

branches. The whole of one species frequently leave the tree simultaneously, rushing off with amazing quickness in search of other trees laden with newly expanded flowers, among which they dash and commence feeding with the utmost eagerness, clinging and creeping among the branches in every possible attitude. As this tribe of birds depends solely for its subsistence on the flowers of the gum trees, their presence in any locality would be vainly sought for at any season when those trees are not in blossom. The sexes are precisely alike in size and in the color of their plumage.

Forehead, lores, and ear-coverts yellow, intermingled with scarlet; crown of the head deep purple; back of the head and neck yellowish green; wing-coverts and rump, grass green; shoulder, light-blue; under surface of the wing crimson; primaries, blackish brown, margined externally with deep green, the extreme edge being greenish yellow; tail, green above, golden beneath; throat and under surface greenish grey, passing into golden green on the flanks and under-tail coverts; bill, black; irides, in some dark brown, in others light reddish brown, with a narrow ring of orange round the pupil; feet bluish flesh color.

The figures about the size of a thrush.

Mr. Gould's account of the other species of the parrot tribe is not less interesting than the above, but, as we shall have another opportunity of referring to this part of his book, we now pass them over, to make room for an interesting little bird, which he designates the *Pedionomus Torquatus*, or COLLARED PLAIN WANDERER, and which is well known in this part of the province, from its strong resemblance to the Quail. Of this interesting little "Wanderer," Mr. Gould speaks thus—

The structure of this singular bird is admirably adapted for inhabiting those extensive and arid plains which characterise many of the central portions of Australia; and we may reasonably suppose, that whenever its vast interior shall be explored, other species of the same form will be discovered. The bird forming the subject of the present plate was received from Mr. Strange, who merely stated that he killed it on the plains near Adelaide. I also learn from Captain Grey, that Mr. Hack, of Adelaide, had a dog which was constantly in the habit of catching a small quail-like bird, while hunting over those plains, and which is doubtless identical with the present, as a second species I obtained on Gawler Plains was caught in a similar way by one of my dogs.

Its length and bustard-like legs are admirably suited for running, while its short round and concave wings are as little adapted for extensive flight; the general contour of this little Wanderer suggests the idea of a diminutive Bustard, and were its legs not furnished with a hind toe, it would range very near to that group.

I regret to say I am unable to give any account of its habits and economy; but I trust that my friend Captain-Sturt, who is resident near the locality it inhabits, and whose ardent love of Natural History will induce him to pay every attention to the subject, may be able to

collect the requisite information on these points, in which case his observations will be included in the present work.

Crown of the head reddish brown, speckled with black; sides of the head and neck, light buff, speckled with black; neck surrounded by a broad band of white, thickly spotted with black; all the upper surface reddish brown, each feather having several transverse crescent-shaped marks in the centre, and margined with buff; tail buff, crossed by numerous narrow brown bars; centre of the breast rufous, the remainder of the under surface buff; the feathers on the breast marked in a similar manner to those on the upper surface, and the flanks with large irregular spots of black; irides, straw-yellow; bill yellow, passing into black at the point; feet, greenish-yellow.

The figures are about the size of the lark.

Many other interesting and important extracts from Mr. GOULD'S book are before us, which we shall probably continue in connexion with some remarks from a gentleman, who has made the Ornithology of South Australia a subject of his particular study.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I love to hear the murmuring deep
Dash 'gainst the pebbled shore;
I love to watch o'er nature's sleep—
And silently adore!

'Tis then events pass'd through the day
Spring freshly to my view;
Void of the colourings false and gay
Which busy fancy drew.

Now, twilight, with her mantle grey,
Gives place to sable night,
And Cynthia wends her lonely way
And sheds her beauteous light.

Now busy man his toil resigns,
And seeks in balmy rest,
Fresh strength to aid those deep designs,
That fill his labouring breast.

Come then sweet sleep and gently press
Thy hand across my brow—
Let watchful angels guard and bless
And hover round me now.

FANTHE.

