



The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

A MATTER OF PUBLIC CONCERN.

TO-DAY we send broadcast throughout the colonies the first number of *THE BULLETIN*. That it goes to an appreciative public we have no doubt. Excellence is the passport to success in colonial life, and *THE BULLETIN* bids to win. The aim of the proprietors is to establish a journal which cannot be beaten—excellent in the illustrations which embellish its pages and unsurpassed in the vigor, freshness, and geniality of its literary contributions. To this end the services of the best men of the realms of pen and pencil in the colony have been secured and, fair support conceded, *THE BULLETIN* will assuredly become the very best and most interesting newspaper published in Australia. With our first issue begins a new departure in journalism. We give to the public what is dictated by the result of twenty years' experience on the colonial Press. The substance of the ordinary daily and weekly newspapers is gathered by the average reader in a few moments. The public eye rejects as uninteresting more than half of what is printed in the publications of the day. It is only the other half which will be found in *THE BULLETIN*.

"THE HAPPY LAND."

WHEN a statesman, or a man who calls himself a statesman, sinks so low in the world as to fear the effect of a caricature, it is quite certain that his reign is nearly at an end. The moribund dreads the gnat because he has no longer strength to move or brush it away, but the hale man shifts his sofa, draws the curtains, or moves away from the place where its hum is heard, without giving a second thought to the insect. The Victorian Premier has, by interdicting the performance of the "Happy Land," shown that as a statesman he is at his very last gasp. For this stage play is not of a significance itself that need worry him at all. It is in the first place an old, old piece, seven-years-old good measure, and seven-years-old satire, like champagne of which the cork was drawn last week, is flat, vapid, worthless. It is seven years at least since the "Happy Land," a satire on GILBERT's weak play of the "Wicked World," was produced at the Court Theatre in Sloane-square, London. Its motive was slavishly copied from GILBERT's piece, wherein the fairies insist on having a couple of mortals as specimens of the race, and, speedily tiring of their bargain, let them go, not without suffering a little in their company. The sole idea of the burlesque was concentrated in the notion of sending as specimens of mankind the three Ministers most unbearable in the world of London, Mr. GLADSTONE (Premier), Mr. ROBERT LOWE (Chancellor of the Exchequer), and Mr. AYRTON (Commissioner of Works). To show these three as types of ordinary humanity was so great a joke that all London laughed, not in contempt of the men thus caricatured, but at the incongruity of the idea; for GLADSTONE is as grave as Minerva, and about as comical as Lady Macbeth; ROBERT LOWE is not much more humorous than a polar bear; and AYRTON, a cockney of pure blood, is the most stolid of all the John Bull race. Therefore the idea of setting these people to do a breakdown in the presence of fairies in order to show the manners of contemporary mankind, sent all the English folk into a simultaneous shiver of laughter, and frightened Mr. GLADSTONE, until, after standing the caricature for a day or two, he interdicted the burlesque. It hardly seems credible that a younger and more unscrupulous man should take fire at the same touchpaper, but Mr. BERRY has shown his fear of the will-o'-the-wisp that frightened Mr. GLADSTONE, and has interfered with the revival of the burlesque, simply for fear that he should be shown capering on the stage as the great English statesman was. The interference with the liberty of the subject ruined Mr. GLADSTONE, and it seems likely to ruin Mr. BERRY. The Victorians do not shout for "bread and games," as the old Romans did; but they will probably resent this interference with their mirth from a man who has already stepped between them and their bread and butter.

THE PRESS SNUBBED.

As it is hardly likely that the Sheriff would on his own responsibility have excluded reporters from the gaol on the occasion of the execution of the Wantabadgery bushrangers, it may fairly be assumed that the action alluded to was solely a result of instructions received from the Colonial Secretary. SIR HENRY PARKES, now a professional politician, was once a pressman himself, and not only a pressman, but a newspaper proprietor. In the good old days, when there was as yet "no such a person" as "SIR HENRY," the present Premier was editor of the *EMPIRE*. Home news then came by clipper instead of by steamer, and when the arrival of the mail was expected, plain Mr. PARKES, with an eye to procuring and publishing the news in advance of his rival, used to "camp" at the *EMPIRE* Office for days together and to sustain his energies with bacon, which he was wont to cut into rashers and fry with his own fair hands. We don't happen to know whether he retains his old love of bacon, but we do know that he doesn't take the same affectionate interest in journalism, or at any rate in journalists, as he used to take. In Sydney the Press is now treated by the Government and the Governor as if it were the most impotent and useless of all institutions. The public are fully cognisant of the shameful job which it was sought to consummate in connection with the

Parramatta railway collision enquiry, and which had that enquiry been open to the Press, could never have been attempted. But while this and a few other things of a similar kind are within the knowledge of the community at large, people in general have hardly awakened to the fact that SIR A. STEPHEN, whose name is associated with one of the most unjust acts ever perpetrated in the name of law—the Mudgee execution—is still in some regards Governor of the colony, and that his baneful political influence is

still paramount at Government House. The *HERALD*, which has of late been a deliciously "bizarre" farrago of piety and prurieny, is apparently the guide, counsellor, and friend of LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS in all matters affecting public morality, and in all concerns born on the relations between the authorities and the Press. Darlinghurst Gaol is at present well managed. How it used to be managed in days gone by, and how the Press was the power by which the corruption and flagrant abuses within its walls were remedied, is shown in another column. The Press represents the public and fair play, and for the public interest it is well that it has open to it, as on the present occasion, sources of information over which the Governor and Ministry have no control. LORD LOFTUS, who now knows that his decision in the Wantabadgery case is a thoroughly unpopular one, and who too, must now see that it is impossible to justify that decision by any process of logic known out of Russia, has utterly thrown away all chance of being regarded as a successful viceroy. Whatever he may have been in times gone by, it is evident that he is now altogether destitute of judgment. He gracefully chose the sewerage question for his first public after-dinner speech in Sydney, and his first important public act has thoroughly borne out the impression formed of his character by those who listened to his maiden oration in New South Wales.

