

CHARLES O'MALLEY.
THE IRISH DRAGON.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER V.
THE DINNER.

"Well sir, I have little more to say; my uncle knows what influence you have in Scariff, and expect you to do what you can for me."

"Anything more?" said Blake, with a very dry, and quizzical expression I didn't half like, "anything more?"

"Oh, yes, you are to write a line to old Mallock."

"I understand, about Coolinmuck, isn't it?" "Exactly; I believe that's all."

"Well now, Charley, you may go down stairs, and we'll talk it over after dinner."

"Yes, Charley, dear, go down, for I'm going to draw on my stockings," said the fair Mrs. Blake, with a look of very modest consciousness.

When I had left the room, I couldn't help muttering a "thank God," for the success of a mission I more than once feared for, and astenated to despatch a note to my uncle, assuring him of the Blake interest, and adding that, for propriety sake, I should defer my departure for a day or two longer.

This done, with a heart lightened of its load, and an high spirits at my cleverness, I descended to the drawing-room. Here a very large party were already assembled, and, at every opening of the door, a new relay of Blakes, Burkes, and Boddins, was introduced. In the absence of the host, Sir George Dashwood was "making the agreeable" to the guests, and shook hands with every new arrival, with all the warmth and cordiality of old friendship. While thus he inquired for various absent individuals, and asked, most affectionately, for sundry aunts, and uncles, not forthcoming, a slight incident occurred, which by its ludicrous turn, served to shorten the long half hour before dinner.

An individual of the party, a Mr. Blake, had, from certain peculiarities of face, obtained in his boyhood, the sobriquet of "shave the wind." This hatchet like conformation had grown with his growth, and perpetuated upon him a nick name, by which alone was he ever spoken of among his friends and acquaintances; the only difference being that, as he came to man's estate, brevity, that soul of wit, had curtailed the epithet to mere "shave."

Now, Sir George had been hearing frequent reference made to him, always by this name, heard him ever so addressed, and perceived him to reply to it; so that when he was himself addressed by some one, what sport he had found that day among the woodcocks, he answered at once with a bow of very grateful acknowledgment, "Excellent, indeed; but entirely owing to where I was placed in the cove; had it not been for Mr. Shave there,——"

I need not say that the remainder of his speech being heard on all sides, became one universal shout of laughter, in which to do him justice, the excellent Shave himself heartily joined. Scarcely were the sounds of mirth lulled into an apparent calm, when the door opened, and the host and hostess appeared. Mrs. Blake advanced in all the plenitude of her charms, arrayed in crimson, satin, solely injured in its freshness by a patch of grease upon the front, about the same size and shape as the Continent of Europe, in Arrow-smith's Atlas; a swansdown tippet covered her shoulders; massive bracelets ornamented her wrists; while from her ears descended two Irish diamond ear-rings, rivalling in magnitude and value the glass pendants of a lustre. Her reception of her guests made ample amends, in warmth and cordiality, for any deficiency of elegance; and, as she disposed her ample proportions upon the sofa, and looked around upon the company, she appeared the very impersonation of a splendor.

After several openings and shuttings of the drawing room door, accompanied by the appearance of old Simon the Butler, who counted the party at least five times before he was certain that the score was correct; dinner was at length announced. Now came a moment of difficulty; and one which, as testing Mr. Blake's tact, he would gladly have seen devolve upon some other shoulders; for he well knew that the marshalling a room full of mandarins, blue, green, and yellow, was "cakes and gingerbread" to ushering a Galway party to dinner.

First then was Mr. Miles Bodkin, whose grandfather would have been a lord if Cromwell had not changed him one fine morning. Then, Mrs. Mosey Blake's first husband was promised the title of Kilmacod if it was ever restored, whereas Mrs. Fenich of Knockmunnor's mother was then at law for a title; and lastly, Mrs. Joe Burke was fourth cousin to Lord Claricarde, as is or will be every Burke from this to the day of judgment. Now, luckily for her prospects, the lord was alive; and Mr. Blake, remembering a very sage adage, about "dead lions," &c., solved the difficulty at once, by gracefully tucking the lady under his arm, and leading the way; the others soon followed; the priest of Fortanna and my unworthy self bringing up the rear.

