Vol. VIII.—No. I. 9d. [REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION AS A NEWSPAPER.] 9d. April, 1903.

THE NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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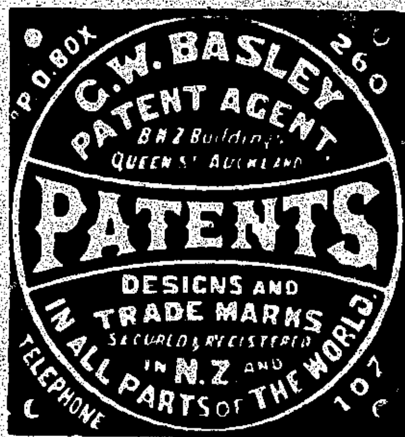

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Cornish Waves.

The Editor and His Contributors

IV.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS, B.A., is a New Zealander. He has done a considerable amount of journalistic work, and also was once Mr. J. C. Williamson's literary secretary. After publishing a book of poems entitled "Maoriland," he went to

Arthur H. Adams, B.A.

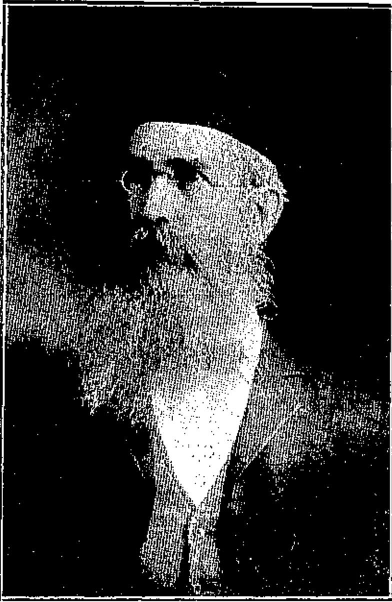
China as War Correspondent, representing four leading New Zealand papers. He was invalided home after an attack of enteric. He went to London last April, and is now engaged there in literary and journalistic work. He has recently published "The Nazarene," an ambitious poem which has been very favourably received.

Mrs Laing-Meeson has hitherto wielded a handy pen, producing articles, stories, addresses, and anything else that would bring grist to the mill. She is now taking a wider scope, collaborating with a well-known comedian in a musical comedy, and with a doctor now at Home in a series of medical, metaphysical magazine articles. She states that she owes much of her success to two editors who took

Mrs. Laing-Meeson.

the trouble to run down, and so build up the foundation of an inexperienced writer's career.

Josiah Martin was at one time engaged in active educational work. He established a Model Training School in Auckland, and was a popular science teacher and platform speaker in the seventies. He afterwards turned to photography on account of his health, and received the Gold Medal of the Paris Exhibition for artistic work in this



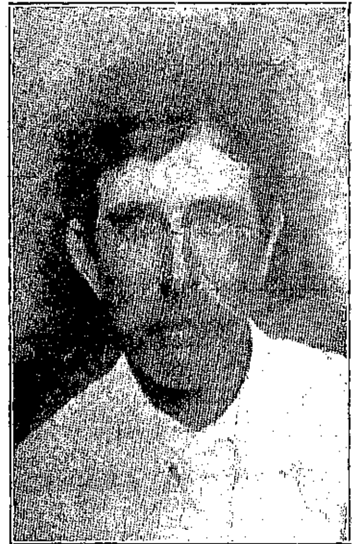
Josiah Martin

line. Mr Martin has contributed to science a number of papers on the phenomena of the thermal district. For this work he was awarded the Fellowship of the Geological Society, and of the Auckland Institute, of which he was once President.

H. C. Field, C.E., came to New Zealand in 1851. He has always taken great interest in ferns. His professional work as an engineer gave him unusual facilities for collecting specimens. He has gathered them from the Bay of Islands to the Dunstan. His work on New Zealand ferns, published some years since, is well known. For fifty years past he has written a good deal on political, religious and scientific questions, and is now publishing a booklet on the results of recent discoveries respecting Christianity through Bible criticism and the finds in Egypt, Babylon and India.

H. C. Field, C.E.

A. R. Carrington has been for many years a writer of fugitive verses, and "vers de societe" for various English periodicals. During the seventies he occasionally contributed to "Fun" and other London comics. He prefers serious verses, but has generally found those of a humorous tendency more marketable. His peculiar method of working is this: He always has a number of unfinished poems in his head, but never puts them on paper until they are sufficiently perfected and polished to appear in print.



A. R. Carrington.

W. G. McDonald owes his bent in the direction of literature to Pro-

W. G. McDonald.

fessor McMillan Brown. He has been engaged principally in teaching, but has found leisure time for contributions to this magazine as well as various New Zealand papers and periodicals.

R. Ward's first published work was "Supplejack," Chapman and Hall, London. George Meredith was at that time their reader. He has also contributed at intervals to several English and Australasian publications. He has just completed a work of fiction dealing with old New Zealand, to be published in book form. Old Maori legends and customs have always had a special attraction for Mr Ward.

R. Ward.

Scott Main is a young New Zealander. He has done much juvenile work, and has written over several pen names for New Zealand and Australian papers, among others the "New Zealand Graphic," "Otago Witness," "The Triad," "The Critic," and the Sydney "Town and Country Journal," and his work has been favourably commented upon in America. He has won many prizes in literary competitions, but still regards himself as a 'prentice-hand at literature, thinking it a most fascinating pastime, and his leisure moments are at present devoted to study and the technique of story-writing.

Scott Main.

Illustrated by the Author.

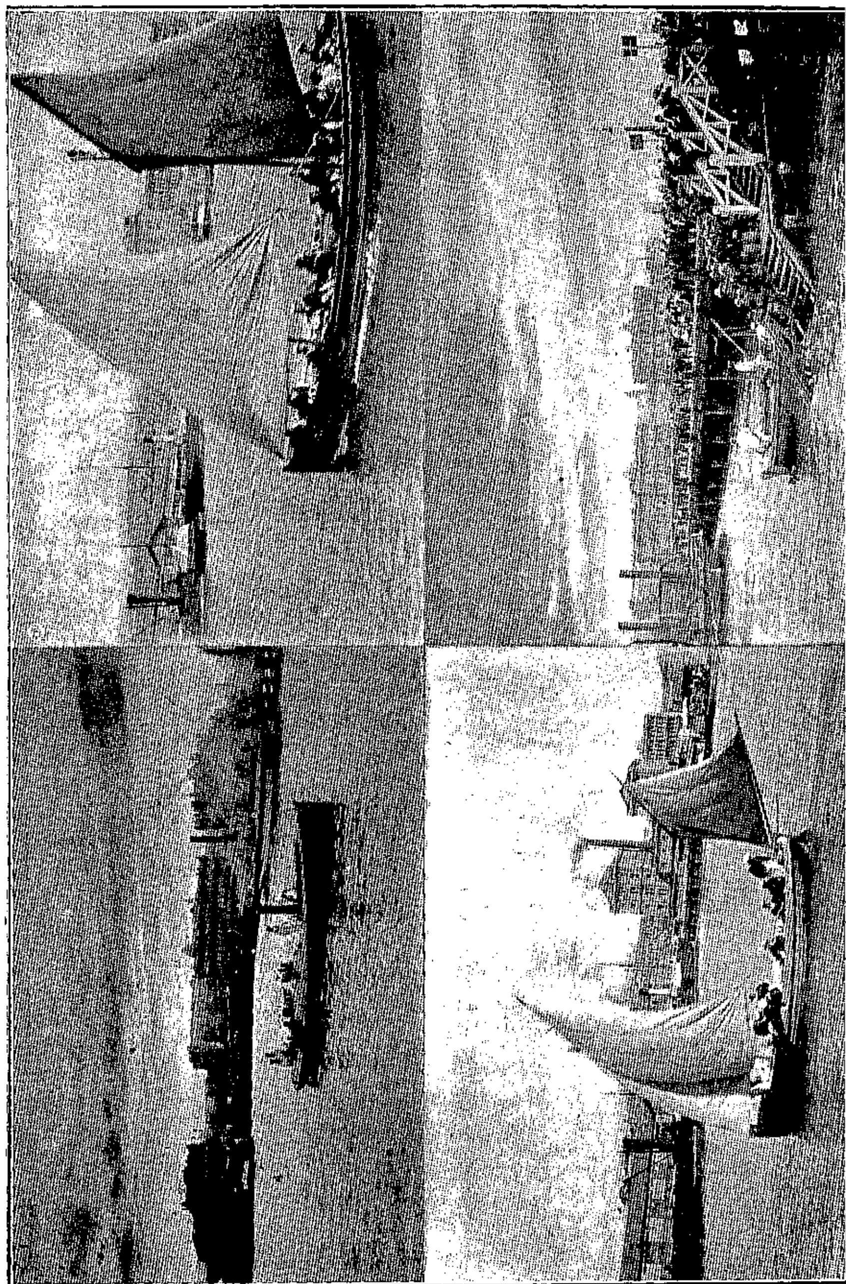
LANDSMEN seeing boats going to and from a Man-of-War, fancy that the only use those boats have is for communication with the shore—but this is not so. Since a man-of-war existed her boats have played an important part in conjunction with her, in time of war. In the old days, before steam, in the event of a calm, the boats towed a ship into action. If the enemy were in a harbour where it was unwise for the blockading ships to enter, the boats were "manned and armed," and a cutting out expedition organized, which generally succeeded in capturing the ships of the enemy from under the shore batteries, cutting their cables and taking them off as prizes. It was on an expedition of this sort at Santa Cruz that Nelson lost his arm.

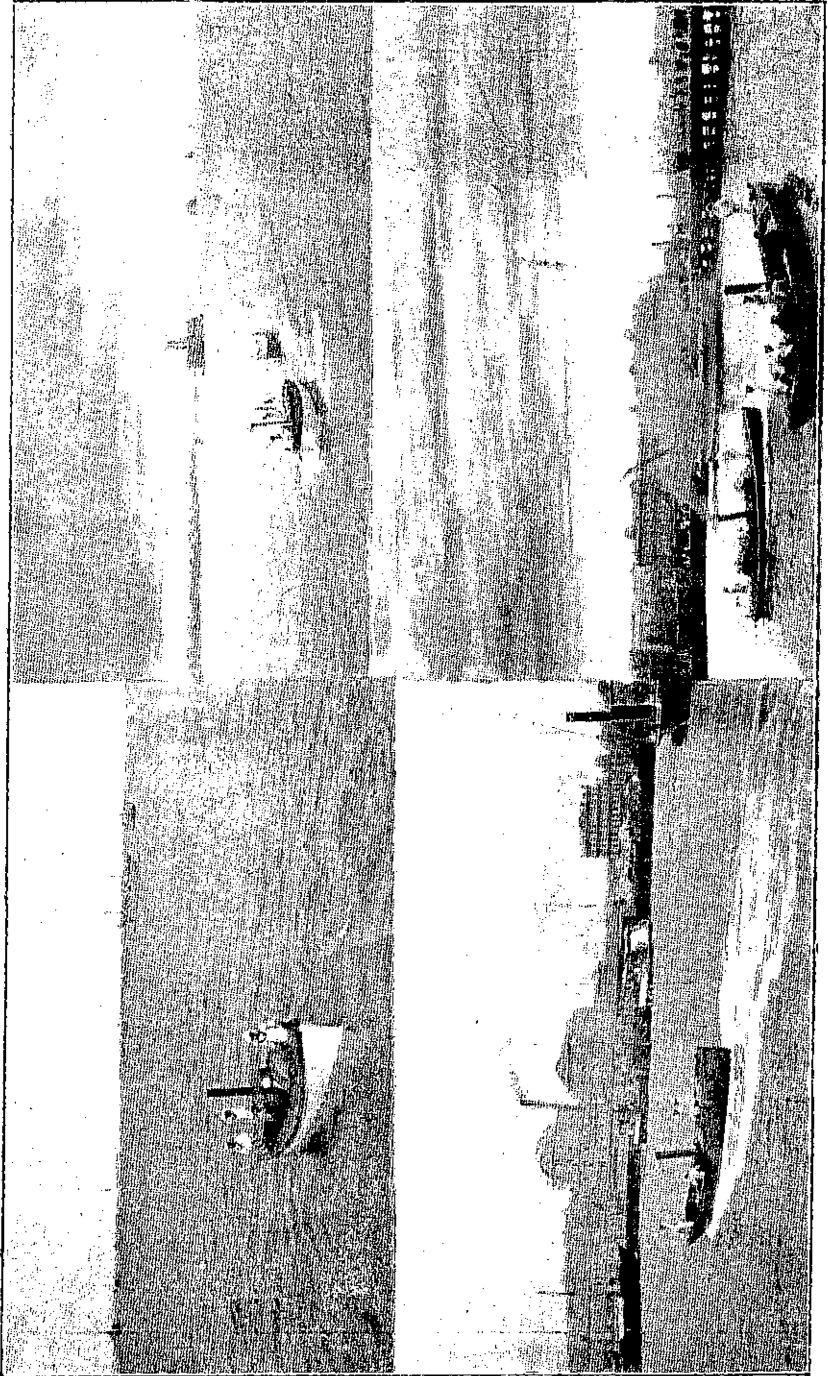
The old pulling launches and pinnaces are now things of the past, they have been superseded by steam launches, pinnaces, and cutters.

Between the years 1860 and 1870, the Gold Coast of Africa was blockaded by our ships to prevent the slaves being exported to Brazil and elsewhere, the actual work was practically done by the ships' boats. A ten-oared cutter was dropped, manned by an officer (a midshipman), coxwain, and ten men, fully armed and provisioned for a month, with instructions to cruise up and down the coast within certain specified points. In about three weeks the ship would return and relieve the crews, meanwhile the boat might or might not have captured a slaver, but the effect was to stop slaving on that coast. On the East Coast of Africa, to a small extent, this nefarious traffic is still carried on by slave dhows in spite of ships' boats.

Some of the most heroic deeds recorded in naval history have been done in boat actions. In the Crimean war the boats took an active part.

It is not only in war that the boats' crews risk their lives. On a dark night with a gale of wind blowing, that dread cry, "Man overboard!" may be heard. In about two minutes a cutter, with her crew in her is lowered from the davits, and they pull away with heavy seas breaking over them, the

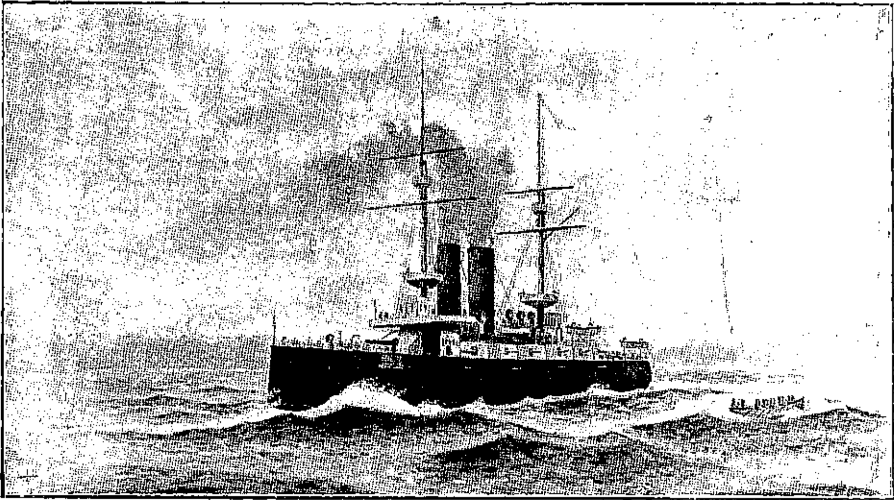




officer (a midshipman) doing his best to see a small blue light burning on a life-buoy which indicates somewhere about the spot where the unfortunate man ought to be. As this life-buoy is dropped immediately the cry "Man overboard!" is heard, the man is generally picked up. Sometimes, however, only after an hour's search. It is only those who have seen such an occurrence that realize the dangers with which that tiny boat and its crew have to contend, yet nothing is thought of it on board the ship. Why? Because all are accustomed to risk their lives. It is their duty.

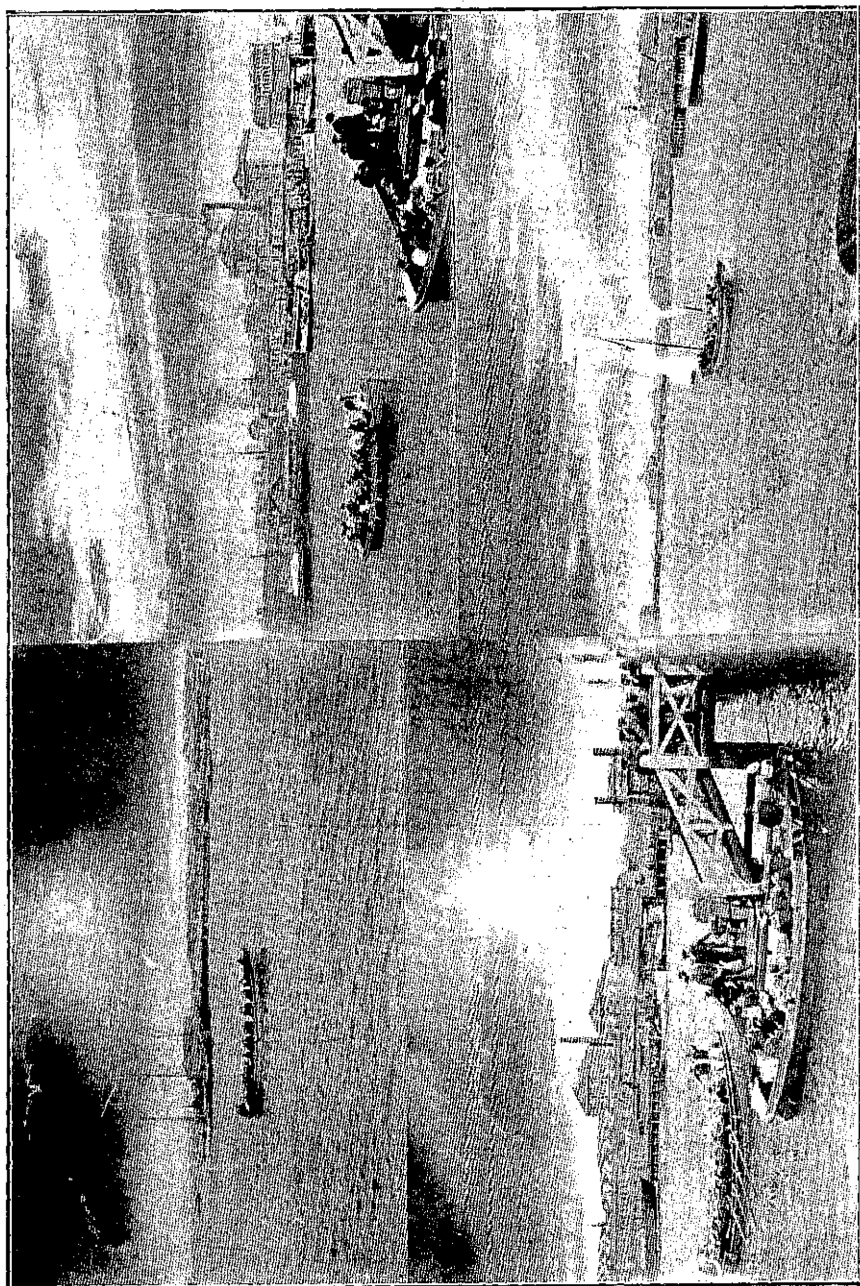
The accompanying snapshots, taken during the recent visit of the Squadron to Auckland, illustrate the use made of the boats in port. This, as before stated, is not unnaturally the only use with which landsmen associate ship's boats, viz.: to convey the happy sailor lads to and from their ships. What memories of what one has read and seen of the humorous vagaries of Jack ashore, these little scenes call up! His welcome by the crowd on the wharf shows the appreciation in which he is held by those whose experience of the dangers of the deep is exceedingly limited. The steam launches puffing busily to and fro, are a most welcome innovation. One of the photos depicts one of these useful little craft towing a boat whose crew, becoming exhausted from some cause or other, are not equal to the necessary exertion of pulling a heavily-laden boat. With what a hearty sigh of relief they would ship their oars!

Every one who lives in a seaport has witnessed scenes like these. Occasionally one reads in the newspapers of some smart boat engagement with Chinese Pirates or slave dhows, but the general public know little and think less of all that is implied, of the peril and hardships of this engagement.



A Modern Battle Ship.

The seas all over the world have been surveyed by men-of-war, the boats do the work—and wet, arduous work it is. Admiralty Charts are used by ships of all nations, both war and mercantile. On our New Zealand coast at the present time, a man-of-war is engaged surveying a portion of the coast. Lines and lines of soundings have to be taken in addition to the fixing of all islands, points, &c. This is wet, monotonous, and cold work in winter. How little we on



shore know of the hardships endured for weeks and months! But this work is one of the many duties of our Navy in times of peace. When war comes, as it assuredly will some day, we shall see what our sailors can do. They are the same now as they were in Nelson's time, better educated, but just as resourceful, and as plucky as those who fought for King and Country a century ago. There is so much to be said on the subject, but space is limited. There is a true saying—"That those that go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep. Those that go down in little boats see Hell."

