

The things we did to that clock that night and the insight we obtained as to its works and wondrous internal and external Machinery was something to bear in memory and not easy to be forgotten. Then we went to bed and the next morning tried it till nearly church time. Sometimes something would go w-h-i-r, w-h-i-r w-h-i-r-ing for ever so many seconds and we could see wheels running round inside like mad. Then these stopt and we went to divine service in a very perturbed state of mind.

The nearest approach to a watch and clock maker in Coromandel is a boiler maker. We called him in and he said he would fix it for the matter of ten shillings but he brought it back and said there was two screws and a fly-wheel short and he hadn't got the tools to make them with. His charge for what he had done would be fifteen shillings. He thought a light-handed blacksmith might do something with it, and we called one in. He hadn't much practise he said in clocks but he would shoe a horse with any man in the place for any sum he liked to name. A volunteer came forward and taking a look at the clock thought it was off the perpendicular. If we put it on the perpendicular he believed it would go; but we tried every perpendicular we could think of and it wouldn't do. One man thought it wanted oiling and we rubbed in as much oil as would have fried a good sized flounder. But it didn't do good. We applied screw drivers and every sort of tool we could borrow; but there is the clock with the hands standing at one, fifteen in the morning while we write this melancholy account at three in the afternoon. If any one wants a clock who can persuade it to go he shall have it in exchange for almost anything he's got to part with, and we shall decline in future to have anything to do with Art Unions unless we have written guarantees that we shall not win a clock.

PREACHERS AND PLAYERS.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth Horatio than are dreamt of in your philosophy." This is what Hamlet tells his friend. I think I could tell my friend there are things in this world which if his philosophy did dream of he would have to call in a first-class interpreter to make them understood. Here we are, in the midst of dull times. I know it, because all sorts of people tell me so. "Things never were so bad; never sir, upon my honour. You couldn't, sir,—you couldn't get change for half-a-crown all over the town; and what a pound note is like has faded out of memory like a vision of the past." I hear this and more of the like; but then I can't understand it. A circus troupe comes along, and puts out some flaming placards. A charge of four shillings is made for the right of occupying a few inches of rough planking with ever so many splinters about it, and there is a rush of people wild to be first for the buying of tickets. In a few moments after the doors of the tent are opened there is close upon one hundred pounds of money stowed in the place, and probably two hundred pounds worth of millinery. I don't object to this any more than the proprietor of the circus company. But what I object to is that while we can spend, at the very shortest public notice, a hundred pounds to hear the stale wit of a clown, and see common tricks indifferently performed, we allow our churches to remain in a state of indebtedness, and our ministers to wonder whether there is a probability of the current quarter's stipend being paid, the said stipend after all being perhaps considerably less than a journeyman carpenter makes upon a bit of contract work. I don't think it very creditable, but it is only too true, that a circus of the present day will bring in more money than the most eloquent of preachers. I recently heard a little story to the effect that when a dramatic company was announced to appear, an elderly laundress applying for her washing bill to a young gentleman, instead of receiving the money, was asked for the loan of five shillings for the purchase of a ticket, and the laundress lent it like a cherub. The same young gentleman subsequently borrowed 3d of his landlady for the church plate.

ADVICE TO INTENDING IMMIGRANTS.

(Dedicated to the Government and Founders of Special Settlements.)

