

Supreme Court--Criminal Side.

THURSDAY--His Honor Chief Justice Dowling and Judge Willis having taken their seats, Her Majesty's Commission appointing James Dowling, Esq., Chief Justice of New South Wales, in the place of Francis Forbes, Knight, resigned, and the Commission appointing John Walpole Willis, Esquire, a barrister of five years standing, Puisne Judge, were read. Several officers, magistrates, and gentlemen then took the oath of allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, The usual business of the Court then proceeded.

(Before Chief Justice Dowling and a Jury of Inhabitants.)

James Dalton and William Crane were jointly indicted for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Peter Green, at West Maitland, on the 23rd of November.

Green keeps a store at Maitland; and on the night of the day laid in the information, hearing a noise, he went into the shop and found that the premises had been broken into, a hole having been made in the wall, through which some parties had entered and plundered the place of some cabbage-tree hats, gingers, and other articles. On the ground outside the place of ingress, were found a hat and knife, the former was sworn to belong to Dalton, the latter to Crane, and upon their being taken into custody, some ginger was found in their pockets corresponding with that stolen.--Both Guilty. Death Recorded.

John Thompson and John Warnley were indicted for a burglary in the dwelling-house of David Ramsay, at Dobroyd, on the 10th Nov., with intent, &c. The second count charged them with simple larceny.

It appeared that a person named Russell was superintendent to Ramsay, and on the night of the 10th of November, four men broke into the house in which he resided, and robbed it of provisions, knife, &c. The prisoner, Thompson was the only one he could swear to. Upon the apprehension of Thompson, the knife stolen was found on his person.--Thompson Guilty. Death Recorded. Warnley not Guilty.--Discharged.

Thomas Muskilly and John Cumming were jointly indicted for a highway robbery, and stealing from the person of William Quirk one of the property of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, at Hassan's Walls, on the 26th Dec. The two prisoners were attached to an ironed gang on the Bathurst Road; and on the day laid in the information, were employed with ten other men under guard of Quirk, in drawing carts. Quirk walked behind, but observing that the cart a-head did not move sufficiently fast, he advanced to remonstrate, when the prisoners rushed upon, and threw him down, seized his musket, and then took to the bush. They were apprehended at the River Lachlan. The prisoner Muskilly urged in defence the cruel treatment received by the prisoners in the ironed gang, by the military beating them &c. and if they complained, they would be put on the chain, and flogged day after day; it was far better to be shot, than to lead the life.

His Honor, in summing up, remarked, that he had received a written paper from the prisoners, but he could not permit it to be read, as it contained charges against, and reflections upon gentlemen not present: The charge of ill-usage brought against the military he could not believe as the men had an opportunity of complaining to their officers or the magistrates, and they would coerce them, Guilty--Death Recorded.

Police Incidents.

James Page, indentured to Mr. McFarlane, tailor, was brought up before the Colonel on warrant, charged with having absconded from his hired service since the 1st January. He took himself off on the ground that he would never work for any master who sent his servants to the treadmill. The only defence he now had to offer was, that he did not engage to sleep in a dirty bed, that was his objection. The Colonel ordered him to be worked upon the treadmill for two months.

Page--Well, I shan't work for him any more; I shall come here again.

Colonel--Place him again at the bar. You are sentenced to be confined in Sydney jail for fourteen days at the expiration of your former sentence.

Page--Well, that's all you can give me.

Colonel--You are mistaken; place him again at the bar. You are sentenced to be confined in Sydney jail a further period of one month--making six weeks in addition to the two months upon the mill.

This acted as a muzzler, and Page went quietly to his room.

Mary Collins, not the regular Mary Collins, but a kind of stray subject, was placed at the bar, charged with having been found the over-night staggering under the influence of a compound, composed of rum, hot water, lemon, and sugar.

Clerk of Depositions--Are you free?

Mary--Free, is it? Unwired a bottle of champagne and let the cork walk--ask if that's free; that is mine answer.

Bench--Have you five shillings?

Mary--Oh dear no, pockets are so unfashionable.

Bench--Stocks three hours.

Abigail Phillips, a very how came you so kind of customer, was charged with having entered the house of an old man who resides outside the toll-bar, and in the first instance, binding and abetting the battery of his skull--and in the second, serving a writ of ejectment upon a double tooth, the last memorial of departed years. The latter offence caused her to appear before the bench. The old codger who had sustained the loss, most woefully lamented the exit of his grinder, expatiating on its merits as a masticator, and extending his jaws, wished the bench to inspect the cavity left behind, this they declined, recommending the man to close the center, as the southerly wind then blowing might cause him a very uneasy sensation. The only defence attempted by Abigail in extenuation, was a plea for pardon, which the old boy consented to grant notwithstanding the loss of his only elbow chair in his dining room. She was therefore discharged.

Thomas Chivers was charged with having sullied the honor of the police, by flooring constable Burns, who meeting him in the vicinity of the Australian Hotel, wished to have a word of a sort with him, but Chivers replied to the mandate by hitting out strong from the shoulder, and Burns, after cutting two or three summer-sets, rolled on his back, stretched out his arms and legs, and appeared to be enjoying a comfortable nap. At this very interesting point, two drummers in Her Majesty's Foot saw the hit, and the effect, and immediately charged, having beat a rumba-dub upon the back of Chivers, they awoke Burns from his trance, and Chivers was locked up.

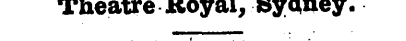
The Bench sentenced him to pay a fine of ten shillings for the assault, which he immediately handed out.

