

don't know, but I'll ring and ask Dandy." Dandy was the bridegroom's factotum.

The bell was rung, the lady returned to her book, and the gentleman's eyes wandered back to the fire-place. How very amusing it is to watch the funny, and the serious, and the grim faces in the fire, when one wants to go to bed on one's wedding night!

The door opened and the waiter entered. "Did you ring sir?" asked the man, after waiting a reasonable time to stare at both parties at the fire-place.

"Eh—what!" asked the bridegroom, looking yet more curiously into the fire—"yes, I did ring, yes. Send my man!"

"Certainly, sir." The waiter vanished, wondering as he went to call the gentleman's gentleman, what the gentleman saw in the fire-place. It was so odd to look that way, and never once to turn his face round.

The waiter entered a very snug-looking parlour-like room, where were seated, enjoying themselves, the gentleman's gentleman and the lady's lady.

"You're wanted sir," observed the waiter—"your master wants you."

"Me—a—well—yes. Ha! that'll do, waiter. Bring a bed-light."

The gentleman's gentleman stretched his legs out before him, stirred something in a glass, smiled at the lady's lady, and watched the waiter out of the room.

"Now, Julia Nangel," remarked the gentleman's gentleman, as the door closed, "you know it's all very well my being wanted."

"Ah!" you naughty thing you," half laughed Julia; and she walked towards the door, and took the bed-light from the hands of the returned waiter, and left the room with it.

"Sir," said the waiter to the gentleman's gentleman, who was smiling to the very tips of his ears—"it was you, sir, the gentleman asked for."

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Dandy—"me was it—me? Bring me a pair of slippers, waiter."

The man of the napkin stared, and then went for the slippers. Re-occupied in the matter of the book, and in the scrutiny of the strange faces of the fire, were the bride and bridegroom when the lady's lady entered the room with the bed-light.

"Ma—am, it's past eleven," said the abigail, holding out the bed-light before her.

"Oh, is it indeed?" with something like astonishment exclaimed the lady.

"It is, ma—am," re-asserted Julia, still holding forth the bed-light.

"Dear me, who would have supposed it: my book was so pleasant," said the bride, as she rose to leave the room. "Come, Julia. Good-night, Charles."

"Dearest, good!"—but there was something very extraordinary in the fire, and Charles could not go on.

The abigail turned a quick, laughing look upon the bridegroom, as she followed her mistress into the bed-room, which led off the sitting-room, and closed the door between two of the most wretchedly happy mortals in the world—a bride and bridegroom.

What goes on in the bed-room for an hour and a half after the bride enters it, nobody ever knows. The secret of the freemason's is not more darkly covered up. But whatever does go on of course it does go on; while it was going on, there sat the bridegroom, with his knees into the fire, watching the ever-changing faces which laughed at him, frowned at him, turned up their noses, and often seemed to say to him—"does your mother know your out?" There he sat, until the phantasmagoria became darkened, and the fire put on its night cap, and the candles began to give unequivocal symptoms of Othelloizing—"put out the light."

Such was the state of things when the lady's lady, Miss Julia, swam like a slyph from the bed-room, through the sitting-room, and in her prettiest tone simpered out "Good night, sir."

"Eh," ejaculated the astonished and bewildered fire-place philosopher—"eh!" and he retired with the hope of realising the wish of the waiting-woman.

Out of No. 10 and down stairs tripped Julia. On the first landing whom should she meet but the little sharp-looking man, buttoned up to the chin, and with his hat on.

"Good night, good night, my pretty girl," said the sharp-looking little man, and he tried to play the gallant.

"Get along with your nasty compliments," returned Julia, with the accompaniment of an undeniable slap on the face.

Down stairs hurried Julia, and up stairs ran the sharp-looking little man.

Having arrived at that part of the staircase where a corridor ran off to the right, in which was No. 10, the little sharp-looking man made a halt in his "getting up stairs," and silently and noiselessly pursued the way to No. 10. He crept to the door, looked through the key-hole and under the door of the bed-room, which was *en suite* with No. 10. Towards that light the lynx-eyed Latitator stole. At this second key-hole he applied his eye: at first he saw nothing, the light falling with too strong a concentration on his optic; but when he did see, there on a drowsy pillow lay a genuine lady—not a man in woman's togs, as Mr. L. expected! He almost ejaculated aloud. But at that moment his *proper* faculties were roused to the most painful sense of attention.

