

son of the Emerald Isle, who was looking on, emitting a cry of dismay, fled precipitately. He explained afterwards, that he had feared the creature was a sort of human gorilla, clad in a thick coat of natural fur. Examination, however, showed that a succession of nondescript garments had been allowed to rot on his body, no one apparently caring to remove them. Carefully cleaned and comfortably tucked in bed, the old fellow was fed with milk, and recovered a good deal of cheerfulness. He protested loudly against the fears which his relatives and other villagers cherished regarding him, and asked what mischief a poor old man could do to them. His recollections of the time spent in the grave were dim, but he did not seem to have had any sense of pain, and the mind wandered through the mazes of dreamland into vacancy. Of course he was totally ignorant of what had happened, or how he had been buried. At first hopes were entertained that he would recover his ordinary health, but after flickering feebly for a week his lamp of life went out, greatly to the relief of the natives, who had expressed their disgust pretty freely at the folly of the pakeha in delivering such a creature from the consequences of a catastrophe which many of them half-suspected he had brought about by his curses and mumbling incantations.

A book agent's life is not a happy one. He must be ready to bear all sorts of verbal abuse, and get snide as if he liked the joke. At times he must even risk a physical attack in order to get the chance of a sale. Every newspaper funny man has a cut at him once at least, and he meets with sympathy from very few. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. His life is worse than that of an insurance agent. Of course he has his revenge at times when he palms off some wretched Yankee publication on the head of a family: as a rule selling it in monthly parts so as to prolong the agony. One can therefore understand why a farmer named Hackett, the other day held over an agent a pistol and a club, while a friend flourished a hoe around his head, describing circles that smaller grew and smaller. Nobody was killed, and then the agent summoned Hackett for assault. But the magistrate dismissed the information because he considered complainant had no right to remain on accused's premises after having been ordered off. The magistrate also refused to let the agent carry a revolver, which was very hard lines. However, I should not advise everyone pestered by a book agent to follow Mr Hackett's example.

The Puhupuhi silver field near Whangarei and Kawa Kawa has not turned out a very startling sensation. In the early days of the discovery we had plenty of big headlines in the daily papers, wonderful results of assays, reports of new reefs, and all the usual excitement attendant on the opening up of a new mineral field. But a few months of little but talk deadened public interest. There is now less talk, and it is to be hoped, more work. Claims have been taken up and their limits defined. The people of the district around are the chief owners of these claims, and they appear to have firm faith in the future of the field. They are going to work quietly to develop its resources, and are not trying to boom shares on the Auckland market. All this looks well, and it would be very satisfactory to find their honest efforts meet with success. Too often the object of the first comers in a field is to create a speculative rush, sell their shares at a fabulous price, and swindle the unwary. The game has often enough been successful throughout the colony. The Puhupuhi people have not attempted any such swindle, and if their field is a success everyone will rejoice.

The arrival in New Zealand of the Union Steamship Company's new boat, the *Monowai*, marks an era in the history of travel in the colony. That this enterprising company should feel it necessary to introduce such a splendid vessel for the convenience of the travelling public shows how rapidly our wants have progressed since the old days of slow, uncomfortable sailing boats, whose chief business was the conveyance of timber. Now we are conveyed up and down the coast, or to and from Australia, in a floating palace, with all the conveniences of life on land. The only thing that never gives way before the progress of modern science is good old sea-sickness. When someone has invented a sure preventive for that trouble of voyagers life will be a beautiful dream, and sea-travelling will become our most popular amusement. Till that invention is made, however, the thoughts of feeling the fishes will be strong enough to deter many of us from a voyage even on the *Monowai*. Still, we must recognize with pleasure that New Zealand is keeping well up with the rest of the world in providing facilities for travel.

Maulstick: "Why don't you use better brushes? That kind is a century behind the times."

Danber: "I know it is, but I don't want to take an unfair advantage of the old masters. I want to put myself on an equal footing with them, so that if I beat them I may do so honestly."

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH.