Notes for the Colonist and its TALENTED Conductor--We were certainly surprised that any attaché to the Temple of Piety (or humbug) the Colonist office, could have been guilty of a faux-pas--but find that even those respectable moralists (babe) will trip upon occasion. Only on the night of Thursday last, the prepossessing gatherer of coin for the realm for that very respectable office, was discovered, even as Zimri was, but instead of meeting his fate, thanks to the existing laws, was only ordered by the J. P., before whom he appeared in the morning, to find bail to keep the peace. The scriptural allusion is no doubt understood by the talented leader, if not, let him consult the book of Numbers.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THIS DAY--Hebblewhite, at W. H. Tyrer's Esq., continuation of splendid Furniture. Hebblewhite, at his Rooms, Books. WEDNES.--Polack, at Bazaar, 2200 Ewes and Wethers. Polack, at Bazaar, pure bred Durham Cows.

Theatre Royal, Sydney.



THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, FEB. 3 1838, will be performed the admired Comedy, in 3 Acts, entitled

MARRIED LIFE.

Characters see bills of the day.

To conclude with the Operatic Burlesque Burletta, in 2 Acts (by M. G. Dowling, Esq.) called

Ohello Travestie.

J. LAZAR, MANAGER.

FOR LONDON.

FROM NEWCASTLE.

THE fine first-class copered regular Trader CRAIGIEVAR, W. Ray, Commander, All persons intending to ship by this early conveyance, are requested to communicate with the Undersigned immediately, as a great part of the cargo is engaged.

All Wool reserved for the Craigievar will be brought down from the Stables, opposite the Head of Ash Island, free of expense to the Shipper.

A. W. SCOTT, Newcastle.

NOW LANDING.

EX "SPARTAN," FROM LONDON.

SATIN COLLARS, latest Fashions

Blonde ditto and Veils Almond Books Paper Fancy Brushes Pen and Ink Bottles Furniture Linings Watches, And on Sale by the Undersigned, A. SAUNDERS, Reiby's Buildings, George-street, February 1st, 1838.

PARTNER WANTED,

OR, A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS

TO BE DISPOSED OF.

IN consequence of the frequent indisposition of Mr. LEVIER, a PARTNER is wanted to undertake the Active Management of the Putney Hotel, Mr. & Mrs. LEVIER to give their occasional attendance as business may require. Or should it be preferred the remaining term of this well known and Established Hotel, would be disposed of to any respectable and responsible Married person on the most liberal terms, and every information afforded on application to Mr. LEVIER at the Putney Hotel.

SALES BY AUCTION.

NEW GOODS.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, By Isaac Simmons & Co., At the Auction Mart, George-street, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, the 3rd Instant, at 11 o'clock precisely.

THE undermentioned BALES, &c., of BRITISH MERCHANDISE, per cent Arrivals, viz--

8 Bales best quality Witney Blankets, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4

6 Ditto best coloured Counterpanes, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4

6 Ditto Double Diaper Rugs, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4

50 Superfine Blue Stripes

1 Bale Molekin Trowsers

40 Dozen fine White Shirts, full bosoms, lawn fronts, linen collars and wrists

1 Case fashionable Waistcoats

20 Pieces Superfine Cloth

20 Ditto Kerseymeres of Colours

100 Ditto Shirting

100 Ditto Sheeting

1 Bale Wadding

2 Trunks Ladies' Stays

2 Ditto ditto Boots and Shoes, &c.

POLACK'S SALES.

DAIRY COWS.

On FRIDAY next, the 9th instant, at Twelve precisely, BY A. POLACK, At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar, FIFTEEN DAIRY COWS, with their Calves, of a very superior breed. Terms made known at time of sale.

Two Thousand Five Hundred Ewes.

BY A. POLACK, Unless disposed of in a few days by Private Contract,

TWO thousand five hundred superior bred EWES, departing in the County of Argyle, and consisting of--

Five hundred aged Ewes

Five hundred three years old

Five hundred ditto

Five hundred ditto, to lamb in March

Five hundred Maiden Ewes, two years old, now ready for the tups

Further particulars on reference to the Auctioneer.

Seventy-five Dairy Cows.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, BY A. POLACK, At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar, on FRIDAY, the 23rd instant, at twelve o'clock precisely, SEVENTY-FIVE DAIRY COWS, of a very superior breed, with their Calves at their sides. Terms made known at time of Sale.

SALES BY AUCTION.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT, BY A. POLACK,

At his Rooms, opposite the Military Barracks, TEN HOGSHEADS ROTTERDAM PALE GENEVA

Six casks Corks--Ginger Beer, Beer, White Wine, and Phial

Forty-four Boxes Muscatelle Raisins

Sixteen boxes ditto ditto

Sixteen ditto Bloom ditto

Twenty Drums Figs.

On FRIDAY, the 16th February, at Eleven o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,

At his Bazaar.

FORTY-THREE very superior DAIRY COWS with Calves at their feet

5 Devon-bred Bulls

32 Heifers and Steers.

ALSO,

500 Fat Wethers in excellent condition, fit for immediate slaughter.

AFTER WHICH,

3 Very Superior Clydesdale Mares

2 Bay Geldings with black points, have been run together

3 Saddle Horses, excellent roadsters

3 Draught Horses, and

8 Working Bullocks, Dray and Harness. Terms liberal made known at time of Sale.

TWO THOUSAND EWES AND WETHERS.