B. Wells, photo. Wreck of the S.S. Gairloch. New Plymouth.

Rambling Recollections.

By ROLLINGSTONE.

PIG-HUNTING.

SOME look on pig-hunting as sport pure and simple. With us two other considerations vied with that of sport, viz., the destruction of an obnoxious animal with a rapacious appetite for spring lamb and a mischievous propensity for rooting up our grass paddocks, and the very necessary replenishment of our larder. Our first attempt in this latter respect was a rank failure—so rank indeed that it drove us out of the dining-room. That was when we were new-chums, and had gathered from our reading that wild boar flesh was a dish fit for Kings. Pictures of enormous wild boar heads, with huge curving tusks, being served at royal feasts with fitting pomp and ceremony had impressed the idea firmly in our minds that the larger and more masculine the animal, the greater would be the delicacy of his flesh. Great and unbounded was our delight when, with the help of a neighbouring old hand and his two dauntless pig-dogs, we managed to secure, after a desperate conflict, an animal whose herculean frame and widely curved tusks satisfied even us. I say "we," but it was the old hand's bullet, fired while a dog hung on each ear, which bored a neat hole through the tough hide and immensely thick bone between the animal's eyes, and dropped him on his tracks. Ours might just as well have been marbles thrown at him by children from the way they glanced off any other parts of him which we chanced to hit.

We gathered fern together and singed him carefully after an exchange of compliments with the old hand. We feared that he would consider the carcase his. We admitted in our own minds that by right of conquest it certainly was. We thought him a very fine fellow when he magnanimously waived all claim to it, saying, that as the boar was killed on our land we had baronial rights to the carcase. He evidently regarded this as a joke for he laughed immoderately at it, more in fact than we, who failed to see much wit in it, considered either necessary or seemly. Determined not to be out-done in generosity, we implored him not to stand on ceremony, but to share and share alike with us, at all events to take a joint. But to our astonishment he still refused, kindly but firmly. We did not know why then—but we do now. What a grand country this New Zealand must be, we thought, when an ordinary settler refuses as a gift meat which would be welcomed on a King's table in the land from which we came. We were not expert butchers, but managed to hack off some ungainly joints, and trudged off home through the broken bush gullies with our coveted loads.

Reminiscences of his joke still seemed to hover in the old hand's mind. He did not again laugh aloud, but you could see plainly that he wanted to. As he watched us staggering off with our loads, the desire seemed to increase. He said he must be off in another direction to look for a lost cow. We stopped him to enquire how long wild pork required hanging. He said a very few days would do this weather. We were delighted, for we were absolutely hungry for it. There and then we determined to have a leg roasted for Sunday, and gave our friend a pressing invitation to dinner. He declined with what I thought was a sob of regret, but the others de-

clared it was that sorry old joke of his that was hurting him again, and that he was trying to stifle it. When he had recovered his composure he told us that he was extremely sorry, but he had promised to dine with his mother-in-law, a dear old lady, that day, but he'd come up in the evening.

We got our pork home after many rests by the way. The track we had to travel was merely a blazed one through the bush, and the chunk I had to carry might have had a dozen legs instead of only one by the persistent way it got tangled up in the supplejack and brought me up, sometimes standing, but more often wishing I was. Sunday came in due course, and the pork was cooked. We sat round the table in eager anticipation of the delectable dainty. When Mary brought it in, her head was so carefully averted that she all but upset the lordly dish over me. A terrible odour pervaded the room when she entered, and she clapt the pork down on the table with the air of one who was holily thankful that was all she had to do with it. One of us remarked that the smell was unpleasant. "Nothing to what it is in the kitchen," Mary replied, promptly but sorrowfully. The eager expectation faded out of our faces. Still we did not wholly despair. Many delicacies smelt much worse than they tasted, why not this one? Besides it would not do to appear surprised at anything. That was not "colonial." We summoned up courage and tried to look as if we had quite expected to be smothered with the stink. I struck the carving knife into the joint and the stench increased. Slices were handed round. We each manfully determined not to be outdone and tasted—only to discover that this was not a case in point—it tasted infinitely worse even than it smelt. A happy thought struck us simultaneously, we rose from our seats and went out to feed our dogs.

Reflections have since been cast on our style of butchering. We have been informed, that if correctly killed and cut up, even these old boars are good eating, but, rightly or wrongly, we could never be persuaded to believe it. That one Sunday dinner prejudiced us for all time.

I do not wish it to be inferred from my opening paragraph that we entirely dissociated the idea of sport from pig-hunting. That would be a wrong impression altogether. We certainly preferred it, after we had had more experience, to the usual round of bush work. We who happened to be told off to fill the larder never took occasion to quarrel with the others because they would not let us stay at home and work.

We did not at all agree with those who cannot see how one can possibly attach the term sport to the chase of such an ignoble animal as the pig, and consider that his very name is antagonistic to the idea.

They forget there are varieties of pig, and probably cling to associations formed by the common or garden species, so named, we presume, from their fondness for horticultural pursuits, whenever insecure fences permit them to indulge this fancy. I grant freely that a night spent in chasing these persistent brutes up and down successive rows of rank vegetables, with one's pyjamas drenched with the dew that drips from them, till the whole thing resolves itself into an intricate maze, and the only way one can tell pork from cabbage is when a bolt from the green suddenly darts between one's legs, and down one goes with an exclamation which promptly settles the point, is calculated to give one a strong prejudice against what a French friend of ours used to call "de chase of de pig." But wild pig-hunting is as different from this sort of fun as the taste of a nice juicy young sow is to the joint of the grim old veteran, on which we made our earliest experiment and rankest failure.

It was some years afterwards that I had the quickest and luckiest

chance of filling our pickle pork tub. I was then bachelorizing with Bob. It was his duty to ride round the sheep that week in the mornings, while I cooked the breakfast. The day before, he had reported seeing pig tracks, and traces of the slaughter of lambs. This morning he took the cattle-dogs. They were no good for holding pigs, but would hunt them, and do their best to bail them up. Our favourite old pig-dog had fallen a victim to his intrepidity in an encounter with a boar some time previously. I stood at the door watching Bob riding up the brow of the grassy hill in front of the house. As he topped it, the dogs, which had hitherto trotted quietly and unconcernedly at his horse's heels, suddenly threw up their heads, evidently sniffing a strong scent that they knew. By the way, I'm not surprised at dogs being able to hunt pigs by the scent, I have a good nose for them myself. Away they went towards a small round hillock, covered with bush, standing at the base of a volcanic mountain similarly clothed.

I rushed into the house, seized an old muzzle-loader which happened to be ready loaded, and, taking a short cut, reached the spot before Bob had time to open several gates and get his horse through. On the top of the hillock was an old Maori fortification, evidently a sort of advance fort, giving the holders the advantage of an admirable retreat, if necessary, along the short spur to the more impregnable mountain which frowned above it. The palisading had long since rotted away, and the ditch which surrounded the miniature plateau, where the pa once stood, was almost obliterated by a precocious young forest of fern-trees and other shrubs.

From the sound of the dogs barking, I rightly judged that the pigs had made for this spot. Standing in the ditch, and gently pushing aside the drooping fern leaves, I could just see through the tangled mass of scrub the top of the mound, on which stood at bay a grand old boar with bristles on end, gleaming, bloodshot eyes, and foaming jaws, armed with glittering tusks which rattled ominously. Behind him, as he turned round and round to present a constant front to the circling dogs—who, though valiantly barking, appeared equally anxious to see if he looked less formidable behind—I spied a pair of exceedingly plump and comely young sows. This gay old December had two youthful Mays, then, and was most anxious not to lose either of them. They, for their part, displayed little fear, appearing to have every confidence in his power to protect them. They merely waltzed nimbly round after his every turn, keeping their position in his rear.

I shall never forget that scene. The spot was historic. Many a fierce battle between contending tribes of Maori had been fought there for the possession of the fertile plains on which our sheep now fed. The once grim, old fortification was now a wondrous bower of beauty. It seemed almost sacrilege to shoot pigs there, and mean to make an unequal contest of it by the use of firearms, against those confiding young Mays. But the thought of many innocent young lambs gobbled up by them before the helpless mothers' eyes—my young tender lambs which had contributed to the sleekness I admired, and that empty pickle-pork tub, flashed across my mind. All compunction was gone in an instant.

A chance presented itself in the eddying whirl, of a shot at one of the young sows without the danger of hitting a dog. I caught her just behind the shoulder, and she fell. The boar and the other sow, frightened at the report, darted off down the hill, the dogs after them. Whether the old warrior was really concerned about his lost darling, or whether the dogs were successful in heading him, I know not, but I had scarcely lowered my gun before they again appeared, in a revolving ring, on the top of their fort, another shot, and the old fellow was twice

a widower, and had to bolt alone. I reloaded as quickly as possible, judging he might return to look into the matter. Scarcely had I rammed the bullet home in the old muzzle-loader, before he was back, raging round the corpses in a state of distracted fury, ever and anon charging right and left at the dogs as opportunity offered. A well-aimed shot dropt him by the side of his slaughtered loves. But in death they were divided. Bob, who never left his horse, if there was a chance of riding anywhere, however much longer it might take, appeared on the scene as the fun was over, and the work began. He helped me carry the succulent young sows out of the bush, slung on a sapling, to be turned into provender later on.

Many a dusky Maori maiden, taken captive in that ancient pa, in the years long gone by, had doubtless shared the same misfortune of war, and been as heartily relished by the hungry warriors, as this pork was by Bob and I.

The grizzly veteran was left mouldering on the old fort which he had done his best to defend, and fell only before overwhelming odds. Like the fallen foes of old, his head was preserved, but without indignity. Quite the reverse in fact, for Bob skinned and stuffed it, setting it up as an ornament in his bedroom, alongside an excellently preserved Maori skull he had found near the same spot.

It is curious what different ways dogs have of tackling pigs. The professional pig-dog grips the ear. A neighbour once gave me a mongrel he called a cattle-dog, a thick-set, heavy-jawed brute, the colour of a foxhound. He said Tiger was too rough for his milking cows, but just the thing for bush cattle. He'd nip their heels till the bush would get too hot to hold them. But the trouble, we found, was you could'nt get the brute off them after they got out on the open. He made that also too hot for them, and they would bolt into the bush again, and run till they dropped dead as likely as not, if he did not tire first.

It struck us Tiger might make a pig dog. We tried him the first opportunity. The chase was a stern one. We ran for all we were worth down a steep gully, and found the boar in a pool of water sitting down, bathing his hind legs, having no other kind of use for them, he was hamstrung. Tiger was sitting calmly on the bank, with a self-satisfied air, conscious that he had done all he considered worth doing. We did not approve of his style. We considered it too excruciating. He had made a brutal botch of the operation, but it was his last. A dog like that was not fit to live, and he died on the spot without benefit of judge or jury.

Another of our cattle dogs, Danny, on the other hand, was a gentleman, he had a much gentler manner both with cattle and wild pigs, for we used him for both. He was better bred by far, a typical drover's dog. As long as a beast would travel the right road, he never molested it in any way. If he was set on a stubborn one, a gentle grip of the heel made him pad his hoofs mighty quick. He had a great nose for a pig. If the animal would not bail up, but preferred to make tracks, Danny slipt up alongside of him, seized a fore leg, pulled it from under him, and thus slung him over on his side. We generally seized that opportunity of sticking the brute, for Danny evidently expected it. If we failed to be up in time before the pig regained his feet, Danny looked reproachfully at us. Never were the words "You confounded duffers!" better expressed by dumb show.

I thought Danny would turn out a good one when he was but a pup. We had a fox terrier with us one day, and the two gave chase to a thumping great black wild cat. She took refuge in a big clump of Scotch thistles. Foxy grabbed her by the scruff of her neck, and the pup with a caution, admirable in one so young, hung on to her hind

quarters. Fur, blood and thistles flew thickly. The fur and blood were Foxy's and the cat's, but the thistles were impartially distributed, they stuck closer than a brother to the three of them. Never once did Danny take one of his eyes off Foxy or the other off the cat. If Foxy let go his hold, as he had to do once or twice, the pup took all sorts of care to let his end go too. It was a job, he rightly considered, his youth excused him from tackling single-handed. Directly Foxy gripped again, the pup followed suit. It was all done in a minute or two, and the cat was a corpse. Brutal work, do you say, fair cat fancier? Pardon me, not half so brutal, for example, as that same black Tom's detestable habit of eating our pet chickens alive. He might think himself extremely lucky to escape juster and more prolonged retribution himself.

The caution Danny showed on that occasion followed him through life, though his courage was undeniable. He rarely got into the way of a boar's tusks as rasher dogs do, whose pluck is not similarly seasoned with this commendable virtue.

One can get a good deal of variety in pig-hunting. I remember calling on a gentleman who owned a sheep-run in Otago. I had never met him before in my life, but I wanted to do some business with him. But it did not appeal to him, he refused to entertain it, and, as a pleasant way of changing the subject, he invited me to join him in a pig-hunt, mounting me for the occasion on a stout little black cob, and arming me with an old bayonet fixed on a short handle. He had some good hunting dogs, but there was not one among them that would hold a pig. The dogs soon picked up the scent on the sweeping tussock, and went off at speed. The country was terribly broken but we followed at a gallop, pulling up only when absolutely necessary. We had not gone far when we sighted a black boar making off along a spur, with the dogs gradually gaining on him. Those who have not seen a wild boar when he is in a hurry, would be amazed at the speed he can command. This fellow was nothing approaching the size of a good old North Island bush boar, but for speed he could beat anything I ever saw in hog's hide. My host asked if I could ride before he mounted me on the black. I replied that I could, and was glad I had not lied, for directly we sighted the boar, the beggar took the bit between his teeth, flew along spurs like the ridge-pole of a house, at the tail of the dogs, down an awful declivity like a steep pitched roof, with the evident determination to get the stranger on his back in at the death. The gallop was exhilarating to a degree. It was a treat to ride such a determined little demon. A true horseman delights in being in perfect accord with his mount.

The boar had bailed up at the bottom, under the overhanging bank of a dry water-course. A retreat he had often used successfully before. But he would never use it again. Jumping off the pony, I plunged the bayonet into him, and he turned up his toes.

The station-holder came up and grasped me by the hand. "My word, you can ride," he exclaimed. "Thought you were one of those black-coated town swells I abominate. When you pestered me about that life insurance business, I guessed I'd pop you on that demon of a pony, and have some sport to pay you out. But you've bested us all, and killed that brute, we've chased many a time, but could never catch! You're a white man. What are your terms? I'll insure for a thousand!"

But I did'nt see anything in that ride to make a song about.

I freely forgave the old gentleman his designs on me. I considered the ride, and the business that concluded it, cheap at the price.

In the Old West Country.

By E. F. H.

IN attempting to describe something of the furthest portion of the English West Country—that ancient Duchy of Cornwall from which our recent Royal Visitors, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, took their premier title—one can hope to have made a choice which will go far to cause the feebleness of one's descriptive powers to be forgiven, if only for the sake of recollections of one's reader's own, which the very names from old Cornwall, names of world-wide interest and historic glamour, will invoke.

AT THE PORTALS OF THE WEST COUNTREE.

Picture to yourselves a cloudless summer morning, and a New Zealand ship—the old "Tongariro," let us say—coming smoothly to her port in Plymouth Harbour. Across all the leagues of ocean she has

Statue of Admiral Drake at Plymouth.
On its pedestal is inscribed the one word "Drake," an eloquent epitaph!

come, from England's farthest colony, the "Britain of the South Seas," and this perfect morning she is slipping to anchor 'neath Plymouth cliffs. Soon her passengers will pass through Plymouth streets, and, perchance, will look up to the statue of that great sea-captain, who was one of the first to open for England the gates of that New World whence they come, and they will feel, perhaps, that Francis Drake stands there to give a welcome to all Englishmen from overseas; the Colonists who are the ever-increasing harvests of old British venture. And some among them will remember how dearly the great Captain loved this Plymouth Harbour, in whose exquisite beauty they are to-day, for the first time, rejoicing.

"Drake, he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away—
(Captain, art tha' sleepin' tha' below?)—
Drake, he's in his hammock till the Great Armadas come,
But he's dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe!"

I think most of the Tongariro's passengers will recall these lines, and that their hearts will throb as they look upon that memorial to Sir Francis Drake; recalling to them, as it will, so much of the fascination and romance of some of the most momentous times in England's history. And recalling, too, so much of the first springs of their own lifetimes; days when they bent over the charmed pages of Charles Kingsley's masterpiece, "Westward Ho!" which many will remember was dedicated to George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, 1855.

South Side of Buckland Abbey. Scarcely altered since Sir Francis Drake lived there.
Photo kindly sent from Buckland Abbey especially for this Magazine.

For New Zealand's proudly borne title of "the Britain of the South" is not unmerited. Her founders have taught their children to dwell upon, and cling with love and reverence to, their share in the traditions of the dear Home-land; and I do not think you could find anywhere else a colonial people who keep that sentiment quite so intact, or who guard it more jealously.

Away inland, beyond Plymouth,

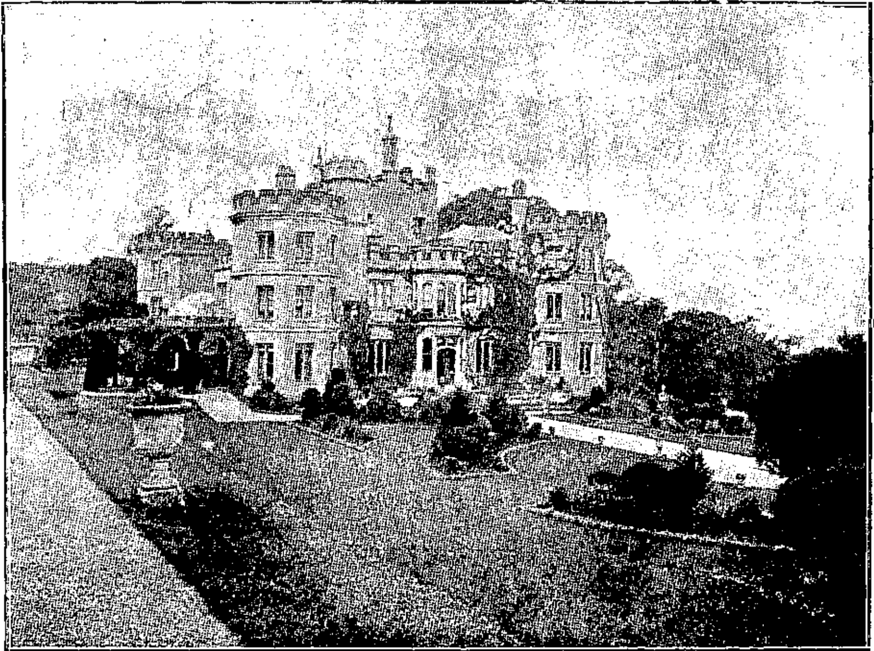
lies Buckland Abbey, now the seat of Sir Francis Fuller-Eliott-Drake, and in its hall hangs the great Admiral's old war-drum. Legend says that if ever England is in dire need the drum may be taken down and beaten, and that Drake will in spirit return, and once more defeat his country's enemies! I believe that during the dark days of the Transvaal Campaign this tradition was remembered in the West Country; but I think that we colonial folk may please ourselves with the conceit that we have struck in another nail to support the historical drum, so that it need not be taken down yet awhile—God grant it never may.

And, perhaps, too, we may be allowed to hold the ambition that when England's next time of stress and difficulty dawns, it may be New Zealand that shall be privileged to provide a British leader who, like Lord Roberts and Kitchener, may supply his country's need, and still secure to old Francis Drake his well-earned rest; and that the only sound to which the famous seaman shall awake may be that of the trumpet which shall herald the last great roll-call—when the last battle will have been fought, and War, by land or sea, shall be no more.

John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was born in 1650, at Aske, in Devonshire, the home of his maternal grandfather, Sir John Drake.

