

tails of old German velvet worn brown—the ghosts of heyday bravery; shawls—slatternly, slammaking, and soiled—tags of scarfs, old bands, old buckles, Swiss aprons at twenty-second hand, old soldiers' coats (the scarlet worn white) over a female boddice and green gingham petticoat—there they are, the motley queans! there they are cheek by jowl with the ragamuffinry of their male comrades, pickpockets (for once setting out on an honest vocation, and to "pick"—not the pockets of her majesty's lieges, but something else, as we shall see by and by), members of the swell-mob worn seedy, with mustaches at a discount, topped with beavers without crowns, and shod with a boot on the off foot and a shoe on the near one,—bailmen out of jobs, ballad-bawlers, knife-grinders, mechanics "out o' work," the most unwashed of the "mighty unwashed," periwinkle-mongering—(a "pin for their wrinkles" now! even the pin they once picked the wrinkles out of the shell with! what care they for wrinkle-mongering? they have better "fish to fry")—cads of cab-drivers, knackers' men, resurrection scamps and surgeons' larder-providers, lean understrappers of broken-down pettifoggers, scribes out of scribbling (or term) time,—livid-blue visaged, threadbare, out-at-elbow dogs! (a fox-tail is royal purple compared with their "foxy" seedy gear!) hangmen's satellites "quite done up" since "rope" has been less in fashion—the tatterdemaleons! there they are! worthy compeers of the ragged queans they "chum" with, and drink with, and "bundle" with into the waggons, vans, and carts, which bear them singing, hawling, can-clinking, squabbling, toping at every pothouse they come to, at the expense of their—employers.

Hereby then hangs a tale! *Whither* is all that cargo of ragamuffinry being exported, from the squalid, crowded haunts of the metropolis and its outskirts?—that scum of the town and of the earth? When we speak thus of the groups we have pictured, it is not in scorn but solely in truth—nay! the spectacle they exhibit brings joy and contentment to our hearts, to think that the very dregs and *désœuvrés* of the metropolis are all at once not only called to employment (the grand desideratum) but are held, yet more, in request for their services!

In a word, throughout that garden of England—Kent, and the Weald of Kent especially, they are called forth now in the first week of September, on the pleasant and profitable errand of hop-picking, or, as it is familiarly called, "hopping."

Reader, put yourself, at the season just specified, into a Dover railway carriage, be whirled to the Tonbridge station, have horses ready outside the station gates, be whirled along to the town of Tonbridge, and then onwards along the road through Hadlow to Maidstone, and then making this spot your centre point, mount your prad and lose yourself delightedly through those rich, luxuriant labyrinths where the hop-tendrils wave in thick clustering blossomed festoons over the heads of the motley "gatherers."

A word here to your continental, and more particularly your Italian recollections—"comparisons" we were going to say—though these are no less prejudiced and foolish sometimes as regards "things" than they are "odious" (according to the proverb) as regards "men."

Though equally rich then, and sparkling in verdure, the scene before you is not, assuredly, so Arcadian as that which the valleys of Romania, of Pisa, and the Arno can show. You turn from the English vintage awhile (as the hop-gathering may be termed) to recall the festoons of vines drooping in long luxuriant chain from elm-tree to elm-tree, and to call up, no doubt, to your fancy, all the dreams that a Nicolas Poussin might have delighted in—glades peopled with all sorts of Golden Age denizens—fauns, and goatfooted gentry, and nymphs that don't know how to look fretful—Silenuses lolling on tame tigers, and little saucy urchins straining their best to pluck down the tempting purple bunches overhead, which tantalizingly hang just out of reach, till some goodhumoured bacchanalian damsel, or some tall gentleman of a faun, picks a bunch and flings it down to them, and prevents their pronouncing the grapes "sour!"

Short, however, of the classic charm of the vineyard, the peculiar and pictorial beauty afforded by the disposition of the sprays and branches festooned as they are in Italy, there is no growth of any plant cultivated for the health and blessing of man so beautiful and graceful as that of the hop-garden.