On WEDNESDAY next, the 7th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,

At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar,

FOUR HUNDRED BREEDING EWES

400 ditto of different ages, some with lambs five months old

500 Ditto, with lambs

500 Wethers 18 months old, warranted clean and never to have been diseased. Terms made known at time of sale.

MIXED HERD OF CATTLE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, On an early day, of which due notice will be given.

BY A. POLACK,

SIX HUNDRED HEAD OF HORNED CATTLE, selected from the Herds of the late Mr. William Bradbury, and now depasturing at the "Long Swamp," County of Argyle. Bradbury's breed of Stock is so well known to be inferior to none in the Colony, and the above 600 having been selected with the greatest care, A. P. feels assured that no further comment is required in their praise.

Further particulars made known on reference to the auctioneer.

PURE BRED DURHAM COWS.

On WEDNESDAY next, the 7th instant, at twelve o'clock precisely,

BY A. POLACK,

At his Horse and Cattle Bazaar,

ONE PURE DURHAM COW, just landed ex "Spartan." May be seen until the day of sale at Mr. Holmes, Lower-George-street. Terms made known at time of sale.

WITHOUT RESERVE.

Continuation of Sale of Elegant and Modern Household Furniture, &c., on the Premises of Mr. W. H. Tyrer, George-street, who retires from that branch of business.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By W. Hebblewhite,

On the Premises of Mr. Tyrer, George-street, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, the 3rd Instant, at twelve o'clock precisely.

THE remaining Stock of FURNITURE, &c., comprising--

Six superior Spanish mahogany Sideboards,

Four ditto cedar ditto ditto

Four ditto ditto ditto ditto

Twelve recombent and Langham rosewood and mahogany Chairs

Six pair splendid rosewood and mahogany Card Tables

Four ditto ditto Loo and Sofa Tables

Twelve Music-stools, Morocco seats

Four mahogany Washstands, marble tops

Four Chests Drawers

Twelve crimson Damask ditto

One French polished Wardrobe

Twelve mahogany French polished Hall Chairs

Five Cheffoniers

Two Telescope Dining Tables, French polished

Six Work Tables

Thirty-six mahogany & cedar hair-seated Chairs

Sixty cane seated Chairs, French polished, carved and plain backs

Six British plate Toilet Glasses

Six Hat and Umbrella Stands

Twelve Flower-stands

Six Quartette Tables

Eight Iron Bedsteads

Sixty painted Bed-room Chairs

Sixty rush-bottom ditto ditto

Thirty-six straw ditto ditto

Sixty staines imitation rosewood ditto

One hundred and twenty foot and kneeling Stools

Four cases Oil cloth, twenty-four feet wide, elegant new patterns

AFTER WHICH,

Two square Pianofortes

Two ditto Seraphines

Six grand cabinet Pianofortes, by the first makers, metallic plates, additional key, &c.

Terms made known at time of Sale.

Mr. Hebblewhite, in calling the attention of Gentlemen about furnishing, and the Trade pledges himself that the whole Furniture, &c., is of the very best description, selected expressly for private sale, and will be positively sold without the least reserve, in consequence of Mr. Tyrer declining the Cabinet business.

On account of the Underwriters, or whom it may concern.

EX DUCESS OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on SATURDAY NEXT, the 3rd February, 1838, at 11 o'clock precisely,

ONE CASE BOOKS, marked J. P. (in diamond) 8 1/2 x 1 1/2, damaged by salt water.

AFTER WHICH, One case Book various. Terms--Cash.

EX "BENCOLEEN."

SPLENDID TOYS, &c.

DRUMS, TRUMPETS, and SWORDS

Gold, Silver, and Bronze Ink stands

Children's Colour Boxes

Ladies' Work Boxes

--- Dressing Cases

Gentlemen's Dressing Cases

Writing Desks

Travelling Cases

Tortoise-shell Combs

Silver Pen-cases

--- Tooth Picks

Pocket and Back Combs

Trap Bats and Balls

Rocking Horses

India Rubber Balls

Doll's Heads, Shoes, and Arms

Children's Whips

Hair, Comb, and Nail Brushes

Bankers' Bill Books

Bill Cases

Netting Boxes

Brewers' Thermometers

Ivory Thimbles

--- Pincushions

--- Gun Rings

--- Tablets

--- Cumbercups

--- Furcul Rings

--- Screen handles

Penknives, Razors, & Scissors

China Ornaments

Toys in boxes

Skittles in boxes

Bronze and Pewter Inkstands

Map files

Drawing Boards and Pencils

Prints for Scrap Books

Pink Saucers

Gold and Silver saucers

Office Penknives

Pewter Ink Chests

Drawing and Coloured Papers

Tracing and Tissue Papers

Paper, Pens, Ink, and Wax

Morocco Slate Books

Pen and Ink Bottles

Draft Boards and Men Chessmen

Splendid Steel Pens

Mathematical Instruments

Parallel Rules

Gunter Scales

Pocket Compasses

Alphabets in Boxes

China Tiles

Razor Straps and Paste

Back and Red Ink Powders

Cyphering and Copy Books

Slate and Slate Pencils

Wax and Wafer in Boxes

Cash Boxes

Patent Pencil Pointers

Fillar Compasses

Letter Inkstands

Drawing Pencils in Boxes

Quill Pens, in Boxes

Yee Pincushions

Memorandum Books

Ledgers and Journals

Day and Cash Books

Pocket Ledgers

Account Current Books

Letter Books

Albums and Scrap Books

Comic Conversation Cards.

