

Personal Paragraphs.

A LARGE portrait of the Bishop of Auckland, the newly-elected Primate of New Zealand, appears with considerable appropriateness amongst our personal paragraphs this week. The Primate is the second son of Mr Alexander Cowie, Auchterless, Aberdeen. He was born in London in 1831, and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, of which college he was a scholar in 1852. In 1852 he took the Latin and English Essay prizes, and graduated First Class in Law 1854, being admitted to the B.A. in 1855, to M.A. in 1865, and having the degree of D.D. conferred upon him in 1869. Bishop Cowie was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1855 by the Bishop of Ely. In 1854 he was curate of St. Clement's, Cambridge, of Moulton, Suffolk, 1855-7, and was chaplain to Lord Clyde's army at Lucknow in 1858, and to Sir Neville Chamberlain's column against the Afghans in 1863-4. He has the medal and clasps for Lucknow, and for the frontier campaign in 1863. In 1863 he was appointed chaplain to the Viceroy of India, and in 1864 to the Bishop (Cotton) of Calcutta. In 1865 he was chaplain of Cashmere, and in 1867 was appointed rector of Stafford. In 1869 he was consecrated Bishop of Auckland in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop (Tait) of Canterbury and Bishops (Selwyn) of Lichfield and (Browne) of Ely. Bishop Cowie is a governor of St. John's College, Auckland, and on the Senate of the New Zealand University (1880). He is the author of 'Notes on the Temples of Cashmere,' 'A Visit to Norfolk Island,' and 'Our Last Year in New Zealand,' published in 1888.

The golden wedding of one of the oldest settlers in the colony, Mr George Morley, was celebrated with great *éclat* at Nelson last week. Mr and Mrs George Morley welcomed about forty relations at the gathering given in honour of the event. A stronger or heartier couple it would be hard to find, yet Mr Morley is in his seventy-fifth year, and his partner is only one or two years his junior. Both Mr and Mrs Morley must have an eventful life to look back upon. New Zealand was indeed a *terra incognita* when they arrived in 1842, before the terrible Wairau massacre. Anxious years with numberless troubles and endless vicissitudes of fortune were theirs in the early days, but both are descended from a good hard fighting stock not used to being

beaten. Mrs Morley comes from the County of Kent, but is descended from a Norman French family, her grandfather being a captain in the cavalry of the Great Napoleon, who was killed in action. Mr Morley, who hails from Sussex, was in the Royal Navy in the days when the 'wooden walls of England' had not yet been relinquished for the iron tanks of modern naval science. This was sixty good years ago, and of Mr Morley's friends and councillors was the late Admiral Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, one of the greatest naval heroes. Mr and Mrs Morley are both in the most excellent health, and will doubtless pass many pleasant years in the land they, and others like them, have helped to make so fair and prosperous.

SIR W. WASTENEYS advertises money to lend in a certain Hawke's Bay paper with the title boldly displayed in a nice big type. In the same paper in which the Knight's title and business are advertised there appeared last week the following decidedly amusing letter:—

(EDITOR OF THE 'EVENING NEWS')

SIR,—I notice in your advertising column that a Sir Blank Blank is advertising. This is as it should be. Many people are against titles. I believe in them, and honour a Knight. I reverence a Baronet, adore an Earl, positively worship a Duke. The one drop of bitterness in my cup is that in the case of Sir Blank I don't know what the 'Sir' means. Is he a Knight of the Garter, or a real Baronet, out of Debreit or is it a Canadian title, or did he simply like the sound of it and take it? I myself am so fond of the harmless pageantry of Hingland that I shall indulge for once (I always do it up here, but haven't done so in print yet) and sign myself

W. F. HOWLETT.
Duke of Makareta, Viscount Waipawa, Baron Tuki Tuki and Ruahine, P.C.
P.S.—God Save the Queen!

There must surely be another knight advertising whom this refers to. Nobody would be so rude to a man—a nobleman—with money to lend.

ANOTHER triumph for women! Each day some fresh advance is announced; every week brings news of a further ascent. This time it is literally so. Mrs Groggs and Mrs Lily are the first ladies to scale the highest point in the Remarkables. Messrs C. Shore and F. Brown were guides. Are these colonial dames or globe-trotting Amazons? One hopes, for their pluck and endurance sake, that they are New Zealanders.

MANLY and straightforward was the apology offered by Mr M'Lachlan to his Ashburton constituents for appearing at a public meeting in a state of intoxication. Speaking at

a recent banquet in Ashburton the penitent member said:—'I am pleased to be amongst you this evening by invitation. I am glad because it gives me an opportunity of saying something about the unfortunate error or indiscretion that I committed on a recent occasion. I have to admit that I did on that occasion cast a slur upon the Ashburton constituency, but I can assure you that never again will I be guilty of the same error, and I hope you will all give me an opportunity of regaining your confidence, and recovering not only my political status but my social standing.' So frank a confession, and so evident a desire to regain confidence, cannot fail to elicit a proper response from any generous-spirited, or indeed rightly-minded man or woman. It is easy to be sternly intolerant. Those who have least reason to be so are generally most severe on the errors of others. Your hypocrite and your whitened sepulchre are those who will never forgive sin or indiscretion in others.

MR H. R. MORTON, who has arrived in Napier to take up his duties at the Bank of New South Wales, will be a decided gain to Hawke's Bay society. In Amberley, where he was some time bank-teller, Mr Morton was a universal favourite. He has a perfect genius for getting up and carrying to a successful termination entertainments and social functions of all sorts and kinds.

