

SALES BY AUCTION.

POLACK'S SALES.

Furniture, Pianoforte, Plate, &c.

BY A. POLACK,

THIS DAY, the 10th instant, at eleven o'clock precisely, at his Bazaar, the following Furniture, the Property of the Hon. C. D. Riddell, Esq. Colonial Treasurer,

- TWO pair of EBONY COUCHES
One ditto Sofa
Ten ditto Chairs
Three ditto elbow ditto
One set Dining Tables
Handsome Paper Hangings
One square Pianoforte, by a first rate builder
One Kitchen Range
One Smoke Jack (very superior), by Gray of Edinburgh, has never been fixed, and is now in excellent condition.

Sundry Household Furniture, consisting of Side Board, Horsehair Sofa, Cane seated Chairs And various Articles too numerous to particularise.

ALSO, A quantity of Silver Plate, including Gravy, Table, Dessert, Tea, and other Spoons Dinner and Dessert Forks Sundry Platedware, &c. &c. Terms made known at time of sale.

BY A. POLACK,

THIS DAY, the 10th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely, at his Bazaar, for the benefit of those concerned,

- 40 PIECES FUSTIANS
12 Pieces Coats Cloths
1 Bale Linen Shirts
1 Case Ladies' Shoes
4 Ton English Soap
1 Case Cloth Caps
And a variety of Goods to close Consignments. Terms made known at time of sale.

BY A. POLACK,

THIS DAY, SATURDAY the 10th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely, at his Bazaar, for the benefit of those concerned,

- THREE Double-barreled Fowling-pieces
Unbleached Calicoes
Prints
Half ton American Soap
Eight barrels Pork
And a variety of Goods will be sold without the least reserve. Terms made known at time of sale.

WRECK OF THE SYDNEY PACKET.

On MONDAY next, the 12th instant,

BY A. POLACK,

At Long and Wright's Wharf, for the benefit of whom it may concern,

- THREE BOWER ANCHORS
One Kedge
Three Chain Cables
Yards
Masts
Sails
Rigging
Two Swivels. Terms made known at time of sale.

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.

"VAUCLUSE."

A. POLACK

HAS great pleasure in announcing to the Inhabitants of New South Wales, that he has been honored with Instructions from the proprietor

W. C. Wentworth, Esq.,

to submit to public competition at an early day soon as the Surveyor's Plans are ready. A portion of that splendid and unequalled

MARINE ESTATE, KNOWN AS VAUCLUSE, situate in those fine "LAND LOCKED" portions of "PORT JACKSON" Harbour called

Watson and Rose Bays;

Its situation is beautifully grand, as it commands a perfect view of the Head Lands, and sinuosities of the various Bays and inlets of the truly romantic Harbour in which it is situated, both on the East and West sides thereof, from the North and South Heads to the Parramatta River, taking in the Town of Sydney, and having the Blue Mountain Range in the Western Horizon.

THE NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD

passes through the Estate which makes its distance from the Capital about four miles, along a good and lively Road, it is also about the same distance by Water, so that Conveyances at all seasons are practicable a desideratum of great importance, as Gentlemen in Public Offices (particularly those with Families) might here live economically and conveniently.—The rising Village of Watson's Bay, the celebrated

Point Piper Estate,

the residence of Major Gibbs, &c. &c. are contiguous, and it is within "gun shot" of the "South Head Light House" and "Flag Staff," consequently has an unobscured view of

THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

It is also so situated that every Vessel entering in or going out of the Harbour, must pass almost within hail, so that in this particular it may be compared to the celebrated fashionable watering place "South end" at the mouth of the Thames.

For the site of an Establishment for the accommodation of Invalids and Officers on leave of absence for health, from India, another spot in the Colony could not be found, as "Sea Bathing," so requisite for such persons, may here be enjoyed in reality, amusement it may be said in Boating, Fishing, Shooting &c. The Proprietor has decided that about

Four Hundred Acres

of the magnificent Estate shall be divided into spacious allotments, varying in size—when the same is completed by the Surveyor a more perfect description will be notified prior to the day of Sale.

Terms highly liberal made known in future advertisements.

SALES BY AUCTION.

To Butchers and Others.

THIS DAY, at 12 o'clock precisely,

A POLACK

WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

AT HIS BAZAAR,

THE WHOLE OF THE COWS and CALVES advertised for yesterday, but postponed in consequence of the wet weather.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoes.

THIS DAY,

BY A. POLACK,

At his Bazaar, at 12 o'clock precisely,

THREE TRUNKS LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.

Terms made known at time of sale.

Seventy-five Dairy Cows.

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.

MIXED HERD OF CATTLE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

On an early day, of which due notice will be given.

BY A. POLACK,

EIGHT HUNDRED HEAD OF HORNE

GATTLE, 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 800 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.

Two Thousand Five Hundred Ewes.

BY A. POLACK,

Unless disposed of in a few days by Private Contract,

TWO thousand five hundred superior breed EWES now depasturing 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.

BY A. POLACK,

On an early day, if not previously disposed of by Private Contract, the following valuable Herd of Cattle, now depasturing at Middlebank, Snowy River.

FIFTY COWS

Forty Bullocks, fat

Twenty Heifers, one to two years old

Twenty Steers ditto

Twenty Calves, five to seven months old.

One Superior breed Bull

A. Polack is instructed to add that the above herd are of the improved Durham Breed, and not surpassed by any other in the district.

Further particulars on reference to the Auctioneer.