AN UNTIMELY CRAZE.

JUST as Mr. BUCHANAN begins to agitate for Protection the news of the successful voyage of the Strathleven comes to render Protection forever impossible, in this colony at least. For we want to send our beef and mutton to the English market, and the proof that we can do so will send the price of every bullock up to £15 or so in the course of a very few months. But if we are to send shiploads of meat for English mouths we must, if freight is to be cheap and prices high, be prepared to take ship-loads of English goods in exchange. Ships cannot come out in ballast to take frozen meat back, nor can Englishmen pay as heavily in coin as in kind. If they can pay with the fruits of their labour for the produce of our paddocks they will buy freely and pay liberally. But if we will take nothing but gold we must pay the premium in malt or in meal to get it. The new market opened to us by the success of the Strathleven trip will be gigantic if we do not seek to interfere with the natural course of trade, but if we choke it in its birth we may kill it for ever.



CAMILLA URSO.

It is not often that out of the very numerous violinists (or rather fiddlers) that appear suddenly on the world's stage as "artists," and then as quietly vanish from the scene, an occasional genius stands forth from the crowd to astonish us with his unrivalled superiority. A Paganini, a De Beriot, an Elms, a Sivani, a Moline, a Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Wieniawski, David, Joachim, De Kontski, and others of later date, are a few instances of as many decades. If then, this talent is so great a rarity amongst men, how much more seldom do we find such artists among the weaker sex? The violin is not an instrument which a woman proposes to conquer, unless she has a great artist's soul. At this moment, but 4 great names in

four times ten years occur to us as shedding lustre on the art they professed. It is about forty years ago since Therese Milanolo, the Italian, startled the world by her daring flights of bowing, her exquisite purity of tone. It is over twenty-five years ago since I saw the infantile Neruda, a child of twelve years of age, on the large stage of Konigsberg Theatre, afterwards at Berlin, Vienna, and other European capitals, her fragile form swayed by the genius of music, as, drawing the bow across the strings, she held audiences spell-bound, rapt in amazement at the wondrous power which awakened such sponsonic echoes in the breasts of those capable of appreciating them, as we find amongst the peoples of the old world. She now is the great Madame Norman-Neruda, first in the ranks of musical art, in highest celebrity. Of that dainty, delicate little artiste, Jenny Clans, full of tender sympathetic romance, we know something here. And now—Camilla Urso.

Camilla Urso, born in France, is of mixed Italian and Portuguese parentage. Her father, Salvatore Urso, was a good Italian musician, and her mother migrating from her own country settled with her husband in Italy, as a teacher of singing. From this musical combination sprang the musical soul of Camilla Urso. Subsequently, the musical couple went to France and settled in Nantes, where Camilla was born. In this town arrived the celebrated Apollinaire De Kontski, the Polish violinist, to give a concert. Camilla Urso was at the time six years of age. He heard the little one, who had been taking lessons on the violin from her father, and was delighted with her wonderful talent and correctness of execution. She continued practising diligently, and shortly afterwards made her public debut at a local charity concert, playing De Beriot's celebrated "Air Varié." Henceforth her fate was decided; so great was her success that she was crowned with a wreath of white camellias, and there could be no doubt of her taking rank as a marvellous artiste.

But Camilla's father was a sensible man; he knew better than to allow the future of his darling to be destroyed by injudicious flattery of newspapers and

friends. He knew that something more was wanting—study, earnest study, and patient and continuous practice. He determined to place his daughter in the Conservatoire de Musique de Paris, and, despite almost insurmountable obstacles, succeeded after a persevering struggle of nine months; Camilla was admitted at the age of seven years, one of the nine successful candidates out of seventy-six. She was the first girl admitted, and paved the way for several others on whom the boon was subsequently bestowed. De Beriot, director of the Conservatoire at Brussels, visited Paris and heard the child; he was so delighted that he offered to take her to Brussels and give her a complete musical education, but the plan was frustrated by the poverty of her parents. She made a provincial tour with them, realising a considerable sum; and she then returned to her studies. Each year she gained more and more honour at the examinations, and at the end of the probationary period of three years she went to New York with her diplomas, under engagement to an entrepreneur, who, however, turned out to be a penniless adventurer, and she without a knowledge of the language had to seek an existence. But she was not allowed to remain idle very long, and three concerts which were given under the auspices of that great and good cantatrice, Marietta Alfoni, who was then in the city, laid the foundation of her future fame. In 1853, she travelled with the great artiste Henrietta Sontag, Countess Rossi, who treated the young girl with great affection.

Private troubles had shut Camilla Urso from the artistic world and the public for seven years, but not from study, and she appeared in 1873, a finished and brilliant artiste. In 1865 she returned to the scene of her studies, which opposition had tried to keep closed against females, the Conservatoire of Paris, and played Mendelssohn's grand concerto with Paderloup's magnificent orchestra, arousing a furore such as had been seldom previously witnessed. Between America and France the next few years were passed, triumph heaping on triumph. At length the great trial ground for the support of artists—London—was reached in 1871; and here she played at the memorial concert for Mendelssohn in Sydenham Palace, essaying the Composer's Concerto. London gave the final stamp of acknowledgment to her genius, and Camilla Urso then returned to the States. She has spent her time since then principally in travelling.

CRITIC.

Long Odds and Sharp Ends.

