryman and Parochial Nominator to the last. His last public appearance was at the service held for the inauguration of the completion of the Cathedral in Jubilee week, December 20th, 1900.

VERY REVD. DEAN JACOBS D.D.

THE Anglican Church in Canterbury has recently lost in Dean Henry Jacobs one who was intimately connected with it from its foundation, for he it was who performed the first Church of England service in the province. He arrived at Lyttelton in 1850 to take up a classical professorship in the College which was to be founded at once in this orthodox young settlement. Two years later found him in the capacity of headmaster, opening the Christ's College Grammar School, a position which he held until 1863, when he undertook the incumbency of Christchurch. His ability assured rapid promotion, and he shortly became Archdeacon Jacobs. This was followed by the offer of the Bishopric of Nelson, which he refused, his love for the Avon, beautifully expressed in a contribution to *The Canterbury Rhymes*, in 1854, and a disinclination to leave the scene of his earlier labours probably prompting him thereto. He was next appointed Dean of Christchurch, and continued his ministry for many years at St. Michael's. After some forty years spent in the labour he loved, educational and ecclesiastical, under the Southern Cross, he sailed for the Home country in 1890; not to remain, however, for he soon returned to the land to which he thus happily referred to in, I think, his earliest contribution to the above work, entitled "Greece is Where the Greeks Dwell":



VERY REVD. DEAN JACOBS, D.D.

"'Tis not thy soil, O England! nor thy scenes,
Though oft on these home-wand'ring fancy leans;
'Tis not alone the historic fervour caught
From old association; nor thy marts,
Nor e'en thy grey cathedrals, nor the wells
Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts
May proudly yearn; true love of country tells
A better tale—thy Church, thy laws, thy arts!
'Tis England where an English spirit dwells!"

His "Jubilee Hymn," of which Her Late Majesty graciously accepted the dedication, and "A Lay of the Southern Cross—and Other Poems"—published at Home were amongst his best poetical works.

MRS. DAVID NATHAN.

MRS. DAVID NATHAN, who appeared as Cleopatra in some recent Wellington *tableaux*, comes from England. She is the wife of Mr. David Nathan, well-known in financial and commercial circles in the Empire City. Mrs.

Nathan's dressing for the character of Cleopatra was most artistic, and her jewels were magnificent. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan reside in a beautifully-decorated house in Clifton Terrace, where they give charming dinners and entertain right hospitably. The negative from which our illustration is taken was unfortunately lost in the fire which recently destroyed Messrs. Wrigglesworth and Binns' Studio in Willis Street.

PROFESSOR MACLAURIN, M.A., LL.M.

THE recently-elected member of the University Senate, Professor Richard C. Maclaurin, of Victoria College, Wellington, is a gentleman who knows by personal experience every step of our educational system. He began his scholastic career by winning a District Scholarship at the Hautapu Public School in 1883. He gained the Auckland Grammar School Scholarship in 1886, and was first on the list of Junior University Scholars in 1887, and entered the Auckland University. In 1890 he graduated B.A., and obtained the University Senior Scholarship in mathematics, graduating M.A. with first-class honours in mathematics and mathematical physics in 1891. The succeeding year saw him elected to a scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, and at the first annual exam. he was awarded a Foundation Scholarship for special distinction in mathematics. In 1895 he graduated B.A. (as a wrangler) with First Class Honours; in 1896 he was bracketed with the Senior Wrangler in the First Division of the First Class in Part II. of the Mathematical Tripos — admittedly the most difficult mathematical examination in the world. His next step was to travel. He spent some time studying University methods in Germany, the United States, and Canada. While in Canada he wrote a thesis on an abstruse difficulty in mathematical analysis, which afterwards gained the Smith's Prize, the most coveted mathematical prize at Cambridge, over the head of the Senior Wrangler. The work was declared by the examiners to be an important contribution to mathematical science, and was published *in extenso* by the Cambridge Philosophical Society. Professor Maclaurin next studied law, and became a member of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was awarded the McMahon Law Studentship at St. John's College, a scholarship of the value of £150 per annum for four years. A little later he graduated successively LL.B. and LL.M. at

Wrigglesworth & Binns. Wellington

MRS. DAVID NATHAN, OF WELLINGTON, AS "CLEOPATRA."

Cambridge. In 1898 he was elected to that recognized hall-mark of University distinction, a Fellowship at St. John's, and

Edwards Studio, Auckland.
PROFESSOR MACLAURIN, M.A., LL.M.

wrote a thesis on the History of Title, for which he gained the Yorke Prize of one hundred guineas, which had not been awarded for six years, as it is only given for a thesis of exceptional merit. Professor Maclaurin is probably the only man who ever obtained the Smith's and Yorke's Prizes within two years. Shortly after this he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Mathematical Physics at Victoria College, Wellington. Outside his regular mathematical duties Professor Maclaurin lectures on Jurisprudence and Constitutional History. This he does as a labour of love, and has already attracted a large class of students.

DR. W. H. GOLDIE, M.D., C.M. (EDIN.)

Dr. William Herbert Goldie, M.D., C.M. (Edin.), is a son of the present Mayor of Auckland, Mr. David Goldie. As a boy young Goldie had an excellent record as an athlete, but recognising that the business of life was not entirely confined to the playground, he devoted himself to his studies with exceptional energy. He matriculated and passed the Junior Civil Service and medical preliminary exams. at Prince Albert College, Auckland, spent two years in the study of science at the Auckland University, moved to Sydney and passed his first professional examination there, then on to Edinburgh University, where in turn most of the coveted honours in the branch of the profession to which he had devoted himself, the diseases of women and children, rewarded his untiring application. Amongst these may be mentioned the Buchanan Scholarship, the position of Senior Prizeman in Surgery at the New School of Medicine; first-class honours in medicine, surgery, midwifery, pathology and physiology, etc.; University medals in diseases of women, and in physiology; and his M.B. and M.D. degrees, which were gained with Honours, by no means a bad record. Dr. Goldie had no sooner graduated than he started in

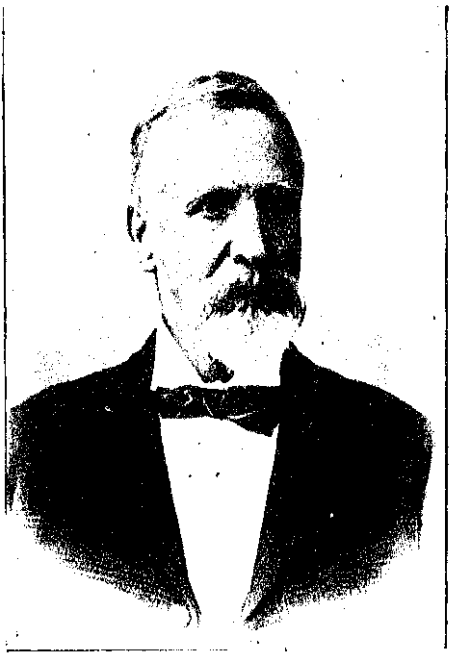
Hemus, Auckland.
DR. W. H. GOLDIE, M.D., C.M.

general practice. We find him successively in charge of the Countess of Seafield's Hospital, acting as House-surgeon in charge of the University Wards for Diseases of

Women at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, working in the London Hospitals, House Physician and Pathologist at the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire General Infirmary, and also in the Eastern Fever Hospital, London, on the Honorary Staff of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, assisting the eminent surgeon, Mr Bland Sutton, in his most difficult operations, and carrying on a consulting practice at Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. It was only last year that Dr. Goldie returned to New Zealand, and settled in Auckland to give his native town the benefit of his studies. The Polynesian, Melanesian and Australian natives and their habits and customs have always held great interest for Dr. Goldie, and he intends publishing a work on the subject. He was awarded honours while at the Edinburgh University for a thesis entitled "The Medical Customs and Diseases of the Polynesian Maori and Australian Races." Dr. Goldie has been elected Surgeon-Captain of the Auckland Engineers Volunteer Corps.

MR. W. SWAN.

Amongst the hardy pioneers of Otago there were naturally many miners, a class of men whose adventurous lives tend to foster a spirit of determination to overcome all difficulties and a steady resourcefulness, which makes them admirable settlers for a new country. The subject of this sketch, the late Mr. William Swan, was an excellent example in point. Born at Prestonpans in Scotland, and taught the arduous duties of a coalminer, Mr. Swan, on arriving at the age of twenty-three, decided to try his luck in New Zealand. His first goldfield experiences were on the Dunstan in 1861. Realising that there were more certain profits to be made by cartage of stores than by digging, he soon turned his attention to this line of business, and did exceedingly well at it. A short experience of the New South Wales goldfields soon sent him back to Dunedin, where the next few years were spent in founding a flourishing coal and firewood business. Not content with successfully managing his own business, Mr. Swan, in 1889, offered his services as City Councillor, and for many years did excellent work in this capacity and that of Mayor, both of the city and of the Mosgiel Borough during his residence therein. He



Frost, MR. W. SWAN. Dunedin.

also devoted his energies to the Otago Benevolent Institution, the Ocean Beach Domain Board, and Charitable Aid Board, and occupied the position for ten years of Treasurer of the Caledonian Society. He will be long remembered in the City of the South for his constant attention and unswerving devotion to the causes he took in hand.

MR. CHARLES WILSON.

Mr. Charles Wilson, who, as he himself aptly expresses it, has forsaken the busy hum of the printing office for the quiet and classic shades of the Parliamentary Library, is well known in New Zealand. He has all the pluck and energy of the typical Yorkshireman, and has worked his way steadily onward in this colony. As one

of the teaching staff of Wanganui College, as a journalist, and as a member of Parliament, his work is well known. He has, all his life, been a lover of books, and has himself gathered together a very fine private library. As Parliamentary Librarian he will now have a most congenial occupation, and no doubt he will do his best to make the splendid collection of literature, which he has in his keeping, of more use and benefit to the public than it has been in the past.

Wrigglesworth & Binns, Wellington.

MR. CHARLES WILSON.

MR. DICK STEWART.

A visit from genial Dick Stewart with one of Williamson's Companies is a treat periodically enjoyed by playgoers in New Zealand, and Dick's name would be a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the performance to be offered the public even if Williamson's was not. He is a prince of good fellows, and his amusing anecdotes of his experiences with the various Companies he pilots are always especially worth hearing. He is almost as well known in New Zealand as his namesake, the Premier, and the most serious reporter would sooner interview him. His photo was unavoidably omitted from the columns devoted to the Crane-Power Company last month, and is therefore reproduced here.

NEW ZEALAND BOYS.

At a time when New Zealand boys have made such a proud name for themselves in the battlefields of South Africa, it is especially pleasant to have to record instances such as often appear "In the Public Eye" of others who have borne themselves bravely and made good records in the arenas of our great English Universities against talent which is drawn from all quarters of the English-speaking world. Such instances are more valuable in showing to the rising generation what can be done by steady application and unswerving resolution, added, of course, to the necessary ability.

Edwards Studio, Auckland.

MR. DICK STEWART.

Another Woman's Territory.

By Alien

(Author of *A Daughter of The King, The Untold Half, The Devil's Half Acre, Etc., Etc.*)

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

IN the keen consciousness that this was his vital hour, Frank had forgotten revenge. A sudden revulsion of feeling told him that the bitterness with which he had planned this was a phase passed. It was no other man's guarantee to honour that he wanted to test, but his own. From his dark corner he looked on the face of his sister with pleading in his eyes. He saw her smile as she turned to Howard, the animation in her face.

To him who knew her so well it was the most perfect revelation of her love; her true beauty, her true grace had come to her —and yet was she not the dupe of that proud, silent man at her side, whose every look and liniment still spoke of power? Who had imperiously taken possession of his own lights, even of Caroline, and kindled in her the instinct of happiness which he himself had all but extinguished. If he might separate the woman from the man, and strike the man only!

The orchestra was casting its dreamy sensuous spell over the vast audience, taking possession of the mind, dissipating actuality, creating illusion, and stirring emotion. The audience sat in passive subjection in preparation for a fuller surrender of the will to the senses. The glamour of the perfumed brilliant music filled space, passed from one to another till the crowd was magnetised, then the curtain drew up.

Ruth Opie turned with an exclamation of pride, but the box was empty.

It seemed to Howard that he had known from the first what it would be. He sat with his arms folded, the line between his brows drawn deep. Without moving a muscle he watched the first act through. A brother and sister, wards of their uncle, a misanthrope, who hated youth because of its hope and affection, and the courage it possessed, great enough to defy wealth and power—to defy him. The girl-mother of his nephew and niece had, before their time, laughed at his despotism, and married his brother, whom up to then he had regarded as his creature. Because of this he doubly hated the youth, who must one day inherit, and spared him no humiliation, thwarting his ambition, crushing him at every turn. If the old man had an affection it was for the sister, who seconded her mother's scorn of him, while her love and belief in her brother almost amounted to idolatry. The picture of the old monamaniac, clinging to his wealth, mistaking the power to crush for happiness, yet weeping weak tears at the scorn his tyranny brings him from the girl, was at once strong and pathetic.

A violent trembling seized Caroline. She knew the brutal rage, the senile tears, she followed the action that led to the representation of the final wrench when the old man turned the youth from his doors, and the sister refusing shelter where insult was the brother's portion.

As yet there was little to constitute tragedy; the dramatic art which chains events together and presents them in living form had satisfied the audience, and left it tingling for development. To Caroline it

was the poltic sifting of scenes she knew—a certainty that Frank Osmond not only lived but worked. She had believed it always, she knew it now.

The applause and hum around, the animated crowd, even the perfume of her bouquet seemed part of a dream. No ideas came to her, only sensations. She had neither speech nor action; the only faculty that was alive was the receptive faculty, and as the play proceeded, developing a story that was new to her, she forgot that her brother or herself had any part in it.

The scene came at length that Howard had waited for where the young writer pours out all his dreams and ambitions to the man whose name is almost made, but the circumstances are different. The lad, driven almost to despair by hopeless struggle, is lifted into a new heaven by the man through whose encouragement he is spurred to greater effort. A scene where the sister, wasted by hunger, talks to the midnight student of the world they shall win, sends the brother to the feet of the old man who, in bitter malice, gloats over his victory. He returns to his room and forges his uncle's name.

The situation had grown strained and painful when the tension was relieved by a laugh that rang with musical enchantment on every ear. And a woman, whose movements Howard knew, came forward, it appeared, to meet him, wearing the white gown with the black lace hat and crimson roses in which he had first seen her, carrying his bunch of blue irises in her hand. He rose instinctively. Then the roof echoed to Geraldine Ward's first greeting there.

She stood in graceful, smiling waiting, bowing at intervals till the storm of welcome passed, then with an old-world curtsey, half mockery, half deprecation, with a glance at the standing figure in the box, she dismissed her audience, and claimed attention to her art.

Frank, who had been wandering outside, not daring to hope, took heart at the mighty cheer, and went back to Ruth, who turned pathetic eyes to him; but he saw nothing save the beautiful woman who, without altering a word of his dialogue, suggested meaning, knowledge, sympathy, beyond his dreams, lending voice expression, all the charm and force of her personality to give life to his dead words. For the second time a conception of his owed its success to a finished artist, for whatever the fate of his play might otherwise have been, from the moment Geraldine Ward stepped on the stage the scenes lived. What might have been melo-drama, a worn-out tale of common sin and suffering, was dignified by her genius to tragedy, new with individual meaning.

The old man of the play showed no mercy to his brother's flesh and blood; he was a Shylock, who took revenge for lost authority; the young man paid his penalty, and while he paid to win Geraldine's love, the hero—under whose cynicism was a charm, Caroline seemed to know—sold his honour for the great gift at stake. He used the convict's idea for his book, and won by it.

In the big scene of the play between the man and the woman, where the heroine discovers she has built up her ideal of the man on a fraud, Geraldine played for the life of the piece—for the fame of the man whom her genius scorched, on whom her scorn fell like whip lashes on quivering flesh

"*Can't I make you understand I shall not suffer—shall not even blame you? Mine was the fault for having mistaken a coward for a king! Despise I do; pity may follow in a softer mood, and if I never see your face again, I may learn even gratitude. . . .*"

To Howard's imagination the silence which preceded the applause was full of searching eyes. The crowd was staring at him. His dishonour was made known to all men. He sat with bowed head; he had in an hour fallen from that place to which it had taken him his life to climb. Through the confusion of his mind loud calls reached him, which he presently understood:

"Author! Author!"

The hubbub grew; Geraldine, palpitating

and radiant, moved forward from her dressing-room. Caroline—between whom and Howard no word had passed for an hour—bent from her box, her eyes bright, her face white. Even in this supreme moment of expectation she was still.

"Author! Author!"

And then what she expected happened. Frank stood quietly there, white as the Lazarus he had called himself, when the resurrected man came forth from his tomb.

"I be grizzlen for very joy," explained Ruth, when he went back to her and found her in tears.

"Well!" said Marchmont to Geraldine, "I have found a modest man!"

Geraldine made no answer; she was thinking of their brief interview when he had bowed before her, his boyish face lit with enthusiasm, and a joy that almost quenched the sadness of his eyes.

"Madam, I thank you. To your genius I owe more than the distinction you have won me to-night."

The drive through the star-lit night was a silent one to Caroline and Howard. Caroline's heart was too full for words. There was a wrapt expression on her face which Howard, sunk in reverie, did not see. Her silence put him leagues away; to him it was condemnatory. Now and then she sighed, and turned to him as she came from the—to her—great fact of her brother's return to life, and the remembrance that her husband did not appear to rejoice with her.

"Are you not glad; have you nothing to say to me?" she said in a sort of desperation, as they stood at the foot of the staircase, which the moment they entered the house Howard made to ascend. There was almost a yearning in her tones that arrested him. He halted, one foot on the stair, one hand on the balustrade. Glad? Anything to say? Was it possible that she did not understand that he had defrauded her brother of his birthright? He forgot that she had no clue, and what had seemed plain to the world to-night was between Frank and himself only.

Caroline noticed the hardness of his look, her eyes kindled, and a swift flush mounted to her cheeks.

"Howard!" she burst out, drawing herself up stiffly, "it is not possible that you are angry with my brother for the use he has made of a title, too cruelly his own? You cannot owe him a grudge for slipping out of our life, and re-appearing in this manner? Remember that he might not even know of our presence in Melbourne, of our marriage, of anything that could connect you with him, except that chance day at Matamata."

He took his foot off the stairs and confronted her.

"What—exactly—do you mean?" he asked slowly.

"Forgive me," she answered, "but do you think Frank has traded on your idea? The most captious critic could find no similarity between the two stories, and there is room in the world for good workers—honours enough to share!"

He interrupted her with the harshest laugh she had ever heard from his lips.

"Don't!" she exclaimed, putting her hand on his arm. In all their married life she had never known this mood in him. He had been many things, but never paltry. She could not bear it, quivering as she was with the joy of to-night's surprise. She turned abruptly away, passed him without a glance, and ascending the stairs, closed her dressing-room door behind her.

A whirl of feeling possessed Howard—should he open that closed door and tell his wife the truth? His hand was on the knob when a small thing deterred him—remembrance of Caroline once crying in the night. She had believed herself unheard, but every quivering sob had seemed to tear him to pieces.

He couldn't tell her to-night—she would perhaps lie awake and cry in the dark. It was a terrible thing to hear a woman cry! How would she look at him when she knew? Would her truthful eyes flash scorn at him as Geraldine's had done to-night? "Mine is the blame that I mistook a coward for a king."

He was overwrought in revolt against justice. When he turned up the lights in his study his face showed ghastly pale. He helped himself to whisky and soda, then unable to keep still, walked to and fro restlessly. Yet, let come what may, he had had his day—and to-night he was drinking the dregs of humiliation! He had staked all—and lost! He was well groomed, well fed, civilised society had given him room. For the rest——? He was as lonely as the little office boy who, years ago, had no place in a crowded world. Frank had been to him absolutely dead—his thought only had lived. It was the conception and not the man who had previously existed. Now the man had become reality to be reckoned with—a trust had been submitted to him which he had betrayed.

He held on to the thought that he had never meant to rob the man—only to use a dead man's shoes. And not to win any woman's trust—not that! but to satisfy his own lust of fame. He crossed to his desk, unlocked a drawer, and brought out Frank's MS.

"Yes," he said, "I did covet it. I do now!"

He laid his head down on his arm, and his tired thought went out to Caroline, innocent of his crime, unapprehensive of his disgrace, unacquainted with the unreasoning greed that had prompted him to theft. Granted she might listen to his plea, could she condone the wrong he had done to the brother for whom it had been possible to give her life? (He did not say easy: sacrifice was incomprehensible to him.) Minutes of tormenting remorse, tragic hopelessness passed, then out of the pain mist one wish formed, that to one soul on earth he had been elect, to whom he might take his sin, who would absolve him and set him free.

Caroline?

God defend him when Caroline's honesty sat in judgment on his dishonesty!

He did not understand that purity has perfect pardon. So he sat alone with a shadow that deepened and broadened, and set his teeth in a defiance that asked no favour.

Caroline, by her fire, pondered, first in anger, then in dismay, her husband's attitude towards her. She sought for every apology. Nothing could excuse his coldness. Oh! he must know—he must—what to-night had meant for her! The infinite relief, the infinite gladness! Under his cynicism and silence she had attributed sympathy and understanding—she was all at sea! Was her estimate of her husband wrong? Was he after all affected by mere outward seeming? Did he resent the re-appearance of her brother with his painful associations? Had success sullied that honest simplicity which had made it possible for him to ask the ex-convict's sister for wife?

She rose in a sudden agitation of shame. Was this the barrier that had always been between? Had pity for her forlornness, her helplessness, prompted him to kindness?

The thought stung her beyond endurance! Rather the desertion, the loneliness, the death in life that had been hers, than this! Then suddenly all her pride gave way, every consideration fell before the strength of her passion.

"Oh! I want him! I want *him!*" she cried, "not any other! Not joy, not anything at all, save him!"