A. POLACK,

HAS received instructions to sell per Private Contract and if no offer be received to bring to the hammer, on an early day

800 HEAD OF A MIXED HERD OF CATTLE now depasturing at Liverpool Plains.

The above Cattle are in excellent condition and well worthy the attention of newly arrived Emigrants, and Capitalists in general.

All particulars may be had of Mr. A. Polack, at his Office and Rooms, George-street, opposite the Military Barracks.

Entire Horse, "Hercules."

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

At an early Day,

BY A. POLACK,

Unless previously disposed of by private Contract,

THAT truly valuable ENTIRE HORSE, "HERCULES," got by the imported Wagon Stallion, YOUNG TOM OF LINCOLN, out of a very superior Clydesdale Mare.

Hercules stands 17 hands high, 2 1/2 years old, and for symmetry, power, bone and action, is acknowledged by the most competent judges to be unequalled in the Colony. Further comment on this Horse is unnecessary: it need only be stated that Colts, got by Young Tom of Lincoln are advertised to stand this season at Four Guineas each mare.

Further particulars made known at the Bazaar, where the Horse may be seen.

Medical Hall.

A. POLACK

BEGS leave to notify that he has received instructions from the present Proprietor,

Mr. Surgeon Burke,

to dispose of by Private Contract, the Lease (for 7 years), Goodwill, &c. of those truly valuable Premises, situate in George-street south, and known as

MEDICAL HALL;

together with the Shop Fixtures, Drugs, Medicines, &c. requisite for carrying on the Business of a first-rate Chemist and Druggist. The Premises are very spacious, and fit for the residence of a professional man of the highest respectability, and the situation exceptional for Business, being in a thickly populated neighborhood, and the greatest thoroughfare in the Colony, every convenience is attached thereto, having a large yard, stabling, coach house, &c. in the rear.

Further particulars on reference to

A. POLACK,

George-street.

700 WETHERS,

A. POLACK,

BEGS leave to notify, that he is authorised to offer for Sale, deliverable within One hundred Miles of Bateman's Bay,

700 WETHERS,

350 Eighteen months old

Warranted free from disease.

Further particulars made known, on application at the Office of the Auctioneer.

SALES BY AUCTION.

LEASE OF THE

PETERSHAM ESTATE,

FOR THREE YEARS.

TO SAWYERS, FIRE-WOOD CUTTERS,

MARKET GARDENERS, &c. &c.

TO BE LET BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

BY A. POLACK,

AT HIS BAZAAR,

On Wednesday, the 14th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

THE LEASE for Three Years from the Day of Sale, of the right of

CUTTING TIMBER,

on the extensive and thickly wooded Estate of

Petersham,

about two miles from Sydney, the entrance on the Cook's River Road, or New Town.

The Petersham Estate is so well known to abound with Timber of the finest description in the Colony for Building purposes, as also for Firewood, &c., that a more desirable opportunity for Contractors, Builders, &c., to secure to themselves a cheap and plentiful supply of such a valuable material, cannot possibly occur—as the distance of the Estate from Sydney is so short, that several Loads may be received daily.

AFTER WHICH,

FOR THE SAME PERIOD,

That portion of the extensive GARDEN and ORCHARD, not included in Captain Collin's Lease. This portion of the Estate requires no comment from the Auctioneer, it being so well known to all the Market Gardeners of Sydney and its vicinity, to contain the greatest variety of the choicest Fruit Trees, and of the land of the finest soil for the production of Vegetables, &c., for the Sydney Market, where a ready sale is surely found to remunerate the grower handsomely for his outlay and labour.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE.—A deposit of one quarter's rent to be paid to the Auctioneer at the fall of the hammer, and afterwards by quarterly payments in advance to the Agent for the Estate. Security to be given for the due fulfilment of the Lease. The Lessee paying the expense of the Lease, and the security required.

TO BUTCHERS AND OTHERS.

A. POLACK

HAS received instructions to offer for Sale by Private Contract,

600 WETHERS,

perfectly clean and ready for the knife, and now at Maitland.

Further particulars on reference to

A. POLACK.

To Merchants and Others requiring Capacious Premises.

TO LET,

THE whole of those extensive Premises, situate in Lower George-street, lately known as

POLACK'S AUCTION ROOMS,

and now occupied by Mr. M. Brown; early possession of which will be given. Apply for further particulars to the proprietor.

A. POLACK,

George-street.

TO LET,

THOSE neat and Compact Premises now occupied as the "Australian Newspaper" Office, opposite the Military Barracks. For further particulars apply at the office of the Proprietor,

A. POLACK,

George-street.

To General Dealers, Hatters, and Others

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 12th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

ONE Hundred Pairs 8-4th Blankets

One hundred ditto 9-4th ditto

One hundred ditto 10-4th ditto

One hundred ditto Cord Trowsers

One hundred Cord Jackets

One hundred Pairs Moleskin Trowsers

One hundred Moleskin Jackets, rolling collars

Three Cases superfine Beaver Hats

Thirty Blue Cloth Jackets

Fifty Dozen Rowing Shirts

Thirty Counterpanes

Shoes

Broad-brim Hats

Muslins (Mull and Book).

AFTER WHICH,

One hundred York Hams, in excellent condition

Two Tons best Carolina Rice

With a great variety of Articles too numerous to particularise.

On Account and Risk of whom it may Concern.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 12th instant, at 11 o'clock precisely,

ONE BALE Superfine BROAD CLOTHS, (damaged)

TERMS—CASH.

CEDAR.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 12th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

ABOUT 4000 Feet CEDAR, now lying on the Patent Slip Wharf

Terms made known at time of Sale.