WERE the brewers of Sydney very thankful to the Legislative Assembly for defeating the ministerial project of taxing colonial beer, or to the Ministry for withdrawing the remainder of their scheme, and for thus depriving them of the opportunity of airing their grievance in public? We think not. At least it appears so from the *S. M. HERALD* the other morning, which had a paragraph wisely informing its readers that "the brewers of Sydney are making strenuous efforts to induce the Government to postpone that portion of their tariff proposals relating to the imposition of an excise duty on colonial beer," apparently in happy ignorance of the fact that Government had already withdrawn the whole of that portion of their tariff scheme the evening previous on the defeat of one clause of their measure. The fact is that the paragraph in question had appeared in the *ECHO* on the previous afternoon, but with that excessive care which characterises the management of the two papers, it had been transferred to the following day's paper as an item of fresh news with a refreshing obliviousness of the contradiction of the intelligence contained in another column of the same paper. Sleepy Hollow occasionally eclipses itself.

The way in which the breakfast tables of some of our well-to-do "cits" are supplied with fresh eggs, when the article is scarce, was recently very amusingly exposed. At a little "At Home" the other evening in a pretty suburban villa, the conversation happened to turn on poultry, when little Pickle, "that boy of ours," the pride of mamma, who is always allowed to sit up whenever there are visitors, whom he conjointly astounds and annoys, burst in with his little anecdote: "Oh, we have two chickens come into our yard every morning, and ma always shuts 'em up till they have laid eggs, and then lets 'em out." Imagine the feelings of mater-familias! her triumph at the bright genius of her darling was complete: did she join in the exuberant explosion of mirth which followed the announcement?

*Humbung—thy home is Sydney! Is it not wonderful in what quantities the compound is mixed and swallowed? Whether its effects are those of a narcotic or soporific, whether it is a drug or a condiment, is a question that has baffled the most acute enquiries of the philosopher to determine; but it so tickles the palate, and is so pleasant to the taste that, unlike other sweets, it does not surfeit, and the more it is given the better it is relished. Those who administer the dose know that it is "humbung" they are swallowing; and those who tell of the administration know better than either of the others that it is all "humbung" together, and that they are pandering to it. Yet each one carries out the fraud with a smile and a bow, as though it were common honesty, and all shake hands with themselves and each other, knowing that there is really no deception. At a late public entertainment to a late public official, we are told with all the unhesitating solemnity of a piece of daily news, that the visitors formed two ranks to salute the guest as he passed along, and this without a word to show contempt for the perfect snobbery which would in a free and indepen-

dent country turn a respectable citizen, whom a plain, honest greeting from his (would-be) admirers ought to satisfy, into—an ass, to be satisfied only with the brayings of his braying brother quadrupeds.

The maudlin sentimentality which would fill our country with brutal bushrangers by making heroes of them when caught red-handed, and then regaling their admirers by detailing incidents that would make them appear as martyrs for whom a niche in the temple of fame or a paragraph in a page of history should be reserved, ought certainly to receive every possible check at a moment when the love of vagabondage at the public expense appears to be on the increase. Though the notorious Scott or "Moonlite," has paid the penalty of his crimes, there are not wanting those who can sympathise with his fate as undeserved, even if they do not actually condone his offences; and the subjoined, which we supply on the authority of a correspondent of the MELBOURNE HERALD, may show how little it takes to make a bushranger, armed against the lives and property of others:—"I was a fellow-prisoner of this Captain Moonlite in the Pentridge retreat, but regained my liberty before him. I well remember his last remark to me on the day I left. 'Jack,' he said, 'when I get out the first coin I get hold of I'll spin up; if it comes down a head, I'll turn bookmaker; if tails, I'll take to bushranging.' That it came tails the events of the last few days will demonstrate. But what a glorious future would have been his had it only come a head! Truly, 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.'"

"Long looked-for come at last?" Mr. W. A. Long, one of the members for Parramatta, who had been in Parliament for about three years, was accidentally Colonial Treasurer for about three months, and who—till recently—scarcely allowed his voice to be heard three times, has found his tongue, taken heart of grace, and put his hand to the ploughshare which is to cut down the vigour of the present Ministry. Mr. Long having had opportunities of hearing something about the wine, beer, and spirit traffic, set himself to the task of checking the present Treasurer's desire to raise the revenue out of ardent spirits, sparkling wine, or frothy beer. On these points Mr. Long intended no doubt to enlighten the colony by long animated lucubrations. His aspirations being nipped in the bud by the untimely death of one of Mr. Watson's fiscal children from physical atrophy, Mr. Long—still determined to achieve fame—dared the other evening to be (in the Treasurer's opinion) impertinent enough to ask the pertinent question of how he was going to balance his books or his accounts, or, in every-day words, to make both ends meet. Had Mr. Long been longer a Minister of the Crown, he would have known that that class of people declines to be thus catechised, and that the first lesson in the Ministerial catechism is how to teach members to mind their own business.

That New Zealand is making great headway in spite of many impediments (derivatively, but placed in its way) by impracticable ministers, obstinate members, and turbulent Maories, is acknowledged. But even to this fact we find an occasional exception, as, for instance, at Taranaki. This happy valley does not appear to be a marvel of go-a-headiness, and the blessings and uses of railways fail to be thoroughly appreciated by the natives, as we learn from a paragraph in a local paper which tells us that a rather amusing incident occurred on the Plymouth-Inglewood line. The guard of a train, perceiving a lady waiting at one of the stations, which was not an ordinary stopping place for any train, except when specially requested, evidently waiting to get in, gave the signal for stopping the train. To his surprise, however, he found the lady was not an intending passenger, but merely wished to know "if he could oblige her with change for a pound." The change was very hurriedly and expletively given.

