

criminals? Have you gone into our lunatic asylums, to see for yourself how men and women, whom care and sickness, and long struggling with the world, have been bereft of intellect, and who are made to become the companions of raving and dangerous maniacs. Have you enquired into our reformatories, where good and evil are allowed to mix, as you mix your Seltzer with your eighteen-forty-two Hennessy? Have you been through the back slums of our crowded towns and cities? Have you enquired into, and endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of your civil servants? Have you raised your voice against young men being put over the heads of their seniors because the former have fathers and uncles with political influence, while the older ones, who have rendered faithful service, have outlived their day, their friends, and their influence? You, your Excellency, do you say have made yourself acquainted with the state of the country? Scarcely a little. You have trode where only rich carpets were under your feet. You have, wheresoever you have gone, surrounded yourself with well-dressed men and women in evening costume; but you have not traversed the back lanes and alleys and slums, and asked to know why so much misery? You turn to your Government Gazette, and then tell us in your Parliamentary opening address how much our revenue has increased. But you omit all mention that this increase is due to increased taxation, which imposes heavy burdens upon a large class of the communities of which you are at the head. I don't say that it is your business to seek out those matters to which I have referred. No Governor ever has done such a thing. I suppose no Governor ever will. These black spots in the body politic are sought out by men of small understanding, of smaller means, but of large whole hearts. I don't look for those things from a Governor; but all I ask is, don't you go saying you have acquainted yourself with the circumstances of the whole country, when you have done nothing of the kind. Do you think the circumstances of a country are to be found faithfully photographed in its blue books? I have a strong regard for your Excellency and for the good points there are about you. I don't think that if one of your saddle-girths were to break you would ask for the cost of its repair to be paid out of the Colonial Treasury chest. And if when it may come to pass, as I trust it may and soon, that the cry of a babe is heard in your nursery, I am sure—quite sure—that neither you nor your amiable lady will ask any other but yourselves to pay for the cradle which is to rock it to its slumbers. I am proud to see there is no desire on your part to fill all the good public billets with your thirty-second cousins, even unto the ninth and tenth generations. I think you are above all this; and, believe me, the people will like you all the better for it. You will insist upon your rights and privileges and the receiving what is due to you; but I don't think you will look for more, nor accept it even if thrust upon you. But, your Excellency, when speaking of the prosperity of this colony, and the happy condition of the people, don't fall into that very common—I may say that very vulgar—error, in assuming that it is all due to a good, a wise, and a paternal Government. Allow a little, won't you, for what nature has done? Admit that something is due to a fertile soil, a genial climate, and the enterprise, industry, skill, patience, and steady up-hill perseverance of the people who have come to these shores. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Give the people their due, and they will understand you much better than when you tell them what they are and what it is intended they shall be is to be credited to your faithful ministers. You have, I dare say, read the story of the organ bellows-blower, who when the organist had played the congregation out of church in grand blasts of music, turned to the organist, and said, "We played that piece beautifully, didn't we?" "We?" retorted the organist, "who is we?" The playing was mine." Then, your Excellency went on to read, how on the next Sunday, while the organist was engaged in the middle of the service upon one of Mozart's fine voluntaries, the bellows-blower ceased to blow, and the music was brought up all standing, while the congregation were dislocating their necks, twisting round to see why Mozart had come to a sudden ending. "Why don't you blow, you young scoundrel?" asked the organist; and it was then the young vagabond assumed a solemn air, and using his arms he folded them one over the other—in fact placed them akimbo. Then, giving a defiant look, he inquired, with unmistakable emphasis, "Now, then, Mr. Bounce, who is the 'we'?"

My dear Sir James, bear in mind for the future that the Government of this colony is not the "we" which has brought about its prosperity. If Jupiter Pluvius were to shut himself up, and refuse to let the showers descend to moisten and refresh the earth; if the sun refused its warmth, the land to fructify the seed, the grass and herbage to grow, the fruit-tree to bear, the corn to ripen, where would be that pros-

perity which you talk of so glibly in your address as having been the result of good government? You are not a bad fellow; and there is, so far as I have observed, a good deal of grit of a rather superior quality in you, but you musn't be coming the "we" so very strong. For the present, adieu. We shall meet again at Phillippi. I have a complete evening costume in the lower tier of my wife's chest of drawers.

"SNYDER'S" SENTIMENTS.

WHO WAS SNYDER? WAS HE THE ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY?

[FROM THE "AUCKLAND WEEKLY HERALD."]

Is that well informed and highly intellectual journal, to the columns of which I am permitted the privilege of contributing without being charged anything, I find the question has been discussed as to whether Shakespeare was not Bacon. The argument is altogether one-sided. The writer should first have attempted to shew that instead of Bacon being Shakespeare, Shakespeare was not Bacon. But what I ask is this: Who knows? and what's the odds if they do? I sit down with a friend to a sirloin of beef and horse-radish. Am I then going to fall out with him as to who bred the bullock from off which the joint was taken? Not a bit of it. I ask him for some of the brown fat and just a small slice from the undercut by way of a finisher. I judge the beef, and not the breeder. A smoking roast of a juicy joint, just a little underdone in the middle, is worth a score of dead Shakespeares.

