

knows what this crusade conducted with 'American go' may accomplish. It is not impossible that before the crusaders march hence we may one and all be jabbering about our 'astral bodies,' 'transfiguration,' 'transubstantiation,' and perhaps there may yet be discovered a genuine Mahatma in the unexplored recesses of the Southern Alps.

GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

THE banks in the North-Western States of America appear to be passing through a financial crisis somewhat similar to that which we in these colonies had to experience. But there is one big difference between their plight and ours. It is in the way the managers of the wrecked or at least apparently foundering institutions behave. Commercial etiquette in the States seems not unlike marine etiquette in this respect, that it appears to be the thing for the captain to go down with his ship. When a skipper gets his craft into trouble and all, or nearly all is lost, the correct thing for the gallant seaman is to stand by to the end and then take a header from the bridge. In the same way in the States, when the rotten institution is breaking up into smithereens, and the banker sees the agonised faces of his clients looking reproach at him, he goes into his room, gets his six-shooter from the drawer, and retires in smoke from the world. Fortunately for Australasian bankers, the commercial etiquette is different here, or we might have had quite an epidemic of *felo de se*. If I were a banker I think I should rather open business here than in the States, where so much seems to be expected of you. In these colonies the unfortunate bankers can in the words of Longfellow

—Deem the irrevocable part  
Not wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
For rising on the wrecks at last  
To something nobler they attain.

FIRST FLOWER OF THE EARTH.

THE touch of the tax collector, like that of Nature, makes the whole world kin. There is an excellent instance of this in Ireland at the present day. In that 'distreshful country' of fights and factions it appears to be extremely difficult to get any two individuals to agree on any one thing unless it be an antipathy to the authorities. But now a common ground of agreement has been found on which all classes and creeds can unite. Catholics and Protestants, landlords and tenants, Home Rulers and Unionists, peers and beggars—they are all in perfect accord in this matter, namely, that Ireland is inequitably taxed, and that they must have redress. It is simply marvellous the unanimity that prevails on this question; or, after all, is it so wonderful? Don't we find that over all the world the great question of the day is one of pounds, shillings and pence, and that the great majority of mankind is much more susceptible in the pocket than in the heart. A cynical way of looking at life, you may say, but I am afraid it is not far off the truth. Here is a nation that have been bickering amongst themselves for heaven knows how many generations; here they are in sympathetic accord at last. Statesmen have cudgelled their brains for a panacea for the woes of Ireland. Perhaps fate has decreed that it shall be found in this very agitation; and that when the agitation has ceased all differences of creed and race and politics will have vanished and Irishmen be united in one happy family. To what goal this concentration of all interests may lead so faras England is concerned is another question. It may have good and it may have evil results, just according to the measure of consideration the Imperial authorities give to the Irish demands.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

CAPTAIN M. T. CLAYTON, of Auckland, is well known as a marine painter who has successfully transferred to canvas more than one interesting event in the history of the colony. For his latest picture he has chosen one of the most picturesque events in the early days of New Zealand—the landing of Captain Hobson at the Bay of Islands to proclaim Her Majesty's sovereignty of the country. Captain Clayton painted his picture aided by sketches made at the time by the Rev. P. Walsh and Mr E. Williams, who was native interpreter to Governor Hobson. Mr Watkin, the Auckland artist, who is well versed in Maori, supplied the information regarding the figures and their appropriate costumes.

The scene of the landing was at the Bay of Islands on the opposite shore to Russell. H.M.S. 'Herald' arrived with Governor Hobson on board. He landed in the cutter after 10 a.m. on the beach below Mr Busby's house. The painting represents the 'Herald' at anchor beside the whaling vessels which were lying off Russell. She is firing a royal salute; while the 12 oar cutter, accompanied by a war canoe, is nearing the beach. The figure standing in advance of the seated Maoris is the chief of the tribe. Above the seated Maoris are the women of the tribe, the youngest in advance waving a welcome. In the left hand of the corner on the top of the hill was Mr Busby's house. The Treaty of Waitangi was signed in a tent erected on the lawn below the house, or in front of the house, and not where the obelisk now stands, close to the Waitangi river.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notices to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'FANNY S.'—'Do you not think so' is correct. I have not tried rum and bitter apple mixture for increasing the growth of the hair, as I have never needed anything of the sort, but it is so frequently recommended that I should think it is a very good remedy.

'A Querist.'—A gentleman precedes a lady on entering a theatre or similar public place of entertainment, in order to make way for her. Yes, if you are escorting the lady to the carriage, you are quite right to offer her your arm. There is usually a crush, everyone being desirous of getting within his or her own particular vehicle as soon as possible. Under the circumstances she could not possibly construe the act into anything more than mere ordinary civility.

'A Scratch.'—To remove the pain and slight swelling after your cut has quite healed, rub, *in the sun*, towards the finger-ends, a little olive oil. Repeat for two or three days if necessary.

'Book-worm.'—You had better have your library facing the west, so as to get the afternoon sun. As you write all morning, you can thus have your blind up and window open in comfort, whilst when out in the afternoon the blind can be kept closely down, which will save your books considerably. They must be kept dry, but you do not want to frizzle them up. All round the room have bookcases with glass doors. Light steps, standing by themselves, are convenient for reaching distantly-placed books. Can you not set one of your daughters to dust your room for you instead of leaving it to the tender mercies of the maid servant? I would not allow anyone but myself, to touch my table—at least that is the rule, broken (alas! for my mislaid notes and pens) too frequently.