The Member for the Murray, Mr. Barbour, is evidently going in for a clean shave of some very objectionable practices in connection with the tender-system of the Government. Pursuant to notice, Mr. Barbour moved the other evening—"That, in the opinion of this House, all goods, materials and labour required for all departments of the public service exceeding £100 in value be contracted for and submitted to public tender. 2. That the system of personal security for contractors be discontinued and cash securities be adopted. 3. That the tender board should meet on the day tenders are called for, open the tenders in the presence of the tenderer, and announce the lowest tender as either accepted, or to be referred to the Engineer for report." But for this last little flaw in his motion (for Engineers are not necessarily judges of the quality or value of beef, sugar, limestone, or red tape), Mr. Barbour would perform a good operation in thus scraping from the Civil Service skin a very untidy appendage. We know that it is a very tender part, and that the subject is a very tender one; but, Mr. Barbour's motion would inflict a hard cut on those who somehow or other do profit by the present system of government supplies and tenders for contracts, however much they may disclaim doing so. As all that is fair and above board should be supported by every one of honest intentions, those who are the loudest to deny the possibility of manipulating the tender-taxes, should be foremost in supporting a resolution which prevents its possibility.

Even Biblical History repeats itself. There are sceptics who, incline to doubt the rod-serpent of Moses swallowed the other rod-serpents, whilst they strenuously object to the idea of fat kine being swallowed by lean ones, even as pictured in Pharaoh's dream. But something of the kind has happened at Buckley Springs, near Bombala (says the Herald of that township—a chronicle not to be doubted by the most hard-headed or hard-hearted sceptic), where a Mr. John Field came across a black snake even feet in length and thirteen inches in circumference. The snake was scotched AND killed by Mr. Elliott, who was startled at its unusual size, when lo! on cutting it open another live snake, a veritable tiger, five feet long, was found feeding on its inside. The voracity of these creatures is a remarkable fact in philosophy; and this is only another instance of another remarkable phase of philosophy that we daily see exemplified of creatures feeding on their kind.

If the talented bibliographer, the blind Isaac Disraeli, father of Lord Beaconsfield, were alive, he would be able to include in a new edition of "The Amenities of Literature," some of the vagaries of our Sydney Press. Here is what calls itself a leading daily paper—the ECHO—circulating one of the most stupid of jokes in relation to a mistake supposed to be made by some one Partingtonising the phrase "nectar fit for the gods," into a "necktie that would not fit any god." The supposed joke is a very old Millerism, and has for years been going the round of every newspaper printed in English. The real joke lies in the ECHO telling the story with all the gravity possible, and instancing it as an example of the ignorance that prevails amongst the wealthy people of San Francisco. Simplicity, thy name is ECHO!

There are fishermen—such, for instance, as those whom Masaniello led on to the conquest of Naples; there are fishwives, such, for example, as the bonnie fishwife of Glasgo; and there are fishfags—women of troublesome demeanour and voluble vulgarity of tongue, at a very certain age, who, having lost any charm which the "female form divine" may have once possessed, every atom of amiability and every particle of amiability that may once have been part of their common human nature, avenge themselves on Society by making themselves indecorously and unpleasantly conspicuous on every possible occasion. Sometimes such beings manage to obtain a sort of semi-public mission: then they become simply unbearable, and should be looked after by Mr. Seymour or someone as public nuisances. Such a one it was our lot to encounter at an entertainment this week. She had come there on some sort of semi-public duty, evidently, by her self-important demeanour, and some unfortunate wight or whiting had through some error or other ensconced himself in the seat appropriated to her by lot. The insufferable tongue wagged as could only that of an ill-bred fishfag, which not even the sensible remarks of an attendant gentleman could pacify. This was, however, effected more easily by the contemptuous sneers with which her waggeries were regarded.

What does it mean? is a question that cannot fail to be asked by some few of the 35,000 members of the Mutual Provident Society who take sufficient interest in its proceedings to read in the daily papers the account of the meeting on Wednesday. Incidentally to the advertised object of the meeting respecting the election of auditors, another proposal was covertly introduced by the chairman relating to an alteration in the mode of voting for directors, an alteration that would lead to the disfranchisement of two-thirds of the members. The Hon. Thomas Holt proposed an amendment to postpone the subject till after the annual meeting. According to the EVENING NEWS this amendment was carried by 27 to 26 votes. Thereupon (we learn) the chairman put the question, "Shall the by-law be amended? The majority voted in favour"—of what? According to this lucid report, the amendment and the original motion were both carried. And the ECHO reports still more briefly. At the carrying of Mr. Holt's amendment by one vote, we read that "The chairman then put the question whether the 19th by-law (the one in dispute) should stand as it was or be amended, IT WAS NEGATIVED by a small majority." What, in the name of common sense, was negative? The "Should stand as it was?" or the "be amended?" And then, yesterday morning, comes the HERALD, throwing more light on the subject by flying in the face of both the evening papers, and saying that Mr. Holt's amendment was negative! We cannot stand this: we can make every allowance for newspaper reporters in the mad-dog-days amid the attractions of the Garden Palace pretty girl exhibition; but as paying members of the Society we do want to know what DOES all this mean? Newspapers—ah! you know, are things—ah you know—no fellow ah—can be expected to understand.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

"FOR I AM NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL."—"Othello."

