

strictly to facts. The representatives I have referred to have felt or know they will feel the benefit of not being obstinate or hard of belief. A glove is so much more easily pulled on and taken off when it is flexible.

I once witnessed a very interesting instance of the advantage of not being obstinate. It was in one of our Provincial Councils. The question was being fiercely debated as to the upset price to be fixed on certain waste lands. Five councillors had got no land, nor any money wherewith to buy; while five councillors had got large bank balances, and these wanted all the land they could get at their own figure. The councillors who had got neither land nor money wanted to fix the upset price at the maximum, while those who had the two wanted it set at a minimum, as indeed it was very natural they should. There was a great row in the Council that night, and I should be sorry to say what personalities passed. I know one rich councillor was charged by a poor councillor with having built a dance-saloon, with a row of cottages at the rear, which he furnished at his own expense, and let them out to single ladies, while he provided them with dresses and millinery. Something was meant to be insinuated by this, but I am unable to say what. Then the rich councillor got wroth, and told the poor councillor that he felt thankful he had never been committed for embezzlement, and got off by a fluke and an able lawyer. The debate lasted for several hours. Numbers were equal, and it was altogether uncertain which side the Speaker would give his casting vote for. At last one of the land and money councillors was seen to pass a paper pellet over to one of the no land and money councillors, who almost immediately after reading what was inside, left the chamber. Then there was a cry of "divide, divide," but the no land and money councillors, finding that a voter belonging to them was absent, began to speak against time, thinking he would come back again; but he didn't, so that about daylight they caved in. The land and money Councillors gained their point, and subsequently cleared about £14,000 out of the transaction among them. It transpired the absent member had been taken ill when he left the Council and could not come back; at I know a few days afterwards that he felt quite well, and discovered himself in a position to pay his debts—and all this, my dears, in my opinion, came about because he was not obstinate.

I could narrate many such instances coming within my knowledge, but to do this would be to fill a book as big as that which Barnum once published in giving biographical sketches of "Celebrated Humbugs of the World." It is very wrong, my dear children, to be obstinate, especially on such matters as I have referred to. *It does not pay.* Always wear your convictions as you would your boots. Let them be roomy enough to pull on or kick off without hurting your feet. You will walk through the world so much more easy and comfortable to yourself. You know how that talented monk did his journey with peas in his boots. He boiled them. You do the same in your walk through this world. Never think of laying down any fixed rules for your guidance in life. It will be attended with many inconveniences. When you hear a man say he is going to perform a duty "which he owes to society," or "act upon principle," set that man down as going to do something cruel or ungenerous. The other day I heard old Flint say "I shall send Smith to gaol unless he pays the money he owes me." "But, my dear sir," I said, "Smith really has not got the money to pay it with. He has been a long time out of work; his wife has just been confined with her seventh child. Surely you will not send him to gaol." "But I will, though," says Flint; "I shall do it upon principle." There was Sternlaw—some of you know him, my dears. Well, one day a man took something out of his garden. It wasn't much—about three pennyworth of cabbage, I think. It was very wrong of the man, my dears; very wrong indeed. It was so very much more wrong than contracting debts with poor tradesmen, when you know that you never mean to pay them. It was far worse than getting a confiding friend to back your bill, and then letting him sell the bed from under him to save his credit from being damned. Stealing three pennyworth of cabbage-plants is a greater offence against society than anything of that kind. Old Sternlaw considered so. If Sternlaw, when he discovered the poor devil robbing his garden, had said, "You thundering old rogue, if you had asked me for some cabbages, I would have given you enough for a week, and then, suiting the action to the deed, he had kicked the fellow through the garden gate, it would have been about the right thing. But old Sternlaw, "owed a duty to society." He gave the man in charge, prosecuted him, and got him two months of hard labour.

Never forget, my dear children, to act upon principle, with as stern a resolve as you would button up your pockets when you are asked for a charitable contribution. Never forget, when a man has done you an

injury, that to have your revenge upon him is discharging a duty you owe to society. Take great care of yourselves. Remember you cannot serve two interests at one time which conflict. Serve that which is the more profitable. Then you will probably become rich, and rise to great things. You will have a fine funeral, and men will say of you, without fear of your anger, that you are an old rip, and that the world is well rid of you. Farewell! Adieu! I don't think that the editor will feel under any necessity to add any "moral tendency" remarks to this part of my advice. If he feels inclined—let him.

DEATH OF THE COROMANDEL MAIL.

While commenting on the death of the *Coromandel Mail* Snyder says:—It is already known to a few, and that there shall be no concealment, we now make it known to all that next Saturday's issue will close the career of the *Coromandel Mail* so far as the present proprietor is concerned, and, to the best of his knowledge, so far as any other proprietor is concerned.

