

LITERATURE.

SONGS OF THE SQUATTERS.

(No. 2.)

THE Commissioner bet me a pony—I won,
So he cut off exactly two thirds of my run.
For he said I was making a fortune too fast;
And profit gained slower, the longer would last.

He remarked as, devouring my mutton, he sat,
That I suffered my sheep to grow sadly too fat;
That they wasted waste land, did prerogative brown,
And rebelliously nibbled the droits of the crown.

That the creek that divided my station in two
Showed that Nature design'd that two fees should be due.
Mr. Riddell assured me 't was paid but for show,
But he kept it, and spent it—that's all that I know.

The Commissioner fined me, because I forgot
To return an old ewe that was ill of the rot,
And a poor wry-necked lamb that we kept for a pet,
And he said it was treason such things to forget.

The Commissioner pounded my cattle, because
They had mumbled the scrub with their famishing jaws
On the part of the run he had taken away,
And he sold them by auction the costs to defray.

The Border Police they were out all the day,
To look for some thieves who had ransack'd my dray,
But the thieves they continued in quiet and peace,
For they'd robb'd it themselves, had the Border Police.

When the white thieves were gone, next the black thieves appeared,
My shepherds they waddled, my cattle they speared;
But for fear of my License I said not a word,
For I knew it was gone if the Government heard.

The Commissioner's bosom with anger was filled
Against me, because my poor shepherd was killed;
So he straight took away the last third of my run,
And got it transferred to the name of his son.

The son had from Cambridge been lately expell'd,
And his license for preaching most justly withheld;
But this is no cause, the Commissioner says,
Why he should not be fit for my license to graze.

The cattle that had not been sold at the pound
He took with the run, at five shillings all round,
And the sheep the blacks left me, at sixpence a head—
And a very good price, the Commissioner said.

The Governor told me I justly was served,
That Commissioners never from duty had swerved;
But that if I'd a fancy for any more land,
For one pound an acre he'd plenty on hand.

I'm not very proud, I can dig in a bog,
Feed pigs, or for firewood can split up a log,
Clean shoes, riddle cinbers, or help to boil down,
Any thing that you please—but graze lands of the Crown!

COLONIAL SCULPTURE—MR. CHARLES ABRAHAM.

MR. ATLAS.—From an advertisement which lately appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and from a card of admission which was sent to me, I was induced to pay a visit to the Royal Hotel, where some specimens of Colonial Sculpture were placed for public exhibition. I went, with the full expectation of finding some rude attempts to delineate the human face divine, on stone or plaster of Paris, by some aspiring tyro in the noble art of Sculpture; but was delighted to find my anticipations had shot so wide of the mark. The exhibition was a small one. It would have appeared so even in the Artist's studio—and it seemed doubly so, when contrasted with the large, gloomy, desolate ball-room of the Hotel. There were in all but four specimens of art. The originals of two of them—namely, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., and a daughter of Sir Thomas Mitchell—I had never seen; but I was able to judge of the likeness of the former, from the numberless prints of "the Liberator" that are scattered over the world; and I am assured by those who have seen them both, that the Artist has been very happy in the delineation of their features and expression. It is worthy of notice, too, and must increase our wonder as well as add to the fame of the Sculptor, that he himself had never seen O'Connell, except through the medium of Engravings. With the two remaining specimens,—the busts of Dr. Nicholson, M. C., and Charles Windeyer, Esq., our worthy Police Magistrate,—I could have shaken hands (if the Sculptor had given them hands to shake).—Their faces were as familiar to me as household words. If I wished, indeed, to be hypercritical, I might mention some slight defects in the Doctor's bust; but it is so good as a whole, that it would be a pity to quarrel with the sun for its spots. The bust of Mr. Windeyer is all that could be desired. It is a work of art that would not disgrace our fatherland, whose Sculptors are treading boldly and closely in the footsteps of their Greek and Roman Masters.

