

wine did me no harm, but the coral and bells were so small for the money that the child of my early love, in its eagerness to ease its gums, swallowed the coral, and had absorbed five out of the six bells into its tender throat ere its mother had made the discovery. The tape securely attached to the whistle of the bells saved that child's life, and he has now so far advanced in years as to be in active pursuit of a wife. My sermon took wonderfully, and when the editor found it out he fathered it as his own. People lauded his style, praised his earnestness, proclaimed his excellence, and said how readers would be mentally and morally elevated thereby, but no one knew that old Fuller was the inspiration. I asked for the other guinea, and was refused payment. How pleasant is revenge. I wrote a letter to one of the newspapers drawing attention to the fact that in the Magazine, such and such a number, was a sermon, nearly every word of which had been drawn from pp. 148 to 157 of Blackburn's third edition of Fuller's sermons. Then the editor shrunk up into very small dimensions indeed,—I know that. But the moral of all this is, why should a man, when he can offer no particular teachings of his own, not employ the teachings of others? That sermon from that clergyman down Bendigo or Ballarat way produced a powerful effect. But it ceased to produce any fruit when it was found that a better man was the author of it. Why should this be, oh, metempsychosis? I suppose there is an instinct among people which makes them dislike to be humbugged if they are allowed to know that they are being so dealt with. Smith goes to a ball in a dress coat of the latest cut and the freshest of gloss, and everybody says how well Smith looks, but if they knew he had borrowed it for the occasion from his friend Jenkins what would they have said then? Yet Smith looked none the worse in another man's coat than if it had been his own. I can't make these things come within the limits of my comprehension, and I give them up.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

There are men in this world who devote whole centuries of their lives to making calculations which, when made, ain't of any use to themselves or anybody else. They'll tell you to half a mile how many years it will take a cannon ball to get to the sun, starting from London Bridge and allowing it to travel a million of miles in a millionth part of a second. Well, there's no gun that has been made as yet which is game to do such a thing, though probably there will be by and by, the way the gun trade is being improved upon. What I want to know is, what's the use of these calculations? No one will live to see them proved by ocular demonstration. Men think they have done a wonderful deed when they tell you that if a cubic inch of sand contained so many grains, and that all the world was composed of sand, it would take three millions of generations so many billions of years to count them. What's the good of all this talk? The world ain't all sand, or there would be no room for fools, and we've got them very extensively sorted up. Here's a bit of practical calculation if you like. My friend Mr Tonks told me that last week he disposed of by public auction, in various lots, three tons of pepper. Then, I said, let me do a bit of calculation which shall exceed anything done in the cannon-ball line. Three tons o' pepper means six thousand six hundred and seventy-two pounds avordupois. Now, allowing that a pepper-caster contains three ounces, and would, when filled, require two thousand shakes before it empties itself, it will take thirty-eight millions of shakes, less a few decimal fractions, before three tons of pepper can be got to pass through the electro-plated perforations of a pepper-caster. Very good. Now, I'm not done yet. Supposing that a kit of oysters can't be consumed under two thousand shakes of pepper, and each shake occupies the fourth part of a second, then the time I find which will be used up disposing of Mr Tonks' three tons of pepper will occupy exactly the same time that a balloon travelling forty miles an hour would take to reach number three of Jupiter's satellites. I challenge criticism as to the accuracy of my calculations. This is what I call scientific and useful.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF OUR COLONIAL YOUTH.

NOTHING that I can call to a rather indifferent memory has given me such unmitigated delight as the intelligent, and, in some instances, unique answers to which have been given by the youth of Auckland seeking scholastic honours to the questions propounded to them by the examiners of the Education Board. I am somewhat of a privileged man, and I have been shown in confidence, which I publish in confidence, the solution of most knotty points in connection with geography, history, astronomy, hieroglyphics, and other cognate and recondite subjects. I herewith subjoin a few, and only a few, of the answers given to the examiners upon subjects as are hereto set forth.

Question. What was the cause of the Roses?

Answer. It was a dispute among the master gardeners of the age in which the wars arose as to whether the white or red roses should have the choice for premium.

Question. Name the principal literary man in the reign of Queen Anne, and mention some of his works?

Answer. The name of the most eminent author was William White, alias the Bulldog. He was the author of the Newgate Calendar. He was sentenced to death for murdering his mother-in-law, but was subsequently reprieved when it was made known the kind of woman his mother-in-law consisted of. He afterwards received a Government appointment, and died deeply regretted.

Question. What do you know about the moon?

