

# The New Zealand Graphic

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

### TERMS:

Per Annum: £1 5  
(In advance, £1.)  
Single Copy: Sixpence.

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamps, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs, and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

### OFFICE:

Shortland St., Auckland.

**Bendsorp's**  
Royal Dutch  
Cocoa  
Pure-soluble-delicious  
Comparison proves superiority  
TRY IT.

### READER

Do you desire to become a **HYPNOTIST?**

Do you know how to utilize the most powerful and mysterious force of nature? Do you value control over others? Do you value the means of securing friendship, love and personal influence? Do you value the power to conquer pain and banish sickness, to reform a misguided friend, to gain business success, to win wealth, position and happiness? If you do you must learn.

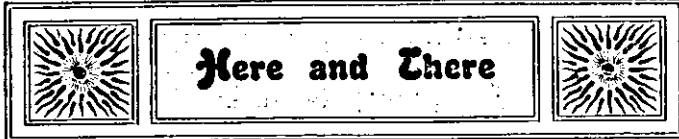
### HYPNOTISM

It is the only power that will ensure success. Years of study will not accomplish as much as a few hours given to the study of this powerful influence. It may be mastered in a very short time without leaving your home. At great trouble and expense a beautiful book has been published. It thoroughly explains everything that one can learn about hypnotism, and everything that can be done by this mysterious agency of nature.

Enclose £1 to

H. ARNOLD, BOX 633, G.P.O. AUCKLAND.

And this great book will be sent by return of mail.



## Here and There

### The Point of View.

Though the world may seem soggy and sad to the cheerless,  
With vision beclouded and simple,  
It is all one long laugh-making joy to the girl  
Who has beautiful teeth and a dimple.

### When Peace Shall Reign.

"But, sleeping on your arms night after night, is it not a great hardship?"  
The conscript saluted respectfully.  
"Oh, no, sir!" said he. "Our new musket, you see, is a combined musket and folding-bed. Of course, there is always the danger of the thing shutting up and smothering one, but the life of a soldier is never free from danger. 'Tis sweet to die for one's country."  
"You are a brave fellow!"  
"Thank you, sir!"

### Reporting M.P.'s Eloquence.

In gossiping about one of the oldest of current periodicals—the "Gentleman's Magazine"—the "Academy" reviews the recollection that Edward Cave, its founder, was the first to attempt the reporting of Parliamentary debates:—It was illegal to do so, and Cave got into trouble more than once, particularly over the Lovat trial in 1747. But he held to his illegal practices for many years. Concealed in the House or in the Strangers' Gallery, he and his lieutenant Guthrie and others would make notes, and retire afterwards to compare them, and have them written up. When prohibited from reporting the proceedings openly, he published the "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput," much as the "London" gave Latin names to the speakers in the House and pretended to be telling of ancient Rome. In 1743 Guthrie was dismissed, and Johnson took his place. How Johnson did the work is notorious; he invented the speeches.

### Poor Little Daley.

The late Victor Daley's poetry was greatly admired by Lord Beauchamp, when the latter was Governor of New South Wales, and at an artists' smoke night in Sydney Daley was presented to the Governor, and they spent the greater part of the evening together discussing literary topics. After the Governor left Daley joined a Bohemian set, and the rest of the night was of the haziest description as far as he was concerned. "The next morning," Daley used to say, in relating the sequel, "I was sleeping comfortably about half-past 11 when they came in to me and said that there was a policeman at the door wanting to see me. 'Great Scot,' I thought, 'who did I murder last night?' No, I didn't murder Julian Ashton, I didn't murder Roderick Quinn, I didn't murder Sid Long, and I can't think of anybody else I'd be likely to murder. I came to the conclusion it must be some mere case of burglary or garrotting I'd overlooked, so I dressed and went out to surrender myself. There was the policeman all right, and he handed me a long, blue envelope. 'Worse still,' I thought, 'he must be a bailiff.' I opened the letter, and there was an invitation from Beauchamp to go up to Government House for dinner. I spent the rest of the day burrowing a dress suit."

Daley had two stories of an old friend of his earlier journalistic days that he told with great delight when the wine was red. Mack was a boon companion and a kindred spirit; he was always "the same," and the two saw many mornings dawn. One night, Victor, being less gay than his brother in felicity, took him home under his wing—"Or he took me home, I forget which," Daley would add naively. Anyhow, Victor was awakened in the dark and early hours of morning, and heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness of night. The one was weeping, not noisily, but in a quiet, patient, desolate way. V.I.D. stole out of bed, and, pawing about in

the darkness, found his friend. Mack took Daley's two hands in his, and clung to them, and continued weeping quietly, and with immeasurable pathos. "Why, whatever is the matter, Mack, old man?" murmured the poet, compassionately. Mack pressed Victor's hands more closely, struggled with his feelings for a moment, and then said, in a low broken voice, "Sing to me, Victor—sing to me!"

