

ORIGINAL LINES FOR THE GEELONG ADVERTISER. REMEMBRANCE.

Can I forget that sacred place Where first I met, dear girl, with you? Where first you bow'd with so much grace And gently whisper'd "How do you do?"

Can I forget the time, that brought You, first of all, within my view? Can I support the painful thought, Of having soon to say "Adieu!"

Can I forget all I have said— All that has pass'd 'twixt me and you? 'Tis true 'twill be forgot, when dead I am— if memory dies too.

Can I forget the time you stood, And watch'd me far as eye could see? Appearing just as if you would Bestow the last sad look on me.

O can it be that friendship dies! Friendship so pure, so close, and true: Cemented with the strongest ties— Can it be broken up by you?

Can I forget that star-light night, We stood upon yon beautiful hill, While the moon shined in glory bright, And all besides stood sweetly still?

Can I forget that "What'd you mean?" You once propos'd to Mister B.? (What could his words to you have been?) You said it so emphatically!

Can I forget that charming smile, Or that pretended angry look? You frown'd sometimes, yet, all the while, Your very frowns of love partook.

Can I forget that temper sweet; That voice, which, (unlike many girls') All music in creation beat; Those ruby lips—that set of pearls?

Can I forget you when I see A placid look, a forehead fair; A small white hand held out to me, Or silken locks of dark-brown hair?

Farewell! I never can forget— Farewell! I'll never cease to love; I never was unfaithful yet— I never will unfaithful prove.

N. H.

Melbourne, 31st May, 1845.

SELECT POETRY.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

I've sigh'd,—but I will sigh no more,— For silver, or for golden ore, And thought 'twould ever pass: But these their virtues oft have lost, And I have found out to my cost, True virtue lies in brass.

Once adored a maiden fair, With eyes of blue, and auburn hair, And thought to win the lass; But soon steep'd in a rival, who Came in with brazen face to woo, And won her, by his brass.

I brandish'd next an author's pen, And hoped to be successful,—when True merit's all a farce; But striving here, I found again, 'Gainst impudence—'twas all in vain, I wanted still the brass.

Next as a fop upon the town, I sought to gain a slight renown, And dress'd by fashion's glass; But here full soon I was cut out, And driven to the right about, By those who had—the brass.

Rejoice, ye brazen bullies, then, Who laugh to scorn all honest men, Ye have the magic pass: Let others wish for richer ore, Give me, kind fate, I ask no more, Sufficiency of brass.

And shall we forget them, the shores Of our own native Island? oh! never; Tho' dark be the storms that o'ershadow them now,

We cannot say—"Farewell for ever!" In the place of the freedom that smil'd, The chain may be circling the earth; But the lips oftentimes will exclaim with a sigh,

'Twas the beautiful land of our birth! And shall we forget then the shores Of our own native Island? oh! never, And dark be the storms that o'ershadow them now,

We cannot say—"Farewell for ever!"

We are sweeping the fathomless wave, With freedom around and above us; But where are the eyes that once glanc'd on our path,

And where are the bosoms that love us? O! far are we leaving behind, The light of each angel-like brow; But perchance in the pray's they breathe to the skies,

They are naming the wanderers now. Then shall we forget then, &c.

J. KNOX.

SPEED OF HORSES.

To the Editor of the Launceston Examiner.

An opinion has been entertained the last two or three years, by many of our colonial sporting gentlemen and others connected with our northern turf, that the Tasmanian horses are but little slower than the English racers; and as your Saturday's print remarks that the last twenty years furnish but two or three instances of parallel speed, allow me to place a few facts before you which will very materially alter this supposition.

Mr Editor, our horses in speed are far, very far behind the English nags, and many years must elapse, and more horses of tried speed and power must be landed as sires and placed in our studs, before we can come up to the very extraordinary time the races are now run in England.

