

WESTPORT HARBOUR WORKS.

Harbour Board Office, Westport, 3rd June, 1890.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this Office up to NOON of SATURDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1890, for the following Contracts:-

- CONTRACT FOR SUPPLY OF IRONWORK FOR STAGING.
- CONTRACT FOR SUPPLY OF EXPLOSIVES.

TENDERS to be marked outside "Tender for ———," and to be addressed to the Chairman of the Board. Plans, Conditions, etc., may be seen at the Public Works Office, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin; at the Public Works Office, Nelson, till 14th June, 1890, and then at the Railway Manager's Office, Wangarei, till tenders close; at the Public Works Office, Greymouth, till 14th June, 1890, and then at the Harbour Board Office, Westport, till tenders close. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Separate tenders to be lodged for each contract.
F. W. MARTIN,
Chairman.

THE New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES JOURNAL.

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6 months	3 6	"	"

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POEY CHERRY.—We have a good many articles from you, and are considering them.
PRYANTASTES.—We regret we are unable to entertain your proposal; see remarks above.

The New Zealand Graphic
AND LADIES' JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

[BY GRAPHIC CONTRIBUTORS.]

WELLINGTON has lost a good citizen and the Legislative Council a most valuable member through the retirement of Mr G. M. Waterhouse to England. When Mr Waterhouse left New Zealand a year ago his eyesight was becoming weak, and he seemed generally to be failing; but after some months' stay in Europe he was said to be recovering, and likely to return. Unfortunately for the colony, however, he has decided to settle in England, and has bought a house in Torquay—the mildest, sunniest spot in South Devon, so that it is hardly likely that we shall see him out here again. As a legislator Mr Waterhouse was a man of peculiar value. He had considerable penetration, much sound common sense, and was well-read on most subjects. Further, he always took the trouble to master whatever business he had in hand, and to think it out for himself, instead of blindly accepting the ideas or facts of others. Experience, too, had quickened his judgment, and though he was generally inclined to take gloomy and pessimistic views, yet his opinion always had worth, for that it proceeded from a thoughtful and upright man and a particularly acute observer.

Possibly his trials in Australia may have had something to say to Mr Waterhouse's rather melancholy temperament, he having been one of those who were driven down from the back-country of South Australia by a great drought. He succeeded in saving some of his sheep, but confessed that it would have paid him better to have cut their throats. This experience of the Australian climate made a deep impression on him, and he remains to this day extremely sceptical as to the great future that Australians are fond of predicting for themselves, arguing that from the nature of the country it is impossible that it can carry a large white population. In regard to New Zealand also he was extremely impatient of those who talk of boundless resources and amazing fertility, pointing out that good as some of the land undoubtedly was, there was a huge proportion of utterly hopeless and impracticable country. It was probably this business-like and sober method of considering actual facts, instead of drawing on his imagination, that caused Mr Waterhouse to make so small a mark in the political world. True, he enjoys the unique distinction of having held the Premiership in two different colonies, and this fact alone suffices to stamp him as a man of more than average ability. Indeed it is surprising that, while the much-abused Order of St. Michael and St. George has been scattered so freely among extremely commonplace men, the Colonial Office should have never thought of conferring it on Mr Waterhouse. Personally, however, I confess that I should prefer to see so simple and straightforward a man unadorned by the bed-striped blue ribbon, which is so absurdly coveted even in these democratic communities.

But it is not in Australasia only that this paltry decoration is prized. A very absurd, though true, story used to be related some few years ago of a Lieutenant-Governor in one of England's least important possessions. This functionary, who enjoyed the title of Excellency, the government of an island rather smaller than Banks Peninsula, containing 50,000 people, mostly of black complexion, and a salary of some £300 a year, received one day in the month of May a letter from a friend in England congratulating him on his appointment as C.M.G. The poor old man went mad with delight, and at once invited the whole island to a ball, hung the ball-room with drapery of Saxon blue and scarlet, and flaunted in large letters over one door the motto of the Order, 'Auspiciis melioris ari,' and over the other, in compliment to himself, 'Palatum qui meruit ferat.' He also despatched, at the colony's expense, a long telegram to the Colonial Office, expressing his deep sense of the honour bestowed on him, and his unalterable loyalty to the Queen. The ball took place in due course, but was interrupted by a telegram from the Colonial Office, curtly informing him that he was mistaken, and that the C.M.G. had not been conferred on him at all. His friend, it afterwards appeared, had confused him with another man of the same name. But this was not all. The Colonial Office called upon him to refund the cost of his effusive telegram, which, as the charge at that time stood at 15s 10d a word, amounted to something considerable. The reaction was terrible. However, the next year the Colonial Office, for very shame, took pity on the old man, and gave him the decoration which he coveted so much. From that day forward he always showed the ribbon of the Order on every coat that he wore. It even appeared on his pyjama jacket, as I can testify from actual vision, and was probably stitched on to his winding-sheet when he was buried.

On Saturday evening last Captain Olive, late secretary of the Auckland Club, who has left for Sydney, was entertained at dinner at the Club by the members. The gathering was a large and representative one, there being over sixty gentlemen present. His Worship the Mayor of Auckland, Mr J. H. Upton, was in the chair, and proposed the toast of the evening, the health of Captain Olive. In doing so he referred to the business ability and gentlemanly conduct of the Captain during his connection with the Club. At the same time he presented a purse of sovereigns, the gift of the members of the Club. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and Captain Olive responded feelingly. The health of Mr J. D. Conolly, American Consul, who was present, was also drunk, and after Mr Conolly had responded those present spent the rest of the evening in music and conversation. Captain Olive left on Tuesday by the Monowai for Sydney, where he will no doubt be as popular as he was here.

