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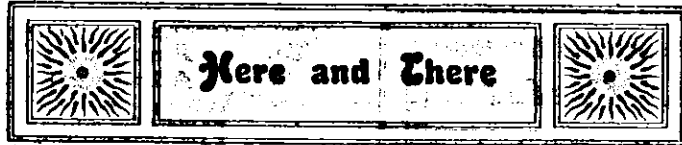
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OFFICE:

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.



The Burial of Sir John Moore.

The London "Critic" makes the "astounding discovery" that "The Burial of Sir John Moore" was taken from the French of Lally-Tollendat. "The Rev. Charles Wolfe," says the "Critic," "is generally supposed to be the author of a single poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' which alone—the learned divine's other literary efforts being but little worth—has sufficed to perpetuate his memory and caused him to be numbered among the few. As a matter of fact, he only translated from the French, and however much we may admire the beauty of his interpretation, the extent of his indebtedness will be apparent to all who read the original lines from the appendix to 'Les Memoires de Lally-Tollendat,' published by his son. The poem was written in the following circumstances: In 1749 a Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, raised a regiment in his neighbourhood, and with it accompanied Lally-Tollendat's ill-fated expedition to India. The Colonel was killed in defending Pondicherry—the last stronghold of the French—against the forces of Coote. He was buried at dead of night by a few faithful followers on the north bastion of the fortress, and the next day the French fleet sailed for Europe with the remnants of the garrison. Lally-Tollendat was executed in 1768, but a worthy son made noble efforts to rehabilitate his father's memory. The memoirs were widely circulated and must have come into the hands of the reverend gentleman, who, though he stole, did not miss in the stealing." We give four verses of the alleged original:

Mi le son de tambour, . . . ni la marche funebre.
Ni le feu des soldats . . . ne marqua son deuil.
Mais du levain, a la hate, a travers les lueurs
Mornees, nous portames le cadavre au repos!

De minuit c'etait l'heure, et solitaire et sombre.

La lune a peine offrait un debile rayon.
La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'obscur.
Quand de la balustrade on creusa le gazou.

D'inutile cercueil de drap funeraire
Nous ne distinguames solent entourer de
braves;
Il resulte dans les plus du moment militaire.
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de
veilles.

La priere qu'on fit fut de courte duree;
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le coeur
fut pleine!
Mais on chanta du mort la figure adornee . . .
Et avec auertume on songeait au denain.

Mr Andrew Lang, the well known writer, has been looking into the matter, and he casts some suspicion upon this circumstantial account given by the "Critic." He has searched in vain at the British Museum for any Lally-Tollendat memoirs by his son, and it will be observed that the writer in the "Critic" does not give any date of publication.

German Women.

One of the United States Consuls draws attention to statistics published in Magdeburg, which shows a "steady increase in female suicides, due, no doubt, to the increased activity of women in industrial pursuits." In these circumstances it is not surprising to find the German Government taking steps to encourage the emigration of women to the colonies.

The colonies themselves, moreover, are sadly in need of women, and Government policy is to send out married officials to the African possessions. In a recent Reichstag debate an official said it was asking a great deal of German women to accompany their husbands into the wilderness, where there were but the crudest means of existence and but little communication with the outside world. Under the circumstances, however, no other course was open, if a beginning was ever to be made toward

introducing those rational and natural principles of colonisation without which the German possessions would remain sterile of any civilising factors so indispensably necessary if any lasting bond of connection was to be fostered between the colonies and the mother country.

The sending out of married officials, accompanied by their wives, is stated to be but the beginning of a comprehensive plan looking forward to the eventualities of inducing farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, with their wives, to follow suit. According to the latest census there are in all the German colonies only 1343 white women, namely, thirty-two in Togo, ninety in Cameroon, 420 in East Africa, 221 in the South Sea Islands, and 1000 in South-West Africa. Among this number are included many Greek and Italian women.

Sankey Reminiscences.

The newly published volume by Mr Ira D. Sankey, describing his own career and the origin of his sacred songs has considerable interest for those who remember the great revival of the seventies. He tells of the masterful manner in which Dwight L. Moody captured him in 1870. "I am in Government employ," objected Sankey. "You will have to give that up," responded Moody. "I have been looking for you for eight years." Among the stories attaching to the Sankey hymns one of the most curious is that about Miss K. C. Clephane's: "There were ninety and nine who safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one there was on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold."