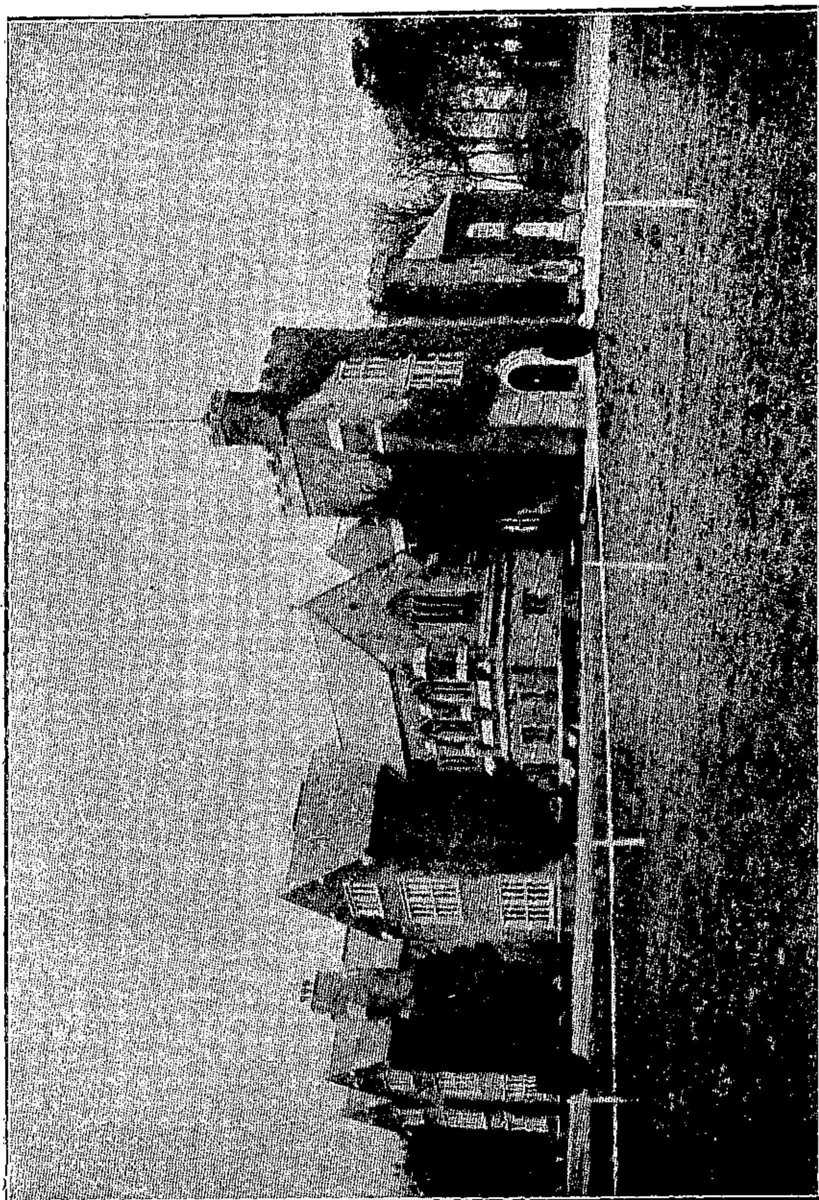
ACROSS THE HARBOUR INTO CORNWALL.

A "stately home of England" will have greeted the eyes of our "Tongariro's" passengers as they first saw English land. On the slope of the hills, opposite which lies Plymouth town, stands—in the County of Cornwall—Mount Edgcumbe House, the seat of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe, and its spacious grounds will be an early glimpse of Cornish land.



Mount Edgcumbe: South-west View from the Upper Terrace.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia, Admiral of the Armada, when he first set eyes on Mount Edgcumbe, marked it as his share of the spoil when England should be conquered. Vain,



Trelawne.

entrancing dream! It and its rough awakening lying these many centuries behind us now.

A more perfect type of old English mansion there could not be, and it is fortunate that such a fair home of England should stand where it does, to greet the eyes of so many of England's returning sons and daughters, and to be their first prospect of her inimitable grace and security; and to beckon them westward, down into the heart of the delectable duchy, and thence on to that further fairyland of Lyonesse, where King Arthur, with his Round Table, held rule, and where the gallant Lancelot, Queen Guinevere, and the false Sir Modred dwelt.

SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

The following historical facts are collected from Black's Guide to the Duchy of Cornwall:—

In the beginning of all things Cornwall and Devonshire were referred to as "The Tin Islands." Probably Phoenician and Carthaginian traders were their original settlers.

Cornwall formed the Kingdom of Damonia, and long resisted the Saxons, and remained almost unbroken in power till the days of the Norman Conquest. The Conqueror bestowed nearly the whole County on his half-brother, Robert of Mortain, and thus arose the "Earldom of Cornwall," "which was considered too important a possession to be held by anyone under Royal rank."

In 1336 the earldom was raised to a duchy by Edward III., in favour of his son, the Black Prince, and of his heirs, eldest sons of the Kings of England.

Cornwall has always been loyal to the Crown, and during the Civil War the Cornish people were heartily royalist, and fought stubbornly and well, gaining for the King, in 1642-3, the two important battles of Braddock Down and Stratton.

Old Pendennis Castle has sheltered two Royal fugitives. Queen Henrietta Maria took refuge in it in 1644, on her voyage to France, and later Prince Charles (Charles II.) sailed thence to the Scilly Islands.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited Cornwall in 1846. The Queen stepped ashore at the pier at St. Michael's Mount, where the print of her foot has been marked by an inlaid brass.

SOME OLD CORNISH MANSIONS.

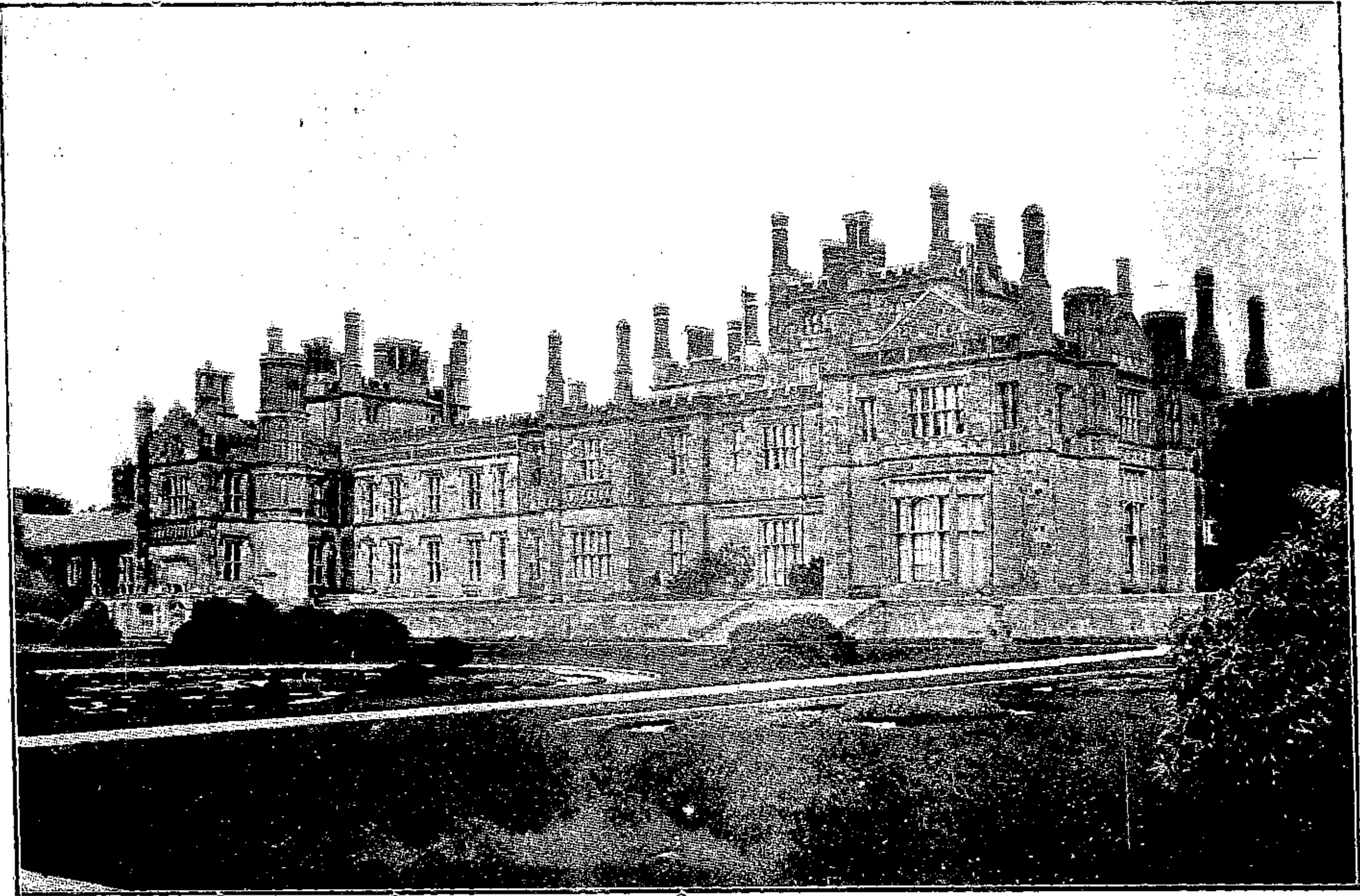
The history of Cornwall, as of most counties and countries, has been chiefly preserved in the records and relics treasured in the ancestral homes of its ancient families.

Cornwall is, perhaps, exceptionally rich in such houses, and has been, perhaps, also exceptionally fortunate, inasmuch as so many of its old families have proved fully worthy of their trust, and have kept the glories bequeathed to their care intact.

It would be impossible for me to attempt even to mention a fourth of the famous houses of Cornwall; so I think I had better recall the few likely to be familiar by name, or for some reason of special interest, to New Zealand readers.

St. Michael's Mount, crowned by the ancient granite castle which is the family seat of the St. Aubyns—"The Guarded Mount," "St. Michael's stupendous peak of rugged greenstone"—will, at least in poem and in picture, be familiar to all. The Mount is defended by two small and old batteries; but the wild waves of the Atlantic beating and breaking against its walls of rock have since long years been its only assailants.

The castle once sheltered and protected the hapless Lady Katherine Gordon, "The Fair Rose of Scotland," the beautiful wife of Perkin Warbeck.



Argall, photo, Truro.

Tregothnan, seat of Lord Falmouth, South Front.

The name of Trelawny* reminds one of the stirring strain which once echoed through every Cornish village, and which owed its inspiration to the imprisonment by James the Second of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the Seven Bishops.

The old rhyme ran :—

"And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

These were the only original words; two other verses in the well-known "Song of the Western Men" were composed by a Mr Hawker in 1825, "and were sent by him anonymously to a Plymouth paper, where the poem attracted the notice of Mr Davies-Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press, under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. Sir Walter Scott also deemed it to be the ancient song;" and thus the common misapprehension originated.

The Trelawny family still dwells at Trelawne, which, it must be understood, is not "the most ancient stronghold of the Trelawnys," for that was near Launceston, but a property which they purchased in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Here many memorials are preserved of the famous race. A portrait of the great bishop, by Kneller, hangs in the drawing-room. The south part of the house was built by Edward Trelawny, Governor of Jamaica, under Queen Anne.

There is at Trelawne a curious original portrait of Queen Elizabeth, taken in her youth.

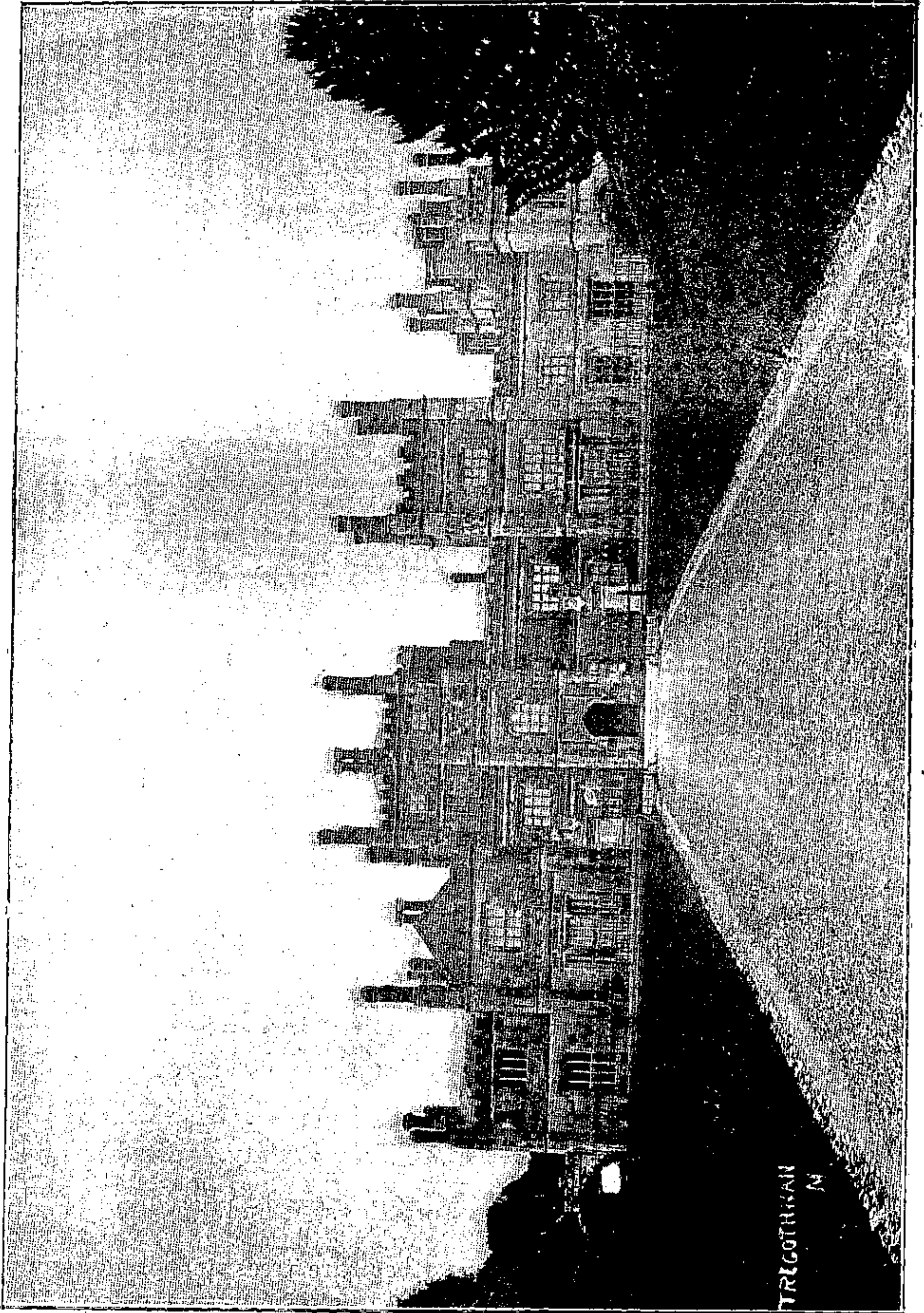
Of the Trelawnys and two other notable Cornish families the saying runs :—"That never a Granville wanted loyalty, a Godolphin wit, or a Trelawny courage."

"By Tre, Pol and Pen, you may know the Cornish men," but one of the old Cornish families—that of Boscawen-Rose—whose head is Viscount Falmouth, at Tregothnan on the Fal, owns none of these prefixes. Of this family came the gallant Admiral Boscawen, who was born at Tregothnan in 1711, and who is buried in a church above the Tregothnan Woods. His epitaph there tells one "With what ardent zeal and what successful valour he served his country, and taught her enemies to dread her naval power," and that he died "in the year 1761, and the 50th of his age, at Hatchland's Park, in Surrey, a seat which he had just finished at the expense of the enemies of his country, and amidst the groans and tears of his beloved Cornishmen was here deposited."

Autographs (traced from originals) of Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester; Chatham W. Pitt; Sam Wallis, the discoverer of Otaheite; and Admiral Boscawen.

Not far from Tregothnan is Enys, the seat of the Enys family. Baring Gould, in his recent work, "The County of Cornwall," writes of "the marvellous gardens of Enys," and in the beautiful gardens there grow, together with other rare trees and plants from all parts of the world, many New Zealand trees and shrubs flourishing in the soft Cornish air as well as though in their own Southern home.

* The prefix "Tre" signifies in Cornish "the place of abode," and is equivalent to the French "De."



Argall, photo, Truro

Tregothnan, North Front.

By an antique sundial, so old that though all then known parts of the world were mapped on it, so that the sun at mid-day should tell the time everywhere, Australasia is not marked, stands a New Zealand Ti-palm, the shadows of its leaves now falling aslant that deluded time-piece !

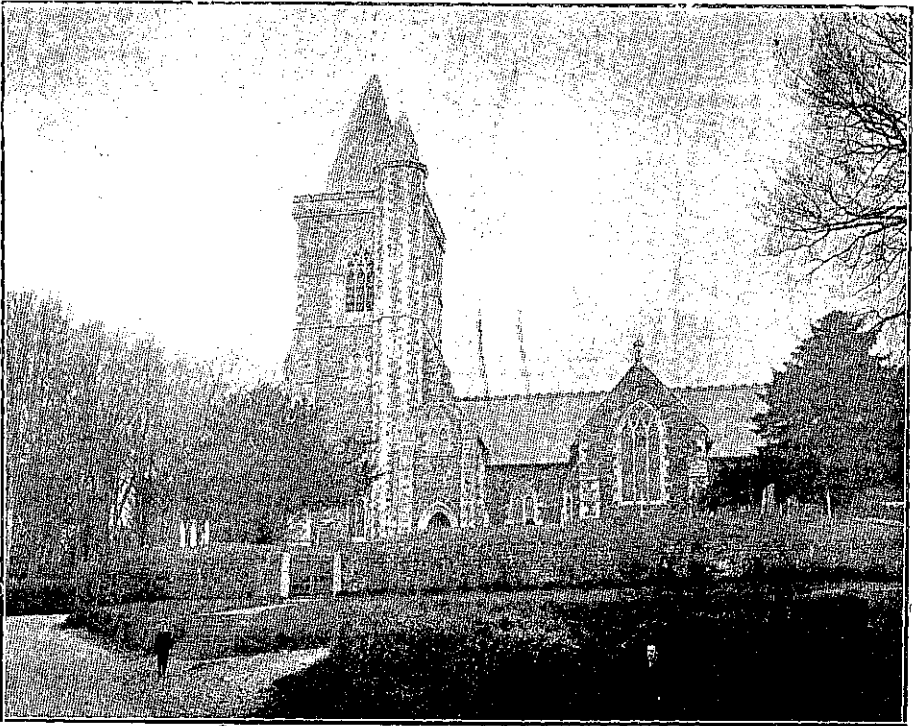
Inside the house, too, there are numbered among its treasures many valuable New Zealand curios. One cabinet contains a very rare collection of old Maori tikis—ancestral charms—which once hung round the necks and felt the heart-beats of brave Maori warriors in far Ao Tea Rangi.

The mansion of Enys, though high above the town of Penryn, stands in a hollow, but from its great upper windows you gain a distant view of Falmouth Harbour, and so catch a glimpse of the sea—the sea, without some sight of which I do not think any true Cornish person can rest happy for long.

On a lawn near the house are some magnificent old Scotch firs, dating from Stuart times, when it was considered a compliment to the Royal family to plant them instead of English trees.

Enys has belonged to the Enys family since 1336.

At Boconnoc House, near Lostwithiel in South-east Cornwall, the great Earl of Chatham was born, November 15th, 1708. Two ebony chairs, fashioned, it is said, out of Queen Elizabeth's cradle, are among the interesting curiosities of Boconnoc House.



Argall, photo, Truro.

Church of St. Michael's, Penkivel, dating from the fourteenth century.

At Fentonwoon, a few miles from Camelford, was born Captain Wallis, the discoverer of Otaheite.

In many places in Cornwall are preserved trophies from the defeat of the Armada—that grand defeat which is aptly chronicled in the lines so well known in Cornwall, and in all the West Country :

" Where are now those Spaniards
That made so great a boast ?

The Scotch Firs at Enys.

They shall eat the grey-goose feather.
And we will eat the roast."
Furry Song.

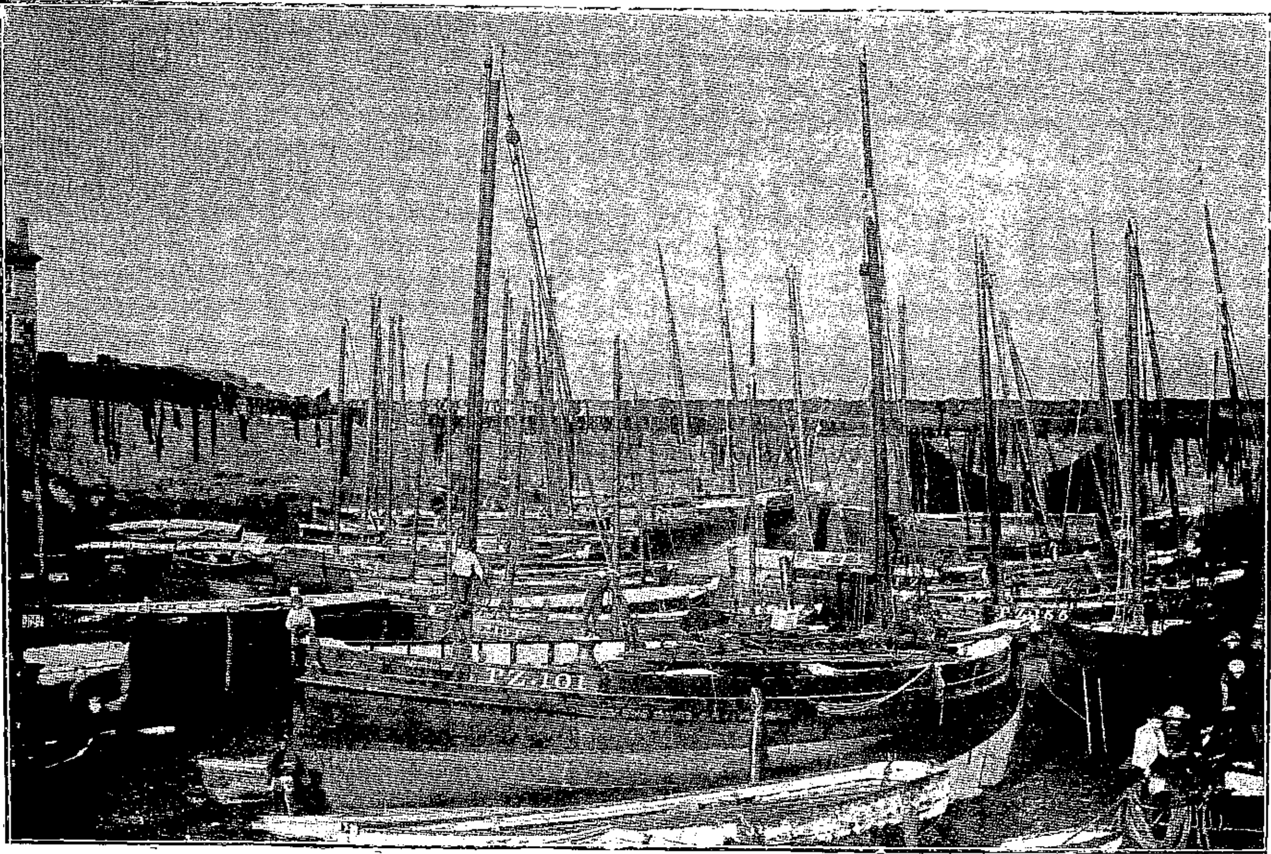
Though this was naturally not the source of most of these "trophies," I must note here, as I shall have no better opportunity, that a Lady Killigrew, in the days of Good Queen Bess, succeeded, with her servants, in boarding and robbing a Spanish ship in Falmouth Harbour!