And are these things to be done in Australia—the far away island of the Sea, but lately found;—the antipodes of that country where the liberal arts are fostered and flourish;—Australia, which within the memory of the present generation was a waste howling wilderness, untrodden by the foot of civilization;—the haunt of the kangaroo and opossum,—and of a scanty race of savages—the lowest in the scale of intellect that have been discovered? Yes; these things have been done in Australia; and greater works are still to be accomplished here, in the fertile fields of art and intellect, when the people of Australia shall have been awakened to the truth which is fast progressing over the world, that the greatness and glory of a country depend not on the extent of its territory, the means of its defence from foreign aggression, the fertility of its soil, or the number of its flocks and herds grazing on a thousand hills; but on the growth of mind—on the character of the men whom that country produces. And how is this truth to be brought home to the community among whom we dwell? Obviously by the mighty voice and influence of the press, and of that portion of the press principally, which, like the ATLAS and our other weekly publications, has sufficient leisure to cull some of the flowers of literature and the fine arts to garnish the more prosaic details of the passing events of the day. My province at present is not to pass compliments, or draw unseemly comparisons; but I think I may say without flattery, that in some of these publications which have lately sprung into existence, full grown at a leap, the eye of the public must have been opened, as mine have been, to the pleasing fact, that this country is richly stored with men of high intellect,—and that the day is not distant when the man

of genius will not be left to pine in solitary poverty and neglect, but will be taken by the hand, nurtured, supported, and stimulated to break forth from his obscurity, and expose the beautiful creations of his mind to the broad eye of day, and the admiring gaze of a delighted people. Then will the humble and unknown individual, whose works form the subject of these remarks, be as widely known and supported as he deserves; then, and not till then, will full justice be done to his genius and talents.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar:
Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star:
And waged with Fortune an unceasing war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unprized and unknown.

It will partly depend on yourself, Sir, and the other conductors of our periodical literature, and on the number of Mæcenases among us, whether the young sculptor of whom we speak shall share the fate of the neglected genius, so beautifully described by the author of the *Minstrel*.

And why should Australia be the last in the race of intellectual advancement? It was in the sunny land of Greece,

Fair clime where every season smiles,
Benignant o'er her blessed isles,

that the art of sculpture was cradled and carried forward to perfection. True, it was known to the Egyptians at an earlier age; and in a ruder shape, must have been practised in periods still more remote: but it was Greece, in the splendid age of Pericles, that produced Phidias, and at a later day Praxiteles, and Lysippus, and a host of others, whose productions in sculpture have remained unrivalled miracles of sublimity and beauty to all succeeding ages. Sculpture travelled with the tide of conquest from Greece to Italy. Yes, it was

From its native country driven,
When tyranny eclipsed the sun
And blotted out the lights of heaven;
When liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew
To where the Tiber pours its urn:

But Italy was a fostering parent to the art, and while Michael Angelo will scarcely yield in sublimity of execution to Phidias, and surpasses him in sublimity of design; Canova has drank of the pure well of beauty, which flowed from the creations of Praxiteles and his disciples.

The cold in clime, according to the poet's creed, are cold in blood; but they are not necessarily cold in imagination also: for when sculpture passed from the sunny country of the Scipios and Cæsars, it found a warm reception in the cold climate of Britain; and our fatherland at the present day can exhibit specimens of the art, all but equal to those of Italy and Greece. The names of Chantry, Westmacott, Flaxman, Bacon, Baily, and others, form a galaxy of glory, scarcely surpassed by the greatest artists of antiquity.

To take one example from a thousand, and the work of a sculptor not the most extensively known among those of England, what design of antiquity can surpass the beauty and chastity in conception and execution of Baily's Eve at the Fountain? To those who have never seen the statue, or even an engraved representation of it, a description from the pen of a connoisseur will best answer my purpose. It represents the Eve of Milton, bent over the fountain in which she first beheld the reflection of her own loveliness, with a look composed of admiration and wistfulness and wonder. Unaided by accessories of any description, and without the *prestige* of any particular sentiment, it wins by the sole charm of its own perfect and unadorned loveliness. The rich contours and entire polish of the limbs, the easy and graceful attitude and fine sweep of the figure, the sweet and half-serious, half-smiling expression of the almost divine features, and the skill by which an entirely naked figure is made to breathe the very spirit of purity and chastity—constitute a work which approaches as nearly to the severe and simple beauty of Greek art as any of modern times.