This hymn was first published in the "poets' corner" of a newspaper, and there met the eye of Mr Sankey. He was struck with it, and read it to his coadjutor, who happened, however, to be so absorbed in a letter from home that he paid no attention to it. A day or two afterwards at a meeting where "The Good Shepherd" had been the subject of the day, a hymn was wanted. Mr Sankey thought of the 23rd Psalm, but it had been sung more than once, and it was out of the question as a solo, as the whole audience would certainly join in. The singer sat down at the organ and improvised the tune as he sang—"note by note the tune was given, which has not been changed from that day to this." Perhaps the most effective stanza is—

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through,
Ere he found the sheep that was
lost."

Tragedy of Alcohol.

Mr. Hall Gaine in his new booklet, "Drink," following Emile Zola, has written the tragedy of alcohol, but his is a tragedy with a happy ending.

Lucy Cloudsdale is young, beautiful, rich and good. But she is a dipsomaniac; the victim of an hereditary disease. Her grandfather was a cruel, hard master, and one of his victims cursed him with a curse worthy of Kehoma.

"It's yourself that will go to hell; but before you go you will have the fire of hell in your body, and feel a thirst that can never be quenched. You will drink and drink till you die, and your children will drink, and your children's children, and your great-grandchildren, for ever and ever."

The curse comes true, and Lucy is engaged when it falls on her. A doctor had ordered her to take brandy.

"Within a fortnight Lucy had become the slave of her medicine. She took it, not twice daily, but four times, six times, ten times. An unquenchable thirst possessed her, a burning fever, an insatiable craving.

Her lover determines to cure her, and against the wish of her clergyman and her doctor calls in a hypnotist, who for the time being works a cure.

But hypnotism is too dangerous; he fears to go on with it. Then he has a happy idea. He manages to induce her with hope, to fill the girl's mind with a possibility of a bright and not a black future, and she is saved.

In an appendix Mr. Hall Gaine writes: "If I were a doctor I should give myself no peace in the presence of the world-wide curse of drink, and the claims of hypnotism to cure it, until I had satisfied myself on the subject." Not being a doctor, I have only attempted to deal with the moral aspect of 'suggestion' as a means of cure, and my conclusion has been that, great and precious as the human inheritance of free will must always be, the world has recognised the right, not only of the doctor, but also of the priest, the teacher, the orator, and the writer to influence and control it."

Mr. Hall Gaine's book is published by Messrs. Newnes at sixpence.

Agile at Eighty-Eve.

Mr. W. W. Duffield, who is known as the "Grand Old Man" of Chelmsford, England, is a wonderful person in many ways. Although nearly 86 years of age, he does physical exercises night and morning—he learned them at the grammar school three-quarters of a century ago—walks at least five miles every day, and fills numerous public appointments. For nearly 50 years he has been clerk to the Chelmsford Board of Guardians, and he is clerk to the Bench, registrar of the County and Bankruptcy Courts, chairman of the Chelmsford Grammar School and of several companies, and senior alderman of the borough. He comes of a long-lived family. His brother James, who lives at Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, is nearly 83, and three other members lived to be over 80. Mr. Duffield told an "Express" representative how he maintains his strength and suppleness of limb. "I'm fond of walking," he said. "Forty-five years ago, after my doctor had recommended me to do plenty of walking, I complained of the amount of time it took up, and he said: 'Never mind about the time; you can put it all on at the end with interest.' I attribute my health largely to the continuance of these exercises and to restricting my food and varying it as much as possible. I eat most things, but I believe in a moderate diet. I never was a big eater, and I never give my stomach the work which my teeth should do. I believe in a variety of food—as much variety as possible. I take meat, but not much salt meat, and I have plenty of vegetables and cooked fruit. I have a good luncheon, and dine at 7.30, after which I have nothing but a glass of whisky and soda and a smoke before going to bed. I always go to bed directly I hear the clock strike 12."

Shrewd Lad.

There is a good story told of a man who has become a most successful merchant. When a lad he was employed as an office-boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shabby," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave the lad a cheque for £50. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there were not enough funds to meet it. "How much short?" asked the lad. "£1 10/," was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out thirty shillings, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank and Co."

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the cheque and got the money. Blank and Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.

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