

HERE AND THERE.

The arch erected in Auckland by the Government to grace the Duke's arrival was by far the most substantial of these edifices in the city. It was ridiculously substantial; in fact, so much so, that it has seemed a cruel waste to pull it down again. So it has remained when all other evidences of the great occasion have passed away. The Government have no objection that it should remain there for ever, and have offered it to the city; but Auckland declines with thanks, having no desire to saddle herself with such a piece of architecture, but rather to be rid of the thing, which, the winter rains having deprived it of its whitewash, now stands revealed in all its pseudo classicality of twelve such planks and Corinthian pillars of corrugated iron. The Government's idea was that it should remain an arch, and stand as an emblem of the Administration's loyalty; but I fear dismemberment must be its fate, and that if we could trace the various parts of this historic structure we would find them, in the end, serving some useful purpose in the architecture of a backyard hen-house. To such base uses do these things come.

Mr Seddon raised a laugh the other day in the House by suggesting the impossibility of anyone getting into his clothes. As a metaphor the expression may pass, but even more funny than the idea of anyone of less proportions than Mr Bolland figuring in the Premier's roomy garments is the vision one can conjure up of his trying to get into the habiliments of anyone in the House save Mr Bolland. Where, for instance, would Mr Seddon be with Mr Hall-Jones' suit? Certainly much more out of than in it. Indeed, the Premier's loneliness in this respect is very apparent. No man in the whole political arena is so dependent on his outward garb. Consider what the sudden deprivation of his own particular attire would mean for him. Other men could cover their nakedness by borrowing from their neighbours or applying to a ready-made clothing establishment. But whether would our Othello go? No private wardrobe in Wellington could furnish apparel for Mr Seddon, and the reach-me-down shops do not stock his sizes.—The probability is he would have to go to bed till the tailor had fitted him or else come down to the House in a blanket.

There is discord in the Auckland Amateur Opera Club. The Society, which we have been wont to associate with pleasant harmony, is in a somewhat inharmonious condition just at present. Jealousy, I presume, the bugbear of the professional stage, afflicts the amateur too. The trouble all arose out of the decision of the committee to engage a Southern singer to take the part of the Fairy Queen in the forthcoming production of "Iolanthe." The first assumption naturally is that when the club has to go South for a singer it is because equal talent does not offer itself here; and it is an assumption which not a few singers might resent either on their own account or on purely general grounds. There appears to have been a good deal of resentment with the committee's action, and the upshot was a meeting of the club last week, at which some 50 members were present. The proceedings were decidedly "warin," and, although private, the nature of them has pretty well leaked out, as was to be anticipated. Mr. Abel Rowe captained the attack, and, indeed, was the chief speaker of the evening. He wanted to know why the club had to go out of Auckland for its talent. The thing was unheard of in the history of the club. The very idea of the South presuming to come in and invade Mr. Rowe's eloquent ire. Why, Christchurch couldn't even boast of an Amateur Opera Club! The refection on Christchurch brought Mr. Towsey to his feet. As a musician he spoke with authority. He opined that the South had every bit as much musical talent as the North. But Mr. Towsey's championship of the South was cut short by Mr. Rowe's appealing to the chair as to whether Mr. Towsey had a right to speak, not being a member of the club. The chair ruled in Mr. Rowe's favour. Mr. Gresham, the Coroner, then took up the tale,

and suggested that the club should be called the Wellington-Auckland Club—a factious proposal that elicited from Mr. Warren the reminder that the occasion was not an inequet. Mr. George Reid spoke in support of the committee's action, but nothing could suppress the fervour of Mr. Rowe on the other side, and he again went on the warpath. It is said that matters at one point reached such a height that several of the ladies present sought to make their escape, but found their way barred by the doors, which had been locked to ensure the strict secrecy of the meeting. The end of it all was that the committee's action received the support of an overwhelming majority, but the discomfited faction do not accept the decision with equanimity or grace, and there is much talk on its part.