If the cold in clime, then, are able to perform such wonders in sculpture,—why should Australia, the land of the Sun, with a climate as benignant and skies as unclouded as those of Italy or Greece, be afraid to contend for the prize? We are a young country, it is true, but we are the scions of a goodly stock;—we are saplings of the patriarchal oak of old England;—we are subjects of Victoria; and, however distant from the throne, form part and parcel of the British Empire. We have no right, therefore, to shelter ourselves under the sluggard's excuse, that we are too young to contend with Britain's aspiring sons.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I look upon those specimens of sculpture which Mr. Abraham has exhibited, as giving us a claim to a close relationship with the Sculptors of England. I know that sculpture, like the arts and sciences, in all countries, must have its infancy, as well as its manhood and old age. I can see that Mr. Abraham has advanced beyond his pupillage, and that, with support and encouragement he will make greater advances still. It is for this reason that the patrons of the fine arts among us ought to lend him an assisting hand, and give him a fair chance of showing what is within him.

I confess, Sir, that judging from experience, I am not very sanguine of the result of this attempt to bring a deserving, clever artist into notice. The people who are blind to the beauties of painting, are not likely to be worshippers of a sister art. We have had painters among us of high standing and unquestionable ability, one of whom, and not the least eminent, after struggling for years to introduce into this Colony a feeling for the beauties of the fine arts, and labouring unsuccessfully to establish an Exhibition or a School for Painting; was compelled, from the impossibility of procuring a bare livelihood in Sydney, to remove to another colony, where he experienced a warmer reception, and has been the means of establishing an Exhibition of Paintings, which ought to bring the blush to the cheeks of the Queen of the South—the Metropolis of Australia. The Sculptor, therefore, cannot expect much patronage in a country which starves and expatriates her painters.

But let us not despair. If we have hitherto been unjust to the Painter, let us do justice at least to the Sculptor who has lately appeared among us. The path which he has chosen, like that of the portrait painter, if not the highest, is generally

the most profitable, because it addresses itself most to the pardonable vanity of our race. And in a country where good portrait painters are so rare, we should hail the appearance of such an artist as Mr. Abraham, who has shown us triumphantly in his exquisite modelling of Mr. Windeyer's bust, that when we require to erect a statue to some benefactor of this country we need not send to England for a Sculptor, as we can find one so much nearer home.

Let me hope, Sir, that you will exert the influence of your high talents in raising the standard of our taste, in giving us a relish for the ennobling pursuits of the fine arts as well as of literature, and in endeavouring to establish Schools or Exhibitions of Painting and Sculpture in this city, where the talents of the country may be concentrated, where genius will meet and receive fresh energy and inspiration from kindred genius; and where the ardent minds of the sons of the soil may be prevented from running to waste—may be raised above the unsatisfying pursuit of sensual enjoyment, to revel in the lofty and inexhaustible pleasures of the intellect, which alone can satisfy the cravings of the mind of man. I may be told that we are not ripe for such things in Australia—that the depression of the times offers an effectual bar to our encouragement of the fine arts. Dreams and delusions all! If we wait for better times, for this purpose, be assured they will never arrive. If we be deterred by the smallness of our beginnings, we should remember that it was not till the conclusion of the last century that a School for Sculpture was established in England: and if such magnificent results have been produced in the mother country, in so short a period, why should we delay a single week in establishing the germ of a similar School here? We ought to set an example to the provinces;—we should be a metropolis in reality as well as in name.