Some beneficent spirit, with a view to the dull days succeeding to the Exhibition, put it into the head of the Y.M.C.A. to obtain the permission of the Town Council to erect what purports to be a 'Coffee Shelter' in front of the Cargill monument. Now, the said monument is deemed one of the chief ornaments of the city of Dunedin, and occupies a prominent position in the centre of the town. It is also the focus whereat the local 'cabbies' congregate in pursuance of their calling at hours both seemly and unseemly during the twenty-four. Had the said 'Coffee Shelter' (whatever that may mean) been open in the dead hours of the night when the 'pubs' were closed and cabby in no danger of being led astray in the pursuit of strong liquors, and when a cup of hot moka would have been comforting to his troubled inside, it might have been welcomed by the fraternity, and become a true 'cabbie's rest.' But to erect and keep such an institution opened during the hours when liquor is to be had at half a dozen adjacent corners looks to the eyes of the virtuous Jehu like a reflection upon his character, as if he were to be weaned from alcohol by the mere dangling of coffee-cups and sausage-rolls beneath his very nose. 'And more,' says the patriotic Mr Fish, who, strangely enough, has no sympathy in favour of cold water principles, and has a side glance to the kindly offices of cabby and his connections at the approaching polling-season, 'shall such a hideous structure as this—a cross between a sentry-box and a lamp-post—be permitted to obscure the grateful tribute to the memory of a public benefactor and deface our most imposing entourage?' And so the Exhibition being over, and everybody suffering from lack of money to spend and excitement to seek, public interest has concentrated itself around the unlucky cabbie's rest, which in letters leagues long has been condemned as a moral and physical obstruction, and has been made the subject of discussion at a crowded meeting addressed by some of our leading public men. It is strange and passing strange that with so many hotels abounding there should be such especial effervescence of public indignation over a coffee-stall, and the nooffending structure be doomed to removal.

Mr Burton, manager of the Colonial Bank in Dunedin, left last week for the North on a six weeks' holiday. He will spend his well-earned leave in a trip round the North Island and in Australia. Mr Burton was for many years the popular manager of the Auckland branch of the Bank.

The irrepressible Mr Joubert is again to the fore. If his great ancestor, the General Joubert who was toppled over in his race for supreme power with the Great Napoleon by an untoward Austrian bullet, had lived and shown the elasticity and resourcefulness of his nephew, Wellington and our other Peninsular heroes might have had to take to their heels, and the history of that epoch of our race require to have been written the other way about. But the nephew comes not as the exponent of shot and of sword, but as the harbinger of peaceful exhibitions, and now, in a slack interval, as the prophet and projector of an industry which is to lift us out of hopelessness and depression. Sweet and boneyed are the proposals of Mr Joubert this time. Saccharine is his text. 'Not as my uncle came come I unto you—not with bombs and shrapnel, but with beetroot and sugar. The man upon whom the cloak of my great progenitor fell—the Great Napoleon—saved France in the matter of sugar.' In those days, some eighty years ago, the British cruisers so severely 'protected' the French manufacturer that not only had he no competition in the matter of foreign sugar, but he had actually no sugar-cane out of which to make it. Youthful France could not develop its tissues properly for lack of the necessary carbonaceous element. Beautiful France sighed at the New Year on viewing the absence of *bons-bons* amongst *les étrennes*, and old campaigners growled on the boulevards at having to drink their *café* very much *noir* and very much *au naturel*. 'If,' reasons Mr Joubert, 'foreign cruisers should interrupt the supplies you in New Zealand will also be starved in the matter of sugar. Solve the problem as did Napoleon. Cultivate the beet. Here in *Utah* the beet-root will grow *au merveille*. It will come to perfection in the off-season when you at present do little but kick your heels about your fallow land and suck your thumbs. Institute its culture. In a little while you will cease importing £25,000 worth of sugar a year, and be putting the money into your own pockets. Above all float a company for the manufacture, and let me, from my own country, *in velle* France, procure the plant and put you up regarding the methods. There is money in it, and what I ask in return is not excessive.' And at first blush it does look as if Mr Joubert were not speaking as a visionary.