PIANOFORTES.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 12th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

TWO EXCELLENT SQUARE PIANO FORTES, just landed

One Grand ditto

Terms made known at time of Sale.

To Publicans, Ginger Beer Makers, and Others.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

By W. Hebblewhite,

At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, the 12th instant, at 12 o'clock precisely,

FIFTEEN HOGSHEADS ELLIOTT'S ALE,

Six Hogshead Dozen Ginger Beer Bottles, now landing at Market of Heeling

Terms made known at time of Sale.

Valuable and Extensive Stock.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg to submit to the Public a short list of GOODS, on Sale at their Stores, the reduced prices of which, they trust, will be a sufficient inducement to Persons who may be laying in Stock for their Farms and Stations to give them a call, and examine their extensive Stock, which they are determined to Sell at Reduced Prices, and Liberal Credits.

- Parramatta and other Woolen Slops
Parramatta Cloth
Striped Cotton Shirts
Men's Strong Shoes
Bedticks and Beds for men.
Three bushel twilled Bags
Opnburg and Canvas
Duck Clothing
9-4 Rugs
8-4, 9-4, 10-4 Blankets and Counterpanes
English and Bengal Twine
Black Tea
Pepper
Sugar by the bag or ton
Garden and Field seeds (late growth)
Pickled Salmon
Fine ditto Mackerel
Fine Dutch Pickled Herrings, small kegs
Hops, Ship Biscuit and Soap
Limeoil Oil and Turpentine, in five gallon cans
Copal Varnish
Castor Oil, three dozen cases
Window Glass, of all sizes
Lead Piping, ditto
Nails, consisting of—Lath, Hurdle, Shingle
Batten, Clout, Sheathing, and Flooring Brails
Ox Chains
B Y Sicksles
Ironmongery of every description.
Wines, as follows—
Sherry, Madeira, and Claret, three dozen cases
Port, in three dozen cases.

- Sherry and Madeira, in wood
London Ale, in three dozen casks.
Glassware—
Looking Glasses, of every description
Lamp Shades, figured and plain
Lamp Chimney
Tumbler and Wine Glasses
Ditto Cut and Plain
Handsome Pictures
Cruet and liqueur glasses.
Sundries—
Stockmen's Saddles
Children's Boots and Shoes
Chinese Matting
Oilcloth, for floors
Oilcloth Table Covers
Dutch Cloaks
Wrapping Paper
Writing Paper
Cigars
Hanging Paper
Carpeting
Nankeen
Flannels
Callens
Reel Cotton
With a variety of other Goods, too numerous to particularise.

Steel Armour, well adapted for the New Zealand Trade.

V. & E. SOLOMON,

74, George-street.

Grocery and Oil Warehouse.

B. & T. JONES

BEG to return their sincere thanks for the very extensive and numerous favors conferred on them, since their addition of the GROCERY, to their former OIL BUSINESS.

They respectfully invite the attention of the Public to their varied and well selected STOCK, now on hand, which they can recommend, both as regards price and quality. The following GOODS are among their present STOCK—

- HYSON SKIN TEA
FINE TEA
BLACK TEA
COFFEE
CHOCOLATE
BOTTLE FRUIT
PRESERVED
HAMS & TONGUES
SPICES
VINEGAR
Basket, Bay, and Liverpool Salt
DAIRY Salt
ENGLISH Moulds
Dips
CHEESE
SALLAD OIL
WHITE Ginger
BROWN Ginger
Fish Sauces
General Sperm Oil
Black Oil
Limeoil
Spirits of Turpentine
Varnishes
Ground Oil Colors
White Paint
Black ditto
Green ditto
Dry Colors
Water Colors
Dry White Lead
BLUES for Oil and Water Colors
GREEN ditto
White ditto
WINDOW GLASS from 10 x 8 to 26 x 2
Brushes and Brooms
Paint Brushes and Dusters
Rope Line Twine
Tin Ware.

With a variety of Articles too numerous to mention.

63, George-street, opposite the Market-place, Sydney.

A NOVELTY.

NEW MAP OF THE COLONY, AND General Map of Australia.

JUST RECEIVED, a new and splendid Map of New South Wales, drawn by Robert Dickson, Esq., Assistant Surveyor, engraved and endorsed by first-rate London artists, and dedicated to Sir John Barrow, Bart., President of the Royal Geographical Society, &c. &c. This Map is an exact transcript of the country Maps in the Surveyor General's Office, and far eclipses any hitherto published. The Grants, (with the names of the Grantees and Possessors) are accurately laid down, and in most places the quantity of Acres, belonging to each Estate; also, shewing the Government and Church Lands.

Cash Price, plain £ s. d. Ditto ditto, high colored, 2 5 0 On Canvas and Rollers, and protected from injury by three coats of varnish. 3 3 0

A limited number having arrived, and no chance of a second supply, early application to the undersigned is necessary, of whom only they can be obtained.

N.B.—Orders from the Country, if by letter, post paid.

WILLIAM MOFFITT, Bookseller, Pitt-street.

Sydney, January 31st, 1838.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE TWO SHILLINGS, BY JAMES TEGG,

George-street.

AN ACT for Regulating Buildings and Party walls, and for preventing Mischief by Fire in the Town of Sydney. Printed verbatim from the Government Gazette, published by Authority. Passed the Legislative Council on the 8th of September, 1837, and came into operation on the 1st of January, 1838.

THE Undersigned hereby gives Notice, that he has authorised no person to draw orders upon him, or upon his Agent in Sydney, or otherwise to Contract Debts on his account; and further, that he holds himself responsible for no Debts unless Contracted under his own written authority.