The low, cut-down, currant-espallier style of the sloping French vineyards, fades into nothingness in point of beauty before the free and waving luxuriance of the hop-tendril. No doubt, on the other hand, the peasant groups along the banks of the Garonne afford specimens of rural grace, and set off the general effect of the scene in a manner, and with a charm, not to be looked for in the no less tatterdemalion than the motley ranks which we have above portrayed, as constituting the group of London-hired hop-gatherers. Who can forget, too, the intervals of the French vintage hours, filled up with those happy dances, which characterizes at once the rustic pleasures of the light-hearted labourers, and give embellishment to the scene of their welcome toil? We fancy we hear the glad some echoes (to which we have ere now listened), along the Garonne banks, of the dancers' laugh, mingled with the glee-notes of viol and horn, and *chalméau*.

Happy are those peasants in their bright sky and smiling climate; still, let there be no invidious contrast aimed at here! Let no such un-English thought disfigure our friendly page! There is happiness, too, on those banks of Medway; in that rich lowland—the Weald of Kent! Though natural and social habits vary in different nations and under different skies (necessarily influenced as they are by diversity of climate), yet for once the chill menaces and caprice of English skies are forgotten, and English labourers are happy in active employment and adequate pay: and though there is, as yet, during the hop-gathering no intervening dance or festivity as with the French peasant-groups by the Garonne,—yet such festivities may yet greet us! Yes! the hop-harvest-home is still observed by many good old Kentish farmers; men worthy of the old times, and worthy of the boast of "men of Kent."

But to the winding up of our hop-harvest we have not yet come. There is happiness of heart, we say, for the hop-gatherer; and though it bounds not (save now and then) to the sound of tabour and viol, it is tuned to a harmony no less welcome—the chink of good wages for honest toil! A mercy it is to think how many in that hop-garden before us are rescued from beggary, starvation, vagabondage, and crime! Crime the bitter offspring of want! Crime, too often, the child of necessity!—and no worse source!

But look at the merry ragamuffins! (they put us in mind of a set of Yankee "frolickers!") How their fingers wag away as if they had St. Vitus's dance in their knuckles! "Pickers" (though not "stealers" happily now), you may well call, with *Hamlet*, those fingers! Ay! many an additional pair of hands has been engaged by the hop-grower, in order to get in his crop as speedily as possible. The hands in his own neighbourhood are not sufficient—hence, the waggon-loads of live lumber already specified, which he is obliged "to import" at his own cost from the metropolis. So completely is the country scoured for procuring "hands" (it may here be observed), that all the cottages throughout the hop districts may be seen closed up during the "picking"; father, mother, brats, and all, are absent at the "muster."—"All are gone a hopping!"

If any man's eyes glisten with satisfaction at watching the quick movements of those glib fingers, they are the hop-grower's. The hop, volatile and evanescent in its nature, soon fades, soon turns "foxy" and red, and loses its best aroma, unless picked speedily. A single night's tempestuous wind has been known to lessen the worth of a crop by nearly one-half, by spoiling the colour, and spoiling, too, the aroma and flavour, in consequence of the withering and bruising effect of the wind. Pick away then, my "jolly beggars!"—pick away, my hearties! For the succour of the English vintage (and so we may call it), wag finger and thumb glibly! Fancy yourselves thimble-rigging, and "fake away!"

"Tom, how many bushel have you picked?"

"Nine," says Tom.

"Why, you haven't half-worked! I've 'tallied' fifteen!"

Just here the "tallyman" comes up, and interrupts the colloquy, asking each gatherer as to the amount of his pickings, and giving to each respectively, a tally, with marks indicative of the number of bushels he has picked; so that according to the aggregate amount of his tally-marks produced at the end of the hop-gathering, he may demand payment. "Board and lodging," meantime, is found for him at the expense of the employer. When we say board and lodging, we should observe that it amounts merely to bread, milk, potatoes, and a shed or barn. Some employers, however, afford a somewhat better fare than this; but we speak with reference to the more general character and limit of the dietary and accommodation allowed.

The sorts of hops are various: in the Weald of Kent the grape-hop will be found the most common; the golden-hop is also a favourite where a somewhat warmer and drier quality of the soil favours its growth. A period of about six weeks constitutes the duration of the hop-harvest, from its commencement with the gathering of the earlier kinds, to its close with that of the latest. The mode of picking is convenient: the gatherers stand in long ranks or lines, facing each other, on either side of a row of wide and deep bags or sacks, swung between a sort of stands, or rude frame-works of wood: the hop-plants having been pulled down, together with the poles to which they cling, are put transversely over these stands by the side of the gatherers, who set to work, forthwith, and "whip off" the flowers, letting them drop from between their fingers into the sacks below.