In this department of our BULLETIN it will be our aim to supply our readers with candid, impartial, and judicious criticism of our general amusements, conveyed in terms if occasionally severe, yet couched in language that may admonish but which cannot offend. We shall studiously avoid hypercritical fault-finding, petty abuse, or insufferable flattery—believing all three to be equally pernicious to improvement in art or to the elevation of the standard of public taste to the height at which we would like to see it in the colony. We are far, very far indeed, from that at present, and this we owe in a great measure to the injudicious style of criticism adopted by the Press of Sydney, especially the daily journals. We believe in encouraging talent—and native talent particularly—by stimulating praise, or gentle admonition where required, instead of crushing out its aspirations by withering and malevolent abuse because it does not at once blossom into the perfect flower of genius. We desire to exterminate nothing, and to set down nought in malice; to hold it as it were "the mirror up to nature," though, in so doing, we may have to be cruel in order to be kind. Many a budding artist has been brought to an elevated position by a kindly word. But where pretence and assumption, allied to ignorance or vulgarity, attempt to sway or coerce the public taste, and to force on it the meretricious for true art, then must the sharp knife of pruning criticism be whetted for operation. No one knows his defects, or the impossibility of being at all times equal in point of excellence, better than the true artist, and he will be always ready to receive merited reproof without murmur if dictated by no personal animus. But the public does want to be informed as to what is good and what is bad in our public entertainments; to have some correct guide for the formation of taste on the one hand, and to see how far the critic's judgment accords with its own on the other.

Hypercriticism, with its peculiar (almost slangy) scientific phrases, its assumption of learning, is especially to be eschewed. The public does not care for it, nor is it useful. Very learned critiques are well adapted to a public scientifically educated in the subjects criticised, and then it should be only in the columns devoted especially to such subjects, for these have their own particular circle of readers to whom the style is familiar, and by whom it is relished; it is "Caviar to the general."

Having promised thus much, we shall not on the present occasion devote too much space to a consideration of the entertainments now being offered to the public; they scarcely afford scope for critical analysis.

THEATRE ROYAL.

The premier theatre of the colony—as regards its conveniences, not its age—demands precedence, and it is satisfactory to find that Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have returned to their legitimate business instead of continuing to play in the nonsensical pantomime which was far beneath their talents. After another week of "Struck Oil," which will always remain their stock piece, ever sure of success, two dramas were produced on Saturday evening last, and have continued to draw crowded houses during the week. Mr. Williamson's portrait of "Kerry" is so well known that it needs no further recognition; the character of the Irish servant is one of the most faithful sketches ever presented on the stage, and can be the result only of the most careful study, and certainly not of any merely passing assumption of the part. When Mr. Douglas is careful there is no more useful general actor on the stage, and as young Gerald Desmond he was careful. Maggie Moore made a lively little Kate, and Miss Myra Kemble (who re-appeared here after some absence) was effective as Blanche without having, however, any special prominence in the character.

"Arrah-na-Pogue" is the second piece of the evening; it is not new now. Every playgoer knows the story, and knows its absurd but sensational improbabilities, as they exist in all Boucicault's plays. As might be expected, Mr. Williamson's idea of Shaun the Post resulted in an admirable delineation of the character in his own way, but it was in some points different from that of many we have seen in the part; it was a happy mixture of love, trust, fidelity and humour; but, here and there, both with him and with Maggie Moore as the witchy little Arrah, there were occasional glimpses of John and Lizzie Stoffel which were unmistakably non-Irish. The cast was less effective than is usually the case with this company. Perhaps one of the best bits of acting was the Old Sergeant of Mr. Harker. The prison scene and interview between Shaun and Arrah were very effective. Miss Kemble wanted more force in this act. Both plays are likely to run for some time.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

The pantomime of "Amphibio," with the story of the opera of "Lurline,"—"De Maiden mit Nothings on," as Hans Breitmann describes the young lady of German mythical literature, in his story of the Ritter Hugo Von

Schwillensauferstein"—has continued to hold its own in popular favour for over five weeks, and deservedly so. It is well constructed though the localiser has done nothing to improve the original. It is in reality an extravaganza, and adheres closely to the story without the nonsensical giants, dwarfs, and such-like monstrosities. There are some clever things in it, though the singing is not of much account. Mr. Hall's Seneschal, an imported character, is full of fun and genuine comicality. Count Collimanco is another importation into the piece, but it gave the opportunity for the display of Miss Lydia Howard in a NE PLUS ULTRA costume, almost faultless, very becoming to her fine figure, and in Bishop's song of "Bid me discourse," not so faultlessly executed, the last note being unnecessarily high, and consequently out of tune. One of the best things in the piece is Mr. St. Lawrence's make-up in black-all-over-with-golden-hair, a la Sara, the Kicker, whose pas he imitated marvelously well. We were quite unprepared for Mr. St. Lawrence's capital idea of the comic. Mrs. Hall is a dapper little moony-spoony Robert. The "Moral Ballet" is a novelty, and, as far as it goes—in number—is very amusing. Scenery excellent, especially the chromotropic effects of the finale.

This evening (Saturday) Comedy resumes her sway, "Our Dad" being the piece announced.

MUSIC.

From amidst the rubbish given by jingling misses and others under the name of music every hour in the afternoon—not for art purposes, but with the object of selling pianofortes—we extract one or two items. Far too much has been made generally of these show "pianoforte recitals," some of the players are as far removed from being "musicians" as the organ-blower is from being a Commissioner. A concert on the orchestral platform last week was unique; it was to test the Steinway piano-forte exhibited by Mr. Bechet, of Barrack-street—a really magnificent, brilliant-toned instrument—one of the very finest we have heard in the Exhibition, where there are some good ones and much rubbish. Signor Giorza's rendition of his own fantasia on "Un Ballo in Maschera" was masterly exhibiting not only the delicacy and force of the player's style, but also every technicality of which pianos and piano-playing are capable. The weavings of the four vocal parts in the "E Scherzo" were the true result of mastery skill. Miss St. Clair's singing of "Out on the Rocks" and that inimitable trifle by Maloy, "Clochette," were evidences of true artistic skill wedded to that lovely contralto voice "rich and rare," breathing pathos in the one song, naïve merriment in the other. The duet between Signori Giorza and Ortori, from Verdi's "Lombardi," was played with the true spirit of artists. This was really a concert worthy the connoisseur's attention.