DUNCAN McKELLAR.

February 7th, 1838.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

GREENWICH FAIR.

If the Parks be "the lungs of London," we wonder what Greenwich Fair is—a periodical breaking out, we suppose; a sort of spring-rush—a three days' fever, which cools the blood for six months afterwards, and, at the expiration of which, London is restored to its old habits of plodding industry, as suddenly and completely as if nothing had ever happened to disturb them. In our earlier days, we were a constant frequenter of Greenwich Fair for years. We have proceeded to, and returned from it, in almost every description of vehicle. We cannot conscientiously deny the charge of having once made the passage in a spring van, accompanied by thirteen gentlemen, fourteen ladies, an unlimited number of children, and a barrel of beer; and we have a vague recollection of having in later days found ourself the eight outside on the top of a hackney-coach, at something past four o'clock in the morning, with a rather confused idea of our own name, or place of residence. We have grown older since then, and quiet and steady; liking nothing better than to spend our Easter and all our other holidays, in some quiet nook, with people of whom we shall never tire; but we think we shall still remember a good deal of Greenwich fair, and those who resort to it.

The road to Greenwich during the whole of Easter Monday presents a scene of animated bustle, which cannot fail to amuse the most indifferent observer. Cabs, hackney-coaches, "shays," carts, coal-waggons, stages, omnibuses, sociables, gigs, donkey-chaises—all crammed with people (for the question never is what the horse can draw, but what the vehicle will hold), roll along at their utmost speed—the dust flies in clouds—ginger-beer corks go off in volleys—the balcony of every public-house is crowded with people smoking and drinking—half the private houses are turned into tea-shops—fiddles are in great request—every little fruit shop displays its stall of gilt ginger-bread and penny toys—turnpike men are in despair—horses won't go on, and wheels will come off—ladies in "crawns" scream with fright at every fresh concussion, and their admirers find it necessary to sit remarkably close to them, by way of encouragement—servants of all-work, who are not allowed to have followers, and have got a holiday for the day, make the most of their time with the faithful admirer, who waits for a stolen interview at the corner of the street every night, when they go to fetch the beer—apprentices grow sentimental, and straw bonnet makers kind; every body is anxious to get on, and actuated by the common wish to be at the fair or in the park as soon as possible. Pedestrians linger in groups at the road-side, unable to resist the allurements of the stout proprietress of the "Jack-in-the-box—three shies a penny," or the more splendid offers of the man with three thimbles and a pea on a little round board, who astonishes the bewildered crowd with some such address as, "Here's the sort o'game to make you laugh seven years arter you're dead, and turn ev'ry air on your ed grey with delight! Three thimbles and vin little pea—with a vin, two, three, and a two, three, vin; catch him who can, look on, keep your eyes open, and never say die! niver mind the chance, and damn the expense: all fair and above board: them as don't play can't vin, and luck attend the royal sportsman! Bet any gen'l'man any sum of money, from arf-a-crown up to a sovereign, as he doesn't name the thimble as kivers the pea!" Here some greenhorn whispers his friend that he distinctly saw the pea roll under the middle thimble—an impression which is immediately confirmed by a gentleman in top-boots who is standing by, and who in a low tone regrets his own inability to bet in consequence of having unfortunately left his purse at home, but strongly urges the stranger not to neglect such a golden opportunity. The "plant," is successful; the bet is made; the stranger of course loses, and the gentleman with the thimbles consoles him as he pockets the money with an assurance that it's all the fortin of var! this time I vin, next time you vin: never mind the loss of two bob and a hender! Do it up in small parcel, and break out in a fresh place! Here's the sort o'game," &c.—and the eloquent harangue with such variations as the speaker's exuberant fancy suggests, is again repeated to the gaping crowd, reinforced by the accession of several new comers.

The chief place of resort in the day-time, after the public-houses, is the park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the observatory, and then drag them down again at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and much to the edification of lookers on from below. "Kiss in the Ring" and "Threading my Grandmother's Needle," too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage. Love-sick swains, under the influence of gin-and-water, and the tender passion, become violently affectionate; and the fair objects of their regard enhance the value of stolen kisses, by a vast deal of struggling, and holding down of heads, and cries of "Oh! ha! done, then, George—Oh, do tickle him for me Mary—Well, I never!" and similar Lucretian ejaculations. Little old men and women, with a small basket under one arm, and a wine-glass, without a foot, in the other hand, tender "a drop of the right sort" to the different groups; and young ladies, who are persuaded to indulge in a drop of the aforesaid right sort, display a pleasing degree of reluctance to taste it, and cough afterwards with great propriety. The old pensioners, who, for the moderate charge of a penny, exhibit the mast-house, the Thames, and shipping, the place where the men used to hang in chains, and other interesting sights through a telescope, are asked questions about objects within the range of the glass, which it would puzzle