QUAINT BITS OF CORNWALL.

Before leaving Cornwall you must pay a visit to the "Mouse-hole!" Little Mousehole, close by Newlyn, in Mount's Bay—Mousehole, the "birthplace of old Doll Pentreath, the last who chattered Cornish"—was formerly a market town, known as Port Enys (Enys, an island, Cornish). The Spaniards made a descent here in 1595, and the cannon-ball which on that occasion terminated the earthly career of a Mousehole worthy, Jenkin Keigwin, is still treasured in a cottage there as an interesting relic.

In Mousehole dwells someone whose life-story forms a link between New Zealand and Cornwall.

"Joseph Trewavas, V.C., fisherman. Decorated for cutting adrift a pontoon bridge at Genitchi, in



Argall, photo, Truro.

Newlynn Pier, famous for its fish cellars.

the Sea of Azov, in the face of more than two hundred soldiers at less than eighty yards distance, on 3rd July, 1855," was once in New Zealand, and, taking part in the Maori trouble there, won a medal for conspicuous gallantry. I was much amused to see, under the entry of the noble fisherman's name in this year's edition of that useful directory, "Who's Who," his answer to the query as to his "Favourite Recreations." "No time for recreations; it takes me all my time to get my living!"

But Joseph Trewavas, born 1835, cannot be called an old man yet, and he doubtless still possesses the energy of a man half his age, and would not thank us for any pity.

Again, I must not let you part from Cornwall without introducing you to the great Cornish "bugbear," Tregeagle.

To give you some idea of Tregeagle's character and personality, I will tell you the following tale of him:—

"Tregeagle had embezzled a sum of money paid by one of the tenants of Tregeagle's master. No entry being made in his books, the landlord, after his steward's death, summoned the tenant for his rent. He pleaded previous payment, and by the aid of a potent magician brought into court, as his witness, Tregeagle's shade, who confessed the fault he had committed in the flesh. The tenant consequently gained his cause. But now a serious difficulty arose. Tregeagle, in the spirit, was no ordinary witness, and no one knew how to dismiss him, or in what manner to get rid of him. At last it was suggested that the only way of escaping from the dilemma was to provide the shadow with a task that should be endless. He was ordered therefore to clear out one of the coves on the coast of all its sand—an impossible achievement, because the sea returned the sand as fast as Tregeagle removed it. While thus engaged, he accidentally let fall a sackful near the mouth of the Cober, and formed the barrier which even to this day pens up the gathering waters of the Loo."

For some other iniquity, whether committed in the body or out of it, I know not, Tregeagle is also bound to empty the waters of Dozmare-Pool, near Launceston, and seeks still to do so, by means of a limpet shell with a hole in it!

Poor Tregeagle, one does not feel able to hate him sufficiently, nor to think even his blackest crimes quite deserved their punishment.

The old "Rocky Land" (which the word Cornwall signifies) abounds with wise and pithy proverbs and sayings. Touched as they are with the local colour and hallowed by centuries of use, they must still to-day be helping many a Cornishman on his way through life. I quote two typical ones—"Rule yourself by the rudder, or you shall be ruled by the rock," and

"Pull off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes."

One charm in the thought of so many of the quiet, but still thriving little towns throughout the West Country, is that of their great antiquity.

One recalls the old lines which tell us that

"Lydford was a busy town
When London was a 'vuzzy' down."

Then off the coast of Cornwall lies that still older country of Lyonesse, over which the mariners now ride, and concerning which the Cornish sailors still tell tales of mysterious glimpses caught beneath the waves, and of doors and casements, and other evidences of occupation brought up from the bottom.

"OLD ONE AND ALL."

One reason that I have for thinking that these reminiscences of old Cornwall will interest many of the "New Zealand Magazine's"

The famous well of St. Keyne, near Liskeard. "Its waters possess a remarkable property," says Fuller, "for, whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery." Above it grow three venerable ash trees, a witch elm, and a hoary oak.

readers is that among them will probably be many who hail from that old land.

When the Duke and Duchess were in New Zealand a beautiful album made by Mr Linley, of Wellington, with inlaid wood-work covers of New Zealand woods, showing the Cornish coat of arms and motto, the Shield of the Southern Cross, a Crown and Anchor, and the Cornish rose and New Zealand Rata entwined, was presented to them. Inside was the following address, written by Mr Sturtevant, and followed by lists of names of Cornish people in each of the Islands.

"To His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cornwall and York.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—We the undersigned Cornishmen and Children of Cornish People, herewith offer the expression of our sincere Homage and Loyalty to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall on their visit to New Zealand. Although we have made our home in New Zealand and are far away from the Land wherein our Forefathers lived, there still exists in our Hearts an intense feeling of affection for that ancient county from which your Royal Highness takes your Premier title. The ocean, which stretches from the rocky coasts of Cornwall to the shores of New Zealand, seems, to us less a barrier than a link uniting us with those of our Race whose feet still tread the soil of the Old Country. We feel assured that the principles of Fidelity and Loyalty, which have ever animated the people of Cornwall, will remain our Heritage and Proud Possession in the New Lands over seas. To New Zealand we bid your Royal Highness a heartfelt and respectful Welcome. We hope that you may thoroughly enjoy the hours during which you are the Guests of this Colony, and that you may take back many interesting and pleasant memories. We wish you a Safe Return Voyage to Great Britain, and pray that your Royal Highnesses may know all possible Joy and Happiness in the exalted career which lies before you."

Liebesweh.

I AM the glowing Tropic,
Thou, Love, the frozen Pole,
And a wide cold sea is the distance
Dividing soul from soul.

Across that dreary distance
My love like the Gulf Stream flows;
It would reach thy heart and melt it,
Until like my own it glows.

Although I may never win thee,
And sink on thy snowy breast,
I scatter warmth, like the Gulf Stream,
And other hearts are blest.

And I find such bliss in yearning,
Such rapture in fond Desire,
That I lose not the love I scatter,
Nor a spark of my bosom's fire.

Thou art cold, thou art not jealous,
Nor carest what may betide;
Yet Hope, the flatterer, whispers
Thou shalt one day be my bride.

But Fate, in his croaking accents,
Says, when that tale is told,
That thou shalt be warm and jealous,
And I shall be proud and cold.

O, Love, if the far-off Future
Doth hold such things in store,
I would that old Time might linger,
So I can love thee more.

Let me yearn, and burn, and scatter
My warmth to the thankless air,
For sweeter than Love's possesion
Is Desire's divine despair.

J. LIDDLL KELLY.

The Taming of Timothy.

By E. S. W.

CHAPTER I.

SHE lived in the last house at the end of the long, winding street. The house itself possessed the only verandah in the little bush township. It turned its back on the other houses in the street by facing the river. Personally Miss Matilda Crayley did not approve of the river. It was pretty to look at in summer, when the willows on the opposite bank dipped long, lithe, green fingers into the water, and at night it was rather soothing than otherwise to hear it flowing deeply and softly between its banks. Perhaps it was only the bank to which Miss Crayley objected; particularly that portion of it which went in a curving line round one side of her house and garden. It was low at this part, forming a convenient way for the children of the community to reach the, to them, ever fascinating river. Miss Crayley, though generally of a mild habit of mind, used to sometimes find herself wondering why none of these children were ever drowned. Somewhere in the background of consciousness was a dark thought she did not give utterance—the thought that drowning was too good for them. For Miss Crayley kept a garden. She was, in fact, a garden enthusiast. She rose early, and snipped roses, and swept paths while her neighbours slept. She sent abroad for bulbs, and it was rumoured she once gave five shillings for one. The people of the community therefore, with the simple directness which characterized all their opinions, said she was "daft," and let the matter rest at that.

They left off advising her to keep fowls or grow potatoes after they discovered that she could afford not to do either of these things. As a matter of fact Miss Crayley had bought the place simply to indulge her hobby. She had accompanied her nephew once on a fishing expedition in the neighbourhood shortly after her arrival in the colonies, and her enthusiasm was aroused at the luxuriant growth of some pungas and maiden-hair fern in the bush around the settlement. Finally she decided to purchase the house she occupied, and set to work to make the wilderness blossom as a rose. She grew clematis over every unsightly stump, and all sorts of sweet scents were wafted over her garden walls. Most of the work she did herself to the half-grudging admiration of the male population. The ne'er-do-weel of the place once ventured to bestow a little patronizing commendation on her.

"Ye do work well, that ye do! just like a man."

"Thank you," said Miss Crayley, without stopping her digging; "I hope I do a little better than that!"

The idle one walked away discomfited.

Miss Crayley had a poor opinion of mankind in general, though in appearance she was not unlike one of the creatures she despised. It was a wonder that the sight of the tall, gaunt figure and severe face was not enough to frighten the children, between whom and herself perpetual war was waged. The small plunderers simply could not keep their hands from picking and stealing the roses that, heavy with

scented bloom, drooped low over the fence. But Miss Crayley failed in one important particular, to inspire awe among her small enemies. She had a singularly sweet voice that refused to be other than dulcet even when raised in such irate exclamations as "I see you, Tommy Simpson!" "Stop that, Milly Smith!" or "I've caught you, Timothy Haggart!" This last was generally uttered in the delirium of the moment, and need not be taken as actual fact. The said Timothy Haggart was the "limb" of the settlement, and as nimble as he was wicked. In summer he lived chiefly in the water, and it was one of the trials of Miss Crayley's life to behold him, dressed in nothing but a little brief authority, showing a crowd of small boys the proper way to take a "header."

Timothy's parents were poor, but dishonest people. They sold milk in summer, and milk and water in winter. In the intervals of driving the cows to and from pasture, Timothy's time was all his own. A truant inspector had not yet penetrated to the district, and Timothy swam, and fished, and purloined the kindly fruits of his neighbour's earth with the glorious freedom of an unfettered small boy. Sometimes to vary the monotony of his amusements he went to school—but not often. When, however, he did condescend to go he showed himself quiet and intelligent, so that Miss Wildon, the new teacher, took quite an interest in him as an intelligent little boy, obliged by his occupation to miss the schooling by which he evidently would have profited. She was partly misled by his appearance, which was decidedly picturesque. He was attired in ragged blue serge trousers, a scarlet shirt, and his bare legs were as brown as his mop of curls. Whether Timothy's dark eyes detected her admiration, and his masculine vanity was gratified thereby, it is impossible to say; but he appeared one morning with a rose of such exquisite colour and scent that Miss Wildon seized upon it almost before he, with a sort of shy daring, had time to offer it.

"How lovely!" she said. "Thank you, Timothy." She placed it in the belt of her white blouse.

Timothy's bare legs took him contentedly to his seat.

"You stole it," said his neighbour, in a resentful whisper.

"Ga'rn!" said Timothy. "Say that agin and I'll duck you in the river after school." But he did not deny the accusation.

Miss Wildon, blissfully unconscious of the suspicious character of her gift, proceeded after school to see Miss Crayley with the flower still in her belt. Now Miss Crayley and the little school-teacher were great friends, but the old lady's greeting was a little lacking in its usual cordiality. Her glance fell as drawn by a magnet, upon the Perle de Jardin in Miss Wildon's dress. She felt aggrieved that the first and only blossom of her latest purchase should have been allowed so short a stay on the parent stem. She had bowed down and worshipped it before breakfast, and lo! when she returned for another peep at it, it was gone!

She touched it gently with her hand.

"My dear," she said, "how pretty it looks! Is it not a splendid bloom for the first year?"

Miss Wildon looked puzzled; but, detaching the rose, she held it out.

"You have it," she said generously. "Timothy Haggart gave it to me, and I thought at once you would like to see it."

A light broke in upon Miss Crayley's mind.

"Little devil!" she exclaimed.

Miss Wildon recoiled a step.

Miss Crayley, however, took her by the hand and led her inside. Over a cup of tea she explained her exclamation, and begged to be forgiven for the base suspicions she had entertained.

"What am I to do?" she asked, tragically. "If I were not so unpopular with the parents of this Heaven-forsaken spot, I would complain to them, but really when one has slapped half the infant community, and is only waiting an opportunity to slap the other half, it complicates matters."

"The clergyman——" began Miss Wildon, but Miss Crayley made an impatient little movement with her hands.

"My dear! he is personally affronted that I have time to cultivate flowers. He is willing to employ me in many more useful matters, and would consider my appeal beneath notice. Besides which, he only comes here once a month, and is already too distressed at the backslidings of the adult population for me to worry him about the infant offenders."

"Why not get a dog?" suggested Miss Wildon, handing her cup for some more tea. "A nice big dog with an expression and a bark."

"Not if I know it!" said Miss Crayley, with energy; "I don't pretend to be able to train dogs, or to make them obey me when they have been trained. I don't know how it is," she went on in a sweet, vexed voice, "but the dogs in the Forty-mile Bush are different to the dogs one used to know at Home. They are independent here—and critical. I got one shortly after I bought this place, and he was the most self-opinionated beast you can imagine. He approved of nothing I did, and my method of gardening struck him as being inferior. He put up with it for some time, and then decided to give me a lesson himself. I woke one morning to find the patch, I had dug over night, a large hole with the scraped-out earth distributed impartially over my seedling bed. I whipped him," continued Miss Crayley, with an air of firmness, "I whipped him with a cabbage-tree leaf, but it did not do any good." Miss Wildon looked surprised. "From that time onward he seemed to think that what I really wanted in my garden was an artesian well. So I gave a tramp a shilling to take him out of the district. I heard afterwards that he sold him to some shearers for ten shillings—so he could not have been altogether the mongrel I thought him. He wasn't a sheep dog, either, so I don't know what use he could have been to shearers."

Miss Wildon did not know either. "As far as I can see," she said, rising to say good-bye, "you are reduced either to philosophy or the local policeman."

"Oh! I will not let it be as bad as that," said Miss Crayley, accompanying her to the gate, "I must think of a way out of the situation."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Wildon did not go to see Miss Crayley for quite a long time after her last visit. She was painting a panel of nasturtiums in her spare time. One morning, returning from an early stroll by the river, she noticed, growing over Miss Crayley's fence, just the particular spray of these flowers she wanted. Now, Miss Crayley's flowers or any of her possessions were always at her disposal when she wanted to paint them, so, standing on tip-toe, she reached and grasped the dew-spangled spray. Horror! what had happened? Her hand was secured in a firm grasp, and a distinctly masculine voice said exultingly:

"Now, then! what do you mean? Naughty little girl! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

For a moment Miss Wildon felt exactly like a naughty little girl, and her hand struggled wildly to escape. Then a feeling of astonishment awoke in her. Her unseen captor was a gentleman! How did she know? By his hand and his voice, and lastly by the scent in the air of a tobacco not usually smoked in the settlement.

In her bewilderment she allowed

herself to be drawn along the fence out of the way of the creepers; and then two astonished young people gazed at each other over a wall of red and yellow roses.

"Harold! Harold! where are you? Come along in to breakfast."

Miss Crayley's voice broke an embarrassing silence.

She was advancing down the path.

Then the stranger found his tongue, of which the sight of the pretty, indignant face opposite him, had temporarily deprived him.

"Run!" he said, earnestly, and hurriedly, "and I will not say a word about it!"

But Miss Wildon said indignantly, "I will do nothing of the sort!"

Just at that moment Miss Crayley arrived.

* * * *

Half-an-hour later Timothy Haggart, a wet towel slung across his arm, was sauntering past Miss Crayley's fence. He had been for a swim, and his wet curls glistened in the sunshine. He paused as he reached the gate, and out of pure mischief thrust his face over the bars on the chance of Miss Crayley being in the garden, and, if so, he intended to shout his usual invitation to her to come and catch him. But he retreated at once after a single glance, and crouched down against the fence, and applied first an eye and then an ear to a convenient crack in the same.

"Don't you think, Aunt Mattie," said a man's voice, "that Miss Wildon ought to accept this as a token she forgives me?"

"Pray do not consult me," said Miss Crayley's gentle penetrating voice. "I have lost all faith in your discrimination."

"You have apologized so abjectly for doing your duty, that it would be ungracious of me to refuse it."

Timothy knew this voice perfectly.

The gate was opened, and he undoubled himself in time, and picked up his wet towel. His bare brown legs were sedately turning the corner when Miss Wildon caught him up. She held a spray of nasturtiums in her hand. She passed him with a gay "good morning" and a sweet smile. When she had gone Timothy stood still in deep thought. Who was the creature in Miss Crayley's garden who had asked to be forgiven, and had picked with such a lavish hand the flowers held by his adored teacher?

"Seemed at home," said Timothy to himself, and if hunger had not driven him home to breakfast he would probably have returned to his peep-hole in the fence, so consumed with curiosity was he.

Before the day was over it was known among the school children that Miss Crayley had a nephew staying with her. He was the dragon guarding that enchanted garden. Tall and broad he had been seen, fishing-rod in hand, by an awe-struck youngster, making his way for all the world like an old identity to the river.

"Now yeou can't ste——I mean git any more flowers for teacher," said Timothy's neighbour in school. But he spoke inquiringly. For once Timothy allowed a slighting remark to pass unheeded. Presently he said, casually:

"I ain't coming to school tomorrer—I'm going," he added, condescendingly, in answer to the wide-eyed interest of his companion, "I'm going fishing."

CHAPTER III.

Mr Harold Crayley, emerging at eight o'clock from the enchanted garden, shut the gate with a masculine bang, and strode forth with the air of one about to engage on important business. He was immediately accosted by a small boy with a match-box in his hand.

"Fishing?" said the boy, "Want a catcher?"

"A what?" said the man, looking puzzled.

"A catcher! Grasshoppers! Catch yer grasshoppers for yer?"

Now the Dragon was good-natured, and there was a bright hopefulness in the boy's voice which made him pause.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "I am not at all good at catching them myself, so you may come if you like, but, remember, no nonsense." So Harold Crayley and his aunt's arch enemy set forth.

About two miles along the Mangatainoka was a deep pool, Crayley had been recommended to try. When he reached the spot he determined to try his luck. He turned to the little hot figure at his side.

"Now, kid, look sharp with those catches you mentioned."

In a few minutes Timothy was back with a match-box load of grasshoppers. As agile as the lively bait himself, his brown fingers came swiftly and unerringly upon them as they sunned themselves upon the many blackened stumps and logs among the tall, yellow grass.

"Real fat beauties about today," he said, in an affable whisper to Crayley, and then kept out of the way while that gentleman whipped the stream in a manner that almost aroused his admiration. By twelve o'clock thirteen trout had been landed. Crayley left off to inspect the luncheon-basket.

"If I had not an aunt with exaggerated ideas about man's appetite, kid," he said, unpacking rapidly, "I should not have accepted your kind offer about the hoppers, but as matters stand you may wire in and fear not."

Timothy, with an absolute disregard of ceremony, settled down and enjoyed himself. He became communicative. The Dragon, sitting with his back against a giant rata in the shelter of the bush, smoked peacefully. He felt amused at the boy's chatter and his audacity generally. He had been clever with the landing-net once or twice, and his skill with regard to grasshoppers was beyond dispute. Well, he would tip him at the end of the day, and make him a happy little vagabond.

"What's yer going to do with all yer fish?" enquired Timothy.

Crayley thought seriously for a moment, and then replied complacently:

"I shall dispose of them, kid, as I think fit."

"If they was mine," said Timothy, "I should give 'em all to Miss Wildon."

Crayley sat up with a sudden access of interest.

"Would you, indeed?" he said. "So you are acquainted with Miss Wildon, are you?"

Timothy looked at him with contempt, for his ignorance plainly shining in his brown eyes.

"G'arn!" he said; "she teaches me in school."

"Good Heavens!" said Crayley, "why are you not at school now, you young rascal?" He felt the question to be lame and futile as soon as uttered. So did Timothy. He did not consider it required an answer.