Answer. Personally, I know nothing of her. It has not been ascertained to a certainty whether the composition of the lunar orb consists of green cheese, as has been frequently alleged by many mothers of large families when giving instruction in this particular branch of astronomy. The man in the moon has disappeared of late years. There is no doubt he was glad to leave the place.

Question. What do you consider the principal use of wall maps in a school-room?

Answer. To hide the want of room-paper; to stop the draughts from coming through the cracks in the weather-boards; to puzzle young children, generally resulting in undue heat on the hands, across the shoulders, or somewhere else.

Question. What do you consider the best method of teaching a language?

Answer. By sending the pupil where that particular language is spoken, and thrashing him whenever he attempts to speak his own.

Question. What circumstances regulate the temperature of a place.

Answer. Various circumstances. A woman often raises the temperature of a house by keeping it continually in hot water. The temperature of a building, for the time being, may be raised by igniting it after it has been well insured.

Question. Give the number of the provinces of New Zealand, their boundaries, population, and chief towns?

Answer. The number of provinces is sometimes eight and a county, at other times nine and no county. For the chief towns read the local newspapers of the towns in which they are published. It will be seen by such reference that every town in New Zealand is a chief town.

Question. How often has England been conquered?

Answer. The question is an invidious one, and calculated to remove the impression that Britain's never, never will be slaves.

Question. Which are the three principal battles fought during the Peninsular War?

Answer. That between Dutch Sam and the Indian Butcher Boy—98 rounds in 42 minutes. The second between the Slasher and One-eyed Bob—16 rounds, 108 minutes, and the last between Tom Spring and the "Knowing One." First blood for Spring, and first knock down allowed to the "Knowing One."

These are a few of the answers I have extracted from the papers before me, and will, I am sure, convey a lively impression of the intelligence of our youth seeking scholastic honours.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

I have long noticed that when an editor gets used up for matter for a leader he always falls back to the old stock subject and asks "What shall we do with our boys?" When he has washed this to rags, so that it won't hold together

any longer, he finds himself good for another column in discussing "What shall we do with our girls?" Now, I am going to ask, with all proper civility, what it matters to any editor what we are going to do with our boys? That's our business. If editors have got boys they don't know what to do with, what's that to me or any one else. I suppose we shall do the same with our boys as our fathers did their boys—do the best we can with 'em, and take the consequences. I remember the time when my father called me to him—not into his library, or his study, or his drawing-room, for he didn't deal in these luxuries, but he called me into his kitchen-study-parlor-drawing-room, and seating himself on a deal table, he said thus: "James Snyder, junior, I regret exceedingly to acquaint you that your appetite is getting beyond my income, and you are coming to be too mighty particular about the quality of your clothes. There's a map of the world upstairs in your sister's bedroom. Go you and gaze upon it, and having gazed upon it, go forth and be useful. Increase and multiply and help to make the earth fruitful." I took the old gentleman's advice, and I went forth, and I have been going forth ever since. I have increased and multiplied and here I am—that is, what is left of me, and there's quite enough yet to bring out a tidy shadow. Of course I know, because I've read it in many a place, that a rolling stone don't gather moss; but then you see I'm not a rolling stone, and so don't want to gather moss, and I don't know what stones want to gather moss for; but as that's a question of statistics or some other science which I don't understand, I don't pretend to trouble myself about it. I know that I want three square meals a-day, and a fair proportion of good beer, and I know that I mean to have them unless the laws against felony are made very much more stringent than they are just now. And I know that I don't want more than this, and that if I had a billion pounds sterling coming in a-year upon compound interest, that more than three meals a-day I wouldn't want, unless I intended by malice aforethought to do violent damage to my liver. Therefore, Messieurs, the editors of the colonial press, don't you bother your brains about what we are going to do with our boys. They'll come out all right, there's nothing to be feared about that. Give them a fair schooling, instil into them a liberal allowance of morality, teach them how not to be imposed on by humbugs, prohibit them from becoming volunteers, teach them to ride a horse without stirrups, and to thrash any blackguard that calls him out of his name or insults a girl, and the time will come when these colonial cornstalks will grow into men with a good deal of first-class material in them, and are likely to take precious little nonsense from anyone. The question they will very soon be asking is, "What shall we do with our old mummies and dads and other elderly cripples; and what becomes of the ancient newspaper editors?" To be sure how they will laugh years hence when some old newspaper's leading articles are shown to them commencing with, "What shall we do with our boys?"

"SNYDER'S" SENTIMENTS RESPECTING HIGH SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS—AND CARPETS.

[FROM THE AUCKLAND "WEEKLY HERALD."]

I AM about to refer back to a subject which I have in part treated on, but which I refrained at the time from pursuing further from motives which I respectfully decline to explain.