THE colonies comprised in the Southern hemisphere, and the colonies probably of other hemispheres, for my deficiency in geographical knowledge prevents me saying how many other hemispheres there are in this world, are engaged in explaining how each particular colony has the advantage over every other colony for the prosperous and permanent settlement of an immigrant population. But so far as I am capable of understanding the matter, the writer in favour of this or that particular colony is always and ever pointing out the advantages of settling down on the soil, of tilling the land and making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; but I never read of anything being said of the necessity of getting sorrel and dock leaves, and fern, and dandelions out of the way before anything can be done with the land. There has been a good deal of talk about sitting under one's own fig tree, and of a land flowing with milk and honey, and of every man owning his own bit of freehold, and becoming by steady industry and perseverance a patriarch, having a voice in the legislature of the country of his adoption, and looking back into the long distant past when he was no more than a vassal or a serf to some great landlord in the old country, who considered that he had done the right thing to Church and State, and showed his love for her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, if he paid his labourer just so much wages as kept his soul from leaving his body from sheer starvation. All this has a grand sound about it, but I don't think the writers of these awe-inspiring accounts have struck the right chord, which will vibrate in sympathetic harmony to the aspirations of the soul which longs for succulent joints of beef and mutton at a low market figure, which can be made obtainable without waiting to become a patriarch or living in a land flowing with milk, which, taken in quantities is highly indigestible, or honey, of which from three quarters of a pound to a pound and a-half would serve most men for a lifetime. I know the first mentioned quantity would suffice my requirements in that particular branch of the busy-bee department in this world and any number of worlds I might afterwards be appointed to fulfil. And, upon my word and honour, as a man and a gentleman, I never could see what particular pleasure there is to be derived from sitting under a fig tree. In wet weather it is always dripping moisture, and in hot atmospheres it yields but poor shelter. When green and partaken of freely figs are predisposed to give one dysentery, and when dried and properly preserved they can be bought at from tenpence to a shilling a pound at the grocery stores, the owners of which will obligingly book them, should you not be in a position to comply with a cash payment. The real advantages of a residence in these colonies are always passed over, and the imaginary or fictitious benefits only referred to. The intending immigrant is never enlightened as to the ease with which he may incur pecuniary liabilities and the beautiful simplicity with which he may evade payment of the same. Take a case or two for instance, which have come under my own immediate observation as illustrating my meaning. A man came to me some time ago, and he says: "Mr Snyder, I have got a consignment of goods coming out from England, which I shall be able to realise upon to great advantage, will you oblige me with a loan of twenty pounds, to pay freight and storage charges?" I said that it was not in my line to refuse any one such a favour, and I lent him the twenty pounds, which were to be returned to me in a fortnight. Well, in a week afterwards I received a note—it was certainly very politely worded—in which the gentleman to whom I lent the twenty pounds invited me to meet his creditors at an hotel in Queen-street on a certain day and hour. There was not a word said about the consignment upon which he was to realise and make a good thing of. I was only in the most polite terms invited to give my attendance to hear a statement read of my friend's financial position, and "to assist in advising him as to the course he ought to pursue, as a man of honour, in extricating himself from his present impecunious difficulties." Well, on the day appointed I put in my appearance. There were about twenty other creditors present. One had sold the debtor goods with the

distinct understanding that they should be paid for within a week; another had made an advance upon a bill of lading, which represented ten cases (marked, as per margin, B under M, \$/10), but the contents of which were not worth ten per cent. of the amount which had been drawn against them. And so on, and so on, and so on. Every man in the room felt he had been sold or swindled, or robbed, as they variously expressed it, by my friend, but had still been sold, or swindled, or robbed in such a quiet, easy, gentlemanly, off-hand sort of a manner, but withal so transparently, that there was not a man in the room but what came to consider himself a fool of the first water to have been so taken in. Presently the convener himself walked in, in company with a gentleman in black, whom he introduced to the meeting as his "legal adviser"—a gentleman, he stated, who he trusted would be able to explain everything to the satisfaction of those present—or indeed, as he went on to say, if he did not he should feel greatly disappointed in him. Then the convener—or, not to be too nice in making use of a term, the debtor—rang a hand-bell, and on the waiter coming into the room the insolvent, in the most polite and in the blindest manner it is possible for imagination to conceive, said: "Gentlemen, I think we will imbibe before we proceed to this little bit of unpleasant business." And everybody did imbibe; and presently the bell was rung again and fresh orders were given. Then we came to business. The insolvent's legal adviser read a statement of accounts, which showed the estate to be—£487 10s 9d, while the assets (when realized) would yield a dividend of two shillings and fourpence in the pound, upon a promissory note (unendorsed) given by the insolvent at four months' date. The legal adviser recommended the creditors to accept the compromise, or the alternative of a refusal would result in his recommending his "client" to appeal to the Judge in Bankruptcy to release him from all liabilities, by granting him a final discharge under the seal of the court, which he felt His Honor the judge would comply with, without any demur. And, seeing we could do no better, and might, by some possibility or another, do worse, by having to incur expenses, in opposing the insolvent, we accepted the composition. But this was not by any means the most interesting part of the transaction, for the same afternoon, the landlord, upon presenting his bill to the insolvent for drinks and refreshments supplied, was told he would have to rank with the other creditors, at two and fourpence in the pound, upon a four months' promissory note. I may say without fear of contradiction that this was the finest piece of hotel financing ever witnessed in creation. But, what I say is this,—that if those who compile pamphlets the object of which is to show the advantages to be obtained by settling in this colony would only give a brief and succinct statement as to how any man may tide over his pecuniary difficulties, we should have people coming to us in thousands instead of in mere tens and twenties. For instance, what can be more beautiful than the liberal laws under which we live, when I mention that only three weeks ago a most respectable and accomplished citizen failed for from between three and four thousand pounds, when his wife came forward, like a noble-minded woman as she was, and bought up her husband's estate, consisting of stock-in-trade, book debts and bills receivable by offering his creditors four and ninepence in the pound, which the creditors accepted. It will be asked by intending immigrants how the woman was able to do this, and my simple and unvarnished answer is that it was done out of a marriage settlement the husband made on her nine months before he smashed up. Where is freedom and the liberty of the subject to be found in any part of the world which equal this?