The other story of the same companion in rhyme tells of Daley being awakened very late one dark, wet, windy night and lying for quite half an hour listening to a low, patient, but persistent knocking at his front door. The night was cold and the bed and the poet were hard to part, but at length Daley arose, pulled on his trousers, and went down to the door, filling good hot Irish to himself all the way. He opened the door, and, peering about in the storm, at length discovered a sopping figure kneeling on the mat. It was Mack. "Victor," said Mack in the lugubrious tones that always marked the third stage of an opulent jag, "Victor, dear old friend, can I sleep under your mulberry tree?"

### Sleep.

Soft as the touch of loving fingers on a brow,  
Distress'd with pain,  
Sweet as the echo of a long still voice within,  
A weary brain,  
Cool as the waters of an ever-losing sea  
'Neath sunny skies,  
Still as the bush that holds the grieving earth  
When summer dies;  
Welcome as falling dew to pale, droop-headed flowers  
Parched all day long,  
Tender as golden harp-strings breathing the refrain  
Of some sad song,  
Fragrant as is the perfume hidden in the heart  
Of a red rose,  
Peaceful as summer twilight when to rest  
The tired breeze goes;  
Dark as a leafy forest glade when o'er the land  
Night's pall is spread,  
Fresh as an early morn in springtime when the sun  
Grows rosy-red,  
Glad as the little smiles that o'er a baby's face  
Joyously creep,  
Pure as the love-light in a mother's eyes—  
Is sleep.

### Thus They Laugh.

High mentality is shown in a laugh. There are savages in Africa who never laugh; they grin, that is all; and this lack of the quality of laughter is a symptom of their low mentality. The Chinaman has no hearty bursts of laughter. He titters cynically—titters over the misfortune of an enemy or the elopement of a daughter of a friend. He cannot give utterance to a hearty

laugh. When he is delighted, or amused, or happy, he just looks calm, with a sickly smile on his sallow face. The Frenchman has a reserved laugh, one which he holds well in hand. He is afraid that a loud and honest laugh would denude him in the eyes of his acquaintances. The German's laugh is deep and prolonged. The laugh of the Irishman is hearty and resonant. The English and Americans are quick to see the point of a witticism, and most of them laugh unrestrainedly. Their mirth is so natural and so heartily expressed that you cannot but rejoice to hear it.

### The Goldsmith's Daughter.

(From the German of L. Uhland)  
A Goldsmith laboured, and around  
Lay precious stones and pearls;  
Most valued jewel ever I found  
Art thou, my daughter Helen,  
Thou dearest girl of girls!"  
A solemn knight rode up thorough  
"Good fortune be thy hap, dear smith:  
Make now a jewelled garland,  
A gift for my sweet bride."

When now complete the garland shone,  
And flashed where jewels clung,  
Fair Helen, passive and alone,  
Stood, and the flashing garland  
On lifted arm she hung.  
"Ah, blest indeed the bride must be  
For whom such garland's meant!  
Would youder horseman give to me  
A wreath of only roses,  
My heart were well content."

See long returned, the rider bold,  
The wreath with pleasure eyed;  
"Now fashion me a ring of gold;  
A ring with royal diamonds,  
To give my sweetest bride!"  
When flushed, beautiful, it shone  
In setting unexcelled,  
Fair Helen, passive and alone,  
Halt on her slender finger  
The flashing jewel held.  
"Ah, blest indeed the bride must be  
On whom such wealth is spent,  
Ah! would you horseman spare to me  
One least curl from his temples,  
My heart were well content!"

See long the rider bold returned,  
The ring with pleasure eyed;  
"Thou, smith, a good reward hast earned!  
Fatt well the gifts are fashioned  
For her, my sweetest bride!"  
"But now, that better I may see  
If thou art fit, dear smith,  
Allow a lover thus on thee  
His genius set; thou art lovely  
As she were, thus arrayed."

A Sunday morn came fresh and fair,  
She wide her casement throws;  
She, musing, clothed herself with care,  
At church to pray right early,  
"Pure, sweet as any rose."  
Right sweetly blushed she when she met  
The dreamt-of rider bold,  
The garland on her head he set,  
And on her slender finger  
He placed the ring of gold.

"Sweet Helen, Helen, loved thou art!  
The Jest has had its sting;  
The dear-loved bride art thou, dear heart;  
For thee was made the garland,  
For thee the jewelled ring."  
"Near gold and pearl and precious stone  
Art thou grown noble too;  
Be that a sign for thee alone,  
With love and highest honour  
Thy worthiness I see."

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.  
Czech.

## THE SHORT SEA ROUTE

To AMERICA, CANADA, EUROPE

— IS BY THE —

# A. & A. LINE

Via PAGO PAGO, HONOLULU AND SAN FRANCISCO.  
6 Days in the Longest Sea Stretch

## ONLY

28 DAYS FROM AUCKLAND TO LONDON

## TAKE A ROUND-WORLD TRIP

One way via America or Canada, returning

BY ANY SUEZ OR CAPE LINE

Steamers 6000 to 30,000 tons, Speed 17 to 23 knots.

Apply for all information to HENDERSON & MACFARLANE,

General Agents, Auckland.

OR OCEANIC AGENT, any N.Z. Port.