Genuine Annuals, &c.

Now ready for Delivery,</

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER.

Most extensive were the preparations at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise, in the occupation of Mr. Gattleton (a stockbroker in especially comfortable circumstances) and great was the anxiety of Mr. Gattleton's interesting family, as the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play, which had been "many months in preparation," approached. The whole family was infected with the mania for Private Theatricals; the house, usually so clean and tidy, was to use Mr. Gattleton's expressive description "regularly turned out o' windows;" the large dining-room, dismantled of its furniture and ornaments, presented a strange jumble of flats, flies, wings, lamps, bridges, clouds, thunder and lightning, festoons and flowers, daggers and foil, and all the other messes which in theatrical slang are included under the comprehensive name of "properties." The bedrooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing-room, and every sofa in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit in which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Lucia, rehearsed the smothering scene in "Othello"—it having been determined that the tragedy should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

"When we're a little more perfect, I think it will go off admirably," said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his corps dramatique, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. In consideration of his sustaining the trifling inconvenience of bearing all the expenses of the play, Mr. Sempronius had been in the most handsomest manner unanimously elected stage-manager. "Evans," continued Mr. Gattleton, jun., addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers—"Evans, upon my word you play *Roderigo* beautifully."

"Beautifully!" echoed the three Miss Gattleton's; for Mr. Evans was pronounced by all his lady-friends to be "quite a dear." He looked so interesting, and had such lovely whiskers, to say nothing of his talent for writing verses in albums and playing the flute! The interesting *Roderigo* simpered and bowed.

"But I think, added the manager, "you are hardly perfect in the fall—in the scene, where you are—you understand?" "It's very difficult," said Mr. Evans, thoughtfully; "I've fallen about a good deal in our counting-house lately for practice; only it hurts one so. Being obliged to fall backwards, you see, it bruises one's head a good deal."

"But you must take care you don't knock a wing down," said Mr. Gattleton, sen., who had been appointed prompter, and who took as much interest in the play as the youngest of the company. "The stage is very narrow, you know."

"Oh! don't be afraid," said Mr. Evans, with a very self-satisfied air: "I shall fall with my head 'off,' and then I can't do any harm."

"But, egad!" said the manager, rubbing his hands, "we shall make a decided hit in *Masaniello*." Harleigh sings that music admirably."

Every body echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harleigh smiled, and looked foolish—not an unusual thing with him—hummed "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," and blushed as red as the fisherman's nightcap he was trying on.

"Let's see," resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, "we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Penella*, and four fishermen. Then there's our man Tom, he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check shirt of Bob's, and a red nightcap, and he'll do for another—that's five. In the choruses, of course, we can all sing at the sides, and in the market-scene, we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out of the other, with a pickaxe as fast as he can. The effect will be electrical; 'twill look just as if there was a great number of 'em; and in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea-trays, and hullo and make all sorts of noises—and it's sure to do."

"Sare! sare!" cried all the performers *una voce*—and away hurried Mr. Sempronius Gattleton to wash the burnt cork off his face, and superintend the "setting up" of some of the amateur painted and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired scenery.

Mrs. Gattleton was a kind, good-tempered, vulgar old soul, exceedingly fond of her husband and children, and entertaining only three dislikes. In the first place, she had a natural antipathy to anybody else's unmarried daughters; in the second, she was in bodily fear of anything in the shape of ridicule; and, lastly—almost a necessary consequence of this feeling—she regarded with feelings of the utmost horror "Mrs. Joseph Porter, over the way."

However, the good folks of Clapham and its vicinity stood very much in awe of scandal and sarcasm; and thus Mrs. Joseph Porter was courted, and flattered, and caressed, and invited, for very much the same reason that a poor author without a farthing in his pocket, behaves with the most extraordinary civility to a twopenny postman. "Never mind me," said Miss Emma Porter, in colloquy with her respected relative, and trying to look unconcerned; "if they had invited me, you know that neither you nor Pa, would have allowed me to take part in such an exhibition."

"Just what I should have thought from your high sense of propriety," returned the mother. "I am glad to see Emma, you know how to designate the proceeding." Miss P. by-the-by, had only the week before made "an exhibition" of herself for four days, behind a counter at a fancy fair, to all and every of his majesty's

liege subjects who were disposed to pay a shilling each for the privilege of seeing some four dozen girls flirting with strangers, and playing at shop.

"There!" said Mrs. Porter, looking out of the window; "there are two rounds of beef and a ham going in, clearly for sandwiches; and Thomas the pastrycook, says there have been twelve dozen tarts ordered, besides blanchmango and jellies. Upon my word I think of the Miss Gattleton's in fancy dresses, too!"

"Oh, it's too ridiculous!" said Miss Porter, with a sort of hysterical chuckle. "I'll manage to put them a little out of conceit with the business, however," said Mrs. Porter; and out she went on her charitable errand.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Gattleton," said Mrs. Joseph Porter—after they had closeted for some time, and when, by dint of indefatigable pumping, she had managed to extract all the news about the play—"well, my dear, people may say what they please; indeed, we know they will, for some folks are so ill-natured. Ah, my dear Miss Lucia, how d'ye do?—I was just telling your mamma that I have heard it said, that—"

"What!" inquired the *Desdemona*.

"Mrs. P. rter is alluding to the play, my dear," said Mrs. Gattleton; "she was, I am sorry to say, just informing me that—"

"Oh, now, pray don't mention it," interrupted Mrs. Porter; "it is most absurd—quite as absurd as young What's-his-name, saying he wondered how Miss Caroline, with such a foot and ankle, could have the vanity to play *Penella*."