An active picker has been known to gather as many as twenty-five bushels and upwards in a day's picking; but then the work has been carried on through a whole day, and extended to as late an hour even as ten o'clock at night; and by a bright moonlight, the scene is no less interesting than under the golden skies of a gladsome harvest day.

The general quantity picked by an individual gatherer in a day is about sixteen bushels: the work closing at sunset and commencing at different hours in the morning; sometimes at six, sometimes at eight, nine, or eleven; for, suppose that on the preceding evening the hops, which have been picked, have not yet been all fully dried in the kiln, (and the drying process commences immediately after the gathering, or concomitant with it) then there is a delay until the drying of the quantity at present in the kiln is concluded and the kiln empty, and ready for the reception of more hop-flowers. For if the flowers are picked any length of time before the drying process commences, the aroma evaporates, and the quality of the hop for the market is consequently spoiled.

We stated sixteen bushels a day as the general standard of a good picker's work: of course the amount picked will vary according to the adroitness and knack, or the awkwardness and slowness of the gatherer. A shilling is considered a fair price for picking ten bushels; tenpence is often given, but the price varies more or less as the crop is thicker in blossom or more scanty; for the work is more laborious if the crop is a sparing one as the picker has to search the houghs more nicely, and pick more diligently, than when he has boughs brought to hand loaded with blossoms, which he then strips off with all speed and readiness. The farmer is, thus, witnessed as losing both ways in the instance of a scanty crop: first of all in his bad crop; and secondly, in having more to pay for the picking it.

The signal for pausing in the labour is the accumulation of a sufficient quantity of hop-blossoms in the large canvass bags or sacks, already mentioned, of the picker, to make a "keel," as it is called. This word is a corruption of the term "kiln."

The hop-kiln is much the same in appearance and construction as the malt-kiln; there are ovens on the ground-floor, then over the funnels of these is the flooring of lath, covered over with horsehair cloths, woven fine, on which the layers of hops are strewed or spread.

The steam of sulphur which comes up from the ovens below, now permeates the drying-room, and brings the hop to that state which renders it fit for the market. The air is tempered by the escape overhead, through the huge hoodlike chimneys, cowls, or vanes, which swing backwards and forwards with the wind, and carry off the mingled fume of sulphur and hop, which thus tempered is exceedingly agreeable and diffuses a grateful odour round the spot of the drying.

Let the hop-grower beware how he hastens the work of drying too precipitately! If he does so, the effect is, that the outer layer of hops on the drying-floor is too dry, and the inner not dry enough; and hence the proper aroma or bouquet is lost, and the hop—"pocket" is returned to him by the factor or brewer (when he offers his "sample" for sale) as worthless! Guinness's or Barclay's gorge would rise at such rashly dried hop! though certainly an inferior dealer would do better to purchase it, damaged as it is, than resort to the villanous adulterations made up of quassia and other trashy ingredients,

which too often form a substitute for hops in this land of hops—whether they are the growth of Worcestershire, Nottinghamshire, Herefordshire, Kent, Sussex, or exquisite Farnham.

Well! the first "keel or kiln" being achieved, the picking goes on; and another kiln, and another is completed, until the hops are all exhausted, and the hop-garden, instead of presenting its late luxuriant show of garlanded poles, and the happy moil of the pickers in their motley groups—now presents a flat, naked space, covered with the brown haulm, or discarded stems of the hop plants, which have been stripped of their blossoms. These stems are raked up and taken away for litter or fuel, and the poles are piled up in circular heaps, the tops all meeting in a point, and the lower ends protruding, so as to give the piles, or heaps of piles, the appearance of so many tents. The hop-grower considers himself well paid if he gets six pounds per hundredweight—he will not "sneeze" on occasions at five: he will grin from now till next year with satisfaction should he net seven pounds; and if you ask him what was the maximum price during the war, he will tell you, "As high, bless you, as twenty pounds!" But, then, mark! the hop was at the war period less generally cultivated than it has been subsequently. The amount of produce per acre of course varies greatly, according to the quality, superior or inferior, of the soil, and also according to the season. What think you of sixteen hundredweight, my honest friends of the "Weald?" Will you grumble at this?

