

THE WOODSTOCK MINE.

ON this and the following page appear some sketches of the famous Woodstock Mine made by our special artist at Karangahake. Number one shows the hydraulic tramway for trucks, and the next illustrates getting the fuse ready for blasting. In number three the operation of picking on the stopes is shown, and number five illustrates one of the functions. A wayman, going up the stopes, is illustrated in number five, and hand-drilling in the stopes is represented in number six. Number seven shows work proceeding on the reefs. In number eight is shown the unloading of one of the ariel cars. The bottom unhangs and the ore falls through into a big trough, whence it runs to the trucks which cart

it away to the battery. Number nine gives a really admirable idea of that much-patronised vehicle, the Karangahake coach. The scene represented in number ten is outside the Woodstock mine, where the timber is sawn for the props in the mine, etc.

'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that almost all great women of letters, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs Browning, and Miss Austen, were plain women. The question then arises, is this the fault of nature, whose niggard hand will not deal out simultaneously beauty of feature and power of brain, or is it the fault of women who are content to accept the appendage of beauty as a kingdom and a power in itself, and seek no more so long as there are slaves ready and willing to be attached to their car?

NICKNAMES: ROYAL, POLITICAL, AND NATIONAL.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS.

You jig, you amble, and you leap, and nickname God's creatures.—Shakespeare.

NICKNAMES are by no means the product of the 19th century. They 'nicknamed God's creatures' long before the 'Bard of Avon' penned the above line. Among the witty Greeks nicknames were common. Doston, which expresses the future of the verb to give, was a name bestowed on a king of Macedonia who was liberal in promises, but sparing in actual gifts. He was the man who will give, maybe, but who really never gives. Among the Arabs we also find some of those names which were given in ridicule. Abu Hoveirah, 'Father of the Cat,' was so named by Mohamoud in consequence of his excessive fondness for a cat, and in the nickname so universally adopted the man's real name has been wholly lost. And at this day in the streets of Oriental towns the gamins use the same prefix Abu in the composition of the names of ridicule. Dr. Thompson tells us in 'The Land and the Book' that the Syrian boys called him after Abu Tangera, 'Father of a Saucepan,' because they fancied his hat resembled a saucepan. A bu'sh Hamat, 'Father of the Moles,' is given by Lane as an actual Arabic name, and as moles are considered lucky it would be a name of good omen and become popular.

ROYAL NICKNAMES.

From the days when a king first reigned over men, the subjects of a monarch have been fond of attaching to his title some epithet descriptive of his appearance, disposition, and habits, sometimes complimentary, sometimes the reverse. A noble epithet was that bestowed on King Alfred, 'The Truth-teller.' William I. was called 'The Conqueror,' because he defeated the Saxons at the Battle of Hastings, and founded the Norman dynasty in England, while his son, William II., was called Rufus from the florid complexion—rufus being the Latin name for ruddy. Henry I. was called Beauclerk, a good clerk, in recognition of his scholarly attainments, while Edward, on account of his spindly legs, was styled 'Longshanks.' Richard and John are well distinguished as 'Lionheart' and 'Lackland.' Henry VIII. on account of his bluff manners was called 'Bluff King Hal,' but he also received from Pope Leo X., in recognition of a tract he published against the heresy of Luther, the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' but by not a few he was called the 'Royal Blue-Beard.' Bloody Mary would perchance never have won such a title had not fate sent her into the world three centuries too late; and 'Good Queen Bess's' virtue is not dazzling when viewed close. Charles I. is called 'The Martyr,' while his son was called 'The Merry Monarch,' which was the favourite gloss of a character that was very worthless, but lovable through all. He is also nicknamed 'Old Rowley,' after a stallion of that name which was one