From behind the curtains on the side of the bed which Mr. L. could not see, emerged a real man!—to be sure he was not in his togs, but he was nevertheless a real man! The bum's left hand was, as quick as lightning, raised to the handle of the door—the lock was gently pressed back. On moved the real man; but his face continued so shaded that its lineaments could not be seen. A portmanteau lay close to the door: to this article the attention of the real man seemed drawn. He took a wax light from the dressing-table; he leant down by the leather convenience (the bit of dirty white paper was in Mr. L.'s hand); he put the wax-light on the floor beside him, and exhibited to the little sharp-looking man the features *not* of the gentleman he was after! The shock was too great for the poor bum. An hysterical "my eyes" escaped his lips—the door which opened towards the bed-room went in with him—he fell over the portmanteau, and the real man, and the candle! The fair one screamed, as well she might; the floored bridegroom swore, which he couldn't help; while the little sharp-looking man, cat-like in all his movements, jumped to his legs, retraced his steps through the rooms, hurried up stairs to his own "local habitation" under the slates, and piled up against his door a dressing-table, two chairs, his hat-box, blue bag and carpet bag, by the light of the moon, before any one could say "Jack Robinson."

CHAPTER VI.

JULIA had not seated herself more than five minutes opposite to Mr. Dandy, in the snug parlour, when the scream of her mistress struck upon her ear. At that moment, too, a waiter was bringing in something hot for the use of the fatigued gentleman's gentleman, and lady's lady, before they went to repose themselves.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Julia, starting to her feet; "if that ain't the mistress!"

"Curse me, if that ain't the master!" chimed in Mr. Dandy, starting to his feet also, and his hair stood bolt upright.

"Gogs blackey!" added the astonished waiter—"I never heered sich a thing!"—and he stood, like a stuck pig, right in the doorway.

"Get out of that, you nasty man!" half screamed the waiting-woman, as she made a drive at the door,—another cry from her mistress, impelling her towards No. 10.

"Cuss your water," swore Mr. Dandy, who in his agony to go to the rescue, had upset the waiter and the *et ceteras* in the doorway, receiving into the bosom of his shirt the boiling water, which had been intended, when qualified, for his stomach.

Down fell the waiter, away flew the waiting-woman, and Mr. Dandy, and along the same passage from the great kitchen came running the cook and kitchen-maid, who both fell over the body of the prostrate knight of the napkin, cutting themselves marvelously with the fragments of the broken glass and jug, and screaming loudly all kinds of "murder."

But the scream was heard in the travellers' room also. This room was close to the foot of the stair-case. In it, at the time, sat the remnant of a commercial party, deep in the question of the distress among the manufacturers, and over head-and-ears in potations of the native, mixed hot and "strong." The few that could, stood up; those that couldn't stand it long, fell down; and those that couldn't stand it at all, rolled off their chairs on the floor.

One gentleman, who was really on his legs, vociferated, "murder," and rushed out of the room. Another, who was partly on his legs, sang out "fire," and went head foremost into the grate; and a third, who hated the agricultural interest, and every other interest but his own, and who, even in his cups, when he lost his legs, never lost sight of number one, cried out "thieves," and split himself into the pit of a traveller for the linen trade, who was taking a quiet nap under the mahogany.

The gent. who shot out of the room followed the sound of the outcry, with strides which took in three stairs at a time.

"There! there!" he shouted out, as he got to the top of the stairs, and turned down the corridor—there it is—it must be!

"Murder! fire!" he bellowed more loudly, rushing, as he thought, straight for No. 10. But now he had to learn that whiskey and water, as well as other spirits, has a will of its own, and that the will of the whiskey prevailed over the man. Instead of entering on the scene of action, as the poor gent. flattered himself he would, he went, head foremost, in an opposite direction, and with such force, that he drove in a door, double-locked, facing No. 10, where slept a virgin lady of about fifty-eight, and her maid, the latter to keep harm's-way out of the way of her mistress.

Into this penetral shot the bag-man. And then—then there was a scream! The lady, virginated for so many years, and hopelessly ignorant of the sweets of married life, and now living with the deep-seated determination never—if she could help it—to change from single blessedness—in proper prudence, kept a lamp burning in the room all night, that thus, even the *shadow* of a man might not come between her and her peaceful dreams! Be it remembered, people always light candles, perhaps at the wrong end sometimes, when they have a horror of shadows! Think, gentle, modest reader, of a genuine man, in breeches, *et cetera*, bolting, head foremost, into such a room!