Such, then, is the close of the hop-picking. The motley groups have passed away, happy in their pay. They have challenged of the "tallyman" the price of their "bushels;" let them take care they don't spend all their earnings in the glee of their hearts, almost as soon as they have gained it, and before the stain of the hop-flowers has worn off from their fingers.

The flower, by the by, stains the hand in picking, much as the walnut does. Never mind? to make up for this, the smell of the blossoms is most salubrious, and a genuine Katterfelto would tell you, if he catalogued it amongst his nostrums, that it was good for "head, blood, and chest"—so, indeed, it is accounted in the hop districts.

The "tag, rag, and bobtail," of London importations having now vanished from the scene, the farmer calls together that portion of the pickers which consists of his own farming-men—their wives, daughters, and families. See the honest clod-hoppers with spick span-new green-coloured smock-frocks (such is generally the hue of this rustic livery in the part of Kent which we have in view), new "corduroys," half-boots (for the hop-harvest always regenerates the peasant's wardrobe, just as her Majesty's birthday does that of the postman), and rough *antigossamer* hats—see them throng to the master's hearth. Away they heel-and-toe it to the sound of the fiddle, and pan-pipe, and oboe, and "all sorts" of village minstrelsy. Heartily they laugh as they toss down mugs-full to the health of "Measter" and success to his hop-market.

The fiddle squeaks away, and the girls laugh and bounce down the middle and "oop ajin," with hearty boys of Kent, while overhead hangs that mysterious "Bough"—(quite sibilant)—the "Lucky Bough," as an auspicious talisman of good luck to master and man. Happy is the girl or lad who is fortunate enough during "the picking" to light on a "Lucky Bough!" It is characterized by all its leaves and flowers growing only on one side of the stem, and just as if they had been all twisted in this peculiar position. It is not of frequent occurrence, and the individual who finds it is considered "lucky," and the hearth over which it hangs is sacred.

Such is the lowly as happy superstition of the "Lucky Bough!" There it hangs! fair and fragrant, no less than auspicious, over the heads of those jolly clodpoles and their bright-eyed partners; the fiddle is put on still severer duty as the heat of the dance now waxes warmer—it would do you good, too, to hear their hob-nails clatter on the floor! It would do you good, too, to hear the cans clatter, and the mugs jingle, and the master and man chuckle over happy recitals of the "gathering" well "got in." It would do you good to join the hop-harvest-home (we wish it was more universally kept than it is!) and worship the "Lucky Bough."

## Punch.

### PUNCH ON DOWER.

DEAR AND FAIR FRIENDS—It has, doubtless, not escaped your penetration, that she who is a wife in *esse* is a widow in *posse*; and that, considering your husbands are, or are supposed to be, older, harder worked, and fonder of brandy and water than yourselves, the probability of survivorship is—now, pray, don't cry at the idea—greatly in your favour. When you have once put the fine, hard-working, hard-drinking, bill-discounting, bill-dishonouring fellow, whom you love so dearly, safely under the turf, send for a discreet and religious friend—an old hand, a deep file: myself, for instance—and throw yourself and your affairs entirely into his hands. He or I, for I make no doubt you will employ me, to calculate the gross—I no not mean indelicately—value of your property, will be able to tell you whether you are entitled to dower or not, upon your giving a satisfactory answer to the following questions, which will be put to you by this experienced valuator, and accomplished computer:—First; Were you ever married at all? A Factory marriage will do, and common repute will go a good way to establish the fact, unless the fond, confiding, manly, generous fellow, was previously married to somebody else in which case she, and not you, will be my dear and fair friend. Next, you must know, that there are two kinds of widows: widows bewitched, whose husbands have run away from their creditors, been transported, or otherwise disappeared; and widows actual, whose husbands are no longer in *rerum naturâ*, that is, in other words, dead. Next; Were you married before 1837? and if so, were you married before 1834? and if so, are you above nine years of age? Did your husband hold the property to his own use; or was it of no use at all to him: for if the latter, it will be of no use to you; or did he hold it under an appointment to uses? Of course, you know what that means; an appointment to uses is—is—really I can't think of the exact word; but I'll tell you what it is not—it is not the appointment of Governor. When you have settled what species of widow you are, the next question is a very ticklish one. I really don't know how to put it. Have you—have you—have you ever been found out? The next question is, are you an alien? that is, according to the present Lord Chancellor, an Irish woman; for if so, you can have no dower. Lastly, Was your husband a speculator or trafficker? If you answer all

these questions satisfactorily, I shall be happy to purchase your right, if you will allow me, as an experienced computer, to value it myself. In such a case, I should not charge any fee for my advice. I, also, am a lawyer of great practice in the Court of Claims;—to me you must apply, and you must not grudge the learned, laborious, and conscientious gentleman—still meaning me—the price of his intellectual skill and time—which are (in my case at least, who have no conscience,) his only commodities.