I will place before you, (for the en-

lightenment of those who think so highly of our colonial horse) the performances of our best, and their time; and also a few transcriptions from English sporting works of the time and distances run in England; and you will from such comparison observe how very much we are behind their high mettled racers; and that it is not requisite to look back quite twenty years, as a few instances the last six years will be sufficient:—

RAETS RUN IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. 1842—Vanish, Town Plate at Launceston, 3 miles 240 yards, 4 years, weight 8st 9lbs, run in 6 min 15 sec.

Ditto at Outlands, 3 miles 6 min 2 sec. 1844—Zauberflotte, at Launceston. 3 years, 3 miles, 8st 6lbs, 6 min 30 sec.

Egremont, Launceston St Leger, 1 mile 7 yrs, 8st 6lb, 2 min 55 sec. Bedlamite, Town Plate, 2½ miles, 6 years, 9st, 4 min 53 sec.

1845—Paganini, Launceston Derby, 1½ miles, 3 years, 8st 9lb, 3 min 21 sec. Coronet, Town Plate, 3 miles 240 yds, 5 yrs, 9st, 6 min 4 sec. Making 18 miles run in 36 minutes, at an average of one mile in two minutes.

ENGLISH. 1843—Liverpool, Tradesmen's Cup, won by Inheritor, by Lottery, 2 miles, 3 years, 6st 3lbs, 3 min 25 sec.!!

1837—Bloomers Derby, 1½ miles, 3 years, 8st 6lbs, 2 min 45 sec.—see Egremont's time. Waterloo Shield at Goodwood, won by Slave, 3¼ miles, 4 yrs 8st 2lbs, 6 min 49 sec.

King's Plate, at Newmarket, won by Pussy, 3 miles 4 furlongs 187 yds, 6 years, 9st 10lbs, 6 min 44 sec.

1839—Chester Trial Stakes, won by Captain Pops, 1 mile, 4 years 8st 6lbs, 1 min 21 sec.!!

1840—Goodwood Cup won by Markaway, 2½ miles, 6 yrs, 9st 4lbs, 4 min 58 sec.—see Bedlamite's time.

1841—Chester Tradesmen's Cup, won by Alice Hawthorn, 2 miles 1 furlong 23 yards, 4 years, 6st 6lbs, 3 min 55 sec.

1843—Great Yorkshire Stakes, won by Priz fighter, 1½ miles, 3 years, 8st 7lbs, 3 min 7 sec.—see Paganini's time.

Match at Newmarket, won by Semiseria, ½ mile 3 years, 7st 5lbs, 37 sec.!!!

Doncaster St Leger, won by Nutwith, 1½ miles 132 yards, 3 years, 8st 7lbs, 3 min 20 sec.—see Paganini's time.

Ditto, 1½ miles 132 yards, in Don John's year, 3 min 16 sec.—see Paganini's time.

Marquis of Westminster's Plate, at Chester, won by Alice Hawthorn, 1½ miles, 6 years, 9st 6lbs, 2 min 15 sec.

Wirral Stakes, Chester, won by Beaumont, half mile, 3 years, 9st, 48 sec. Tradesmen's Cup, Liverpool, won by Aristotle, 2 miles, 4 years, 7st 8lbs, 3 min, 30½ sec.

Leamington Stakes, won by Venus, 2 miles, 3 years, 5st, 10lb, 3 min. 32 sec.

1841—Liverpool Trade Cup, won by Eva, 2 miles, 4 years, 8st, 3 min, 30 sec.

Making thirty miles six hundred and ninety-nine yards, run in 53 minutes 52 seconds, or an average of one mile in 1 minute 46½ seconds; and the average time of Inheritor, Captain Pops, and Semiseria three races, was one mile in 1 minute 32 seconds!

Average of Paganini's time for the Launceston Derby was one mile in 1 minute 54½ seconds.

To give another splendid proof of the extraordinary speed of the English crack horses, that fine race-horse Lottery, in 1825, for the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster, in running against Figaro and Longwaist, went one and a half miles in two minutes fifteen seconds.