When, many a year afterwards, the hard ground of a mountain bivouac, with its pitiful patches of pickled cork tree, yclept mess-bee, and that pyroigneous aquafortis they call corn bread, have been my hard fare, I often look back to that day's dinner with a most heart-rending sensation—a labor as big as the Waterbury shield; a stratum that seemed out from the sides of a rhinoceros; a sauce boat that contained an oyster bed. There was a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French d'Angers, doing more outpost duty—flanked by a

picquet of ham, and a detached squadron of chickens, carefully ambushed in a forest of greens: potatoes not disguised à la maître d'hôtel and tortured to resemble bad macaroni, but piled like shot in an ordnance yard, were posted at different quarters: while massive decanters of port and sherry stood proudly up like standard bearers amid the goodly array. This was none of your austere "great dinners," where a cold and chilling plateau of artificial nonsense cuts off one half of the table from intercourse with the other; when, whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wine drinking, which renews acquaintance and cement an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lacquey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it; here the company eat, drank, talked, laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, and jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices that fragments only of what was passing around reached me; giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus, such sentences as the following ran foul of each other every instant:—

"No better land in Galway!"—where could you find such facilities—"for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home!"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"—"kiss!"—"Miss Blake, she's the girl with a foot and an ankle!"—"Daly has never had wool on his sheep!"—"how could he?"—"what does he pay for the mountain?"—"four and ten pence a yard!"—"not a penny less!"—"all the cabbage stalks and potato skins, with some bog stuff through it!"—"that's the thing!"—"to make a soup, with a red herring in it instead of salt!"—"and when he proposed for my niece, m'sam says he!"—"mix a strong tumbler, and I'll make a shake down for you on the floor!"—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"—"and now, down the middle and up again!"—"Captain Magan, my dear, he is the man!"—"to shave a pig properly!"—"it's not money I'm looking for, says he, the girl of my heart!"—"if she had not a wind gall and two spavines!"—"I'd have given her the rights of the church of course," said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed, when one of the company, seizing the bell rope, said, "with your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another: "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries, after all—oh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch, you are my darlin'," hummed another, as a large square half gallon decanter of whiskey was placed on the table—the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any faces save Sir George Dashwood's, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamour of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party were discussing the approaching contest, another was planning a steep chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effect" in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party setting an imaginary value upon some article, bartered it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breast-pin was swapped, as the phrase is, against a horse, then a pair of boots, then a Kerry bull, &c., every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes as matters of very dubious value turned up, great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the West, was a great proficient, and it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gigharness, &c., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterance of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was but little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whiskey, from what it evinced on common occasions; and as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into some thing like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native country, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why don't you give us a song, Miles? and may be the general would learn more from it, than all your speech making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices, together: "to be sure: let us hear the 'Man of Galway'!"

Sir George, having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin-filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song, "Wreath the Bowl," &c. And although the words are well known in the West, for the information of less favoured regions, I here transcribe

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

"To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
Or bailiff as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life,

At ten or fifteen paces;
To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more—
Oh, that's the man for Galway.

Chorus—With debts, &c.

"The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were once the Caysars (Cæsars),
But old Giles Eyre,
Would make them stare,
Av he had them with the Blazars.
To the devil I sing—old Rungeet Sing,
He's only a Prince in a small way,
And knows no hing at all of a six foot wall,
Oh, he'd never do for Galway.

Chorus—With debts, &c.

"Ye think the Blakes
Are 'no great shakes,'
They're all his blood relations,
And the Fodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,
For they come from the Phenaycians;
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more—
Oh! That's the man for Galway."

Chorus—With debts, &c.

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favourable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it; for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English Education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused, and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruples about my so long neglecting my good uncle's cause.

"We have cariff to a man," said Bodkin, "And Mosey's tenantry," said another; "I swear that though there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the court house they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the Returning Officer," said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord, and more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for should'nt they vote?" said a dry looking little fellow in a red waistcoat: "when I was the dead agent——"

"The dead agent," interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, may be, what that is," said some one.

"You have just anticipated me," said Sir George: "I really am in most profound ignorance."