Crayley felt absurdly uncomfortable. What would his little acquaintance of the garden think when she found that he had aided and abetted a truant from her ranks? For some unknown reason he felt as if he could not bear her to think slightingly of any action of his. He looked at his watch. Too late to send Timothy packing, even if the little wretch would have gone.

"Look here," said Timothy, quite softened by the perplexity in the Dragon's face, "don't you fret. She won't say nothing to me. She don't jaw a chap much—only looks sorry when he's bad."

Only looks sorry! That he should have anything to do with making her look sorry!

He had listened to Timothy's remarks with much attention, and the little lad was flattered.

"If you was to give me some flowers for her, wouldn't she like it," said he. "Rather!" He shut

his eyes and gasped as if overcome with bliss.

Crayley thought for a minute. Here was a way to give her pleasure.

"If you call in before school tomorrow," he said, "I'll give you a bunch of flowers. But remember the next time you play truant I'll——" he cast about for a sufficiently strong threat—"I'll inform your parents."

Timothy smiled widely behind the man's broad back, but said nothing.

Crayley fished till sundown, and then in the quiet hush of evening they walked slowly back, both well pleased with their day, though Timothy's sport had been of a different species to Crayley's.

The harrassed vicar was given a number of the fish, and the finest trio was left at Miss Wildon's lodgings by Timothy, with love from Miss Crayley.

"You really are a clever boy," said Aunt Mattie, when she had listened to the recital of the day's doings. But whether she referred to the fish or the disposal of them was not at all clear.

CHAPTER IV.

Timothy opened the gate of the enchanted garden and walked boldly in. The Dragon was standing at the end of the path. Timothy looked about sharply for Miss Crayley. Supposing this was a plot to catch him! Supposing she pounced out from behind one of the many shrubs with a rope in her hand, and the Dragon held him while she bound him! He held himself in readiness for flight. But nothing, half to his disappointment, happened. The Dragon, whistling softly, and with his head a little on one side, was contemplating the flowers in his hand. It was a real good bunch, Timothy decided at once. Nothing mean about it. All the best flowers and some pretty feathery grasses. The Dragon scrutinized his face with quite unnecessary severity, Timothy thought. He wore his most innocent expression, and the Dragon's countenance relaxed.

"Here are the flowers you were promised," he said.

"Lor!" said Timothy, as he took them with both grubby hands. "They is nice. Won't she like 'em! Good-bye!" he said, and his tone was almost respectful.

Purposely late for school, Timothy created a sensation by entering the class-room with that glorious bouquet. Twenty pairs of eyes gazed at him in mingled horror and admiration. Timothy had surpassed himself. Never, even in the pre-Dragon days had any member of that class robbed the enchanted garden so successfully. Conscious of the glory of his position Timothy advanced confidently on his bare feet.

Miss Wildon, with her back to him, was bending over a refractory sum on a boy's slate. But something in the air—an electric thrill of something unusual in the hush of the class—made her turn round. A shaft of sunlight gleaming through the open window lit up Timothy's figure and fell on the deep glowing heart of a red rose among the flowers in his hand.

"Timothy Haggart!" said Miss Wildon, sternly, and then her voice fell helplessly. "Oh, Timothy, what have you done?"

Her eyes filled with unmistakable tears. Timothy was torn by conflicting emotions. If he revealed the fact that the flowers were a gift, he ceased to be a hero to his companions; but if he did not Miss Wildon would grieve in thinking he had stolen them. A nice quandary for a mere ragamuffin to find himself in.

"Come with me a moment, Timothy," she said, and led him out of the room into the porch. She closed the door on the eager eyes of the class.

"Timothy," she said, "tell me, at once, where you got those flowers. I ask because Miss Cray-

ley has spoken to me of you." Her kind grey eyes met his brown ones searchingly. "Do you think, Timothy, that lovely as these flowers are, I would care to have them if you have not come by them honourably?"

Timothy found the situation so bad that he spoke the truth and shamed—his teacher.

"Ga'rn!" he said, resentfully, "I never done nothing. The fellow what stays at Miss Crayley's give 'em to me."

Miss Wildon's eyes widened and darkened as they had a trick of doing when she was interested.

"Mr Crayley gave them to you?" she said incredulously. "What for?"

"For you," said Timothy, with simplicity.

Miss Wildon's face flushed, and she breathed quickly. There was a short pause. The scent of the flowers filled the porch and floated out into the sunshine. A wandering bee flew in, and Miss Wildon flapped at it delicately with her handkerchief. Then she said, gravely:

"You must tell me what you mean, Timothy?"

Timothy summoned up all his faculties to meet this demand upon them.

"I were fishin' yesterday," he said slowly, "and I met Mr Crayley, and he sez, sez he, 'If I catch you playing tally again I'll inform yer parents!' sez he."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Wildon, with irresistible curiosity, "how very——" and then she checked herself.

"And then," continued Timothy, "I tells him 'ow you wouldn't say much to me, though you'd be sorry enough, and I sez, 'if I 'ad some flowers for her, she'd like it bully,' and he sez, sez he, 'Come round tomorrer and I'll give you a bunch,' and he did, 'and here they are."

Timothy considered he had done well—spoken the truth—mainly, and concealed the part that that good-natured Dragon had played in his absence of yesterday. He looked up, and then turned crimson with astonishment through all his tan. Miss Wildon bent and kissed him. Timothy felt stunned for a moment, and then with the instinct of his sex to conceal emotion, he repeated in a constrained tone, "Here they are."

Miss Wildon took them this time.

"Poor old man!" she said gaily, rumpling his curls as she spoke, "Poor little Timothy! I am so sorry I doubted you. You must forgive me this time. And now come with me, and I will put you right with the class."

But Timothy caught hold of her skirt as she was moving.

"Don't you say nothing!" he implored. "I don't want any more fuss. If they sees you with the flowers it will be all right for me."

He looked so anxious that Miss Wildon, though puzzled, promised to let the matter drop.

Resisting an inclination to walk in on his head and hands, Timothy followed her into the room and took his seat.

Miss Wildon placed the flowers in water, and put them on the mantelpiece. Once as she passed them she buried her little nose in them delightedly.

Timothy was regarded with awe and respect and some envy. His prestige as a rogue had not suffered, and he maintained a reserved silence annoying to his companions.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

By E. HODGKINSON, M.A.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer air its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And cord reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

THE beautiful poem of Oliver Wendel Holmes, from which the opening verse is quoted, will be familiar to many readers. The spiral shell of the nautilus that forms the subject of his poem is formed of a series of chambers gradually increasing in size. As each in turn is outgrown a new one is formed, and then the old one is shut off by a partition-wall from the new one with its living tenant. It is this peculiarity that inspired Holmes' poem with its lofty moral :

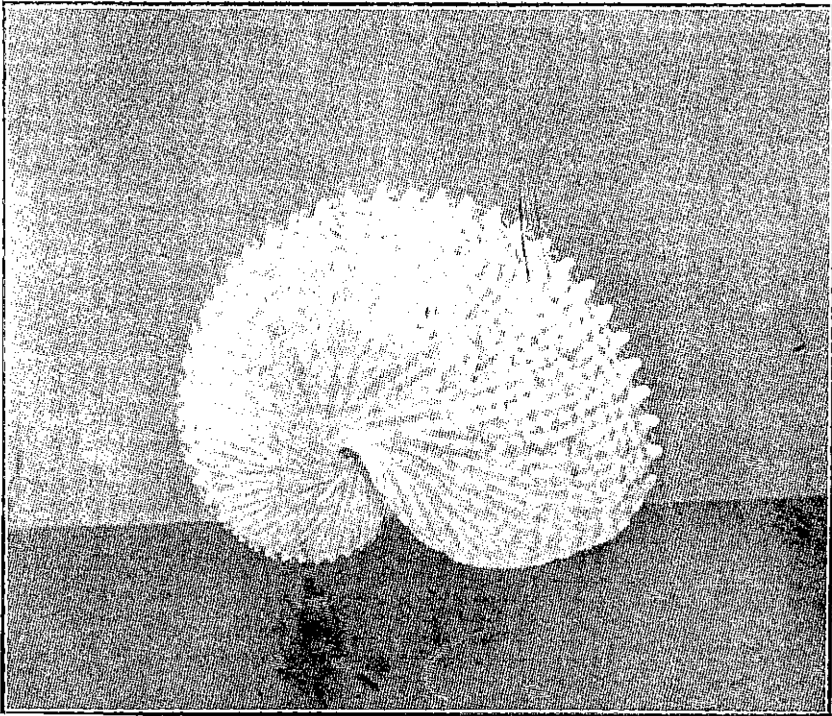
"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

The paper nautilus, which is here described, is quite a different creature to that of Holmes' poem, though in some measure allied to it. The verse quoted as a heading, however, applies to the paper nautilus quite as well as to the chambered one. The shell—which, although as we shall see directly, is a mere appendage of the animal, and the sole thing about it known to most people—is of most delicate texture, so thin as to be translucent, and of exquisite pearly whiteness. It is spiral in shape, marked with transverse flutings, and variegated in colour by a dark shading on the ridge of the spiral, this being darkest at the head of the curve, and gradually lightening towards the open end. From its colour, thinness of texture and transparency, the shell is somewhat suggestive of crinkled tissue paper, so that its popular name is very appropriate.

It is, perhaps, the rarest as the finest of all New Zealand shells. In fact, it is not truly a New Zealand shell, the living animal being a denizen of tropical or semi-tropical seas. The comparatively few specimens that reach our shores are apparently stray arrivals, borne southward away from their true homes by force of gale or current. I have not heard of the shells being found south of Cook Strait, and it is only here and there along the North Island coasts that it is at all frequent. I never heard of its being found in Taranaki. But about Wairoa and Mahia Peninsula, and I believe many parts of the eastern coast of Auckland province, it is

pretty often met with. Two specimens are to be seen in the Auckland Museum, but they are not remarkable in size. The late keeper of Portland Island lighthouse, Mr Robson, has a fine collection of all sizes, the largest measuring nine inches in length and twenty-two along the spiral. Small ones may be less than an inch across, and fragile in proportion.

Portland Island is a small rocky islet just off the southern extremity of Mahia Peninsula, and the shells of Mr Robson's collection were chiefly found on the island, a few specimens being brought from the neighbouring mainland by the Maoris. From their rarity and beauty the shells are much sought after, and the Maoris, who usually have the best chance of procuring them, can sell them at a good price. I was told by the lighthouse-keepers at Portland Island that the late Captain Fairchild had offered £5 for a pair of fine ones in good preservation, and I should think they were fully worth it. Some people have the shells mounted or set for various purposes of use or ornament; I have heard of two small ones being set in silver so as to form a pair of salt-cellars. Unfortunately from the extreme fragility of the shell, perfect specimens, especially of the larger sizes, are the exception. Often the outer cover is damaged; usually there are some holes or chips in the shell. Considering the rocky nature of the beach about Mahia and Portland Island, it is a wonder that so many are found perfect, or with but little injury. Even supposing the shell is washed ashore free from damage, a strong wind may blow it against stones or drift-wood, and break it to pieces, or an inquisitive seagull may take a bite out of it, though he is not likely to find anything edible inside. The shells found on the sands are usually empty; but sometimes they are taken in the



Specimen ot the Paper Nautilus in the Auckland Museum.

water with the living animal inside; sometimes this is found in the water near the shell. It is evident to the most cursory observer that the shell of the paper nautilus and the animal that frames it are not related to one another as are the ordinary mollusc, such as the periwinkle and its shell. There does not appear to be any mode of attachment of the nautilus to its shell; nor is the shape of the latter with its large opening favourable to its use as a home like that of the snail or periwinkle. Then the living creature is found apart from the shell, and shells washed ashore are empty and clean, as though builder and shell had parted company before the latter came to land. From the fact of the nautilus being found without a shell, it has been thought by some observers that the shell did not truly belong to the animal at all, but was merely borrowed by it, as the hermit crab takes possession of some empty shell for his home.

For a long while the nature and growth of animal and shell were a mystery. Even now they are not well understood, for these deep-sea creatures are not easy of observation.

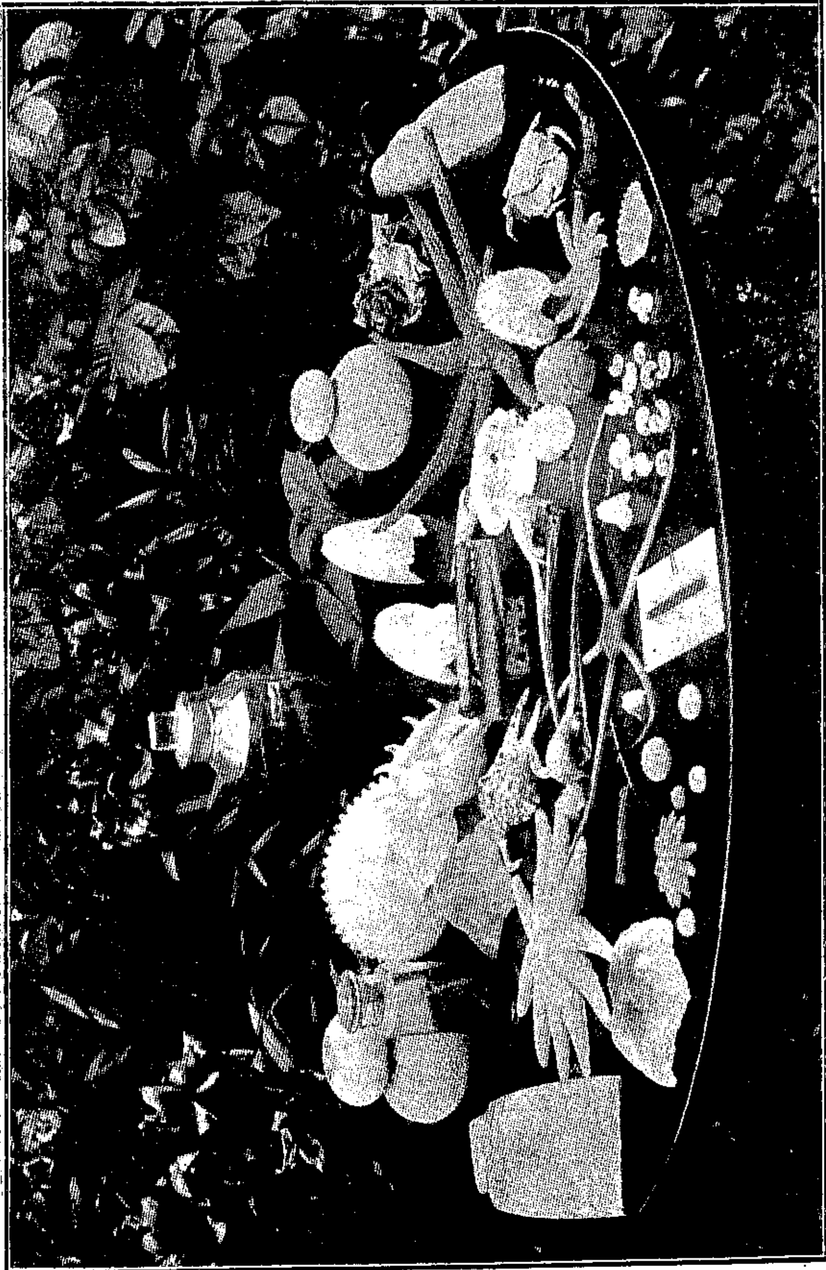
It has, however, been pretty well established that the shell belongs to the female nautilus only, and that its main use is to form a nest for the eggs, of which large masses are often found in the shell. The nautilus belongs to the octopus family, and like the cuttle-fish, has a central head with two well-defined eyes and light limbs or feelers. It is from the broadest pair of these that the material of the shell is secreted.

The nautilus sits in her shell and floats along the surface of the water. It used to be thought in olden times that the broad mantle of the tentacles was expanded as a sail, and the other limbs used as oars. Pictures of the animal in this position have actually been drawn, and poets and moralists even went so far as to say that from watching it primeval man took his first lessons in boat-building and navigation! Thus Pope says:

> "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

The name, as every one knows, signifies "little sailor."

Science has demolished this pretty fable, like so many more; but the reality left to us is just as wonderful as the fable. Why should a creature so lowly in organization, and to us so repulsive in appearance, possess a shell of such exceeding beauty. Of what advantage can grace of form and delicacy of colouring be in a thing destined to serve as cradle for the eggs of a creature certainly without any aesthetic faculty? Beauty is distributed with apparent capriciousness throughout nature. Scientists, however, tell us that both general form and each small peculiarity of structure and colour must be of advantage to the possessor. Thus every one knows that the colours of different species of wild animals are protective, either directly by serving to conceal them from their enemies, or indirectly by enabling them to capture their prey; some special peculiarities have been judged useful as marks of recognition. The colours of the shells of various molluscs have been shown to be protective, and diversities of form to be connected with the habits of the creature and its mode of progression through water, and the grooves of some species are shown to be favourable to their mode of motion. The shape and lightness of the shell of our nautilus render it eminently fitted for floating, and presumably the flutings are of some advantage. But the labours of some ardent investigator are needed to lead to a comprehension of the nautilus, and how form is allied to function. A spiral shell, external or internal, seems characteristic of the cephalopods to



Gerstenkorn, photo, Invercargill. Nautilus Shell and other Marine Curiosities.

which the nautilus belongs. Many will be familiar with the small, coiled, white shells often found in abundance on northern beaches. If one is broken, it is seen to be formed of separate chambers with dividing walls, something after the style of the chambered nautilus. These small shells are said to be found in the octopus.

Two well-marked varieties of the paper nautilus shell are found about Mahia Peninsula. One much the rarer, is more narrow and compressed in form than those here described; the grooves are also more regular, and the tinting a little different. The shells are found chiefly in the summer months, during calm, warm weather, when the sea may be smooth enough for the little sailor, in its fairy craft, to venture on the surface of the ocean.

The New Zealand Flag.

Through the familiar city went
A heart sick with a dull content,
A heart whose every grief was spent.

Of narrow street and sombre mart,
My dulled and weary soul was part—
In the sullen city a sullen heart.

The bare, black twigs, the mist between!
I could not remember the blue, the green;
And life was a thing that once had been!

Sometimes I stirred, I yearned . . . for what?
My land was a dim thing, long forgot,
And the South and the sun and the wind were not.

When suddenly in the shrouded street
A flag flashed out my eyes to greet,
And a pulse awoke with a maddened beat!

A flag leapt out—a flag I knew—
The four red stars in a sky of blue—
And I saw myself, my land, and you!

Red stars in a blaze of blue—and straight
The town was an alien thing to hate,
My heart long lonely and desolate!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

Commercial Education.

By ETTIE A. ROUT.

THIS is an age of specialization. We may deplore the fact, we cannot doubt it. Special education for special work, that is the demand, and that is the supply—a supply which is now being more or less adequately furnished, either by the State or by private enterprise, in every department of life.

That mercantile life should be so ill-furnished with trained and competent graduates, was, within recent years, a matter both of surprise and regret. But the old order has changed. The ranks of the successful soldiers of commerce are not now recruited from the thousands of young people annually turned adrift from the primary and secondary schools, but from those few scores who have been fortunate enough to have received a good sound commercial education; an education, that is to say, which has not only made them alive to the demands of modern mercantile life, but has made them able to cope successfully with those demands.

The great business of the mercantile world is: Providing for the people. And this providing is nowadays no simple matter—it is one of the Fine Arts, and it demands of its votaries that they shall be bright, quick, alert, and above all, well-informed and well-trained—that they shall have received a good commercial education.

For this, personally I consider a thorough knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and book-keeping to be absolutely indispensable. But these three subjects are not the be-all and end-all of such an education. Much must be added not only in the way of general all-round information, but also in the way of that special technical knowledge which is termed "business training." I would advocate teaching every boy and girl destined for business life both shorthand and typewriting. I should teach them typewriting; first, because this knowledge cannot be other than useful, and is frequently indispensable; and second, because it is impossible for anybody to be a good typist, and yet not have a sound knowledge of spelling, punctuation, paragraphing, etc. And I would advocate every commercial student being instilled with a good workable knowledge of shorthand, because I know of no better means of training eye and ear and hand to work in unison than is furnished by the acquirement of a knowledge of any system of shorthand; and I know of no better training for the logical faculties than is provided by the acquirement of a knowledge of such a scientific and methodical system of shorthand as that of Sir Isaac Pitman. Shorthand, i.e., phonography, or sound-writing, to my mind gives to its votaries that means of developing the intelligence which, in the ordinary secondary-school curriculum, is furnished by mathematics; and it has this additional advantage: it can be and is actually used in after life, whereas much of the knowledge of mathematics acquired in school life is often useless in after life, at any rate, is wholly unapplied.

These three subjects, then, shorthand, typewriting and book-keeping, constitute the "mathematics" in commercial education;

and, with all that they involve in the way of spelling, punctuation, letter-writing, composition, pronunciation, good handwriting, neatness and aptness at figures, they furnish an excellent beginning. In themselves they are not an end, they are a beginning—a foundation on which may be built a sound commercial career.