Mr Gee's Egremont, last year, was two minutes fifty five seconds.

You can observe that the average of the English horses given above is very much faster than any race ever yet run in this colony, and the speed of Inheritor, Captain Pops, and Semiseria, is almost unexampled in English racing.

I have had no occasion to look over the English racing annuals for the last twenty years to find a parallel to Paganini's time; I think it would be difficult to find a parallel to such slow running.

These facts are not placed before you to disparage our race horses, but to cause emulation, and with so small an amount of blood in our mares and so few tried stallion sires in the country, the running is very creditable; and when we get such fine horses in the colony from England as the Americans purchase, we may look to our racers running near English time—but not till then.

A former letter of mine, some weeks gone, was replied to by "Calcutta," wishing to know "where are those horse buyers to be found we have heard so much of: where are the ships to convey the horses; and where can the stock be insured?" Your paper of the 4th instant replies distinctly to "where are those horse buyers to be found?"

I hope we are not altogether destitute of British enterprise, and are to wait until the horses are purchased at our doors,—somewhat like the Waggoner calling upon Jupiter to help him out on the mire—but we must put our own shoulders to the wheel. It is well known there are Indian officers in both colonies for the purpose of purchasing cavalry horses; and in answer to "Calcutta," and for the information of breeders, I insert a paragraph from a letter received a few days back per the Coringa Packet, and dated Calcutta, December 12, 1844—

"I was told Calcutta, December 12, 1844—'What you say about export may have been true this last

season, but never need be true in future; for if your neighbours and self will engage to have sixty to one hundred horses for shipment, any season, we will take care to secure a ship in London, provided you will consign to such agent as we may name. The shipment of horses per Metcalf, which arrived in disgraceful condition, and at the dull season, averaged 750 rupees on sale; and that just arrived per Blundell, though mostly of a coarse breed, are expected to average 800 rupees, which is far better than selling in the colony at £20 to £25, and never getting paid." So let "Calcutta," if his twelve colts are well bred, finish their education carefully, and he may depend upon finding the "ready market for them," if he looks for it.

BENGALIEE.

—Launceston Examiner, March 19.

ONE DISTRICT COUNCIL DEFUNCT. (From the Sydney Atlas.)

When the charter for the district of Sydney was in course of preparation, it appeared, that, such was the anxiety of Sir George to sign, seal, and deliver it at the earliest possible moment—to delay not one instant longer than was absolutely necessary, the satisfaction which he anticipated from seeing his triumph over the wishes of the people complete—that it did not occur to him that the police district of Sydney included the city also. For the "police district of Sydney," the charter was, therefore, originally prepared and executed, and in due form delivered, with befitting grace and solemnity, to the new warden, Mr Barker. After it had been in Mr Barker's possession some time, and after several meetings had been held, in pursuance of its provisions, some member of the Council unexpectedly discovered, that, among other things, the police of the city of Sydney was placed by it under the management and control of the District Council. Doubts were entertained by some, whether the proper course would not be, for the warden and his councillors, to go at once in a body and take possession of the Town Hall, and without any ceremony, kick the Mayor and his civic brethren out of door. To settle the dispute, however, Mr Barker posted off to Government-house, with the Charter in his pocket, and, with a most deplorable countenance, as we are told, pointed out the difficulty in which the wording of that document had placed him. Sir George listened to his warden's story, and, smiling good humouredly at his anxiety, said "give me the Charter, and I'll soon set the matter to rights," and taking a pen, he inserted, as we are informed after the words "Police District of Sydney," the words except "the City of Sydney," carefully writing in the margin the well-known initials "G.G." This is the history of this curious transaction, as we have it from, what we believe to be undoubted authority, and assuming it to be true, we have no hesitation in saying that the District Council of Sydney is defunct. It was long ago decided "that when any deed is altered in a point material by the plaintiff himself, or by any stranger, without the privity of the obligee, be it by interlineation, addition, razing, or by drawing a pen through a line, or through the midst of any material word the deed thereby becomes void."