Up sat the maiden virgin, in terror! and lo! she beheld a he-man, prostrate upon the floor. Scream she did, and cover her eyes with her hands she did too; tho', like your capital blind-man among innocent children, while vowing all was dark as Erebus, she did see a *little* between her fingers. But as her mistress sat up and screamed, so the maid sat up and screamed; nor did she contribute a little to the violent bursts of offended modesty which her mistress sent forth.

Strange was the appearance of the virgin lady and the virgin maid. The former had her head cased in flannel, and her body in a wrapper of the same; all, indeed, of the best Welch manufacture. The latter, too, was similarly cased, but it was with a petticoat, which endured more of the "rubs" of its fair owner than of the washerwoman. They were pictures!

Julia and Mr. Dandy, immediately succeeded the gentleman in rushing up stairs, whose elevated heroism had proved such a floorer to him, and who, instead of preventing murder, had got up, in his own way, a little something worse than murder.

True to their employers, the gentleman's gent. and the lady's lady, cared not a farthing for the scream or the oath of any but those who paid them. They hurried into No. 10, and to the door leading into the bed-room—that was now *locked*, perhaps the bridegroom had taken Mr. L. for a drunken traveller, and, to prevent future mistakes, had locked "the world and his wife" out.

"Is any thing the matter, ma'am?" asked the frightened waiting-woman through the door.

"Oh! nothing!" said the lady.

"You don't want me, sir?" interrogated Mr. Dandy.

"You, sir—no!" returned the master; adding, as the maid and man receded from the door, almost as fast as they came, "Go, sir, and tell the landlord to stop that confounded uproar." That was the noise he complained of.

"Lor, what was it?" inquired the trembling Julia of Mr. Dandy; "I'm sure it was like her scream."

"Im sure—it's a myetery," replied Mr. Dandy; "but there's a real row, Julia, over the way—shall we join it?"

"Oh! with all my heart," said Julia. "It was so strange."

Mr. Dandy and Julia, closing the door of No. 10, now joined the crowd collecting in the opposite room.

"What's the matter—what's the matter, ma'am—for mercy sake, ma'am, speak?" inquired the rotund landlady, who was in her bed-wrapper, from the maiden-widow, tied up with flannel bandages about the head, and in a flannel jerkin to boot. Ma'am, what is it?—Oh! I shall go mad, ma'am—ma'am!"

Still the maiden lady screamed away—her faithful protectress screamed also—both, perhaps, a little louder than before.

"Here's a go," said boots, and something nearly threw him on his face. He looked down and then he looked up—"ma'am," he exclaimed.

"What? what? what?"—asked the excited landlady, who hitherto had been so distracted with the screaming, and so attentive to the ladies in their "dish-sha-bill," as the boots called it; but she never thought of any thing else, nor looked for any thing else.

"Here he is, ma'am!" explained the boots,— "here he is;" and he pointed to the gentleman on the floor.

"Mercy!—a dead man!" screamed the landlady. A yet more terrible yell, burst from the damsels in the bed.

"No, ma'am," grinned boots, as he looked into his lady's face, "he's not dead all out; he's only dead in a sorte,—ma'am he's dead drunk!"

The mystery was cleared up in an instant. A drunken man had fallen through a door, double-locked, into a lady's place of repose. She screamed,—of course she did; her maid screamed also; of course, all maids, under like circumstances, would have done the same. People ran to the place of uproar, of course they did, that

was natural. Among those who hurried to prevent murder, was the landlady; that, too, was right; and she, good soul, was horrified, and dignified, and in a night-wrapper,—at such a time of night, that, too, was all perfectly natural. But when "the cat was out of the bag," why the drunken man was carried to bed by waiters and boots, &c., and the ladies, who were in bed, after hearing a brief apology and explanation from the landlady, were not taken out of bed, but left, once more, to repose "in the arms of murphy."

(To be continued.)

A Bowl of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

HORATIAN MOTTOES.—(Freely translated.)

FOR A NEW MAYOR.—"Vel nos in Capitolium."—Vell ve're in, capital.

FOR GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS.—"Materiam mali mittimus."—We send the very worst materials.