SIR BRUCE BROMSIDE, arbitrator for the Midland Railway Company, will, it is expected, have arrived in New Zealand by the time the GRAPHIC is in the reader's hands.

THEY have apparently a pleasant custom in the railway department. When a man is moved from one section to another his friends always appear to give him a gold Albert. Several of these presentations have been announced in previous issues of the GRAPHIC. This week it must be recorded that Mr Pilcher, late secretary to the commissioners, has been presented with a gold Albert by his fellow officers, and again, that a similar souvenir—a handsome gold chain—was given, also by brother officers, to Mr Walter Norrell, of the railway service at Danevirke.

WHILE on the subject of gifts of gold chains it should be set down that one day last week Mr Jacobi, now of Wellington, was met by the employees of Messrs H. Williams and Sons, who presented him with a gold Albert as a token of the regard in which he was held.

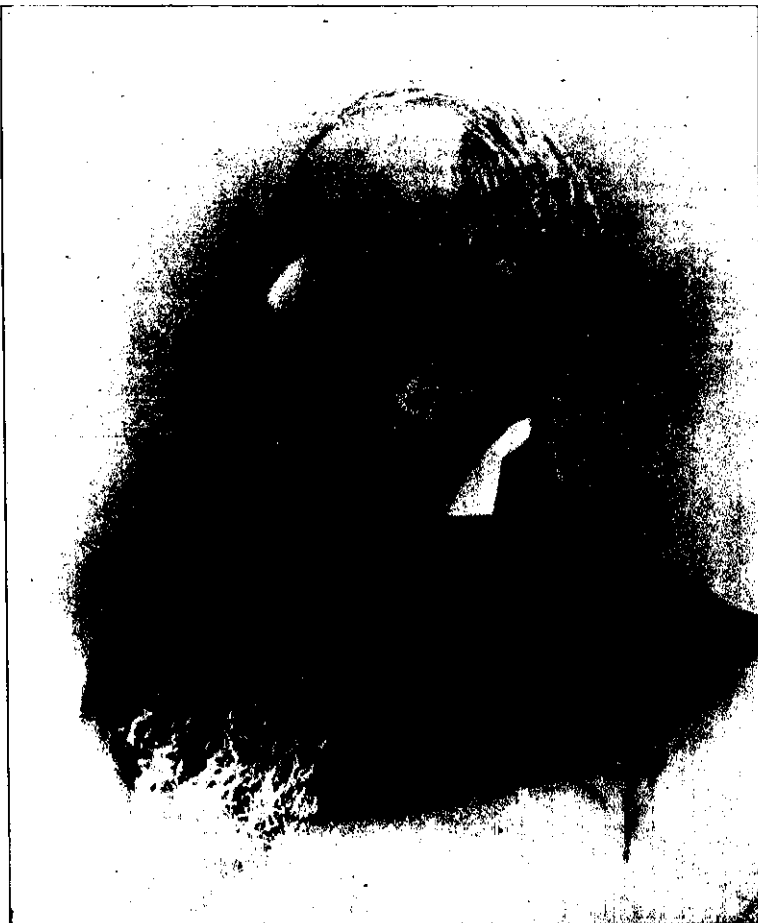
THE news of the death of Mr J. Valentine Smith, father of Mr S. H. Smith, of Pahiatua, will be received with regret by the many old colonials who knew and respected him. The late Mr Valentine Smith lived at one time for some years in Masterton on an estate now known as Landown. The news of his death was received with feeling in Masterton.

DISTINGUISHED visitors to New Zealand invariably pay Nelson a call, as the *Nelson Mail* says complacently and truthfully. The latest arrival is the Mayor of Melbourne, Mr Snowden and wife, sister, and niece, who arrived overland from Canterbury. Mr Snowden put up at the Masonic hotel. He was driven out by Mr Trask, the Mayor of Nelson, who also took the party out to the waterworks one morning, and drove them to Appleby in the afternoon. The visitors were delighted with Nelson. The Mayor of Melbourne is touring the colony, and visits Rotorua and Auckland.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, of Salisbury, has left for Australia.

THE APPLE CURE.

WHOEVER is fortunate enough to have a connection, near or remote, with an orchard has probably heard of the fame of the apple cure. For the benefit of the outer heathen, it may be stated that the cure consists mainly in going to an attic—a rainy day is preferable for the purpose—where there is a barrel of apples, and spending the afternoon there, either singly, with a book for company, or in a party, but, in any case, giving close attention to the apples. This process, repeated at short intervals, will cause bodily ills to vanish and existence to reveal fresh pleasures. The wonderful properties of the apple have recently been celebrated by the London *Hospital*, which, in a scientific way, takes it apart, analyses it, holds it up to admiration, and concludes by saying: 'Eat an apple going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread.' The apple has more phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable which repairs the burts of the brain and spinal cord. Scandinavian tradition represents the apple as the food of the gods, with which they renewed their strength. The apple is of inestimable value to body and brain of men of sedentary habits. Apple ponics is a remedy for weak, rheumatic or inflamed eyes. The wisdom of our ancestors was shown in the habit they inaugurated, of serving apple sauce with roast pig, as the malic acid of the apple neutralizes the excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. The apple, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminishes acidity in the stomach rather than provokes it. These are only some of the virtues of the apple. Unhappily, good apples are rare and far between just now.



Hand photo.

THE PRIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND—ELECTED FEB., 1895.
THE MOST REV. WILLIAM GARDEN COWIE, D.D., BISHOP OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES' VISITING CARDS—100 best Ivory Cards with copper plate, 10s. or 50 for 7s. 6d. Can be supplied same day.—GRAPHIC Office, Shortland-street, Auckland.