[Co. rep. XI. 27. a.] This is precisely the case in the present instance. By the Constitutional Act, the Governor was authorized by charter, to incorporate the inhabitants of such division of the colony as he should think fit, and by such charter to establish councils for such districts, but in no part of the Act is there any power given him to alter the charter once issued, or to issue a new one. The moment he executed the Sydney Charter, he was functus officii and to all intents and purposes a stranger. Nor can it be said that he did this act with the concurrence of the District Council, supposing that that concurrence would have been of any avail, which it would not; for the only consenting party was Mr Thomas Barker—the Warden—and the consent of the body corporate could only be given by a document under its common seal. The materiality of this alteration is of course self-evident, and, under the circumstances, we are satisfied that any act now exercised by the body calling itself the Sydney District Council, will be illegal and void; that Council's rictly speaking being no longer in existence. This may be extremely unpleasant to some of the members of that body, who think it on honor to be invested with the power of ruining their fellow citizens, but if it be so, they must blame their friend Sir George, and no one else. It is now some time since we advised all the District Councils to surren-

der their charters, and if the Sydney Council had followed that advice in time, it might have obtained an honorable place in the pages of its country's history. But now the opportunity is gone—it has no charter to surrender—and the sooner its members sneak back into retirement the better will it be for themselves and—we were going to add for the country also—but the country thanks to Sir George is now beyond their power.

EXTENT OF RUNS.

(From the Sydney Atlas.)

MR ATLAS.—In my last letter to you, I casually alluded to a charge against squatters respecting the monopoly of large tracts of land. I will now explain to any one requiring such information, the means by which such an evil, if general, would be removed, and by which its accidental occurrence is obviated. No such explanation can be required by those acquainted with the practical details of the present system; but it is the lot of the squatters to be denounced by those whose idea of woods is of mahogany or of an ebony ruler, and whose notions of pasture seem derived from glances at the green barley in the market-place, or a column of agricultural produce in a commercial dictionary.

If A claims a larger tract of land than he really occupies, the fact is palpable to his neighbours—B, probably A's neighbour, though possibly a searcher for new runs, seeing a part of the land claimed unoccupied, applies to the commissioner for leave to place stock there; representing that by so doing he trespassed upon no other person's run. If A is aggrieved, he complains to the commissioner, who is supposed to decide according to the merits of the case, and whose errors of partiality, if proved, are proofs of the impropriety of delegating arbitrary and irresponsible power to individuals, but are by no means the crimes of the submissive squatter, who gives way to the verdict, and "drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

It is apparent, therefore, that the wants of the landless stockholder check the desires of the recognised squatter, and effectually regulate what our opponents call "monopoly of land."

Actual occupation of land by means of stock is required to be shown to the commissioner, who is not, and could not be, guided by the mere verbal claim of one party.

If, in this manner, a squatter is guilty of monopoly, it is a monopoly of servility, for which his ancestors were never notorious, and which may not be averted from his posterity: against him are arrayed but a small body of scribes and dignitaries; in his favour is the mass of the people here, which merely requires efficient organs in England to excite a sympathy there as universal as is the favourable feeling in the colony.

If the important question of fixity had never been mooted, the complaints of the squatters against arbitrary rule or irresponsible misrule are such as may, it is to be hoped, place their cause in a position which will show our friends in England the constitution of a country to which they flee whom taxes drive. The petition for fixity of tenure is not, however, the answer to the Regulations of April; though a sense of the precariousness of his position and an appreciation of the injustice in principle of these regulations no doubt led to a desire of amendment.

