

with the European cities with which he is familiar. But there is a very large percentage of truth in his comments on our cities, our buildings, our alleged statuary, and other conspicuous objects in the urban landscape. It was inevitable that the Doctor should have discovered that ridiculous statue of John Bull in Parliament House grounds; equally inevitable that he should have penned a caustic word or two about the Queens' statue. For the former, of course, the municipality is not responsible; it is able to shunt the blame on to the General Government. But there are worse eyesores than these statues about Wellington, picturesque though the city really is. Dr. Herz found Wellington very "sombre, bare and drab." Very possibly he landed here on some cold, rainy day, when all the places looked dour, and the encircling hills were as depressing as a gaol wall. But Dr. Herz, I fancy, would see reason to change his opinion were he to spend any time here; at any rate, he would discover that Wellington, with its blue harbour and its green ring of hills, can be very beautiful when it likes. Had our critic said that Wellington is naturally picturesque, but that its citizens do not take any trouble to enhance that picturesque quality of situation, he would have been very near the mark. Our real want is more trees, more grassy foliage, more grassy plots in our "drab" city. Any Wellington resident and any observant visitor can indicate a score of places which a little civic care and a very little money would make places of great beauty.

One spot I have in my mind's eye just now is the foreshore of Oriental Bay, which is capable of great improvement, but which is at present more or less of a rubbish-dumping ground for the neighbourhood. Another is the Kelburne Park, the "made" recreation ground you pass in the cable car on your way up to the Kelburne heights. The park is something like 300 feet above sea-level; a pleasant billiard-table of green turf, where the white flannels of the cricketers make an enlivening picture on Saturday afternoons. But the effect of this green level space among the tumbled hills is quite spoiled by its ugly edges: bare clay banks and treeless borders. No attempt has been made to beautify the fringe of the park; no trees, no flowers. The Council people apparently imagined that by the making of the playing-ground their duty ended.

One hopes that some one will lead a few of the City Fathers up to the park some day soon, and run them violently up against that staring yellow clay wall on the one side and those rubbish piles on the other, at the same time delivering a brief but forcible lecture on the subject of pleasure grounds as they ought to be. Then, I suppose, the Councillors would go away, thinking hard, and direct the City Gardener to plant a few score of macrocarpa and pinus insignis. That's just about their idea of what is fitting and beautiful in the way of soil adornment. What we want in Wellington is a good live Beautifying Society, one which would make it its business to see that the municipal governing body got some sense of the aesthetic knocked into its rather commonplace skull. We want fewer band rotundas, fewer "howlers" in the way of statuary, and more trees and flowers in our public places.

Turner, the Alpinist.

An interesting chap whom one may see on Lambton Quay pretty well any day just now is Mr Samuel Turner, F.R.G.S., one of the world's most famous mountaineers. Indeed, Englishmen who have reviewed his recently published book, "My Climbing Adventures in Four Continents," have called him "the king of climbers," "the world's greatest Alpinist," "Edward Whymper's legitimate successor," and a variety of other flattering titles. Mr. Turner has scaled our Alpine monarch, Aorangi, but that is one of his minor triumphs. He has carried ice axe and ruseac to the summits of some of the great Siberian heights, and he has plodded through snow waist deep 20,000 feet above the sea on the peaks of the Andes. Now he is seriously thinking of attacking Mt. Everest, for his ambition is to reach the loftiest pinnacle on this old globe of ours. It will be a tremendous task, and very costly as well, and he does not anticipate being able to tackle the king of the Himalayas for a few years yet. But he has any amount of self-confidence, and determination, and these qualities will go a long way towards attaining his heart's desire. For the rest, Mr Turner is a butter buyer by calling, not exactly the trade to make a crack Alpinist one would imagine. He is the New Zealand agent for a big English produce firm; hitherto he has made annual trips to the Dominion for his firm, but now he has settled here and has selected the Hutt for a place of residence. The snow peaks of the world are his playground, but New Zealand he has made his home; there's no place like it in the world for healthy and rational life, he says—and he has seen all the civilised world, and a good deal of the uncivilised. Physically, this climbing man does not strike the casual eye as a great athlete or gymnast, but he is both, and a bit of an acrobat to boot. All notable Alpinists have to be; they have to perform "stunts" on ice and rock that would turn a circus gymnast grey with fright. He is under rather than over the middle size, and he is not obtrusively muscular. But he's tough and quick on his legs, and he has the doggedness of the British bulldog. And, in his own homely North-of-England phrase, "It's dogged as does it."

A Memory of Sir Arthur Gordon.