FOR A PALE COMPLEXION.—"Carmine curat."—Carmine cures it.

FOR THE NEW LOTTERY BILL.—"Tentaris numeros."—Try our numbers.

FOR A WINE SHADES.—"Bimi cum paterâ meri."—Come buy my two-year old Port.

FOR A WANDERING SPOUSE RETURNED.—"Nisi reddidisses."—You've come back with a nice eye.

FOR A CHARITY-PLATE.—"Pennis non homini datis."—Pennies not given to man.

FOR A CHURCH-YARD.—"Dum graves."—Silent tombs.

FOR A SPORTING PIGEON-SHOT.—"Gratus, et imis."—Gratis, and I miss.

FOR A DEPARTED GOVERNMENT OFFICER.—"Roges tuum laborem quid usum?"—Rogers, what's the use of your labours?

FOR A YOUNG GENTLEMAN GOING TO SCHOOL.—"Puer, jam non, ut ante."—No jam, my boy, as at Aunty's.

FOR A CELEBRATED LEGAL PRACTITIONER.—"Urbi sollicitus times quid?"—What! do you fear the City Solicitor?

MARKETS, MARITIME, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—From the small supply of these articles this week, we should say that they have got the sack altogether. A trifling quantity of the latter, injured by the wet, still sticks on hand.

SALT, from the same cause, came to market dripping, and in a very pretty pickle.

CHAFF.—A few bags of this only were received, which were quickly distributed amongst the butcher's boys round the market.

GREEN-BEDDING was plentiful, but did not turn out well; thirteen gentlemen who had lodged in the Domain and Hyde Park, the previous night, having been treated with under the Vagrant Act. Green-bedding was therefore looked upon as an uncertain and dangerous article.

SOAP. LONDON: Hawes. } Couldn't stand the rub with Colonial, and consequently became quite a bubble. Holders of imported soap in the suds.

LIVERPOOL. } SCOTCH. } STARCH.—The holders of starch were stiff, notwithstanding the pressing appeals of the washer-women, (firsters and seconders) who looked extremely blue upon refusal to lower the price.

TEAS.—Gunpowder went off as usual. Congou was much inquired after, but couldn't be found, and was therefore supposed to have gone to pot.

MOLASSES.—There was a great run upon this article, in consequence of a cask having been staved in Pitt-street, which attracted the serious attention of some gentlemen connected with the barley-sugar, bulls-eye, and Everton toffee trade in a small way, who became eager bidders. It excited great competition, and we have seldom seen any thing go down better. As the Americans say, "it beat every thing to licks." It seemed to us, however, dirt cheap.

MACE was in great request amongst gentlemen with dirty regattas, disordered bluchers, and superannated Uther's; but the supply was fully equal to the demand, and the holders displayed great firmness in not parting with the article for any thing but cash. This prevented much business, (and themselves,) being done.

TOBACCO.—The market has been pretty quiet; though several holders had their pipes put out.

BRANDY (in bond) not due for liberty. B. B. RUM.—Best-bush-rum was still. A few private sales were made; but as our informant had his doubts, the legs said about it the better.

IRON.—The rooted habits of predatory porkers among young corn occasioned a great demand for pig-iron for nose-rings.

LEAD went off like a shot, as it usually does in the quail season. WHALEBONE.—To use a nautical expression, "having missed stays," wasn't much called for afterwards.

HORNS.—These were blown upon, and their sale completely stopped.

TIPS.—These were in great request, particularly amongst Inspectors of Distilleries, &c.

HIDES.—Out of sight altogether; except such as were tanned, about which there was a great cry out.

KANGAROO SKINS jumped up rather high. SEALS.—On account of the late discoveries at the Post Office, these were not looked upon as secure. An imitation article was introduced, so like the real, that it did not excite any attention.

MIMOSA-BARK.—Buyers seemed rather sensitive. ROPE—ASSORTED.—This hung on hand: several previous purchasers having been up to their necks in it. A few cords were however bought for the new Organ.

CUCUMBERS had a slice of luck, and, mixed with spring onions, were in good odour.

LEeks on account of the wet weather were rather avoided; shingles being preferred.

POTATOES were looking up; which they could very well do on account of their numerous eyes.

POSTS AND RAILS.—Since the stoppage of the Port Phillip Mail, railing has rather preponderated over posts, which latter are very slow articles.

