

remainder of the apartment. After the play, an enjoyable dance brought the evening to a close. The floor was perfect, and the excellent champagne supper much appreciated. Various couples, it is said, took advantage of the lovely moonlight, and soft, spring air, to wander about the shelled paths of the garden.

The jubilee gathering of Old Colonists in the Choral Hall took place, unfortunately, too late to be dealt with as it would merit being dealt with this week. Such a gathering has never before been seen in Auckland. Over 1,100 tickets were taken at the doors and there must, with performers and committee men, have been 1,200 persons crowded into the Choral Hall. Such an audience, too, has seldom listened to such a speech as that of Dr. Logan Campbell—the speech of a man who has done his life's work to those who are beginning. It was a stirring and inspiring sight, and few there must have been whose souls were not profoundly moved. Next week we propose dealing with the subject fully and exhaustively, endeavouring to supply a souvenir worthy of so memorable an occasion. There will be pictures galore and suitable letterpress.

The Christchurch Musical Society gave their last 'open night' of the season in the Durham-street schoolroom, when by 9 p.m., after an hour's practice of 'Psyche,' the room was comfortably filled by the members' friends, and a very pleasant hour was spent. A very pretty piano duet opened the programme by the Misses Packer, Miss Packer playing two violin solos later accompanied by her sister, and narrowly escaping an encore. Songs were pleasingly sung by Messdames Garrard, Hacon, Mitchell, and Miss Bonnington, Messrs Revell and H. Weir, and a duet by the Messrs Meers. These 'open nights' have been so much enjoyed that it is a very generally-expressed desire that they may be carried on next year.

The Hastings races were very well attended, the great improvements which have been effected in the course, causing everyone to express much pleased surprise. The additions to the Grand-stand were very much needed, and provided a great deal of extra accommodation. The 'Guineas' was won by St. Hippo. I believe he hails from Auckland. He is a splendid specimen of a 'racer,' and looked superb as Mrs Herbert Russell decked him with the blue ribbon.

The Hawke's Bay Amateur Athletic Club held their spring meeting on the Recreation Ground, and the weather was all that could be desired. The track was in first-rate condition. It was laid down by the Wanderers' Bicycle Club. The Ladies' Bracelet, of course, was the most interesting event, and was won by Mr Armitage, Mr Rudman coming in second.

'PEPITA,' which succeeded the 'Old Guard' for the last week of the season in Auckland, is a pretty opera so far as music goes, and gorgeous in scenery and costuming, but beyond these has little to recommend it. The plot is absurd, dialogue there is none, and the action drags in the most lamentable fashion. The first production in Auckland was somewhat disappointing. The music and 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' alone averted failure. Magnificent dresses also helped, but the constant changing of frocks seemed to demoralise the company, for the action dragged abominably. Miss Graupner and Miss Varley with Mr Vernon and Mr Lauri were all admirable in their respective parts. The less said about the rest the better. Mr Deane had the excuse of severe indisposition, but he should never have attempted to make his appearance. He was manifestly very ill. Mr Rosevear, who was cast in a comic part, was apparently in rude health, and had therefore little excuse for the suffering he inflicted on the audience. His funniments were puerile and silly, and unpossessed of the shadow of humour. He overplayed the part, and in attempting to be too funny became feeble. As we have said there is no dialogue, the jokes and puns have not the merit of freshness, being the refuse of nigger minstrel shows, but from their very antiquity they were entitled to better treatment than they received.

To Miss Graupner and Miss Varley belong the honour of having made the evening passable till the third act, when 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' took the house by storm. To describe the song and dance would be impossible—it is absolutely indescribable. To mock before at the folly of Britisbers in their worship of the idiotic refrain was natural enough till one had also seen it; now one understands why they raved. It is the most wildly exhilarating and exciting dance imaginable, and to miss seeing and hearing it would be to miss one of the events of a decade. This is the year of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.' 'Pepita' will run several nights anywhere for the sake of 'Ta-ra-ra.'