THE LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

BY SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE.

THE British public have so long been amused with the humorous sketches of the "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville"—now known to be the production of Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia—that, anything proceeding from the same pen, is likely to create a sensation, and, for a time at least, to be read with deep interest.

Such we have no doubt will be the fate of the learned Judge's new work, under the title of the "LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN," which was first given to the reading public during the course of the past year. The work itself, as might be anticipated from its title, consists of a series of epistles, supposed to have been written by various persons on board of the Great Western, in one of her late trips from Bristol to New York, and contains, among other things, to which serious objections, perhaps, might be urged, a few specimens of that broad humour and cutting satire, in which the author of "Sam Slick" is peculiarly fitted to shine.

In this series of letters—most of them aimed at some particular evil, which it is desirable to have corrected—it is remarkable, that most of the imaginary writers are made out to be either fools or rascals—a circumstance, which, for the sake of poor human nature, we are willing to hope, would scarcely apply to the large list of passengers on board the "Great Western," or any other British steamer, at any given time.

With this abatement, many of the letters are well spiced, and exhibit, in a high degree, the author's peculiar tact, in the use and exposition of oddities of thought and quaintness of language. Among other amusing sketches of character, is that of Cato Mignonette, the black steward, who corresponds with a friend in the Union, named Lavender. Cato goes through his duties with a good deal of the stoicism of his Roman namesake, as will be seen by the following—

"Steward here, and steward dere, and steward ebery where; well, I say, 'Coming, sir,' but I takes care neber to come to none at all; and when dey is tired of calling, dey come ob demselves to me, and find out to de last it would be ebery bit as good for em to hab come at fust and sabe dere wind to cool dere soup wid."

Cato's description of the "superfine gentlemens," too often to be found on board a ship, must certainly be pronounced a decided hit—

"As to the men passengers," he says, "I always let dem shift for demselves, for dere is'nt werry few of dem is real superfine gentlemens,

but jist refidge a leetle varnished over de surface like, all pretence. Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when dam um dere is'n't hardly one of em know him by name even. One buccra say, 'Steward, I can't drink dis wine; it is werry poor stuff; what the debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis; he no fit to drink at all? Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman.' Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud, ebery body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of the werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack um lip and say, 'Ah, dat is de wine; always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship.' 'Hush,' I say, 'massa, not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat ere wine, and I keep um for you, for I sees you know de good wine when you sees um, which is more nor most gentlemen does.' Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr. Labender."

To the ladies—as it was befitting—Cato acts with much greater leniency—not overlooking a desire to "hit off" their tastes—the dear "critturs"—for the "little drop" of "stiff grog" to "warm em hearts"—

"I make sception," he says, "of de ladies; de dear critturs I do lub em, and likes to tend on em, dey is so helpless, poor tings! But one ting I must say, and dat is, de white ladies do lub werry stiff grog, werry stiff indeed. Mr. Labender, you hab no notion of it, no more den a child. 'Steward, a leetle, werry leetle weak brandy and water, but mind and let um be werry weak.' 'Yes, ma'am,' I say, and away I goes to mix it. Poor leetle tings! knows werry well what werry weak means—it means half and half, just as I likes um myself. Well, when I takes it to de lady, she make a face like de cabbage leaf, all puckery puckery, wrinckely wrinckely, and arter eber so leetle of a swig at it, she gives um back again to me. 'Oh, steward,' she say, 'how could you! dat is too strong; put in a leetle drop more water; dat is a good steward. Well, I knows what dat means too; so I goes back and puts in one glass brandy more, and two lumps of de sugar more, and stir um up well wid de spoon, and gib um a little-nutmeg for de flavour. 'Try dat,' marm, I say; 'see how you like um; I most fear um too weak now.' 'No steward,' she say, and she smile werry sweet, de leetle dear; 'dat will do werry well; dat just right now—always take care to mix my brandy and water weak, for I isn't used to have um strong, and um gets into my head.' 'Yes, marm,' I say; 'now I knows your gage, I fit you exactly to a T, marm.' De dear leetle critturs, de grog he do warm em hearts, and brighten de eye, and make em werry good-natured."