Lord Stanmore, whose death was reported per London cable this week, was very little known in New Zealand under that name, but as Sir Arthur Gordon many old colonists, and particularly old members of Parliament and Civil Servants, will remember him. Sir Arthur was Governor of New Zealand for a couple of years, 1880 to 1882. He had governed Fiji from 1875 to 1880, and then was shifted down here, a not un-welcome change after the tropic heat, the flies, the hurricanes, and other drawbacks of life in the Cannibal Islands. Sir Arthur had a rather autocratic way with him, the result, no doubt, of his long service as ruler of Crown colonies, where a Governor does really govern. About the only memorable incident of his sojourn in New Zealand concerns Te Whiti, the famous old prophet of Parihaka, who passed to the Maori spirit-land four or five years ago. It was in the unsettled times in Taranaki, shortly before Bryce's unforgettable raid on

Parihaka. The Governor wished to visit Te Whiti at his big settlement at the foot of the Mountain, thinking, no doubt, that his influence might induce the Prophet to look with a more friendly eye upon the whites. He despatched his A.D.C., an English army officer, to Taranaki to arrange for an interview. The Prophet met the A.D.C., the late Mr Charles Wilson Hirstill, then a surveyor in Taranaki, and a persona grata with Te Whiti, was the interpreter. The old Maori mystic smiled serenely on the A.D.C., but gave that officer and gentleman to understand that he didn't want to hobnob with Governors, and that he intended to go on his prophetic way untrammelled by conferences with pakiaia rangatiras, "Kua maoa te taewa," said the Prophet, in his oracular way, as he closed the interview. "The potato is cooked," is what that meant; all is over, the Rubicon is passed, there is no turning back, and so forth. The interpretation of the inner meaning of that phrase, which became historic, worried Maori experts and Ministers of the Crown for many a week thereafter, while old Te Whiti sat chucking in his whare. But Mr John Bryce cooked the Prophet's own potato for him a little later (this was in 1881) by invading Parihaka at the head of 1,700 Armed Constabulary and Volunteers, and gaoing the big medicine man of the Mountain and his principal disciples.

The Premier's Private Secretary.

It is announced this morning that Cabinet has appointed Mr James Hislop, chief private secretary to Sir Joseph Ward, to be Under-Secretary for Internal Affairs in succession to the late Mr. Hugh Pollen. This is good news to all Mr Hislop's friends, for the Internal Affairs chair is one of the most comfortable and well-paid billets in the Civil Service; and it will be particularly welcome, I doubt not, after the strenuous life Mr Hislop has led as the Prime Ministers' secretary. Mr Seddon worked his secretaries very hard, and Sir Joseph Ward is almost as constant a toiler, and of course his secretaries have to toil at all hours and under all sorts of conditions. However, Sir Joseph is a very kind and considerate man; all who have served under him express that opinion, and between Mr Hislop and his chief a very firm bond of friendship exists. Mr Hislop, personally, is a very well liked man, one of the most unassuming and pleasant and courteous men in the Civil Service, and an able man withal. He is still a young man, though he has put in many years of service, twelve of them as secretary to Sir Joseph—a position which has always been a stepping stone to good promotion. Now the shrewd question will occur to many people, is there a hint of coming changes of great import in this comfortable disposal of the Prime Ministers' secretary? It looks very like it. The opinion gains weight that Sir Joseph is going to resign. He has denied it, of course, but Ministerial denials, like other political utterances, find scant credence these days.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. Charles Rhodes, local director of the Waipi Gold Mining Company, returned last week from a visit to Wellington.
The Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. J. Parr) has been on a visit to Christchurch.
Dr. Crossley, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, was last week on a visit to Wellington.
Lord Idington, who has been in camp near Rotorua for three weeks, left on Tuesday for Gisborne via Lake Waikaremoana, arriving on Friday. He leaves Gisborne by the Monowai for Wellington on Sunday, 11th.
Sir William Steward, who is retiring from politics, was last week presented with a purse of sovereigns and an illuminated address by the electors of Waitaki.
Mr. J. T. M. Hornsby, ex-M.P. of Waitarapa, has been appointed editor of the "Hutt and Petone Chronicle" in suc-

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Date.	Goods received till.	Passen. per train.	Mangapai.	Parua Bay.
2nd—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	11 a.m.
5th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.
7th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	9 a.m.
12th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	9 a.m.
14th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	11 a.m.
18th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	11 a.m.
19th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	No str.	No str.
21st—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.
23rd—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	9 a.m.
26th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.	No str.
30th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	11 a.m.

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