Big tears fell; her breast heaved with convulsive sobbing. To-night of all nights when her brother had been given her again, when all her past hope had become reality, when nothing seemed left to ask, all her strong young womanhood awoke, a tide of emotion which she could not stem broke up her reserve. She fell upon her knees, her face hidden in her hands.

"Drive me," she said, challenging the unknown God, "drive me through flame and flood, ask any price—I will pay! Oh, I *will* pay, so only he loves me! I am alone and weak; he is more alone and weaker than I! I would suffer shame—I will not quail—try me. If there is any help that he may need to set him free—is there any other who could give him more than I? I do not ask his love for my case—I ask *him*, himself.

Sorrow, poverty, anything for my price! One heart, one man! Make me responsible. I do not believe that anywhere anyone knows better than I know how to love him!"

A passionate protest rose within her—she would not be disdained! Negation was death. It was degradation to her womanhood any longer to accept this annihilation, treason to her truth, to assume indifference!

A woman's love was after all the greatest gift life could offer a man, let her be real as true. While she was woman she asked no more than her husband's love.

She had brushed out her long hair, and it fell cloak-like to her waist. Her hair was her one beauty, and to-night, spite of her suffering, she desired beauty that through it she might be loved. There was the fact of facts—to be loved. Her self-reliance was gone; that pride of reserve, even the sweetness of self-giving, which had sufficed her no more. For one kiss of his, she would have bartered all she had.

An hour passed, and he did not come. A silvery-toned timepiece on the mantleshelf struck one. Clocks of deeper tone echoed the stroke from different parts of the house. The silence and waiting grew intolerable. She could not sleep till she had heard his voice in kindlier tone than his last word to her. She had been angry and disdainful, but she robbed herself when she robbed him of her love. She would use the wife's prerogative, and go to him and ask him what *was* the wall between their lives? Show him how her love had grown, even in its cold shadow! Win him to revoke this decree of alienation.

She trembled as she went softly along the corridor to her husband's study. The servants were in bed, and the lights turned off in the hall and passages, and in the pale moonlight streaming in through the landing window, Caroline looked in her white dressing-gown and flowing hair like a girl-ghost. A crack of light under the study door proclaimed Howard still there. Receiving no answer to her gentle knock, she stood with beating heart, irresolute; perhaps he was asleep. The house was wrapped in silence; silence deep as death, which fell on the woman like a cold shadow. Shuddering as at the touch of an unseen hand she tried the door handle, with almost a child's panic to get out of the loneliness to the living comfort of a desired presence. The handle gave.

She understood instantly that Howard was in a deep sleep. His head was resting on his arm, his arm upon his writing-table, and the regular breathing of the bowed figure told that his slumber was profound.

There is something sacred in sleep—a shadow of the deeper sacredness of death; something, too, of death's separateness. The soul—the individuality has gone away on a journey of its own, divorced from flesh, free from bond, free from law. The disputed points between one awake and one asleep are in abeyance.

In spite of her craving, the wife could not invade that silence. But she was jealous of the sleep that cut him off from her yearning and sorrowing. Like death, it mocked, and yet, ah! not for always!—there would be another day!

She bent down over him, her brooding tenderness maternal in its care. Her rippling hair fell upon his shoulders. She might have been his guardian angel, come to him in his distress, but like other sleepers he did not see.

As she lifted her head her eyes fell upon Frank's MS. on the desk. At first, in a semi-trance, she stared at the familiar handwriting without attaching any meaning to it. Then her brain acted, intelligence came to her eyes. Yes; this was her brother's work. Still she had no conscious question—no understanding, her glance wandering over the page was suddenly riveted. A sentence seemed to burn out in livid fire. She read the paragraph through. Then drawing herself up to her full height, as though straightening herself up to receive a blow, she looked at the sleeping man, an indescribable expression of dawning terror in her eyes. The hand she put out to

take up the MS. shook as with ague, but she forced herself to verify her suspicion. She read till she was sure, then put the sheets back from where she had taken them. In a flash she understood. She turned to the unconscious man with a dramatic gesture of repudiation, her face white and drawn and old.

He of all men!

There is a tragic hour for every woman large enough to create a god among men, when she awakens from her illusion to discover that her peer, whom she worshipped, is just one man among men; not separate; not apart where her worship placed him.

In that hour some women begin to die some to learn laughter, some to grow hard and some take their just step towards greatness, but one and all leave paradise.

Caroline's face bowed between her hands as though she could not look upon his degradation. She never knew whether it was minutes or hours that she stood alone with her merciless shame; when she lifted her head again her eyes were blind with misery; but the crisis had passed. Her heart had sung its requiem to its dead hero but the *man* had need of her. She stretched out her hands yearningly, then noislessly, lest he should awaken and discover her knowledge of his disgrace, left him to dream.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER THE GOAD.

"YES, I am disengaged. I will see Mr. Osmond here."

The maid withdrew. Howard, with Frank's card in his hand, rose from his writing table, and drew himself up as though to meet a blow. The morning had barely given him time for action, yet a half-written letter lay on his desk; on the floor was a litter of newspapers, hastily read and thrown aside.

In the moment that Howard stood awaiting his adversary, his face and figure set stiffly. To all appearance he had conquered the agitation of last night.

When the door closed behind him, Frank found himself received by a coldly courteous man, who bowed to him ceremoniously. Pale with excitement, Frank responded with formality as proud; neither spoke. The dark spectacled eyes searched the face before him, which expressed nothing of memory of what had gone before. Into the moment's silence a rush of feeling came to Frank as he stood face to face with the man whom he had first admired, then despised. He tried to bring from the storehouse of his wrong and suffering something of the bitterness he had hoarded with which to fight against the new weakness that was invading him. Instead he saw the age and pain on his enemy's face, the grey among the dark hair. Everything recurred to his memory save his hatred, his rehearsed and reiterated vengeance! Matamata and they two together, the new ambition, the new desire of life this man had communicated.

Howard lifted his head and met the other's gaze with the cold, critical light in his eyes under which the younger man had quailed on the occasion of their first meeting. But there was no nervousness in the lad's look now. Shame and he seemed to have nothing in common; two years had worked an extraordinary change. For the first time Howard saw the likeness to Caroline.

"I congratulate you—until last night I believed you dead."

The two men were watching each other as instinctive enemies watch. They both were experiencing one of those moments of understanding that do more than years of intercourse to separate, or reveal and cement more intimately than scenes of passion do.

"Dead? You believed me dead?"

"Drowned at Matamata."

An exclamation escaped from Frank's lips; he went an involuntary step nearer.

In one hand he held his cap—similar to that he had left on the river bank, and which matched his blue serge morning suit—with his left hand he made a gesture of entreaty. A curious wish had arisen in his mind that he might find this man less

guilty than he thought him. It was possible the mistake had been made; on that day when he and Howard had walked together he, Frank, had allowed himself utterance of his despair.

"Drowned?"

He looked greatly disquieted. He took another step forward, and faced Howard on the hearthrug. Was this the explanation of his sister's acquiescence? Had he been brooding over a wrong done to him, while he had inflicted an injury? His anger, his grudge, the righteousness of his cause, all those considerations which had combined to make him aggressive were dwarfed by the new thought.

"Will you explain?" he asked abruptly.

Howard had not moved his position on the hearth-rug. He straightened his shoulders now, and with his hands locked behind his back, very deliberately gave his reasons. He was brutal in his diagnosis. The weakness that had held a man from using his talents, and had made it possible for him to become a forger, he held consistent with a crowning act of desperation. Frank's face twitched. There seemed to him a supreme irony in last night's triumph placed beside this morning's reason why he should have died.

Howard began his slow pace of the room in measured calculating tones, giving the reason for his belief in the other's death. "To me," he concluded, "it was more than a possibility; circumstances justified the act; when hope has no reality to a man, when he has lost confidence in his own power, life has no reality."

Frank was dumbfounded. Whatever he had expected to hear, he had not expected the reasons why he should not be alive.

"In his uninspired moments," continued Howard, with a note of weariness in his voice, Frank did not recognise, "every man's life drags—but to feel the clog on the wheel always! damnable! With inspiration and motive gone, to live is simply to be an ape with mimicry enough to play the man!" He pushed his hair off his forehead with an impatient hand.

Frank met the sunken eyes with a strange feeling of fear. He had loved this man in an earlier day, set him apart—with the idealist's enthusiasm—from ordinary sin. The truth was dawning upon Frank that extraordinary men were not men exempt from sin, but by their repentance emancipated evil from platitude. That a strong man erred strongly and sounded the bottom of a deep regret.

"I accepted the idea of your death as fact—and robbed a dead man. I did it deliberately."

Howard looked in cold defiance at the man he had wronged, neither triumphant nor degraded. His lip curled; there was almost scorn in his tone.

"That a man conscious of your gift could despair, I did not understand. I mistook your mood for ignorance. It seemed to me that you were blind to your advantage—that the gods had gifted you to no purpose. It was a satire that the rod which could divide my Red Sea should be scornfully thrown aside by an unappreciative hand. I stooped. I picked up the rod, smote my waters, and passed over."

His voice, harsh with feeling, grew husky at the words "I stooped." There was confession in them, infinite humiliation. But his manner was conciliative only for a moment.

He walked to his desk. "Here," he continued, laying his hand upon the MS. on the table, "is the original of my famous book." His harsh laugh grated on the silence of the room. "Whatever polish—shall we say polish?—it has undergone the idea is unmistakably yours. Undeniably so. I would gladly yield all claim—what is the quotation about 'restoring fourfold?'"

Still Frank did not speak. His hand closed over the roll of paper. His face was as white as the face that looked into his.

"I did covet it," said Howard. "I covet it still—for the honour it might have brought me." His voice was hoarse.

Still Frank did not speak. For a moment both men stood silently, then Frank quietly put the MS. on the fire, and said huskily:

"I, also, was a thief."

The burning MS. flared into bright flame, flickered into a red glow, darkened and went out, and with it evidence of Howard's guilt. The morning sunshine mocked the firelight, and made it vulgar, but neither of the men were conscious of the sunshine.

A clock on the mantleshelf above their bowed heads ticked off the shamed minutes hurriedly.

"I also ——! God! What a leveller!" If ever he had stood undecided between the reality of this man's crime and his own, Frank had linked them. In his pardon he had accused; in his restraint he had abused.

Howard winced to remember his old scorn of the man beside him. He also was a thief. He had fallen before into extreme depths, but Frank had forced him out of any cover he might find in his pit. He abhorred failure, and was not this moment the worst defeat when the man he had despised showed magnanimity on the ground of their common crime?

"You hit hard," he said.

Frank looked up. His face flushed. His release from a death sentence had taught him sympathy. Fresh contact with the personality that had affected him so strongly at Matamata roused again in him something of the old worship. It was difficult to keep resentment and Howard so near. Last night appeared an effrontery; an exaggerated expression of a past circumstance. His words had been intended as a conciliation; but he saw the misery on the other's face, and his almost womanly gentleness re-asserted itself, and swept before it all consideration save that for peace.

"Let us cry quits," he said. "We have both strained for a point—and gained it. We have communicated thought and strength to each other—does it matter so very much how? I was held as in a vice by circumstance, had small self-judgment till you opened my eyes. You lacked a little nature to lead your art to genius. Well, we have both advanced. *Must* we cavil now? May we not own that each has communicated to the other something of what the other needed? Could I, Frank Osmond, have won if it had not been for you? Say that you first roused me by your energy into action, then shocked me into hatred and revenge? Emulation, hatred even means life." His eyes glowed, his sensitive face quivered, in a tone like Caroline's tones when she pleaded, he asked: "Is the dead past to bury its dead?"

The hand he half extended he rested on a chair back, checking his impulse. He might not sue even now for the friendship he coveted. Perhaps in Howard's eyes the pollution of the past still clung to him! Perhaps last night worked incalculable harm. Caroline had given this man her love, and he, Frank, had come between. In his blind hate had he made bad worse?

"My sister ——?" He faltered and stopped.

"Ah! yes, there is Caroline!"

Howard had been reminded of her claim. He had been engrossed by the idea that he would throw his shame overboard, get rid of his load thoroughly; it was a distinct temptation. He writhed under coals of fire. A final and effectual escape had presented itself in the confession which is reputed good for the soul. But it would weight Caroline. He did not relish the idea of making his wife the pack-horse to carry his disgrace. He must not let the world throw stones at her.

"Pray do not imagine that I am sheltering behind the fact that Caroline is your sister, Mr. Osmond," he said in his slowest drawl of anger, his eyes bright with a sudden blaze of recollection. "The man of your play did that, I recollect. Understand I gained nothing but your sister when I made her my wife. I had nothing to fear—she was ignorant that you had ever written a line—and to me you were dead, absolutely dead. I wanted nothing but your idea; it haunted me awake or asleep; the desire to possess it mastered me. I stole it, but there the meanness ends. I married Caroline to share possession. I have bungled badly—for I swear to you this moment that if it were not that you have reminded me it would bring

ignominy upon her, I'd throw the cursed weight off."

His voice had losts its drawl. He made a gesture with his shoulders as though he had shaken off a load, and drew in his breath with a sigh of anticipated relief.

"How you must hate me," said Frank, for he saw that his revenge had struck the wrong man; he had planned it for a small one.

"I do hate you," answered Howard, beginning again his restless walk. "We always hate those who dwarf us in our self-conceit. You've been magnanimous—damn magnanimity! To owe no man anything—that's the most divine philosophy of life."

"If that is true," replied Frank, sadly, as he turned to the door, "there is nothing more to say, for I—owe—everything."

"You are at the beginning of your working time—you will not lack at the close," he said.

Frank came back from the door.

"Ah! that's a question—weighted as I am!" His young face showed its pining. His sensitive mind was depressed by what seemed the defeat of the past hour. The spiritual note in him had been jarred by Howard's harshness. The necessity of his nature for comradeship and kinship had made him willing to concede any other right if the man who stood in such close relationship to his sister would but bury his lance.

"I don't know!" reiterated Frank. "If my work had stood an individual test I should be surer. It owes so much to Geraldine Ward—it was she satisfied the critics."

It seemed incredible to Howard that the young man should crave appreciation from him. Yet Frank's tone and manner, the look in his eyes, made it sure. Howard felt his trust. It broke him down completely.

"Lad," he said huskily, resting his hand on the other's shoulder, "your youth is a gift of nature; it has little to do with years—it will win by its everlasting hope, its recurring enthusiasm. I never was young—some men are born old. One passion mastered me—ambition—greed of fame. I have made my name —. I ask your pardon—for my appropriation of your right. Honour is the recompense of labour; there is no way to make good——" The difficult words took form slowly; their hands were clasped when a knock at the door disturbed them.

"It is I—Caroline."

She stood for a moment on the threshold, the next she was in her brother's arms.

When the first agitation of their meeting was over, and brother and sister sat together in the drawing-room, feasting eye and heart and tongue, through all her happiness, in spite of her flushed face and sparkling eyes, Frank saw something he did not understand in Caroline's manner. It was a familiar enough trait in her character, but strange in her intercourse with him, for unmistakably she was reserved. Every plea that he could urge he had brought forward for pardon of his desertion. Was he justified?

Yes; he was justified. She had never doubted his love! He bent forward pleadingly towards her, taking her hand.

"Ah, *Wahine!*" and at the old endearing term he kissed the hand in his, "often I forgot the task before me, forgot everything that was due from me in my bitter need of you. Once I came to the window here and looked in."

She started.

"Here! Then you knew before to-day?"

He did not quite get her meaning.

"Knew what, dear?"

"That I was Howard's wife?"

It was the first mention of his name between them, and they had talked for two hours.

"Yes, I knew." He did not say that he was on another mission when he discovered her.

Caroline, without further question, in a low voice, and without for a moment permitting her cloak of reserve from slipping away, sketched for her attentive listener the time of her waiting at Matamata; the grey days; the only living picture stood distinctly out to Frank as with extraordinary force,

yet without apparent motive or emphasis she drew the scene. When she had finished, though she had not said so, he understood that if it had not been for Howard she would have died.

Frank drew in his breath. Was this mediation? He could not tell. Her steady eyes were almost feverish in their brightness; something in the gaze stabbed him Was it reproach of himself, or did she understand?

His hand went out to hers; he felt a pressure of his fingers which reassured him. There was nothing hysterical in her manner. He could not know that her heart was bursting with shame. She got up presently and walked to a bookcase, and taking down a volume asked:

"Have you read *A Man at Bay?*"

It was a challenge. If Frank had anything to say, he should say it now. The line between her brows was definitely defined, but there was no sign to show the beating of her heart.

Frank looked across the room at her steadily.

"For real strength it outstrips all Howard's previous work," he said.

"But he must know!" thought Caroline. "Last night!—oh, I remember every word! —and yet this morning they were friends. Is it to be silence and burial? Always silence and burial! Am I to be ever hedged about—shut out—kept in the dark?"

But not to any living soul would she own his delinquency, or that she felt herself aggrieved.

Howard came in just then, and for one fierce moment a rage of passion made it impossible for her to speak or look at him. Both brother and husband had, loving her, found it possible to shame her. The world might begin again as before to them—but what for her? What of her broken trust? Just then the arrogance that assumed protectiveness and affection seemed an insult. The first phase of woman's love, "that believeth all things," was dying in pain, and pain only could give birth to the second phase which "endureth all things!" Poor, poor Caroline!

Frank had left the room when she felt Howard approaching. If she had dared to look up she would have seen something upon his face that was crying for deliverance. But she dared not; her fingers trembled as she turned a leaf of the book she held. He waited in the patient way he always waited for her, missing perhaps the ready glance she usually turned to him, perhaps hungry for the abandonment of passion with which she had thrown herself into Frank's arms. He touched her hair gently.

"You seem interested!"

For answer she read in a low voice—into which she put every intonation of disbelief of which her voice was capable—a passage that Howard had written in an hour of his direst need when his maimed and bruised manhood had cried out to the woman for redemption. The scene had held Caroline by its power. A lover pleaded for the love that was more than life, that would by its regenerative power blot out the memory of sin.

It was a cruel thing. Afterwards Caroline never knew how she came to do it. She did not recognise her own mocking laugh.

The blood rose to Howard's brow, then left him deadly pale. In the silence that followed Caroline knew that she had slain something. When she looked up Howard was smiling. His face was so like it had been that first night she had seen him—the curling lip, the gleaming cold eyes—that she realised with a sudden anguish of realisation how the furnace had softened him, how gentle he had become beside her. He took his book from her hands.

"Let me tear the leaf out—it is offensive to you," he said in his most hateful drawl.

Caroline gave a half-articulate cry of protest. She felt that he was tearing a leaf from their life. Across and across the strong fingers wrenched the printed page, then opening the window he threw the pieces to the breeze.

"Come, child," he said, still smiling. "Lunch is waiting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

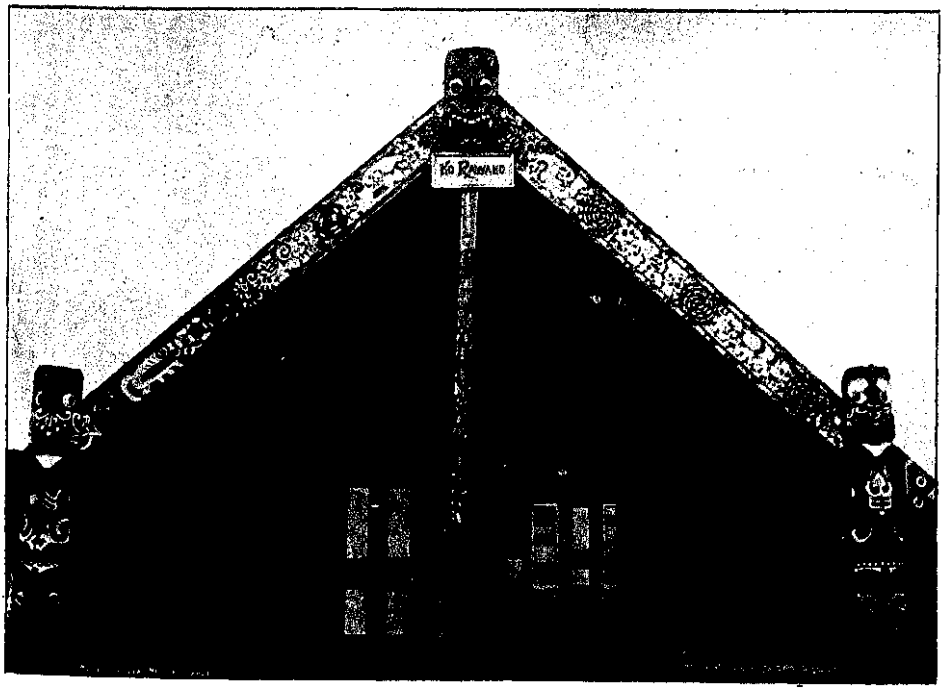
The Romance of the Rohepotae.

THE KING COUNTRY—PAST AND PRESENT.

By James Cowan.

SIX hundred years ago a long outrigger canoe sailed slowly up the lonely forest-bordered waters of Kawhia Harbour, the light sea breeze barely filling the triangular *tapa* sails, and the paddles of her brown-skinned crew flashing in the summer sun as they rose and dipped again in the sheltered tide-way. Her keel grated on the white sandy beach, half-naked figures leaped gladly out, with shouts of pleasure and relief, and gathering their tropical bark-cloth garments around them, they rested at last on the long-looked-for shores of the promised land, the Aotearoa, to reach which they had traversed two thousand miles of blue ocean and skirted hundreds of miles of unpromising-looking or hostile-peopled coastline. The canoe was the Tainui, with a party of immigrants from the far-off Polynesian Islands, and her crew of Hawaiiki warriors and women were the people who were to populate the unknown regions of the Upper Waikato, the Waipa, the Tai-Hauauru, and all that great area of forest, plain, hill and swamp which extends from the valley of the Waikato south away to the waters of the Mokau and the Ongarue—the present-day Rohepotae.