The above are tolerable specimens of Cato's policy, but the following, in our opinion, beats each of his former strokes hollow—

"T'oder day I sell some small ting to de outlandish Jew, who no speak werry good English, and I goes into his cabin, and I say, 'Our

voyage over now, him pilot on board; so you fork out, massa, if you please.' Well, he stand like a shy horse. 'What dat you say?' say he. 'You fork out now, massa!' say I. Den he goes round, and he bolt de door, and den he say, 'I give you one sovereign, steward, if you no mention it.' 'Oh,' I say, 'I nebber mention um, massa, nebber fear; and I's werry much obliged to you, sir, werry much indeed.' Den he say, 'Here is de forks,' and he give me back three silver forks; 'I took um by mistake,' he say, 'and I hope you no mention um.' Oh, ho, says I to myself, is dat de way de cat jump? Now I sees how de land lay. I come Jew over you, my boy; my turn come now. 'Four sovereigns more, massa, and steward he keep mum; and if you no pay de money, I go bring captain, passengers, and ebery one.' Well, him sovereign break um heart a'most, but he show him out for all that before I go, one—two—three—four—five sovereigns. 'All's right now, massa,' say I; 'dat is what I call forking out.' Jist as I turns for to go, he say, 'How you know I ab um, steward? any body tell you?' Oh, massa,' I say, 'I know de tief so far as I see him. When I clap eyes on you fust, by gosh I knew you for one of dem rascals. No mistake, massa; face nebber tell um lie—he always speaky de truth."

But, amusing and masterly as are some of the sketches contained in the LETTER BAG, few of them are equal to the following, from the third series of SAM SLICK'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS, which was first published in the year 1840, and which thus describes Sam as PLAYING A CARD—

"In the course of our morning's drive, I happened to ask him if he interfered much in politics when he was at home at Slickville.

"No, said he, not now. I was once an assembly man, but since I ginn up politicks. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, squire. There are always plenty of chaps volunteerin' to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortins, if they had any, either. No; I have given that up. Clockmakin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldnt sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it.

"Save your country, says one; save it from ruin; *Cut down salaries*—I intend to says I. *Watch the officials*, says another; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public servants should be the masters of the public.—I quite concur with you, says I. Reduce lawyers' fees, says some; they are a-eatin' up the country like locusts.—Jist so, said I. A bounty on wheat, says the farmer, for your life. Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist? says the manufacturer. Make a law agin' thistles, says one; a regulator about temperance, says another; we have a right to drink if we please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a

fourth—its the curse of the state—I tell you it is the curse of the state; and so on without end.

“I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasin’ nobody. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favour or another, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they were so heavy. At last the great day came. What shall I *lead off* with? I laid awake all night considerin’ of it, a’rollin’ and a-tossin’ over, like cramp in the stomach, not knowin’ what to do; at last I got an idea. Extension of suffrage, says I, *is the card I’ll play*. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules. At that time, squire, we had the forty-shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went on for univarsal suffrage; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on the strength of the new votes, and president arterwards; and it did seem plausible enough, too, that’s a fact. To all appearance it was the best *card in the pack*.

“As soon as the house was opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and its no use a considerin’. So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker, says I, (Lord, how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) let me perpound this resolution, sir, said I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member; no one denies that; it’s a truism. Have I freedom of speech, sir, said I, or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin’ for your answer, sir. Oh, sartain said he, sartain; you may talk for ever if you like; go on, sir, only no man doubts your proposition.—It’s a lie, sir, said I, it’s a lie writ—Order! order!—chair! chair! says some. Knock him down!—turn him out!—where did you larn manners, says others.—Hear me out, says I, will you? and don’t be so everlastin’ fast; what’s the use of jumping afore you come to the fence. It’s a lie written on the face of the constitution.—Oh, oh, says they, is that it?—Yes, says I, it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free; we are slaves; one half of us is tyrants,—unremorseless, onfeelin’, overbearin’ tyrants, and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves,—abject, miserable, degraded slaves.

