

**TARANAKI FOOTBALL REPS. OF 1891.**

WITH this issue we give a photo of the Taranaki Rugby Football Reps., who last month made such a stubborn fight with the Auckland footballers. The Taranaki team, who are always unfortunate (the members being scattered in various districts) in not being able to get their men together till the last moment, would be, with a month's combination, the crack team of this colony. They all do the right kind of work, and live in a splendid country for producing bone and muscle, as well as stamina for all outdoor exercises. The Taranaki backs have always been noted for their speed, while their tackling, too, is always sure. They have won many victories in the football arena, including the English fifteen which visited this colony in 1888. On their banner may be seen the following battles, which have all been won by the Taranaki footballers:—

1875 Auckland.	1890 Wanganui.
1885 Hawke's Bay.	1890 Hawke's Bay.
1887 Auckland.	1890 Hawke's Bay Maori Reps.
1893 England.	1890 Wairarapa.
1890 Manawatu.	1891 Manawatu.
	1891 Wanganui.

The picture is taken from a photograph by Mr J. C. Sinclair, of New Plymouth.

**SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MARJORIE.**

IN his large, green morocco elbow-chair, in his 'den,' as he called it, in Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott sat, and in one year, at fifty-two years of age, wrote three novels, besides other things. Sometimes when the inspiration was lacking,

chair, and standing sheepishly before her, begin to say his lesson to her, and this was his lesson:—

Won-ery, two-ery, tick-ery, seven;  
 Aibl, crack-ery, ten and eleven;  
 Pen, pan—musky, dan;  
 Tweedle-um, tweedle-up, twenty-wan;  
 Kerin, oris, ouris;  
 You—are—out!

He pretended great difficulty in saying it; and little Marjorie would rebuke him with much gravity, treating him like a little child. Then Sir Walter would read ballads to her, till the two were wild with excitement. Then he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Shakespeare, which she did in a most wonderful manner. Scott used to say that he was amazed himself at her power over him, and that these recitals of hers affected him as nothing else ever did.

One night, in Edinburgh, little Marjorie was invited to a twelfth night supper at Scott's. All his friends had arrived but this little dearest friend of all; and all were dull because Scott was dull. At last he exclaimed, impatiently, 'Where's that bairn? I'll go myself and see!' and he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Ray and his henchman Tongal and the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and the top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat bright little Marjorie, with her gleaming eyes, dressed in white; and Scott, bending over her in ecstasy, cried: 'Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you!' giving way to his guests. Soon he lifted the child, and perching her on his shoulders, marched with her to his seat and placed her beside him; and then began the night. And such a night! Those who knew Scott best said it was never equalled. Marjorie and he were the stars. She gave them all her little songs which Sir Walter had taught her—he often making blunders on purpose, while showing her off, for the fun of hearing her grave rebukes.

One year after this, when Marjorie was eight years old,

of any kind. The Otaheitan, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as near positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilised mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who though the best-trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor, Nature, had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety.

The keenest race in the world, and probably the most susceptible of culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-cheeked, though in physique as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse-dealer, who, outside his trade, knew nothing. No modern man of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who intellectually were probably animals, or the Berserkers, who were for the most part only hard-drinking soldiers. The royal caste, which has been cultivated for a thousand years, seldom produces beautiful men, and still more seldom beautiful women; most princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked as to features by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts, like Devon in England and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant form.

**TARANAKI FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES OF 1891.**



TOP ROW—R. H. COUTTS, (Referee), MUMBY, HUGH GOOD, DAVIS, T. HEMPTON, A. GOOD, F. BAYLY, and E. BAYLY. MIDDLE ROW—W. BAYLY, F. MIVINGTON, H. D. COUTTS, HAWKEN, BARRAGE, R. TATE. BOTTOM ROW—FANGFETIC, ALF BAYLY, (Captain), LAMBE, and MAJOR.

he would start up from his writing desk, saying, 'I can make nothing of all this to day; come Maida, you thief'; and would ramble out with his dog to a house, where lived a dear little precocious child, by the name of Marjorie Fleming. 'White as a frosted plumcake,' he exclaimed, as one snowy morning he took his plaid and went to her house, of which, as a privileged friend, he had a door key. In the house Sir Walter and the hound went, shaking off the snow in the lobby.

'Marjorie! Marjorie!' the old man would shout on such an occasion, 'where are ye, my bonnie wee creddie doo?' In a moment, a little eager, bright-eyed child of seven would leap into his arms, and, as he kissed the child's face all over, 'Come in, Wattie, the mother would say.

'No, no; I am going to take Marjorie home wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Ray's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap.'

'Tak' Marjorie and it on-ding-a-snow.'

'Hoot awa'! Look here,' Sir Walter would say, as he held up the corner of his plaid, sewed up so as to make a bag.

'Tak' your laub,' the mother would reply, laughing at the ingenious contrivance. And so Marjorie, well wrapped would be put into the plaid bag, and Scott would stride off through the snow with her, the great dog Maida gambolling after.

When he reached his own 'den' he would take out the warm, rosy little creature, and for three hours the two would make the house ring with laughter. Making the fire burn brightly, he would set Marjorie in his big green morocco

she went to bed apparently well, but suddenly awoke her mother with the cry, 'My head! my head!' Three days afterwards she died of water on the brain. Scott's grief may be imagined when those deep-set, brooding eyes were closed, and the sweet, mobile mouth, so like his own, had, for the first time, for him no smile of greeting!

**WHAT MAKES BEAUTY.**

BEAUTY is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual, whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun. A man or woman inherits his or her face, and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape, than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox-terrier into a mastiff. It may even be doubted, strange as many may deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society.

The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in Nyssa-land, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, are really as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes

In the last century the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh, of which Gibbon's face is the best known and most absurd example; and in our own time intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indeliteness of cheek and chin, as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turning round and looking again, but Browning would have passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd. The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultivated, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the royal house, and in any regiment, though an officer or two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers.

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