

Various Views.

[BY OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.]

I may say at once, and without incurring the jealousy of any one, that I am a great admirer of the opposite sex—no, not exactly opposite, for they are generally by my side; rather let me say, the other sex—that is, the female franchised. I stand up for them, and would fight to the bitter end to have all their disabilities removed. The matron I respect, the middle-aged spinster I sigh for—as she often does for herself and sometimes for someone else—the young maiden I would fondly cherish, but the servant maid I adore. And this adoration makes me boil over with indignation when I think of the usage she is subjected to at the hands of her cruel employer. Up in the morning before eight o'clock, she has actually to cook her own breakfast, unfitting her in a measure for the day's dusting, and robbing her of her appetite for the mid-day meal. Poor thing! And then comes the dinner hubbub, so distressing to her delicate sensibilities; the clash of plates and tongues, and everything which makes life not worth the living and puts the liver out of order; and when tired and weary, and almost wishing she could lay herself down and pine away, to think that there is no one near to put her in her little bed. Unhappy she!

Should I consent to stand for Parliament, and be returned (which is, of course, a foregone conclusion), would I vote for a compulsory half-holiday for the servant maid? Certainly—most certainly. Would I also make it compulsory on her part to exercise herself in Queen Street, Auckland, or on the pavements of the principal thoroughfare in any of our cities every Saturday night from 8 till 11? Most assuredly. And also, let me say, that she ought to be compelled to do mission work every Sunday evening. What is 12s 6d a week, with bed, board, and washing, without her privileges.

Sophist Prohibition Williams (the reverend Wesleyan) has during the past week got a severe castigation from the indomitable Dr. Giles in the columns of the *Herald*. It is to be hoped it will do him good. But what on earth induced such a loose thinker to cross swords with a man of Dr. Giles' calibre? Don't do it again, dear brother, but quietly retire to the privacy of your little Bethel, where I trust you may not indulge in an attempt to make the attitude of your opponents appear morally odious, or indulge in what Dr. Giles calls your inveterate habit of misrepresentation. Before retiring, you would do well to stuff your inkbottle down the throat of the blatant Richardson. It might act as a disinfectant to him, and save you another humiliation.

A very interesting church, or chapel, has quite recently been erected in the New North Road, Auckland. It is built upon four foundation stones, which show prominently in front, with the name of a well-known Auckland citizen carved on each stone. The inscriptions convey the interesting fact that the stones were all laid on the same day—whether or not they were laid at precisely the same hour, or moment, is not recorded; should such be the case, a snapshot (taken at the time) would have proved invaluable as a curio. It is quite a primitive method of laying stones. How much each stone cost the layer, only lives in his own memory—the stones don't prate about it. I didn't go round to see whether stones were laid at the back part of the little Bethel, but I presume they are placed all around—hidden from the curious gaze of the vulgar.

The *Tomahawk* has appeared, with warpaint on and threatening mien. Do spare this sapling, dear *Tomahawk*; touch not my tender feelings. Should you have anything to say against me, I give way at once. I feel withered. Once before one of your dangerous kind alarmed the public, but it went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. The occasion of its going up was a magnificent cartoon, by a brilliant young artist named Matt Morgan, "The Return from the Derby," and it came down because poor Matt severed his connection with the paper. Beware, Alfred Vassell-Cox, and do not sever your connection!

Boer Prophet and Transvaal Expert Ewington is truly a great man. The foresight he displayed in predicting that the English would have a reverse in the early days of the war was beyond all praise. It was only equalled by the foresight and acumen (with enterprise thrown in) displayed by the big daily in unearthing him. With half an

eye the proprietors saw the immense advantage of securing the services of a man whose wisdom on the subject of Boer warfare was infinite, and whose very greatness and intense anxiety to outpour the knowledge he had acquired from many long evenings of fireside reading made his soul soar above such minor considerations as paltry pelf.

Such an oracle of wisdom at such a time is manifestly worth his weight in gold. But he doesn't get it. Oh, no! By some occult means best known to himself, the *Herald* reporter discovered that by filling the scale with soft soap till it hung clear he could ladle out from the hidden depths masses of learned matter which would fill columns, and raise the hair of thousands by its profundity.

The pre-emptive right to such a correspondent is a thing to be proud of, and throws the acquisition of such a man as Villiers as a war correspondent completely in the shade. What can a man know who has been there and is going again—a man who could not but be unfairly prejudiced by tall tales picked up in the excitement of battle fields? Compared to the calm, dispassionate reviewer, sitting by his own fireside reading reliable records from ancient tomes and reasoning therefrom, he could know nought, less than nought. Besides, look at the saving in travelling expenses and sporting salaries. Immense!