"It is the dead agent," says Mr. Blake, "who a ways provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll books of this country, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The Kiltopher boys' won't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote, when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county, they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detaching the plan of a grand attack upon the polling booths, to be headed by himself. By this time all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whiskey was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded, in a manner which proved that self-respect was not the inevitable gift of "mountain dew."

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast, by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

"No, no, Phil Blake, ye needn't be winking at me that way—it's little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent." [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why I heartily joined.] "I'm going to give a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly intrepid toast; a toast you must drink to the most universal, laborious, and awful mander—do ye see now?"—[Loud cheers.] "If any man of you here present, doesn't drain this to the bottom—[here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company,]—than, by the great gun of Athlone, I'll make him eat his decanter, glass, stopper, and all, for the good of his digestion—d'ye see now?"

The cheering at this mild determination, prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye attable was turned upon me, and, as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle's health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hipping over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks—but strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise, and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practised orators; while from every side came cries of "hear, hear!"—"go on Sir George!"—"speak out General!"—"sit down Charley!"—"confound the boy!"—"knock the legs from under him," &c. Not understanding why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition, and, as the etiquette is in his favour, I yield."—Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals, as to my treatment, were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbour.

Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began—"Gentlemen, as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk, Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on too as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed—I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive preception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said—

"Well Sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for by the rock of Casbel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at me, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle, which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily up stairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own rage, and not over-agreeable reflections.

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

Oa! breathe not a word of our love,
Or believe that it ever has been;
'Twas a beautiful dream from above,
And has flown back to Heav'n again.
Yet would I could call thee my own,
Although undeserving I seem;
I had lived for thee—loved thee alone,
And life would have pass'd like 'hat dream.

But by Heaven and by thy own smile,
By the bosom's soft sigh and the tear;
By all that fond hearts can beguile,
And remembrance make painful or dear,
From my heart it will never be effac'd,
But remain a perpetual light;
Like some spot in a desolate waste,
Which an Angel has touch'd in its flight.

EDMOND;

Elizabeth-street, Nov. 10th, 1841.

COMMITTALS.—On Monday William Edwards mete of the "Woodlark," whaler, was fully committed to take his trial for the capital crime of mutiny on the high seas.

On the same day, James Higgins was committed for trial on a charge of being one of three men, who, on Sunday evening last broke into the premises of Mr. Bassett a pawn-broker, near Blackwattle Swamp, and stole from thence sundry articles of clothing.

INQUEST.—On Wednesday last, an inquest was held at the Swan with two Necks public-house, corner of George and Park-streets, on the body of a man named Robert Griffin who expired on the preceding day.

Dr. Durigan, who was called in to attend the deceased certified that he had evidently been suffering, for a considerable space of time, from chronic disease of the lungs, which was so augmented by the effects of his fall into the water as to cause his death.

A ACCIDENT.—Between four and five o'clock on Wednesday, a loaded dray with six oxen proceeding on its journey up the country, through George street, broke down opposite the New Royal Hotel.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A plasterer named Hayward residing in Brougham-place, when employed on the new buildings facing St. James' Church, in King-street, fell from a ladder a distance of about fifteen or twenty feet and was killed on the spot.

HORSE STEALING.—The crime of horse stealing prevails to an alarming extent at present. The newspapers are full of offers of reward for the recovery of stolen animals, and several parties are in the custody of the police under the charge of horse stealing.

POLICE CORPS.—The distinguished members of this indomitable brigade, whom we condescended to mention in honorable terms in our last, are holding with rage and meditating revenge upon us, for what they (unaccountably) consider to be a lampoon upon them.

ERROR.—In our last publication, a paragraph appeared stating that a son of Captain Wilson had been thrown from a poney and severely injured.

THE MELANCHOLY FATE OF A TEE-TOTALLER.—John B— was a fine jolly old chap, of the true blue-log breed—the beau ideal of an English yeoman of the olden days; who drank his ale and smoked his pipe, talked politics and eat beef and plum pudding.

And so it was an unfortunate moment that he did it, one morning, after the nauseating quaff of a debauch had yielded to the effects of hock and sodawater.

Though a man not given to lark-etting, Died on Saturday last returning from marketing.

A dreary example of rashly enlisting under the teetotal banner, after the constitution has been formed and preserved for many years, by the aid of roast beef, plum pudding and good old English ale.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

(From the Australasian Record.) If ever there was a period in British history which warranted the profound anxiety of patriotism—if ever there was a crisis in our national affairs, evidently decisive of the future destinies of the empire—that period has now arrived, that crisis now impends.