“The first argument I advance, sir, is this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I could’nt hold in no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord, what a haw! haw! they got up. The first argument is this, sir; and off went both barrels of my nose like thunder; it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin.

“Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer, says the members, a regular sneezer; and they shouted and roared like anything. I thought I should a-died for shame one minnit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I did’nt jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on.—Did the best

blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honour? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution or the Polls? I am for the Polls. *Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also.* How dare you tax the Polls without their consent? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why who would be right or wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muchness, sir,—six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

“What’s that feller talkin’ about? says a member.—A vote to help the Poles agin’ Russia, says the other; what a cussed fool he is. It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so, I could’nt make another line straight. *It was a great card I had tho’, if I had only played it right,* says I, *a very great card indeed.* In fact it was more than a card—it was HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND GAME.—What was it, said he, that was worth all that ere nonsense?—Univarsal suffrage, says I.—Sam, says he, (and I know’d I was in for a lectur’, for he knit his brow, and looked in real right down airmest,) you don’t know what you are talkin’ about. Do you know what univarsal suffrage means.—To be sure I do, says I; it’s every man havin’ a vote and a voice in makin’ those laws that is to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense.

“Well, says he, what’s all that when its fried? why it amounts to this, and nothin’ more nor less; *Now men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds,* but by your beautiful scheme of univarsal suffrage, *rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character.* It is revarsin’ the order of things; it is worse than nonsense; it is downright madness. We are fast approaching this state without your aid, Sam, I can tell you; and when we do arrive at it we shall be an object for the finger of scorn to point at from Europe. We shall then have wound up the fearful tragedy of our revolution with as precious a farce as folly and licentiousness ever produced. Ministers, says I, I don’t know how it is, but you have such a short-hand way of puttin’ things, that there is no contradictin’ of you. You jist squeeze all the argument up in a ball, as easy as dough, and stop a feller’s mouth with it. How the plague is it that you seem always right?—Because *I never played a card,* Sam. I never consider what is *expedient,* but what is RIGHT; never study what will *tickle the ears of the people,* but what will PROMOTE THEIR WELFARE. You would have been all straight, too, if you had only looked to the right and wrong of the measure; but you looked to *popularity,* and that set you to PLAYIN’ OF A CARD. Now, the upshot of this popular gambling, or card playing, is *patriotism;* and mark my words, Sam, mark my words, my boy, for I am an old man now, and have read the human heart well,—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, PATRIOTISM IS THE TRUMP CARD OF A SCOUNDREL.”

LAND VERSUS WATER LOTS.

A TALE OF THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN IN NEW YORK.

Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer viewed, you'll find they are unwise.

YOUNG.

GENTLE reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl Street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accomodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman.

Ah, I perceive you recollect him now. Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear delightful Paris," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "Let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate; and having understood that most of his neighbours had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in right down earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper, a few days afterwards, attended an extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way certainly of accumulating

riches than selling toys in Chatham Street, and he determined to buy, and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title indisputable—terms of sale cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much? The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"Oui, Mounsiour; I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatare privelege; c'est ça."

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall excusez moi, if I shall go to votre bureau, your counting-house, ver quick, to make every ting sure wid respect de lot vid de valuarble vatare privelege. Von leetle bird in de han be vorth two in de tree; c'est vrai—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell den, allons."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered.

Poopoo's heart was light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East River thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled

the Frenchman exceedingly; and being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"Mon ami, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, c'est bien dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of his gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den may be you will have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare privelege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will get into my boat, I will row you out to them!"

"Vat dat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East River is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; and are now all under water."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears," and as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam, and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, quietly smoking a cigar after the labours of the day.

"Monsieur, I have much plasir to fin you, chez vous, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, beaucoup de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, I no like him."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."