In conclusion, Sir, I must repeat, that Sculpture, and the Fine Arts generally, can attain to excellence only when supported by the great, patronised by the distinguished, and encouraged by the national sympathy. "The days of Pisistratus, Pericles, and Alexander, were the palmy days of the art in Greece; those of the Medicis in Italy; and the periods of its partial and momentary re-awakening from the long and sometimes deep slumber by which those two brilliant epochs are separated, were the fostering reign of Augustus, and those of Hadrian and his immediate successors." I offer the example and leave the deduction to the lovers of art in Australia.

R. A. E.

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN LIBRARY BUILDING.

It is with much regret that we resume a topic which we had hoped had been sufficiently discussed in the ninth number of this journal. We are, however, compelled to notice the folly and imprudence of the committee, who, under the advice of their architect, are again calling for tenders for the falling and crooked walls of the Library building.

Tenders, according to certain plans and specifications, were called for, and received, for the same purpose some months ago; but the tenders now required are according to what are called the "amended plans" or what Mr. James Hume, in his protest, calls the "expedients." Now, why, we ask, are the proprietors to be thus shamefully gulled, and their interests trifled with by the adoption of such doubtful chimeræ? Was ever such a mode of procedure pursued in the construction of an important public building? Was it ever before allowed that the building of the walls of a structure should be stayed until the roof was fixed over them, in order that the roof might prevent the walls from falling? The idea is too monstrous and appears to be the resource of despair.

We find that the architect has lately been employed in building a number of cross walls and large clumsy buttresses in the interior of the building, so that the floors and roof may rest upon them, and not on the external walls; but we have yet to learn the utility of these superfluous "props" in strengthening the weak external walls, and in counteracting the immense inward pressure of the eastern wall of the Library. It is true these new walls are much thicker, of a more solid substance, and, of course, stronger than the extreme walls, which clearly proves that all parties are now convinced of the folly which designed such weak and tottering walls for a building of such an area and elevation.

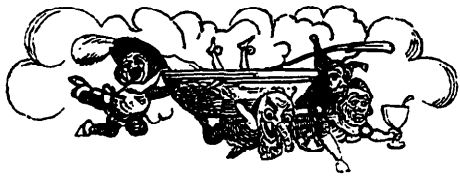
The expense of these "expedients" will be enormous in comparison with the proposed original expense of giving an additional thickness of ten inches to the external walls of the main building. This addition is what all experienced persons admit should have been adopted in the first instance, and the expense would not have been one half the amount now incurred in building these ridiculous cross walls and buttresses. Thus the utter want of practical knowledge, evinced in the construction of this unlucky building, has caused the proprietors a serious additional outlay in propping up the frail and bending walls.

The Committee have indeed a grave account of their charge to render to the Proprietors. They have been well and seriously forewarned, but they appear anxious to hide, and cast a shade over, all these gross errors and blunders, and seem unwilling to lend an ear to the suggestions of reason and experience. But, even at the eleventh hour, we will again submit to them that the buttresses now in course of erection will yield no additional strength to the main walls of the building. There is neither bond nor affinity between the new work and the old, for this obvious reason, that they were not built at one and the same time. In place of strengthening, they will, in fact, have precisely the opposite effect. This is already very evident, for since they were begun, the fissures and settlements, which were before tolerably visible on the outside of the walls, have become doubly palpable, as if the great additional inside weight of the internal masonry were dragging still further inwards the eastern wall of the building!

But all this is what might have been expected from the commencement of the job; and any intelligent mechanic will see at one glance the absence of all equilibrium in the confused mass of masonry which is now erecting. Now let us ask the members of the Committee, if any one of them would be satisfied with such "expedients" as these in any building erecting for his own residence? If he would like to live in a house the roof of which required to be propped upon buttresses to prevent the walls from falling in? and let us

further ask them why, in their collective capacity they permit a disgraceful absurdity they would shrink from as individuals. Once more, then, we warn them of the monstrous folly they are about to perpetuate, and on the part of the proprietors and the public, entreat them to withdraw their sanction from this patch-work scheme. We know too well that, as a perfect whole, the matter is beyond remedy, but still the course recommended by the surveyors first appointed is far better than that which is now so recklessly adopted.