COALS.—Quotation. "Coals is coals now."

Mercantile Bills on England.....	Not payable
Treasury Bills .....	Not drawing
Bills on Pa.....	Depend upon circumstances.

## THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA:

Taken up at its very earliest commencement, and carried down to the present time: shewing fully and comprehensively all the points of its compass; what it wants, and what it does not want; what it can, and what it cannot produce; what it should, and what it should not do; with copious notes upon everything, except its bills, which have already been noted: together with an account of the disposition of its inhabitants and lands; who has the oyster, who the shell; where the sore is, where the salve: with many curious particulars not to be found in Lang, Cunningham, Mitchell, or in any history but this, which forms a complete clue to the Australian labyrinth, and should be, and doubtless will be, in the hands, or on the shelves, of all bodies learned and unlearned throughout the world.—

By JONAS FLUKE, MISSIONER.

"Very like a whale."—SHAKESPEARE.  
CHAPTER I.

The earliest infancy of Australia before it could run alone. An Egyptian speculation. The voyage of Jason. Fatal Curiosity, a tragedy, by Captain Cook. Monomania of Tasman the Dutchman; followed by Flam. William Dampier. Bligh-Bounty-Breadtree. A full, true, and particular account of Prince Lee Boo: with many other incidents too numerous and valuable for the heading of a chapter, and to acquaint himself with which the gentle reader is requested to plunge boldly into the volume.

AUSTRALIA, for what anybody knows to the contrary, might have been visited by the Phenicians in the very early ages, as that people were known to have been extensively connected with the shipping interest; but as no mention is made of the circumstance by the adventurous naval auto-biographer, Sindbad, the Sailor, it is impossible to say with positive certainty that such a visit ever took place. Traces, however, of the Egyptian language are discoverable among the present inhabitants, with whom, for instance, the word "Bale" or "Baal" is in continual use; but, as it is generally attached to "Gammon," which savours much more strongly of preserved pig than pyramids, it is fair to infer that a cross of the Irish has crept in among them. The natives' method of living is not unlike the Egyptian, inasmuch as they eat all they can catch, and are compelled to catch all they eat; which latter, by the way, is the far more difficult task of the two. They also indulge in a custom of getting drunk as speedily as circumstances will permit; but this they share in common with most enlightened countries.

Some writers have also endeavoured to establish the theory that Australia was the real Colchis towards which Jason steered for the Golden Fleece. The price of wool in those days cannot be exactly ascertained; but, if it realized sixteen pence a pound, and Helots were cheap, we do not think the idea is so monstrously sheepish as it might seem to appear at a casual glance. The consumption of wool was then very great, and it was, therefore, naturally an article of much demand in the market; the skins were also very readily disposed of; for we read, that when Queen Dido gave a supper-party to Aeneas and his friends, the table napkins were neither dowlas nor diaper, but sheepskins after a clip:—

"Tonsigne ferant mantilia villis."

The author does not say what became of the carcasses; but it is fair to infer that they were either boiled down for exportation to countries which required enlightening, or served up for mastication after the most approved fashion of the kitcheners of the time, viz.: haunches with jelly, shoulders with onion-sauce, and legs with capers and turnips smashed. The authority of Virgil upon such a point is much in its favour; for his walk was amongst sheep, and his name bears with it a thousand Pastoral Associations.

But without troubling everybody with digressions and disquisitions about which nobody cares, it is quite sufficient for our present purpose to shew that Australia has been discovered; and, assuming to itself a great degree of latitude, now cuts a very considerable figure in Mercator's Chart, being about as large as Europe, and in process of time will doubtless become as respectable. The Southern Seas, which live next door, are peopled with innumerable islands formed out of coral, which are principally used by the young sharks in cutting their teeth; an example which is also followed in England by the present Prince of Wales.