A duet played on Wednesday afternoon by Madame Summerhayes and Miss Lottie Hyam (one of our foremost amateurs), on two Bechstein grands—lovely-toned instruments, exhibited by Mr. Ezold, of Oxford-street—was also a well-developed morean demanding attention. It was Thalberg's "Les Huguenots," and it was difficult to say which was most to be admired—the clear, rippling, delicate runs of the treble, or the full, powerful harmonies of the bass, as played by Miss Hyam—each player in turn taking up the melodies. Light or shade were admirably observed, and the two players were together at the finale as though the two instruments were played with one pair of hands.

CAMILLA URSO'S CONCERTS.

Sydney, having at length something offered to her in the way of music worthy of support, has been true to her old reputation for love of the art, and, judging by the immense enthusiasm displayed throughout the first series of Camilla Urso's concerts—an enthusiasm culminating in a furore and a perfect ovation—has evidently thrown aside the listless carelessness that has arisen from the many worthless exhibitions of music we have had to endure. Night after night, after the first report of the artiste's great superiority had been communicated from mouth to mouth, has the School of Arts been crowded, and scores of late visitors have had to endure the mortification of disappointment in being unable to gain admission.

Ardent admirers of the Art as we profess to be, and always anxious to do full justice to the merits of its really great exponents, it may readily be imagined with what regret we have to acknowledge that the many claims on our space in this our first issue, positively forbid our noticing these entrancing performances at length. Suffice it to say that Madame Urso is a player few only such as we have never previously had here, but one who is to be placed on the pedestal in the front rank of fame with the matadors of the art of violin playing. Not only has she overcome every technical difficulty of this most difficult of instruments, but she plays with a charm of her own, a warmth, a passion, and at the same time a delicacy that breathes forth the pure soul of the artist. In her style of playing she has some of the peculiarities of De Kotski, to whom she has evidently been an eager listener, catching some of his manner by inspiration. This is seen by the sudden upward elevation of the bow at the termination of a piece and in the ultra-fineness of the faintest whisper. Her intonation is very perfect; it is almost impossible to detect a note out of tune. The harmonies are purer than are heard from the majority of players, and there is a feeling in her bowing which goes to the heart and makes even classical music delightful to the uninitiated. She is at home in every school of violin composition, Paganini, Wieniawski, De Beriot, De Kotski, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and the more modern players are rendered with the due execution that pertains to each style.

With this general enunciation we must content ourselves this week without enumerating the various pieces performed by the artiste, and the double encores she received each evening.

Miss Jennie Sargent's singing is a very agreeable intermezzo between the instrumental pieces. The lady has a very sweet causable (or singing) voice; it is small, of limited compass, but the training has been so admirable that Miss Sargent's vocalisation gives infinite pleasure as an instance of what may be done with even a small voice by good musical training. She is not without faults—witness the hurry of taking the run in "Lo! here the gentle lark," as if with the view of covering a natural defect; and yet the result of her singing is to leave an agreeable impression with the listener. Bishop's song, just mentioned, however, loses much of its effect by the want of a flute obligato. Signor Palladini is essentially a concert singer, and by his execution of the gems of his repertoire will be likely to remain the favourite he is with the Sydney public.

Monsieur Sauret is a pianist with very easy fingering and of a bold and brilliant style; and Herr Benno Scherek is an admirable accompanist. Altogether, a more agreeable concert-party could not well have been devised; everything appeals to the good taste of the public; and it is satisfactory to know that the success of the first series was so pronounced as to induce Madame Urso to postpone her departure for a month in order to give us a second series.

MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

KELLY AND LEON'S OPERA HOUSE.—After the usual first part "nigger" business and several interludes, a capital little piece of absurdly amusing badinage, being a burlesque on Offenbach's "Grand Duchesse," was played in the usual Kelly-and-Leon-vigorously-mirth-moving style. Leon's make-up as the amorous Duchess was simply inimitable, and the music was arranged so as to suit him. The comic words to the sentimental air "Say to him" formed a delicious contrast, and Leon was sure to take advantage of it for some of his by-play. Kelly's General Boom was in the pompous style that suits him so admirably. Mr. Vernon Reid sang fairly as Fritz. A most laughable effect is produced by the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," and "We won't go home till morning," by the roysterers on the wedding night of Fritz and Wanda. To-night the famous "Happy Land," forbidden in Melbourne, is to be produced.

THE LOFTY TROUPE AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE are proving very successful. We have tried to find out in what particular is exhibited the talked-of vulgarity that excited so much abuse in Melbourne and New Zealand. We fail to do so. Either the reports were exaggerated for rival purposes, or, with a knowledge of Sydney taste, the performance has been toned down. The female impersonator, Mr. Harry Leclair, is very clever; so are the male dancers, Wallers and Kelly, so are the two Irish comedians, Kiekie and McCarthy; of the rest we need not say anything on this occasion.

CRITIC.

A deputation from Dubbo last week directed the attention of the Minister of Railways to the slow progress being made in the construction of the Orange-Dubbo line. The Minister attributed the delay to floods, and said that after all the contractors would be only two months late.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Habbe, the famous scenic artist, is in Sydney. The Williamsons have made £6000 clear in Sydney.

The Williamsons will shortly play Pinafore at the Royal in Melbourne.