Dear and fair friends—I am sure you thoroughly understand what I have written: if not, you have only to look into Bacon on Uses, Sugden on Powers, and Roper's Husband and Wife. Always yield; for remember that you will always obtain a larger price for yielding it—not your hand, but your right of dower—than it will be worth. Treat your husband as your natural enemy, and drive the hardest bargain with him you can; study deeply the doctrine of chances, and remember that by scratching, instead of doubling your fist, the odds will always be five to one in your favour. Never grant him a release, and never let go your seizure.

N.B.—These last observations apply equally to wives who would be widows, and widows who would be wives.

Your loving friend,  
RALPH PUNCH.

#### UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.

On May the 26th will be performed, by Her Majesty's servants at Government House, Sydney, the old Comedy of  
KING OR NO KING, or Majesty Misrepresented.

The character of Bessus by Sir George Gipps.

A number of excellent Songs will be introduced into the performance.

Members of the Squatocracy are respectfully informed that His Excellency has consented to sing, in character, "The Assyrian came down like a Wolf on the Fold." Also the Indian death song "Come on ye Tormenters" at the request of the Legislative Council. Likewise, "Oh dinna ask me gin I loe ye," at the request of the Parramatta District Council.

To be succeeded by the interlude of  
THE REVOLT OF THE HAREM.

To conclude with  
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

The character of Beggars will be supported with great spirit and truthfulness by the Settlers. The Inspectors of Distilleries have kindly undertaken to furnish a Peachem and Lockit, and several members of the Government have consented to appear in the character of Highwaymen.

The whole to conclude with a grand display of fireworks—Squibs by the ATLAS; Serpents by the *Herald*; Pigeons by the Governor, assisted by several Bank Directors; Blue Lights emitting a trembling radiance by the Governor; and Roman Candles by the Bishop.

Gentlemen are requested to leave their purses and watches at home, as the Managers cannot be answerable for the company.

God save the Queen.

To Mistare, Mistare  
L'Éditeur de l'Atlas.

SARE—Dis Chanson Charmant, vich I sall send a you by and by, vas make by von bon ami and Compatriot à Tabiti, you sall put him in de ATLAS, Sacré!

I souscribe mysel,  
Sare,

Le Marquis JEAN DE CRAPAUD,  
\* Chevalier de l'Ordre du Chat, et de la Cornemuse.

Sur l'Air—"Malbrook s'en vat en guerre."

Jean Bull come to Tahiti,  
Vis Bruat dere vas meet he,  
De tri-color no greet he,  
Got dem, comment est cela?  
Le Commandeur Bruat,  
He pull Jean's nose, ah ha!  
And make big Jean Bull danser,  
En arriere avancer,  
Vive La Grande Nation Française  
Jouons notre "Ca Ira."

Le Vaisseau Anglais, Talbot,  
Vee prisonnier make all but,  
Begar from land vee all cut  
Les Jacket bleu Anglais,  
Bruat he swear "Sacré!"  
And drink much eau Sacré!  
Ven Jean Bull, dat great brute, sare,  
He no fire von salute, sare,  
Ve make him start, en route, sare,  
Vivent! Vivent! Les braves Français!!!

\* Query, Knight of the Order of the Cat and Bagpipes.—Printer's Devil.