Some of these islands are known as the "Friendly Islands," and are so called from the extraordinary care manifested by their inhabitants in putting every visitor out of harm's way. In the vicinity are also the "Sandwich Islands." This name is derived from a native custom of placing the dead bodies of their enemies between two thin slices of bread and butter, and devouring them by way of a relish. At one of these islands died the circumnavigator, Captain James Cook. It is called "Owhyhee," but why he went there is not clearly ascertained; his biographer having contented himself with remarking, that "the Captain had much better have stayed at home." The natives have many peculiar customs, such as walking on two legs; sleeping with their eyes shut; and opening their mouths very wide at mealtimes. Their bodies are quite naked, with the exception of those parts which are covered; and, like the housemaids in English country towns, they drop in upon one another "quite promiscuous." Their institutions are few, and rather of the free-and-easy sort; in fact, all these islands have formed themselves into a Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, which practically lectures upon skulls and club-law. They wear their hair long; and, like all barbarous nations are excellent hair dressers; taking the greatest pains to grease and pick their locks which they elongate into a pyramidal form; and these again being stuffed out with dry grass and feathers may be looked upon as a species of pad-lock. They invariably sing in battle, and sing out lustily when wounded; a decided confirmation of the poet's line;

"Though dark his skin the savage keenly feels."

The natives are themselves no indifferent poets, as may be seen from the following specimen of dog-grel, preserved by Dr. Bow-wow-ring; and written upon the melancholy fate of Captain Cook: indeed, it not only proves that song is unconfined to age and clime, but also shews a knowledge of localities and character, for which this simple people has scarcely received credit.

Wuntootreecum Cappitee Cookee  
Heepley gammonnee tarstanoose  
Bumnamjumbut-use berry belliookee  
Sandarawichee cookeimgoos.  
Spittimee stummee bastimgoos  
Alleattwunce { Lynemroun brownemwel pykingoos  
Bobobobo botallimgoos.

The triplet appears to be a species of chorus, of that sort practised in Great Britain by those admirable institutions for sober, steady mechanics, called "pay-table clubs;" and bears a strong analogy to "Hoky poky whanky fum;" or the more purely English, but not less elegant and forcible "Tol de rol de rido;" at all events the learned Doctor thus translates "Alleattwunce;" and is the more confirmed in his construction of the word, by the cannibal propensities of the natives, who would naturally join chorus with the ruler of the roast, previously to commencing the joint attack.

(To be continued.)

## Theatricals.

THE return of Mr. and Mrs. Coppin and Mrs. Bushelle to the Victoria was a necessary reinforcement of the *corps dramatique*, whose strength had been considerably impaired by the secession of Messrs. Lazar, Nesbitt, Simmons, and other of the leading members. The fortunes of the theatre, accordingly, appear to be once more on the flow; and, however we may regret the absence of some of the "old familiar faces," we cannot withhold a few words of greeting to the accomplished artists who have been so opportunely re-engaged by Messrs. Wyatt and Knight. The reproduction of several of the classical pieces which distinguished the period of Mr. Lazar's management is a gratifying proof that the present director is not governed by any exclusive feeling in favour of the too prevailing mania for Whitechapel domestic tragedies. Shakspeare, Sheridan, Shiel, have had some of their master-pieces represented in very creditable style, and Mrs. Coppin has done justice to such of the fair creations of those mighty masters as have been consigned to her hands. Mr. Coppin has been equally successful; and his able personification of Sir Peter Teazle, and also of the Mayor of Nayarre, must stamp him as an actor of no ordinary pretensions. The intervals between the acts have been agreeably relieved by the graceful dancing of Signor Carandini and Madame Louise (the former a new arrival, and a welcome addition to the *corps de ballet*); and also by some beautiful duets by Mrs. Bushelle and Mrs. Wallace, in which their voices have gone delightfully together; as Shelley says—

"Formed as notes of music are  
For one another, though dissimilar;  
Such difference without discord as can make  
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake  
As trembling leaves in a continuous air."

We cordially wish the management all the success their exertions deserve.

## Music and Musicians.

FARINELLI, the celebrated singer, was knighted and made Prime Minister of Spain, "an elevation which," says Cafarielli, "he richly merited, for he was the finest tenor in the world." When will Australia evince a similar respect for the fine arts, and select a Colonial Secretary for the compass of his voice, rather than of his mind? When shall we have a musical benefit of clergy? Mr. Nathan is angry with M. Hullah for his pantomimic arrangement in London, of "*Music for the Million*;" but we, in Sydney, are only puzzled where to find the million for the music.