a Solomon to answer; and requested to find out particular houses in particular streets, which it would have been a task of some difficulty for Mr. Horner (not the young gentleman who eats mince pies with his thumb, but the man of Colosseum notoriety) to discover. Here and there, where some three or four couples are sitting on the grass together, you will see a sun-burnt woman in a red cloak "telling fortunes" and prophesying husbands, which it requires no extraordinary observation to describe, for the originals are before her. Thereupon the lady concerned laughs and blushes, and ultimately buries her face in an imitation-cambrie handkerchief, and the gentleman described looks extremely foolish, and squeezes her hand, and fees the gipsy liberally; and the gipsy goes away perfectly satisfied herself, and leaving those behind her perfectly satisfied also, and the prophecy, like many other prophecies of greater importance, fulfils itself in time. But it grows dark, the crowd has gradually dispersed, and only a few stragglers are left behind. The light in the direction of the church shows that the fair is illuminated, and the distant noise proves it to be filling fast. The spot which half an hour ago was ringing with shouts of boisterous mirth is as calm and quiet as if nothing could ever disturb its serenity; the fine old trees, the majestic building at your feet, with the noble river beyond, glistening in the moonlight, appear before you in all their beauty, and under the most favourable aspect; the voices of the asylum boys singing their evening hymn are borne faintly to your ear, and you feel something like pride on reflecting, as you bend your steps towards the Park-gate, that you belong to the country which has selected such a spot as a retreat for its oldest and best defenders in the decline of life.

Five minutes walking brings you to the fair; a scene calculated to awaken very different feelings from those inspired by the place you have just left. The entrance is occupied on either side by the vendors of gingerbread and toys; the stalls are gaily lighted up, the most attractive goods profusely disposed, and unbought young ladies, in their zeal for the interest of their employers, seize you by the coat, and use all their blandishments of "Do dear"—"There's a love"—"Don't be cross now," &c., to induce you to purchase half a pound of the real spice nuts, of which the majority of the regular fair goers carry a pound or two as a present supply, tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Occasionally, you pass a deal table, on which are exposed pen'orths of pickled salmon (fennel included) in little white saucers; oysters with shells as large as cheese-plates, and divers specimens of a species of snail (wilks we think they are called) floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid. Cigars, too, are in great demand; gentlemen must smoke, of course, and here they are, two a penny, in a regular authentic cigar box, with a lighted tallow candle in the centre.

Imagine yourself in an extremely dense crowd, which swings you to and fro and in and out, and every way but the right one; add to this the screams of women, the shouts of boys, the clanging of gongs, the firing of pistols, the ringing of bells, the howlings of speaking-trumpets, the squeaking of penny dittos, the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the howling of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild beast shows, and you are in the centre and heart of the fair. This immense booth, with the large stage in front, so brightly illuminated with variegated lamps and pots of burning fat, is "Richardson's," where you have a melo-drama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes. The company are now proming outside in all the dignity of wigs, spangles, red-ochre, and whitening. See with what a ferocious air the gentleman who personates the Mexican chief paces up and down, and with what an eye of calm dignity the principal tragedian gazes on the crowd below, or converses confidentially with the harlequin. The four clowns, who are engaged in a mock broad sword combat, may be all very well for the low-minded holiday makers; but these are the people for the reflective portion of the community. They look so noble in those Roman dresses with their yellow legs and arms, long black curly heads, bushy eyebrows, and scowl expressive of assassination and vengeance, and everything else that is grand and solemn. Then the Ladies—were there ever such innocent and awful-looking beings as they walk up and down the platforms in twos and threes, with their arms round each other's waists, or leaning for support on one of those majestic men! Their spangled muslin dresses and blue satin shoes and sandals (a *leete* for wear) are the admiration of all beholders; and the playful manner in which they check the advances of the clown is perfectly enchanting. "Just a-going to begin! Pray come for'erd, come for'erd," exclaims the man in the countryman's dress, for the seventieth time, and people force their way up the steps in crowds. The band suddenly strikes up; the harlequin and columbine set the example; reels are formed in less than no time; the Roman heroes place their arms a-kiumbo and dance with considerable agility; and the leading tragic actress, and the gentlemen who enact the "swell" in the pantomime, foot it to perfection. "All in to begin!" spouts the manager when no more people can be induced to "come for'erd," and away rush the leading members of the company to do the dreadful in the first piece. A change of performance takes place every day during the fair, but the story of the tragedy is always pretty much the same. There's a rightful heir, who loves a young lady, and is beloved by her; and the wrongful heir, who loves her too, and is loved by her; and the wrongful heir, gets hold of the rightful heir, and throws

him into a dungeon, just to kill him off when convenient, for which purpose he hires a couple of assassins—a good one and a bad one—who, the moment they are left alone, get up a little murder on their own account; the good one killing the bad one, and the bad one wounding the good one. Then the rightful heir is discovered in prison, carefully holding a long chain in his hands, and seated despondingly in a large arm chair; and the young lady comes into two bars of soft music, and embraces the rightful heir; and then the wrongful heir comes in to two bars of quick music, and goes on in the most shocking manner, throwing the young lady about as if she was nobody, and calling the rightful heir "Ar recraunt—ar-wretch!" in a very loud voice, which answers the double purpose of displaying his passion, and preventing the sound being deafened by the sawdust. The interest becomes intense; the wrongful heir draws his sword, and rushes on the rightful heir; a blue smoke is seen, a gong is heard, and a tall white figure (who has been all this time behind the arm-chair, covered over with a table cloth), slowly rises to the tune of "Or in the stilly night." This is no other than the ghost of the rightful heir's father who was killed by the wrongful heir's father at sight of which the wrongful heir becomes apoplectic, and is literally "struck all of a heap," the stage not being large enough to admit of his falling down at full length. Then the good assassin staggers in, and says he was hired in conjunction with the bad assassin, by the wrongful heir, to kill the rightful heir; and he's killed a good many people in his time, but he's sorry for it, and won't do so any more—a promise which he immediately redeems by dying off hand, without any nonsense about it. Then the rightful heir throws down his chain; and then two men, a sailor, and young woman (the tenantry of the rightful heir) come in; and the ghost makes dumb motions to them, which they, by supernatural interference understand—for no one else can; and the ghost (who can't do anything without blue fire) blesses the rightful heir and the young lady, by half suffocating them with smoke, and then a muffin-bell rings, and the curtain drops. The exhibitions next in popularity to those itinerant theatres, are the travelling menageries, or, to speak more intelligibly, the "Wild-beast shows," where a military band in beef-eater's costume, with leopard skin caps, play incessantly; and where large high-coloured representations of tigers tearing men's heads open, and a lion being burnt with red hot irons to induce him to drop his victim, are hung up outside, by way of attracting visitors.