This is how one journal summarises the fate of the returned trooper from the wars. It is not the popular aspect of the case. Scene, a ball-room. A crippled colonial soldier, who was been fighting the Boers for twelve months, hobbles into a seat beside a pretty girl. He: "Well, Miss Mary, you see I'm back again." She: "O! is that you—well, I didn't recognise you at first. How you've changed! Been to South Africa, haven't you? Did you have a good time; did you enjoy yourself?"

Mr. Seddon, it appears from despatches recently published, has stood up for the retention of the Home Privy Council as a Court of Appeal from the colonial courts. Without wishing to depreciate the wisdom of our own judges, I think the general feeling is that the appeal to Caesar should be kept. It is only natural to suppose that the highest bench of legal luminaries in the Empire should be superior in legal knowledge to a bench of colonial judges. I shall not forget a case which occurred in Christchurch some time ago, and which bears on this matter. The Supreme Court had given a verdict for the defendant, which verdict was subsequently reversed by the Judges of our Appeal Court, the Chief Justice alone dissenting from the latter's decision. The case went Home to the Privy Council, and the result was that that court upset the finding of our Court of Appeal—and in the remarks of the learned gentlemen who reviewed the case it was plainly stated that the New Zealand Appeal Judges, with the exception of the Chief Justice, had misunderstood the legal bearing of the position. Rough on our Appeal Court!

The age of chivalry is not extinct! In Gisborne—of all places in the world you may say—the spirit of true knightly magnanimity at least in a few breasts. The other day two rivals for the affection of a certain lady met by the sea side waves to determine in single combat to whom she should belong. Whether it was out of respect for the day—it was the Sabbath—or because they possessed no lethal weapons, or because they didn't know how to use them, or because—well, any reason you like, but the fact remains that they fought with their fists. Unfortunately the details of the combat are wanting, although it was witnessed by many friends and sympathisers. It does not appear to have been very sanguinary, for neither of the rivals was "knocked out." Vanquished after a fashion, one of them was but like a true knight, he bore no grudge, and shook hands with his foe. Whether the lady watched the battle from afar is not told, and whether she gave her heart to the victor or the vanquished is also a moot point.

"My house," wrote the young lady teacher to the Hawke's Bay Education Board, "is almost a lake this morning, so bad that I am going to town to spend a comfortable Sunday. The leakage is from the chimney in the kitchen to the centre of the room. Yesterday morn I got wet while cooking breakfast, and last night could not face the same again, so went out and begged tea."

The forthcoming Intercolonial Photographic Exhibition at Wellington promises to be a most successful one, it opens on September 2, and intending exhibitors are reminded by advertisement that entries close August 26.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

The New Zealand Contingents in South Africa were represented at the New Zealand dinner by three "gentlemen in khaki," Messrs H. G. Heywood, James Poynter, and James Gardner, who bore with veteran fortitude the volley of applause that greeted them when Lord Onslow conveyed his thanks to them for their services. Mr Gardner who hails from Canterbury, was invalided Home with a bad ear. A severe cold led to the bursting of a discharge which pierced the drum of the ear, so that Mr Gardner was as deaf as a post when he landed five weeks ago. Thanks to the care of Dr. Field, his hearing has wonderfully improved, and in a month's time he hopes to be out of the doctor's hands. If he could not hear, he has at least been able to see to some purpose, and has explored the South Coast pretty thoroughly, taken a look at Paris, witnessed the trooping of the colour, and last week attended an agricultural show at Colchester, which entre nous he didn't consider a patch on the Canterbury one, either in quality or up to date-ness. Everything seemed sacrificed to getting the beasts into a superlative, and as it appeared to him, exaggerated condition.

Dr. Grace was an absentee from the New Zealand dinner. His health has not been satisfactory during his sojourn in Kent.

Sir Walter Buller on the other hand looked as fit as if the sword of Damocles had never been suspended over his head. He has taken a furnished house at Richmond, and later on will, with Miss Buller, move into rooms in the palace at Hampton Court.