"Highly impertinent, whoever said it," said Mrs. Gattleton, bridling up. "Certainly, my dear," chimed in the delighted Mrs. Porter; "most undoubtedly. Because I said if Miss Caroline does play *Penella*, it doesn't follow as a matter of course, that she should think she has a pretty foot; and then such puppies as these young men are; he had the impudence to say, that—"

How far the amiable Mrs. Porter might have succeeded in her pleasant purpose it is impossible to say, had not the entrance of Mr. Thomas Balderstone, Mrs. Gattleton's brother, familiarly called in the family "Uncle Tom," changed the course of conversation, and suggested to her mind an excellent plan of operation on the evening of the play.

Uncle Tom was very rich, and exceedingly fond of his nephews and nieces; as a matter of course, therefore, he was an object of great importance in his own family. He was one of the best-hearted men in existence; always in a good temper, and always talking. It was his boast that he wore top-boots on all occasions, and had never mounted a black silk neckerchief; and it was his pride that he remembered all the principal plays of Shakespeare from beginning to end—and so he did. The result of this parrot-like accomplishment was, that he was not only perpetually quoting himself, but that he could never sit by and hear a mis-quotation from "The Swan of Avon," without setting the unfortunate delinquent right. He was also something of a wag; never missed an opportunity of saying what he considered a good thing, and invariably laughed till he cried at anything that appeared to him worth-mov'ng or ridiculous.

"Well, girls!" said Uncle Tom, after the preparatory ceremony of kissing and how-d'ye-do-ing had been gone through—"how d'ye get on? Know your parts, eh?"

"Lucina, my dear, act 2, scene 1—place, left—cue—"Unknown fate,"—What's next, ha?—Go on—"The heavens—" "Oh, yes," said Miss Lucia "recol-lect—"

"The heavens forbid But that our love and comforts should increase Even as our days do grow."

"Make a pause here and there," said the old gentleman, who was a great critic in his own estimation—"But that our love and comforts should increase"—emphasis on the last syllable, "crease,"—loud 'even,'—one, two, three, four; then loud again, "as our days do grow; emphasis on *days*. That's the way, my dear; trust to your uncle for emphasis.—Ah; Sam, my boy, hew are you?"

"Very well, thankee uncle," returned Mr. Sempronius, who had just appeared, looking something like a ring-dove, with a small circle round each eye, the result of his constant corking. "Of course, we see you on Thursday."

"Of course, of course, my dear boy."

"What a pity it is, your nephew didn't think of making you prompter, Mr. Balderstone," whispered Mrs. Joseph Porter; "you would have been invaluable."

"Well, I flatter myself, I should have been tolerably up to the thing," responded Uncle Tom.

"I must bespeak sitting next you on the night," resumed Mrs. Porter; "and then, if our dear young friends here should be at all wrong, you shall be able to enlighten me. I shall be so interested."

"I am sure I shall be most happy to give you any assistance in my power."

would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance; Mr. Harleigh, the Masaniello of the night, was hoarse, and rather unwell, the consequence of the great quantity of lemon and sugar-candy he had eaten to improve his voice; and two flutes and a violoncello had pleaded several colds. What of that? the audience were all coming. Every body knew his part; the dresses were covered with tinsel and spangles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling till he was bruised from head to foot, and quite perfect; and *Iago* was quite sure that, in the stabbing-scene, he should make "a decided hit." A self-laughed don't gentleman, who had kindly offered to bring his flute, would be a most valuable addition to the orchestra. Miss Jenkins's talent for the piano was too well known to be doubted for an instant; Mr. Cape had practised the accompaniment with her frequently, and Mr. Brown, who had kindly undertaken, at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello, would, no doubt, manage extremely well.

Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; and all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity were filling the theatre. There were the Smiths, the Cubbines, the Nixons, the Dixons, the Hicksons, people with all sorts of names, two aldermen, a sheriff in perspective, Sir Thomas Glumper (who had been knighted in the last reign for carrying up an address on somebody's escaping from something; and last, not least, there were Mrs. Joseph Porter and Uncle Tom, seated in the centre of the third row from the stage; Mrs. P. amusing every one else by laughing most immoderately.

"Ting, ting, ting!" went the prompter's bell at eight o'clock precisely; and dash went the orchestra into the overture to "The Men of Prometheus." The pianoforte player hammered away with the most laudable perseverance; and the violoncello, which struck in at intervals "sounded very well, considering." The unfortunate individual, however, who had undertaken to play the flute accompaniment "at sight," found, from fatal experience, the perfect truth of the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind;" for being very near-sighted, and being placed at a considerable distance from the music-book, all he had an opportunity of doing was to play a bar now and then in the wrong place, and put the other performers out.

It is however, but justice to Mr. Brown to say that he did this to admiration. The overture, in fact, was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next, quite distancing the poor flute; for the deaf gentleman too-oo'd away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprised, by the applause of the audience, that the overture was concluded. A considerable bustle and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of "Here's a pretty go!—what's to be done?" &c. The audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice to "clear the stage and ring up."

"Ting, ting, ting!" went the bell again. Everybody sat down; the curtains shook, rose sufficiently high to display several pairs of boots paddling about, and there it remained.