In conclusion, we have to complain that the proprietors are prevented from ascertaining what is now going on in the interior of the building; the surrounding area being closely fenced round, and two painted boards fixed up, intimating that "No person is admitted within the fence, except on business." What is the object of all this secrecy? Are the parties really ashamed to let the public know what they are about?



A Sobol of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

ASTRON AND SPILOS.

A DREAM.

I would recal a vision which I dreamed,
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And carries a long life into an hour.

Byron.

"Gaze once more," said the Magician—and I looked again; and the surface of the Mirror had changed its aspect, and there lay stretched before me a fair and lovely land. Blue and beautiful hung the sky above it, an azure canopy unspiced by cloud or shadow; and the mountains bathed in its hue, softly blended their uncertain outlines with the distant horizon. The hill sides were dotted with myriad flocks, whose white fleeces gleamed like pearls upon a Sultan's ebon mantle; and green and pleasant valleys reposed in the broad shadows of the mountains, through which ran cooling streams: and on their banks stood lowly cottages, but how lovely in their humility: whilst the kine lowed from the pasture; and the song of the laborer, mingled with the gentle voice of woman, and the glad laugh of childhood rose up to Heaven; and joy sate upon every face—for there was—Plenty!

And the vision passed—while in its stead towered a lordly City. The hum of many thousands rang through her streets, and busy marts. In the broad harbours floated noble vessels, destined to bear her produce to far-off lands: the boatswain's shrill whistle pierced the air, while the nimble sailors clung like bees upon the tapering yards: and tiny boats darted to and fro like seabirds on their swift errands. The merchant paced the quay with hasty step and eager eye; and ever and anon jotted down the profits of his venture; and all around seemed glad—for there was Faith, and Honor, and Wealth, within that City.

And again a change came o'er the Mirror; and a mist veiled its surface, like the shadow of a grief upon infancy's bright face; but, as I looked more fixedly mine eye took in the scene. There was a mass of human beings, who seemed as watchers for some great event: silence hung over all; the hush of sorrow. Anon a stately form emerged from the darkness: the snows of many winters glistened on his head; and the scars of many a battle fray had scathed his limbs, and yet he walked erect in the proud consciousness of truth and honor: and from the crowd there came bitter sobs, and loud pulsations of the heart, and heavy sighs as that aged man passed by—but no voice rose. As his eye wandered along that sorrowing multitude, a film stole over it; and his lip essayed to speak the feelings of his bosom; no sound came forth; yet they felt he blessed them. He stepped from off that land; then burst the mighty silence; and myriad voices rose in passionate Pæans for his welfare; and sighs sweeter than the scents of Araby; the breathings of a grateful people, filled the broad sails of the ship that bore him far away—for there was love between that Father and his People.

"Look again!" said the Magician—and I heard a crash as of mighty thunder; and in the Mirror was a waving tumult; whilst all things were massed together hideously and shapelessly—tempest was there, and terrible darkness; and mad, horrible sounds came forth like the rush of many waters. By the fitful gleams of lightning I caught glimpses of deserted mansions, and half-tenanted streets; while the tall rank grass and noxious weeds grew 'midst the broken pavements; and the rubbish of fallen houses blocked up the narrow ways. At the corners of the thoroughfares, gaunt and livid-featured men looked at each other, stupefied and sullen; and on their haggard faces and furrowed brows was written—Famine: while in bye-streets and alleys, pale, emaciated mothers sate offering the parched nipple to their perishing babes—and they cursed aloud, and asked for bread—and they called upon the Rich One for an alms; but he derided them: and they taxed him with their misery; but he scoffed at them—and as they cursed again, those weary mothers drooped and died; but their babes had died—before!—Then the Merchant closed his book: the Tilfer of the earth left his plough: the Owner of the herd looked on it and sighed, but tended it not; and the Mechanic laid by his tools; for on all was the icy sickness of Death—over that land hung—Desolation!