The Tainui's people most probably found scattered bands of aborigines already inhabiting their new-found country; we



Pegler. MAORI CARVED MEETING HOUSE, TE KUITI.

know that in other parts of the North Island the Hawaiikian Maoris discovered *tangata-whenua* (people of the land) already in

WAHANUI.

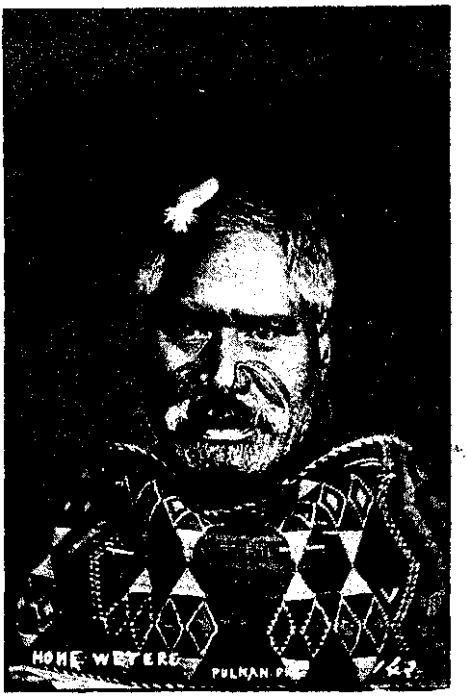
possession when they arrived here. But most of the memories of these ancient Polynesian aborigines have passed away; one of the reminders of the fact that they did exist is perhaps contained in the lingering belief of the Maoris in the *patupaiarehe*, the shy wood-elves, the fairy people whose haunts are the cloudy ridges of Pirongia and other lofty mountain tops.

Hoturoa was the chief and the navigator of the Tainui, and from him most of the leading chiefs of the Waikato, Hauraki, and "King" Country trace their descent. But to a contemporary of Hoturoa some of the Rohepotae leading families also attribute their origin. This ancestor, the great Raka-taura, whose name is surrounded with a semi-divine halo, is one of the ancestors of the Ngatimaniapoto and Ngatimatakore chiefs. A lineal descendant of Raka has recited to me his *whakapapa* or genealogical tree, showing that that celebrated *tupuna* landed on these shores from Hawaiiki twenty-four generations ago.

According to the versions of some of his descendants Raka was no ordinary sea-tourist; he despised the mere common canoe by which any fellow could travel. He stayed behind in Hawaiiki after the emigrants' historic canoes had sailed for the new land to the south-west; but feeling a desire to join them (the Tainui people had abducted his wife) he signified as much to his gods. The considerate *atuas* immediately sent him a great fish, called *Panè-iraira* (Speckled Head), which bore him on its back to Aotearoa, and landed him safely at Kawhia (says the tribal tradition) before the Tainui canoe arrived. Imagine Captain Hoturoa's astonishment on landing to annex the new colony to find Raka there before him. "Fancy meeting you!"

But Raka-taura's son, Hape-ki-tuarangi, out-did even his father, for he was carried here from Hawaiiki in a whirlwind, called Te Apurangi, keeping watch in middle air over his illustrious parent, the mighty rider of *taniwhas*.

These tales apparently had their origin in



Pulman, Auckland.

HONE WETERE TE RERENGA (DECEASED).

the desire to invest the doings of celebrated ancestors with something supernatural, the ultimate aim being the "chief

end" of all Maoris, the possession of the land.

The new people soon set out to explore the strange mysterious land they had taken possession of, so different from the palm-clothed isles of the tropical seas. They wandered up the valleys, crossed the ranges, and looked with wondering eyes on the wide plains of the Waikato and the Waipa, covered with forest and fern, through which wound the silver thread of many a river. They gave names to the features of the country; they built their rude dwellings, planted their few seed-kumara with great care and ceremony, and foraged for the foods of Aotearoa. It was a virgin land they prospected. Deep, dark forests then, as now, covered much of the country; wild birds swarmed in countless numbers; the voice of man could scarce be heard on the forest outskirts at dawn of day for the chiming of the bell-bird and *tui*, the screaming of the *kaka*, and the "ku-ku" of the pigeon. So, as the pioneers became acquainted with the resources of this "Fish of Maui," they set their cunningly-devised snares for the forest-birds; they speared them with long barbed spears; they made rat-pits for the *kiore Maori;* built eel-weirs and manufactured long flax seines for the sea-fish. They set up their *tuahu* or sacred places, and at due seasons the hereditary priests repeated the already-ancient incantations to Io, Tu, Uenuku, Rongo, Pani and other gods of the Maori. They discarded their too airy *tapa* garments for the more substantial clothing of flax and *toi*. In such fashion they lived; they multiplied, and in due time thickly peopled the more fertile portions of the coast and hinterland, and chased out the few earlier inhabitants, the *tangata-whenua*.

Even in the thick forest one still comes across traces of the old-time people. Great trees grow out of the *pa*-trenches, and the surveyor and bushman still occasionally find a hollowed-out *waka*, or bird-trough, which was set up in dry portions of the bush and filled with water, while above it were placed flax snares and nooses, in which the thirsty wild pigeons might be caught when they flew down to drink.

Strange and interesting is the race-history of these Tainui immigrants and their descendants. The record of their occupation of this territory, afterwards known as the "King Country," as disclosed in the Land Courts, is a narrative of place-naming, land-claiming, house-building, and of fierce feuds and vendettas, warlike expeditions, ruthless murders and cannibal feasts.

The descendants of Hoturoa and Rakataura often quarrelled amongst themselves, and when they were not engaged in alternately murdering and conciliating each other, they were busy repelling the attacks of outside tribes.

The Ngatimaniapoto tribe, in later times, became the dominant tribe of the land. This clan takes its name from the great Maniapoto, founder of the tribe, who lived fourteen generations ago. His father was Rereahu, whose name is revered as that of a sacred *Ariki* or tribal head. Rereahu's grandfather was Turongo, whose remains were interred at Rangiatea, near the Rangitoto Ranges. It is said that the mouldered bones of that ancient can still be seen there, at the foot of a *karaka* tree.

Then in course of time arose other tribes, besides the parent tribe Tainui, of Kawhia, the Ngatiraukawa, Ngatitoa, Ngatimahuta, Ngatimatakore, Ngatihikairo, and the many tribes known under the common heading of Waikato. The Waikato proper lost their ancestral lands as the result of the war of 1863-64, so that Ngatimaniapoto are now the people chiefly interested in the Rohepotae*.

The Rohepotae district may be defined as all that stretch of land extending from

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NOTE.—This term means an external boundary-line. "Rohe" is a boundary, and "potae" a head-covering. The name was applied to the King Country in modern times, as a comprehensive term for the vast, roughly-circular tract of country under the *mana* of the Kingite party. Wahanui was one of those to originate the name early in the "eighties," and at his instigation a survey was made of the Rohepotae boundaries.

the old *aukati* frontier line at the Puniu River (a tributary of the Waipa), near Alexandra and Kihikihi townships, right away south to the borders of Taranaki, the Upper Whanganui River, and the shores of Lake Taupo. The western boundary is the sea-coast and the eastern the Waikato River. The area of the Rohepotae, within the provincial district of Auckland, is about two million acres, but in addition there is an immense extent of forest-clad, comparatively unknown country in the Northern portion of the Taranaki province, which is also within the boundaries of the Ngatimaniapoto and Upper Whanganui tribes, the hereditary owners. Of this two million acres, there are several hundreds of thousands of acres which may be classed as good agricultural and excellent pastoral land, lying in the open fern valleys of the Waipa and its tributaries, and the Mokau. Away westward of the railway line is a vast stretch of limestone, sandstone and papa (calcareous rock) land, totalling perhaps considerably over half-a-million acres, extending from Otorohanga and Te Kuiti right over the wooded hills towards the cliffs which look down on the Tasman Sea. This is all good pastoral land. Much of it is densely wooded at present, and there is a great deal of rough, broken country, but already the tall trees are falling before the ringing axe of the bushman-settler, and the far-spreading haze of smoke from the bush-fires tell of the "burning-off" which precedes the grassing and stocking of these sections, hard-won from the heart of the forest land.

Pegler. FALLS ON THE MOKAU.

As might be expected in such a wide region, there is much poor country, and much too broken to be of any use; but there is no doubt that a great deal of Auckland's and the North Island's prosperity in the future will be due to the available good lands of the Rohepotae.

The primitive Maori invested much of this district with the halo of romance and wild tradition. His imagination created *taniwhas* and fairies; spirits of maligrant power lurked in the ancient trees and in the deep dark pools of the rivers. Away up on the misty mountain-peaks there were wild men of the woods. Certain ranges and crests were *maunga hikonga uira* (lightning mountains) of fateful omen. "Should lightning flash upon those mountains," say the old Maoris, "it is a sign, an evil omen,

towards the tribes to whom they belong!" Rangitoto (in the King Country), Pirongia, Wharepuhunga, Karewa Island, and several other mountains are such hills of omen. Rangitoto is the lightning mountain of the Ngatimatakore tribe. When lightning flashes in a peculiar way above that range a chief of the tribe will die.

Many a singular story clusters round the chief features of the landscape in the Rohepotae. The prominent hills especially figure in the strange folk-lore of the tribesmen. A remarkable hill in this broad valley of the Waipa is the volcanic cone of Kakepuku, whose fern-clad spurs rise gently from the plain until they culminate in a crateral summit some fourteen hundred feet high. Kakepuku looks a perfect volcano, with its hollow, scooped-out basin-like top. These hills will carry grass to the very summits, and the patches of native bush left in the hollows and gullies give a most picturesque, park-like aspect to the landscape. Kakepuku is all rich volcanic soil. Away up on the mountain, in the warm sheltered hollows between the ferny ridges, the Maoris grow early potatoes to perfection. But the story. A few miles from Kakepuku stands Kawa, a peculiarly-shaped hill of volcanic origin. A Maori tradition of these tribes solemnly narrates that in the dim long ago these mountains were sentient beings. Kawa was a lady mountain; Kakepuku was a male. And in those days there stood near Kakepuku and Kawa another hill called Karewa (now known as Gannet Island, outside Kawhia Harbour), also a male.

Kakepuku, in the quaint legends of the natives, is said to have come originally from the South, searching, like Japhet, for his father. He was strolling in a mountainous sort of way up the Waipa Valley, when he spied Kawa, the daughter of Mounts Pirongia and Taupiri, and fell in love with her. So he remained there, by the side of the Kawa Hill. The two "gentlemen" mountains made fierce love to Miss Kawa, and of course Kakepuku and Karewa got jealous of each other, and quarrelled. The result was a fight, particulars of which have not come down to this generation, which is a pity, as it would have been deeply interesting to know just how mountains manage to

Pegler, FALLS ON THE MOKAU.

"scrap" with one another. The end of the Titanic struggle was that Karewa was badly beaten by his big rival, and had to "trek." He took up his rocky traps in the

night and marched westward, striding into the deep ocean, and at daylight he let down his moorings and stayed where the dawning found him. And there sits the lone isle of Karewa to this day, while back in the rich wide valley of the Waipa Mount Kakepuku keeps a majestic watch over Kawa, his gently-rounded, fern-clad spouse.

My notes of Rohepotae history go to show that war was almost the chief occupation of the native people up to modern times. Tales are preserved of most barbarous deeds as well as acts of heroic courage. The warriors of the Tainui stock were famed throughout the Island. One of these *toas*, whose prowess is still talked of by the tribesmen of the Rohepotae, was named Raparapa. He was one of the followers of the great warrior Te Rauparaha. Raparapa was described to me as "a brave man, a very brave man, valiant and strong in battle" (*he toa, he tino toa whakaharahara, tino maia, kaha i roto i te whawhai.*") His exploits in the forefront of the war parties were remarkable. He would catch a warrior of the enemy, carry him on his back to his (Raparapa's) own army, and kill him there. He would dash into the midst of his foes, seize a man, and bound away with him. This famous *toa* met a soldier's death, as might have been expected. He was killed by the chief Te Awaitaia in the battle of Te Kakara, near Otorohanga.

Another celebrated warrior was Peehi, chief of the Mangatoatoa fortress. He led an army of man-eating braves through the North Island, by way of Hawke's Bay, through to Taranaki and back to Kawhia and Waikato, killing and destroying wherever they went. It was Peehi's boast that he was only once touched with a weapon in all his fights, and that time only in the arm. This was with a spear, by a Ngati-raukawa chief named Puapua. But Peehi seized the spear, broke it out of his arm, and with the broken part he killed Puapua. So that the Ngatiraukawa foeman was slain with his own spear.

Ngati-unu were the tribe who once owned the land stretching from the eastern side of Kakepuku to the Puniu River. Then a tribe named Makino migrated here from the Bay of Plenty and Rotorua (their ruined *pas* are still to be seen around the shores of Lakes Rotoiti and Rotoehu). When they reached the rich lands of the Waipa they attacked Ngati-unu and defeated them with great slaughter, and killed Motai, the chief of the *tangata nona te whenua*, the people of the land. The survivors fled to Pirongia and its vicinity, and found a refuge in the deep forests and lonely ravines of the mountain-land. The Makino feasted on the bodies of the slain. But their turn was to come. The warriors of the Ngatimaniapoto mustered to revenge the slaughter of their friends, and defeated Makino, whose remnants left the district in a hurry, and struck for home at their best speed. So Ngati-unu were saved.

The territory of the Ngatimaniapoto and allied tribes became generally known as the "King" Country after the Waikato war, when the conquered Waikato valley was confiscated by the Government, and King Tawhiao and his dispirited followers retreated across the Waipa and the Puniu. Then it was that the Puniu stream became the *aukati*, the border line beyond which no European could pass on pain of death. For more than fifteen years after the confiscation the Maoris maintained their isolation within the *aukati*.

In 1865, after the war, a chain of blockhouses was constructed along the white side of the frontier. A typical blockhouse was that of Orakau, erected at the site of the historic *pa*, and garrisoned by a sergeant and twenty-five men of the colonial forces for some years. Across the border sat Tawhiao and his men. Their headquarters were at Tokangamutu (near the present Kuiti settlement).

"Give us back Waikato!" was the stubborn appeal of the Kingite leaders, the stern tattooed chieftains, Wahanui, Tamati Ngapora, Te Tuhi, Whitiora te Kumete, Te Ngakau, and others of Tawhiao's council. But Waikato was covered with the fenced holdings and farmhouses of the white man,

and a line of garrisons guarded the curving frontier from Alexandra to Cambridge.

The exiled Waikatos must have bitterly realised the futility of further resistance when they looked across the Puniu and the Waipa, and saw the white man spreading over the land. They brooded over their misfortunes, and what they considered their unjust treatment, and they made the King Country frontier a Rohe-tapu, a sacred boundary. "The land for the Maoris," was the cry; "you *pakehas* with your booted feet on that side of the *aukati*, and we Maoris in our bare feet on this side." As late as 1879 serious trouble was again feared. This was a period of unrest in the King Country and in Taranaki. Vague rumours came of intended fighting, and indeed there was grave danger of a rising in Taranaki, where redoubts were garrisoned by the Armed Constabulary. On the Waikato frontier, too, a considerable number of the Armed

Pulman, MENEHIRA, Auckland.

A King Country Chief.

Constabulary force were stationed up to this time, chiefly at the Alexandra and Kihikihi redoubts and at Cambridge.

The King Country was then to a large extent *tapu* to the white man. European settlers occasionally went across the Puniu and up country on business; but surveyors,

Pulman, PATARA TE TUHI, Auckland.

Formerly King Tawhiao's Secretary.

gold prospectors and Government men generally were looked on with unfriendly eyes.

In the early seventies two murders of Europeans occurred just within the "King" Country borders. Todd, the surveyor, was shot by Nukuwhenua on the slopes of Mount Pirongia, across the Waipa, and Timothy Sullivan was shot by Purukutu at Pukekura, beyond Cambridge. They had crossed the *aukati*, and they died.

In those days Kawhia and Te Kuiti were two of the great centres of Tawhiao and his Kingites. Te Kooti and other "wanted" men sought refuge with the Kingites; the Hauhau religion was universal, and many were the schemes propounded by the wilder spirits for making war on the *pakeha* again and re-conquering Waikato.

But about 1879 the first steps were taken

in the breaking-down of the Kingites' isolation. Coolness had arisen between Ngatimaniapoto, owners of the soil, and the expatriated Waikatos. The former began to fear that Waikato intended to become permanent residents and owners of their land inside the *aukati*. So Tawhiao and his Kingites migrated to Hikurangi and Te Kopua; and it was at Hikurangi, on the picturesque forest-clad shoulder of giant Pirongia, that Sir George Grey met Tawhiao in 1879.

A little later on there was a memorable meeting at Te Kopua. Afterwards the King and his adherents moved to Whatiwhatihoe, just across the *aukati* river-line from the township of Alexandra. Here a large settlement was formed, and the Kingites had the advantage, always keenly appreciated by them, of closer proximity to the *pakeha* storekeepers.

In 1879 Rewi and the Kingites were agreeable to the railway running through their territory, but they still stuck to the idea of a Maori kingdom, and insisted that from the Puniu to the Whanganui River the land should be held in absolute sovereignty by the Maoris. Little by little, however, the reserve of the natives gave way. Premiers and Native Ministers and Native Agents met and conferred with the Kingite leaders time after time.

At last one day in 1881 King Tawhiao and his men laid eighty guns down at Major Mair's feet at Alexandra. The news was flashed far and wide; the Kingite resistance was over for good; Tawhiao had acknowledged the superior *mana* of the New Zealand Government. The subsequent peaceful march of the King and his six hundred armed followers through the frontier settlements; firing their guns, dancing wild war-dances, and feasting mightily; and the visit of the King to Auckland, and then to England in 1884 are matters of interesting memory.

From that time up to the present the "breaking-in" of the Rohepotae has gone on, very slowly it is true. The Main Trunk Railway led the way. The iron road now penetrates some fifty miles through the heart of the Rohepotae, and on its course have sprung up the *pakeha* villages of Otorohanga and Te Kuiti, and the busy, if ephemeral, townships of Poro-o-Tarao, Maramataha and Kawakawa, at the head of the railway works on the Main Trunk.

An important event in the modern history of the Rohe-potae was the memorable Native Land Court, held at Otorohanga in the winter of 1886, by Major W. G. Mair. The extent of land, comprising the heart of the Rohepotae, dealt with by the Court totalled the enormous area of 1,636,000 acres, the largest and most important block ever brought before the Court in New Zealand. The enquiry into the titles of the land lasted three months, and the Rohepotae was parcelled out amongst four thousand persons of the Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatiraukawa, Ngatihikairo, Ngatituwharetoa and other tribes. The area under investigation went right down to the headwaters of the Whanganui River. Another important judgment was that given by Major Gudgeon in 1892 at Kihikihi, in the Wharepuhunga block of 133,720 acres, at the back of Kihikihi, in which about a thousand native owners were interested.

A conspicuous figure at these Land Court sittings was the celebrated chief Wahanui, a giant among men. Wahanui was a remarkably big man, in a nation of big men. He stood over six feet in height, and in his prime weighed twenty-four stone. His legs especially were of enormous size. Wahanui often had great difficulty when "shopping" at the Kihikihi and Alexandra stores in getting shirts and trousers big enough to envelop his frame; but at home in his *kainga* he discarded the uncomfortable trousers of the *pakeha*, and appeared in a blanket or a sheet. In the last few years of his life, however, the famous chief's great form was much attenuated through illness. Wahanui came of the blue blood of Ngatimaniapoto, and for many years after the war he was a leading light in the Kingite councils. Reihana, as he was then known, took part in the fighting in the war time.

At the Haerini engagement, near Rangiaohia, in 1864, he is said to have shot two soldiers, and himself received a bullet wound in the calf of the leg. When he stood forth to speak all was deepest silence in the Court or the village *marae*. His kingly head, covered with thick, silvery hair, imperious mouth and white moustache, circled by the blue-lined marks of tattoo on cheeks and chin, his majestic deportment, measured gestures, and sonorous flow of eloquence compelled admiration alike from *pakeha* and Maori. He was a most intelligent man, and had received an education at the Three Kings Wesleyan College, Auckand. However, when the war broke out Reihana Huatare, afterwards Wahanui, shook the dust of the white man's roads off his feet and became a determined anti-*pakeha* advocate, a patriotic Maori of the Maoris, and for many years, until he was conciliated by the Government, his influence with the Kingites prevented the march of settlement, and the opening up of the Rohepotae. He was for a long time King Tawhiao's principal adviser. Wahanui, who died a couple of years ago, was the head of the Ngati-Urunumia *hapu*.

Pegler. PORO-O-TARAO.

At Manga-o-Rongo, a little settlement about fifteen miles across the border from Kihikihi, an event of moment occurred in 1883. This was the pardoning of Te Kooti, the noted rebel leader, by Mr John Bryce. Te Kooti shook hands with the representative of the Government, and said: "In 1874 I ceased strife, and I never returned to it. I will not tread again the paths of war." Then in a burst of scriptural eloquence, coming strangely from the old rebel, Te Kooti said: "Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other; truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven." It was shortly after this historical meeting that a proclamation extending an amnesty to Te Kooti, Wetere te Rerenga and other political offenders was issued.

Te Kooti's chief settlement in his later days was Otewa, a pretty well-kept little village on the banks of the Waipa, not far from Otorohanga. Here the ex-guerilla chief lived a peaceful life, and inculated in his followers the virtues of industry and religious observances. All hands were required to work regularly in the cultivations, and daily prayers in Te Kooti's *Ringa-tu* ("Upstretched Hands") ritual were compulsory. The wild musical litany of the Tariao and the Ringa-tu and Hauhau hymns to the *Matua pai marire* ("Father, good and gracious") had a beauty of their own when chanted by many earnest voices.

