

garden walk. Black eyes isn't a bad trade, but it's somewhat limited in this town, from the quiet nature and unfightable disposition of the inhabitants."

"Then," I asked, "why do you allude to black eyes, and what about 'em, Mr Snips?" Then he said, "Lord bless you, Mr Snyder, don't you know. You, lots as you do know, don't appear to be up to everything. You see a young clerk, in a scrimmage over night, gets a black eye or he gets a pair of 'em, and he would probably have got half a dozen if he had got as many eyes. Well, he goes to the office by nine or ten next morning, and black eyes ain't considered quite official. So, if he don't know himself, someone tells him to come to me and what with paint and pearl dust, two or three chemicals, and half a dozen camel hair brushes, I put the eye to rights so that the under part looks fresher than if did before it was blackened. I get five shillings for this, and as it's got to be done three or four times it's good to me for from fifteen shillings to a pound. Once I recollect, a lady got a black eye, and her husband, who came to me to go to her, says she did it falling against the corner of a chair. I always believe all I am told; and so I believe that just as much as I believe Oliver Cromwell sold potatoes all hot out of a tin can. If it was a chair, that chair had knuckles, that I'll swear by." And it was here I exclaimed, "Can such things be, etcetera."

"Snyder" in the *Coromandel Mail*, has the following touching those two expensive toys, the Government yachts, ordered at home by the Premier:—"The *Auckland Herald* is thoroughly indignant that Sir Julius Vogel, when in England, gave orders for two steam yachts, one to be exclusively for the use of Ministers. These two steamers are, we believe, to cost £24,000, which, as Sir Julius very truly says, is only ninepence halfpenny a head upon the population of the colony; and if people will not stand ninepence halfpenny for a steam yacht for Ministers, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. These two steam yachts, it is reckoned, will cost twelve thousand a year for coal, wages, free dinners, and repairs, which Sir Julius calculates will only be sevenpence three farthings per head in the population—which can only be looked upon as dirt cheap. . . . We are progressing in this colony, and after a while it may be considered necessary to send Home for Ministers' waiters at Bellamy's and a competent man to light the fires in the committee rooms during the sessions. And, we ask, why should not Ministers send Home for waiters at Ballamy's, and for some new billiard tables and a superior quality of playing cards to what have heretofore been bought at the public expense for Ministers to play loo and euchre with? The game being played by Sir Julius and some of his *confreres* resembles in many respects the side-splitting farce of 'High life below stairs'."

"SNYDER."

A CORRESPONDENT at Opotiki sends us the following with a request that we will insert it:—

SIR,—Seeing in your valuable paper contributions from the pen of "Snyder," a little incident which took place years ago is recalled to my memory. It was about the end of 1874 that I had occasion to go to Auckland, accompanied by my old friend Mr M. We finished our business the same day, and strolling down Queen-street we came across a group of persons opposite the Occidental Hotel. Just as my friend and I were passing, the party broke up, and I heard one of them say "Well, good bye Snyder." I touched Mr M. on the shoulder, remarking that we had found the very man we wanted. I must here mention that up to this time public works were almost at a standstill in the Bay of Plenty. In fact the coast was looked upon by the Provincial Council of Auckland as altogether a General Government district, owing to the Native difficulty. But the time had now come when we expected to get our share out of the Provincial coffers. Now was our opportunity. We had found the great "Snyder," and thought we had a chance to get our wrongs righted. He would show up the

Auckland grab-alls, and make them fork out our share of cash. Going up to him I said, good day Mr "Snyder," could my friend Mr M. and I have ten minutes' conversation with you. He answered "with the greatest pleasure." Being then opposite the Greyhound Hotel we went in. I called for drinks, and owing to my friend being rather bashful I had to open the ball, and said, "Perhaps, sir, you will think it out of place for two strangers to take the liberty we are doing, but a large coast, extending from Tauranga almost to Napier has been shamefully neglected by the Provincial Council of Auckland for the last three or four years, and we know that when we appeal to you we are certain that some notice will be taken, and our wrongs remedied." He said "yes." I went on and told him all our grievances. I thought he seemed restless, sipping his glass of sherry. I also saw a funny expression in the face of the barmaid (it was the up-stairs bar), when all of a sudden the man pulled out his pocket-book and showed me the back, which had printed upon it in gilt letters—

"A. SNYDER,
Bookmaker,
F—y Street,
Melbourne.

