

# The New Zealand Graphic

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### NAPIER.

**N**APIER, the chief city of the provincial district of Hawke's Bay, is built on a high peninsula, originally known as Scinde Island, jutting into an open roadstead, into which a breakwater is run out from one of the points. It was called after Sir Edward Hawke by Cook, who sighted it October 12th, 1769. The anchorage is good, and the roadstead sheltered from all but easterly gales. The town is built on a succession of rounded hills and in the intervening valley. Its shipping centres at the point of the peninsula known as the Spit, and formerly called Port Ahuriri. Inside the Spit there is a fine basin for vessels of moderate size, formed in the estuary of the Rivers Esk and Tutaekuri, to which access is obtained by a channel enclosed within a long groin running into the bay. The estuary is known, from its shape, as the Iron Pot. Napier is connected with Welling-

### THE MEXICAN CAN SWEAR.

**NEW MEXICO**, is the native heath of profanity. I have heard with interest the oratory of those who, elsewhere, enjoy an undeserved repute for their ability to swing the dictionary around by the tail and shake all the swear-words loose. But, bless you, they don't know their 'a, b, abc.' The most unambitious *patiano* can swear around them and past them and over them with the easy grace of a greyhound circumnavigating a tortoise. It was a New Mexican who was the only man I ever heard divorce a polysyllable with an oath. I obligingly brought him word that a certain desperado was 'hunting' him.

'Wall?' he growled.  
'Wall?' I retorted. 'I've ridden twenty miles to tell you.'

'Wall, I'm under no obli-by God-gation to you, sir, if you did, blankety blank!'

But he was only an Eastern man New Mexicanized. The natives are not guilty of such vague and meaningless blas-

phemy. May condemnation overtake your ears, and your brand-marks *tambien!* (Crack!) The Evil One take away your sisters and brothers, and the cousin of your grandmother! (Crack! Crack!) That the coyotes may eat your uncles and aunts! *Diablos!* (Crack!) Get out of this! *Go,* sons of sleeping mothers that were too tired to eat! *Como!* (Crack! Crack!) The fool that broke you, would that he had to drive you in inferno, with all your cousins and relations by marriage! (Crack!) Ill-said family, that wear out the yoke with no ding in it! Curse your tallow hoofs! Would that I had a *chicote* of all your hides at once, to give you blows! (Crack!) *Malaya* your ribs and your knea-joints, and any other bones I may forget! Anathema upon your great-grandfathers, and everything else that ever wore horns! *Mal—*

Here I interposed, for I was slowly freezing, and Tircio was just beginning to get interested. There was no telling when he would recover from his outburst. He seemed to be easing his own mind, but it hardly satisfied mine. Business before pleasure, always; and the first business was to send him for assistance.

The last words I caught, as he trudged off to San Mateo through the storm were: '—and your dewlaps and livers!



Valentine, photo.

BROWNING STREET, NAPIER, N.Z.

ton by rail to Woodville, ninety-seven miles, thence south by coach, forty-one miles, to the Mangamahoe Station. Thence again by rail on the Eastern line, over the Rimutaka, eighty-five miles, to Wellington; or from Woodville by coach through the grand scenery of the Manawatu Gorge to Palmerston, and thence by the Manawatu Company's Western line to Wellington. The district of Hawke's Bay is largely of a limestone formation, and one of the best agricultural and pastoral counties in New Zealand. There are many extensive meat-preserving and other factories in connection with these industries, but Napier itself is the commercial centre, and has few factories of any consequence in the town. It is a Diocesan city, the residence of the Bishop of Waiapu, and has many fine buildings and private residences; also an excellent club.

**SHAKESPEARE'S LOST CHANCE.**—'Polonius was a splendid bit of character work.' 'Yes; but he had his drawbacks. When he started off and said: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," he lost the best chance in the world to show off his wisdom.' 'How's that?' 'Why, he should have gone on and said, "But if you must do one or t'other, let it be borrowing—there's money in it."'

phemy. They swear methodically, gracefully, fluently, comprehensively, homogeneously, eloquently, thoughtfully—I had almost said prayerfully. They curse everything an inch high. They ransack the archives of history, and send forward a search-warrant into the dim halls of futurity to make sure that nothing curseworthy escapes. But there is nothing brutal about it. It is courteous, tactful, musical, rapt—at times majestic. It carries with it a sense of artistic satisfaction.

It was providential that I had now scraped some approximate acquaintance with that melodious tongue, for my Jehu knew not a word of English. All went well until we came to cross the tiny *arroyo* in the Portecito. Here we slumped suddenly in a quicksand. The hind wheels went down almost from sight; the front wheels and the oxen hung on the bluff farther bank,—and then Tircio let go. A perfect gentleman, Tircio. A quiet, hard-working, honest boy, whose dimpled babes at home tweak his thin beard by hours unhidden, and whose heart and home are open as the soul of New Mexican hospitality. But as an exhorter of cattle—well, I believe the Recording Angel must have just given it up, after a bit, and dropped the ledger and gone away to rest. And the substance of his oration was in words and figures as follows, to wit:

'*Malidos bueyes!* Of ill-said sires and dams! (Nothing intentional here.) *Malaya* your faces! Also your souls, bodies and tails! (Crack!) That your fathers be accursed, and your mothers three times! (Crack!) Jump then!

And curse everything from here to Albuquerque and back our times! And—

Then he faded into the night, while I tried to remember his adjectives to keep warm, for there was nothing where-with to build a fire.

### THE SALE OF EMILE ZOLA'S WORKS.

M. EMILE ZOLA'S work, 'Le Docteur Pascal,' has just been published in book form, 55,000 copies having been printed. Of his various books the 'Déshonneur' has had the largest sale, 176,000 copies having been disposed of. 'Nana' has reached a sale of 166,000. 'L'Assommoir,' 127,000; 'La Terre,' 100,000; the 'Rève,' 88,000; 'Bête Humaine,' 88,000; 'Germinal,' 88,000; 'L'Argent,' 83,000; 'Pot-Bouille,' 82,000; and 'Une Page d'Amour,' 80,000. The two works of the Rougon-Macquart series which have been the least popular are the 'Conquête de Passavia,' of which only 25,000 have been printed, and 'La Fortune des Rougon' (the first of the series) which has only reached 26,000. The total number of books of the Rougon-Macquart series which have been sold is 1,488,000, not including *éditions de luxe*. Each of the volumes of the series is composed of about 500 pages of forty lines, so that M. Zola has written the history of the Rougon family in 400,000 lines.