The cause of the stoppage is told in a few words. The concern has not paid. It not only has not paid, but it has been worked at a loss although the utmost economy in its working has been exercised. The proprietor brought some small means into Coromandel, but beyond a suit of clothes, one shirt to change the other, and an ullage box of paper collars, it is totally certain he will take nothing out. So that if anyone should require in any capacity the services of an elderly gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, sound of mind, and fifteen stone weight, he hereby intimates that he is open to an engagement. Salary no object, so long as he obtains the wherewith to provide for an excellent appetite and a very moderate quantity of fermented liquor of reasonable quality. If we have a preference we should like the billet of doorkeeper to a Government department where we would be permitted to return an insolent answer to a civil question put by one of the outside public; it would take the edge off of our feelings; or we should have no objection to being appointed permanently by some City Council to drive a watering cart, providing the pumping is done for us and we are only required to go out in fine weather.

THE CAUSE OF THE COLLAPSE.

It is now nearly twelve months ago that it was represented to us in Auckland that there was a fine opening for taking up the *Mail*, which was at the time in temporary hands. We were assured that if we conducted the *Mail* in a respectable manner, and void of offence, that we should receive a very large and liberal support. That we should not want at any time for means to carry on the paper in the most spirited manner. There was to be no fear about that. We have experienced nothing of the kind; but we blame no one, not even ourselves, who should have weighed the matter more maturely. Our nature has ever been a trusting and loveable one, and in our advanced years we find it too late to alter.

WE CONTINUE THE NARRATIVE.

When we came to Coromandel we brought with us four sons two of whom were masters of the art of printing and press work. We agreed that we should all give ourselves up solely to the newspaper even to the running of it for sale or delivery. We said if we can't manage the thing no one can. And so we commenced with good hearts and this is what came about. For the first three months the few tradesmen in the town gave us their support; but at the end of that time some withdrew their support upon the ground that business was so bad they really and truly and so on, could not afford to continue it. Others that they had advertised to encourage us at the outset only

Others again in their innocent conceit considered that they were so well known and sold such good goods at such cheap rates that advertising was of really no benefit to them, really none, they could assure us. And so few by few and one by one the advertisements dropped out of the paper, and in order to keep up an appearance (for appearance even in a newspaper is essential), we supplied the vacant columns with dummies, that last resort and resource of impecunious badly supported newspapers.

WE STILL PROCEED.

After a time the eldest of the family in a most affectionate manner said that he would willingly work for the author of his being until time was no more; but that his first born (unweaned) and its mother couldn't do without a certain amount of nourishment; and he found this also to be his own case. Without wages (having exhausted the patience of storekeeper and provision dealers) he could not live. So by application he got an engagement in a distant land, and he went his way. Then by increasing the hours of labour and buckling to with a double will and a single purpose we went on with one hand short. But it shortly came to pass that the elder brother of the two youngest when he had just got very useful and had made considerable advance in the knowledge of the noble art of type setting, said he didn't like printing but would like to be a farmer. As night work and long hours standing on the feet is not calculated to improve constitutions not naturally strong we gave way and we allowed the lad to be a farmer—that is be *with* a farmer, where he is now in a fair way to learn something about the rotation of crops, the nature of sub-soils and, it is to be hoped, what handling a plough means. By and by, if he have luck and patient endurance, he will become a real farmer on his own account when, perhaps, he will do as other farmers do—go to market and return home jolly, which is really better than fading out of existence in a hot, sweaty, foul smelling printing office.

Now then we were two hands short.

Only a proprietor of a small newspaper office knows what shifts he must be driven to to bring out anything of a decent paper under such adverse circumstances. But we had not come to the worst; for shortly after the departure of the incipient farmer to fresh fields and pastures new, there came upon us

MORE TROUBLES

Within a few days after the late event a third son—second eldest of the family quartette—and the flower of the printing flock, came to us and stated that although still in a state of singleness and early bachelorhood he too could not get on without some coin of the realm weekly paid into his hands. He had tried to win the affections of a woman of property, but she had declined to reciprocate. He said he must go, and he went, and he is now pursuing his profession in the vicinity of the confiscated boundaries. All we could give him was our blessing and a drawer full of penny tokens which had been collected from time to time by the sale of newspapers, and which a stern hearted post master had refused to exchange for stamps or receive in payment for telegraph messages.

This was the third hand away, and still the paper had to come out with the aid of one small son (since confined with dysentery, low spirits and overwork) a small boy and another boy a little larger, but still very small indeed.

If our issue exhibits signs of weakness and debility we think the cause will be sufficiently apparent.

WHY THE MAIL HAS NOT PAID

Thus wise:—There is not a sufficient population, and for the population the people forming it are too poor to pay

for a paper or to advertise. There are no suburbs, no outlying districts, no reproductive industries of any kind. There are perhaps a hundred and fifty men who every eight hours go down clean and dry into a mine and come up out of it wet and dirty. These receive a wage that just enables the married ones with families to exist, and the single ones to make an occasional Saturday night. These with three or four small grocers, two or three butchers, two drapers, half-a dozen working boot-makers, with seven or eight hotel keepers all engaged in a losing trade, comprise the community of Coromandel. We had for the moment forgotten two banks. How these exist those in charge, if they had to die for it, couldn't give the slightest explanation.

Coromandel is bounded at one end by Bremner's public house and at the other end (up a mountain) by Luks hotel and a general store. To the left of both ends are hills, and to the right are also hills; and there is nothing else.