My subject is "girls," written from a purely Platonic point of view. In no other way do I wish to deal with them, and girls generally care little about dealing with me. My experience as touching my own girls, and I have no doubt the same remark will apply to other girls, is that they considerably prefer dealing with the draper's assistant inside a draper's shop and over the counter. This is shown in statistics, furnished by the quarterly accounts, delivered with great exactness at most of the respectable private residences in the city.

What the bar of an hotel with a barmaid attached is to a man of a social and convivial turn of mind, so is a draper's assistant to a woman working upon her father's or husband's credit. I can't exactly bring myself to believe whether the love of a public-house to a man or the fascination of a draper's shop to a woman is the greater evil of the two. In combination there is no

income known to the civil service could stand against it. "We played Yankee grab for glasses of sherry till two o'clock in the morning, and didn't we come home screwed," says young Jones of the Departmental Office. "My dear," says Miss Matilda to her friend, "we had quite two hours and a-half of it among the latest novelties yesterday, and ain't they deliciously becoming!" But this is not what I am driving at.

A most estimable lady of this city is endeavouring to establish a high school, which is intended to enable young ladies to obtain a superior education, and among the extra accomplishments she is desirous they should acquire a knowledge of botany, astronomy, ancient history, cutting-out, drawing from models, the sewing machine, Latin, vocal and instrumental music, and French. Now, if a girl didn't cease to be a girl until she was turned fifty, and was intended to live about three hundred years, the thing might be accomplished and perhaps answer some useful purpose. But when a girl in the course of nature, if she has any luck at all, will have the matter of from four to ten babies to attend to in a succession of intervals, to say nothing of a husband's temper to put up with, I think the programme which the amiable lady I have referred to has drawn out is a little too extensive. Now, in the matter of astronomy, which is proposed, I asked a man, yesterday, who is well posted up in the subject, and who knows more about the moon and the stars, he says, than he would care to tell anyone until he has taken out a patent for his discoveries, and he informs me that if a girl is pretty lively she would begin to know something of astronomy, if she stuck at it hard, in not much over fifteen or twenty years. In the first place, it would take her a good many months for her to cross the equator and get to the ecliptic. She wouldn't arrive at a parallax under a short lifetime. A penumbral calculation would probably cause the best part of her back hair to fall off before she had accomplished it, while before she could come to the comprehension of an orbital ellipse, having the sun in one of the foci to enable her to draw a radius from the centre of the solar system to the Onehunga railway station to prove equal areas in equal times, she would require a double set of artificial teeth, and her boots soled more times than the multiplication table. It would be, my friend thought, a pursuit of stars under difficulties. He would not object to girls studying the moon, because he had arrived at the conclusion that if they could not solve the question whether the lunar orb had a man in it or not, the problem would never be worked out by any other agency.

Under these circumstances I don't think the lady would insist upon astronomy for girls, unless very strong-minded girls, indeed, who never intend to marry. In the matter of botany, I don't think girls should go beyond the language of flowers, which they can learn for sixpence, and which they would take to as gracefully as they take to millinery or pammies, or anything of that kind. Teaching "cutting out" is, I think, altogether unnecessary. Girls take to this naturally. To see a girl as I have seen her "cutting out" another girl at a ball or in a drawing-room is something to admire and wonder at. I don't know what to say about "Ancient History." I don't think girls could be got to give their hearts and their minds to it. It says nothing about the fashions. Besides, ancient history has got a good deal of mythology in it, and I shouldn't care about my girls knowing too much mythology. The females mentioned in it have very loose notions in the matter of dress, to say nothing of morality and double marriages. In fact, as far as I have read, some of them didn't seem to care for having in stock any dress or morals whatever. "Drawing from models" I dare say is very instructive, especially where the model is after the girl's own heart. If this branch of study is agreed upon, by an application addressed to me, I will undertake to supply a model worth drawing from. The shadow of me would be quite as much as most female students would care to have for a model.

Among the proposals submitted by the lady I have referred to, is one to teach girls the use of the sewing-machine. This I decidedly object to. I had a sewing-machine once in my establishment, so I speak from experience. The girls took to it with a fervour and enthusiasm which I can only describe as a desire reaching to insanity to buy up all the calico and reels of thread which could be purchased for cash or credit throughout the whole of the drapery establishments of the city. Above all things, I implore and beseech parents, guardians, and others having the control of our females, not to allow them to know or learn, or even look at a sewing-machine. Keep them to plain needle and thread work, and they remain with reasonable desires. When it takes a girl two days in her spare time to make an under garment, she don't make too many of them; but only give her a sewing-machine.