With the exception of some trifling *morceaux* by Mrs. Bushelle at the Victoria; and the weekly performances by the band of the ninety-ninth in the Domain, there are, at present, no occurrences in the Musical world to call for any particular notice. Mr. Marsh's announcement of a Concert has been withdrawn; and as the retirement from the Victoria of the clever *artistes* who contributed so greatly to the success of *La Cenerentola* forbids us to hope for the revival of that charming Opera, we fear that, for some short time, our records of Music and Musicians will be 'barren exceedingly.' Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr,—immortal geniuses! what are ye in the sober estimation of reason in New South Wales? Mr. Laing drew a correct but mortifying picture of our taste at the Antipodes, when he declared that the Arkwrights, the Wattses, the Davys, the thousands of scientific inventors and producers in the *useful* arts in this age, must rank before its mighty artists as wielders of great intellectual powers for social good. Alas! the exponent of our civilization and intellectual and social progress, is neither a pianoforte nor an ophecleide, but a wool-press! The Bank of Australia Lottery Bill may perhaps put us to rights a little, and the following anecdote may not be without its point.

When state-lotteries were neither illegal nor immoral in England, two travellers happened to meet in a coffee-room in Leeds.

"What would you do with the money," inquired one, "should you get the great prize of forty thousand pounds?"

"I would have the best collection of books, pictures, and music in all England," was the reply. "And if you got it?"

"Why," said the north-countryman, "I would build a manufactory at Birmingham, and go right an end, into the brass-button line."

This last was a man that should have emigrated to New South Wales.

## Memoranda of Men and Things.

## THE GOVERNOR OF A COLONY—HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

"Therefore, O Jove, Governors are thine of right,  
And thou hast set them on a noble height  
Above their subject cities; and thine eye  
Is ever on them, whether they delight  
To rule their people in iniquity,  
Or by sound government to raise their name on high."—  
CALIMACHUS.

WE last week gave a cotemporary's forcible exposition of a somewhat unenviable trait in the character of Sir George Gipps. We here present, in singular contrast, the character of Sir Charles Metcalfe, as it has been lately drawn by no less a personage than Edward Gibbon Wakefield. This plausible theorist is now a member of the provincial parliament of Canada, and has lately published a pamphlet, entitled "A View of Sir Charles Metcalfe's Government in Canada." In this little *brochure*, the author professes to describe the state of government which Sir Charles Metcalfe found on his arrival, and takes a brief retrospect of the affairs of the province from the time of Lord Durham's mission. He also attempts a definition of the various views of "Responsible Government" entertained by certain parties at home and in the province, and professes to give an explicit account of the rupture between Sir Charles and his executive councillors. We are rather inclined to indulge in speculative surmises as to the motives which led to the publication of this pamphlet. Men of a certain temperament often have as bright ideas as Mr. Wakefield, but they do not often persuade governments to adopt them. He, however, drew out such a charming plan upon paper, that the Colonial Office was quite bitten. Now, Mr. Wakefield, it seems, is not a man of shifting ideas, but it does so happen that "land-mania" is a shifting thing as to its head-quarters: it once flourished in the nineteen counties of New South Wales, but it has now removed to Canada, and

Mr. Wakefield—the very reverse of the Cockney traveller, who made a land-mark of a cow, and was surprised when he missed his way on returning to the place—is quite alive to the fact, that the "land-mania" has shifted its site, and appears to have flung away every affectation of discretion in hailing its arrival in a province of whose parliament he is an honorable member. Some strange stories are afloat as to some recent proceedings of this accomplished land-jobber, and if all that we hear be true, there have been weighty reasons for his painting Sir Charles's portrait *couleur de rose*. It is a clever performance, nevertheless, and will be perused with interest by many here, who, if they take all the painter's touches as drawn from life, will be apt to think that Sir Charles Metcalfe has few attributes in common with Sir George Gipps:—

"It is a common saying in Canada that the Governor General works like a slave. His work, however, differs from that of the slave, inasmuch as he seems to take great pleasure in it. I have never known anybody in public or private life, who appeared so to love labour for its own sake. It is not that he indulges in but little relaxation; for he is unceasingly at work, except when eating or asleep. The heaps of papers which most men in high office look at with ill-concealed dismay, and never intend to read through if they can help it, he grasps with evident satisfaction, and surely reads every word of their contents. Of the countless applications for interviews on business, most of which common Governors evade if they can, he never refuses, still less evades, a single one. Nor does tiresomeness fatigue him: it is said that he hears every story to the end, and never attempts to close an interview, except by occasionally wearing out importunity by silence. How he finds the time is a problem: I know only that he is never in a hurry.

