



Mr. Thomas Rose.

Mr. Thomas Rose is a native of Westmorland, England, where he was born on the 21st December, 1848. He joined the Post Office service as clerk at Penrith, Cumberland, in the year 1864, and two years later he was transferred to the Liverpool Post Office, and was appointed by the Civil Service Commission a permanent officer of the Imperial Postal Service. He worked through all the departments of the Liverpool office, and during the three years prior to his leaving for New Zealand was attached to the administrative branch of the Post and Telegraph service there, and acted as surveying officer of the Post and Telegraph office in the Liverpool district for a time. He was stationed at Limerick in the office of the Post Office Surveyor for the South of Ireland, his services having been lent by the Postmaster of Liverpool. When, in 1873, applications were invited by the Secretary of the General Post Office, London, for the position of Inspector of Post Offices for New Zealand, Mr. Rose, at the request of the Postmaster at Liverpool, became a candidate for the post. Sir John (then Hon. Mr.) Hall afterwards visited Liverpool, and, eventually, conferred the appointment upon Mr. Rose, the salary being £400 a year and travelling allowance. Mr. Rose arrived in New Zealand in March, 1874, and at once entered upon his duties as Inspector, in which position he has continued until now. Mr. Rose is an able officer, and popular both with his colleagues and subordinates.

The following from our Auckland contemporary, the *Observer*, is pretty rough and was evidently penned while the editor was smarting from his unsuccessful efforts to collect a debt from some defeated candidate whose purse was as "stony" as his heart:—"Our experience of candidates for Parliament is that so far from buying the support or influence of any paper, the majority of them are unable to pay even the modest accounts they incur for printing and advertising. Evidently, the experience of the daily papers is much the same as ours, for one at least of them would give no credit to the candidates at the

recent election for their advertisements. A striking commentary this on the hundred and one stories in existence about candidates buying the support of the newspapers. Buy? Why, the candidates find a great difficulty to pay their way." Thank heaven things are not so bad in Wellington. True it is just as impossible to buy the support of the papers here as elsewhere, but our candidates are usually sufficiently solvent to part up for their expenses.

In electioneering, what wins? Not riches, for Mr. A. E. G. Rhodes was beaten. Not the rarest of charity and good nature, for Mr. Swan was beaten. Not statesmanship and culture, for Mr. Rolleston was beaten. Not ripe parliamentary experience and effective debating power, for George Fisher was beaten. Not keen incisiveness, for Mr. G. F. Richardson was beaten. Not rugged manliness, for Mr. Blake was beaten. Not a consistent eye to public expenditure in his own district, for Mr. O'Connor was beaten. Not an uncompromising opponent of corrupt public expenditure anywhere, for Colonel Trimble was beaten. Not a valuable but raking critic, for Scobie M'Kenzie was beaten. Not a common-sense and almost silent member, for Mr. Larnach was beaten. Not a man of nice perceptions, for Mr. Geo. M'Intyre was beaten. Not banter and good humour, for Dick Reeves was beaten. Not enterprise in stock-raising and agriculture, for Mr. Boag was beaten. Not House of Commons knowledge, for Mr. W. S. Allen was beaten. Not scholarly attainment, for Mr. Wason was beaten. Not newspaper experience, for Mr. Carson was beaten. Not engineering experience, for Mr. E. G. Wright was beaten. Not a bush district pioneer, for Mr. Snelson was beaten.

But who wins? These. The rasping, raging, raucous, Hogg; the ever elegant E. M. Smith; Archy Medes Meredith, the schoolmaster, ye gods!; Carnell, the photographer, one more genius of the "haspirate horder;" G. W. Russell, "Windbag Russell;" Hall, of Waipawa, ditto to Carnell and He Hem Smith; Charley Mills, of Pelorus, the well-meaning; dismal Jimmy Saunders; J. Kelly, of one idea or no idea; the oleaginous Joyce who never told a lie; M'Intosh, poor old M'Intosh, who wouldn't hurt a fly unless he fell, then he'd break a railway arch; Buick, "the orator of the colony," single speech Buick, and he took twelve months to learn it off; A. D. Willis oh, poor harmless little Willis; and another little oh! for poor little Tanner; but Pirani, when let loose, will be worth his weight in wild cats. We beseech you, Mr. Hogg, to look to your laurels, for between you and Mr. Pirani it will be what the gentlemen of the P.R. call "a very tight go."

And this is "Our Democracy," for which Sir Robert Stout and all the other political big-bugs have been pining for years. Well, there you have it, and we shall go on having the same old toast—"Gentlemen, it is now my pleasing duty to submit to you the toast, 'The Parliament of New Zealand!'" Since the granting of the Constitution in 1856 it has been the proud boast of this fine young colony that in her Parliament she has emulated all the finest characteristics of the first assemblages of the world. The members of our Parliament have ever sustained its great prestige. Its orderly and decorous proceedings, the culture and learning of its members, have been well maintained from the days when Domett, Fitzherbert, Fitzgerald, Featherston, and Fox first entered its walls, and I doubt not will continue to be ably maintained so long as the British empire endures, that empire upon which the sun, &c. Gentlemen, I propose 'The Parliament of New Zealand,' which I think you will agree with me is quite equal in all respects to any of its predecessors." (Loud Applause). Now then, Hogg, and Carnell, and He Hem, and Pirani, come up here and respond.