Some settlement is now observable in the Rohepotae—the "King Country" no longer—as one travels up from Kihikihi cross-country. But the great bulk of the land is still an unbroken waste. Standing on the trenched and fern-clad summit of one of the "Three Sisters" hills (Tokanui), a few miles across the Puniu, there is stretched

Pegler. PORO-O-TARAO RAILWAY EXTENSION WORKS.

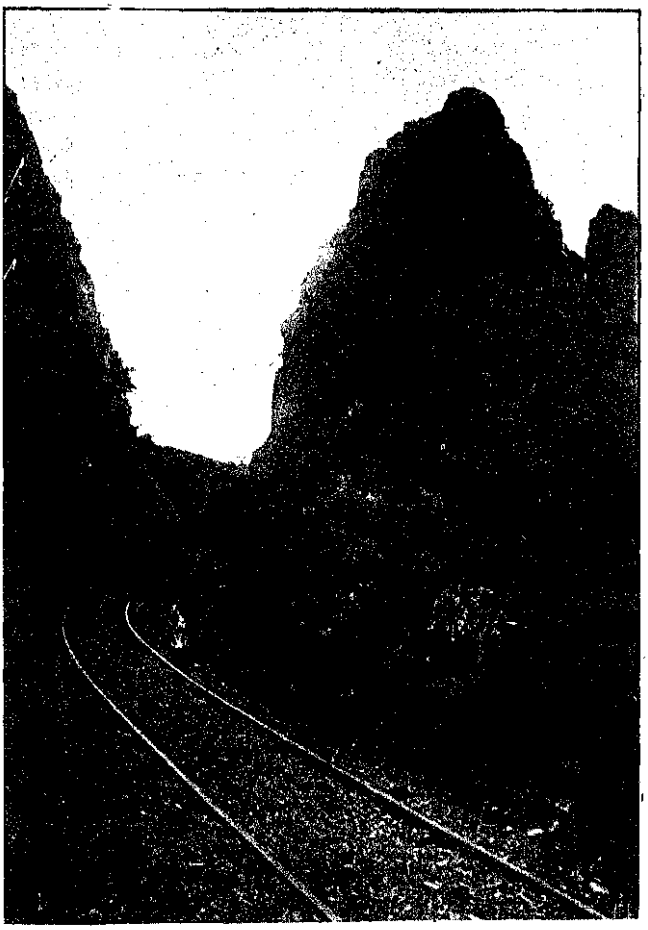
out before one's eyes an interesting scene, the border-line, where for a score of years civilisation was stayed by the wall of barbaric obstruction. From here the best part of the beautiful Waipa valley may be seen. Below our feet is a rolling, undulating tract of fern land diversified by swamps, and relieved here and there by the stray cultivations which mark the pre-runners of settlement. Looking north-east to the settled lands of the Europeans, divided from these boundless wilds by the winding Puniu stream, we see the neat homesteads and fenced fields of the *pakeha*, the farming districts of Te Awamutu, Kihikihi and Orakau. On the distant slopes of the Orakau farms the eye lingers with more than usual interest, for there the Ngatimaniapoto, the Ngatiraukawa, and the wild warriors of Tuhoe made their heroic stand against the Imperial troops, "sustained," as a venerable survivor of the native garrison relates, "by the recital of the brave deeds of our ancestors, whose motto was '*Me mate te tangata me mate mo te whenua*' ('The death of the warrior is to die for the land')."

Turning southwards, on yonder slope there stood, when I last passed that way, the *kainga* of Arakotare, where the people of Ngatimatakore lived a quiet uneventful life, and cultivated industriously under their patriarchal old warrior-chief Hauauru (the "West Wind") who was one of the most closely-tattooed natives I have seen. At Arakotare the passing traveller, whether Maori or *pakeha*, was always sure of acordial welcome and an invitation to come in to *kai*. Hauauru was a fine old-fashioned Maori, who had generally two or three wives to uphold the dignity of his name and dispense hospitality.

Looking westward from our elevated position, we see the distant blue hill cones of Te Kawa and Kakepuku. Nearer is Puketarata, on whose rich slopes European settlers have already taken up their holdings. Away to the south and east are miles upon miles of fenceless breezy open country, great fern stretches where pigs and rabbits and wild horses and cattle roam, and deep swamps where the long-legged *pukeko* stalks through the bright green *raupo* sedge. Maori tracks wind in and out through this waste volcanic loam country, dipping down through the tall rank fern and *tupakihi*, and skirting the edges of swamps and the banks of little creeks whose

waters find their way into the Puniu and the Waipa.

Far beyond rise the misty blue-wooded ranges of Rangitoto, Wharepuhunga and other rugged ridges, where the wild pigs root, and the forest birds flutter and sing. All over this country, now silent, one comes upon the ruins of deserted native settlements, and upon almost every hill-top the fern-covered terraces and deep-trenched ditches tell that here once stood a fortified village, a *pa* of the olden time. Silent and lone is much of this wide land; yet in a few years it will be turned to profit, and contribute to the progress and prosperity of the Island.



Pegler. RAILWAY CUTTING, MOKAU, KING COUNTRY.

A famous old *pa* in this district is Totorewa, which stands near the bank of the Waipa, not far from Otorohanga. It is a steep, rocky stronghold, and its precipitous sides and high walls and deep ditches, now covered with dense native vegetation, made it a formidable redoubt to the old Maoris, before the days of the musket. It was one of the principal Ngatimaniapoto *pas* where they took refuge when attacked by outside tribes. It was very difficult of access for such a small fort; there was only one side from which it could be scaled. Totorewa has a chequered history, and has been the scene of some savage slaughters. It was thrice taken by the enemy, the Ngapuhi raiders from the North, in the early years of this century, and retaken by the Ngatimaniapoto. The ancient *pa* is now a sacred tribal burial place. Amongst the departed chieftains whose bones repose there is the ancient Matakore.

The traveller who wishes to gain a hasty but comprehensive glimpse of the King Country can do so by taking the train through to Poro-o-Turao tunnel. Crossing the old *aukati* river-line near Te Awamutu, he will pass between Kakepuku and Kawa hills, and make a short stay at the thriving settlement of Otorohanga with its stores and accommodation-houses. Continuing the journey, he will be shown, shortly before reaching Te Kuiti, the little *kainga* of Te Kumi, where in 1883 Mr. Hursthouse and another surveyor were roughly handled and chained up in a *whare* for two days by Mahuki and his band of fanatics. At Te Kuiti the chief sight of interest, the large carved meeting-house, "Tokanga-nui-a-Noho," built years ago for Te Kooti, can be seen from the train. A little beyond Te Kuiti the limestone belt is crossed. The scene at the Waiteti viaduct is a striking and picturesque one. A

precipitous bush-crowned limestone bluff rises from the creek-bed to the height of the viaduct, and everywhere around the limestone foundation crops up on the hill sides and by the banks of the clear streams, sometimes in the most peculiar shapes. This limestone country abounds in caves and in subterranean watercourses. A creek takes a sudden dive under a ridge and disappears, springing out into the light of day perhaps a mile or more away. The limestone region is most promising-looking land all through, and it will make the best of pastoral country.

Twenty miles beyond Te Kuiti the Poro-o-Tarao tunnel is reached. Some years ago, when the contractors were at work at the tunnel, Poro-o-Tarao was a lively bush township, with its stores, accommodation-houses, workmen's camps, and lime-burning and brick-making works. After the tunnel had been pierced through the range, the place was deserted for some years, and the stray traveller wondered what induced the Government to carry out such a costly work in the midst of the wilderness while the railway line was yet scores of miles away. The railway-trains, however, now run through the underground way to the Ohinemoa Station, on the southern side; but when the writer first travelled that way there was no convenient route to the "promised land" beyond except by riding through the fifty-three chain tunnel on horseback, and a damp, dark uncanny ride it was.

Pegler. THREE WARRIORS BOLD.

Once through the long tunnel the open valley of the Ongarue, a tributary of the Whanganui, comes in view, and we are in the pumice lands of the Upper Whanganui basin. Here are the rock-hewers' white tents and roughly-built houses, the trail-breakers, the small army of navvies who are toiling on the great Trunk line, building the permanent way for the railway trains of the future, which will run between Wellington and Auckland. When that comes to pass, and the navvies lay down their picks and shovels, and the platelayers finish their labours, and depart for other scenes and rail-routes new, a flying trip through the once unknown and mysterious 'King Country' will be a very trifling matter.

The mineral wealth of the King Country is at present practically unknown. The only thing we are sure about is coal, of which there are large seams being worked on the banks of the Mokau. Away further South, in the basin of the Upper Whanganui, there are coal measures of apparently vast extent. Tramping down the little Paparata Creek, shortly before reaching its confluence with the Tangarakau, an important tributary of the Whanganui, we came one day on a coal-field in the middle of the great forest. A ledge of coal cropped up in the bed of the swift creek and formed a little waterfall about six feet high. Our party knocked off some lumps of the mineral, and at the camping-ground we found it to be a good brown coal.

The glamour of gold has led many

prospectors to the King Country, but the long-hoped for Waihi or Waitekauri in the gullies of the Rangitoto or the Tuhua Ranges has not yet been located. Quartz specimens have been found in the creek beds leading down from these ranges, and also the Hauhangaroa, away down in the West Taupo Mountains, but nothing of any value has been discovered. In the "eighties," before the Rohepotae was opened, a number of prospecting parties crossed the Puniu, and made for the Rangitoto Ranges and other gold-promising localities. Some were turned back by the natives; others eluded the vigilance of Ngatimaniapoto, and spent some weeks scouring the damp bush gullies and gorges of the Rangitoto, but found not the El Dorado.

The lover of Nature will find all varieties of scenic beauty within the bounds of the Rohepotae. There are lofty forest-clothed mountains, clear, rushing rivers, roaring waterfalls, wonderful limestone stalactite caves, deep canons, walled in by precipitous bush-topped cliffs, a wild coast lashed by the ocean breakers, calm harbour and river reaches, and sparkling brooks tinkling down through green groves of the drooping tree-fern. I knew of no more beautiful bush and mountain scenery than that on the slopes of Mount Pirongia. Cool crystal creeks wind their courses down over rocky beds from the dark recesses of the high fairy-mountain, their waters almost hidden from the traveller's view by the dense green growth of the primeval forest. *Rata*, *rimu*, *tawa*, *miro* and all the leafy children of Tanë-Mahuta climb from the ferny foot-hills of Pirongia to its cloudy summit, and bend over the pure cold streams which dash down every mountain gully. Now and then between the trees on some sharp ridge you catch a view of the plains below, the wide basins of the Waipa and Waikato, with their townships, farms, willow-shaded rivers, and little shining lakes set in a green margin of *raupo* swamp. Westwards is the blue rolling ocean. Then away South there are other rugged chains of mountains, the Rangitoto, Tuhua, Hurakia and Titiraupenga, almost unknown except to the wandering bush-surveyor or the bird-hunting Maori.

Kawhia Harbour is a place whose natural attractions are becoming better known every year, and when Kawhia is a brisk shipping port and the outlet for the rich district behind it, the scenery of that fine sheet of salt water and its bush-fringed estuaries will be much talked of.

Before the Waikato war Kawhia was a busy place. When in the early days the Europeans came to trade at Kawhia, the great chief Te Wherowhero, afterwards known as King Potatau, and his people of Waikato went there to barter flax for muskets, powder and bullets.

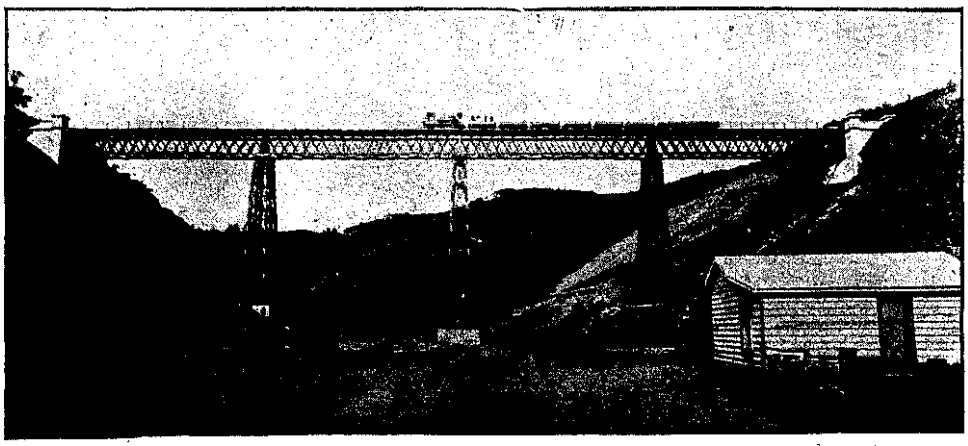
Puhuau, Auckland.

THE LATE CHIEF REWI MANGA MANIAPOTO.

Later on came the missionaries, and as Christianity became popular, the people gathered round the churches. Then the natives of Tainui, Ngatimahuta, and Ngatihikairo grew large quantities of wheat and potatoes, put up flour-mills, owned their own schooners, and exported their produce

to Onehunga and elsewhere, until the Waikato war broke out, and Kawhia's golden age was gone. But it will come again, when the waste back country is turned to use, and when from the new-made clearings at Te Rau-a-Moa away southwards and westwards the bush is cleared from the hills and valleys, making room for flocks of sheep and herds of fat cattle.

The white settler has already gained a good foothold in the old-time *Takiwa Hauhau* (district of Hauhaus). During the past year upwards of 40,000 acres of pastoral land have been opened for selection in the Kawhia County, and most of this area has been taken up, and this coming year intending settlers will have plenty to choose from, for it is stated that about 100,000 acres of "King" Country lands, mostly between the railway line and the West Coast, will be thrown open to selectors by the Crown Lands Department. The new Native Lands Administration Act, too, should give a considerable impetus to the bringing into use of the Rohepotae country, for the Ngatimaniapoto and their kindred fully realise now that the old anti-European era has gone for ever, and they are anxious to take advantage of the Act. South-west of Poro-o-Tarao there are the rich grazing lands of the Ohura Valley, which will probably be found equal to the best of the Taranaki dairying country. Away towards the West Coast from Te Kuiti, settlement in the limestone country is progressing fast, and the pioneer graziers of the Awakino and Puketiti are finding that their faith in the goodness of the land is not misplaced. For truly it is "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills . . . a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it."



WAITETI VIADUCT.

The Great Nebula Around Eta Argus.

By A. D. Austin, C.E., F.R.A.S.

THIS magnificent nebula surrounds the variable star Eta Argus, situated in the constellation of Argo, not far from the constellation of Crux, or the Southern Cross; and like that constellation is in the Galaxy or Milky Way. When the Cross is upright in the heavens, and therefore at its greatest altitude, the nebula is to the right of the Cross, about the same height as the middle of it, and distant nearly twice the length of the Cross from its centre. As this nebula is seen with the naked eye—or to put it another way, without optical assistance — the above directions enable its position to be located with ease. The nebulous haze occupies a space in the heavens about five times the apparent space taken up by the full moon, but as the moon is close to us, and the nebula at a vast distance from us, any comparison of their real relative dimension is, of course, out of the question, as it could only be made in terms of thousands of millions or even billions. This nebula, like the Southern Cross, is never seen in Europe, being always below the horizon of any place far north of the equator. The general form of the nebula can be made out with an opera or field glass on any clear night when the moon is absent from the sky. It has sometimes been called the Keyhole Nebula, owing to a dark rift or opening in it, presenting in a powerful telescope the appearance of a keyhole. The nebula has undergone considerable changes in shape since it was first drawn by Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1834 to 1838.

A conservative estimate of the number of nebulæ in the sky, according to the late Mr. Keeler, Director of the Lick Observatory, is 120,000, and most of these, he says, have a spiral character. This spiral character of Nebulæ is considered by many to be confirmatory of the Nebula Hypothesis of Laplace. In the Andromeda Nebula, for instance, we seem to see nebulous rings in actual process of formation, rings apparently in rotation round a strongly condensed central nucleus, and which, in course of ages, will probably condense into planets revolving round a central sun. The Andromeda Nebula, from its vast size and distance, will probably result in the formation of a gigantic system. The general tendency of the study of the problem of the origin of the solar system is to somewhat discredit many of the details of Laplace's Hypothesis, but at the same time to establish on a firmer basis the broad view that the solar system has been formed by a process of condensation out of a very diffused mass of attenuated matter, resembling some of the nebulæ as seen through telescopes, and this leads to the conclusion that the stars generally have had a similar origin.

There are distinct indications that the nebula around Eta Argus is of a spiral character. The spectroscope shows that it consists of luminous or glowing gas. It takes a very long exposure to obtain good photographs of this nebula, owing to its yellow colour. A photograph of the Great Nebula in Orion, with one hour's exposure, shows more detail, and is more dense than a photograph of the Argus nebula with an exposure of four hours. The photograph from which the illustration accompanying this article is reproduced had an exposure of twenty-four hours. This, of course, means that the sensitive plate had to be exposed several nights in succession to the same part of the sky, it being covered during the daylight intervals. Telescopes used for photographic purposes and star cameras are kept in motion by clockwork exactly corresponding to the earth's rotation on its

axis. By this means the earth's movement is neutralised, the telescope or camera appearing to follow the stars as they move from east to west across the heavens.

The distances of nebulæ from our system cannot be ascertained, as there are no actual points in a nebulous haze by which its distance could be even approximately obtained as in the case of the stars, which present minute points of light, enabling the distances of some of them to be roughly arrived at. We have little more than negative evidence to go upon in estimating the distances of nebulæ. It is, however, considered that the light-journey could only be measured by centuries. As light travels at about 186,330 miles in a second, these remarkable objects must be removed by enormous distances from us. Professor Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, thinks that it would take light a thousand years to reach us from the nebula in Orion, which would place it about two hundred and fifty times the distance of the nearest known of the stars, Alpha Centauri, which is about twenty-five billions of miles.

It is almost impossible to get any clear conception of such numbers as billions or trillions. Some idea may be formed perhaps in this way. Let us take the star known as 61 Cygni, which is one of the very closest of the stars to us. Its distance is assumed

NORTH.

GREAT NEBULA AROUND ETA ARGUS.

Photographed at the Royal Observatory, Capetown Exposure, 24 hours.

to be about forty-five billions of miles from our earth. Take an average sample of wheat, and assume an average yield of twenty-five bushels to an acre; it would then require the crop from 3,000,000 acres to produce as many grains of wheat as there are miles in the distance to 61 Cygni!

Trillions do not enter into astronomical calculations except in dealing with the weights of the sun, planets, etc. Taking the present wheat crop of the world at 2,500,000,000 bushels it would take the whole wheat crop for 700 years to amount to a trillion grains!

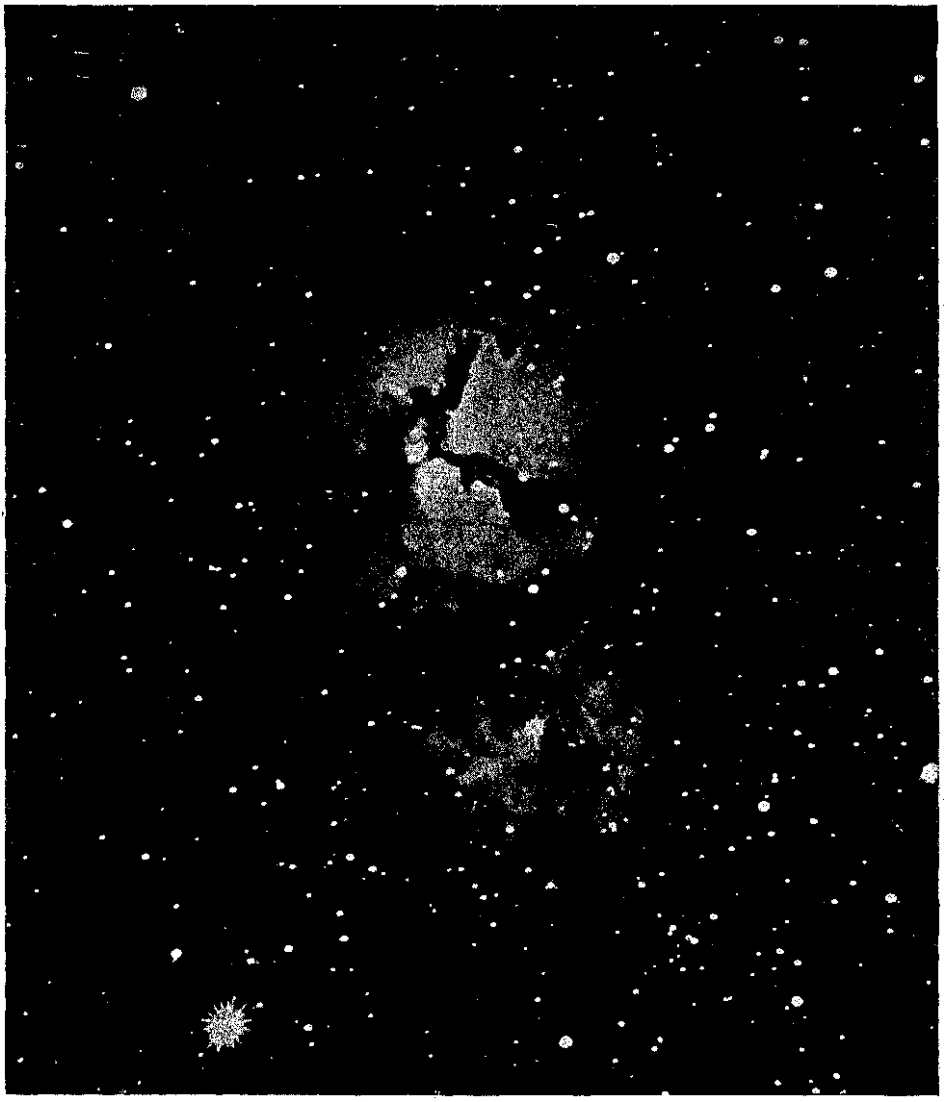
There are numerous stars scattered over the great nebula of Eta Argus; some of these may possibly have a physical connection with it, while others belong to the Milky Way. In no part of the extent of this nebula does it show an appearance of resolvability into stars, being in this respect analogous to the nebula of Orion. It may, therefore, be in no way connected with the Milky Way, having nothing in common with it, and although we see it projected on the ground of the galaxy, it is probably at an immeasurable distance behind it.