#### Theatricals.

The announcement of that excellent play, "Town and Country," for performance, on Monday evening, had induced us to hope that our own suggestions, and those of a weekly contemporary, (whose observations on theatrical matters generally evince as much sound judgment as good taste) had not been lost upon the managers of the Victoria, and that the production of the "School of Reform," upon which we complimented him in a recent article, might be viewed as the commencement of a series of the same stamp and character; our dream, however, was dispelled by the advertisement of the "Scottish Chief," and "Paul the Poacher," a selection which we can only justify by the supposition that the manager was desirous to furnish a palpable illustration of the facility of transition from the sublime to the ridiculous; for, in the course of our dramatic experience, even of other exhibitions at the Victoria, we have seldom seen bathos more strongly exemplified. We freely admit that "Town and Country" did not draw a house on Monday night, but still this did not warrant so violent a change in the character of the pieces, and more particularly as we know that the library of the Victoria is sufficiently opulent in minor productions of merit to have enabled the manager to exercise a better choice. Although our observations in the present instance may by some be considered cynical and probably harsh, we trust that others will appreciate our motives, and regard us as but vindicating a principle on behalf of the legitimate drama, upon the success of which, as a young community, so much of our acquaintance with the higher emanations of theatrical genius is dependent. But, after all, apart from advocacy of the cause of the true drama, we ought not perhaps to blame the manager, who, viewing theatricals as a business speculation, and regarding them upon the sterling principle of pounds, shillings, and pence, and but as means to a profitable end, probably adopts the argument of Pope, that

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,  
And those who live to please must please to live.

And hence it is, no doubt, that, viewing the lords of the cabbage tree, who frequent the pit and galleries, as the then best paying

portions of the establishment, he feels it but due to "please" them, and to serve up, for the gratification of their taste, such *olla podrida* as "Paul the Poacher."

But, *revenons à mouton*—we must accord our cordial praise to the manager for the care and attention evidently bestowed in getting up "Town and Country," and also, with one or two exceptions, to the performers engaged in the representation of that excellent comedy, so long regarded as one of the most choice creations of Morton's pen. Our earliest recollections are associated with the late Edmund Kean's "Reuben Glenroy," which character in the palmy days of the career of that gifted actor, was one of his chief favorites. It is not enough to say of Mr. Griffith, that in his delineation of the character, he never for a moment sacrificed propriety; his conception seemed accurate, and his acting even and well sustained throughout. We might take exception to his reading in some passages of the play, but, on the whole, there was little to reprehend and much to admire. Mr. Simes, as in all he undertakes, was an efficient representative of "Hawbuck;" a compliment no less due to Mrs. O'Flaherty and Madame Louise; in the former, the Hon. Mrs. Glenroy lost none of her dignity, and the latter, as "Rosalie," was natural and well dressed.

#### Sporting.

STATISTICS OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.—The following summary of the results of the turf-season, recently concluded, will, doubtless, prove of interest to our readers. The net amount of stakes won, during that period (exclusive of winners' stakes and expenses, and cups, &c., of whose value no accurate statement can be given), was £165,796, distributed among 526 winning horses, whose ages were as follows:—73 aged, 42 six-year-olds, 68 five-year-olds, 94 four-year-olds, 158 three-year-olds, 72 two-year-olds, and 18 of whose age we have no account. Alice Hawthorn has won the greatest number of races of any animal during the year—viz., 20½ out of 23, value £3,645. Colonel Peel's Orlando (including the Derby) has won the greatest amount of stakes, £7,325. Cothertstone last year won £13,790. Foig-a-Ballagh (with the Leger, Cesarewitch, &c.) has won £5,950; the Princess, (including the Oaks,) is a winner of £3,650; Sorella, £4,530; Ithuriel, £4,275; Aristides, £3,260; The Cure, £2,420; The Era, £2,428; Franchisa, £2,085; Red Deer, £3,180; All-round-my-Hat, £2,725; Refraction, £3,282½; Algernon, £2,015; Buzz, £1,800; Monimia colt, £1,800; Cowl, £1,750; Counsellor, £1,599; Evenus, £1,690; Joe Lovell, £1,830; Lancashire Witch, £1,760; Longitude, £1,800; Maid of Orleans, £1,873½; Oakley, £1,550; Ugly Buck, £1,600; William-le-Gros, £1,680. The following noblemen and gentlemen have been the greatest winners during the season:—