'Alto.'—Many thanks, indeed, for all your trouble in copying out those verses. Why did you not write and ask first if we could use them? They are copy-righted ones, and we could not.

'Wearied.'—You should allow yourself half-an-hour's complete rest every day. Lie down and sleep if you can. If this would spoil your night's repose sit comfortably in your easy chair under the trees if you can be alone there, if not, in your room with your door locked. Think of nothing! Do absolutely nothing. I heard lately of a society woman who found herself, at the end of rather a gay season, looking worn out and fagged. She went to a quiet country place, let her hair fall *au naturel*, bathed each day in pure rain water, used no crimping-irons, nor cosmetics, etc., no highly-seasoned food, drank nothing at all but milk and warm water, not a drop of wine nor tea, rose early, went to bed very early, walked a good deal, cycled in great moderation. At the end of a month's treatment she came home. 'Why, you look years younger!' cried all her friends. Had I not better say to you, 'Go, and do likewise.'

'A Fiancé.'—You want some advice as to how you should spend your year of probation before you are to be allowed to marry the girl of your choice. I saw recently a few remarks in a London paper which, if I can recall them, I believe will give you some valuable hints. 'It has often struck me,' says the author, 'that there is ample room for a new branch of education. The young man becomes engaged to the young woman; he intends, say, to get married a year afterwards. Why should it not be possible for him to spend that year, or his leisure time during that year, in acquiring some knowledge of the duties of a householder, and of the various traps which are laid for him. I would not be exclusively utilitarian, or abolish every form of education which has not a direct practical bearing, but it seems to me absurd to neglect altogether the education which would be essentially practical and fit a man for the new duties and responsibilities which upon marriage he is compelled to undertake. This kind of education is often needed, too, by women quite as much as by men. The mistakes and the inexperience of the newly-married are proverbial—it is a pity, because they might certainly be avoided.'

Mr Gladstone once told Mr Bright that for twenty years he had made a golden rule of never allowing his mind to dwell on any political or Parliamentary subject, however important, after getting into bed. He has cultivated a control over his thoughts and his enthusiasms which probably very few of the world's great men have ever achieved.

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BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (\*) have arrived in the colony, and should at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country cousins who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

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Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

\* 'Fields of Fair Renown.'—This is a very well-written story descriptive of the efforts of a young and talented Cornish miner to reach the 'fields of fair renown' in literature. The journey thither proves long and tedious to him, and, though he is really making good progress, he very soon chafes at the length of the proper road and tries doubtful short cuts to get to his journey's end. These doubtful short cuts certainly bring him quickly to wealth and notoriety which, he fondly imagines, constitute the 'fields of fair renown,' but he has cast away, in the meantime, the best part of himself. He has lost his good principles past regaining, and has stooped to many mean actions, chief among which is the base jilting of the girl who, at much personal sacrifice, had chosen him as her lover in the days of his obscurity. Retribution comes to him in the course of years, but it does not soften or reform him, and he is left, in the end, an unhappy man in the midst of his riches, burdened with the consciousness of misapplied talent, while the good characters of the story go their ways in peace and happiness.

\* 'Sir George Tressady.'—The sight of Mrs Humphrey Ward's name, on the title page of a novel, is an eloquent guarantee to discerning people that they may embark on the perusal of the book with the certainty of getting out of it, at least, a good deal of intellectual satisfaction and enjoyment. *Sir George Tressady* does more than make good that guarantee. Besides, those who have made the acquaintance of Marcella, in the pages of the book of that name, will, no doubt, be very much pleased to renew their knowledge of her in Mrs Ward's later novel, as the wife of Lord Maxwell. There is little intricacy of plot or complexity of situation in *Sir George Tressady*, but the authoress is skilled in the fine art of maintaining, without the aid of even mild sensationalism, the reader's intelligent interest in the personages of her story. The bald outline of the story may be given in a few words. Sir George Tressady, a pleasant, clever young baronet of pronounced but superficial political news, wins a seat in Parliament and a wife about the same time. This wife, Letty Sewell, is a pretty, smart girl whom he has married under the influence of a strong but transitory fascination, and who has married him for purely selfish reasons, chief among which is her conviction that her highly intelligent and popular husband will make such a career for himself as will bring both her and him into social prominence. The marriage, even before the honeymoon is over, disappoints both of them—Letty's selfish, petty nature is responsible for this, though Sir George's exasperatingly extravagant and foolish young-old mother is undeniably a great excitant of Letty's unamiable displays of character. Sir George comes much in contact with the high minded, generous, and beautiful Marcella, Lady Maxwell, who modifies and changes his political views. He falls in love with her, and, finally, to save the devoted wife—who is bound up heart and soul in her husband's political hopes and desires—the grief and disappointment of seeing Lord Maxwell's philanthropically designed Bill thrown out of the House. Sir George goes against his own party, and saves the Maxwell Bill by a very eloquent speech. The revelation of Sir George's hopeless love for herself comes to the unconscious Marcella with a great shock of horror and pity, but she rises superior to the situation, and, with her delicate-minded husband's aid, strives to put it on a totally different footing. Then she sets herself successfully to the difficult task of converting the bitter animosity of little Letty towards herself into admiring friendship. But, just as the estrangement between Sir George and his wife has given place to a good understanding between them and a growing love, Sir George meets his death in an heroic attempt to rescue some miners who have been imprisoned by an explosion in one of his coal mines. There the story ends. This is merely a bald outline, but those who know Mrs Ward's books can understand with