The star Eta Argus, which the nebula appears to surround, is a very remarkable variable star. When first noted by Halley, in 1677, it was a star of the fourth magnitude. After undergoing fluctuations in brightness, it was estimated as a star of the first magnitude in 1827. In the following year it was found to be of the second magnitude. In 1837 Herschell was astonished to find it of the first magnitude. After again waning, it was in 1843 nearly equal to Sirius in brightness. It was still a first magnitude star in 1856. In 1878 it had fallen to a seventh magnitude star. It is now probable that it is slowly rising to another maximum period. Wolf suggested a period of forty-six years, and Loomes sixty-seven, but it would appear that it has no regular period. The star is reddish in colour, and the spectroscope shows the hydrogen lines to be well marked. Most of the stars in the neighbourhood of the nebula are of the first type, since it is in the spectra of the stars of the Milky Way that the hydrogen lines are seen.

It is estimated that the world's greatest telescopes, such as the Yerkes, the Lick, and the one at the Paris Exhibition, show stars as low as the seventh magnitude. Photography, however, goes still further, and stars are now photographed that cannot be seen in any telescope yet constructed. The light from these, sunk in space as they are at appalling distances from us, leave their impressions on sensitive photographic plates after long exposures. The whole heavens are now being photographed, the leading observatories of the world each taking a separate portion of the sky. Sydney and Melbourne are two out of the eighteen observatories engaged in this work. It is intended to include stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, and it is estimated that the photograph will contain about 20,000,000 of stars, 2,000,000 of which will be measured on the photographs and catalogued. There will then be a permanent record of the state of the visible universe (as far as it can be ascertained) for future comparison and reference.

The word fixed-star is an entire misnomer. There is nothing in the visible universe, so far as is known, that is at rest. All is ceaseless movement. The stars are all moving at varying speeds, some of which have been ascertained and found to be from twenty to 250 miles in every second of time. It would at first view appear that the motion would soon alter the appearance of the star groups and constellations, but such is not the case. The distances of the stars are so enormous that in the lifetime of a man no change is observable to unaided vision in their relative positions, although to the astronomer, with his delicate instruments of precision, changes can be detected, and these movements are termed "proper motion." If it is asked in what direction do the stars move, and do they move in orbits? the reply is that they appear to move in every conceivable direction, and whether in vast orbits or not is unknown.

The spectroscope, besides enabling us to



THE TRIFID NEBULA IN SAGITTARIUS.
Photographed with the Crossley Reflector of the Lick Observatory.

detect minerals and gases in the stars similar to those found in the earth, also enables the astronomer to ascertain whether stars in the line of sight are approaching or receding from our system, and at what rate they are travelling. After some thousands of years the appearance of the constellation, so familiar to most people, will have entirely changed. Some stars will have disappeared altogether, and many new ones will adorn the sky.

We are apt to regard all the stars as luminous bodies, but it is almost certain that to every bright star there are great numbers of dull and cold bodies in space—burnt-out suns, in short—that have "had their day and ceased to be." Some theories have of late been advanced as to whether these dark bodies moving rapidly through space do not occasionally collide, and by the enormous heat generated or caused by the impact become again self-luminous bodies, and begin anew their careers as suns. Whether such is the case or not, we may rest assured that Design directs the stupendous whole, and that no "wreck of matter and crash of worlds" will take place a single minute before the appointed time.

It is tolerably certain that our solar system has been in existence for many millions of years. During all this time no disaster has befallen it from collision with any other heavenly body, although, as we have seen, it is surrounded by countless millions of these moving rapidly, and apparently without any settled plan, in all directions. Our sun, too, and his family of planets are also moving rapidly through space; but as Thomson says:

"Man marks not Thee: marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres."

The nebula theory of Laplace is not opposed to religion or to the belief in a First Great Cause. Creation by evolution is really more marvellous than creation by direct methods. A man can make a machine, but he cannot cause a machine to develop itself. The universe, if not an ordered cosmos, is a chaos. It must be one or the other; it cannot be a mixture of the two. There is far too much method, adaptation of means to ends, regularity and continuity in the visible universe for it to be regarded as chaos. It is, therefore, a cosmos, the outcome of Purpose and Design.

The question arises, do the stars continue to exist without limits in space, or has the visible universe definite boundaries, outside of which is a vast void? Science has not answered this question satisfactorily as yet. In many parts of the heavens there is a thinning-out of the stars, and distinct indication that in these directions at least a boundary to the universe to which we belong is reached. The probabilities seem to be that the visible universe is limited in extent, although so vast. But far removed from this universe, countless other universes may exist in the realms of infinite space more glorious than our own, that no mortal eye may ever see. Here we have reached the limits of the human mind, and we may well exclaim:—

Hide me from this insufferable infinitude,
Or narrow my thoughts to this earthly ball,
With its fleeting circumstance of time and sense,
Its trivial round and its petty cares.
Is not one universe enough for man to read?
Is not man too mysterious for himself to fully know?
Can he journey with the infinite—with the speed of thought,
And see what Almighty Power and inscrutable Design
Perform in the realms of never-ending space?
Until perchance all creations cease, and naught remains
But unutterable nothingness of eternal night,
The endless void of blackness beyond reason's bounds.

How soon are the limits of the human mind reached in dealing with these questions! How little man really knows of Creation! How small is the past he has ever or can ever see! So far as the visible universe is concerned all seems growth and decay. Solar systems have their births and deaths, and nothing is permanent, although millions of years, or even millions of ages, may elapse between the birth and death of suns and their attendant worlds. Remorseless time, however, engulfs the whole at last; to begin it may be renewed careers in other forms and other systems.

Whatever theories of Biblical inspiration readers of this article may have, surely every mind cannot but be struck with the insight of the Psalmist, and the majesty of the language in which so long ago he expressed thoughts now known to science as facts, thoughts uttered in primitive times, when astronomy could hardly be said to have existed.

"Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

"They shall perish, but Thou shall endure: Yea, all of them shall wax old as doth a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed.

"But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."*

This article will not deal with the Trifid Nebula in the constellation of Saggitarius, of which a reproduction of the latest photograph is given.

*Psalm cii., 25, 26, 27.

What We Suffered in the Old Days.

By "Airlie."

Illustrated by Kennett Watkins.

I AM alone, and as usual my thoughts have flown back to the past. I am a young wife of twenty once more with my first baby in my arms. I am sitting on the doorstep of a little cottage looking out anxiously, for my husband is away, and there is fighting up North, also there were rumours afloat yesterday that the Maoris were approaching our district. A year ago we had been married and left England, home and friends to take up bush land in New Zealand, some miles out of Wanganui. The country was in a very disturbed state. There had been great battles fought in the Waikato. As yet we had felt comparatively safe, but only the day before two officers, who had come down to lunch with us, informed us that skirmishes were taking place between our troops and the Maoris at Taranaki. Nothing serious was anticipated, but a reinforcement of three hundred men was sent in case of emergency.

"I have sold the place, Nell," my husband said after our guests had ridden away. "I could not have you and the boy exposed to any risks. Peter Cameron, who doesn't care a button for all the mad Maoris in the country, offered me a good price, so I closed immediately."

I was sorry to lose the little place, but Jack said he would buy another in a safer district, and I began to build castles on the new land. Jack was obliged to ride into Wanganui next morning to conclude the sale of the property, and was somewhat uneasy at leaving me for the whole day.

"Couldn't you come?" he asked.

"No," I said decidedly. "I can't ride with baby."

"Put him in a kit and tie him on the saddle in front of you," he remarked, a suggestion which was very properly received with the utmost indignation and scorn

"I'll be safe enough," I said, cheerfully; "there is Johnnie."

"Johnnie!" he laughed. "I fancy Johnnie would be a good deal more scared at the thought of Titokowaru than you would, my dear."

He s arted off at twelve o'clock next day, promising to be home by nine, whether his business was finished or not. I watched him wistfully as he rode off, for I did not seem so hopeful this morning. As he passed through the gate he called out to me:

"Shall I send Susan up from the hotel to stay with you?"

"No!" I cried, "the great hulking thing. I'd rather have the Maoris!" and he rode off laughing.

I watched him across the plain till he was out of sight, then went inside and busied myself with cooking and other household tasks. In the afternoon there was a little frock to be finished for baby, and this occupied me till six o'clock, when I had some tea, after which I began to feel lonely, so I sat on the doorstep with the child, and called Johnnie round for company. I told him to bring the hoe and scrape some weeds off the path. He came—a little black-eyed half-caste boy of about twelve.

It was a beautiful evening, the sun was setting over the bush-clad hills, and shedding long beams of light on the plain, finding out the streams as they meandered through the flax and rushes. There was not a breath of wind, and sounds of sheep and cattle came distinctly upon the ear. I could

even hear the barking of a dog belonging to our shepherd, who lived in a hut nearly a mile away. I began to get nervous, and told Johnnie if his master was late to run over to Wilson, and ask him to come up and sleep in the kitchen. He looked frightened.

"The Hauhau no come to-night," he said, glancing round as if he expected to see the savages at his elbow.

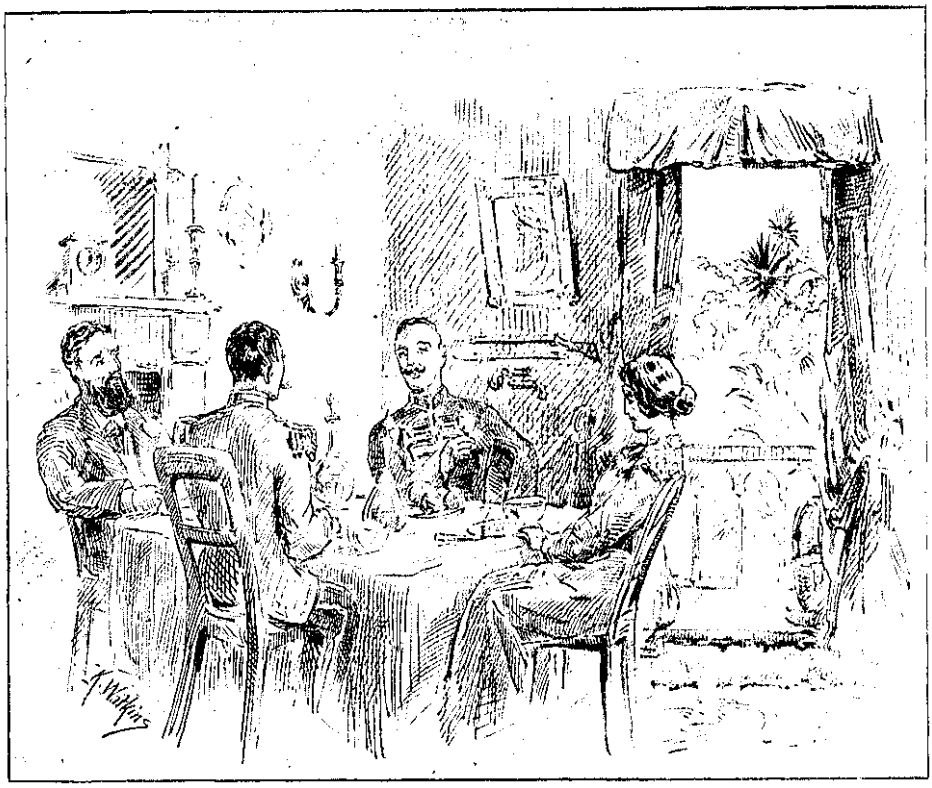
"Don't be such a little fool!" I said angrily. "Of course not!" for he made me

"Johnnie!" I screamed, "What are you doing?"

He ran towards me and hid his face in my dress.

"Hark!" he cried, "they are coming—the Hauhaus!"

Half paralysed I listened, and then, falling upon the stillness of the evening I heard that awful sound—once heard, never to be forgotten—the war dance of the Maoris. It grew more distinct; the measured



"ONLY THE DAY BEFORE TWO OFFICERS WHO HAD COME DOWN TO LUNCH INFORMED US THAT NOTHING SERIOUS WAS ANTICIPATED."

feel still more uneasy; and with a frightened grin, he went back to his work.

Baby went to sleep, but I did not take him into the house. I was dreaming of old times and my beautiful English home. "Oh, the difference!" I sighed as I gazed at the wild country below me.

Suddenly my eye fell upon the half-caste. Was the boy mad? He was crouching down in at attitude of the utmost terror; his face was strained; he seemed to be listening intently. I started up.

stamp that seemed to make all earth and sky tremble—then: "Eugh! Hah!" like the throbbing and quivering of a great steamer in mid-ocean. More stamping, then it suddenly ceased, and the silence grew more intense, till it seemed to me that the beating of my heart was the only sound in the universe.

For a time I could do nothing but stand like a stone, with my baby clasped in my arms, and the terrified boy clinging to my skirt. Then, being naturally hopeful, I

began to recover my spirits—perhaps they were only passing in the distance, I would not go down to the hotel, for it was nearly three miles away, and I thought Jack might come home by the other road, and find his home dark and deserted.

It was getting late; I went into the house, but would not light the lamp. I resolved to shut all the doors and windows, and sit in darkness so that the light should not attract the attention of anyone crossing the plain. I did not undress the child, but wrapped him in a shawl, and placed him on the sofa beside me, then I sat and waited. It was half-past seven. I had only two hours at the most to wait; Jack would surely be home at half-past nine. I tried to think of cheerful subjects—old scenes of home and England, but in vain; nothing would come to my mind save horrible tales of the atrocities committed by the Maoris, some quite recently up North. At last I could bear it no longer. I determined to light a candle and try and read, but just then baby woke, and in soothing him to sleep again I must have dozed myself, for suddenly something startled me. I heard a scraping sound against the door. It was only Johnnie.

"I frightened, Missie," he whispered. "I come in with you?" And without waiting for permission, he crept into the room and squatted down on the carpet.

"You are a little coward!" I said scornfully, for his timidity angered me and increased my nervousness.

"Him kill my father," he whined. "Him split my brother's head with tomahawk; him throw the baby into the fern and set it alight; him devil, Missie!"

"Be quiet!" I screamed

Oh, would Jack never come? I struck a match and looked at my watch; it was only a-quarter to eight.

Another quarter-of-an-hour passed, and all was quiet. Johnnie had gone to sleep, and was snoring slightly I touched him with my foot; the sound irritated me.

Presently a bright streak of moonlight came through a chink in the ground. I pulled the blind up, letting a flood of light into the room, then growing bolder, opened the window and looked out.

The scene was indescribably beautiful, and so peaceful. Before me the plain lay stretched out in the pale light, and beyond the dark bush-clad hills rose clearly and distinctly against the sky. The tears filled my eyes as I gazed. I felt so small and lonely—a helpless woman—my only companions a little half-caste lad and my dear wee baby. For comfort I took my darling into my arms, and wrapping the shawl closer round him so that the night air should not reach him, I sat by the open window, resolved to stay there till Jack returned—perhaps I should see him riding across the plain; he very rarely came by the other road

* * * *

Did I go to sleep again? Was it part of a horrible dream, or was the garden really full of them? Savages creeping up over the flower beds, pouring in masses down the hill at the side of the house—coming with stealthy steps nearer and nearer. "Jack Husband! Am I mad?"

Then suddenly the spell was broken! The air was rent with terrific yells! The house was surrounded; they were upon us!

They could not open the door at first, but soon burst the lock and swarmed into the passage.

"Johnnie!" I whispered hoarsely, "the window," and pulled him by the collar; then waiting till a cloud passed over the moon, I sprang out myself, and hid in a clump of shrubs which grew beside the window. I crouched there, not daring to move further, and saw them drag poor Johnnie out into the moonlight One man, who appeared to be the chief, addressed him, evidently questioning him as to our whereabouts.

He was a gigantic savage, clad only in a mat round his loins, but fully armed, and very much tattooed; a greenstone club hung to his wrist, and a tuft of white feathers ornamented his left ear. The other Maoris squatted round in a circle with their guns between their knees, and the chief

continued speaking rapidly, making fierce gestures towards the boy. He seemed surprised to find him alone in the house, and became more and more enraged. Then suddenly bounded close to him, and thrust his tongue out to its fullest extent, rolling his eyeballs in such a horrible manner that I would fain have covered up my face, only that I was overpowered by a terrible fascination.

Then he said something to him in a loud voice, and pointed to the door, evidently still enquiring where we were. I could not see whether the boy refused to tell, or whether he was too terrified to speak, but he made no answer. Raising his hatchet, the chief struck him on the head, and before my horrified gaze poor Johnnie fell bleeding to the earth uttering a dying cry.

They will now look for me, I thought, but they all sat unmoved while the chief continued speaking. He ceased, and they still remained quite silent, and then to my dismay baby began to whimper. I wrapped the shawl so tightly round him that I began to fear that I had smothered him, and unwound it a little. Luckily he grew quiet, but I shall never forget my feelings at the sound of that tiny cry.

At last the Maoris rose and walked stealthily round the house, and with a low moan of relief I rose to my feet, hoping I could leave my precarious hiding place and gain a thicker clump of shrubs lower down the garden. Two or three times I tried to venture, but my heart failed me, till I found that no choice in the matter was left me, for a great cloud of smoke burst from the front door. They had set fire to the inside of the house, probably for the purpose of discovering whether anybody was hiding within.

This proved my salvation, for under cover of the thick black smoke, I escaped to the coveted shelter, and lay hidden, watching in an agony of terror and dismay the destruction of my pretty home, the smashing and despoiliation of all my books and wedding presents, which they dragged out of the house for the mere purpose of destroying. The flames from the burning house scorched my face, and almost singed my hair.

"AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE HEAD OF MY DEAR HUSBAND."

Now a fresh terror assailed me. Jack, riding across the plain, would see his house in flames, he would think his wife and child had perished, or been reserved for more horrible tortures. If I could only get down and meet him! But I was afraid to venture, as the gleam of my white dress in the moonlight would attract the attention of the savages on the look-out for anybody escaping, so I stayed on enduring indescribable

agony. Baby began to cry in earnest now, but the roaring and crackling of the fire prevented them from hearing his little voice. I held my watch to the light. Only nine o'clock—and so much had happened. My husband would soon be home—home we had none; it was all burnt and destroyed. For the first time I began to weep, then a thought struck me, he would be alone, what could he do against so many? I must meet him at any cost!

I had risen to my feet and was about to make a second attempt at escape when a low diabolical laugh sounded close beside me. Discovered! The blood curdled in my veins, for through a small gate beside the trees where I lay hidden, there came more Maoris, and one of them carried a bayonet upon which was a human head! In the fierce red glow of the firelight I was glad—yes, unspeakably glad—to recognise the features of our good old shepherd, for at first I had thought that it was the head of my dear young husband!

Endurance could go no farther. I believe I fainted, and when I regained consciousness, poor baby was screaming his loudest, the house a smouldering heap of ruins, and the Maoris had all departed. I could not believe the joyful truth at first, then, as all was silent, I gradually began to realize that the fiends were no longer near. But Jack was dead, I felt sure, they had murdered him! With a heart like ice, and tears streaming down my face, I crept cautiously from my hiding place towards the desolate and ruined home. I held my watch to the flickering light. It was ten o'clock.

With a low cry I turned away. Whither should I go? What should I do? I clasped my baby to my breast. Poor child, he was fatherless!

Then suddenly I heard the quick tramp of horses and the clatter of arms. I rushed to the gate, and coming at a smart trot round the road that led up the hill, I saw a large body of mounted troopers.

The relief was so great that I felt as if I were choking. Nearer and nearer they came, and at last I heard the dearly-loved voice calling in agony for me.

"Nellie! Nellie! Are you there, dearest?"

With a scream of joy I rushed through the gate and down the hill, and in another moment baby and I were in his arms.

"I am safe! I am here!" I cried wildly. "Here is baby!"

"I only knew an hour ago," he exclaimed. "When I was on the road the man at the hotel escaped, and met me. They have killed his wife, and he went back for the troopers. I have ridden like mad, but my horse was done. Where are the Maoris?"

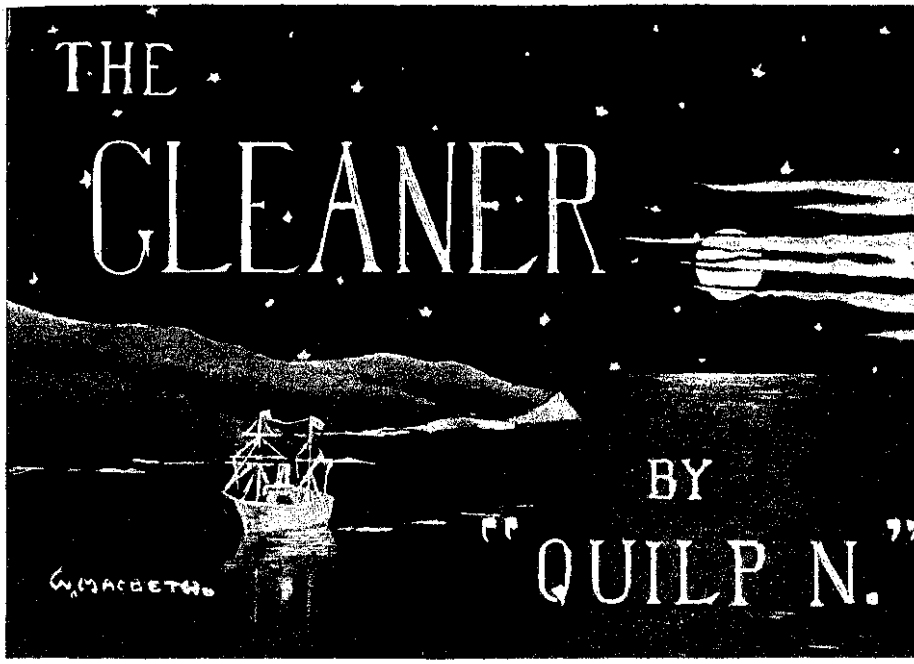
"Gone!" I gasped. "O God, what I have suffered!" and fainted dead away upon his breast.