Other subjects which are particularly necessary are: English literature, history and geography (general as well as commercial), at least one science, and if possible one language—at any rate, a good knowledge of the formation and derivation of English words and current foreign phrases; an understanding of the principles of Political Economy; and last, but by no means least, a good store of what I may term "general knowledge." The confines of this last-named are difficult to specify; but I think I am right in saying that they are almost invariably beyond and outside the curriculum of the ordinary secondary school, and that for the advanced student the best place to acquire this general knowledge is the world of men and women around him, and the best reading-book, the daily newspaper.

I have no sympathy with the opinion that would seem to prevail in some educational circles in New Zealand, and, I am informed, in all educational circles in China, that the more useless and inapplicable certain information is, the more important is its acquirement. Our watchwords should be "Thoroughness" and "Usefulness." Whatever knowledge is acquired, should be acquired thoroughly, and it should be worthy of acquirement here and now for the practical needs of modern life, for now more than ever:

"Utility is the measure of value."

C. E. Caley, photo. Ohinemutu.

The Legend of the Cross.

A Star—the brightest shining
  Of all the gleaming race—
Once, for the dark Earth pining,
  Sighed o'er lone leagues of space,
But scarce she heard him suing—
  Too faint and far his ray,
Till in his eager wooing
  He left the Milky Way.

He heard the moon call to him,
  But paused not in his flight,
The planets hardly knew him,
  Swift shooting through the night.
He passed the Sisters Seven,
  Bright eyed and cold and high;
To all the stars in heaven
  He whispered a good-bye.

The Earth, a dusky maiden,
  Stirred in her vestal dreams,
Her dark eyes slumber laden
  Dazed in his burning beams;
Close in his arms he wound her,
  And with her tangled hair,
The forests braided round her,
  She screened her bosom bare.

Her breasts, two mountains swelling,
  Rose soft and round and white;
Her heart's loud clamour quelling,
  She clasped the son of light—
Bathed in his gleaming splendour,
  His star-eyes on her face,
In trembling sweet surrender
  She sank in his embrace.

But soon he seemed to ponder—
  How apt is love to sate!
Those starry spaces yonder,
  His aerial estate—
The welkin scarce could span it—
  So faint and vast and far:
Was Earth—dull, lowly planet!
  Fit mate for high-born Star?

He sped, ere Earth had missed him,
  In cover of the day,
Fast through the Solar System,
  Past where the Milky Way
Hung o'er the roof of Heaven
  Like nebula of pearls,
Back to the Sisters Seven,
  That group of high-born girls.

Dull wak'ning of the "after"
  That she who loves must learn!
Earth heard the fairies laughter,
  As through the waving fern
They peeped, await for plunder,
  Where dazed with glare o' day—
Weak eyes alight with wonder,
  The starry children lay.

But Dusk, the secret guessing,
  Drew near to hide their birth,
With cool, kind hands caressing
  The fevered brow of Earth;
Where first the prying day leaves
  The long, dim forest busk,
She swaddled them in grey leaves—
  Close, calm-eyed, secret Dusk!

And Night, the swarthy mother,
  Drew on her sable glove—
Old Night the foster-mother,
  The screener o' light love!
To where no moon-beam ripples
  Down hollow caves she crept,
And from the Earth's warm nipples,
  Where clinging still they slept,

She drew each star-child glowing
  And dewy from its nest,
The waking eye-lids throwing
  A halo on her breast;
She covered up their faces,
  And on the pale moon-bars,
By lone and secret places,
  They mounted through the stars.

With holy dew to wet them,
  And priestly Dark to shrive,
High o'er the South she set them,
  The bright-eyed children five;
And from a rocky highland
  Earth watched, till faint and far
Up in the distant skyland,
  They opened star by star.

And, night by night, they grew there
  Till o'er the South Sea track,
A blaze of light they threw there
  Out to the Line and back;
And gleaming down the ages
  O'er seas that drift and toss,
The great Pacific's pages,
  They glitter in the Cross.

While pale stars burn above them
  And roam o'er trackless skies,
They watch the Isles that love them
  With wise and beaming eyes;
And from lone bush-bound stations
  To wild grey seas a-toss,
Men hail them from the nations,
  The Guide Lights of the Cross.

LOLA RIDGE.

M. Dunne, photo. Maori Leap, Taieri River.

Music in Whanganui in the Early Days.

By GEORGE FREDERIC ALLEN.

IN the first number of the New Zealand Illustrated Magazine appeared an article headed "Old Musical Identities," which gave a very interesting account of music at Auckland in the early days*. This was followed by another good article entitled "Old Musical Days in Taranaki"**.

I propose to follow at a humble distance these two papers, by attempting to describe early musical doings in Whanganui, of which my personal knowledge began in 1862. Prior to that time there had been occasional concerts, but never any established musical society.

The origin of the Whanganui Choral Society was due to Mr William Bridson, who was previously, and is still, a member of the Auckland Choral Society. In 1862 I came to Whanganui as District Surveyor, and shortly after my arrival spent an evening glee-singing with Messrs Bridson and Richard and James Woon, at the house of the latter gentleman in Wilson-street. While we were at supper Mr Bridson asked, "Why don't you form a Choral Society here, Allen?" I replied that such an undertaking was beyond my ability and my ambition, adding that I thought there were very few folks in Whanganui who could read music. "Then there's the more need of a musical society to teach them," said Bridson. The Messrs Woon thought there was not material for such a society; but Bridson, James Woon and I agreed to inquire, and to report a month afterwards. The result was that Bridson secured five names and I twenty. I was then asked to call a meeting, which was held in the old Christ Church Sunday Schoolroom. It was attended by over forty persons, all of whom entered as singing members, except two or three, who preferred being on the "honorary" list.

There were soon ninety singing and over thirty honorary members on the roll.

At the first practice meeting I was asked to act as conductor pro-tem, and I began by requesting all who could read music to come to one end of the room. In response nine gentlemen and seven ladies stepped forward, but of these one lady sang contentedly from a bass copy, and one of the gentlemen never succeeded in performing any other part than the soprano an octave lower.

I handed round copies of John Weldon's anthem, "O, Praise God in His Holiness," which (accompanied by Mr Davis on the harmonium) was fairly sung. Clarke Whitfield's anthem, "In Jewry is God Known," followed in very creditable style.

Then those who professed no knowledge of music were asked to sing "God Save the Queen." At first this was an ignominous failure, so we put on the bold dozen to lead, and, after two or three attempts, got something like the National Anthem out of the crowd.

At the first business meeting Mr Davis was elected pianist, myself conductor, and Mr Bridson deputy-

* "Old Musical Identities," by W. E. Outhwaite, N.Z.I.M., Oct., 1899, p. 67.

** "Old Musical Days in Taranaki," by D. Saul, N.Z.I.M., Oct. 1900, p. 40.

conductor. A committee was appointed, consisting almost entirely of men whose names began with "B"—Beaven, Bell, Boyle, Bridson and Burnett being among them, and they were commonly called "The Busy Bs."

Mr. William Bridson.

In accordance with Mr Bridson's suggestion, two singing-classes were formed. He preferred to teach those who knew nothing of music. I took those who knew something of it. He taught on the Tonic Solfa System; I on the Hullah. His class of forty made so much better progress than mine of twenty, that I abandoned Hullah, and adopted the Solfa.

The number of singing members soon increased to above ninety, and there were eighty-six present at a practice-meeting shortly before the first concert. But of these a fourth were what a rude person called "weeds," and the committee instructed the unfortunate conductor to "root them out." Happily he was spared this unpleasant task, for the weeds, with two or three exceptions, eradicated themselves. There were sixty-five singing members present at the first concert, which was given in Howe's Assembly Rooms (afterwards called "The Princess Theatre") on January 20th, 1864. All the ladies appeared in white dresses, the soprani wearing red sashes, and the contralti blue, while the gentlemen were in evening dress. The concert began with an overture played by the second band of the 57th Regiment, consisting of about a dozen players, conducted by Sergeant-Major Heywood.

The following was the programme:—

Part I.—Sacred.

"O, Praise God in His Holiness"
"Plead Thou My Cause, O Lord"
"Behold, How Good and Joyful"
"O Thou Whose Power Tremendous"
"Thine, O Lord, is the Greatness"
"Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning"
"In Jewry is God Known"

Mr. James Garland Woon.

Part II.—Secular.

"The Hardy Norseman's House of Yore"
"O Where, and O Where?"
"See Our Oars With Feathered Spray"
"Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore"
"Rule, Britannia!"
"Home, Fare Thee Well!"

"O, Who Will O'er the Down so Free?"
"Dame Durden"
"Hail, Smiling Morn!"
"God Save the Queen."

Mr. George Frederic Allen.

The second and several succeeding concerts were of the same style as the first; and then it was resolved to attempt a higher flight. So "Judas Maccabaeus" was given, in aid of the New Zealand Patriotic Fund for the families of those killed in the Maori War then in progress. The band of the 57th being at the front, we had to be satisfied with the accompaniment of an harmonium (Mr Robert A. R. Owen), a cornet (Mr D. Scott), and two flutes (Mr George Scott and myself), though I must confess I did little more than the obligato in "O Lovely Peace," sung by Miss Neville and Miss Cummins. At the same concert Locke's "Macbeth" was given, in which Arthur Gower, a boy of ten, was the First Witch, Andrew McFarlane Fourth Witch, and Peter Bell, Hecate.

Soon after Mr Owen became pianist, I offered to retire and propose him as conductor. His reply was characteristic of "R.A.R.O."—"My dear Mr Allen! You say you're satisfied with me as pianist. Well, I'm satisfied with you as conductor. We are getting along scrumptiously. Why make any change?"

Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" was next attempted, the casts being: Miss Agnes Gower, May Queen; Miss Emily Neville, Queen Elizabeth; Mr Geo. Fred. Allen, the Lover; Mr Peter Bell, Robin Hood.

The profits of this concert, some fifty pounds, were handed to Mr Owen in lieu of salary. He resigned, and Mr Wm. Haydn Flood was elected pianist. After a miscellaneous concert or two, I asked Mr Flood to relieve me of the conductorship, which he did.

Mr Flood was a good performer, both as an organist and a pianist, but his conducting of the Whanganui Choral Society was somewhat disastrous. Instead of training the voices to sing without accompaniment, he trusted to his powerful pianoforte playing to "pull them through," as he expressed it. The result was that,

Mrs. George Frederic Allen.

when he left Whanganui, and I again became conductor, the Society had gone backward, and it was with difficulty that a performance of "The Messiah" was struggled through. I was at this time occupied with surveys at a distance from Whanganui, and so had again to resign the conductorship, to which Mr James Woon was temporarily appointed. One or two miscellaneous concerts were given under his direction.

Mr John Dewar, the founder of the Matarawa Musical Society, now moved into town, and was shortly afterwards elected conductor of the Whanganui Choral Society. Under his care a good band was formed, consisting of half-a-dozen violins, led by Mr Alfred Webb (an exquisite player), viola, 'cello, double-bass (Samuel and Alfred Drew, both good), cornet (Horace Baker, admirable), flute (James Woon, an excellent performer) and sundry other instruments, Miss Hook being pianiste.

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The band not being so strong, the name of the Society was changed to "The Philharmonic Society." Under Mr Dewar several masses were given, including Mozart's "Twelfth," also "The May Queen" (twice), and sundry miscellaneous concerts. Mr Dewar continued in charge till 1875, when he removed to Auckland.

The lavish expenditure of an optimistic committee now led to an investigation into the pecuniary condition of the Society, which revealed the fact that it was hopelessly insolvent. It was therefore unanimously resolved to raffle the piano, auction all the other property in one lot, and dissolve the Society. But at the same meeting those present straightway formed themselves into a new society, and dropping the "Phil," came forth as "The Harmonic Society." A company, consisting of some of the members, purchased a new piano, and lent it to the Society till its cost was paid off. Mr Woon was instructed by the committee to bid up to twenty pounds for the Philharmonic's property. Two or three members of the Phil, who had not been present at the meeting at which it was dissolved, and who disapproved of the action taken, resolved to go one pound better. But their intention leaked out, and unlimited powers were quietly given to Mr Woon, with the result that their bid of twenty-one pounds was capped by his twenty-two, and they retired. But they were not yet without hope, for they fully expected the new society to come to strife in the election of one out of the three available conductors, Woon, Webb, and myself. In order to obviate this I proposed Woon, and Webb seconded him, and he continued till his departure for Westport in 1878. During his term of office Weber's "Mass in G" and Weber's "Mass in Eb" were given very successfully. Haydn's "Creation" followed, and was done well, Mr John Randall and Miss Kitchen being the Adam and Eve, and Mrs Pinches (Tiny Gower), Mr Frank Watson and Mr Thomas Culpan the Gabriel, Uriel and Raphael. Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was also given.

The Harmonic Society continued under the successive conductorships of Mr William Holden, Mr Allen, Mr Greenwood and Mr Holden again. During this period "The Messiah" was given thrice. At other concerts Macfarren's "May Day," Birch's "Merry Men of Sherwood Forest," and "Eveleen," "Macbeth," "Elijah," "St. Paul," Mozart's "Twelfth," "Farmer in Bb," "Sampson," "Comala," "The Ancient Mariner," "The North-east Wind," "Trial by Jury" and "Iolanthe" were given. The two latter (comic operas) were rendered in costume, and performed several times.

About 1890 several minor musical and dramatic societies had been formed, and these diverted attention and attendance from the Har-

(1) Miss Emily Neville (Mrs. James McWilliam), (2) Mr. Peter Bell, (3) Miss Roberta Cummins (Mrs. George Beaven), (4) Mr. Thomas Hudson Davis, (5) Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Haywood, (6) Mr. David Bell, (7) Miss Agatha Gower (Mrs. Frank Watson), (8) Mr. David McFarlane), (9) Miss Rachael Harrison (Mrs. David Blyth).

monic, the legitimate successor of the Choral Society founded in 1863. So in 1892 it was resolved to suspend operations for a while, and the music and instruments were stored, uninsured! A fire ensued, and—here endeth the Whanganui Harmonic Society!

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About 1893 the Whanganui Harmonic Club was formed on the same general lines as its predecessor, but after a precarious existence, depleted by the minor societies and the choirs of the various churches, it died about 1895. Since then, no large society for combined instrumental and vocal music has come into existence in Whanganui.

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In the early days the Choral Society was the only musical association except the choirs of the four then existing denominations. St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) choir sang high-class masses as far back as 1862. Mrs Sharpe, who at that time was organist, was succeeded by Mrs Turner, and that lady by Miss Maggie Coakley (now Mrs Lloyd), who is still in charge at the organ.

Christ Church (Anglican) choir was formed in 1863, and I acted as choirmaster up to about 1869. This choir gave full choral services at the greater festivals, and on some othee occasions, and always sang an anthem at evensong each Sunday. Mr James Woon succeeded me as choirmaster in 1863, and I followed him when he left for Westport in 1878. Messrs William Holden, James Crawford, Gilbert King and John Randall were successively choirmasters, and at a later date Messrs Harold Brooke, Consterdine and Naylor. Until comparatively recently there were no regular choirs at the Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches, and the music then consisted only of metrical psalms and hymns.

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About 1876 the Orpheus Glee Club was formed. This was limited to eight men, all of whom were guaranteed to possess good tempers, good voices and good music-reading powers. Mr William Holden was conductor. At the practices four or five men usually sang a glee, part-song, or madrigal (of course, without accompaniment), while the others listened, and afterwards criticised freely. Then the listeners had to sing the same piece, and were freely criticised in their turn. This system was found to work well. The Glee Club was assisted at concerts by six lady honorary members (four vocalists and two pianistes), but it seldom gave concerts on its own account, though always willing to aid other musical societies. It wound up about 1888 owing to several of its members leaving Whanganui.

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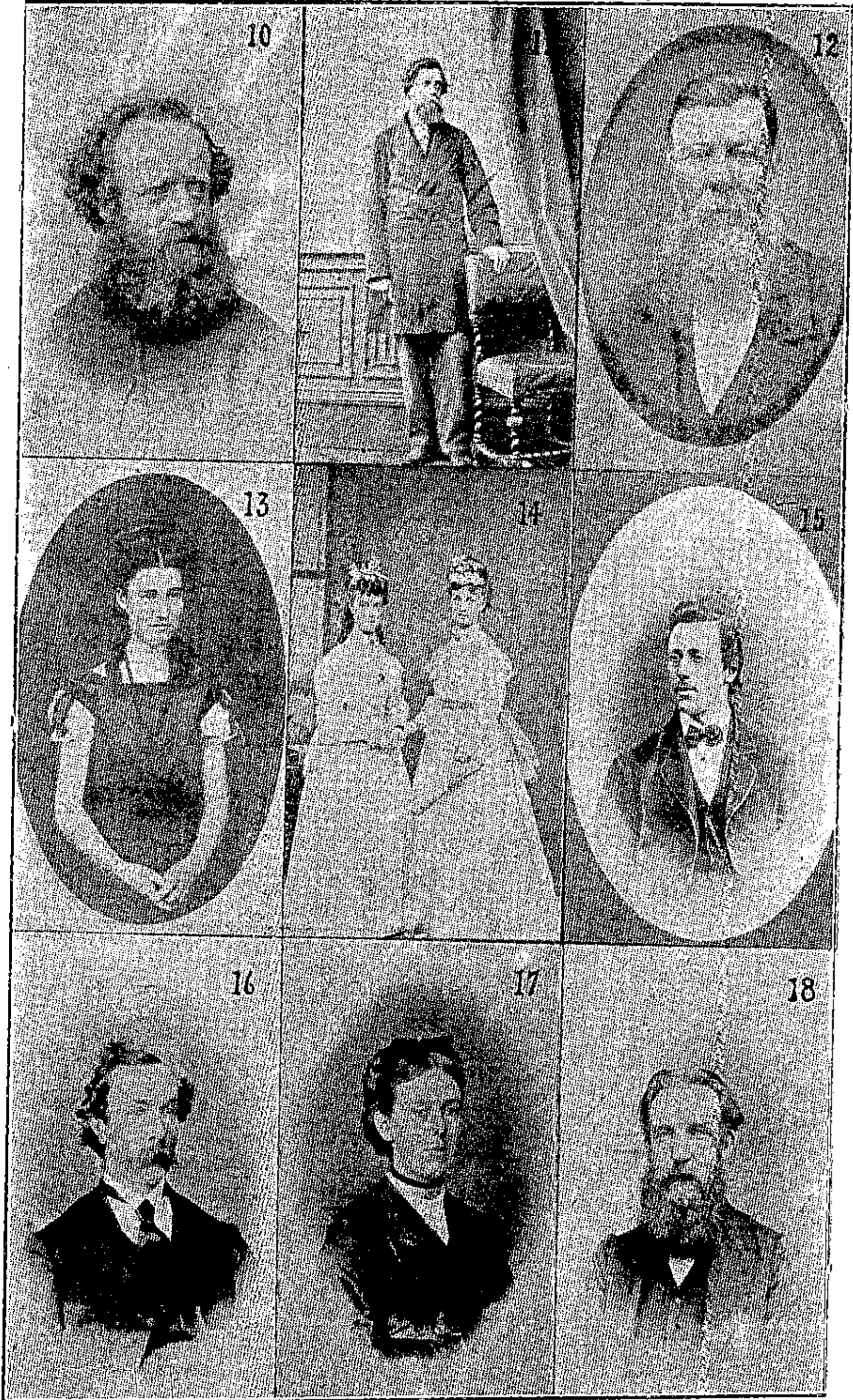
In 1889 several of the "Old Identities" agreed that it would be pleasant to re-assemble as many as possible of those who took part in the first concert of January 20th, 1864, and repeat the programme of that concert as closely as altered circumstances would permit. Circulars were sent to all existing old members, and responses almost unanimously favourable were received. But owing to departures, old age, illness and deaths, out of the sixty-five who assisted at the first concert, only twenty were now forthcoming. These were:

George Fred. Allen, conductor; William Bridson, deputy-conductor; Henry Claylands Field, chairman general meetings; Joseph Augustus Burnett, chairman committee meetings; Cornelius Burnett, secretary and acting pianist; George Beaven, Peter Bell, David Blyth, Robert Davis, Wm. Jas, Harding, Andrew McFarlane, Thomas Scrivener, Mrs Allen (Miss Hanson), Mrs Beaven (Miss Cummins), Mrs Blyth (Miss Harrison), Mrs McWilliam (Miss Neville), Mrs Russell (Miss Davis),



(10) Mr. William James Harding, (11) Mr. Joseph Alfred Burnett, (12) Mr. Henry Claylands Field, C.E., (13) Miss Eva Harding (Mrs. David McLellan), (14) Miss Tiny Gower (Mrs. William Pinches) and Miss Agnes Gower (Mrs. Rockell), (15) Mr. Cornelius Burnett, (16) Mr. John Dewar (17) Miss Hook (18) Mr. George J. Scott.

Mrs Rockell (Miss Gower), Mrs Watson (Miss Gower), Mrs Pinches (Miss Gower).

It may be interesting to mention here that the old Choral Society was very successful as an Amateur Matrimonial Agency. Four of the eight lady members abovementioned married male members.

Some of these twenty old identities came from Palmerston, Otaki, and Wellington to attend this commemorative concert. The solos were sung by those who had undertaken them in 1864 in all cases, except where absence or death necessitated substitutions; and it was pleasing to observe how well the voices had sustained the twenty-five years which had intervened.