"Ting, ting, ting!" went the bell again. The curtain was again violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience fidgeted; Mr. Porter looked at Uncle Tom, and Uncle Tom looked at everybody, rubbing his hands, and laughing with perfect rapture. After as much ringing with the little bell as a muffin-boy would make in going down a tolerable long street, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to inform you, that *Iago* who was to have played Mr. Wilson—I beg your pardon, Ladies and Gentlemen; but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause)—I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago*, is—that is, has been—or, in other words, Ladies and Gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust—a—amateur performance—a—another gentleman undertaken to read the part—request indulgence for a short time—courtesy and kindness of a British audience"—(overwhelming applause.) Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.

The audience were, of course, exceedingly good-humoured; the whole business was a joke; and accordingly they waited for an hour with the most utmost patience, being enlivened by an interlude of rout-cakes and lemonade. It appeared by Mr. Sempronius' subsequent explanation, that the delay would not have been so great, had it not so happened that when the substitute *Iago* had finished dressing, and just as the play was on the point of commencing, the original *Iago* unexpectedly arrived. The former was therefore compelled to undress, and the latter to dress for his part, which, as he found some difficulty in getting into his clothes, occupied no inconsiderable time. At last the tragedy began in real earnest. It went off well enough, until the third scene of the first act, in which *Othello* addresses the Senate, the only remarkable circumstance being, that as *Iago* could not get on any of the stage boots, in consequence of his feet being violently swelled with the heat and excitement, he was under the necessity of playing the part in a pair of common hessian, which contrasted rather oddly with his richly embroidered pantaloons. When *Othello* started his address to the Senate (whose

dignity was represented by the Duke; a carpenter; two men engaged on the recommendation of the gardener; and a boy;) Mrs. Porter found the opportunity she so anxiously sought.

"Mr. Sempronius proceeded—
"Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, My very noble and approved good masters,— That I have taken away this old man's daughter, It is most true;—rude am I in my speech—"

"Is that right?" whispered Mrs. Porter to Uncle Tom.

"No."

"Tell him so, then."

"I will, Sem!" called out Uncle Tom, "that's wrong, my boy."

"What's wrong, Uncle?" demanded *Othello*, quite forgetting the dignity of his situation.

"You've left out something. 'True I have married—'"

"Oh, ah!" said Mr. Sempronius, endeavouring to hide his confusion as much as he could, and as ineffectually as the audience attempted to conceal their half-suppressed tittering, by coughing with the most extraordinary violence—

"True I have married her;— The very head and front of my offending Hath this extent; no more."

(Aside.) "Why don't you prompt faster?"

"Because I've mislaid my spectacles," said poor Mr. Gattleton, almost dead with heat and bustle.

"There now, it's 'rude am I,' said Uncle Tom.

"Yes, I know it is," returned the unfortunate manager, proceeding with his part. It would be useless and tiresome to quote the number of instances in which Uncle Tom, now completely in his element, and instigated by the mischievous Mrs. Porter, corrected the mistakes of the performers; suffice it to say, that having once mounted his hobby, nothing could induce him to dismount; so, during the whole of the remainder of the play, he performed a sort of running accompaniment, by muttering every body's part as it was being delivered in an under tone. The audience were highly amused, Mrs. Porter delighted, the performers embarrassed; Uncle Tom never was better pleased in his life; and Uncle Tom's nephews and nieces had never, although the declared heirs to his large property, so heartily wished him gathered to his fathers as on that memorable occasion.

Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the dramatic personae. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes; Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery, wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in "the flies;" and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on, and when it was on he could not take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders as neatly through one of the side scenes, as a hurquino would jump through a panel in a Christmas pantomime. The piano forte player, overpowered by the extreme heat of the room, fainted away at the commencement of the entertainments, leaving the music of "Masaniello" to the flute and violoncello. The orchestra complained that Mr. Harleigh put them out, and Mr. Harleigh declared that the orchestra prevented his singing at all. The fishermen, who were hired for the occasion, revolted to the very life, positively refusing to play without an increased allowance of spirits; and their demand being complied with, they got drunk in the eruption scene as naturally as possible. The red fire, which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act, not only nearly suffocated the audience, but nearly set the house on fire into the bargain; and as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog.

In short, the whole affair was, as Mrs. Joseph Porter triumphantly told every body, "a complete failure." The audience went home at four o'clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe head-aches, and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder. The Messrs. Gattleton, senior and junior, retired to rest with a vague idea of emigrating to Swan River the ensuing week.

Rose Villa has once again resumed its wonted appearance; the dining-room furniture has been replaced; the tables are as nicely polished as formerly; the horsehair chairs are ranged against the wall as regularly as ever; and Venetian blinds have been fitted to every window in the house, to intercept the prying gaze of Mrs. Joseph Porter. The subject of theatricals is now never mentioned in the Gattleton family, unless, indeed, by Uncle Tom, who cannot refrain from sometimes expressing his surprise and regret at finding that his nephews and nieces appear to have lost the relish they once possessed for the beauties of Shakespeare and quotations from the works of the immortal bard.

A Royal Lesson in the Art of Roughing it.—Above fifty years ago, the young handsome, and elegant Frank—offended his father, by a poetical dissent against the law, a romantic yearning for ideal ruralities, and by some unlucky love affair, which rendered it expedient that he should be banished from London. His parent, resolving to surfeit his Arcadian tastes, articulated him to a farmer, named Perryman, who lived near the coast of Devonshire. Thither, with a very ill grace, did the interesting and fastidious Francis remove. He was hospitably received by the jovial agriculturist, his kind dame, and pretty daughters; but such a change of habits, hours, fare, occupation, and society, almost stunned him. The realities of country life would, each and all, have proved shocks and disappointments, jarring on his pre-conceived imaginations, even if he had not been constrained to learn and to work. What most provoked him was, the matter-of-course way in which his new associates witnessed his every exertion, his every sacrifice. Their only astonishment seemed to spring

from the obvious fact, that he could not do his duty cheerfully. He took care to impress on them that he had been all his life accustomed to different and better things; still they appeared quite satisfied that some of his superiors had gone further and fared worse.