In the Australasian Record we enter, not, of course, into general political discussions—we are not arranged beneath the banner of either of the great parties now contending for official power—we advocate none of the peculiar systems and current principles of the day; but in the discharge of our duty as public journalists, especially devoted to the great cause of Australasian emigration, it is imperative upon us to speak out with bold and direct decision on the momentous topics which legitimately come within the range of our assigned province.

We do not deny that the subject of a fixed or graduated duty on corn is of immense national importance—we do not deny the absolute necessity of immediately attending to the revision of our tariff, and the introduction of extensive modifications into our fiscal system; but in our opinion the subject which at the present moment ought to engross the largest share of public attention—the subject which will speedily cast every other into the shade—which will soon appear to be the subject—the "question of questions"—is the increasingly deplorable condition of the great body of the operative population of this country.

In Manchester, Bolton, and Stockport—in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and Halifax—in Birmingham and Bristol—in fact, in all our manufacturing and commercial towns, there are tens of thousands of industrious workmen altogether destitute of employment, and in many cases in the horrors of actual starvation.

Pauperism, therefore, hopeless and helpless pauperism, must accumulate until the burden becomes too heavy to be borne, and the resources of the country are exhausted.

Nothing but this can reach the core of the evil and accomplish its eradication.

How many thousands—how many hundreds of thousands—of our industrious poor might at the present moment, be realising remuneration—nay comparative wealth, in colonies where the climate is as salubrious, and the soil is more productive than our own!

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LARNE, ship, 575 tons, Davis, master, from Liverpool on the 15th July with 271 immigrants. Cargo—sundries. Agents—Glichtist and C. Passengers—Cabin—Mr. Robey and five children Mr. Moorhouse, Mr. Newal and Mr. Jones.

WOODLARK, barque, 242 tons, Abbott, master, from the South Sea Fish-ries, having sailed from Sydney on the 18th November, 1849. Cargo—270 barrels sperm oil.

EMMA, brig, 181 tons, Sprowle, master, from Adelaide 2nd ultimo, with sundries. Agents—Captain Thom. Passengers—Mrs. Mitchell and three children, Messrs. Boss, Howe and White. Steerage—Mrs. Cairns and three children, Messrs. Brugh on, Hill, Bayhill, Maynard and family, Hannan, Dawes, Garrow, and Hatherstone.

ULLSWATER, brig, 164 tons, Gibson, master, from New Zealand 22nd ult. with 7 tons black oil, &c. Willis, Sandeman, & Co., Agents. Passengers—Cabin—Mr. J. Archer, Mrs. Gibson and three children. Steerage—Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and child.

GILBERT JAMIESON, schooner, Thompson, master, from Oporto on the 29th April, and from Hobart Town on the 31st ultimo. Cargo—wine. Passengers—Cabin—Mr. Hart, and Mr. Livesay. Steerage—Messrs. Robertson and McDonald.

BRIGHT PLANET, barque, Morrison, master, from Port Nicholson on the 19th ultimo. Cargo—oil, &c. Passengers—Cabin—Messrs. Sears, Albright, Bolton, and Lindsay. Steerage—Messrs. O'Connell and Gentry. News.—The "Bright Planet" brings 115 tons of black oil and 9 tons whalebone.

LADY RAFFLES, barque, Osborne, master, from Auckland on the 21st Ult. Cargo, oil bone &c. Agents—Passengers, Cabin—Messrs. M'Farlane, Brennan, and Isaacs.

GEORGIANNA, schooner, tons Richarson master, from Manila via Hobart Town, having left the latter port on the 31st Ultimo. Cargo—1660 bags Sugar, 54 boxes Cigars, 5 bags bark, 18 bundles kangaroo skins, 26 coil bale rope, and 82 coils line. Agents—News, The "Maria Watson" was expected to leave Hobart Town for Sydney, on the day after the sailing of the "Georgianna".

CENTRA, schooner, 114 tons, Raby master from the South Sea Islands on the 11th Ultimo. Cargo—sundries. Agent—Mr. Bourne.