Miss Dargon is about to give readings in the country districts of Victoria.

Ristori writes that she purposes re-visiting Australia within twelve months.

Miss Azella should go on the stage. She is such an excellent "walking lady."

The only clever fellow in the English Comedy Company, now in Adelaide, is Marshall.

Mr. Edwin Kelly's photo, as the Admiral in "Pinafore," is to be found in every drawing-room in Sydney.

Mr. George Darrell's new drama, "The Forlorn Hope," takes well at the People's Theatre, Melbourne.

Mr. Garner and his London Comedy Company take the place of the pantomime at the Melbourne Opera House.

Mr. George Coppin is about floating a Theatre Royal Company in Melbourne, the management to remain as at present.

The Lingards appear soon at the Academy of Music in the new piece called "Stolen Kisses." It is sure to be a sensation.

Mr. Habbe says the Sydney Exhibition building architecturally surpasses anything in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Kelly and Leon Troupe give the Sydney public "Les cloches de Corneville," the great London sensation, in a few days.

Mr. Walter Cooper, who is suffering from heart disease, has had to go to gaol for disobeying, or rather failing to comply with a maintenance order made at the suit of his wife.

Garnet Walch's pantomime "Babes in the Wood" draws well at the Royal, Melbourne. The scenery by Hennings is splendid. Bland Holt makes a great hit in the harlequinade.

Mr. J. E. Fulton, late manager for Professor S. Baldwin, has been exposing his former master's tricks to a Melbourne audience.

"Pinafore" has been produced at Bega to a £50 house. Gilbert and Sullivan could surely never have even dreamt of such an occurrence.

Lillywhite telegraphs to Boyle and Co. that numerous arrangements for matches have been made for the Australian Eleven in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Roberts, who came out with the English Comedy Company, is stage manager at the Melbourne Opera House. The pantomime is "Robinson Crusoe"—it ought to be called "Roberts on Crusoe."

Mr. Habbe's picture, the Battle of Trafalgar, in the pantomime at the Melbourne Opera House, is tip-top. Mr. Gordon's scenery is, if anything, but a little less attractive. The pantomime goes well.

It is reported that a marriage has been arranged, or at any rate, would have been arranged had circumstances permitted, between the theatrical critic of the HERALD and Mr. John Social Notes of the same paper.

Proscribed in Melbourne, "The Happy Land," which Mr. Berry has rendered famous, is to be produced in splendid style by Messrs. Kelly and Leon at their Opera House. New South Wales is now the home of the liberty of the subject.

Antonella Carozza, the circus rider, who was implicated with Pietro Cardinali in the murder of Captain Fadda, but was acquitted by the jury, on the ground that she acted under fear of Cardinali (whose mistress she was), has reappeared in the Politeama at Rome before the most crowded audience which ever assembled there. She and Carluccio, the clown, who had been first selected to murder Fadda, were loudly cheered.

It is with very deep regret that the public in general, and the members of the theatrical profession in particular, hear of the insolvency of Mr. Henry Burton, the circus proprietor, whose name is inseparably associated with the earliest days of more than one of the colonies, and is throughout Australia "familiar as a household word." We join in the generally-expressed hope that brighter times are in store for this well-known, honest and respected pioneer of "spangles and sawdust."

"Lulu" has at last accomplished his flying trick at the London Aquarium, and the feat is really remarkable. The gymnast lies at full length on an inclined plane, and is shot clean across the building, describing an arc, nearly touching the roof, and finally falling into a carpeted net spread near the stage. Lulu has no wings, and the means of his flight are, of course, mechanical. But the feat of being shot over a hundred feet has never been tried before, and is, perhaps, the nearest approach to "flying" we are likely ever to attain.

George Rignold is having a successful season at Drury Lane, London. A little while ago he was the recipient of such tremendous applause at the end of his grand triumphal entry into London, that a third appearance was necessary. Just as he was about answering the compliment, a friend standing at his horse's head challenged him to ride before the curtain, instead of bowing his acknowledgments afoot. "Done," cried George, "clear the first entrance." Away scampered the supers, male and female, and on dashed the king on his charger. "Nothing," says an enthusiastic reporter, "could exceed the horsemanship shown by Mr. Rignold, as he backed his steed off the stage, through the narrow entrance, looking neither left nor right for a guide, while the shouts of the large audience were simply deafening." Handsome George is not above making the most of an episode of this kind. It has already been been chronicled in half-a-dozen journals, and will go the round of the provinces before done with.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGATTA.

The Anniversary Regatta, a very lengthy report of which is at the last moment unavoidably crowded out, was a grand success, and was attended by his Excellency the Governor and most of the beauty and fashion of Sydney. The event for first-class yachts was declared Sydney "no race" owing to the absence of a rounding buoy at Curl Curl, and it was blowing too hard to admit of the second-class yachts going over the course. The third-class yacht race was won by the Mabel, 7 tons (W. J. Trickett), and the champion belt for all comers, in outriggers, was appropriated by Laycock without difficulty, McLeer second. The senior fours (amateurs) was a splendid race, and fell to the Sydney Rowing Club (Arthur, stroke); and the double-sculling race terminated in a victory for J. Trickett and Reynolds, the brothers Jenkins second. H. Pearce won the waterman's race, and the boys of the Vernon's port watch beat their shipmates of the starboard watch for Mr. C. J. Roberts' prize of £5 5s. The unfinished races will be sailed to-day, commencing at noon.

THEATRICAL NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

January 30.

Lyster's Opera Company have done a good business in Dunedin and Christchurch, and leave next week for Wellington. They will not come on to Auckland unless a good subscription list be got up, as there is no intermediate town they could play at, and there seems to be some difficulty in coming to an arrangement with the proprietor of the theatre.