Right Royally Resolved.

"I will be good!" So spake the coming Queen,
And straightway to her noble task she went:
The world in royal woman ne'er hath seen
A life so spent.

"I will be diligent!" So speaks the Son;
My purpose, power, and breath of body be
Forever consecrate—till life be done—
My people all, to thee.

JOYCE JOYCELYN.



On starry nights, on starless nights,
But in the moonlight mostly,
The seamen see her pale, wan lights
Above a grey hull ghostly.
Her forefoot lifts a cold, white wave
That ripples clear and gleaming,
But all is silent as the grave,
And though her wake lies streaming,
No engine's throbbing fills the air
With sounds like giants panting,
She passes grimmer than Despair,
Her white-faced deck-hands chanting—

The seas are wide,
And every tide
Will set the dead men spinning
Among the brown sea-weeds and flowers;
And every one we find is ours,
And every one worth winning.

Ere dawn-dew to the hill grass clings,
The shepherds oft have seen her
Searching the shallow bays for things
Of which she is a gleaner.
Her captain turns her on her heel—
Hard down with steer-chains grinding,
Lest there be dead men where no keel
Can pass in channel winding.
And when the fishers roll from sea,
Brown-sailed, and salt spume flying,
They meet the Ghost-ship steaming free,
And hear her pale crew crying—

Where seas are deep
The sailors sleep
With white sea-flowers around them:
And we must search for those that lie
Where screws may wake them drumming by,
Or plunging keels may ground them.

When storms are high, and foc's'les dip,
With scuppers full and gushing,
The steersman sees the phantom ship
Among the breakers rushing.
The sea-spray dims her cabin lights,
Her side-lights barely glimmer,
And as the rudder, groaning, fights
He prays that any swimmer
Upon that harsh, relentless sea,
May know what ship comes swinging,
And make no call for help, lest he
Be found by sailors singing—

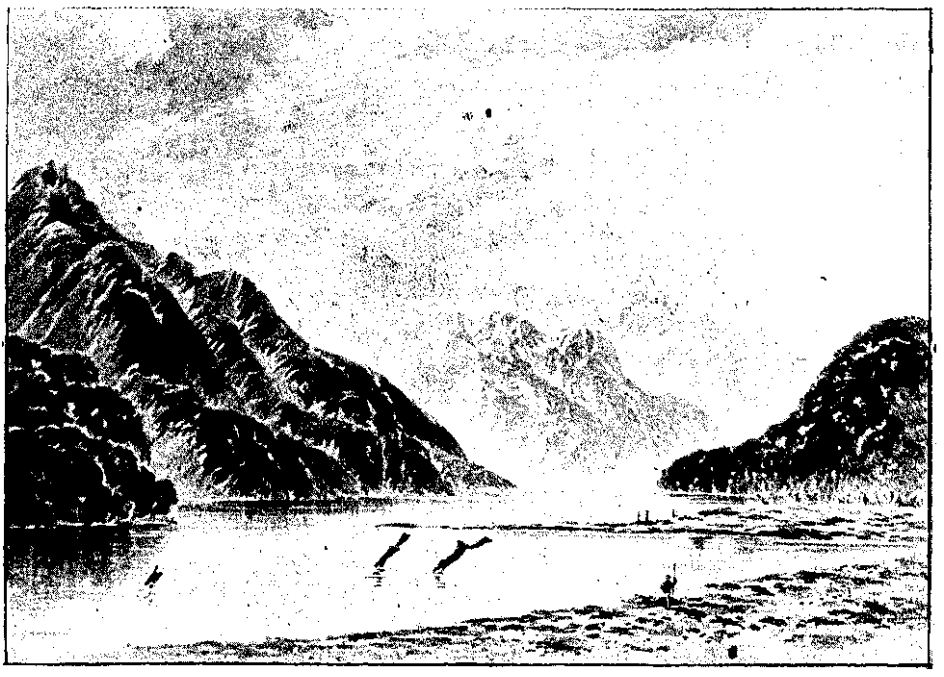
Oh! Storms are grand!
But o'er the sand
The pale, dead men are sailing;
So must we search each reef and bank,
Among the sea-weed cold and dank,
For we can hear them hailing.

Then eastward, toward the morning light,
She steams, when night is waning,
With Plimsoll swinging out of sight,
At speed that knows no reining;
Eager to reach the ocean deep,
So that the dead she carries
May lie 'neath white sea-flower, and sleep
Where never swift keel tarries;
So as the fingers of the sun
Are stretched o'er seas a-rolling,
She bids the dead men, one by one,
"GOOD-BYE!" with bells a-tolling—

Deep, deep they sleep,
And o'er them sweep
The steamers, vainly striving
To wake them with their tearing screws,
Their roaring rods, and swearing crews,
And blazing bows a-driving.

She comes when night is on the tide,
And snorting blackfish wallows,
To search each narrow bay, and wide,
A gleaner of the shallows.
On cloudy nights, on cloudless nights,
But in the moonlight mostly,
The lighthouse keepers see her lights
Slip by them, weird and ghostly;
And top-s'l schooners, on a wind,
Expecting choice of sailing,
Hang shivering, with their wheels hard-pinned,
To let the ghost pass wailing—

The seas are wide,
And every tide
Will set the dead men rolling;
And every one we find is ours,
To lay asleep 'neath white sea-flowers,
At sea, with bells a-tolling.



LAKE MANAWAIPOURI, HEAD OF WEST ARM, CATHEDRAL RANGE IN THE DISTANCE.

A National Policy for New Zealand.

By C. Cargill.

SINCE the recent course of events has directed public attention to the consideration of the best means of developing the resources and extending the commerce of this favoured land, it will surely not be out of place to outline a scheme by which this undertaking might be accomplished.

Though the following remarks are necessarily imperfect, yet they will have served a useful purpose if they arouse an interest in this subject, so that others more capable of dealing with it may be induced to take the matter in hand with a greater chance of success. No more important subject than the one dealt with in this paper could claim the attention of every section of the community. Therefore no apology is needed for bringing this question before the notice of the public in a magazine which deals with matters of special interest to New Zealand.

But in order that a national policy should have a fair chance of succeeding, it is first necessary that two preliminary conditions should be understood and accepted. If these are rejected. the whole scheme will fall to the ground when an attempt is made to formulate it.

If a national policy is to become possible it must be outside the range of party politics. It takes for granted that there are certain problems to be solved for the advantage of the whole community, and that this solution may be best accomplished by the united effort of politicians of every shade of opinion. It does not imply that these politicians will be forced to surrender other opinions that more strictly belong to party, but that they will be reserved for occasions more suitable for their exposition and propagation.

Again, it must be distinctly understood that personal ambition is to become subordinate to the higher interests of the country. The temptation to advance mere party interests must be suppressed in order to promote a cause superior to the gains and triumphs of political ascendancy. The disunion of faction should be replaced by the united effort of all classes to discover a secure path for the further development of the country.

If these two conditions cannot be accepted in their integrity, then it is useless to attempt to construct a policy that may be regarded as national. The following remarks are, therefore, based upon the assumption that a national policy is both possible and expedient.

Before examining the scope and purport of such questions it would be well to first suggest the means by which they might be brought within the range of practical legislation.

The Government of the day might introduce some such measure when the time was ripe for its discussion. If the House of Representatives on the voices approved of the principles and aim of the measure, it might be proceeded with in the usual way. If it was evident that this view of the matter was not unanimous, then the measure would be dropped for that session. In the next session, provided the interest in the measure had been maintained or even increased during the recess, it would be again introduced into the House of Representatives, and if not approved on the voices might be

put to the vote and carried by a majority. Supposing the measure had been assented to in one of these ways, it would then be referred to a general committee of members most capable of dealing with the subject, and would be thoroughly threshed out in committee, dealing with the question purely upon its merits. When the measure as a Bill was brought back to the House, it would be passed in the ordinary way. If the Legislative Council materially altered or rejected the Bill, it would be submitted to a referendum of the people, and their decision either way would settle the matter for the time being.

It now remains to consider what kind of questions might be considered as national in their bearing and results.

(1) Those which relate to the most profitable methods for disposing of the products of this country by discovering the best markets for their sale. Upon this subject reports have frequently come from agents and experts abroad telling the same tale. It is remarkable that they are unanimous in their opinion without the suspicion of collusion or consultation. They all agree that the commodities sent to England are equal to and often surpass in quality those of other countries, yet owing to defective business arrangements and no concerted course of action, the profit is much less than it ought to be, and intermediaries receive the larger portion. Furthermore, the trade does not extend and spread as it should do. This results from want of proper combination between the several parties whose aim should be to place in a more direct way the products of this country before intending purchasers in other lands. It must surely be generally admitted that such a matter might be encouraged and assisted by special legislation in a way that will remove present difficulties, and will open out fresh channels for the sale of natural products.

(2) There are also special features and advantages peculiar to New Zealand which require further development. In the past they have been neglected. But the neglect was not culpable, for the time had not yet arrived in the early days when settlers were laying the necessary foundations of ordinary civilisation. Everything could not be done at once, and of course precedence was given to those matters which would not brook delay. But New Zealand, having now reached that stage when all the first elements of civilisation have been firmly established, surely the time has come when her people should cultivate and develop those natural advantages which cannot be classed as ordinary gifts. If these exist, then they bear the same obligation as arises in the case of individual character, where a person possesses some talent superior to average ability. Surely in the present state of affairs, there is abundant reason that a national effort should be made to develop those special features of this country intended by Nature to benefit mankind at large. No other conclusion can be arrived at.

(3) There are certain subjects which no doubt occupy more debatable ground than those already mentioned, though partaking of a national character. They are political problems which have been before the public for some years, and which no party, though attempts have been made in certain quarters, has as yet been able to solve. Such matters can only now be determined by an agreement between political parties that these problems should be solved in the only practical manner open to them.

So far only general ideas, not details, have been dealt with. It now remains to select one instance connected with each subject where a national policy could effectively be carried out, though others might be mentioned if space permitted.

(1) As regards the export, sale and management of natural products sent to other countries.

There should be an arrangement for an adequate supply of steamers, either owned by Government or companies, which would run not only to London, but to other British ports such as Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Hull and Southampton. Next there should be an agent at each port in the

employ of New Zealand who should manage the unloading, storage and other matters connected with landing commodities. There should be stores and depôts at all these ports for the exclusive sale of all products and articles exported from this country, such as wool, meat, butter, cheese, hemp, gum, fruit, wine, manufactured goods, and even cheap pictures of New Zealand executed in an attractive manner. These New Zealand stores should be advertised in the neighbourhood, and would soon obtain a reputation, if good faith were kept with the public, for selling a superior article. A moderate and reasonable price under such circumstances would ensure a handsome profit.

These central stores or depôts might serve as feeders for establishing smaller ones in inland towns wherever there was a chance of success. They might also sell cheap books and pamphlets, brightly written and well illustrated, dealing with the special features and advantages of the soil of the country. Besides, they could serve as bureaux of information for those who contemplated making New Zealand their future home. The steamers employed to carry freight might also have berths for thirty or forty passengers, and if owned by Government, might carry emigrants of good character at very reasonable rates. With such a plan, worked in an intelligent manner, a great increase in commerce might be reasonably expected between Great Britain and this country. There would be a constant stream of passengers and goods both ways, and the ultimate result would be a large addition to our population, so necessary for the further development of natural resources.

(2) As regards special advantages peculiar to this country which would develop and improve by a national movement, it is only necessary to refer to the present condition of Rotorua as a lamentable instance of neglect. What might not have been accomplished if a resolute attempt had been made to push the natural advantages of this spot to their utmost limit? Rotorua is unique. No thermal springs in any country of the world are equal to those of Rotorua. Most countries of Europe possess medicinal springs effective in curing certain diseases, and in improving the general health of invalids. Thousands yearly flock to these spas for the sake of health, pleasure, amusement and change. Among the crowd may be observed sovereigns, statesmen, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, fashionable beauties, millionaires, speculators and the general public. Notwithstanding the illustrious assemblage that gathers at these European health resorts, there is not one of them on the score of merit that can compare with Rotorua. It not only surpasses them in the healing power of its waters, but in the number and variety of its thermal springs grouped around one centre. How many of that distinguished crowd that frequent the spas of Europe are ever seen at Rotorua? And whose negligence has caused this indifference to arise? The Government and people of New Zealand. So careless has the Government been in this respect that it has refused to appoint a specialist to classify the various mineral springs of Rotorua. Scarcely any thing has been done to make the wonders of this spa known to the world at large. Little money has hitherto been spent in improving the locality and its surroundings, and none on advertising and informing the outside world of its famous healing waters.

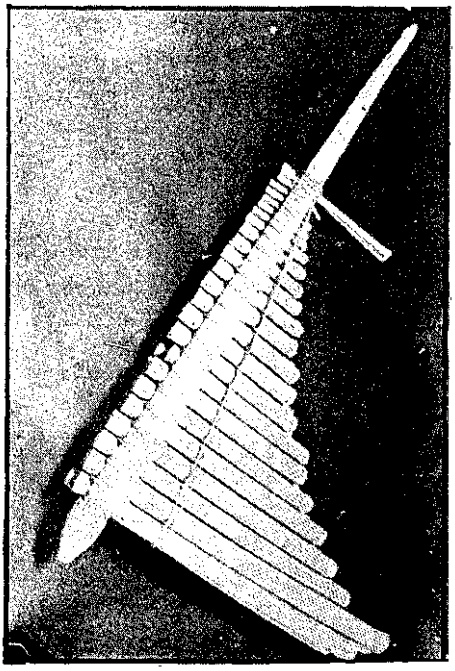
It is said the distance is too far to induce people from other countries to visit its springs; but persons will not object to travel any distance when the object of their journey is the recovery of health beyond the reach of ordinary remedies. If Rotorua were made attractive, its different springs classified and advertised, proper buildings and arrangements provided for bathing, and sufficient amusement organised for idle hours, large numbers would flock from other lands to benefit by these springs. America, Australia, England, and in course of time other countries, would supply a

constant stream of visitors as the fame of these springs spread among the nations of the world.

(3) The instance in which a national policy might settle an important question, space will not permit to be handled at present. It comes under the head of political problems, and the example selected was that of the temperance question. Without examining this difficult problem, which on some future occasion might be treated, it is only necessary to remark here that the time has arrived when this agitation, so detrimental to the public good, should cease. But the only safe method of dealing with this running sore is for the leading men of all parties to unite and take the matter in hand in order to effect a satisfactory settlement of it.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the method in which national questions might be discussed and settled. Whatever may be its defects does not detract from the importance of the subject brought before the public. It will have served a laudable purpose if it promotes in any way a policy so essential for the further progress and welfare of the country.

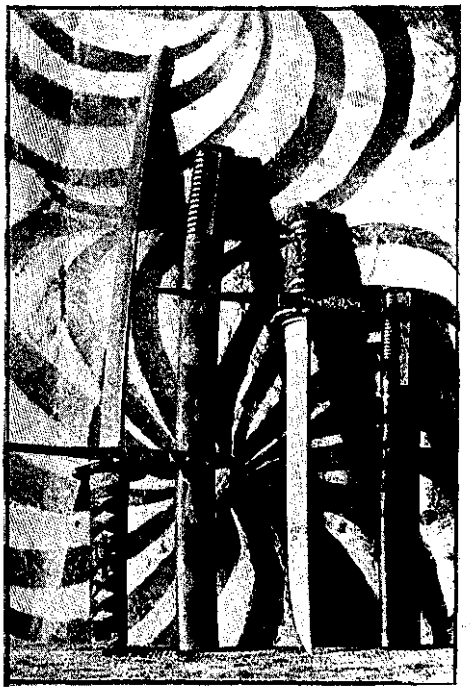
THIS musical instrument, made of bamboo of different calibre, is one used by the



C. T. Salmon. PANDEAN PIPES.

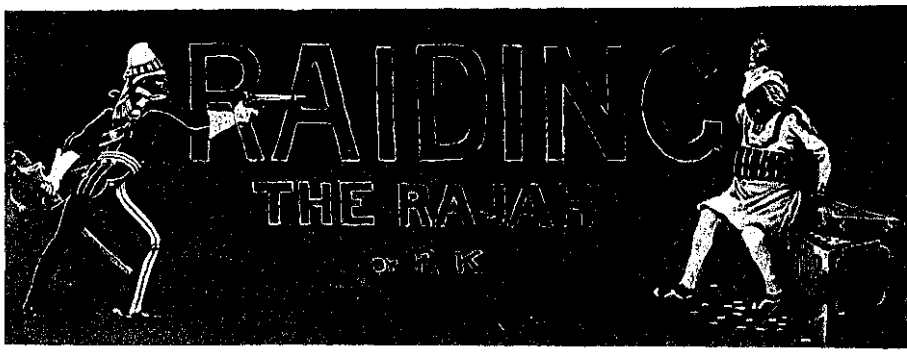
natives of Melanesia. The length of the pipe gives the pitch of the note, and the result is very tuneful.

THE shields and particularly awkward-looking knives are of Indian workmanship.



C. T. Salmon. INDIAN SHIELDS AND KNIVES.

Mr. L. Bloomfield, who procured them in India, has them in his collection in Auckland.



Illustrated by E. B. Vaughan.

"CAVENDISH, Crawford, De Courcy!"

"Here, Sergeant Major!"

"Get into your saddles, and ride back and see what has become of the luggage carts. They ought to have been here by this time, unless they went the other road."

Mounting their horses away they went.

"What a confounded nuisance this is!"

"Well, my dear fellow, it is only what we must expect when we belong to a flying column."

"Yes; but hang it all, to have to ride off just as tiffin was ready, and now, Goodness knows when we shall get anything to eat!"

"I think I see a way out of that difficulty."

"What strange idea have you got hold of now, Cavendish?"

"No strange idea at all. If you remember, we passed an Indigo planter's bungalow over yonder. We will call on him, and I'll bet ten rupees that we get something to eat, although it will be a late tiffin."

"Well, it is pretty cool, but not a bad idea."

"Good or bad, I'm going to act upon it. What do you say, De Courcy?"

"I think it a grand idea, old man. We shall be sure of a good curry and well-cooked rice. By the bye, talking of rice, what was that mess you were nearly getting into at Patna?"

"Mess, you call it? It was one of the most idiotic things that I ever had anything to do with."

"Do tell us what it was."

"All right; it will help to kill time until we reach where we are to get this ideal feed. So here goes:

"On one occasion I was on luggage guard, and after marching all night, just as the sun was rising, we entered a town; this was Patna; it consisted of one street about a mile and a half long, with only one break in the middle of it. This was the road leading down to the Ghât. There were shops on either side, while in the distance you could see the Rajah's Palace above the tops of the trees with which it was surrounded. Well, we turned down the road and reached the Ghât. While we were waiting for the boat to come over, I said I would ride back, have a look at the place, and get something to eat.

"'All right,' said Hardy (you know Hardy); 'I'll go with you, as you are only a griffin*, you know, and might get into trouble.'

"So we both rode back, and when we got into the street, we dismounted, and passing

*New Chum.

our arms through our bridle reins, we strolled about. All at once I saw a small cart coming up the street on which was a cupola roofed affair of scarlet velvet with a gilt or gold spike on the top. It was supported by four gilt pillars which were curtained in with velvet curtains of the same colour, and drawn by two white Brahmin bulls, which were proceeding up the street without any driver, in fact, no one was near them. I called to Hardy and asked him what it was. He replied:

"'When it comes near you, lift the curtain, and then you will see.'

"I did so, and what I saw I shall never forget. Sitting cross-legged on a velvet cushion was one of the most beautiful Indian girls I ever saw. Her face was uncovered, and her clothing consisted of silk richly ornamented with precious stones. Her look of astonishment and alarm, I shall never forget. As I dropped the curtain I heard shouts of 'Deen! Deen!' and all the natives were out of their shops armed with anything they could lay their hands on at the moment.

"'What do they mean by Deen, Deen?' I said to Hardy, who was just getting into his saddle. Turning round with a smile, he said:

"'If you are not quickly in your saddle and down at the Ghât you will cease to take any interest in the meaning of the word deen!'

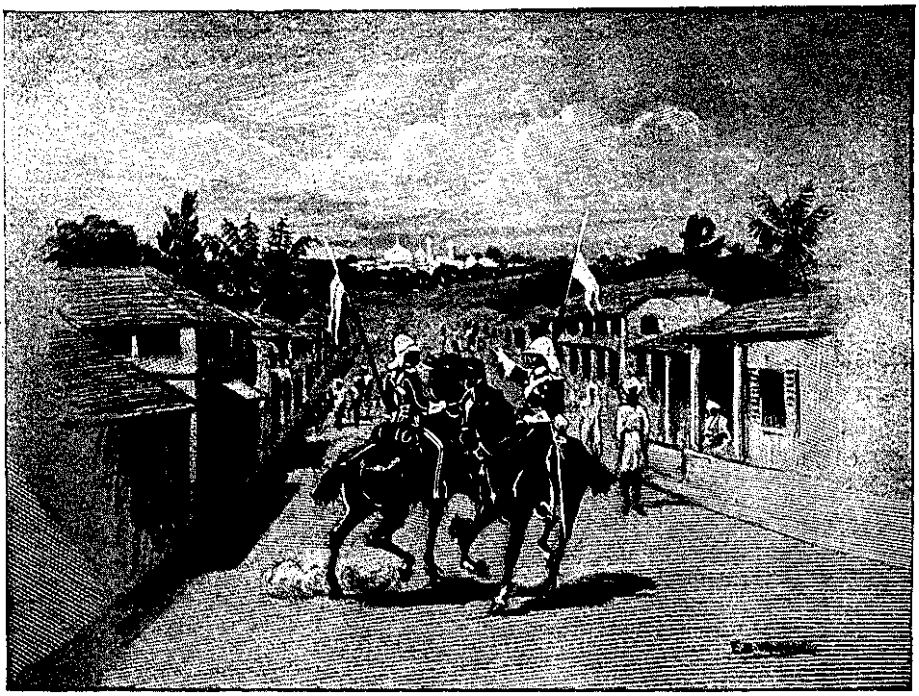
"Of course that was enough, so we clashed down to the Ghât, with the natives after us until they saw the escort, then they gave it best."