Our great (P) would-be tramway re-former, and the misguided crowd (P) which toddled tamely after him and couldn't see that there was a fashionable hyphen in his title, have got a bad tumble. They've had to climb down the back stairs and go out the other way, singing in weak chorus a very small song in the papers, which is about the paltriest excuse for their—well, give them a show, and call it folly—that it's possible to conceive.

Boss Hunt began weakly, and ended up worse. For a man to blow about a big majority of citizens at the start, call for a poll, and then funk it because he didn't think he could get a paltry 3000 votes out of the whole district, shows a miserable lack of confidence in his cause, and a direct contradiction of his pet gag about saving the city expense. Re-forming business isn't his forte. His big commishes don't come off. He shows his hand too much. There's too much of the old Adam about him. Exalted sentiments and patriotic motives sound altogether too funny for faith.

The out-generalling of General White by the Boers was a pretty self-evident fact. Why even an average Auckland boy, if he can't ride, could run rings round White in generalship, if one is to judge by their learned discourse on the art of war. There isn't one of them that would have sent their men out on a fool's errand like White did, and the unparalleled wouldn't have occurred.

Business brisk in matronial lines lately. Millinery and toggery shops crowded. Jewellers and crockery establishments cleaned out for wedding gifts. Booksellers entirely neglected. Presents that might improve the mind evidently carefully avoided. Sign of the times. Sideboards bursting with multiplied glittering, wall and bookshelves bare. There's one thing to be considered superfluous hardware is more saleable than second hand books, when times are not too smart.

Some time since a Yankee visitor mentioned the barbarous manner our 'bus horses are treated. Not a single Aucklander backed him up. They don't know what cruelty is. The way, in some 'buses, little undersized rats of ponies, notably Remuera morning 'buses, are made to do the work of a full sized horse is simply scandalous, and thrashed up hill at top speed because the drivers say they'd never get up if they didn't. If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty looked into this matter a little more it might do some good in its generation.

Bricks and mortar are still the order of the day all over Auckland. Business enterprise is waking up and laying solid foundations for a future prosperity hitherto undreamt of. The mining slump which, according to southern authorities, was to have flattened Auckland almost out of existence gave it a good fillip. It taught our business men the best of all lessons, to mind their own business, and that wild cats at £30 per

thousand were dear, dem'd dear. They're not taking any more, but are putting their superfluous coin into bricks instead of busters.

I mentioned the other week that no one seemed as if they could get to know anything about Federation. There's a pretty smart reckoning up of the question in the November *N.Z. Illustrated Magazine*. None of your faked up fads and theories, but a forcible statement of the case followed up by most convincing figures that can't be got over. It ought to wake up the minds of some of our weak-kneed politicians for them, and it will be a Godsend if it does for they'll never do it for themselves.

So the Wellington *Critic* that started with such a flourish of trumpets is dead to the world. He slashed mightily around for a few brief weeks as if he was going to smash creation and then went out ignominiously having exhausted, energy and working capital. A newspaper promoter's life is not a happy one. The failures turn up with alarming frequency.

Just at the present time an expression of disloyal sentiments, or a tirade against England's general policy is hardly to be expected from the colonies, and is certainly not calculated to enhance the popularity of the utterer. The following which is attributed to a South Australian clergyman, the Reverend Brian Wibberley, is in the worst possible taste, and I may even go so far as to say a disgrace to one of his cloth—"The religion of John Bull was not a new religion. It had been the practice of Britishers to adorn a gospel whose creedal base may be stated as follows: I believe in God Almighty grasping everything worth having in heaven and earth, and in Force its only begotten Son, born of so-called patriotism, suffered under righteousness was never dead or buried, but rose under the Cant of Imperialism, and descended to Parliament, Press, and Pulpit where it sits to judge the world. I believe in our country, in her interference with foreign nations whether right or wrong. I believe that a sketch of fresh territory is of greater importance than principles of eternal truth and that equity, justice, and honor, are merely local by-laws; that morality is a matter of maps and mileage; that love is a question of longitude; that God is of less account than gold; that might is right." A British subject who at such time as the present, would give vent to an effusion like the above must be suffering from temporary insanity, or is a fit subject to be remonstrated with by a brick.