About forty members of the Harmonic Society assisted the old identities in the choruses.

This commemorative concert was given in the Oddfellows' Hall on April 24th, 1889, under my direction, Mr Cornelius Burnett playing the accompaniments.

It was proposed by some of those present to repeat the same programme every five or ten years, but others pointed out that the thinning out of the original members would not stop at the two-thirds already missing, and the proposal was withdrawn.

That this was the better course was early made evident, for the twenty were very soon reduced by the deaths of Mr Harding, Mr Blyth, Mr Beaven, Mrs McWilliam, and (since this article was written) Mrs Allen.

The Cat's Concert.

To-night! To-night! In the pale moonlight
On the house-top there will be
A concert quite long, with many a song
To be sung to you and me.

Our big black Jim, with his shirt front white,
Sings "Birdie, Come unto Me,"
And the Persian Cat, who is rolling fat,
Will howl like a Chimpanzee.

Spruce little Snowball, next on the list,
Shall sing Tosti's sweet "Good-bye,"
And the little grey kit, who is such a chit,
Will warble of "Nelly Bly."

And then altogether in chorus
We'll give you the "Three Blind Mice,"
For part songs, you know, though fashions change so,
Are always thought to be nice.

Please pay as you enter, three sparrows
Or a minah'll do if he's fat;
Proceeds of the Show, as you very well know,
Are to go to the blind Tom Cat.

Lylie Coleman.

IN THE SCRUBLAND.

By RACEY SCHLANK.

MANY years ago in the far, far North, before the telegraph line penetrated the vast interior of Australia, a dark-skinned people dwelt on the banks of the Alberga. The river winded in and out, mile after mile through sepia-tinted plains and wild scrublands of salt and cotton-bush ; only upon the river bank the straggling ranks of trees rose sun-dried and bent, or scanty undergrowth emerged unexpectedly beside some shallow waterhole.

Beneath the gaunt eucalyptus trees the children of the scrubland erected their wurleys. They painted their bodies with red ochre, streaked with white gypsum clay from the low lying gypsum hills, built tiny fires of the mulga and strangely-scented gidyea wood, and round the red fires at night danced weird corroborees. For years and years men and women and little children lived and laughed, and grew tired, and died in the Alberga country, the district of their tribe.

It was summer. In the camping-ground of the black men three wurleys stood apart from their fellows. Three spears stood upright before each entrance, for these were the homes of the chiefs. Cardiddyo (white teeth), the warrior king, Gulcoonda, the great medicine-man, and Mooloolie, the young corroboree-maker (or poet of the people), had built their crude shelters side by side.

Within a structure built of boughs, somewhat larger than its neighbours, sat an old, old man, whose skin, wrinkled as dried parchment, was in curious contrast to his grizzled white hair and beard. His aged eyes brightened visibly as a graceful brown arm parted the bushes, and a young girl scrambled lightly up the river bank. Her face had little in common with that of the ordinary native girl—of an oval shape, with arched eyebrows, and the prettiest dark liquid eyes, a tiny mouth and curly brown hair through which she had twined with true womanly coquetry a string of red native beans. She was Wye Wye, the daintiest lubra in the camping ground, and the darling of the old man's heart.

As he watched her approach the father's face grew grave again, for the people of the tribe were saying that Wye Wye had bewitched the mighty chiefs and there would be war in the camping-ground of the wise men.

It was evening. Far over the horizon the sunset faded from crimson to gold. The weird chant of the corroboree floated faintly over the scrubland as the "flour-heads," or wise men of the tribe, sat in council round the fire heaps. The red flames flickered fantastically over their wrinkled faces, feathered headgear and painted weapons. Suddenly a young warrior sprang up out of the creek near by and strode into their midst.

He was a big, burly man, perhaps in height somewhat over six feet, with firm lips and sharp eyes. Cardiddyo, the Warrior King, was a savage of daring and courage.

"O wise men," cried the warrior, "I ask your permission to wed Wye Wye, daughter of Nanyo, my uncle ; these three moons have I spoken before the flour-head I have laid before the wurley of the old

man my offerings—emu, kangaroo, and lizard—therefore Wye Wye shall be the lubra of Cardiddyo."

Scarcely had the chief ceased when Gulcoonda, the old man, rose and brandished his boomerang.

"Nay!" he cried, fiercely, "Wye Wye is mine. I saved the maiden from the 'kerditcher' (evil spirit) when she drooped in the cold of the winter. I love the maiden, and she shall be mine."

The old men whispered together in alarm for the medicine-man had strange powers.

Mooloolie, the young corroboree-maker, who had been hidden in the shadow of a mulga-tree, when he heard the words of his brother chiefs grasped the handle of his spear convulsively. His face grew grim with fury—the fury of a man who is suffering some great wrong. His strong frame quivered in his deep anger, until the veins stood out in knots on his copper-coloured brow. Then slowly over his features stole a look of despairing anguish.

"O mighty wise men," he pleaded, excitedly, "I have sung many songs to the children of the Alberga, but my love is even greater than the voice of the corroboree. She whose eyes are brighter than the sunbeams on the waters—whose teeth are as white as the blossoms on the little blue bush by the river—she is my love, give her to me, O mighty men!"

The wise men nodded their old heads mysteriously, and murmured vaguely for some time.

Presently one among them rose. He was Nanyo, Wye Wye's father.

"My picaninny quei (little girl) is a good lubra," he said, "but shall the tribe come to blows over a quei? Nay the kerdicther (evil spirit) would dry up the waters of the Alberga, should blood be spilt for a lubra. Then, let each chief bring some proof of his great power to the wise men, and he who is mightiest let him keep my little girl!"

Then the wise men raised a great shout of assent so loud and wild that the last of the little kadneys (lizards) on the river-bank scuttled far away into the cotton-bush out of sheer fright.

One morning Cardiddyo wandered through the scrubland, far from the camping-ground of his people. He walked for many miles without growing weary, as only a black man can walk.

When the twilight gathered over the desolate saltbush plain, and the great red moon threw flickering shadows on the Mulga trees, he gathered his spears around him and fell asleep in the hollow of a water-course.

Next day he travelled onward until at noon he stood on the top of a white gypsum hill. Here he built a wurley and remained many sunsets alone in the wilderness.

One morning he recognised on the summit of a distant mountain the smokes of three fires—one a narrow white smoke wreathing up between two dark smokes, clearly defined against the blue sky.

Cardiddyo laughed aloud for he recognised their import. "A long way away" (wonmunga goal bung). Heavy rains had fallen, and a flood of waters would pour down the Alberga. Cardiddyo returned to his tribe.

Alas! In the camping ground all was consternation and dismay. The people whispered to one another that Gulcoonda the medicine-man, had beheld the Evil Spirit, and he had prophesied that in another moon all the wise men should lie cold and dead. The black men and women rubbed white gypsum clay over their faces as a sign of their grief for they loved the aged fathers and wished them to live many moons. Only Cardiddyo laughed at the prophecy.

"Come!" he cried, "my power over the kerditcher is more powerful. Harken to me! I will call down the waters into the Alberga, where small pools lie dark and still. I will make the waters clear and beautiful."

Stooping beside the river bank, with his great strong arms, Cardiddyo raised an immense stone that had long lain imbedded there and hoisting it upon his head, with a mighty effort, he turned and strode along the course of the dry river bed. With awe the tribe watched the movements of their chief as they followed him in single file for some distance. Muttering some unintelligible anthem, Cardiddyo eventually stooped and hurled his burden into the centre of a shallow pool beneath an overhanging tree. Then, seizing his spears from one of his attendants, he crossed them there to mark where the rainstone lay. Two days later the flood from afar rolled down the Alberga, filling the crevices in the sun-baked channel, flowing over the dusty reeds and dead branches until with its mighty power it surged over the rainstone of Cardiddyo. The warriors clapped their hands, and rejoiced, and danced mad dances around the tiny fire heaps, for surely the Warrior King was most powerful among men.

But Wye Wye, the poor little brown-haired quei, threw her arms over her head and wept bitterly, she did not love the Chief who was bravest among the fighting men.

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All was silent in the mulga scrub. The children of the bush lay asleep in their wurleys. The tame dingoes slumbered beside their masters, and the scattered fire-heaps smouldered into ashes, for it was night.

Suddenly a stealthy footfall broke the stillness, and Gulcoonda, the medicine man, crept out of the shadows. Softly he stole across the camping ground to the wurleys of the flour-heads. From one sleeper to another he passed noiselessly, only stooping with a slight movement to touch the neck of each aged father with the point of a curiously sharpened bone, partly concealed in his sinewy hand. Quietly the silent figure with the cat-like tread turned aside again into the shadowy trees, his mission fulfilled—and all was still.

No human creature awoke, no eyes watched the prick of that poisoned bone—the terribly merciless weapon of certain death; but before the moon grew round and red, every white-bearded flour-head lay buried beneath the mulga trees, and their children built new wurleys far from the place where the dead men lay, and further along the river bank chanted their sorrowful wailing songs of lamentation to the memory of the good old fathers.

Gulcoonda, the medicine-man, the unsuspected murderer, lived in honour and esteem among his people, for he had prophesied what had now come to pass, and the warriors murmured one to another that the medicine-man had a stronger power than the Warrior King; but Wye Wye, the pretty native girl, frowned and tossed her curly head in contemptuous bitterness.

About this time Mooloolie the young Corroborree-maker who like Cardiddyo, had wandered afar in the scrubland, returned to the camping-ground of his people.

What power could Mooloolie possess by which he might hope to excel the prowess of his rivals? Cardiddyo had knowledge of the secrets of the earth. Gulcoonda looked into the great secrets of life and death, and Mooloolie? Ah! In the beautiful eyes of the brown-haired maid he had recognised the wonderful sceptre of love, and he knew that power was the most wonderful in the wide, wide world. A strange light was in his eyes as he called his fellows about him; they gathered around willingly, men and women and little children, to listen to what he had to tell them, for the young poet was a favourite. Then Wye Wye lifted his spears from the ground and stood beside him with a smiling face.

"I go where the great Sun Ball tumbles down in the West," he said quietly, "no man shall look upon my face, or see where my foot

treads, for the great spirit will carry me far away, and whisper beautiful songs to me, for I am the Corroboree-maker.

When the moon grew dim Mooloolie stole over the saltbush plain—away over the scrubland until he came to a vast plain where small sepia-tinted stones spread for many miles. Beside a solitary sand-hill stood a hollow tree. Here Mooloolie paused, and slowly out of the crevice drew a pair of curious mocassins, the soles cunningly woven of emu down.

These he slipped on his dusky feet, and with uplifted head listened intently for some minutes.

Suddenly a black figure rose up in the dim light. Her long hair hung over her shoulders in wild disorder, but her dark eyes were bright with liquid light.

Upon her feet she too wore the silent shoes that left no imprint, and the old, old story was repeated. Wye Wye, with her little brown hand clasped in the strong one of her lover, fled with him through the darkness to the land of the great Sun Ball.

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In the camping-ground, the Alberga tribe waited expectantly for their young chief and Wye Wye, who had so mysteriously disappeared from their midst, but neither returned.

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Far, far away from the rippling Alberga, beyond the wonderful great salt lake, which in summer glitters like crystal beneath the tropical sun, and in winter spreads its waters over the desert land past the long, dreary Macumba creek, with its dark-stemmed gidyea trees and grotesque eucalypti, stands a solitary wurley on the fertile land of the Diamantina. There, on the Queensland border, happily together, dwell Mooloolie, the young Corroborree- maker, and his beautiful brown-eyed bride.

Quot oculi, tot mundi.

THE world is as the sense that makes it known;
  To eyeless creatures, dark eternally;
  To others dim, in mazy depths of sea,
Beyond the sound of all its surface moan;
Narrow to some, as insects 'neath a stone,
  Or in a tiny crevice, or a bee
  That murmurs in a flower; but the free,
Heav'n soaring birds a wider vision own.

And though our eyes can boast no eagle sweep,
  To us is given the larger range of thought,
Wherewith we pierce the starry depths, o'erleap
  The bounds of sense, and see in all things wrought
Signs of deep mysteries, which angel eyes
May see, or ours, perchance, in paradise.

H. ALLISON.

My Lady's Bower.

By Alma.

Lady readers are invited to discuss current topics in these pages, suggest subjects for discussion, and also to contribute photographic studies on any subject of interest. Contributions should be addressed: "Editor My Lady's Bower, New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and should arrive early in the month. In all cases where stamps are enclosed for the purpose photos will be returned.

CULTURE IN NEW ZEALAND GIRLS.

I WAS not a little surprised to read, recently, in an American magazine, an article which commented very adversely upon the conversation of the average American girl. My surprise, mingled with much relief, was owing to the fact that I had been cogitating over the remarkably inane, would-be-smart chit-chat, which in the majority of cases, forms the conversational stock of the New Zealander. And, although it is evident, that in the matter of uncultured conversation, our girls do not stand alone, still that is no reason why we too should not analyse the matter and set ourselves, if possible, on the right path. A short time ago, the query was propounded in these pages, "Are New Zealand Girls becoming less cultured?" Many correspondents have been interested in the matter, and have stated to me their views on the subject.

The first thought that occurs to one, is the fact that speech is an index of the mind. Therefore we must judge the mental acquirements of our girls by their day-by-day conversation. I am aware that very often the girl with a mind, speaks frivolously in a manner quite opposed to that which she admires in others. She may be influenced by her surroundings, it may seem to her affectation to converse as she thinks, and principally, being reluctant to appear dull in comparison with her friends and acquaintances, she adopts the same style of conversation, and to all intents and appearances, is no whit more intellectual than any of them. This is weakness, sheer weakness. The girl who at heart dislikes smart flippancy, is a coward if she is not sufficiently strong of will to assert her own individuality. And thus it gradually becomes the accepted style to make a semi-cynical remark as the prelude to a conversation, to be always ready with a 'smart' reply, however cruel the personal application may be, to attempt to 'score' all the time. And men converse accordingly with these girls, and some day leave them wonderingly lamenting in favour of a "rara avis" who can appreciate an intelligent remark. It may seem that I infer that, in most cases, men are dragged conversationally down to the level of the women. I know, however, that part of the fault lies with men. Instead of trying to discover whether the girls have minds, they too often plunge into the desert of flippant inanity.

At the same time, girls have the opportunity of neglecting to follow such a lead; and in how many cases do they show that they prefer something higher? I notice that in a society circle in New York, women are choosing for each month a topic which they agree to discuss during the whole of the allotted time. This

B. Wells, photo.

Fancy Dress Photo. Three cousins, representing Samoan lady, Japanese lady, and Rotumahan girl.

is a step forward : but I do not see why they must limit themselves so, except as the initiative to better things.

I have remarked that speech must be taken as the index of the mind : and, generally speaking, we may regard the girl whose mind is well-informed as a cultured girl. I am aware that to that information must be added a certain modesty and grace, a tactfulness which will strive ever to consider the feelings of others. No girl, however attractive in personality, however well-informed, can hope to be a lady, unless she studies her manner of speech, the inflection of her voice, and—an essential in the Colonies,—the accent and true pronunciation and enunciation of every word she utters. For a little while, she may appear to herself stiff, even affected: but this grand old Mother tongue of ours is quite worth the effort : and soon, others will be influenced by the quiet well-modulated voice, by the clearness of her speech. She herself will soon lose all sense of effort : but never must she think

that she speaks or articulates perfectly correctly. That will always require a little care.

A very good little handbook on the Art of Speaking is Dean Fleming's: and no better way can I think of to attain culture than to read aloud some portion of a good author every day. Girls will gain in every direction. Take, for instance, Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." Written for and to them, it appeals directly to girls. The preface alone would do our girls an infinity of good. I should like to know that every girl had read this carefully and often: and then I should not be very dubious as to the culture of our girls. Read, girls, read, not flimsy novels, thrown aside as soon as read, but read the leading articles of your newspapers! I know we cannot all get Ruskin's, and Lubbock's and hosts of authors who try to show us the way; though now and again, if you watch, you will be able to obtain good books very cheaply. Good novels are, in many cases, published among the sixpenny editions. There are Kingsley's, Bronte's, Burrough's, Tennyson's and many more among them. Don't begrudge your money for a really good little collection of cheap editions: but "know" every book you possess. Do not talk of Dickens in a vague way. Know him, if only by one book. But, even if none of these are within your means, study the newspaper. Read every inch. Leaders will soon be interesting after you once become acquainted with the broad information to be obtained from a careful perusal of the daily columns of news. I tell you, that the girls who do not glance at, but study every day these very ordinary books, the common newspapers, will soon have far more subjects for conversation than they require. They will soon learn to do

Evan O'Keeffe, photo. **A Merry Picnic Party.**

without silly frivolous banter, light gossip ; they will know things : and knowing, they cannot fail to talk interestingly of them. So play your golf and your hockey, do your morning's housework, delighting in the health and capacity for it, dig your gardens, make your blouses, read your newspapers and your books, and think about everything. Think and do with thy might whatso ever cometh to thy hand. No thinking girl can long be an uncultured girl, no observing mind can be long an ignorant one. Therefore fill your days with useful work, healthful recreation, sensible reading and intelligent conversation, and there will not be much fear of lack of culture on your part. Remember that by each girl striving to attain true culture, some numbers of other girls are strongly influenced. This is the part each New Zealand girl may play in moulding the destinies of her race.

"Alpha" writes as follows on this subject :—

For my part, I fear New Zealand girls are not growing more cultured in any true sense. If more so than twelve, fifteen, or twenty years back, the standard then must have been low indeed. By culture of converse one means much more than primary education ; so it is no answer to point to the increase in number and efficiency of primary schools. Nor does a High school, nor even a University course ensure that those who have passed through them shall be highly cultured. We must of course be reasonable, and not use the word in too ambitious a sense. Few in any country have the means or the leisure to become thorough scholars or very wide readers. I should concede that a man or woman was "cultured" for ordinary life, who could speak and write his own language with correctness and ease : who understood its literary capabilities, and was familiar with the works of its finest writers, poets especially ; who was familiar with the history of his

N. A. Trewheellar, photo. Tauranga Township.

native country (in outline for the most part with fuller knowledge of specially interesting periods) and who also knew something of general history, and specially that of Greece and Rome in their most brilliant periods ; who finally had an insight into the spirit and methods of modern science. I do not think that is too much to demand ; but though during the last dozen years or so I have known many hundreds of girls and young women claiming to be fairly educated, sufficiently well to form an estimate of their knowledge and tastes, I have not found more than one or two that could come near my very modest standard of culture. The average girl of well-to-do families in good society not only does not love knowledge and literature, she appears quite ignorant that such things exist. Try her with any famous historical character or with any fact of so-called "popular" science and what response will you meet with ? Try literature—she cares for none beyond the latest popular novel. Nor do I think that the young men are much better equipped than their sisters. And as Alma points out in a preceding paragraph, many graduates are very far from cultured. They have simply worked and crammed along definite lines ; and when once their degree is secured they appear quite content to let their minds lie fallow for the remainder of their lives.

My own opinion is that of late years there has been some levelling down as well as levelling up in educational ideals and attainments; and that many parents, who by their position should know better, are far too ready to be satisfied with a mere primary education for their children : "The public schools give such a good grounding," they say.

A good grounding is given in arithmetic, spelling, geography ; and children passing the standards creditably are fit either to enter on a higher educational course, or to make their way up in trade or mechanical employments. But as regards any general information or capacity for enjoying good literature, a sixth standard means nothing at all.

I am afraid we colonials care little for things of the mind. The pursuit of material comfort, of show, and of amusements absorbs all our time and energies.

Mrs. Bulleid writes :—

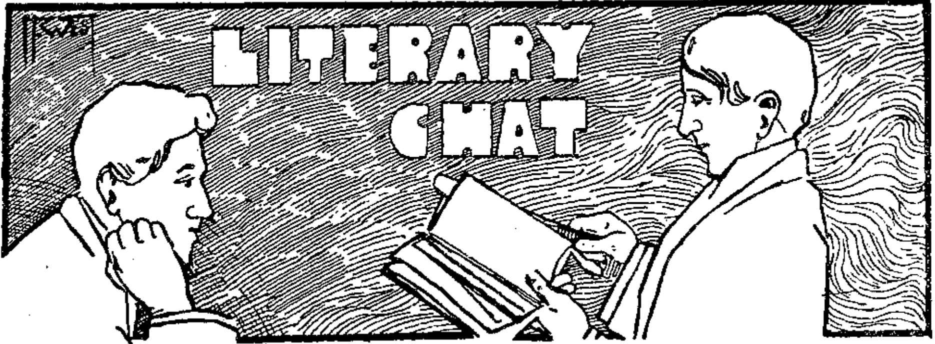
This subject interests me greatly, and I have arrived at the conclusion that our bright and bonny New Zealand girls are sadly lacking in culture. This is to a great extent unavoidable, all the surroundings being so new, there is very little to stir the imagination or excite curiosity, and in the smaller towns there is simply no opportunity for them, after leaving the High schools, to carry on their education.

What can be done to help them ?

Are we, each year, to let our girls, on leaving school, settle down at home and fritter away six or seven hours of every day ? It is unnecessary for the girls of fairly well off parents to give more than four hours each day to domestic duties, and under present conditions, when those are finished, there is nothing else to do.