"Well, and what was all the row about?"

"It was the Rajah's wife, and Hardy knew all the time that something would happen, for he told me that I had cast a deep insult on them, and in the most cheerful manner he told me to keep a good look out in case some of them, who were Thugs, might follow me; and also to be sure and lie on my back when going to sleep, as they could not thug me in that position."

"That was rather a dangerous sort of joke. Look! that's the bungalow, I believe Now, we shall soon see if we are to have a feed or not."

Wheeling their horses in through the gate way, they galloped up the drive, and as soon as they reached the hall door, out rushed a



"THAT IS A RAJAH'S PALACE."

lot of native servants, and to the enquiry if the Sahib were at home, the reply was:

"Nay, Sahib. The Hurrah Sahib gone Calcutta, too many budmash about here, kill him! But the Sahibs are welcome."

"Can we get anything to eat?"

"Oh, yes, Sahibs, grilled chicken, chupatties, and two bottles bass, Sahib beer, and little brandy."

So giving their horses to the syces, they were shown into the breakfast-room, where the repast was soon forthcoming, to which they did ample justice.

After giving the servants some rupees they got into their saddles, and having heard that the luggage had gone on all right, they rode off, feeling happy with themselves and the world at large, with the exception of Crawford.

"Hulloa! What place is this, De Courcy? You know all about everything Indian."

"That is a Rajah's Palace."

"Then we will call on him."

THEY RUSHED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE RAJAH, WHO LOOKED ASTONISHED.

"It might be a rash thing to do; he might be a rebel."

"Oh, hang the odds, here goes!" And he knocked loudly at the heavy gates, set in a high wall which ran round the compound. After some delay they were thrown open, disclosing a body of fifty matchlock men, with their matches alight, and armed besides with shield and tulwar, drawn up in front of the Rajah's Palace.

To hesitate was to be lost, so dashing up they sprang from their horses, and rushed into the presence of the Rajah, who looked astonished, as well he might.

And now came a question from the Rajah that made them feel like fools.

"What do you want?"

And what did they want?

But De Courcy came to the rescue by saying that the treasure chest was on its way, but in the meantime they were hard up as they could not get away until it did arrive, and requested him to give them one hundred rupees each.

He looked at them for a moment, and then said:

"Yes; you shall have them. *I* will go and get them."

But it would not do to let him out of their sight, so they made him send

one of his attendants, as their only chance of safety lay in keeping the Rajah with them until they could get away.

At last the rupees came, and oh, such a weight, and no place to put them but a side pocket!

Now came the time to get away. Keeping the Rajah between them, they marched him out on to the verandah, and when there they made him give orders to have the horses brought up and the gates thrown open. This was done; the horses close to them, the natives were ordered to lay the reins on their necks and stand aside. The moment this order was obeyed, they jumped into their saddles, and without waiting to engage their stirrup irons, they dashed through the gates and down the road at full gallop, and were out of range before the fellows had recovered from their surprise, or perhaps they thought that they were only the advance guard of a larger party.

After they had galloped to a safe distance, they met a native, who told them that the luggage had just gone into camp, which they were nearing.

"Now, what about those blessed rupees? Perhaps the Rajah will report us for having committed robbery under arms."

"Oh! if it comes to that, we can explain that it was only a joke, and return them!"

"Ha! ha! explain, and—ha, ha! give them up. Ha, ha, ha! Return them. Oh, it is too, too good!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"The idea of returning *these* rupees. Why, my dear fellow, I can only find one solitary rupee jammed in the corner of what was once a pocket, but now is bottomless. I have been sowing them along the road. What a harvest it will be to some poor native that finds them!" exclaimed Cavendish.

"Oh, confound it! my pocket is also burst, only I have five rupees left," said Crawford.

"And I beat you all, for I have got eight!" chimed in De Courcy.

He was a rebel Rajah, and had stopped all the ryots* under his roof from supplying the camp with anything, so considering all things they got well out of their morning raid on a rebel Rajah.

*Husbandmen, etc., etc.

Victoria

The good Queen lay a-dying;
As she lay
An Empire held its breath.
Nature wept gentle tears,
Tears, softly shed,
Of sorrow, tempered with the thought
Of all the good a great life leaves behind.

When hope was past,
And the dread news—
News hard to bear, altho' now looked for—
Spread to the furthest confines
Of the Globe,
A wail of grief engirdled it,
Grief of a mighty people now bereft.

Bertha V. Goring.

Hockey.

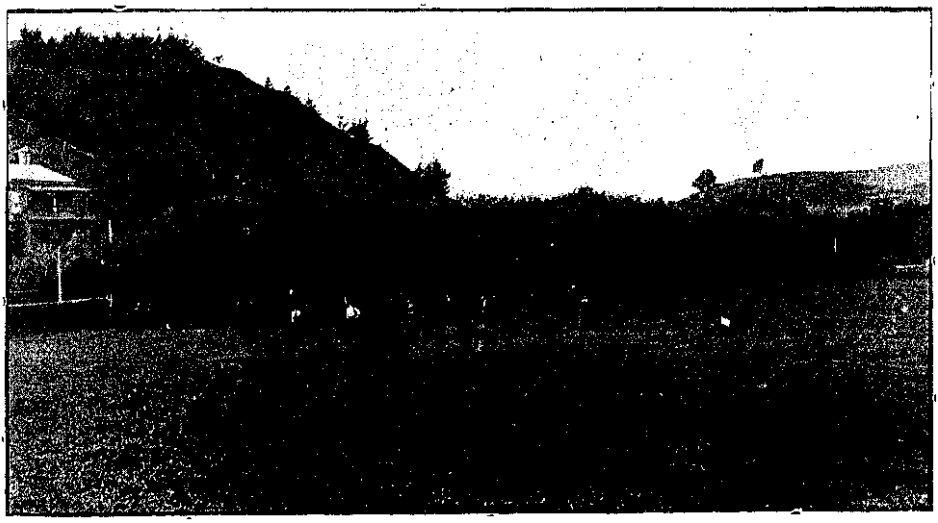
By Aliquis.

THIS fine old English game has now established itself on a stable footing in New Zealand, and though, as yet it does not rank as a universal sport, like cricket and football, still enthusiasts have the satisfaction of knowing that its popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds every year. That this is the case there is ample evidence, and indeed only last year a striking proof was furnished by Auckland, where the game was taken up with unbounded enthusiasm in spite of the countless rival attractions of that home of sports.

This is the more remarkable, from the fact that it was started by the fair sex, and throughout the first season was played exclusively by them, though now that they have been shown the way, the men intend following a good example and forming clubs also.

Of course it is a very bad thing to prophesy, more especially in one's own country, but it appears at present as if hockey will one day rival even tennis in the affections of the young ladies of the colony; certainly tennis is a summer game, but some seasons are not very clearly defined.

There are few more interesting things, from the spectators' point of view than a really good hockey match, and in spite of the numerous powerful objections of maiden grand-aunts the sport is likely to remain exceedingly popular with young ladies.



GIRLS PLAYING HOCKEY AT "WAPITI," EPSOM.

Of course it is a game of vigorous exercise, no one would attempt to deny that, but vigorous exercise is not only a peculiarity of, but also the object and principal charm of most outdoor sports. And, though it may not be immediately evident, yet the more one

indulges in this particular form of recreation the less violent the necessary exertion becomes.

In the first place, players just starting the game are, very naturally, not in the condition which men aptly describe as "fit," consequently they feel the strain, and create a false impression in the minds of objectionists as to the severity of the exercise. But as everybody knows, a very short period of training speedily removes any after effects of this sort, and as hockey is not "the exception that proves," the player soon finds that she is none the worse for the game, without, however, convincing the aforesaid objectionists that this is not so; and they, on their part, probably think that she says so for fear of being forbidden to play.

Again, new players cannot possibly learn the game in a few weeks, and they therefore try to make up for lack of skill by extra hard work.

When they begin to play the game more scientifically all this superfluous running about is done away with, and of course the exercise is not nearly so violent as it was at first, at the very period when the players were least able to endure it. Any one who has watched the first games of a new club will agree with me that this is the case.

TAKING UP THEIR POSITIONS.

For instance it is a very common thing to see each forward fighting a separate battle, one hindering the other, and tiring themselves by worrying their own side. Then suddenly the ball will come out of a bunch, and the whole of the forwards turn round to chase it, instead of allowing their backs to return it to them; and probably these latter, mixed up with their own and the opposing forwards, fail to get the ball away. Then there is another bunch, and another general pursuit of the ball.

After a battle of this sort, it is small wonder if the players are tired, and as I said above, it is just here that the anti-hockeyites think they score, because they entirely ignore the fact of its being a first attempt.

But after a season or two all this is changed, and each player does her own work in the manner which will best help her neighbour and the team generally; in other words, the team plays with combination. Having briefly sketched the disastrous results which attend the lack of this absolute requisite for good play, I will now endeavour to point out some of the advantages of having it. Suppose for instance a good line of forwards advancing with the ball, the player dribbles till on the point of being attacked, when the leather is passed to his neighbour. Now, if the opposing forwards, instead of keeping to their places, should bunch before the players with the ball, when it is passed, the neighbour has a clear run as far as the back. But if each of the attackers is marked, it is impossible for anyone of them to get a clear run, and if the player with the ball tries to hit it round his opponent, the half backs receive it.

It is here that individual skill comes in, and the resource and quickness displayed in such situations determine the player as good or otherwise.

But, though it is of primary importance for forwards, yet combination among the backs is almost equally essential as it is for the front rankers, especially in defensive work.

Not only should the several backs constituting a line understand and play to each other, but each line should be able to entirely and confidently depend on the other. Over and over again, I have seen a half back, when blocked by two or three forwards, and unable to get the ball away, turn round and drive it to the back behind him, who in turn transfer it either to his neighbour, or well up the field to a wing half back.

In picking a team to play a match I favour the empowering of one person whose word and choice are law, but who obviously must be thoroughly up in the game and understand every player perfectly. A good precedent for this course has been established by the Auckland Rugby Union, and it is significant that ever since the rep. teams have been picked by one selector, Auckland has held the Championship of the Colony.

The Wellington Hockey Club, I notice, on the other hand, prefer the Match Committee method, which is certainly very good, and appears to work well. There is, of course, a great deal to be said for both methods, but I adhere to the former.

I would here point out the desirability of Clubs forming Unions, which would be powerful enough to arrange interprovincial matches, and matches between rival Clubs, record wins, and consider protests, etc. This would undoubtedly give a great impetus to the game, and bring it much more prominently before the public.

Another point of interest to hockey players is the question of the employment or non-employment of the goal-keeper.

One of the foremost English Clubs set the example of playing three backs instead of the usual two and a goal keeper. This answered so well that they stuck to it, and, whether it was the result of this alteration, or the fact that they had good players, I am unable to say, but they certainly took a great deal of beating. However, there is no need to discuss here the relative advantages and disadvantages of this system of placing, as my hockey friends will readily understand them.

THE WAPITI HOCKEY PLAYERS.

This article was written with a view of encouraging the game of hockey generally, but more especially amongst the young ladies of the Colony. There can be no more pleasant pastime, and now is the time to set to work and organise clubs so as to be ready to begin play when the season commences. The illustrations, which are from photos taken by Mr. C. T. Salmon, represent the ladies of the Wapiti Hockey Club, Auckland. The lady patroness, Mrs. Major George, takes a great interest in the game, and encourages her young lady friends to become players, and many a merry game has taken place in the Major's paddock at Epsom, beneath the brow of the volcanic hill shown in the first illustration, the old Maori earthworks on which show that contests of a very different nature took place there in days long gone by.

In conclusion, I express my hope that in years to come the game may take a front place in the athletic recreations of the colony, and I am sure that all players will agree with me, that if there is one really tip-top sport, it is a good game of hockey.

Genius and Mediocrity.

God spake to the Butterfly:—

"Thou shalt be crowned with the Spring's desire;
Royally winged in the hues of Tyre;
Dipped in the golden river of Dawn,
Thou art made free of the flowery lawn.
Rose heart shall burn to thee;
Lily bud turn to thee;
Zephyr blow low to thee;
Balm odour flow to thee.
Thou art Queen of the shadows of matter above
The cosmic soul, and the Queen of love.
But dead is thy queenship when thou art old,
Shrivelled thy heart,—and the tale is told."

God spake to the Glow-worm:—

"Thou shalt be set in the mirk midnight;
Thou shalt be shamed in the red rose light.
The ambient dawn that aureoled *her*
Has naught for thee but the draught of myrrh.
Grayness shall rest on thee;
Grief shall lay 'best on thee;
Youth shall pass by thee;
Love shall deny thee.
Thou wouldst be loved as the violets are;
Thou shalt be loved as a chill white star.
Thou shalt be light to thyself alone
In the dark dews of the moss and stone.
But star of the lift shall droop to the lea,
And bless the fire gone out of thee.
Ah, then, on a beam aerial, fleet,
Thy soul shall fly to the Pleiad's seat.
Thou art made free of the starry ways;
Joy is woven into thy days.
How long soever thy years are told,
Never on earth shalt thou be old!"

JESSIE MACKAY.

By "The Sage."

In the Name of a Woman is the title chosen by Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont, the author of *By Right of Sword*, *A Dash for a Throne*, etc., for his latest work, which has been forwarded for review by Messrs. Upton and Co., of Auckland, and is published by Messrs. Longman, Green and Co. in their Colonial Library. The scene is laid in Bulgaria, and the first chapter opens with a night adventure in Sofia. "'Help!' The cry, faint but strenuous in a woman's voice, rang out on the heavy hot night air, and told me that one of those abominable deeds that were so rife in the lawless Bulgarian capital was in progress, and I hastened forward in angry perplexity, trying to locate the sound," is the opening paragraph, thus bringing the reader into the story at once without wearisome introduction. The hero turns out to be Gerald Winthrop, an Englishman passing himself off as Count Benderoff, of Radova, in order to facilitate the performance of a secret mission that he had undertaken for the Foreign Office, the object of which was to get to the bottom of the secret machinations by which Russia was endeavouring to close her grip of iron on the throne and country of Bulgaria, and if possible, thwart them.

This was the man who heard the cry of a woman in distress, and rushing to the rescue found the Countess Anna Bokara, "the staunch woman friend of His Highness the Prince," as she afterwards described herself to him, in dire peril from two would-be assasins in the room of a house. He at once leapt into the window and saved the lady's life, who explains to him that because of her influence with the Prince and in opposition to Russia, she has been lured to be murdered in cold blood, and tries by all the means in her power to persuade the Count to join the Prince's cause. He was too cautious to yield either to the fascination of her manner, or her promises of position, riches and a fair bride. She informed him of the plot to place a certain Princess of Orli on the throne, who, she said, was secretly betrothed to a Russian of infinite vileness and treachery, the Duke Sergius, by which means Russia would attain her ends. This Princess of Orli, who is the real heroine of the story, the Count meets shortly after. He is handed a written message which reads: "Follow the bearer, 'In the name of a Woman.'" Taking this to be from the Countess of Bokara, he obeys gladly, and finds himself instead in the presence of three Russians. His curt replies to their questions end in two of them attacking him fiercely, when a door opens and the Princess appears in the nick of time, and saves the Count's life from treachery. The rest of the story is a complication of plots and counterplots, interspersed with duels, the abduction of the Princess, rescues, a suicide, hair-breadth escapes, in fact as many thrilling incidents as it is

possible to cram into the pages, or reasonable to suppose might have occurred even in Bulgaria at the period. For the result of all this I must recommend my readers to secure the book, which on the whole, is one which is sure to be read, although the reader can scarcely help feeling that the subject the author has chosen has been better handled before. His love scenes, of which he has been considerately sparing, are perhaps the weakest portions of the book.

[As the foregoing was the only new book which has come forward for review this month on account, as the booksellers inform me, of the slack time in the trade at Home after the Christmas business is over, I insert in these columns three essays on different subjects by various contributors, and leave the reader to judge their merits.]

DISCONTENT.

By J. Wylde.

Who cares for your dainty fripperies, your luxuries, your peace, and soft respectability? The air of the warm room stifles me. I want to feel the sou'-west wind on my face. God! how fresh and pure it is up there on the hills! A man feels himself alive when he fights against a storm. I lie here listening to the music. I can see the slender fingers of the girl player flash over the keys. She plays soft low sensuous things like the poetry of Swinburne. We gathered round the table but a little while ago. What money, what time had been spent on that delicate, tempting food! I loathed it, yet away in the wilds I could eat a hard biscuit with relish, and enjoy a drink of creek water.

How mockingly that piano sounds! The girl's figure sways to the tune. She is a beauty, and rich, and accomplished.

How I long for the crack of the rifle on the grassy upland, or the sing of the wind in the shrouds of a yacht! There *is* something in bowling over a wild bull at five hundred yards, in thrashing a small craft to shelter against a gale of wind!

Then one *can* sleep on the ground by the camp fire. Yes, one can sleep, or stare at the stars, and feel the pleasure of rest.

There is grandeur in a storm at sea, excitement on a wild tumultuous night—life. Yes, one *lives* with Nature out on the plains—up in the mountains—out on the sea.

* * * * *

I am sick of all this weary wandering, of this hard, rough, useless life. There is no beauty in it, no pleasure. One lies down on the damp ground at night time, and the wind whistles across one's face, or the dreary rain comes beating against one's blankets, chilling one to one's aching bones; and there are my old friends living in ease and luxury. I eat tough chops, cooked on the acrid ashes; they have dainty dishes. I sit on the ground, and my plate is a piece of bark; they sit in comfortable chairs before a table, made beautiful with flowers, with carven glasses and painted porcelain. And the life at sea, the routine of watch and watch, the monotony of salt pork and pea soup, salt beef and hard bisuits. How I hate it all! and there are some—aye, and I, too, might enjoy the luxuries of civilization. Up on the swinging yards, battling with an icy gale, and I might be lounging in a warm-scented room listening to music played by some fair girl. I have mixed with hard-voiced men till I long for the tones of a woman—for the soft, sweet notes of a song, then the flash of dark eyes in mine—the thrilling whisper. How cruel and cold is the sea! It roars and rolls with hateful monotony—waste of time. There is no life to mix with mine—no pleasure—only hateful toil, hardships, misery. And out on the mountains the dry, dreary tramp, with aching feet after wild cattle that climbed slope after slope before me. The icy persistent wind, the chilly, uncomfortable camp, and the roll and fret of that stuffy yacht, the useless beat and beat against wind and sea that drove the vessel back from the land, out from shelter and safety, but into

darkness and danger on the wild terrible sea. What is there in life if one has not joy and comfort?

THE MAJESTY OF SILENCE.

By Alice H. G. Basten.

The wounded body gives vent to its pain in sound, but the greater the soul's suffering the more it seeks seclusion, and the only indication of its being is manifest in that faithful mirror of the soul—the eye. In bereavement we value the firm and silent handclasp more than the loud demonstration of sympathy; in injury the unostentatious helper effects more than the hysterical call for assistance. We have the greater confidence in the individual of quiet demeanour than in the heedless talker; in sudden emergencies the ordinarily retiring man most calmly faces the situation—in all these instances the silent deed conveys more than noise or speech.

Words are adequate only for the expression of the simplest ideas. Great orations owe their force more to the eloquent suggestions of reflective silence than to the actual words employed. A certain sage man is alleged to have observed that we may call none great until he has passed away, and as it is by the review of a man's whole life we can most truly judge of his worth, so in like measure is it necessary that reflection should bring to maturity the thoughts insinuated by a speaker, and gradually unfold the greatness and beauty which at first were manifest only in part.

What is silence? It is the influence of Nature inanimate; it is the expression of the soul immortal, and the language of intense emotion. Silence is not nothingness; it is expressive always, more nearly allied to sorrow than to gladness, for joy is boisterous, but grief seeks quietness ever.

We wander in the shade of the wooded mountain; we gaze upon the dear green earth, the dainty ferns, the lofty trees—their simplicity and grandeur are awe-inspiring. The pervading stillness conveys the impression of a mysterious presence; the eloquent muteness of Nature is everwhere. The creation around us, how marvellous it is; the hand of man has not yet been laid upon it—the hand that can destroy, but is powerless to restore. Here, too, as in the world of humanity, there is life and death, change, dependence and decay; but the life is tranquil, and its passing away, imperceptible—the former knows not turmoil, and the latter holds not agony. From the highest to the lowest state everything exists in perfect concord. We feel that here is sympathy in all our moods. Here amidst this transient glory we reflect on death, on eternity, on immortality. Here only we get those rare vague glimpses into the mystery of things supernatural. Our thoughts partake of the divine, but are mellowed with exquisite sadness; in the immensity of our ideas how utterly insignificant appears the noblest of our ambitions. How thoroughly we realize that

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

In prophetic spirit we listen to the echo of the poet's cry:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Silence comprehends everything. It brooded in majesty over a world of chaos; it beheld creation; it is the one common attribute of the universe; it is the chiefest survival of the great histories and mighty nations; it is the receptacle of many and strange secrets. When all the monuments of earthly power are gone, the same immutable majesty will live. Unrecognised it is the sentinel of the present, it cloaks the past, and it veils the future. It gives to death its solemnity, it imparts to life its strength, it is the sublimeness of Nature, and the herald of eternity. Above all—it is God's witness—it cannot lie, and it

cannot err; evil and wrong may pass in the eyes of man undetected, but they go not unobserved. Self-sacrifice and true kindness may not bring gratitude, but oblivion shall not hide them.