The principal officer at these places is generally a very tall, hoarse man, in a scarlet coat, with a cane in his hand, with which he occasionally raps the pictures we have just noticed, by way of illustrating his description—something in this way,— "Here, here, here; the lion, the lion (tap), exactly as he is represented on the canvass outside (three taps); no waiting remember; no deception. The fo-ro-cious lion (tap, tap) who bit off the gentleman's head last Cambervel was a twelvemonth, and has killed on the average three keepers a-year ever since he arrived at maturity.—No extra charge on this account recollect; the price of admission is only sixpence." This address never fails to produce a considerable sensation, and sixpences flow into the treasury with wonderful rapidity.

The dwarfs are also objects of great curiosity; and as a dwarf, a giantess, a living skeleton, a wild Indian, a "young lady of singular beauty, with perfectly white hair and pink eyes," and two or three other natural curiosities are usually exhibited together for the small charge of a penny, they attract very numerous audiences. The best thing about a dwarf is, that he has always a little box, about two feet six inches high, into which, by long practice, he can just manage to get by doubling himself up like a boot-jack; this box is painted outside like a six-roomed house, and as the crowd see him ring a bell, or fire a pistol out of the first floor window, they verily believe that it is his ordinary town residence, divided like other mansions into drawing rooms, dining-parlour, and bed chambers. Shut up in this case, the unfortunate little object is brought out to delight the throng by holding a facetious dialogue with the proprietor, in the course of which, the dwarf (who is always particularly drunk) pledges himself to sing a comic song inside; and always various compliments to the ladies, which induce them to "come for'erd" with great alacrity. As a giant is not so easily moved, a pair of indescribable of most capacious dimensions and a huge shoe are usually brought out, into which two or three stout men get all at once, to the enthusiastic delight of the crowd, who are quite satisfied with the solemn assurance that these inhabitants form part of the giant's every day costume.

The grandest and most numerous frequented booth in the whole fair, however, is "The Crown and Anchor"—a temporary ball-room—we forget how many hundred feet long, the price of admission to which is one shilling. Immediately on your right hand as you enter, after paying your money, is a refreshment place, at which cold beef roast and boiled—French rolls, stout, wine, tongue, ham, even fowls, if we recollect right, are displayed in tempting array. There is a raised orchestra, and the place is boarded all the way down in patches, just wide enough for a country dance. There is no master of the ceremonies in this artificial Eden—all is primitive, unreserved, and unstudied. The dust is blinding, the heat insupportable, the company somewhat noisy, and in the highest spirits possible: the ladies in the height of their innocent animation, dancing in the gentlemen's hats, and the gentlemen proming—adding "the gay and festive scene" in the ladies' bonnets, or with the more expensive ornaments of false noses, and low-crowned, tinder-box looking hats, playing children's drums, and accompanied by ladies on the penny trumpet. The noise of these various instruments, the orchestra, the shouting,

"the scratchers," and the dancing; is perfectly bewildering. The dancing itself beggars description—every figure lasts about an hour, and the ladies bounce about with a degree of spirit which is quite indescribable. As to the gentlemen, they stamp their feet against the ground, every time "hands four round" begins; go down the middle and up again with cigars in their mouths and silk handkerchiefs in their hands and whirl their partners round, nothing loath, scrambling and falling, and embracing, and knocking up against the other couples, until they are fairly tired out, and can move no longer. The same scene is repeated again and again (slightly varied by an occasional "row" until a late hour at night: and a great many clerks and prentices find themselves next morning with aching heads, empty pockets, damaged hats, and a very imperfect recollection of how it was they did not get home.

**PICKWICK PAPERS.**

Grace readers are requested not to pass their eyes through the following sketch from the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," and light ones are not to feel drowsy in reading other things after it. We commend it to the medical profession, especially beginners, it contains valuable hints for them:—

"Winkle took up his quarters at the Rush; and designing to postpone any communication by letter with Mr. Pickwick, until it was probable that Mr. Dowler's wrath might have in some degree evaporated, walked forth to view the city, which struck him as being a shade more dirty than any place he had ever seen. Having inspected the docks and shipping, and viewed the cathedral, he inquired his way to Clifton, and being directed thither, took the route which was pointed out to him. But, as the pavements of Bristol are not the widest or cleanest upon earth, so its streets are not altogether the straightest or most intricate; and Mr. Winkle being greatly puzzled by their manifold windings and twistings, looked about him for a decent shop, in which he could apply afresh for counsel and instruction. His eye fell upon a newly painted tenement, which had recently been converted into something between a shop and a private house, and which a red lamp, projecting over the lanthorn of the street door, would have sufficiently announced as the residence of a medical practitioner, even if the word "Surgery" had not been inscribed in golden characters on a wainscot ground, above the window of what, in time bygone, had been the front parlour. Thinking this an eligible place wherein to make his inquiries, Mr. Winkle stepped into the little shop where the gilt-labelled drawers and bottles were; and finding nobody there, knocked with half-a-crown on the counter, to attract the attention of anybody who might happen to be in the back parlour, which he judged to be the innermost and peculiar sanctum of the establishment, from the repetition of the word surgery on the door—painted in white letters this time, by way of taking off the sameness.