If it were not for the squabbles of the medical fraternity the Press would lose one great source of excitement, and be groping about anxiously in all sorts of devious directions seeking an efficient substitute therefor. Truth, be it said,

however, that as a rule, though the professions differ over points of practice or of theory, being perfectly ready to break up one another's persons in establishing the true principle for nending another's, in the matter of fees they are usually long-suffering. Dr. Stenhouse and the Committee of the Hospital have this time dissented upon the subject of money, etc., not of management. It is just a little question of £3 3s. This is the little rift within the lute which, far from making the music mure, is creating a fresh ebullition of sound and fury in the columns of the daily press, and a warm interchange of compliments. Doctors are not business men. If you can strike the legitimate total of your claim against a hospital, it doesn't matter much about the items of the account, says Dr. Stenhouse. You didn't pay me for attending a patient of yours at Ravensbourne, so you ought to pay me for attending one of my own at South Dunedin. 'No,' say the Finance Committee, 'one claim so old as this doesn't make things even. We can't in our capacity admit accounts-balanced like this.' So Dr. Stenhouse wraps his mantle around him and withdraws to the exclusive sphere of his own practice, where he can vamp up his own accounts to his own fancy, and there be no one to say him 'Nay.' After all is it not a pretty squabble or a noble bone of contention on the part of the Committee, as doctors do much work that cannot be estimated by dead reckoning?

Rumour says that times are going to be hard with us this winter in Dunedin. Since the Exhibition closed things have been gradually tightening, and the passenger lists of the Tekapo and Jubilee show that the exodus of our population in the direction of New South Wales is still proceeding. Yet, in the face of this it is everywhere asserted that the land is crying for population. As judged by the statistics of newly-arriving pilgrims, piloted into New Zealand by the medical men, and not by the shipping companies, it is more true that there is a large and increasing population crying for what at present their mothers can alone supply but who give us the most bounteous birth-rate in the world. If the Psalmist enjoyed the contemplation of what he preached he would soon in these days pack up his valise and take his passage at Port Said for these parts in order to witness the arrows in the quiver of New Zealand. These increase actually at double the rate of those of Madame Britannia, and yet Zealandia is crying for population. Two years ago the population of New Zealand did not increase by one per cent., though by births alone it should have increased by three per cent. This means that in that year more than 12,000 adults must have left for other lands, and their places are supplied by a similar number of babies. Loving couples unite at early ages and lose no time in realizing their parental ideals; but we want more than this. We require to find work for our adults, and to keep them at home. It seems more natural to say that our population is crying for the land and for some reason or another it cannot get it; but perhaps Mr Joubert, by virtue of his beet-root sugar scheme, will contrive to get more of us to stick on.

A WELCOME TO "THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC."

THREE art thou welcome to our homes, for here these lines afford For those who wish to lift their mental food, with rich instruction stored. While some of lighter mood may laugh at humour's merry legend. And others search the numbers for the poet's tuneful tenet.

As each stout ship mid ocean's surge must dare the raging sea, So must thy early numbers brave the stings of jealousy. On merit's firm foundation-rock let all thy efforts rise, Till those who launch the venture share the fruits of enterprise.

Speed ever on from home to home, and where these sheets appear In fane the breath of beauty, and disill the words of cheer; Till people rise in firm support, old rivalries beyond, And closer knit each rising town in federation's bond.

Across the billows' trackless foam I see thy sway expand, And show the dear old mother realm the progress of our land; Till men at earth's remotest end in wilderness shall see The glories of our wonderland in pictured scenery.

Her rivers, lakes, her woods and glens and mountains crowned with snow, Her fertile pastures softly bathed in sunlight's golden glow, Right loud and long her title rings from Fame's triumphant mouth, The fair Pacific's Grecian Queen, the Corinth of the South.

Press on and prove rich Nature's wealth that garners Beauty's shrine, To show the charms of such a land a noble work is thine; And judging by thy standard high well may we proudly say, The journal of the future is THE GRAPHIC of to-day.

CHARLES E. HARVIE.

Seafield View Road, Auckland, June 7th. 1891.

CORRECT.

In a Sunday-school class in the neighbourhood of Mount Eden the teacher last Sunday asked who was the first man.

'Adam,' replied the small boy.
'And who was the first woman?' she asked a little girl.
The child hesitated for a minute, then her face brightened.
'Madam,' she sang out, and the teacher hadn't the heart to correct her.

In five minutes a woman will clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where he has put things.