Odds taken and odds given on all the principal events in the Australian Colonies." We had made a ridiculous mistake, and the laugh was against us. The "Snyder" we wanted was the editor of the *Herald*, the author of the clever sketches which attracted so much attention at the time, and the same gentleman who is now contributing to the *GUARDIAN*, and who is a very different person to the bookmaking Snyder. But the incident was amusing, and so we had another "wet," a good laugh and we parted.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

"Cameo" (Under the Verandah) writes in the *Weekly News* as follows:—

It is one o'clock in the morning, and I am alone. The rain patters against the window-panes of my room. I am out of spirits, for there is nothing in the decanter, and I give myself over to melancholy reflections. Am I a pig? I was told as much this morning. Inferentially it is true, but also true most pointedly I was under the verandah, when I was met by one of the U.K.A.'s, who, without any preliminary introduction to his subject, asked me why elephants did not drink brandy, or indulge in any kind of stimulants. I said I supposed that it was because they didn't get it given them, or that perhaps they had a preference for carrots. Then he opened out. He said the intelligence of dogs forbade them to drink stimulants when offered to them; so did cats, and rhinoceroses, and reindeers. If fishes were put into spirits and water, ever so weak, they turned on their back and died. There were only two living things which got drunk, a man and a pig. Having uttered the last sentence, he stepped back two steps; then he looked me hard in the face, and passed along on his way. Would I have been justified had I changed this man's eye from cold grey to jet black, shaded with blue, orange, and plum-colour hues, or ought I to have proceeded against him in law for inciting me to commit a breach of the peace? In the solitude of the midnight hour, gently broken by the soft breathings of that angel which sleeps in the adjoining room, with digestion undisturbed by cold pork or hard colonial cheese, I resolve that I will forgive this man, and attribute his remarks to the same cause that the costermonger did to his donkey when he kicked him: "He would never have done it," said the coster, bathing the shin flesh of his leg, "if it hadn't been for his ignorance."

The clock strikes two. Blessed be he who first invented sleep; it covers man all over like a cloak; but the mantle has fallen, and the drowsy god has departed from me. Here is a tract lying on the table which was left at my door last evening by a modest girl, fast maturing into womanhood. It is headed "What shall I do to be saved?" A text follows. I read it, and I believe in it, for I have been so taught; but what shall I say to the interpretation put upon it by that

small-minded minister who says—for here it is in clear type before me, and I do not dream—"That all the world, who do not believe in these words, be they Pagen or Jew, or Christian, shall be consumed for ever and ever in unquenchable flames." This is what was left at many doors on a quiet sweet Sunday of rest, to calm and sooth and cheer the many who had been taught to believe in different things. This man trusts in that text for his salvation, as he who addressed me in the morning believes he shall be saved if he only keeps the rum glass or an ale-pot from his lips.

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HINTS TO MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS.

I DON'T like the ways of Borough Councilors a bit. They flurry themselves too much, and do not deliberate with that calmness essential to the responsibilities they have taken upon themselves. They are not sufficiently serene or subdued in their operations. As a guide for Borough Councilors, I propose to set before them the principles upon which a Corporation of which I was a humble, and I trust a not unworthy member, conducted municipal business. It was in Victoria, and in the year 1852, being just fifteen months after the outbreak of the goldfields. We used to meet at noon, and by the time the town clerk had read the minutes and correspondence it would be somewhere about one o'clock, when we adjourned to the Mayor's private room and partook of a lunch, in which cold chicken, ~~claret~~, and ham formed an element in the ingredients. The cost of this refreshment was always charged to departmental petty expenses. Thus, if after lunch we were going to discuss the matter of private lanes, the lunch would be charged as expenses incurred by the Private Lanes Committee; or of tender, the Public Tenders Committee; or of pump handles, the Committee of Pumps and Suckers. We never allowed the word "lunch" to be entered in the books, which, had the citizens seen, they might have objected to. So refreshments of all kinds were charged by the town clerk either to "sundries" or "incidentals." If a petition was sent in by suburban ratepayers, complaining of the streets, we would see into matter at once, so as not to allow burgesses the opportunity of saying we were dilatory. The clerk would be instructed forthwith to order four carriages for the next morning, when we would drive out and inspect the nature of the complaint for ourselves. We would remain all day, and sometimes late into the evening, viewing the long lines of streets, which were with verdure clad, from the balcony of an hotel, when we would drive back to our homes. At the next meeting the expenses of the carriages, the landlord's bill for liquors and *et ceteras* would be charged to No. 1, 2, 3, or 4 Ward, as the case might be. If we had lately been sticking it on heavy to Ward No. 1, we would tell the clerk to charge it to some other ward. We always acted impartially in these matters. The town clerk was a remarkably pleasant man. He used to invite councillors four times in the municipal year to a grand dinner at his own expense. Always within a week after one of these dinners, the clerk would ask for a rise of salary, which he at once obtained. When, at last, he was afraid to ask for any more "rises," he requested clerical assistance. We acceded to this application at a picnic to which he had invited councillors and their wives and families. We allowed him clerical assistance on three different occasions. I recollect once, when he presented the account for clerical assistance, we asked him whom he had employed. He said no one—he had done the work himself during office hours, and, therefore, considered he was entitled to draw it. We were so struck with the reasonableness of the explanation and the clerk's powers of hard work, that we raised his salary on the spot twenty-five per cent., upon which, the same night, he treated us all to boxes at the theatre at his own expense. I remember, on the occasion, Coppin played in "Jeremy Diddler." There was nearly a row when the burgesses came to know that incidental expenses and petty expenditure exceeded the amount