I looked again—and I saw but one solitary man; tall and attenuate: his brow seemed wasted by shame and care: and he bore in his face sorrow and weariness, and self-reproach: loudly and bitterly burst the sighs from his anguished bosom; and his quivering lip uttered a prayer, but it fell back like lead upon his heart. And anon he rose, shuddering, and bent his head towards earth, as though he feared to contemplate the misery around him: and he slowly travelled desert-ward; and sought out solitude; and he was seen no more.

Now I have witnessed strange scenes; and wandered through many lands; and conned wild tales in books written by the cunning men of old days; but never of such sights as that Magic Mirror there disclosed; and I turned me to the Magician, and said, "Man of many mysteries, interpret what I have gazed

upon"—but he was gone—and a hollow laugh rang through the cavern; and I heard the rush of winds flit through the darkness—and I fell prostrate beneath the overpowering force of an invisible stroke—

I was awake; and, rubbing my eyes, found myself at the foot of the Statue of Sir Richard Bourke; by my side stood the Janitor of the Domain, who thus addressed me, "I say, old chap, don't you know the Guv'nor's orders is, them as sleeps here pays for their lodging?" I walked home musing on the interpretation of my dream.

SOMNIATOR.

LAW INSTITUTION.

Examination Paper. Easter Term. Settled by John Punch, junior, Gentleman one, &c.—Property. Real, Personal, and Mixed.

Define a tenant in common. Is a goose a tenant in common? If so—would a "joint tenancy" be created by adding a donkey? Are these sufficient acts of bankruptcy—"A snapped wooden leg; a bull in a china shop, and a broken head?"

If a tenant's dog tear the seat of a landlord's inexpressibles, can his master be sued for "rent in ar-rear?"

Are not the Excise laws "on spirits"—"immaterial laws?"

Have all Americans "Hawkers' licenses?"

Is a "month on the treadmill" a "certain service?" and "taking a housemaid on liking" an "uncertain one?"

Would you term "modern horse racing" an "es-cheat in chivalry?"

Are all nations "copyhold" which have "manners and customs?"

Do you consider "taking off your hat" a sufficient "homage to the lord?"

Are "villain socmen" any relations to the villain stocking-men who destroyed the "knitting frames" at Nottingham?

Is a service of Britannia-metal plate "a base service?"

If a person "die seized with the cholera" does his nurse take "his estate?"

Can "Bridge contractors" be sued in the "Court of Arches?"

Would you secure a "Ward" in Chancery by turning the key on her?

Is this a "good legal direction"—"Go to Bath?"

Is a son and heir hanging behind Her Majesty's Royal Mail a tenant in "tail male?" if so, would "cut behind" be an "incident to such tenancy?"

Is a "tragedy d—d," settled by "act and deed?"

Is a "water jug" used by two persons a "joint-ure?"

If Government granted you a "right of piscary" how would you "fish up the lands at Gundagai?"

THE MANIAC, OR THE WOLF-FIEND!

The wind rushed past in gusty sweeps, and gloomily the sky frowned out, while clouds like sombre shrouds in silence flitted by: Down fell the rain, a torrent's foam or cataract of sleet: And all the spirits of the storm in wildest war did meet: When, lo! a maniac form I spied rush by with arrow's speed; The Surry Hills he swiftly passed, and Hyde Park's grassy mead; A moment stopped he, and looked round with sad, impassioned air, As James's Church bell sweetly rung its peal for morning prayer: The sound a moment soothed his mind, and from his lip there broke, A something half-irresolute: for as soon as spoke, For on again his course he sped like barque with shivered sail, Which, pilotless, attempts in vain to stem the howling gale. Determination deep and stern once more lit up his eye. And in its gleaming look I traced, "Love—Friends—and Earth—good bye!" All desperately I clutched him, and while courage nerved my arm, Screamed, "Madman, why this desperate deed; these looks of wild alarm? Where rush you thence?"—He said in tones as soft as bugle horn's "I'm going now to CUNNINGHAM'S to eat a plate of prawns!"