	Races.	Value.
The Duke of Richmond has won ..	18½	£3,276
Duke of Bedford .....	25	5,335
Duke of Rutland .....	5	1,775
Marquess of Exeter .....	20	3,520
Lord Stanley .....	3	4,425
Lord Stradbroke .....	4	1,840
Lord Glenlyon .....	6	1,095
Lord Eglington .....	12	6,555
Lord G. Bentinck .....	41	11,170
Lord Maidstone .....	6	915
Lord Albemarle .....	6	1,058
Lord Chesterfield .....	10	2,460
Earl of Lonsdale .....	4	1,325
Hon. S. Herbert .....	9	1,175
Colonel Anson .....	9	8,035
Colonel Peel .....	14½	8,383
Mr. E. J. Irwin .....	12	7,050
Mr. Salvin .....	31½	6,630
Mr. Wreford .....	5	3,925
Mr. Osbaldestone (the Squire) .....	6	4,640
Mr. Gully .....	9	3,757
Mr. Meiklam .....	21	2,552
Mr. G. Payne .....	9	2,255

#### Original Correspondence.

##### JERRY'S PLAINS.

MR. ATLAS—Sometime since the inhabitants of this district memorialized his Excellency the Governor for the establishment of a court of petty sessions at this place, and also for the appointment of some of the resident gentry to the commission of the peace. The memorial was presented by Mr. John Robertson, of Strowan, who availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him by urging upon his Excellency the Governor the extreme necessity of the prayer of the memorialists being granted. His Excellency took time to consider, and subsequently addressed a letter to Mr. Robertson (for the information of the gentlemen signing the memorial) declining to grant the wish of the memorialists, in the matter of the court of petty sessions, on account of the expense, but taking no notice of that part of the memorial which prayed the appointment of magistrates. From that time the matter was allowed to rest, until his Excellency's late visit to the Hunter, when some gentlemen of the township availed themselves of the opportunity placed within their power, by his Excellency's resting at Alcorn's inn, to remind him of the memorial above alluded to, and to assure him that the want of resident magistrates was felt as the greatest incubus on the prosperity of the neighbourhood. His Excellency again took time to consider. Subsequently a public meeting has been holden on the subject, and a second memorial adopted unanimously. I do not know what will be its fortune, but certain it is that there is no place on the Hunter where a police court is more wanted. Indeed, there are places, (Merton, for instance) already furnished with police establishments, which do not number one inhabitant for every twenty inhabitants at Jerry's Plains; nor is Merton so far from another police court by six miles as is Jerry's Plains; neither does Merton contribute to the revenue by supporting a public house, whilst Jerry's Plains pays into the general revenue the sum of £60, being the amount of license fee for two public houses, which of itself should give the latter place the preference. However, my object in writing this letter is, not to shew that there is no necessity for a court of petty sessions at Merton, but to shew that there is great need for such an establishment at Jerry's Plains; and, in order to do so, I think it only necessary for me to state, that the nearest court of petty sessions is sixteen miles off, and, therefore, in the most simple case, it is necessary for the complainant to perform a journey of thirty-two miles for the purpose of obtaining a summons—that is, if fortune serves him and he finds a magistrate at home. The summons being served, he will again have to travel the like distance to "attend court" in the matter, when, if he has better fortune than ever I had, he will find two magistrates in attendance; if otherwise, he may return home with the pleasing prospect before him of having another thirty-two miles' journey

the following week. To shew that this is not a mere imaginative case, I may mention that in a very simple case of my own, which occurred lately, I actually had to attend seven times, being, at twenty miles (this being the distance of my residence from Singleton) per journey each day, two hundred and eighty miles. Now, seeing that the expense is the only objection with his Excellency, I will take the liberty of pointing out how I think a court of petty sessions might be established here without drawing from the treasury one farthing extra. At Merton,\* sixteen miles off, there is a full police establishment; in fact, without exaggeration, I may state that every second house in the township is occupied by a conservator of the peace, from clerk of the court downwards. Suppose that one of the constables was removed to Jerry's Plains and quartered at the police barracks, and the Merton clerk ordered to visit Jerry's Plains once a week, to do duty here as clerk of petty sessions; thus all that is necessary would be supplied, with the exception of magistrates, and surely this difficulty can be arranged by the appointment of two or three of the resident gentry to the magistracy. Lest it be thought that by the arrangement which I have proposed, injury would be done to the Merton police establishment, I will observe, that court is held there but once a week, and that even then there is seldom any thing to do; therefore, I feel assured, that the magistrates of Merton would raise no objection on that score; and as to the clerk, it would really be a charity to give him something to do, if it were only to keep the cobwebs out of his brain; besides, as a conscientious young man, I am sure it must be extremely painful for him to go on receiving a good salary, month after month, and year after year, for which he has not an opportunity to give the public anything like an equivalent in labour. Should Sir George still fear the expense of a court of petty sessions, I suppose we must submit; but even then, there can surely be no necessity to keep us without magistrates—their appointment, at any rate, will cost nothing, and will save us one half of the labour in travelling to court; for then there would be no necessity to perform a journey to procure a summons.