I think what we really want is to adopt in a modified form the University scheme that has proved so successful in England.

Is this a too ambitious flight ? or do you think that if a sufficient number of thoughtful women interested themselves in the matter they might get the scheme carried out ?



By "THE SAGE."

Two works by New Zealand writers have been forwarded for review by the publishers. "Out-trails," by J. P. Guy, published at the Budget Office, Dunedin, and "The Red West Road, and other Verses," by Quilp N., published by Turnbull, Hickson and Gooder, Wellington.

In "Out-trails" the author gives in a crisp, readable manner, some curious experiences of his own. He lands in Wellington with a letter of introduction to one who had been a decent fellow, but has since degenerated into a confidence man. He soon sees quite enough of him, and goes up the Wairarapa as a cadet on a station owned by two Jews and managed by a Scotchman, by no means a promising combination. A swagging trip to the King Country follows. Then, this born rover sets sail for Kristiania, and describes the voyage. A short description of life in Norway is given, and of the Norse discovery of North America in the year A.D. 1000, of which he says, "one may read in the "Flatey Saga" in Snorro Sturlesen's Heimshringla. The original account of these voyages, now in the Copenhagen Museum, was complete in its present form about 200 years before Columbus, to whom the discovery of America was falsely attributed, was born." He met Nansen, the Artic explorer. Next we find him buying Lincoln rams in England, and taking them to Buenos Ayres. Losing his money at this spec after much travelling, generally steerage, he gets back to New Zealand, and tries his luck on the Northern gum fields. On arriving there, he remarks: "It is hard to define why the bush and the wilderness have such a fascination for the man who has once lived therein. Yet it is a very real attraction, and he seldom outgrows it." At the close of the book, he has decided to start a school for physical training at Dunedin, and the back cover is ornamented with his photo in the attire of an instructor in this noble science, which displays his powerful chest-development. The book is a good example of the wonderful amount of interesting matter that can be crowded into eighty-seven pages, especially when the author, as in this case, is a keen sportsman, and takes every opportunity that offers of having a crack at the particular sort of game to be found in the country through which he is travelling.

"The Red West Road and other Verses" is the title of Quilp N.'s first collection of Sea Verses, and it is not too much to say that

they will be read with great appreciation by those who admire vigorous, stirring verses depicting "life on the ocean wave." "Quilp N." has wisely resisted the temptation of publishing too large a collection, but has contented himself with selecting twenty-five of his best pieces. As signified on the title page, they have appeared before in the "Bulletin," "New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and other periodicals. In selecting Kipling as his master, which it is evident this promising young poet has done, he could scarcely have made a better choice considering the subjects he most affects. Some critics sneer at young writers who take the great Anglo-Indian as a model, but when, as in this case, the model is not slavishly and weakly followed, and considerable originality of thought and fancy is apparent, one fails to see the need of the sneer. Amongst so much that is good, one can only select haphazard. Here is a specimen verse from "Night Waves":—

> The waves of the Dawn sweep creaming,
> Thrilled thro' with a golden song;
> The waves of the Noon lie dreaming
> The shimmering coasts along;
> And swift in the black Pelorus
> The tides thro' the rock-race flow:
> But wild is the wailing chorus
> That sounds where the Night-Waves go.

Here is another from "Tasman's Ships":—

> The girls at home were hauling
> Upon your tow-lines then,
> And night would hear the bawling
> Of long-years-absent men
> Shouting a wild sea-chorus,
> Till through a sea you swept
> That leapt aboard uproarious,
> And drenched them as it leapt.
> Three hundred years have altered
> But little in their round
> Men's ways when, firmly haltered,
> Their ships are homeward bound.

The following essay gives in graphic words the experience of almost, if not quite, everyone who has ever wielded a pen, and certainly is not out of place in the Literary Chat colums:—

INSPIRATION.

By Mary J. Mander.

"There are times, we [illegible] not why, when our hand is out." How well Kipling understood the absence of inspiration when he penned those words, and who can realise their peculiar truth better than those who strive to earn some little sprig of Earth's laurels by means of the pen? Inspiration is a force, subtle and indefinable, a stimulus that bids us work, that compels us to work, that comes unsought for, and leaves us as helpless as it finds us.

It is true that we may so train our minds to regular occupation that we can sit down at stated hours and turn out good work, but be that as it may, there are times when, apart from health or effort, we are carried in spite of ourselves high above our usual plane of thought, and our brains feast upon the mental ozone of an upper and rarer air. Under the influence of this peculiar force thoughts come unbidden, also the language with which to clothe them, and further, we gain a keener insight into the beauties of the mental world.

Inspiration is as erratic and unreasonable a state of mind as the dreaming which haunts our hours of sleep. It comes to us in times of great physical weariness, and the tired body is taxed anew to cope with the increased activity of mind; in the crux of sorrow it may shine upon our intelligence and pale for a time the power of grief; in the crises of life it comes as a flash, we do its bidding mechanically, and try to realise afterwards how we stood the strain.

And what a little thing may touch the "secret springs of action!" A bar of music may rouse us, or the sight of a face that bears marks of grappling with the problems of life; a strong voice in the darkness, or a child's sweet smile; the cry of a night bird, the tinkle of

a distant bullock bell, the sight of the sea, or the moaning of a winter wind. Our responsiveness is immediate, we settle as by instinct to our work, and under such moments of mental pressure some of the grandest music, some of the finest works of art, and some of the noblest thoughts have been given to the world. Inspiration thus leads to inspiration by producing in other minds that which has been the cause of its own expression in lasting form.

Many of us have been roused from a lethargy of brain by a single sentence or a stray verse, which have themselves been the outcome of inspiration.

They stand out from a page, we could put our finger on them in the dark, and the mind returns to them for days afterwards. Recently two in particular arrested the writer's attention, and are worth quotation. The following sentence appeared in the British Weekly in a description of Lord Rosebery's mother :—

" And somewhere in the heart of this great lady there lurked all the gypsy's longing for the wind on the heath, strange stars, solitude and the open road."

This is a simple sentence but the latter part calls up associations that are part of one's creed. The following exquisite little poem by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins appeared in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, and was entitled " For All These."

" I thank Thee Lord that I am straight and strong,
With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
That two score years unfathomed, still belong
To the allotted life Thy bounty gave.

"I thank Thee that the sight of sunlight lands
And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass,
That wet dark rocks, and flowers in my hands
Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

" I thank Thee that I love the things of earth,
Ripe fruits and laughter, lying down to sleep,
The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

" I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
Yet need not fear, the mystery of the end;
But more than all, and though all these should go—
Dear Lord, this on my knees !—I thank Thee for my friend."

This is distinctly good.

We might quote many lines which have called forth instant response in ourselves, and have led to us being braced up for a good spell of work, but apart from the written expression of ideas, we may obtain inspiration from the ever changing phases of nature. Who has not tried a walk as a refresher ? There is no better cure sometimes for stagnating brains. If one can reach a hill-top, so much the better. Nature's heights are good for the soul. If no hill is within convenient distance, try a valley and look upwards. A solitary tree on the sky-line may suggest a thought that will open up a whole train of ideas, for though inspirations do not originate in conscious effort, still we need not sit down with folded hands to wait for them. On the contrary the harder we strive to do good work, the finer do our perceptions become, and the oftener we put ourselves in the way of receiving impressions, the more readily will we be influenced by them. We must cultivate the capacity for receptivity. Hardening processes of any kind are fatal to the writer who would succeed, and there is no finer soother than the touch of Nature. In this beautiful Colony of ours with its easy transit to spots of solitude and beauty no one need lack mental food or the sources of inspiration. There may be a few who are handicapped to such an extent that they are shut off from

these means, but their lives cannot be so warped as not to come in contact with the human element which alone has been the sole support of many a genius. Inspiration is not confined to any particular line of life, it will come to all who have the capacity for opening out and letting themselves go. Unfortunately inspiration has its cupboard skeleton, as many writers and others know to their cost. A time of mental elevation is only too often followed by a period of absolute reaction, when the brain refuses to be coerced or cajoled into a workable state. A certain bent of mind may preserve a mean between these two extremes, but others who are subject to flashes of brilliancy have to suffer a consequent diminution of animation. It is a sad fact that many of the most gifted minds have suffered the most keenly from these absences of inspiration, when, without any apparent cause, the hand of the would-be worker has been out.

The Magic of the Main.

It's pleasant here in summer, in this valley 'mid the hills,
When we tread the soft green carpet of the grass;
The hum of bees around us, and the tinkle of the rills,
The warble of the songbirds as they pass.
But the old times, half forgotten, are ever haunting me,
As the daybreak comes in sunshine or in rain,
It brings with it the longing to be back once more at sea—
To hear them raise a chanty once again.

As I wander home by twilight, my thoughts will often stray
To some dingy, dirty, smoky seaport town;
And then I fall a-dreaming that we're towing down the Bay,
And the hands are all a-singing "Sally Brown."
The slim spars seem to beckon, and the salt winds call to me
With the glamour and the magic of the main;
I know one day they'll claim me for the service of the sea,
And I'll help to raise a chanty once again.

She is running down the Easting, from Sydney homeward bound,
Oh can't you hear the thundering of the gale?
And can't you see the greybacks that are chivvying her around,
And the spindrift coming flying o'er the rail?
They are reefing down the tops'ls. They wish that they were me,
With my cottage, and my garden, and my grain;
But would that I were with them, back once more upon the sea,
And singing "Way down Rio" once again.

D. R.

The Stage.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

CONVENTION has long since ceased to rule the stage. In no other profession is there a more welcome admission, or wider scope for the development of individual talent. It is not a democracy, however, in the socialistic sense, but a community modelled on that fine type of benevolent despotism afforded by Haroun al Raschid and Louis Quatorze.

Mr. Gregan McMahon as "Cavendish Cowley," the Actor, in "A Highland Legacy."

Genius rises to the top, untrammelled in its growth, yet it does not flourish by the warrant of its own intrinsic merits, but by the favour of the monarch. And the monarch who bestows the accolade on the actor is the Great Public. The critical Grand Vizier or Grand Chamberlain may pat him on the back and tell him he is a fellow of excellent parts, but the smile of the King is the only passport to fame. Every actor of consequence nowadays is original. We applaud him, not because he reminds us of some other actor of the past, but because he is obviously giving us the best of himself. There is no market for imitators, and happily for themselves, and for us, people of that class do not trouble us overmuch. The fresh originality of Mr. Thornton, and of Mr. Cuyler Hastings, is repeated in the case of Mr. W. F. Hawtrey. His "Sir John Bendwill" does not recall any other stage barrister, nor was there ever another stage Frenchman fitted to blur our recollection of his Baron de Longueville. And the reason for this is that both Sir John and the Baron are naturally what they would be had Mr. Hawtrey been a lawyer or a Frenchman with a "rattling past." The actor who so takes our imagination captive must be well-equipped for his work. Mr. Hawtrey is an actor because he loves the business, but he is also a man of the world, a close student of character and manners, and a freeman of the kingdom of letters. He was born at Eton, where his father, the Rev. C. W. Hawtrey, was third master in the famous school, got his first big slice of wisdom there, and in 1880, after a course at Oxford, made the grand tour (which in modern days embraces the world almost), in charge of a distinguished pupil. Mr. Hawtrey was then in his twenty-fourth year and kept his eyes open. New Zealand was in his itinerary and his three subsequent

Sarony Studios, Mr. Gregan McMahon, of the Hawtrey Comedy Co. Photo.

visits have only strengthened the affection he conceived for these islands in his pedagogic days. His second visit was in 1898, with the "Prisoner of Zenda" Company, and his third in 1899, with the "Sign of the Cross." Of the innumerable parts he has taken his own preference is for Colonel Sapt in "The Prisoner of Zenda," but it is not so easy to indicate the preference of the playgoers. Off the stage, Mr. Hawtrey is the most genial of men, and an optimist without illusions. He is rather proud of his company, all of whom, with two conspicuous exceptions, have grown up under his hand, so to speak. Some of them have got the hall-mark of the Broughs on them, which is somewhat of a recommendation in itself, but they have more room to grow in the present company, and they are still growing. They are all Australians who have managed to keep clear of, or to emancipate themselves from the yoke of the Australian accent

Sarony Studios, photo. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey.

that sets Mr. J. C. Williamson's teeth on edge. The Misses Austin and Miss Bancroft are not only clever but conscientious, and the combination produces a charm that one does not fully appreciate at the first blush, though it quickly makes itself felt. Mr. McMahon is a talented young comedian who is just beginning to feel his way, and will yet achieve a reputation. The exceptions alluded to are, of course, Miss Bronton and Mr. Olly Deering, two sterling artists. Miss Bronton was no less than seven years in the exclusive Brough Company, and Mr. Deering's career goes back further than the recollection of the present generation. People are in the habit of saying that he belongs to the "good old school," but in truth there are none who belong more

Miss Emma Bronton, of the Hawtrey Comedy Co.

essentially to the present than this versatile actor, who simply revels in the possibilities of modern comedy. Miss Bronton began her professional life with the late Mr. William Creswick as one of the singing witches in "Macbeth," and she has since played under the management of Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove, Mr. George Rignold, Miss Janet Achurch, Miss Olga Nethersole, Mr. Charles Cartwright and, as beforementioned, Messrs. Brough and Boucicault. Miss Bronton's physical charms have greatly aided her success; she is not only a sound actress, but a handsome woman also.

Mr. Gregan McMahon, like many other actors, originally intended to devote himself to the Bar. He graduated with honours in classics at the Sydney University, and spent some time in the Faculty of Law at

Mr. O. P. Heggie, of the Hawtrey Comedy Co.

the same place, but the glamour of the footlights was upon him. He had been prominently connected with the University Dramatic Society, and on the completion of his law course in 1900 he accepted an offer from Mr. Brough, and played with the Company during the ensuing Australian tour, and subsequently accompanied them to the Far East, appearing in the long line of comedies played by that best of companies. On returning to Australia, in 1901, Mr. Hawtrey secured Mr. McMahon's services, by arrangement with Mr. Brough, in place of Mr. Herbert Ross. Since his connection with the Hawtrey Company, Mr. McMahon has played leading roles with increasing success, and has won a recognised place on the Colonial stage. His versatility approximates to that of his chief, and in the matter of make-up he is a veritable Proteus.

Johnstone O'Shannessy & Co., Mdlle. Antonia Dolores. Photo.

Madame Melba has set a high standard of vocal excellence, and the people of this colony have acknowledged their indebtedness by going in crowds to hear the Australian Diva's sweet sister-singer, Mademoiselle Antoinette Trebelli, who chooses to be known in public as Antonia Dolores. And there are those who, while acknowledging the consummate power of Melba, are not afraid to confess that they take more delight in the star of milder brilliancy. There is no perceptible difference in the absolute quality of their art. Both artistes have acquired all that nature has not given to them, but about their own separate innate degrees of perfection there will, we suppose, always be a diversity of opinion. The portrait of Mademoiselle Dolores in this issue is eminently characteristic.

Mr W. S Percy as "Tweedlepunch" in Florodora.

Mr. W. F. Percy, the leading comedian of the Pollard Opera Company, has played many parts, and played them all well, but whenever his name is mentioned, for some time to come at any-rate, it will conjure up a vision of that grotesquely original conception "Tweedlepunch," the phrenologist, in "Florodora." We laugh at the mere mention of it, and all who have been lucky enough to witness the performance will be grateful to Mr. Goldie, who has caught the idea and made it permanent on his canvas. The likeness is uncommonly faithful, and if the artist has not seized his subject in one of his boisterous moments, it is, doubtless, because electricity has not yet been harnessed to the painter's brush. The picture serves to demonstrate Mr. Goldie's versatility no less than that of the actor, and adds one more testimony to his skill as a portrait painter.

Faulkner, photo

The Lower Fall, Okere.

M. Dunne, photo.

John Bull's Gully, Taieri River.

M. Dunne, photo.

Another View of John Bull's Gully.

THE EMPIRE.

The reorganization of the Navy is to be thorough, and the addition in point both of ships and men allowed for in the very liberal estimates should insure Britain retaining her proud position as Mistress of the Seas. No less a sum than £34,457.000 is to be spent for this purpose during 1903—4. Some ten millions of this enormous sum will be devoted to the building of new ships. These, we are told by cable, are to consist of three battleships, four first-class armoured cruisers, three first-class cruisers, four scouts, fifteen torpedo boat destroyers, and ten submarines. The proposed addition of men is some 4,600. Much needed reform in the training of men is also promised. It is evidently the intention not to be caught napping as the War Office was at the commencement of the Boer war. The general feeling is that the proportion of land and sea forces requires adjustment, and that the Army should be reduced in favour of the Navy now that Britain's interests, sundered by so many miles of ocean, are growing more and more valuable at a phenomenal rate of progress. This heavy additional expenditure on the defence of the Empire may prove to hasten more than any other means the good time when arbitration shall take the place of war among the nations of the earth.

Church people at Home are much exercised over the lack of dicipline in the Church of England, which has enabled clergymen to adopt practices that are described as eccentric and extravagant by those who wish to draw it mildly. The matter was made the subject of a Parliamentary discussion, a Bill having been introduced "To strengthen the existing machinery for depriving contumacious offenders of their benefices, and to abolish the bishops' power to veto prosecutions." It would be well for the interests of religion if extremists in any direction amongst the clergy of all denominations could be put down with a high hand, as they only give cause for the enemy to blaspheme and create divisions amongst adherents, when the tendency of followers of the Great Expounder of brotherly love should undoubtedly be rather the amalgamation of existing sects.

The death of Dr. George Granville Bradley, late Dean of Westminster, followed very shortly after his resignation of his office, which he had evidently postponed to enable him to take part in the Coronation. Unlike many of the men of the old school who held high places in the Church, he was ever ready to march with the times instead of adhering rigidly to mouldy traditions. Besides this tolerance and sympathy with enlightened advancement and a most genial manner, the late dean possessed business ability of no mean order, and the great improvement in the financial position of the

Abbey has been by no means the least important result of his administration.

The death of the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., was recently announced, at the age of 72. He was an able preacher, and has contributed much to the literature of his country. He was born in Bombay, but brought up and educated in England. As a boy of 16 at King's College, he made the acquaintance of the first of the many men of note, whom he numbered amongst his friends. On leaving Cambridge, he was assistant master at Marlborough and Harrow. It was at the latter school that he taught the Duke of Genoa, afterwards King of Spain. Subsequently Farrar held the positions of head-master of Marlborough, Rector of S. Margaret's, Westminster, Canon of Westminster Abbey, then Archdeacon, and in 1895 Dean of Canterbury. Of his many works, the "Life of Christ" had a phenomenal sale, and few other preachers have had their sermons more extensively published.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Chamberlain has returned from his South African tour, and received the congratulations of the nation for the manner in which he has carried out his responsible duties there. He has acquired a grasp of the situation which will assist materially in the settlement of all questions which may hereafter arise. He speaks very hopefully of the future, and augurs much from the co-operation of the Boers. The process of reinstating them on their farms is going on apace, some hundred thousand being already settled, and altogether matters look much more promising than one might reasonably expect considering so short a time has elapsed since peace was proclaimed. Mr. Chamberlain's advice not to refuse self-government, if both British and Boers desire it, is good, but it will undoubtedly be well if they recognize that it will be to the advantage of all to be satisfied with Crown Colony government until they have had time to shake down comfortably together. It is pleasing to note the great statesman's remark that the surplus of the two Colonies for 1904 will very considerably exceed the charges on the loans required ; a position rarely attained by conquered countries in the past.

AMERICA.

At a time when the extension of naval power is attracting so much attention, it is not surprising to see America taking a hand. No country acts more thoroughly up to the principle that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well than America, and it is not therefore surprising to see that the programme in this case is an extensive one. An addition of 3,000 men to the navy, and a million and a half dollars for target practice, of which a hundred and twenty thousand dollars are to be offered as prizes, are announced. For a country which so short a time ago practically had no navy, America is making great strides.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

FAST INCREASING POPULARITY.

"The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" is increasing in popularity by leaps and bounds. The great improvements we have recently been able to make in the process department have added greatly to the attractiveness of the periodical, and been the cause of high compliments from competent critics both in the colony and at home.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

We have much pleasure in stating that a Photographic Competition will shortly be announced. It will contain some novel features that cannot fail to attract a large number of competitors.

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING.

Advertising is an art in which Americans excel. They thoroughly understand the great advantages possessed by an artistic and attractive advertisement in a Magazine. Their Magazines are full of them. "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" reaches the best people from the North Cape to the Bluff. It is not only read from cover to cover, but it is lent to friends. Each number meets many eyes.

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Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

A Little New Zealand Anthology, with Comments by the Way.—By Johannes C. Andersen.

The Mason Bee.—By H. L. Machell.

Carlyle and Democracy.—By W. G. McDonald.

The Native Schools of Auckland.—By Edith Searle Grossmann, M.A.

The Church of England Theological Colleges in New Zealand.—By Rev. C. A. Tisdall, M.A.

Looking Backward.—By John Pennell.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

Rambling Recollections.—By Rollingstone.

The Love of Peti.—By Johannes C. Andersen.

The Flood of '63.—By. F. L. Combs.

Coincidences told in Four Letters.—By J. V. Solomon.

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