Dr. Grace, M.L.C. (and, by the way, our latest C.M.G.), has covered himself with glory by his masterly negotiations with the Tramway Employees' Union. As proprietor of the Wellington tramways, he had, like all other employers in these days, to receive a demand for higher wages and shorter hours. He answered at once that he could not possibly agree to these demands, as he was running the trams at a loss already, and invited delegates to confer with him on the question. He received them and conversed with them with a geniality that would have done credit to the most accomplished of his brethren from the Emerald Isle. 'Come and look at the books, me boy,' he said to one delegate, who was a little sceptical as to the unprofitableness of the trams. 'I'll toss anyone for the lot,'

be added later on to the astonished deputation. So the conference proceeded most cordially on both sides, Dr. Grace saying nothing but good of his employees, and frankly offering to share profits with them *when* he made any, but showing plainly that he was not going to give in, and was quite prepared to shut up the trams if pushed to extremities. His extreme friendliness and openness rather staggered the deputation, who decided to think the matter over again; and I should not be surprised if increased patronage of the trams by the working man during the next few months were to result in making a profit both for Dr. Grace and his employees. So true is it that a soft answer turneth away wrath. Employers should note Dr. Grace's method for their own guidance.

In this transaction, as in most others of the same nature that have taken place lately, Mr D. P. Fisher figured largely. Mr D. P. Fisher is a brother of the celebrated Mr George Fisher, whose retirement from the Cabinet made such a stir about thirteen months ago, and seems to have a similar knack of getting into hot water. He made a very poor exhibition of himself in the dispute between the Wellington Woollen Company and its hands, being entirely responsible for the collapse of the arbitration; and now he has managed to irritate the tailoresses by speaking 'adviseelily of them.' 'An Honest Tailoress' writes most indignantly to the papers asking what he means by thus holding up the tailoresses to contempt, and suggesting that he should poke his nose into the ways of other women and girls and tell us what he thinks of them.' Evidently it is dangerous for a man to speak 'adviseelily' concerning those towards whom he aspires to act as guide, philosopher and friend. The role of the labour-agitator is not so easy to fill after all, as better men than Mr D. P. Fisher have discovered. A very few months after the great dock-strike in London John Burns, its moving spirit, failed to obtain a fair hearing from a meeting of London working-men. 'There was a time,' he said, despairingly, 'when 10,000 men would come to hear Jack Burns on Tower Hill, and you could hear a pin drop.' But the appeal fell flat, the interruption continued, and Burns found that his *status* was, for the time at any rate quite gone. Mr Bradlaugh again has been openly disclaimed by the British working man as no longer a 'working man's candidate.' He spoke 'adviseelily' not of the working men, but of their present tactics, and adheres to what he said like the honest man that he is. Will Mr Fisher, I wonder, continue to speak 'adviseelily' after this rebuff from the honest tailoress?

Buried for a hundred and four hours and called back to life again! This is not quite so marvellous an experience as the hero of 'Looking Backward' went through, but in the case of the Maori tohunga Tohutū, whose portrait is given in the present issue of THE GRAPHIC, the resurrection from the dead was a real and well-attested fact, happening in our own day and generation. Old Tohutū's whare stood a little apart from the cluster of houses in the native village of Wairoa, which was buried by the showers of volcanic mud during the great eruption of Tarawera in 1886. The tohunga was so steeped in tapu that everything he touched became sacred, and every member of the hapu so disliked and feared him that there was no need to employ any kind of precaution to prevent breaches of the ancient laws regulating the observances due to a priest so deeply versed in the mysticism of the old Maori cult. For Tohutū's life, if we may rely upon the reckoning of old men who had known him as well advanced in years when they were boys, had extended through the vicissitudes of a whole century. He was a malevolent, ill-tempered old man, prolific in curses, which struck terror into the hearts of those against whom they were hurled, and thereafter became accountable for all the ill-luck which happened to befall the objects of the tohunga's displeasure. The deaths of two or three children were attributed to this cause by the superstitious villagers. It is not wonderful, therefore, that among all those who found a premature grave in the villages buried by the eruption Tohutū was the least mourned over. His resurrection, though an incident calculated to greatly increase his prestige throughout the land if he had fully recovered from the effects of his strange immurement, caused considerable dismay and chagrin among the native refugees at Rotorua.

The unearthing of old Tohutū from his tomb was accomplished by a few ancient Europeans who devoted themselves to the work of exploration after the eruption. They had not the slightest expectation of finding him alive beneath the crushed-down mud-covered ruins of his whare, but they dug the place out as a matter of duty, and with the idea of giving his body decent burial with others recovered from the ruins. The four days spent in solitude and darkness had dimmed the feeble faculties of the old man; he experienced a sense of pain in being moved, and pleaded hard to be left alone. However, despite his protests, they bore him carefully on an express cart to the hospital at Rotorua. An amusing incident occurred while the filthy coverings were being removed from the old man's body. When the outer blanket was taken off the surface exposed presented the appearance of long dark hair, and a