

That piece of ornamental work is called a *Teko*. The imitation of thatch on the roof is artistically carved. The original of the picture was carved at Maketu by artists of the Ngatipikiao tribe, and placed in the Auckland Museum by the late Judge Fenton.

Apropos of the subject, a school of art furniture with carvings in the Maori style (of course *bowdlerised*), would probably not only pay handsomely, but also be a splendid advertisement of New Zealand woods and workmanship. Of Grinling Gibbons' inimitable carvings in the choir stalls of St. Paul's Cathedral, an eminent connoisseur recently said: "They are the only things which could not be replaced if the building were destroyed." In the Auckland Art Gallery there is a charming example of the great artist's skill in the shape of a carved box-wood figure on a pedestal with a frieze of exquisite little figures around its base. This

gem was presented to the Gallery by the late Mr. Albin Martin, a most learned expert in art, ancient and modern, a pupil of Linnell, and many years an art student in Italy.

The modern Maoris carve sticks and pipes with neat and ingenious designs, but a stick which is carved from head to ferrule although interesting as a curio, on a wall always seems rather an anomaly. Recently a splendid bit of *pakeha* carving, not only compelled my admiration, but aroused a strong feeling of covetousness. The wood was kowhai, beautiful in colour and grain. The head represented a sort of double Janus, being four-faced. The artist with wondrous skill and originality, had carved the same face with four different expressions, and yet preserved an unmistakable likeness in each. That such work should have been achieved by Mr. Newton, while surveying in the far country with only a penknife by way of tools, argues a rare natural gift in the carver.

DRAMA.

INTOLERANCE OF CRITICISM.

Some eminent professionals seem to delight in tilting at journalists, a practice which is neither judicious nor just. On the whole pressmen are generous and incline towards leniency in their criticisms. Now and then it must be admitted, some cantankerous critic will unmercifully "slate," but as a rule only displaying ignorance as well as malice in his philippics. Still it is not only foolish, but also illogical for the victims of such attacks to argue from the particular to the general, and visit the offence of the few upon the many. Recently Mrs Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) denounced the British newspapers with quite unmerited severity. However, they generously retorted by praising with unstinted fervour her exquisite acting as "The Elder Miss Blossom." Curiously enough, Fanny Kemble, in years long past, vowed a vendetta against all sorts and conditions of pressmen. In Volume II. of "The Journal of Frances Anne Butler," she writes: "I here do solemnly swear never again with my own good will to become

acquainted with any man in any way connected with the public press. They are utterly unreliable people generally—their vocation requires that they should be so; and the very few exceptions I must forget, for however I might like them, I can neither respect nor approve of their trade, for trade it is in the vilest sense of the word." This is quite bad enough, but Fanny Kemble's method of carrying out her vendetta is even worse, as witness her own words which follow: "In the middle of the evening, Dr. ——— asked if I would allow him to introduce to me one Mr ———, a very delightful man, full of abilities and writer in such and such a paper. I immediately called to mind my resolution and refused. In the meantime Mrs ———, less scrupulous, and without asking my leave, brought the gentleman up and introduced him. I was most ungracious and forbidding, and *meant to be so*. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help it. He is ———'s brother, too, which makes me doubly sorry. As he is an agreeable man and ———'s brother, I esteem and reverence him, but *as he belongs to the*