

The *Sydney Bulletin* contains in the last issue to hand a leading article on the subject of flogging, and gives as its text a recent utterance of the Governor of Delaware in the United States, referring to its existence there and speaking of it as a salutary deterrent. The *Bulletin*, as all who read it regularly are aware, goes to extremes on the subject of flogging. This particular species of punishment is its special *bête noir*, and in urging its abolition the editor sometimes confounds facts with fiction in his arguments. In the article referred to the *Bulletin* says in effect:—"The little moss grown State of Delaware, which has never furnished one of the great men America has produced is behind all the other States." To this assertion we must take exception, and we are surprised that our contemporary should have made so palpable an error. One of the most able members of the United States' Senate is Bayard of Delaware, who has been dubbed by his admirers the Mirabeau of American politics. Surely the *Bulletin* must have heard of this aristocratic exponent of democracy; if not, we would advise its staff to look up the political history of our Yankee cousins.

A flea once contracted a great affection for a dog, but it is doubtful whether the latter felt even flattered by the attachment; nevertheless, as the flea was so insignificant a weight, and as, moreover, it had been brought up with him from its infancy, the dog felt some compunction about casting it adrift upon an unsympathetic world. So the flea rode on his back wherever he went, and as it could not see out of the forest of fur that encompassed it, not even standing on tip-toe, its knowledge of the world was inconsiderable. But despite this, as the flea grew up it also grew opinionative, and though not badly off, began to grumble, and getting other fleas to join it organised processions and demonstrations. Now no dog could be expected to stand that sort of thing, and the long-suffering beast sharply bade the procession move off. "Not till we have our rights," said the opinionative flea; and with that he raised his battle cry, "The land for the fleas." For the idea had got into his poor muddled head that the dog corporeal was a planet of erratic course, designed especially for the habitation of his kind, and ruled by an arbitrary despot—the dog spiritual—against whom it was only right to rebel. But the dog did not care to be let out in allotments. However, he spoke kindly to the flea. "I have put up with you so long," he said, "that I suppose it is too late to contest your right of occupation. Keep the 'land,' but remember that land confers risk and dangers, as well as advantages"; and thereupon he rolled over on his back and squashed the flea flat, together with all its expectant fellow-demonstrators. The moral of this story lies in its application. Wellington possesses a number of opinionated fleas.

This is the way New Zealand political history is written now-a-days. Editor, Evening "Depress": "Six lines short to fill up a column." Brown: "Just you write a smart paragraph stating that there is to be a deficit of £200,000, that Seddon's ruining the country, and that Bell and Tommy Gale and Hislop are the only men that can save the colony." Brown: "But look here, there is a surplus, and between you and me Seddon's doing—." Editor: "Oh, hosh write the par. I'll get a good start round the country papers, and in a day or two we can make some half-hearted sort of contradiction, saying that if there is a surplus Seddon won't use it properly etc. But don't forget to butter up Bell and Hislop and Tommy Gale. That's what this show's meant for!

Not a million miles away from Wellington is a big boarding house where the boarders are nearly all men, most of whom possess more "side" than sovereigns, and have "chalked it up" to such an extent with the long suffering landlady that they daren't say a word when she fires into them steak like rhinoceros hide, eggs which are fit for election amiabilities, and tucker of an all-round awful character. There was a big sensation, therefore, at the table the other morning when one of the boarders shouted out: "Mary, come here. The steak's positively adamantine. It's as tough to get through as the *Post* leader. Just take it round to Mrs—— with my compliments, and say I've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I'm d——d—yes, I don't care who hears it, I'm d——d if I'll stand any more of it—dy'e hear?" And then there was an excited nudging of elbows and signalling of forefingers amongst the other boarders, and they all exclaimed in whispered chorus, "By Gad—he's paid up!"

There was a divorce case down at Dunedin the other day, on the wife's petition. She'd proved, through half-a-dozen witnesses, the adultery, but the cruelty wasn't so easy to establish, for all that she could say on this score consisted in the respondent's having, upon one occasion, in a moment of anger, "thrown a common cane-seated chair" at her. Woman are getting too jolly particular in these days. It isn't every man who can afford to keep a set of "best rosewood Chippendale fixins with plush seats, and upholstered in best hair," to chuck at a turbulent better half. Very properly the petition failed.

The Yates "female woman," as Tommy Dwan would say, who now bosses the municipal affairs of poor Onehunga, believes in cheapness, cheapness, always cheapness. The other day the Onehunga Council wanted a clerk, screw offered £110. There were 40 applications, among them being that of some poor creature who offered to do the work for to go a year—£20 a year less than the advertised rate. The Yates person (she is of a Jewish extraction) moved that the cheap creature be appointed and appointed he was. She wished, she said, to save £20 a year to the Borough. Poor thing!

The *Bulletin* is very outspoken on this sweating policy of the only female mayor and J.P. in the British Empire. It says:—"The Duke of Wellington, when British Premier, once made a somewhat similar proposal in the British Parliament re: the salaries of excise and custom house offices, urging that he would get plenty of men willing to discharge the duties at the reduced rates, to which O'Connell replied that, so far as Ireland was concerned, he would guarantee to get plenty of men to do the same work—for nothing. Unfortunately there was no member in the Onehunga Council to urge any such telling argument against Her Worship's action, although some of the more ignorant of them, being males, considered any kind of argument they advanced should have sufficient force to convince a woman against her will. But they were disappointed. The *Bulletin* much regrets the bad start made by the pioneer Mayoress in this championing sneakery and starvation wages. Should a public body, of all employers, set the example of putting up its appointments to Dutch auction? Does Mrs Yates expect the wretch who has helped her to 'save £20 for the ratepayers' to keep a wife? Or does she expect him to resign when he gets married, if he is not already married?"