Yours very faithfully,  
CLAN DONACHIE.

Jerry's Plains, April 30, 1845.

\* Merton is nicknamed "Official Town," from the fact of every second house in it being occupied by an official of some sort; whilst at Jerry's Plains there is not even one constable.

#### A VOICE FROM THE BUSH.

MR. ATLAS—The impropriety of licensing houses for sale of wine and beer beyond the boundaries of location, has more than once occupied my pen and your columns. The recommending of such licenses being with the Commissioners of Crown Lands, and those gentlemen wishing to gratify his Excellency's anxiety for revenue (no matter how obtained) the suppression of the nuisances became a task beyond the settler's power. Legal opposition was considered fruitless to check what was unconstitutional, if not illegally supported by authority, and an appeal to His Excellency the Governor was treated with the most marked contempt—though emanating from a large body of the most independent and respectable stockholders and magistrates in the Colony. This I have already shewn to you. But the period for renewal of licenses having arrived, and their excellencies the Commissioners being, as usual, down the country, the approval of applications devolved upon the common magistrates of the land. These gentlemen, fortunately for the morals and interests of the community, saw and felt the evils of such dens being countenanced in their neighbourhood; they disapproved of, and rejected all. I learn that they have done more: that, not having the fear of the Governor's anger, nor of his contempt before their eyes, they have got up a memorial to his Excellency, praying their discontinuance for the future. This is as it should be. There are memorials likewise, signing in the Hunter River district, to the honorable the Legislative Council, praying the interference of that body to the same effect.

I admire firmness in a man, as I love constancy in a woman; but the latter too often degenerates into wretched fatuity through misplaced devotion, and the former into worse than brutal obstinacy (because more productive of evil) through an ill regulated temper, that, too cowardly to yield to reason, will yet bow to caprice. Here is a man and a Governor—whose firmness should be in good, whose principles of rectitude should be written on a heart of adamant, whose concessions should be to virtue alone—through slavery to his passions, the tool of the profligate and the villain—and becoming, through prerogative (prerogative!) the promoter of debauchery, plunder, and loss of life; for such, alas! has been the fatal results of some of his injudicious concessions.

Your humble servant,  
HAMPDEN REDIVIVUS.

MR. ATLAS—The Bishop of Australia has, if we may credit the *Herald*, expressed his hopes to "Young Sydney," that the members of that Association will suffer no misrepresentations "to prevent them from going on with the good work they have begun." Sir, it is easy for his Lordship to talk of misrepresentations; but although months have elapsed since his Lordship might have answered the questions which at the time certain simple persons broached on the subject of the 6th Rule of this Lay Society, they have never been taken the least notice of by the Bishop, or any member of the Association. The questions were as follow, viz:—

1st. What are the sound writings alluded to in the 6th Rule, and which are said to bear on the true character of the Church of England?

2ndly. What divine origin has the Church of England other than the Bible?

3rdly. What is meant by "the chequered but never interrupted existence of the Church of England from the Apostolic ages?"

These questions must be satisfactorily answered before any person, not a Puseyite, can subscribe to the 6th Rule of that code, which is said to have been drawn up for this Association "by the advice, and with the assistance of the Bishop of Australia." Let his Lordship, then, ere he ventures to talk again of "misrepresentations," deign to enlighten us on the mysterious words of this 6th Rule.

It is said that Mr. Newman has openly gone over to Rome, of which Church, I verily believe, he has been all along the secret agent. With the departure of this Coryphæus of heresy, surely all Jesuitism in the Church of England ought to terminate. If a plain and satisfactory answer, therefore, be given to the above questions, I, for one, shall have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging that there was no leaven of Puseyism in the concoction of the Sydney Lay Association. Mr. Charles Kemp, indeed, has taken upon himself to declare publicly that "Young Sydney" is free from all taint of the kind; but it is doubtful whether a puppet of his stamp could detect the Islamism of a club of Dervishes, provided they called themselves Clergymen of the Church of England, and wore black coats of the proper cut.

I am, Mr. Atlas,  
OLD ENGLAND.