

**THE NAPIER 'DAILY TELEGRAPH'**

**ITS MISSING 'CODE' ON 'GAMBLING'**

The Napier 'Daily Telegraph' of June 19 published our reply, a copy of which appeared in last week's issue of the 'N.Z. Tablet.' To our letter there was appended an editorial footnote which made the following evasive pleas: (1) That we were wrong in saying that the 'Telegraph' recognised 'no distinctions in the immorality and criminality and playing the game for a stake.' (The last six words were misquoted by the 'Telegraph.' They should read: 'playing or gaming for a stake.' With this correction our statement was absolutely true). (2) The 'Telegraph' credits us with attributing to it a statement to the effect that it takes itself to 'constitute the moderns.' (We did no such thing; it merely took itself to be one of 'the moderns' whose 'code of morals' it speaks of, but dares not to place on exhibition). (3) It gives a vague and unproven denial to our specific and proven charge of having mutilated an extract from the 'Tablet.' The charge is repeated hereunder. (4) It declines to accept our challenges to proof of its quoted statements, and its agnostic 'code of morals' is still in the incubator. The following reply was forwarded to it for publication on June 22:—

Sir,—The evasive editorial footnote to my letter in the 'Telegraph' of June 19 makes it necessary for me to state for the third time the fundamental issue between us. That issue is your assertion that 'gambling' is, without qualification, 'a social scourge,' 'a great moral evil,' 'a curse and a crime.' From beginning to end of your two leading articles there is not so much as a sentence, phrase, or word that indicates any distinction, exception, qualification, or limitation in your condemnation of 'gambling.' And 'gambling,' as you know, is defined to be 'playing or gaming for a stake.' You represent me as a sort of 'Satan' because I do recognise a distinction. I have condemned many forms of 'playing for a stake' as immoral, and on grounds which I know, and have stated, and am able to defend. But I hold that certain other forms (and specifically, church art-unions) are in themselves harmless, and are permissible under conditions which were duly set forth by me. You say there is 'a code of morals' above or beside that of the Bible, which settles in your favor the matter in dispute between us. Well, the whole burden of proof is upon you. Why do you shirk it? I have already twice pressed you to 'set forth' and 'establish' the 'moral principles' or 'code of morals' that damn all forms of resort to lot for the ownership of a stake or prize. But you have done neither. The reason is very simple. You cannot do so. I know the sort (or sorts) of 'code of morals' that you contemplate. It could stand the fire of reasoned criticism about as long as a snowball could stand the glow of an electric furnace. You will speedily discover this if you take your 'code' out of its wrappings of cotton-wool, set it in the open in your columns and give me an opportunity of switching the current on to it. When we have done with your missing 'code,' I propose, if you permit me, to take in hand certain other very positive statements of yours to which you apparently attach considerable importance.

Here I should naturally close this letter. But the grievously misleading statements which you have made from the very outset regarding me, have compelled, and still compel, personal explanation and protest. It is high time for a clergyman in a gravely responsible public position to speak out when, 'in all seriousness,' you most unfairly represent him to your readers as a 'Satan leading on' people to 'grave moral evil' and 'crime.' This is precisely what you did in your issue of May 30, when you published an extract which was (presumably through hasty reading or inadvertence) mutilated in the manner specified and quoted in the 'Tablet' of June 7, now in your possession. I twice made the specific misrepresentations arising from this mutilation the subject of three challenges to you and your whole staff. This was the promptest and most effective manner of testing your conviction in the matter, and of setting myself right with your readers. Not one of my challenges has been accepted. Nay, you have even notified me that I must not 'shower' more challenges 'around' you. The smallest schoolboy among your readers knows what all this means. But that does not absolve you from the obligation of according me, in this matter, the honourable amende of an honourable man. Even an inadvertent stab hurts. It may even injure. And I shall, as often as I may deem it necessary, continue to adopt the most effective means of repelling dishonouring accusations, even though (as you intimate) I shall

have to pay advertising rates for the right. For the rest, a perusal of my words and yours should convince you that I have in no instance misrepresented the fair meaning and purport of your utterances.

Why do you persist in compelling these personal protests and challenges? Is this your only way of escape from the difficulties in store for you if you take your 'code of morals' out of its glass case and expose it to public inspection and analysis? Let the light of day at it, and we shall soon see whether it is a Koh-i-noor or a worthless glass bauble.—Yours, etc.,

EDITOR, 'N.Z. TABLET.'

Dunedin, June 22.

**THE LATE MR. SEDDON.**

**THE INTERMENT.**

The funeral of the late Right Hon. R. J. Seddon took place on Thursday afternoon of last week. The coffin was removed early in the morning from the Ministerial residence to the main lobby of the Parliamentary Buildings, where the hundreds of floral emblems received during the week had been arranged. There the representatives of the Maori race from all parts of the Colony held a tangi.

A Maori Tangi.

Mr. Carroll (Native Minister) spoke a few words in Maori—words of welcome to the representatives of the tribes and of sorrow at their loss—and all the time the weeping wahines kept up an under-current of low and dismal wailing (writes the Wellington correspondent of the 'Otago Daily Times'). 'Their sun had set,' he said. 'The provider had gone. The giant totara tree of the forest had fallen. Here the wailing rose again like a swelling organ note—'Eh; eh; too, oo!' 'He is gone into the darkness,' continued the speaker. 'We work and slave in this world, and for what? Only to be snapped and stopped by death. Who can stay the hand of death?'

The speaker finished, and the wailing and weeping continued and increased in intensity. Some of the 'waiatas' were old chants, the words being slightly changed to meet the altered circumstances. One began thus:

Go father to join the illustrious dead,  
Pluck ye the tender shoot from the flax  
And hold it aloft in the ranks of the mourners,  
Our greatness, our majesty,  
Our pride and our boast, are laid low,  
Desolate are we left in the Valley of Sorrow.

The reference to 'plucking the tender shoot of the flax' occurs in some of the very old 'waiatas,' and refers to an ancient custom that prevailed before going into battle. The tohunga would endeavor to pull up one of the tender shoots in a flax bush. If the branch broke the death of the chief or some disaster would follow, but if the shoot came away whole it was a good omen—an omen of victory. Another pathetic lament began:

I restless turn upon my bed within my lonely habitation,  
Mourning for him, the friend who has departed.

Added to which there was a prayer to shelter the loved ones of him who is lost to sight from the rough and boisterous winds. After half an hour of this, wailing, Mr Carroll read, in English, the address from the Maoris, which, couched as it was in pathetic language and beautifully read by him, made a deep impression upon the few Europeans who were present—

To Mrs. Seddon, in memory of Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, from the Maori tribes of Aotearoa and Te Waipounamu.

Remain, O mother! with thy children and children's children. Tarry yet awhile in the house of mourning, in the chamber of death. Clasp but the cold form of him who was to thee beloved. He is now from thee parted. Gone into the dark night, into that long, long sleep. God be with you in your hour of trial. Here he lies in the calm majesty of death! Rest, O father! The tribes have assembled to mourn their great loss. Alas! the canoe is cast from its moorings—is energy and guide no more. The red-hued kākakura, the ornament of Aotearoa, the proud boast of Waipounamu, the mighty heart of the land, the moving spirit of the people, fare thee well—a long farewell! Pass on, thou