At the first knock, a sound, as of persons fencing with fire irons, which had until now been very audible, suddenly ceased; and at the second, a studious looking young gentleman in green spectacles, with a very large book in his hand, glided quietly into the shop, and steping behind the counter, requested to know the visitor's pleasure.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Sir, said Mr. Winkle, 'but will you have the goodness to direct me to—'

"Ha! ha! ha! roared the studious young gentleman, throwing the large book up into the air, and catching it with great dexterity at the very moment when it threatened to smash to atoms all the bottles on the counter. 'Here's a start!'

There was, without doubt; for Mr. Winkle was so very much astonished at the extraordinary behaviour of the medical gentleman, that he involuntarily retreated towards the door, and looked very much disturbed at his strange reception.

"What, don't you know me?" said the medical gentleman.

Mr. Winkle murmured in reply that he had not the pleasure.

"Why then," said the medical gentleman, "are you here for me yet; I may attend half the old women in Bristol if I've decent luck. Out, you mouldy old villain, get out." With this adjuration, which was addressed to the large book, the medical gentleman kicked the volume with remarkable agility to the further end of the shop, and pulling off his green spectacles, grinned the identical grin of Robert Sawyer, Esquire, formerly of Guy's Hospital, in the Borough, with a private residence in Lantstreet.

"You don't mean to say you weren't down upon me?" said Mr. Bob Sawyer, shaking Mr. Winkle's hand with friendly warmth.

"Upon my word I was not," replied Mr. Winkle, returning the pressure.

"Wonder you didn't see the name," said Bob Sawyer, calling his friend's attention to the outer door, on which, in the same white paint, were traced the words "Sawyer, late Nockemof."

"It never caught my eye," returned Mr. Winkle.

"Lord, if I had known who you were, I should have rushed out, and caught you in my arms," said Bob Sawyer; "but upon my life, I thought you were the King's taxes."

"No!" said Mr. Winkle.

"I did indeed," responded Bob Sawyer, "and I was just going to say that I wasn't at home, but if you'd leave a message I'd be sure to give it to myself; for he don't know me, no more does the Lighting and Paving. I think the Church-rates guesses who I am, and I know the Water-works does, because I drew a tooth of his, when I first came down here. But come in, come in. Chattering in this way, Mr. Bob Sawyer pushed Mr.

Winkle into the back room, where, amusing himself by boring little circular cavers in the chimney-piece with a red-hot poker, sat no less a personage than Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "this is indeed a pleasure that I did not expect. What a very nice place you have here!"

"Pretty well, pretty well," replied Bob Sawyer. "I passed, soon after that precious party and my friends came down with the needful for this business; so I put on a black suit of clothes and a pair of spectacles, and came here, to look as solemn as I could."

"And a very snug little business you have, no doubt?" said Mr. Winkle, knowingly.

"Very," replied Bob Sawyer. "So snug, that at the end of a few years you might put all the profits in a wine glass, and cover them over with a gooseberry leaf."

"You cannot surely mean that?" said Mr. Winkle. "The stock itself—"

"Dummies, my dear boy," said Bob Sawyer; "half the drawers have got nothing in 'em, and the other half don't open."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Winkle.

"Fact—honour!" returned Bob Sawyer, stepping into the shop, and demonstrating the veracity of the assertion by divers hard pulls at the little gilt knobs on the counterfeited drawers. "Hardly anything real in the shop but the leeches, and they are second-hand."

"I should not have thought it," exclaimed Mr. Winkle much surprised.

"I hope not," replied Bob Sawyer, "else where's the use of appearances, eh? But what will you take! Do as we do?—that's right. Ben, my fine fellow, put your hand into the cupboard, and bring out the patent digester."

Mr. Benjamin Allen smiled his readiness, and produced from the closet at his elbow a black toilet half full of brandy.

"You don't take water, of course, said Bob Sawyer.

"Thank you, replied Mr. Winkle. 'It's rather early: I should like to qualify if you have no objection.'

"None in the least, if you can reconcile it to your conscience," replied Bob Sawyer, tossing off, as he spoke, a glass of the liquor with great relish.—"Ben, the pickin'."

Mr. Benjamin Allen drew forth from the same hiding place a small brass pipkin, which Bob Sawyer observed he bridled himself upon, particularly because it looked so business like. "The water in the professional pipkin having been made to boil, in course of time, by various little shovelfulful of coal, which Mr. Bob Sawyer took out of a practicable window-seat, labelled "Soda Water," Mr. Winkle adulterated his brandy, and the conversation was becoming general, when it was interrupted by the entrance into the shop of a boy, in a sober grey livery and a gold laced tunic, with a small covered basket under his arm, whom Mr. Bob Sawyer immediately hailed with Tom, you vagabond, come here."

The boy presented himself accordingly.

"You've been stopping to over-all the posts in Bristol, you idle young scamp!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"No, sir, I haven't replied the boy.

"You had better not!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer, with a threatening aspect.

"Who do you suppose will ever employ a professional man, when they see his boy playing at marbles in the gutter, or flying the garter in the horse-road? Have you no feeling for your profession, you groveler? Did you leave all the medicine?"

"Yes, sir."

"The powders for the child at the large house with the new family, and the pills to be taken four times a day at the ill-tempered gentleman's with the gouty leg?"