I will now carry my reader forward, in imagination, to a time two hundred years hence, when there is a controversy raging as to whether the sentiments of Snyder were Snyder's sentiments, or whether they were not written by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who for very obvious reasons did not wish it to be known that he was the author of those essays, which at the time startled the world with the profundity of thought to be found contained in them. The Archbishop was then a poor parish curate looking for preferment, and he knew only too well that was he recognised as Snyder his chances of preferment would be very small indeed. No suspicion was attached to the Bishop as the real author of writings which will doubtless be held sacred until the last New Zealander has departed in a fire balloon, or something, to distant regions on the crowded thoroughfares of the Milky Way, or something of that sort; for it's quite sure that one can know everything. Till then, and not until then, will Snyder be forgotten.

But as cycle after cycle of time rolled on, and the earth careered in its orbit, with the moon following in its wake like as the seeker of a Government billet follows a Minister in power, so did it come to pass that learned men who had thought much and drunk deeply doubted how it was possible that a man described as contemporary history described Snyder could have been the author of writing which display such a profound knowledge of theology, both practical and theoretical, altogether leaving out his deep research into the beatitudes. There was only one man living at the time who possessed the mental and intellectual grasp which swept the horizon of thought and made it tangible to the inquiring mind. *This man was the Archbishop of Canterbury!* Then wise men laid their heads together and sought out proofs. They found, on comparing the two writers, precisely the same sentiments expressed in different language, or the same language, expressing different sentiments. These they placed side by side, or check by jowl, in very small type, as editors of newspapers do when they bowl each other doing something unchronological or anachronistic. — In other words, saying something to-day which is the very reverse of what was said the day before yesterday.

The following is a comparison of the words used and expressions expressed in the works of the two writers—Snyder and the Archbishop of Canterbury—which will go to prove the two were "identically" one and the same, and certainly not both:—

SNYDER.	ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
The ass that carries wine drinks water.	He is an ass who carries wine and drinks water.

Here is an instance of the striking similarity of the two sentences, the words being, with the exception of one or two preterperfect participles and a verb active or so, precisely the same, the sense only differing very slightly. The Archbishop lived in times when, if he had recommended water, excepting for ablutionary purposes, instead of wine, he would have lost his popularity and his adherents at nearly about one and the same time. Wine then was forbidden to the lower orders, and public-houses were closed against Sunday beer. Again:—

SNYDER.	ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
Safe is he who serves a good conscience.	Act the clean potato, and keep your pecker up.

Here the meaning is identical, but the phraseology totally different. These two evidences alone should be sufficient to identify Snyder and the Archbishop as one and the same writer. It must strike those

who are capable of exercising their reasoning powers, that if it was not one it was the other, if not the other it was either the one or neither. The expression attributed to Snyder will be found in his hundred and ninth Sentiment, and that of the Archbishop in his discourse, "The Right Side of the Road; or, Where are you Driving to." Vol. III, p. 42; Longman's edition. Again we connect the two writers in juxtaposition:

SNYDER.	ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
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If a man has no shame he should sham a little, it goes down first-rate.	It is well to imitate the acts of good men. The effort may not succeed, but the attempt will be worth making.
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Here the language of Snyder is crude, but bold and forcible. That of the Archbishop is purified, and free from all verbal dross. The sentiments in both will bear the same noble intelligent interpretation. Once more:

SNYDER.	ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
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Try to reach the pinnacle of your ambition. Perhaps you may only reach half way up, but that is better than to sit on a rail eating sour apples.	It is easier to take aim at an elephant than a hare. Go in big licks, and you may come to be Prime Minister, or an Attorney General.
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Virtue is cheap at whatever price you purchase it.—Lay on Macduff!	A good article is always worth its money. Virtue is a good article. Go in for a large stock always to be kept on hand.
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I dislike being deceived. When a man goes to the pump to light his pipe, it is probable he is acting under a delusion.	I detest being gammoned. No man should ever attempt the unattainable.
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But more striking and convincing than all is the same two expressions to be found in the works of both authors, which must prove them to be one and the same.

Snyder declares, at least once in his sentiments, that virtue brings it own reward. The Archbishop repeats the same words five times, in as many sentences.