If a traveller (ignorant of the relation of New South Wales to England) were to come amongst us, and to see that so large a body of men as the squatters are unrepresented in the Councils of the state, though large sums of money are paid by them, his impression would be, probably, that the squatters are ill-used;—if he was then told that the Legislative Council wished to assist and govern them, but that another power denied this wish, he might be inclined to think that a hostile power too potent to be refused, was the demand of the large sums I have mentioned; if he was then told that a chief officer appointed by a gracious Queen to rule the colony at large, (colonists and squatters inclusively) in the manner most beneficial to the interests of all the inhabitants, is the demander of those funds, rejecting all intervention of any representatives of the people, he would, no doubt, think the graciousness of the Queen checked by some sinister influence. "This colony," he would say, "when prosperous, is to some extent a source of gratification to its gracious Queen, and redounds in

some measure to her glory; she cannot, therefore, will its unappiness. The chief officer's benevolent despatches are no doubt lost by accident or tempest, and it is pitiable that so fine a state should be so endangered; he ought to be empowered to act himself, and he would surely call in the aid of the wise in the land, and govern it with laws whose force would be cheerfully kept up, and whose imposts unobtrusively paid.' It must be confessed, Mr Atlas, that travellers are very imaginative.

SQUATTER.

SAM SLICK ON THE FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL.

Ah! poor Campbell! he was a poet, a good poet, a beautiful poet! He know'd all about the world of imagination, and the realm of fancy; but he didn't know nothin' at all about this world of our'n, or of the realm of England, or he never would have talked of the "Pleasures of Hope" for an author. Let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her staves a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it would touch Pee's heart in a jiffy. This spinnin' jiny will be honoured by the highest folks in the land, have diamond-rings, gold snuff-boxes, and pusses of money given her, and gracious knows what. Let General Tom Thumb come to London that's two foot nothin', and the Kentucky boy that's eight foot somethin', and see how they will be patronised, and what a sight of honour they will have. Let Van Am ergh come with his son, make him open his jaw, and then put his head down his throat and pull it out, and say, "What a brave boy am I!" and kigs and queens, and princes and nobles, will come and see him, and see his lion feed too. Did any on'em ever come to see Campbell feed? he was a great lion this many a long day. Oh dear! he didn't know nothin', that's a fact; he thought himself a cut above them folks; it jist showed how much he knowed. Fine sentiments! who cares for them! Do you go to Nova Scotia now, and begin at Cape Sable, and travel all down to Cape Canso, the whole length of the province, pick out the two best lies from his "Hope," and ask every feller you meet, "did you ever hear these?" and how many will you find that has seen 'em, or heard tell of 'em? Why a few gals that's sentimental, and a few boys that's a-courtin', spooney-like, that's all. But ax 'em his "Master if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what would a good size-able pig come to—do you give it up? Well he'd come to a bushel of corn." Every man, woman, and child, would tell you they heard the clown say that so the circus, and that they mind they larfed ready to kill themselves. Grownin' pays better nor tymin', and it kin' the ribs with fingers pleases folks more, and makes 'em larf more, than tek'n their ears with vurs—that's a fact. I guess when Campbell writ "The Mariners of England," that will live till the Britisher's sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it—he thought himself great shakes; he w-er'n't half so big as Tom Thumb—he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign bussey, whose skin ain't clear, and whose character ain't clear, and whose debts ain't clear, and who has nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize money, or anythin', and all the old admirals, and flag-officers, and yac'men and others that do onderstand, and all the lords, and ladies, and princes, that dont onderstand where the springs are in that song that touch the chords of the heart, all on'em will come and worship a'most; and some young duke or another will fancy he is a young Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has "The Pleasure of Hope" to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of "hope," was that funeral? .. He (the poet) was well repaid—Peel held a string of the pall! Brougham came and said, "How cold the Abbey is;" the Duke of Argyll, Scotchman-like, rubbed his back agin Robbillac's statue of his great ancestor, and thought it was a pity he hadn't migrated to Prince Edward's Island; D'Israeli said he was one of the "Curiosities of Literature; while Micauley, who looks for smart things, said "Poor fellow, this was always the object of his ambition, it was his hope beyond the grave." .. Let some old general or admiral do somethin' or another that only requires the courage of a