His uncongenial toils, neither cheered by praise nor soothed by pity, made sad havoc in the amiability of poor Master Frank. One day, just as he was sitting down with the family to their ample but homely noontide dinner, a hearty voice from the road shouted—"House a hoy! Is farmer Perryman aboard?" "Ay, ay, sir," returned he, running to open the door, at which stood a couple of young midshipmen. Both shook hands with the farmer, who said cordially, "Come in, God bless your soul, sir, and take pot luck. Wife, here's our young gentleman, Lord love us!" Frank saw the fair florid, plump youth welcomed most affectionately by the females, as was his companion and down they sat at the long table. "I say *Princevillanewre*, what'll he be?" asked the host. This jumbled name did not attract Frank's attention. "Anything, farmer?" answered the reeler, "everything's first rate here; fresh and frish—Jove, N—, what would we have given, during the winter for eggs, milk, bread, veal, vegetables, may pure water, a warm fire side, or a steady house over our heads, and a good bed to lie on—and yet there's plenty of fun at sea, too, for those who know how to rough it; but, hallo, that's a strange face farmer,—who is the gentleman?" "Oh, Mr. Frank D—, *veraylightis*," answered Perryman, "come from Lunnun to learn farming. D—rose and bowed. This unaffected young sailor was a prince of the blood! Frank thought of the luxuries to which he must have been habituated, and the privations to which he had voluntarily exposed himself, the gay good humour with which he had alluded to them, the relishing justice he was doing to a farm house meal; and Frank blushed for himself.

"Still," he thought, "he at least, is secure from the rebukes of his inferiors; no one dares thwart him as I am daily thwarted."—but the prince spoke again—"Very glad to know Mr. D—, he must make one at our ball; we are going to have a dance on board, farmer and I came to ask all your girls—of course they'll come." "Why," answered Perryman, "mayhap they'd like it well enough, *veraylightis*, if I'd let 'em, but—"

"Oh, nonsense, man, they must!" said the noble lad. "I tellee what tis, *Princevillanewre*, persevered Perryman, "you do mean well, and I thank'ee, but see! you be too young to know what girls ought to do. Mine be too low to be your partners, and too high to go skipping away among such company as they might fall in with there. It's my belief you be getting wildish; now, if so, mind I can't have you coming here to do mischief, nor I won't 'cause your good father, he's got a good fellow feeling for us farmer folks, and mulla! (worthy woman as ever lived—your mother!) she acts a bright example to all her own daughters, and to those of every other honest w.f.; so mark! I'm the more strict with you, 'cause, if you brought arm into my house I know 'twould vex master and misses, the blessed old lady and gentleman, besides your sisters and others of the family at home, as have more experience than you, sir."

Well said, Perryman!" said his illustrious guest grasping his hand, "I give you my honor, I'd rather never see home again than lose the good will of a man so loyal to my parents, Lot's drink their healths!" D— now found that even princes must sometimes abide advice and contradiction. The manner in which the young royal tarry breaks received the blunt Perryman's counsel, made a deep impression on the sentimentalist.

The secret of his instructor *nil admirari* was divulged he was too much used to princely fortitude, princely cheerfulness, to sympathise with the sufferings of an ex-lawyer's clerk. D— learnt from this day to rough it, and to love farming. Prince William Henry did not unlearn his unbecoming kindness, his consideration for others. It graced the character of the Duke of Clarence in after life, it supported the King in death; it is doubtless rewarded by a crown immortal.

EXTRACTS.

Her Majesty's Royal Munificence and Gratitude.—Our readers may recollect an account of an accident, in which her Majesty, shortly after her accession, was placed in some danger by the restiveness of the horses under the royal carriage in descending Highgate-hill. Mr. Turner, the landlord of the Fox and Grapes, who was the most prominent person in affording the requisite assistance, received a communication on Tuesday last, commanding his attendance at the Palace on the following day. He attended accordingly, and was introduced to two gentlemen, who informed him that her Majesty had commended his attendance, in order that his wishes might be ascertained with respect to the reward that he might have anticipated. Mr. Turner replied that he had not anticipated any further notice of his exertions, and that he had no request of any kind to make. He was then informed that her Majesty was of opinion that if Mr. Turner were permitted to put up the royal arms it might be of some service to the business of his house, and, in addition, desired that he would accept a pocket book and its contents, which was accordingly handed to him by the gentlemen. A further intimation was conveyed, that if, at any future time, Mr. Turner or his family should be in need of assistance from unlooked-for misfortunes of any kind, they were always to bear in mind that they should have a firm friend in her Majesty. Mr. T. was, of course, much rejoiced with his good fortune, and after offering his most grateful acknowledgments, returned home, in the words of his neighbours, "a waddo man." Mr. Turner anticipates a great accession of business from his fortunate adventure, and expects that "The Queen's Arms" shall yet be honored by an occasional call from her Majesty. With respect to the contents of the pocket-book, Mr. Turner will not mention the amount, but says it is "heavy."