SHRIBBS, Junior.

PUNCH ADDRESSES THE MEN OF GUNDAGAI.

Are ye senseless, mad, Men of Gundagai? Have the floods which roar above your hearthstones left their stagnant waters on your brains, that ye dream your cries for relief can pierce the stony walls of the vice-regal palace; or that your half-clad limbs and careworn looks are reflected in the mirrors that glitter in its halls? What miasma—what hallucinations, have thus affected you? Take the mote from your eyes, Men of Gundagai, and wake to contemplation. You have bought, and you have paid for—you have bargained, and have been deceived—you have possessed, and have been ruined! Well—thousands have run the same career; thousands (to whom this land and all its trickeries are unknown) have yet to run it. Therefore, respect the superior cunning of others; condemn your own folly, and above all—be silent. Let no voice, in its bitter agony be heard above a whisper. Check the wail of weeping mothers and homeless infants; and tutor your own tongue to the wind harp's dulcet melody; wreathe your lips with smiles, and be happy—or seem to be. "It is but seems," said the wayward Prince; but it will serve you in good stead. Mark! men of Gundagai!

Seem not poor: for he who hath nor house nor land is ever held the government's worst foe. Poverty in rags is the traitor who has no stake in the country, and is denounced accordingly; whilst golden pride bloated with human spoil; the poisonous spider who hath meshed and gorged upon the unwary and trustful, stands forth an angel decked in white-robed innocence. "How do you define a gentleman?" inquired the cautious Counsel. "One who drives a gig," answered the ready witness: and how much of worldly wisdom and true perception lies in the answer. Men of Gundagai! profit by this. You are ruined, but seem not so: drive gigs; ride horses, high-ones; rob, plunder, swindle, but seem not poor; or you will be deemed traitors to that Government which has left you penniless.

Philosophize a little! You have lost, what? Your roofs are visible, though the Nereid nestles in your chambers: your lands are out of sight, yet you know where they are to be found; and were it not so, have you not in their stead a noble lake? Doth not the beaver industriously toil in his aqueous dwelling; and doth not the crocodile also set his toils by the river's rushy marge? Read ye this lesson—if you cannot work like the beaver, devour like the crocodile: your industry has failed; then let cunning, taught by that craft which has made your honest plodding valueless, serve you in better stead.

Up and be stirring, then, Men of Gundagai! erect your brazen ensign! think no more of prayer and petition! for sooner may you extract ice from fire; sunbeams from cucumbers; or language from dumbness, than you can teach the marble heart of man to call forth charity.

Thus thinks your loving brother,

JOHN PUNCH, Junior.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
February 21st, 1845.

MR. PUNCH.—I am instructed by His Excellency to apprise you that the name of the gentleman to whom the destinies of this Colony are confided in Downing-street, is "Gardner," and neither

"Gardner," nor "Gardiner," as you ignorantly spell it. If any thing were wanted to complete the disgust with which His Excellency regards your hebdomadal, it is this ridiculous proof of your inability to correctly spell the name of the ruler under whose sway you move, and live, and have your being. His Excellency therefore desires that you will at once discontinue to print a paper which can only tend to mislead the Colonists.

I have the honor to be,
Mr. Punch,
Your obedient servant,
For the Colonial Secretary,
AUGUSTUS SHRIBBS, Sen.

Punch Bowl, February 22nd, 1845.

MR. AUGUSTUS SHRIBBS, SEN.—I do myself the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging communication of yesterday's date, and to thank His Excellency for his prompt correction of a purely unintentional error in the orthography of the patronymic of our worthy ruler, Mr. Gardner, of Downing-street. It is a pity that the "i" should have been so scandalously transposed in his respected name, for, though not exactly what is called "a nice young man for a small tea party," Gardner is very dear to Punch.