"Then shut the door, and mind the shop."

"Come," said Mr. Winkle, as the boy retired, "things are not quite so bad as you would have me believe, either. There is some medicine to be sent out."

Mr. Bob Sawyer peeped into the shop to see that no stranger was within hearing, and leaning forward to Mr. Winkle, said, in a low tone—

"He leaves it all at the wrong houses."

Mr. Winkle looked perplexed, and Bob Sawyer and his friend laughed.

"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it, and reads the label. 'Draught to be taken at bedtime—pills as before—lootion as usual the powder.' From Sawyer's, late Nockemof's, Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared: and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—she reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemof.' The name gets down, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got our ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

"Dear me, I see," observed Mr. Winkle "what an excellent plan!"

"Oh, Ben and I have hit upon a dozen such," replied Bob Sawyer, with great glee. "The lamplighter has eighteen-pence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes, every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into the church, just before the psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but look about 'em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. 'Bless my soul,' everybody says, 'somebody taken suddenly ill! Sawyer, late Nockemof, sent for. What a business that young man has!'

**Three Masons.**—M. Demden, a foreigner now practising as a dentist, summoned Mr. Mason, of the Italian Opera, at the Westminster Court of Requests for £2, balance of the rent of three apartments which the defendant had occupied in his house. Mr. Mason protested that he owed the plaintiff no money. Where was the proof of the debt? Mr. Demden (flinging a paper on the table)—If you open dat document you will find de proof af de det, and demoney to pay for it. (Laughter). Before you come into my house, you write me a etter calling me "dheer sir," and announcing that you only wanted de rooms for a single man and his wife without no family, and we agreed; but when your wife came she was all round in de family way, and dere was altogether in de house three Masons. My servant was all de day running up stairs wide saucepan for the child, and den running down stairs for de teapot for her mamma, and den running up de stairs backward again wit de grand kettle full of hot water for Mr. Mason himself. De Masons were always wetting de rooms wid water; and den drying dem again wid de towel, (laughter) and den de towel was roasted before de fire until de smoke filled de kitchen like one great steam packet; and de Masons up stairs were always crying. It is for all dis, gentleman, and a great deal more dat I won't trouble you wid, dat I demand de doo pounds. Mr. Mason assured the Court that he paid Demden the full sum he had agreed for before he left the house, and in all his life he had never been so worried in lodgings. First—M. Demden began to whitewash the room, and then they were forced to live in the bed-chamber. Then he broke a hole four feet by three, over his drawing-room windows for the purpose of ventilation; and there was such perpetual rubbing, scrubbing, brushing, painting, hammering, and sweeping, that he was at last tormented out of the premises. M. Demden.—Dat was ven I cot you one beforenoon cramming my kitchen into your waistcoat pockets. Mr. Mason.—That's totally false, I assure you, gentlemen. M. Demden at length acknowledged that he did not ask for the £1 until his lodgers had left, and the case was dismissed.

A diving bell has been constructed at Harwich, for the purpose of fixing air tubes to sunken vessels. The Prussian Galliot *Blucher*, laden with corn, was last week raised by means of this ingenious machine, and a brig laden with a general cargo, which sunk last winter, is now undergoing the same process.

We read in a German paper, that there exists in the magnificent garden of the Prince Philip of Bathyni, at Cosmani, in Hungary, an aloe about 80 years old, which has reached a height of about 12 feet, and bears at present 1,000 buds, which are going to blossom.

**BISHOP PHILIPOTS.**—The Bishop of Exeter having in his gift the valuable living of Saucedre, in Cornwall, which had become vacant, has refused to yield to the efforts of private friendship in his disposal, and has appointed the Rev. H. Conger, the curate of St. Anthony, to the incumbency. Mr. Conger has no knowledge of his benefactor, to whom his only recommendation is exemplary piety, learning, and unremitting attention to the duties of his calling.

**ELEVATION OF DANIEL O'CONNELL TO THE PEERAGE.**—The following extraordinary announcement appears in the *Wexford Independent*:—Lord Erin.—New Peers.—Our London Correspondent, who has access to the first sources of information, informs us, on authority that cannot be doubted, that our gracious and lovely young sovereign has signified her royal will to have Daniel O'Connell numbered among her first creation of peers, with the title of Lord Erin. This intelligence must be gratifying to every loyal subject, and to the Irish aliens in particular, as Lord Erin cannot fail to prove as formidable to the titled slanderers of the interesting isle from which he takes his title, and to the corypheus of the party in particular, as Lord Erin has been to the no less malicious foes of reform in the Lower House. It will be also gratifying intelligence for our friends to learn, that the amiable and philanthropic father of one of our country members, Mr. J. Power, is to be one of the four baronets from Ireland.

When a Dutch maid servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives double pay.

"Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare so softly after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?" "Hush! hush! my darling, the rabbit don't know that."

The question why printers do not succeed in business as well as brewers was thus answered:—"Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have a stomach, but one has a head."

An Irish woman called at an oilman's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel. And why not ask for a half gallon, and have done with it?" said the oilman.—"Oh! bless your little bit of a soul, answered she, it is for two persons."

**STEAM PRINTING.**—The *London Advertiser*, now printed by steam, throws off eight thousand copies per hour.

Terms of Advertisement.—For eight lines and under 2s. 6d and One Penny for every line above eight, for each insertion.—Orders for Advertisements must state how often they are to be inserted, or they will be continued until countermanded and charged accordingly.—All Letters must be Post Paid at the Office, No. 7, Colonnade, Bridge-street.

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EXTRACTS.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.