ALL sincere lovers of art will be sorry to learn that Mr L. J. Steele, whose work is now well-known throughout Australasia, has determined to leave the colony. When he goes he takes with him his works with very few exceptions. Nothing will be left excepting a few sketches, and minor works, and a tradition that such a man once lived here and did some honest work, which some people, strange to say, think shows a creative power equivalent to genius. It is needless to say, because everyone knows it, that this artist's presence here has not been an unmixed joy to certain persons; nor has he received that recognition of his talent, which some eccentric people think he deserves. When we analyse the causes of this fact we remind ourselves of Lord Bacon's classification of the fallacies of the mind, and agree with him that the idols of the cave and of the tribe are among the chief causes of disagreement in social life as in sciences. The prejudices formed by our geographical isolation, a factor in inexperience, and by our early traditions imbibed from the people who are our earliest friends, relations, and acquaintances, insensibly mould our characters. It is so difficult so to influence the amateur artist sufficiently to make him understand the shortness of life and the length of art. The hours spent in learning manipulations upon which bread, glory, and honour depend are cut short by other avocations, and shorter still by that dread and dislike of recreation transformed into labour which we all fear so much.

ALAS! for poor human nature. Is it not natural that a man who has done nothing but study art for thirty-six years aided by the instruction of the three greatest schools in Europe should become restive at the criticism of local amateurs? On the other hand the amateurs who would grow into artists are afraid that their penny dip should be eclipsed by this blaze of artistic learning and technique. Hence these tears! Again we have a proof of the manner in which character crystallises into definite shapes, and produces the same act under similar circumstances.

THROUGHOUT the history of mankind, these phenomena recur. Thus are the lives of men of talent, who have the faults of their qualities embittered by what a great French writer calls the petty teasing of petty minds. But surely the soft and easy environment, which should soothe our minds to charity and forgetfulness, will modify harsh judgments. Auckland is famous for its climate, its position, and the easy good-nature of its people as exhibited in the social, and more particularly the commercial relations of its inhabitants. It is impossible that they should not respond to the gentle influences of art. Have they not a treasure house filled with books and pictures? Have they not china and armour, medallions and enamels on which they may feast their eyes? Surely they do not refuse to remember with gratitude the men who made these lovely things, as well as the man who gave them.

A SLIGHT extension of this feeling to this man, who has worked his best amongst them, and has given them a little pleasure, might surely be the result of these refining influences. Although among the books many classical writings, and great works of reference useful to students of modern language are conspicuous by their absence, and learned men of all the nations have not yet subscribed to the Auckland Free Library as a new outburst of the Pierian spring, still the influences are sufficiently intense, methinks, to have some effect! The stores of art treasures are eclipsed by dozens of private collections in older countries, but are sufficient to be the glory of a young community. The emotion of gratitude must have been experienced by a certain percentage of the human race, else how should the word be found in the dictionaries of so many languages, both ancient and modern? It is, occasionally, too intense to find suitable means of expression. The emotion of a whole population for benefits received from a defunct citizen can be articulated only by an act in which a large number of citizens participate. The act of a few may proceed from the friendship, the jealous or the factious spirit of a few. But where all men of all opinions join to perform a public act, prompted by a common motive, the baser emotions sink into insignificance, and, actuated by the desire to rise to higher things on the ghosts of their dead selves, they may possibly perform an act of great good taste and public spirit. We dare to suggest quite boldly that a public subscription, headed by the names of the Mayor, Councillors, Harbour Board and leading citizens be applied to the purpose of purchasing a portrait of the late Mr Mackelvie now in course of completion by Mr L. J. Steele.