Then it is shown that the likes and dislikes, the mode of life, the personal appearance, the manners of Snyder and the Archbishop of Canterbury were the same. Both are described as being exceedingly handsome men, with delicate complexion, and mild, expressive eyes, slight of frame, but graceful in every movement of the limb. Their tastes were simple in the extreme. It is related of Snyder that two or three plates of soup, a mullet, or a mullet and a-half, followed by a humble cut or two from a saddle of mutton or a fillet of veal, followed by the wing and leg, the back and breast of a fowl, a dish of sweet omelettes, with a plate of tart, and some cheese, with half-a-dozen of oranges, or a kit of peaches, would amply satisfy his every want. It is said that he would even prefer these simple viands to a crust of bread, and a glass of water, drawn from the crystal rill. In his beverage, if he had a preference, it was bitter beer. But even of this, it was seldom he would allow the cork of a third bottle to be drawn at the same sitting. The same thing is told of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A discrepancy—and only one discrepancy—appears in the biographies of the two men. One writer states that Snyder was extremely partial to tomatoes stewed, while it was alleged of the Archbishop that he gave a preference for broccolis sprouts. The latter, there is good reason to believe, is a typographical error, the two looking very like each other in manuscript. Disputants have alleged that Snyder could not have been the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the latter lived in England, while the former sojourned in New Zealand. It is quite unnecessary to say that later observations on the transit of Venus would sufficiently account for this apparent difference of locality. The proofs are now considered quite as strong that Snyder was the Archbishop of Canterbury as that Shakespeare was Lord Bacon—quite.

"SNYDER'S" ADVICE TO A YOUNG EDITOR.

A young but highly intelligent editor of a newspaper, in a small town in one of the provinces of this Island, writes for my advice in the following little difficulty: He says, it is quite a common thing here when an occurrence is recorded in my paper, for some person to walk into the office and peremptorily request me to tell him where I got my information from. The same demand is as frequently made as to who is the writer of a letter which I may have thought proper to insert. Now, if I give up the name of the one who informed me of the occurrence narrated, it is highly probable that it will be the last bit of information I am likely to get from the same quarter; while, if I disclose the name of the writer of the letter, I feel that I should be committing a breach of faith. Then the young but highly intelligent Editor asks, "how should I act under these circumstances?"

What happens to my young friend is quite common to Gisborne.—At least, so I am told. Of course I don't know of my own knowledge.

Now, I was once doing the editorial running of a newspaper, in a settlement down South, when a man in a very excited state rushed into my office. Fire issued from his eyes in lightning flashes. In one hand he held a newspaper of that day's issue. In the other a species of shillelagh of the very highest order of merit, that is from a shillelagh point of view.

Dropping the instrument on to a part of the paper, he shrieked out—

Who was the man that wrote that letter?

Calm your agitation my friend. I said. You shall know all. It was a man named Smith, John Smith if you wish to know more particularly the kind of Smith it was.

Sir, replied the man, there are a million John Smiths. Describe the villain.

My friend, I will divulge to you all I know. The Smith referred to wears a magenta colored swallow tailed coat, yellow vest, scarlet knee breeches, dancing pumps, and a cocked hat with a lily white feather sticking out of the top on the left-hand side. The only thing I don't know is his address. I forgot to ask him, or you should have it with pleasure.

And you want me to believe this, Sir, do you?

I said that, as a gentleman, he wouldn't doubt the truthfulness of a statement made by another gentleman.

Then did the man's ire subside. The novelty of being called a gentleman, I think it was, had completely crushed his spirit. He went out of the office calm as a lamb, saying he was going to look up for the first John Smith that came in his way, when he would prepare his body for six months in a hospital.

In another case where a man wanted to know and would know you know, with no evasion or equivocation whatever, who wrote a certain article which stood towards him in the same distant relation as fifty-second cousins do to one another. I mentioned the name of a man who I solemnly assured him was the author. That man was an amateur heavy-weight prize fighter, who a month before had beaten his opponent in forty-eight rounds in fifty-nine minutes, and a few odd seconds. The enquirer thanked me and he also went his way.

My young friend, the editor, if he adopts these simple methods will find people cease to ask him questions, which be it well understood, no one has any right to ask. To refuse to afford information would probably be to lose subscribers; and this in these depressed times is not to be thought of. Let my young friend always bear in mind that an evasive answer will assuage anger. It is a plan I have always adopted with eminent success.

"SNYDER" FINDS HE HAS WRITTEN INCOHERENTLY.

[FROM THE "AUCKLAND WEEKLY HERALD."]

THERE'S an old saying that as we live we learn. I suppose so. I know I'm always learning something that I shouldn't have found out of myself. Why do drapers and other tradesmen like to get hold of a bankrupt's stock or goods which have been damaged by fire or water, or goods sold without reserve for the benefit of underwriters, or on account of whom it may concern? Is it because they have a craving to give their customers great bargains by way of paying a debt of gratitude for former favors? Not a bit of it. A worthy tradesman tells me that he can always obtain a penny a yard more for a roll of calico if it has been slightly singed by fire in one part and considerably damaged by water in another part than if the same calico had come fresh from the home manufactory packed in a tin-lined case. People—women people more particularly—take a delight in being deceived. They are under the illusion that because an article has been