spent in local works by £2000. The ratepayers grumbled and threatened to call a public meeting; but, as we had just borrowed £25,000 of one of the banks, and being well in funds, we quieted their complaints by knocking the rate down from two shillings in the pound to ninepence. All of us had proposed to retire at the expiration of the year, which was a fortnight previous to the interest on the loan falling due; so, of course, we would be right enough. We voted ourselves a guinea for sitting on a committee when business was done, and half a guinea for an adjourned committee. Committees sit ten minutes, and adjourn once a week for six months on a stretch. I never knew such indefatigable committeemen as we were. They were good times then. There was not a wife's brother of us, or a nephew, or an uncle, who hadn't a corporation contract on hand, and the corporation used to shell out its money to assist them to carry on the work, and pay wages and material. We had no difficulty over our water scheme. One councillor had a pond five miles distant, which he called a lake, with a native name to it; another had a creek twenty miles away, which was dry nine months out of the twelve; and one, who was an engineer, wanted to raise water from the river by means of a powerful pump, driven by local-made steam-engines. The burgesses didn't care which way it was, because they were informed there would be no additional taxation. Well, we didn't go and quarrel—not we. There were four schemes, and we drew lots for them in the clerk's private room, out of the Mayor's hat. The one who drew the longest strip of paper was to name the particular scheme, and we were all to vote for it, which we did, and when tenders were called and accepted there was not a councillor but considered he had done his duty. That £25,000, and the money raised for the water scheme, has not been paid to the present day, and councillors who had nothing to do with raising or spending the loan (as I read by the local newspapers regularly forwarded me) are being blackguarded by the municipal public for burdening them with excessive rates to pay off the interest, repayment of the principal not being dreamed of. Now this was what I call something like doing the councillor business. We never called one another names, nor imputed motives; but we increased in flesh, and our families multiplied; we waxed fat but never kicked; and I look back with pride to my past municipal career, and hope, when I am elected to the next vacancy in the Tauranga Council, I shall be instrumental in inaugurating quite a new regime.

THE LECTURE.

A LECTURE was delivered in the Court House on Wednesday evening by Mr James Browne, the subject matter being Births, Deaths, and Marriages. There was a very excellent attendance, and the audience expressed themselves by general applause as being highly pleased with the manner in which the separate subjects were treated—in most cases from an odd or humorous point of view. The proceeds of the lecture for tickets sold and money taken at the doors will be handed over to F. Woollams, Esq., the Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital. Major Keddell had lent the use of the Court House for the occasion, and presided during the giving of the lecture. We have no space available to publish Mr Browne's discourse, and can do no more than give one or two short extracts. The following presumes that a young couple have lately been linked together at the altar of Hymen:—

"Well then, I will take it as settled that the ceremony has come off, and that a pair of you have got spliced. That six months have passed away, and that when the husband comes home of an evening he finds you busy working at small pieces of calico and flannel, or perhaps you may be hemming little square pieces of linen; and although your husband has a pretty good idea that its not doll's clothes you are engaged upon, if he knows his place and keeps it he will not ask impertinent questions.

You will love him a good deal more now than you did six months back, but you won't walk out quite so often of an