Mrs W. Parsons (Wellington) and her two daughters will return to the colony at the end of the year, as Mrs Parsons finds the English winter too trying. It is uncertain whether Miss Phoebe will remain in London or accompany them.

The Rev. H. T. Purchas (Christchurch), who landed a month ago, after a fairly comfortable voyage in the *Runic*, and who for several months was hors de combat with a bad throat, has under Dr. Lindo Ferguson's advice been taking lessons in voice production in order to prevent a recurrence of his troublesome throat trouble. The result of his course of treatment has, I am glad to say, been satisfactory, and his throat seems quite right again. Mr Purchas has been staying at Church Farm, Cheam, Surrey, and next week goes to relatives in Herefordshire. The date of his departure will probably be September.

Mr C. J. E. Allen (Christchurch), after ten days' sight-seeing in the Metropolis, goes North to the Glasgow Exhibition, visiting Worcester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Blackburn, and Liverpool en route. After a run round Scotland he will spend some little time in Belfast.

Mr Montague Ormsby (Christchurch) during his three months' stay, has been up in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and after a brief visit to London is now at Doddington, Wooler, Northumberland once more. In a fortnight's time he is going over to Ireland to see his relations; and on his return will most likely take a tour in Scotland. Early in October he will set out by one of the Orient boats on his return to the colony.

Mr Fred. W. Best (Auckland), who came over by the *Whakatane*, and who is living at Dulwich, intends to spend some four years in England with the object of gaining practical experience in gun-making.

A science master has been selected for the Auckland Grammar School, and negotiations with him should be completed in the next couple of days.

Mr. Henry A. Pogram's fine bust of Sir Harry Atkinson is now on view at the Agent-General's office, where it will remain for the next three weeks in order that Anglo-New Zealanders may have a look at it before it is

shipped out to the colony towards the end of July.

Mr. Cadman has been laid up for the last few days with a bad cold, the result of a chill, and is unable to leave his hotel. Mr. Smith is, however, "going strong" on behalf of self and partner.

Professor T. R. Blunt, the new French and German professor of Canterbury College, and his wife and children, were passengers by the *Whakatane*, which left Tuesday.

Mr George Sim, after an absence of 19 years at the Antipodes, has returned to his native land for a few months' holiday, and is staying with his brother, Mr. Thomas Sim, West Cuts Farm, Aberdeen.

The Agent-General has received from New Zealand the Maori mat the result of a shilling subscription from the people of New Plymouth for presentation to "B.P." Mrs. Baden-Powell will take charge of the mat for the general.

Mr. W. G. Whittaker (Auckland) declares in the "Daily News" that the democratic colony of New Zealand "will never again, under similar circumstances, give a man or a shilling in helping to crush a brave people with whom we never had a cause for quarrel, and struggling for everything New Zealanders hold dear. There was no spontaneity about the assistance given in the first instance. It was worked up by the Imperial blast-blowing Cabinet, three of whose members have already, at the hands of the Duke, received their reward."

Mr. Whittaker is entitled to his own opinion about the justice of our quarrel, but how he can conscientiously say there was no "spontaneity" in face of the enthusiastic way in which volunteers of all classes and from all parts of the country came forward is a conundrum that only the "Daily News" leader writers can solve.

Many in your city will learn with regret of the death at the age of 63 of the Rev. Joseph Cook, LL.D., the well-known lecturer, who toured the Antipodes in the early eighties. The late Mr Cook was born at Ticonderoga, New York, in 1838, and was educated at Yale and Harvard. After some years of European travel he settled in America, spending most of his time at Boston. Here he delivered the famous "Boston Monday Lectures," which he afterwards published in eleven volumes. In 1880 he started on a three years' tour of the world, during which he lectured to vast audiences in England and the colonies, and is said to have made a modest fortune by his platform appearances.

Mr Heathcote Williams (Napier) is spending a good deal of his time in the law courts and watching the English judges administer justice. He was struck with the Chief Justice and Mr Justice Darling.

A Beautiful Fabric.

THE

'Louis'

VELVETEEN.

NOTE WELL!—Each yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled LOUIS and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.