What is the utility of inviting immigration to our shores, by showing how men may thrive by the sweat of their brows when we can make it so plain to them that by temporarily ignoring morality and common honesty they may carry on beautifully by the free exercise of their brains.

Let us acquaint men in the old country that our institutions are so wonderfully ordered that a man may land on the shores of New Zealand to-day, and by that day twelve months, or say in two years, he may be a colonial minister, or a Government contractor, or he can start a newspaper in the interest of the Government, which is as good as being either, or he may turn lecturer, or invent a new religion, or practice as a doctor with all the letters of

the alphabet after it, or he may do anything but work hard if he only wants to prosper and get on in the colony, and there he is.
SNYDER.

"SNYDER" ON SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

I turn to the excursionists by railway train. I see them flocking thither by hundreds. Men with their children, men with their wives, men with their sweethearts, and men solus. Do I think these men desecrate the Sabbath? Do I think that these, if they were debarred from travelling a few miles on a railway, would go to church? Indeed, I think nothing of the kind, for I am sure they would not. The men would probably be lounging about in close rooms, unwashed and in frowsy shirts; the women reading yellow-covered novels, or at idle gossip. Don't I know that these men have been confined through the long work-day hours of the week in store and shop and office and work-room? The women have plied their needle in the clothing establishments, or have toiled at the wash-tub or the ironing-table or in household drudgery. Who am I that I should pronounce them to be committing a grave offence? Men crave for relaxation, and the change can only come on the Sunday to most of them. Of course I don't pretend to so much theology as to say that because people wouldn't go to Church that is a reason they may go railway travelling. But this I say, that, admitting Susan Jane does giggle and behave somewhat lightly by the side of her foolish young lover in a railway carriage, would she be any better anywhere else? I think I have seen giggling and shy looks and surreptitious squeezing of hands carried on in other places than railway carriages. Again, I know that all the people in the train are making holiday at the expense of those who have none, that the pleasure seekers may have theirs. But are these not compensated by relief in some other way by their employers? Here am I, a humble member of the Fourth Estate: what man is he, be he clergyman or layman, who does not read his newspaper on a Monday morning? Does he ever give it a thought that I and scores of others must work during a portion of the Sunday, that he may read the tittle-tattle of the day—the offences, accidents, casualties, editorials, and the like? Do I grumble? Not a bit. Advanced civilization must have a newspaper on a Monday, and the master printer says to do this men must work on a Sunday. And men have to work where perhaps they would very much rather not work, but then there is some sort of compensation in the fact that they do as little on the Sunday as possible, and crowd all the work they are able into Saturday. Matters are so arranged that not a man or a boy but can go to church or chapel three times a day if he so chooses; but whether they do this or do railway travelling it's not for me to ask. I suppose the railway servants are compensated in some way or other; if not, they are very foolish to stand it, that's all I can say; but I do not think either clergy or laity will be able to prevent people excursioning on Sunday. If there be a majority in the Legislature against Sunday trains running, they will cease to run until there comes to be a majority in favor of their running, when they will run, and that's all about it. An Act of Parliament will never alter men's opinions or change their convictions. Legislation is as powerless to make a good man bad as it is to make a bad man good. If those clergymen who are so earnest in the cause of Sabbath observance would condescend to accept a little advice from so humble a person