"The public often hears of Sir Charles Metcalfe's munificence. That might be, to a person of his fortune, an easy mode of self-gratification. But if his unknown charities may be measured by reference to the small proportion of such acts of mere benevolence which usually becomes known, he gives more away secretly than in public. Nor is his kindness of heart alone displayed in helping people who want money. It appears in the forms of a ready sympathy with every case of suffering, and still more agreeably in a never-failing and most delicate consideration for the feelings of others. That generosity which has been called politeness of the heart, is especially his.

"And this reminds me to speak of another kind of charity which seems to be one of his habits. I mean the spirit of toleration; the predisposition to think well of everybody; the unwillingness to condemn; the love of favourable construction of the opinions and acts of others; the total absence of the bad part of what the phrenologists call combativeness.

"A strong love of justice generally accompanies the quality last described. In Sir Charles Metcalfe it appears to be always active. I believe it to be the governing motive of every one of his decisions on two-sided matters. On several occasions I have advised applicants to him for the redress of an injury, to be sure and explain the *injustice* they had suffered; and the result always answered my expectations. I fancy that I could with certainty foretell his determination in any case involving a question of justice.

"The kindred qualities of sincerity and honesty have their natural place in this large family of virtues; but they are more than commonly vigorous in Sir Charles Metcalfe. Not merely is he, as the reader would take for granted, incapable of saying the thing which is not, but he will say out the full plain truth, to his own great disadvantage, whenever his silence about it would be apt to leave a wrong impression on any body's mind. And as for honesty, it is not enough to say that nothing would persuade him to take an unfair advantage: he can hardly bring himself to take a fair one. It may be questioned whether he would train his own horse for a race, if he thought that the other horses would not be trained: he would hesitate about engaging counsel to manage his cause, if the other party were too poor or silly to employ counsel. Some may think I am describing a goose; but such is the man; and it will be seen in the sequel that a description of this man's peculiar character is a necessary part of my explanation.

"For the direct purpose of stating the fact, it were needless to say that Sir Charles Metcalfe dislikes in others every species of deceit and overreaching. I say it for the indirect purpose of exhibiting a very different trait in his character. Trickery excites in him a feeling very like anger. And yet it is not anger; for instead of having great command of temper, or an excellent temper, he is really without a temper. I never witnessed such patience under provocation. I am speaking now of what I saw myself, and could not have believed without seeing. It was not merely quiet endurance, but a constant, good-humored cheerfulness and lightness of heart, in the midst of trouble enough to provoke a saint or make a strong man ill. To those who, like me, have seen three Governors of Canada literally worried to death, this was a glorious spectacle.

"In self-reliance, few are equal to Sir Charles Metcalfe, none superior. He never turns to his neighbour to ask what he thinks, or what ought to be done. Like a spider, which emits its web out of its own body, he spins his opinions out of his own brain; and then, as their formation was not effected, so are they unchangeable, by any external influence.

"This is a dangerous quality, unless accompanied by abundance of caution. His caution may be termed a wariness that never sleeps. He is slow of decision. When examining questions, whether for judgment or action, he casts about so long in search of all the pros and cons, that you imagine he hesitates to decide. It is not hesitation, but a deliberate circumspection. He won't be hurried. The only fear I ever observed in him was the fear of making a mistake from ignorance or inadvertence. The time which he bestowed on inquiry or deliberation was not always in proportion to the seeming importance or complication of the case; but still it was plain that he went by some rule which procured for all cases a great deal of consideration, and for each as much as sufficed to make him master of the whole case; not the general features only, but even the minutest particulars. It is again a puzzle to know how he found the time.

"Such circumspection or wariness is naturally uncommunicative. Sir Charles Metcalfe must have a great bump of secretiveness. Though chatty (I would say jolly, if it were not indecorous) out of business, on business he never speaks unnecessarily. Even on occasions of the utmost interest to him, no word or look betrays his thoughts, unless he chooses to disclose them; and then he speaks with absolute unreserve. I was often amused by hearing of the total failure of attempts by old hands at Governor-pumping to get at his intention, or opinion, or impression, when he had a mind to keep it to himself; and the cases were frequent in which a listener, accustomed to official mystification, doubted the truth of his communication, because it was so complete and unimistakeable.

"His courage is of the highest order, comprising both sorts of fearlessness; both the physical boldness which depends on nervous