



BY THE AUTOGRAPHIC IDLER.

Pat, and
Other
People.

I have been asked to relate that queer Governor Bowen story, for the special amusement (and I think I may add instruction) of the vast and varied concourse constituting the GRAPHIC audience. First of all there is His present Excellency; although I am not quite sure that his beautiful Countess should not take precedence—at all events if Cleopatra-like magnificence of presence, and queenly stateliness, come before the Governor anywhere, the Countess, of course, takes the position, and I beg to be allowed to withdraw my move on this chess board, and to shift the queen to her proper and commanding square. Then there are the honourable Ladies Boyle; all the vice regal people; by no means omitting that valiant grenadier Colonel Boyle, who takes such evident pleasure in signing himself 'Pat,' in a large, bold hand, quite emphatically, as though he would say 'there's a name as distinguished as any on this globe; there's a name that, in its time, has done good and gallant service (under the never-to-be-conquered Union Jack), for the Royalty of England, and for Mrs Rule Britannia; there's a name that Lord Nelson loved; that Marlborough found ever so serviceable to him in many a campaign; there's a name that was to the fore-front all day long on that memorable 18th June at Waterloo, when the Irishman Wellington met the Corsican Scourge of Europe in the morning, and licked him hollow, and rubbed him out for ever, before nightfall!' The illustrious personages at Government House will, no doubt, look at the story from various points of view. His Excellency (who knows quite well how many beans make 5, and—still more precisely how many Legislative Councillors make 12,) will be absorbed in the story till he gets to the end, and then he will probably say 'What an artful, diplomatic old cock that Bowen was, to be sure!' The beautiful Countess will smile as sweetly as she is wont to do, and will wonder, may be, what sort of person Lady Bowen was? Well, as to that, Lady Delamontina was as graceful, bewitching, and angelic a little Greek as ever Athens saw; and was somewhere about one third the age of her rather stonish and somewhat bucolic looking husband. It was my good fortune to meet her repeatedly in city and in the country; once amid the beautiful scenery of the Gippisland lakes; another time at Ballarat, and again at Bendigo I went down a celebrated quartz mine with her: we tied a cord round the skirts of her chocolate silk dress and put her in the cage: she flitted about the illuminated levels as daintily as a fairy, and was altogether so captivating, so artless, so much at home, and, above all, so courageous, that it seemed to us all that she knew very little about pride, and nothing at all about fear. The thud of the miner's pick has a mysterious sound in such far underground regions! The voice of man seems unearthly in those long drives. The water drips, drips, and men in oilskins move about amongst long lines of stout props sustaining threatening masses ready to tumble in; and the voice of a woman and even her merry laughter seems so strange down below! This was the Great Extended Hustler Mine which had made huge fortunes for a score of men. The long drives and levels were all brilliantly lit up by sperm candles on the occasion referred to; more especially the 840 foot level which was the grand reception place, for the time being, of Vice-royalty. A magnificent piece of quartz, white and pure as snow and studded all over with lumps of gold, was picked out of the overhanging wall of the reef by the mine manager and presented to Lady Bowen. I know every corner of that mine as well as I know the West Coast; and, one of those days may tell you something of its extraordinary history.

The 'Sydney
Bulletin.'

Now it's a curious thing that although Sir George Bowen wrote a book—or got a book written—purporting to give all the salient points of his history and varied experiences in these colonies,

he altogether overlooked the little incident I am about to record. But he was a forgetful man—at times. The story was told, to be sure, in a sort of way, in the *Sydney Bulletin* some years ago, but it was not told by me—and that made all the difference. And, besides, you know what an awful newspaper or journal that *Bulletin* is! Why, the number of persons who wouldn't read it, or look at it, on any account whatever, is almost incredible. I heard Sir Henry Parkes keep on never mentioning the *Bulletin*, when speaking of the Sydney press, as if totally unconscious even of the existence of that periodical. There are hundreds of people in Sydney who follow his example in this respect—who never mention the paper, and who never let any human being see them with it spread out before them. As a loyal subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty, I must say that I often see things in it which I don't like, myself. But after all, what a unique, and altogether clever weekly it is; and what a remorseless way it has of dealing with evil doers! If there be any man in Australia with any real poetry in his nature, with any imagination, with any intellectual gift or gifts above his kind, the *Bulletin* takes him by the hand, and gives him a hearty welcome. There are but two ways of ascertaining, in Sydney who, really, are the readers of the *Bulletin*, in that city. A great fire broke out, in the dead of night, and destroyed an immense block of buildings in Pitt-street a couple of years ago. On that occasion a number of young ladies were aroused from their slumbers by the fire-bell, and by a glare, and by the sound of breaking glass. It was noticed that their hair was done up in the pink cover of the *Sydney Bulletin*. Poor dears, they had gone to their bedrooms to have a quiet read of the last number, before going to sleep—and when they had read the most of it, and laughed at the inimitable cuts and caricatures—they made curling paper of a portion of the cover. At the publishing office, of a Thursday morning, one gets a still better idea of the vast crowd of persons who don't read the ultra-radical and famous publication. One of the first to put in a regular appearance, as soon as the publishing work commences, is a mysterious individual known as the man from Balmain. He secretes the damp copy and makes straight towards Hampden Villa—the residence of Sir Henry Parkes. A stranger presented himself while I was present. On being asked what he wanted he said he was from the 'Registrar General's' office and wanted the Departmental numbers. The crowd of persons waiting, even at that early hour, to obtain copies of the *Bulletin* for persons who would not read the *Bulletin*, or even look at it on any account, rather amazed me. More astonishing still is the quantity sent elsewhere—the tons and tons of pink covered matter sent all the world over. In shepherds' huts on lonely runs in the back country, in towns like Bourke, far in the interior of Australia, in Greek's Gully in New Zealand, in London, in Cornwall, in Japan, one can find the *Bulletin*.