SAMUEL AND MARY, schooner, 125 tons Turnbull master, from the South Sea Islands on the 8th ult. Cargo—sundries. Agent Mr Bourne. Passengers—Mr. Williams, Mr. Tuscott and two in the steerage.

LASCAR, barque, 441 tons, Maggie, master, from Cork on the 15th July with Emigrants and merchandise. Agents Rowan M'Nab and Co. Passengers—Mr George Dixon and six intermediates. Surgeon Superintendent Mr. W. M. Smith.

ALEXANDRINA, Thompson, master, for Port Phillip. Passengers, (Cabin) Mr. H. Manton. Steerage, J. Smith, W. Creamin, Rebecca Creamin, J. Macdermott.

AUSTRALIAN, Ireland, master, for Liverpool. Passengers, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Keames, and child. Miss C. Alcock, Mr. and Mrs. Minetti, and five children.

FALCON, Brown, master, for New Zealand. Mr. Thornton. Agent. Passengers, C. Nash, J. Commins, T. Commins, S. Moss, J. Higgins, J. Williams, J. Davies wife and child.

SPRATHEDEN, Wolf, master, for Bombay. Passengers, Mr. T. G. Bushe.

SERINGAPATAM, Courtenay, master for London. Passengers, (Cabin), Mr. Higgins, surgeon.

COUNTRESS OF MINTO, Wishart, master, for New Zealand. Passengers—Mr. Bushby, Wife and 3 children, Anne Sherlock, Margaret Reley J. Brown, G. Taylor, J. Roy, and M. M'Leod.

JEAN, Richards, master, for Guam. Agent—Mr. Egan. Passengers—None.



ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE. GREAT NOVELTY.

MR. KNOWLES, STAGE-MANAGER, Most respectfully begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that his

BENEFIT WILL TAKE PLACE ON Monday, Nov. 15th, 1841,

When he trusts to receive that support which the liberal Public of Australia have a ways awarded him, and which (in the performance of his various duties) towards them, he has always anxiously laboured to deserve.

The Entertainments for the occasion, consisting of a celebrated Tragic Play, a variety of Singing, Dancing, &c and a popular Spectacle, aided by the Music of the favorite BAND OF THE 28th REGIMENT.

which Mr. Knowles is honoured, with permission of COLONEL FRENCH, K. H., to announce, will, he feels assured, afford every satisfaction to those of his Friends who may patronize him on the above Evening.

Mr. KNOWLES particularly requests his friends to be early in their attendance, as, in consequence of the variety of Entertainments, he cannot will rise precisely at the appointed hour.

The performances will commence with the famous Tragic Play, in five acts, full of thrilling incident and striking effect, (founded on fact,) called

ORONOKO! OR, THE ROYAL SLAVE.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA. The Governor of the country of Surinam..... Mr. Grove. OROONOKO, a prince of Angola, sold to slavery..... MR. KNOWLES.

Abou, his friend and confidant also a slave..... Mr. Spencer. Blandford, a resident in Surinam, and favourable to Oronoko..... Mr. Collins.

Captain Driver, commanding a vessel in the slave trade..... Mr. Fenton. Stanmore, a friend to the lieutenant governor..... Mr. Peat.

Harding, a wealthy planter and slave owner..... Mr. Simes. Hotman, a treacherous slave..... Mr. Le-Darval, a resident at Surinam..... Mr. Fitzchou.

Zoar, Slaves in the conspiracy..... Mr. Riley. Girza, against the Governor..... Mr. Dyball. Orun..... Mr. Fitzgerald.

Soldiers, Sailors, Slaves, Planters &c. &c. Sec. by numerous Auxiliaries engaged for this occasion.

IMOINDA, daughter of an English gentleman, and wife to Oronoko..... MRS. KNOWLES. Mrs. Phagewell, a proprietress of Slaves..... Mrs. Larra.

Zoe..... Mrs. Thompson. Lara..... Miss Strickland. Abou..... Miss Jones. Zulcika..... Mdm. Veilburn. Aranthé..... Mrs. Grove. Irza..... Mrs. Montague.

In the course of the piece introduced by particular desire SONG—"PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE."—MRS. KNOWLES.

NEW PAS SEUL... by... MADAME VEILBURN DANCE... by... MISS JONES