Jove has bestowed on all Kings wealth and power,
But not in equal measure—this we know,
From knowledge of our own great Governor,
Who stands supreme of satraps here below.
His morning thoughts his nights in actions show,
His less achievements when designed are done,
While others squander years in counsel slow;
Nor surely when the mighty seeds are sown,
Are all their air-built hopes and schemes by Jove o'erthrown.

This tribute to Governors, my worthy Mr. Augustus Shribbs, Sen., is cribbed from Calimachus, but whether Gardner or Gipps be intended in the compliment is immaterial. By the way, to prevent further mistakes, will you do me the honor to apprise me for the information of myself and my coadjutors, whether His Excellency spells his name with an "i" or a "y"? It is not of much consequence, but right's right you know.

I beg to remain,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN PUNCH, Jun.

P.S.—Though not strictly official, I will add that Shribbs, Jun., desires his love to you and the Colonial Secretary.

DICKENS-DEFUNCT.

"Not having read Chuzzlewit"—

Editor of Weekly Register.

Mourn, Dickens, mourn! forbear your fancy's breeding,
Since Editors don't deem you worthy reading;
And yet, if Orpheus made the trees and hedges stir,
Sure Box might kindle fires within a Register.

SHRIBBS, Junior.

PUNCH VISITED THE MARKET LAST SATURDAY EVENING.—HIS REPORT THEREON.

In the Fruit Market the trade in pears was mellow; though a slight crab was thrown upon the apples; while pumpkins hung very heavy on the stalls. Medlars were as busy as usual; and dealers in horseradish came it so strong that they had nearly got themselves into a scrape. Onions were tolerably plentiful, and made people's eyes water on account of their quality. Pine-apples were much fretted after, at twelve and sixpence each, by those who had't money enough to purchase them; but melons on account of the constant rains looked uncommonly seedy. Mulberries had a stain upon their character of so deep a dye that their sale was entirely destroyed. Walnuts, a crack article, were in every body's mouths, but the only business done in lemons was for our Punch-bowl, which is expected to come out rather strong this week.

Meat Market.—In beef there was a great run upon legs, though buyers kicked rather hard at the shins. There was very little in heads; tongues were not much talked about; tails hung rather behind; and steaks were cut altogether. In live cattle it was nothing but a toss-up. Porkers seemed inclined to go the whole hog; but joint stock went with a hook. Sheep, in fleece, were looked at rather suspiciously; and, when taken by the leg, did not go much faster. Some dabblers in calves went a little above the ankle; but we did not observe any body knee-deep in them.

TO THE MEN OF GUNDAGAI.

Ye Watermen of Gundagai,
Who're grounded in the mud,
Whose boats not quite triumphantly
Have battled with the flood;
Your new allotments haste to buy,
And pay for, ere ye go—
For the old ones are gone
To the settlements below.

New Holland lacks much water,
Her stocks and herds to keep;
Your streets are little rivulets,
Your homes are in the deep—
With punts, canoes, and jolly boats,
From hut to hut ye go.
As ye swim with the stream
To the settlements below.

Your wives' and childrens' drowning cries
Shall rise in every shower—
They swam their last at Gundagai,
In that ill-omened hour;
And as the auction hammer fell
To "Gone," why 'twas a "Go!"
As you float in your boats,
O'er your Settlements below.

The watery town of Gundagai
No native fire shall burn,
Till stout Sir Robert's ministry
Shall order 'Gipps' return;
Then perhaps the men of Gundagai
Upon dry land shall go,
Leave their bogs to the frogs,
And the Settlements below.

Then Gundagai, then Gundagai,
Be liberal with your purse—
Again your town allotments buy
"For better and for worse:"
And if, as farther still you wend,
To lands still worse you go—
Gipps will stand still your friend
In the Settlements below.

J. L. T.

RIDDLE.

Why is His Excellency like a pickpocket?—Because he is used to double down corners.