Now that the fluctuations of war in the Transvaal form the principal topic of conversation the following experience of Mr W. H. Manning, who is at present in Auckland, with Oom Paul will be of interest to readers. Mr Manning, who was managing an English company in Pretoria at the time, was anxious to succeed in securing President Kruger's attendance at one of the performances, and, after repeated trials, finally was granted an audience. When he arrived at the presidency at about half-past six in the morning, he found Oom Paul, seated with a cup of coffee on one side, a huge Bible on the other, and a big pipe in his mouth. The visitor was presented with a cup of coffee, which he claims was the only pleasant feature of the interview. After a painful pause the interpreter explained the nature of the request to be preferred. The president slowly picked up the Bible, thumbed it over for about ten minutes, and then instructed the interpreter to state in reply that he couldn't find anything in the Bible about theatres, and therefore he considered they were improper places, and he wouldn't go to one. Manning was at first disposed to ask him if he could find anything about dynamite monopolies, but, on second thoughts, he concluded that *lese majestie* was a serious offence and liberty sweet, so he cleared out without further conversation, while Kruger, apparently glowing with satisfaction at having administered a deserved rebuke to a growing evil, resumed his pipe.

I can hardly vouch for the following evidences of Boer hospitality; but, however, if they are true, "man, it be a fearful place for a bushfarmer's meenister." Bishop Knight Bruce, of Bloomfontein, afterwards the first Bishop of Mashonaland, was visiting the more scattered parts of his diocese. He arrived at a Dutch farm, where he was to hold a confirmation, in time for the mid-day meal. The vrouw of the house came out to meet him, decked in a ball costume, and called him "my lord" at every possible opportunity. At last she even surpassed herself, and called him "My lord, God." This was too much for the poor bishop, who hastily exclaimed, "My good dear woman, please call me plain Mr Bruce." "Certainly, plain Mr Bruce," was the immediate reply. On another occasion the bishop was benighted, and obliged to seek shelter

at a Boer farm. He was hospitably invited in, and shown to a bedroom containing a large bed, in which he was quickly asleep. Soon, however, his slumbers were disturbed by the farmer and his wife and family, who, one by one, lay down beside him and all around him. When daylight came the farmer arose and left his wife—and family—peacefully sleeping by the bishop's side. What a position for Mr Isitt or Bishop Julius to have been placed in.

Electoral.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF PARNELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I beg to announce that I shall, at the next General Election of Members of the House of Representatives, be a Candidate for the representation of the Parnell Electoral District.
Yours faithfully,
HUGH CAMPBELL.
Domain Drive,
Parnell, July 18, 1899.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I beg to announce to you that I shall be a Candidate at the next Election for the Representation of the City of Auckland in the House of Representatives.
Yours respectfully,
W. J. NAPIER.

EDEN ELECTORAL DISTRICT TO THE ELECTORS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I beg to announce that I shall be a Candidate at the approaching General Election for the honor of representing your district in Parliament.
Yours faithfully,
MALCOLM NICCOL.
Devonport, July 21, 1899.

TO THE AUCKLAND ELECTORS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I beg to announce that I am a Candidate for the City of Auckland at the forthcoming Election.
F. F. BAUME.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I beg to announce to you that I shall again be a Candidate at the next Election for the Representation of the City of Auckland in the House of Representatives.
Yours respectfully,
JAS. J. HOLLAND.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I respectfully announce I shall again solicit your suffrages at the coming Election. I dare to ask you to give me credit for having been a zealous worker in the past. I have now been engaged for considerably over 20 years without a break, helping to promote the welfare and prosperity of our city, its population, rich and poor alike, and its institutions of all grades. My programme is still the same—Equality, Frugality, and Fraternity. These, governed by a desire to be fair, frank, and impartial, I trust will again pull me through.

Upon my arrival home I shall be pleased to meet my friends, with a view to concerted action.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
W. CROWTHER.

TO THE MANUKAU ELECTORS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
My term of office as your Representative in the Parliament of New Zealand being about to expire, I beg to state that, if it be your pleasure to re-elect me, I shall endeavor in the future, as I have done in the past, to promote the prosperity and welfare of New Zealand, and to provide for the local wants of the several parts of your electorate.

I propose to notify next week the places where I intend to hold Meetings, and I respectfully invite you to attend such as may be most convenient.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
G. MAURICE O'ROURKE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PARNELL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
I am again a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming General Election. I hope very shortly to have the honor of addressing you in the various centres of the Electorate.
Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
F. LAWRY.
Ellerslie, 2nd November.