A LIST of charitable bequests and donations during 1892, published by the *Charity Record*, shows that over £1,200,000 has gone to philanthropic institutions. It is well to recall our public benefactions thus at the close of a year in bulk. But when one thinks of this million and more of money being spent—and much of it well spent too, as a perusal of the items will suggest—on the relief of distress, through the ordinary and established channels, it is hard not to turn in wonder to the self-aggrandizing schemes of certain 'public benefactors' who, with a fraction of this money as an annual stipend, would reform poverty and distress off the face of England, and bring it under the red coat of a corymbant mockery of religion. But this year that bubble has been pricked, in spite of 'General' Booth's 'Hallelujah,' which has just been appended in the *War Cry* to the Report of the Onslow Commission.

An electric shock has long been supposed to benefit a certain class of patients, and now we hear of the electric beam as a medical appliance. A Russian physician states that superficial neuralgic pains may be instantly relieved by throwing a strong beam of light from an arc lamp on the part affected. Perhaps, as in the case of the wooden magnets, imagination may play a leading part in the cure.



THE pleasure which the many friends of Mr and Mrs T. L. Murray and family have derived from the news that Mr Murray has been promoted from the management of the Bank of New Zealand at the Thames to the management at Dunedin is marred by the fact that the change involves the removal of one of the most highly esteemed families at the Thames. Mr Murray has been manager on the gold-field for nearly twenty years, although latterly he has combined with his special supervision over the Thames branch the duties of an assistant inspector of the bank. In the social and musical circles at the Thames the closing of Mr and Mrs Murray's hospitable home will cause a loss not easily repaired. Mr Murray's appointment to the management of one of the bank's most important branches is, however, the occasion of general satisfaction and congratulation.

AUCKLAND society, particularly the Presbyterian section of it, will regret the departure of Miss Campbell, who accompanies her brother, Mr J. P. Campbell, barrister and solicitor, to Wellington, where he intends to engage in the practice of his profession.

MR W. S. FURBY, manager of the Auckland Telegraph Office, left by the Takapuna for the South on Monday en route for England. He has obtained a year's leave of absence, and the visit is undertaken mainly on account of Mrs Furby's health, who, it is hoped, will benefit by the change. Mr Furby has been one of the most active workers in connection with All Saints' Church, Ponsobury, where for many years he held the office of Superintendent of the Sunday-school. He is an enthusiastic musician, and has always been a prominent member of musical circles in 'musical Auckland.' The officers of the Telegraph Department made a presentation to Mr Furby before leaving.

THE death of Mrs Connell, of 'Glen Fern,' Kyber Pass, removes another of the old identities of Auckland. Her husband was a merchant here in the early days, and has been dead many years. Mrs Connell entered into rest at the ripe age of 81. She had a large family, most of whom are still alive to mourn her loss—Mesdames Pierce, Fenton, Williams, Holt, Templar, and Mr H. Connell. The funeral was very well attended, and many beautiful floral tokens were sent as marks of respect and affection.

THE Champion Shot of the colony, Mr Arthur Ballinger (whose portrait appeared in the GRAPHIC a few weeks ago), was entertained at a dinner at the Oriental Hotel, Wellington, by his comrades. Captain Patterson, of the Guards, presided, the guest of the evening occupying the seat of honour on his right, the Minister of Defence, the Hon. R. Seddon, being seated on his left. The Mayor, Mr H. D. Bell, and the Vice-presidents, Lieutenants McAlister and Porritt, also occupied prominent positions, and among the large number of guests were Colonel Fox, Lieutenant-Colonel Newall, Major Quick, Major Messenger, Captain Coleman, Captain Collins, Captain Brandon, Captain Loveday, Lieutenant Commanding Dunean, Lieutenants Bell, Hume, Purdy, Kirk, and Russell, Messrs G. Fisher, J. Duthie, and W. McLean, M.H.R.'s, ex-Champions W. H. Ballinger and Williams, Bombardier Howe (winner of the Union Company's and Carbine Belts), and Mr Kuchen, District Champion, besides a great many of the Guards and other rifle corps. The Chairman, the Mayor, and the Minister of Defence made speeches, at the conclusion of which Captain Patterson presented Mr Ballinger, who was wearing the Champion belt, with a large and handsomely-framed portrait of himself, as a gift from his comrades. The Champion very modestly and briefly acknowledged all the compliments, after which songs were given by Lieutenants Hume and Kirk and Mr G. Munt, and recitations by Captain Patterson, Lieutenant Purdy, and Sergeant Hales, the party winding up with 'Auld Lang Syne.'

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