A few evenings since, as her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, was leaving Buckingham Palace to take their usual evening airing, a respectfully dressed middle-aged man was observed to throw something into the carriage. He was immediately seized by two of the sentinels on duty at the palace, and given over to the custody of police constable Brown, of the A. division, who conveyed him to the station-house, where he gave his name Count Deranski. Upon him was found a copy of a petition in French, addressed to her Majesty, soliciting relief, stating that he had served in the French Army under Napoleon, Bonaparte, and was now in a state of great destitution. Upon her Majesty returning to the palace, she immediately gave orders to Sir F. Watson for the man to be set at liberty, until inquiry could be made into his case.

Tragical Event.—Recent letters from Sardinia speak of a tragical event of which that island has lately been the theatre. The descendant of the ancient sovereigns of the island, a young man of 20 years of age, the last scion of the illustrious house of Villa Hermosa, had it appears, conceived a passion for a young girl of plebeian extraction. He had for some time continued his assidues to her, and rumour began to ascribe to him better chances of success perhaps than he really possessed, when one morning his servants brought him the cloak of a fisherman, which had been found fixed in the panel of his door by the blade of a poniard. The young nobleman understood the signal; it was a vendetta, of which fair warning was thus given him, and his grandfather, with whom he resided, prevailed on him for some days not to leave the house unattended. The young Count of Villa Hermosa, however, was too brave and proud long to submit to these fatiguing precautions. He declared his determination to go out in the same unrestrained manner as formerly, and he did so. At night he met the rival who had planted the poniard and mantle at the door of the hotel. What passed between them is not known, but it has been ascertained that the body of the fisherman was carried by the count to the beach, and there concealed under a heap of stones. The count now paid his addresses to the young girl as freely as before, to the astonishment of those who knew the history of the poniard and who fully expected some signal act of vengeance. Meanwhile the family of the fisherman who had disappeared, entertaining some suspicions of the truth, began to search for the body. It was found, and among the stones under which it was concealed, was also found a seal-ring, on which were engraved the arms of the count. The ring had probably slipped from his finger while he was engaged in his deed of darkness. The body was immediately conveyed to the house of a magistrate, and the ring which had been found was produced. An investigation commenced, and the proofs against the count were so strong that he was found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. The sentence was submitted to the King for confirmation. Charles Albert was anxious if possible to save the last scion of a royal race, and accordingly caused a communication to be made to the grandfather that if he applied for mercy it would probably not be withheld. The answer of the old Spaniard was, that, having to choose between justice and his own blood, he could not hesitate to decide in favour of the former. The young Count de Villa Hermosa has since been beheaded.

Don Carlos.—The *Chronique* quotes a conversation in which Don Carlos was a speaker. "Why," he asks, "does this war exist, since the English look upon the affairs of Spain only as matters of business. As a contracting party, I am at least worth more than Mendizabal. Palmerston is not thinking of conquests, for he is no fool. Affairs for a while, mine is the best." "When speaking of Louis Philippe," says the *Chronique* "his lengthy, serious, and meagre, but always calm, countenance, assumes an expression of unwonted vivacity. 'I have had some relations with him,' said the Pretender, 'which may be compared to a slender thread not quite broken. My cause has assumed considerable importance—I shall at last stifle this volcano of justice, patriots, and revolutionists. My cousin, who has also some reason to dread the tail of the clubs, anarchists, and assassins, has, after all, no other object in view than mine. A family compact would be the safeguard of the interests of Spain and of France, as pledge of security for Europe. My cousin is a man of sense and prudence, *me gusta la pintura que la leona de la quadruple alianza, un abuelo y tres chiquillos*. None of our agents trouble themselves about our recognition in Paris, and yet there lies the pith of the question. Palmerston will have nothing to do with us; that's clear. I am unquestionably more impeded by the chivalrous incapacity of my friends than by the capacity of my enemies.'"

The New House of Commons.—The *Globe* gives the following list of articles, animals and artificers in the new House. A Hog, a Fox, a Duck, a Smith, a Rose, a Master, a Horseman, a Seal, a Cooper, a Sheepherd, a Collier, a Street Leader, a Potter, a Lemon, a Patten, a Somerset, a Hawke, a Carr, a Cole, a Bell, a Carter, a Hill, a Walker, a Heron, a Crew, a Baker, a Sharpe, Colours—White, Grey, Red, Green, Black, Clay, Scarlet, Brown.

New Day Mail.—We are happy to announce that it has at length been determined to establish a day mail from London. It is to leave the Bull and mouth at eight o'clock in the morning, and will arrive at Birmingham at forty-five minutes past six the same evening. From thence the passengers and bags will be forwarded immediately by the Railway to Hartford, in Cheshire (168 miles from Chester). A mail-coach will wait there for the arrival of the train, and on receiving its freight proceed direct to Chester, where it will arrive at half-past eleven o'clock the same night (thus forming a conveyance for passengers to Chester in one day.) At twelve o'clock it continues its route through Holywell, St. Asaph, Conwy, and Bangor, to Holyhead, in which place it will arrive at ten o'clock in the morning after its departure from London. The journey will thus be accomplished in twenty-six hours, and the mail packet will proceed without delay to Dublin, which it usually reaches about five o'clock the same afternoon. (This programme was completely filled on Tuesday last, and the return has been duly made. We regret to add that "newspapers for Ireland only" and to be forwarded by this day-mail; Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, are excluded, and even Chester, in which the mail is to stop for half an hour, is not allowed to receive by it any newspapers.)

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