MEDITATION.

By "Avon."

She trips to us when we, dismayed by "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," overawed by a consciousness of our own insignificance, crushed by failure of darling schemes, seek sanctuary from self.

She, a pure sweet maid, withdraws from our eyes the veil which everyday life places over us, and in a moment the soul, relieved of its weight of care, revels in the pure atmosphere of Nature.

We throw ourselves on the green sward, and pass before us the troubles that rankle in our breasts, the troubles that, like the canker worm, gnaw at our peace of mind and bring with them grim apprehension and carking care. And by the kindly influence of Nature, all trouble is swept away; in her pure air the diseased mind is restored to its former balance, and a sense of comfort and rest slowly steals o'er us.

In the cleansed mind does Meditation now hold sway, and we appreciate, in all too small a measure, the mystery of Nature's silent workings. Springtime it is, and the glorious Sun, now that the *regime* of "the envious clouds" is drawing to a close, beams down his genial warmth, and at his call myriads of things, great and small, leap to life. The gaily-painted flies, revelling in their new-found liberty, dash off to enjoy the pleasures of the earth, as if aware that to them is appropriate the heathen proverb, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The ant and the bee ply their busy trades—putting by stores for a thankless generation.

Dancing in the breeze, the raw leaves enliven the landscape, and a constant falling in silence under each great giant, tells us that, like man, the old leaves have done their work, and are being slowly succeeded by a new generation. On the horizon, like a gloomy foeman, lurks the storm-cloud, provided by Nature to soften the influence of his too indulgent relation. Beneath us, the sea breaks its gentle swell upon the shore, almost mournfully, as though in remorse for its innumerable dark deeds. The wind murmurs slowly through the trees, diffusing o'er all a grateful coolness to temper the effects of the all-powerful sun, a wind which, to the listening ear, tells the tale of its birth in some far-off clime.

But look when the Supreme Being withdraws his control over the elements, or bids them carry out His stern command! How do the scorching beams strike down on an erring world! Or the storm cloud lighten! Or the furious storm whip the woods, and roar o'er the whole earth! Beneath forces such as these, weak man bows his head in submission, a submission that is not lasting.

Here a shaggy hill, there a grassy plain, awaiting the craft of man to make it yield up its fruits. The tall trees bend haughtily under the sighing wind.

Down in a quiet glade, a bell tinkles dreamily; closer at hand the song of birds and the hum of insects strike on the ear, yet we enjoy blissful rest amid these indications of presence.

What is there in one that thrills with apprehension at the approach of fellowman? A single footstep rouses us from our reverie. We feel prepared rather for a foe than for a friend. The feelings we bear towards the other creatures of the Supreme Being are absent in our thoughts towards man, man whom we should treat with confidence rather than suspicion. And so, on the appearance of a human being, we spring to our feet more in an attitude of alarm than confidence, and simultaneously the presence of Sun, of Cloud, of Wind fades away from our mind. It may be the fear that like bears towards like; it may be that we, too, feel in our inmost soul that in all the world and among all creation, "Only man is vile."

The Stage.

THE CHARLES ARNOLD COMPANY.

THE Charles Arnold Company has been and has gone. The loss is New Zealand's. After the great reports heard from "the other side" as to the mirth-producing "Jones," the equally festive "Smith," and the love-stricken "Professor," New Zealanders were naturally anxious to make the acquaintance of these worthies. After seeing them one feels better, for in the way Mr. Arnold and his company produced them there was everything to admire and naught to condemn. Free from all vulgarity, full of innocent fun, the various and varied compromising situations carefully staged and the impersonations of the different characters in the hands of skilled artists, he would be indeed a cynic who could not go away from the theatre feeling that "it had been good for him to be there."

W. H. Bartlett, MR. CHARLES ARNOLD. Auckland.

In addition to the productions just mentioned the Arnold Company gave us also the ever-green and ever-popular "Hans the Boatmen" and the not quite so well-known "Captain Fritz." The former play—how well I remember the success Mr. Arnold scored in his first production of it in the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne — has lost none of its attractiveness, unless it be that the famous old dog, Lion, which accompanied Mr. Arnold on so many of his tours, is

missing. Mr. Arnold tells me that he died from old age in Johannesburg, and was buried with full honours. In Melbourne and Sydney, when the run of "Hans" was a prolonged one, a dog was hired and trained, but in New Zealand such a course was not possible, and the play had to be produced minus the dog.

"Captain Fritz," though not so well known as "Hans," caught on almost equally well, and gave Mr. Arnold the opportunity of singing some of his best songs.

All New Zealand by this time knows the difficulties of "Jones" and "Smith," and how skilfully those difficulties are overcome by the skill of the playwright, so it is unnecessary to go into details as to the plots of these comedies—if plot there be in them.

"The Professor's Love Story" is, however, of an entirely different type, and Mr. Arnold's impersonation of the character of the simple and absent-minded scientist, who falls in love with his secretary and does not know it, was a revelation to those who had seen him only in lighter veins.

W. H. Bartlett, MISS HOPE MAYNE. Auckland.

The success which the Company has met with throughout New Zealand has been due, not only to the skilful acting of Mr. Arnold, but also in a large degree to the all-round excellence of the Company associated with him.

Place aux Dames. Miss Dot Frederic (Mrs. Arnold) has been charming in everything she has undertaken, but I must confess to liking her best in her old part of Jeffie Thursby.

The family mantle has fallen on little Edna Arnold and her clever acting in "The Empty Stocking" and in "Hans the Boatman," when she plays the part of little Hans, gives promise of a brilliant future.

Miss Agnes Knight as Mrs. Goodly, Mrs. Smith, and the Professor's sister had widely different parts to play, and in all of them she reached a high standard of excellence.

As a mirth provoker Miss Sallie Booth was second only to Mr. Arnold. It is hard to say which was the cleverer bit of acting, her Alvina Starlight (the old maid with the innumerable letters and amorous tendencies),

or her Lavinia Daly, who is equally at home in cooking a bad dinner or in promoting a strike among the cooks.

Miss Inez Bensusan, Miss Hope Mayne, and Miss Ada Lee did all that was asked of them to the satisfaction of their audience.

Of the male characters none had bigger opportunities than Mr. Willoughby and Mr.

W. H. Bartlett, MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH. Auckland.

E. W. Thomas, and availing themselves to the full of those opportunities, they leave behind them very pleasant memories of their skilful work.

Mr. Denton will be heard of again. He is making rapid strides in the profession.

Mr. F. B. Sharp and Mr. Ed. Lester were not often called upon, but what little they had to do was very acceptable.

Of the various highly successful plays this talented company put on the stage during their run through New Zealand, "The Professor's Love Story" was certainly the most attractive. While lacking the extremely ridiculous absurdities in "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," it was quite sufficiently amusing, and one could not help a feeling of undisguised affection and intense sympathy for the dear old Professor in his trouble, and deep concern as to what was the matter with him, and even greater affection for the unwitting cause of that trouble, his charming Secretary, an affection which increased when the simple old fellow, on being advised change of air by his medical adviser, looped his arm into that of his little Secretary and marched her off with him, answering the expostulations of his friend that his other secretaries always went with him.

No notice of the Arnold Company would be complete without mention of Mr. L. J. Lohr—that prince of managers. He has been for so long a time associated with this and other companies that management seems no trouble to him. He talks of retiring from theatrical work on the spoils of his Australian and New Zealand captives, and I am sure that none of these, whom he has led captive by his genial ways and up-to-date arrangements for their pleasure and comfort, will grudge him his *otium cum dignitate* in one of those sunny little bays nestling on the shores of the beautiful Sydney Harbour.

New Zealanders will probably have an opportunity of seeing the Arnold Company once again, and only once. Mr. Arnold tells me that his future movements include

an extended tour throughout the Australian colonies, which will occupy some considerable time. After that, if arrangements can be made, he will pay us a flying visit, appearing for a week in each of the big towns. As he has been for twenty-eight years before the footlights he thinks he is entitled to a rest, and purposes making for London, where he will settle down into private life on some property he owns there. The stage will be the poorer for his retirement, if the retirement be permanent. I hardly think it will be so, for there is a strange attraction for a popular actor or actress in the plaudits of the audience, and those once enjoyed attract again irresistibly. So may it be with Mr. Charles Arnold. There is very little danger of Mr. Arnold having to appeal to the "Distressed Actors' Fund" for assistance in his later years, as the enormous profits which he has made out of "Jones, Smith and Co." have all been securely invested—a great portion of them in New Zealand property and Companies' shares. He is a strong believer in the future prosperity of this colony, and the money he has received from its people he leaves with them for the benefit, not only of himself, but also of the colony.

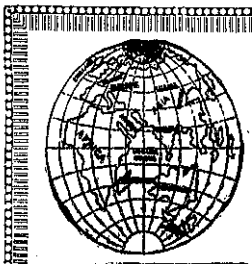
W. H. Bartlett, MR. CHARLES ARNOLD Auckland.
As Count Von Guggenheim.

W. H. Bartlett, "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME."—KISSING THE WRONG WOMAN. Auckland.

MISS ALICE HOLLANDER.

THAT bonny little Australian lass, Miss Alice Hollander, wound up a most successful New Zealand tour at Auckland recently, and returned to Australia. She won the hearts of everyone in the large audiences that heard her in the various centres she visited, and not a few, who ought to know, proclaimed her voice the finest contralto they had ever heard. The marvellous thing is that the little lady has only had two years' training, yet she came on to the stage in a simple, unaffected way, and trilled forth with her fresh young voice, with exquisite feeling and admirable knowledge of technique, Handel's "Lascia Ch'io Pianga," Mascheroni's sublime "Ave Maria," Gounod's glorious "O Divine Redeemer," the ever welcome "Home, Sweet Home," Giordani's "Caro Mio Ben," and other pieces equally difficult to render as they should be rendered. It is not yet a year since she made her first appearance before the public in Sydney, and received rapturous applause from a crowded house, which spoke not only volumes in her favour, but also in that of Mr. Bethune, whose two years training of her natural talent worked such wonders. It is needless to say that wherever she appeared she was repeatedly and most enthusiastically encored. One needs to be no prophet to predict a most brilliant future for the possessor of such a rare combination as a rich melodious voice, perfect taste, exquisite expression, and fascinating freshness. Miss Hollander was naturally charmed with the reception accorded her throughout New Zealand. Her next appearance will be at Melbourne, but knowing how severely critical Melbourne people are of any *artiste* hailing as she does from Sydney, Miss Hollander intends spending some time in study at Sydney first. Mr. Bethune, her manager, is a connection of Lord Hopetoun's, and hopes to secure her the honour of singing before the royal guests. After her Australian tour New Zealand is to receive another visit, when this gifted young contralto trusts with the proceeds of her concerts to be able to visit Paris, and obtain further instruction in her beloved art.

Standish & Preece, MISS ALICE HOLLANDER. Christchurch.



ROUND THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

THE most important event of the past month in England has been the preparation for the trip and the sending off of our Sovereign's son and his royal consort on their tour to the further confines of the Kingdom. The scene was a most brilliant one, and well befitted the occasion. The King and Queen lunched on board the Ophir with other members of the royal family, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain. His Majesty proposed the toast of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and remarked that the Duke was discharging a national duty, testifying how greatly the King and the nation appreciated the splendid loyalty of the colonies. The Duke, in returning the compliment, thanked his royal father for according him permission to undertake so interesting a voyage. A trip undertaken in such a spirit and under such auspicious circumstances cannot fail to be a brilliant success, and to add materially to the strength of the bonds which bind this vast empire together. It is also a splendid object lesson to republican countries as serving to show in a strong light some of the advantages of monarchy.

Drastic reforms in the army and navy are the order of the day. It is to a certain extent humiliating to have our weaknesses found out for us, especially by an enemy which we undervalued as much as we did the Boers, but it would have been worse still if the state of inefficiency of the War Office had not been discovered until a more critical juncture, and then by a disastrous defeat. The debate now proceeding in the House of Lords on this subject should be of great service in exposing past errors and deficiencies, and suggesting the most fitting means for the prevention of their repetition.

It is announced by cable that the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of Stepney, is to be the new Bishop of London. It is characteristic of the times that the Church, in filling vacancies in high places, now looks towards the man who possesses vigour and forcefulness of character, genial good fellowship, and good organising abilities rather than the man who has the highest reputation as a scholar, but little else to recommend him. Bishop Winnington-Ingram entered the Church in 1884. He has acted as private chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, now Archbishop of York. In 1888 he was appointed head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, and held the post of lecturer in pastoral theology at Cambridge.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA'S actions in China are regarded with some concern, but were by no means unexpected. When she agreed to join the Powers in suppressing the rebellion and putting a stop to the wholesale murder of the homogenous Foreign devils, she doubtless never intended to act in solely a philanthropic spirit. This is a sentiment which she can scarcely be expected to understand. Every move she has made since the commencement of hostilities proves that she has been actuated rather by a spirit of self-aggrandisement by the acquisition of all the territorial and other rights she could possibly secure, and has laughed in her sleeve at the excessive conciliatory methods of some of the other Powers, the British in particular.

As members of that nation we cannot but regret that there are international considerations which prevent us from resorting to extremities, discarding our present ally and giving her a severe and much required lesson on the evils of allowing her hunger for land and thirst for domination to over-ride all other principles and sentiments.

The excommunication of Tolstoi by the Holy Synod has at last worked up the feelings of the students in long-suffering Russia, and caused them to make matters extremely lively in St. Petersburg. Revolutionary proclamations, petitions from students to be excommunicated also, and disorderly conduct in the Kazan Cathedral were the means whereby the students expressed their disapprobation of the insult put upon the man whom they naturally venerated.

AUSTRALIA.

PREPARATIONS on a colossal scale of magnificence, which have attracted the attention of the *Times*, are being made in Melbourne for the reception of the royal guests. The spirit of rivalry which has always been dominant between the two great cities of the Commonwealth is spurring the capital of Victoria into almost superhuman efforts to make the coming spectacle one which will surpass anything ever seen even in such a progressive and pleasure-loving colony as Australia. The opening of the Federal Parliament by H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York is an opportunity for display which will not occur again, and our friends across the water naturally wish to take the fullest possible advantage of it.

The fresh outbreak of plague in Sydney and Brisbane is a matter much to be deplored at any time, but after the precautions taken and the cleansing of the city of Sydney, which took place on the previous occasion, the present outbreak should neither assume such alarming proportions nor be so difficult of suppression, notwithstanding the predictions of many alarmists, who, on the first appearance, quoted cases, which are ancient history, and from them foretold that a certain period after the first mild attack there would be another which would be decimating in its intensity, forgetting entirely the difference in the present state of civilization and sanitation and that of the period from which they drew their examples.

CHINA.

THE position in China has not altered during the month, save and except Russia's aggressive demands, now somewhat modified, alluded to in another paragraph, and the fact that Germany, the bitterest member of the European Concert, appears to be wholly indifferent to the manner in which vengeance is wreaked on China as long as it is wreaked. She shows signs of standing by complacently while Russia takes the whip hand and secures the portion which will add greatly to her power and prestige in the Pacific. The future combination of China and Russia, which is foreshadowed, will be an exceedingly powerful one, and one which will assuredly have to be reckoned with later.

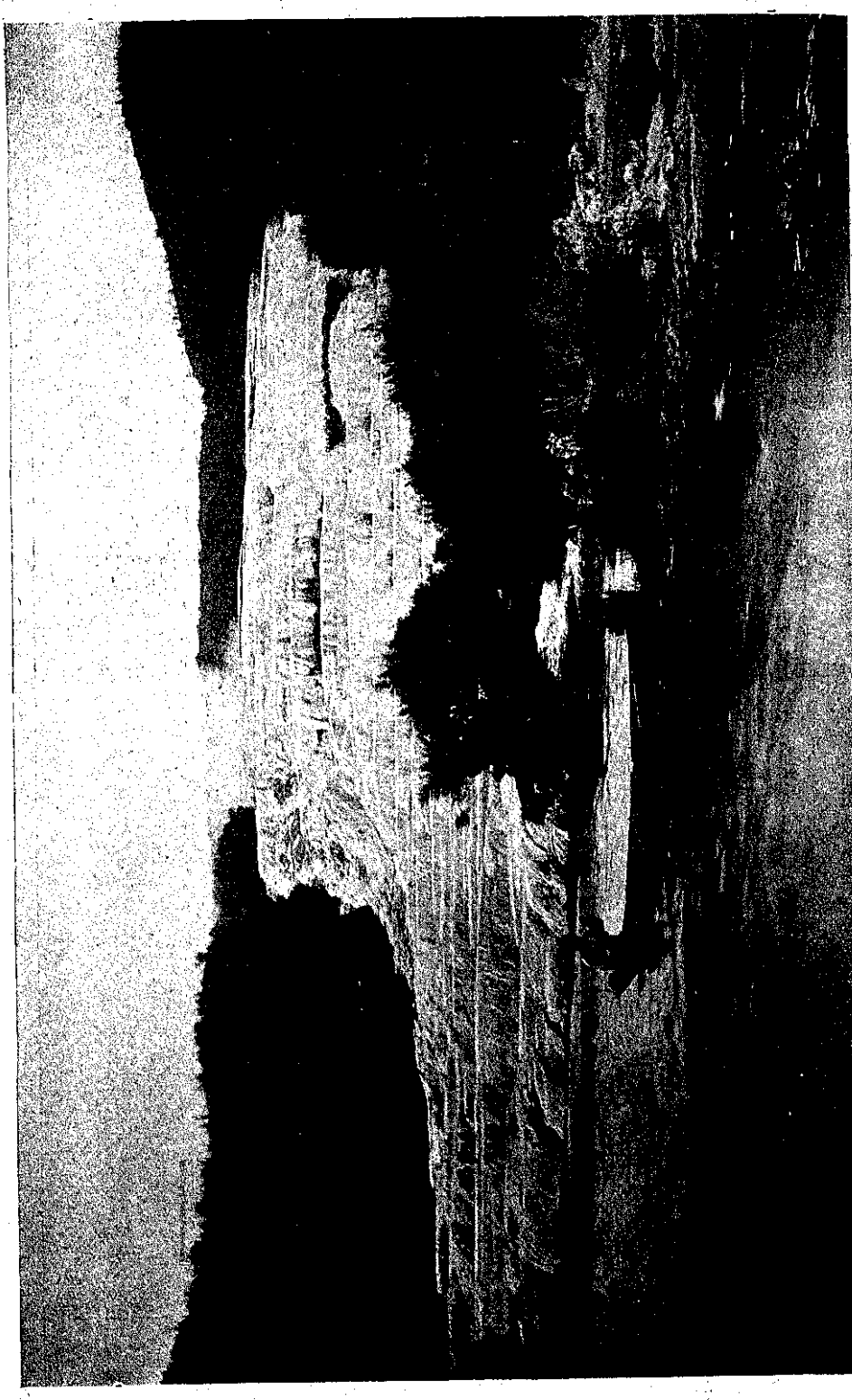
SOUTH AFRICA.

THE marvellous aptitude which De Wet possesses of withdrawing from every tight corner, however impossible such a movement seems, at times when to all appearance he cannot fail to be cornered, has been often the subject of remark. In many instances he has to sacrifice guns, waggons, and commissariat, but apparently nothing loth, he does so, and disappears only to appear again fully equipped and equally aggressive in another locality, repudiating all peace negotiations. The marvel is how he manages to keep up the hearts of his men and obtain fresh recruits and supplies when needed, thus by his own personal courage, daring and obstinacy prolonging a war to indefinite limits which the best authorities on the subject anticipated would be completed in a few months.

Edwards Studio, WAIROA WATERFALL. Auckland.

CROW'S NEST, TAUPO.

Edwards Studio, Auckland.



PINK TERRACE.

Edwards Studio, Auckland.

HIS MAJESTY, BABY.

Australian Art Photo. Co., Auckland.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CURIOSITIES.

Many of the Photographs of Curiosities which have been sent in were not suitable for reproduction. They should be good, clear photos., nicely printed, then, and then only, will good results follow. Some of those sent have not been curiosities at all. We would remind contributors that we are always pleased to receive and consider photos. which come under this heading. If not in time for one number they will do for the next. All photos. used will be paid for, and contributors names will be published. When required (and stamps sent for the purpose) originals will be returned. A few lines descriptive of each curio should be sent.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' NAMES.

Photographers should invariably place their names on the backs of unmounted photographs when they wish them published. Through there being no name on the photo. of the Waiteti Viaduct, reproduced in this issue, we were unable to give it, but have heard since we went to press that we are indebted to Mr. Josiah Martin, of Auckland, for the photo.

OUR CIRCULATION.

THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE goes from one end of New Zealand to the other, thus proving itself the most widely-circulated journal in the Colony. We can, therefore, confidently recommend it to advertisers. The geographical position of our principal centres emphasizes the practical value of magazine advertising. English and American business men understand this thoroughly, and take all sorts of care to turn it to their own advantage. They know that daintily-illustrated magazine ads. catch the ladies' eyes; that the popular magazine goes into every home, is read by the whole family, and then lent to friends. Therefore it cannot fail to reach the class of readers whose attention is desired.

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Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

A DEADLY DANGER, A reply to "The Extinction of the Colonial."—By Chas. Owen.
TURKISH WOMEN.—By "Cosmopolitan."
WILD GOAT HUNTING IN THE TARARUA RANGES.—By A. H. Messenger.
THE LINES OF THE HAND.—By H. I. Westmacott.
THE AUCKLAND RAID.—By F. W. Coombes.
FRUIT FARMING IN THE NORTH.—By Bertha V. Goring.

Also, Storiettes by the following Authors:—

"HER TRIUMPH."—By Hunter Murdoch.
"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LETHAM CROUCH."—By Chas. Owen.
"A YARN FROM OUR TOWNSHIP."—By C. C. Biernacki.
"THE GOLD SEEKER."—By Annis McLeod.

A Legend:—

"THE COURTING OF TE RAHUI."—By J. Sarginson.