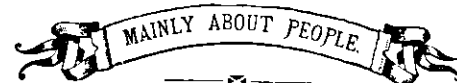
SEATED at a table made by the famous Boule, the benefactor of every citizen of Auckland writes upon a parchment, and dips the pen which will give pleasure to unborn millions by its vigorous benevolence into an antique Renaissance inkstand made of silver. Mr Steele is acknowledged by his enemies to be a skilful draughtsman. Those who say that he cannot paint a portrait are advised to look at this, to consult with Mr Mackelvie's surviving friends, and to remember that a photograph has been the artist's model not the living man. Those who do not like high finish, care-

ful modelling, and an intelligent appreciation of flesh tones, will of course turn away from this picture with disgust. The rest will acknowledge this attempt to give the citizens of Auckland an opportunity at once of acquiring a thing of beauty, which is a joy forever, and of performing a solemn liturgy of gratitude. The cynic is robbed of his poor satisfaction. The thanks can only be for past favours. Alas! the dead hand has no more to bestow.

WE are all more or less painfully aware that a prophet has no honour in his own country, but the fact must have been brought home with special emphasis to the joint authors of the 'Life and Times of Sir G. Grey.' The publication of the book in this colony created but little stir, but in London, where books are published daily by hundreds, it has been made one of the books of the season. All the great dailies have not only criticised at great length, quoting long passages therefrom, but in most cases the volume has also formed the foundation of a brilliant leading article. The *Pull Mall Gazette* devoted two whole pages to its consideration, and the *Pull Mall* is famous for the brevity with which the most important subjects are treated. Nor is the interest confined to London, for all the most influential provincial journals have devoted a large amount of space to the consideration of Sir George as sketched by Mr Rees and his clever daughter. It is rather a pity that the applause should have been so much stronger at Home, but it must be eminently satisfactory to the authors to have the seal of a London success set upon their work.

WE give this week some pictures of the late lamentable yachting disaster at Whangarei taken from sketches by the well-known artist, Mr T. L. Drummond. The picture of the ill-fated yacht *Minerva* is from a photo by Mr Barlow, of Auckland.

THERE is every probability of another hunt being held in Gisborne as a compliment to Mr and Mrs Langdale Sunderland prior to their leaving the district. When the last was held, thirty or forty friends assembled by invitation at Lavenham for a forty minutes' ride over country. Mr Sunderland acted as master and the going was surprisingly good, all the horses jumping well during the run which was a very fast one. Several slight mishaps occurred, and Mrs Sunderland—who was not in her usual form at starting—was thrown, but remounted, and with the other ladies present (Mrs Donner and the Misses Reynolds), rode to 'He-pongarei,' Mr Chamber's residence, where the hunt finished. The gentlemen repaired to 'Lavenham,' there to partake of Mr Sunderland's hospitality before returning home.



MR MACQUARRIE, Manager of the Union Bank, Nelson, has gone to relieve the Manager at Napier, and is then to be permanently Manager down South somewhere. He and Mrs Macquarrie will be both much missed in Nelson, where they have made many friends. Mr Fernie of the same bank has been moved to Wellington. What will become of Tennis without Mr Fernie, it is hard to predict. He is a most energetic member and one of the best players, in fact if the club played Marlborough this year they would have to work very hard to win without him.

MR TOED has returned to Nelson from Auckland, where he was temporarily in the bank, and is to take up a position in the Union Bank here. All his old Nelson friends are delighted to see him once more.

The Hon. Mr C. J. Pharazyn is enjoying good health in the Old Country and by the last letters received, was thinking of taking a trip alone to Paris.

ABBOTTS OPERA HOUSE.

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14,
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
THE WORLD FAMOUS BASSO,

SIGNOR FOLI.

Assisted by
MISS BERTHA ROSSOW,
SOPRANO,
(Her Last Tour previous to her appearance in London.)
MADAME COLE,
THE ENGLISH CONTRALTO,
MR T. LESLIE MIDDLETON,
THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TENOR,
MISS EMILIA WOOD,
SOLO PIANIST.

NOTE.—Signor Foli being under engagement to appear in London at an early date, only a limited number of Concerts can be given.

Box Plan now open at Widdow's.
Prices: 4s, 2s 6d, and one shilling.

CHARLES BRADLEY.