Mr. J. Macdonald, Williamson's agent, is coming on to Auckland to protect his principal's Pinafore interests. Some litigation is expected.

The Ricardi Opera Company are playing in the Theatre Royal, Auckland, and announce H. M. Pinafore for tomorrow night. They are not likely to hold together under present management, but there is some talk of engaging them for an Australian tour, Mr. Macdonald being, it is understood, open to treat with them. Musically, they are considered the best Pinafore company in the colonies.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BETWEEN THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

'Twixt woman and wine
Man's lot is to smart;
'Tis wine makes his head ache,
And woman his heart.

THE HEARTLESS BRIDE.

She loved him, but she knew it not,
Her heart had only room for pride;
All other feelings were forgot
When she became another's bride.
As from a dream she then awoke,
To realise her lonely state,
And own it was the vow she broke
That made her drear and desolate.

She loved him, but the sland'rer came,
With words of shame that all believed;
A stain thus rested on his name,
But he was wronged and she deceived.
Ah! rash the act that gave her hand,
That drove her true love from her side,
Who hid him to some distant land,
Where, battling for a name, he died.

She loved him, and his mem'ry now
Was treasured from the world apart;
The shades of thought were on her brow,
The seeds of death were in her heart.
For all the world, that thing forlorn,
Could any woman be and live
A casket with its jewel gone—
A bride who had no heart to give?

H.N.M.

THE JOY BELL(S) OF THE PERIOD.

Now girls attend, while I discourse
On womankind and fashion,
And if I do not please, of course
You won't fly in a passion.

Nature does not treat all the same,
You cannot all be Graces!
But Fashion knows her little game,
And paints your silly faces.

To one, a face like Hebe sweet,
A blushing, beaming beauty,
Who smiles on all, and at whose feet
Men vow both love and duty.

Her hair is short and very light,
And curls to admiration,
Her dress is held back very tight,
Almost to aggravation.

For when she tries to take a skip,
Her kicking strap won't let her,
And but for paint she'd bite her lip
Whilst grumbling at her fetter.

In sixteen-button gloves, my de ar,
Her hands and arms are hidden,
Her hat just shades one little ear,
And her walk is a la "Siddon" (s).

And as her feet go pit-a-pat,
As round the "block" she ambles,
Her little heels go click-a-clack
To tell folks when she rambles.

At supper time she only flirts,
And sometimes sips champagne, dears,
Her partner says it never hurts
A pretty woman's brain, dears.

Fashion and Cupid have agreed
They cannot reign together,
While Fashion can the women lead
With patches, paint, or feather.

Cupid, who loves you all the same,
Laughs at your painted faces,
And frowns at Fashion's futile game
To change you into Graces.

E.B.

Sydney, January, 1880.

SOME NOTES ON THE EXHIBITS.

As my might have been expected, the carriage exhibits at the International have attracted great attention. Never before have there been gathered together such a splendid variety of vehicles and such a grand display of first-class workmanship. The competition between the colonial builders is very keen; the competition with respect to vehicles suitable to colonial requirements remains entirely among them, as the foreign manufacturer has been, we are inclined to think, "closely run" in the style of his productions. Each week we propose to give a concise descriptive account of colonial exhibits, and, beginning with the vehicles, we deal with the first we inspected, namely those of

MESSRS. KEARY BROTHERS.

This firm, whose extensive manufacture is in Pitt-street, exhibit an elegant cut under buggy, with patent two-hoof top, fixed with patent cushioned axles to prevent concussion or noise, and patent gutta percha stepping which renders an accident almost impossible. It is fitted with a turn-out seat, which can be changed into a single seat. It is stoutly made and very elegantly upholstered and finished. The same firm exhibit a cut-under sociable with folding top, capable of accommodating six persons—a very elegant and strong piece of workmanship which soon sound a purchaser in Mr. Williamson, the solicitor. The appearance of the vehicle is elegant, and the make-up altogether capital. The firm also exhibit one of the famous country Hampshire buggies to be found in this colony and in Queensland wherever a wheel can go. They are made to back, of the best timber to last; rubber straps are provided, and the new patent sliding brake. The trimming is done with stout coloured buffalo hide. They are described as the cheapest vehicles in the building. Keary Brothers, who are also large importers of vehicles, getting them made on a special plan at the great manufacturing centres of England and America, exhibit samples of their recent importations in the way of a Townsden phaeton, a coal-box buggy, and an American tray buggy. They are very well made, and present some new features that our Sydney manufacturers ought to look to.

Messrs. Haining and Schimel's exhibits came next, as our reporter inspected them. Their exhibits are not numerous but are most creditable specimens of the soundness and thoroughly practical character of the colonial manufacture. Both partners give to the business their own personal supervision, and are present to see every vehicle pass from the timber shop to the show room. They base the success of their factory on the wonderful durability of what they turn out; and on this point they have very many most satisfactory testimonials. The firm exhibit a fine C spring and Concord buggy, of capital finish throughout. It is built of the best seasoned timber, and sits on a bed as strong almost as a solid sheet of iron. The brakes are fitted with mathematical accuracy, and the fittings are all that could be required. A Victoria phaeton is also exhibited by this firm, and is a very fine piece of workmanship indeed. In it are combined all the latest improvements, and the very best skill in wood and iron. The upholstery and finishing would be a credit to any establishment. Altogether the firm, who, by the way, stand quite on an equality with any others, with respect to patent safety manufactures, have made a good show.

O'Brien Brothers exhibits are not less splendid specimens of colonial manufacture. All the coach builders give this firm credit for producing one of the grandest little exhibits in the building, in the shape of a Queen's phaeton. The shop this vehicle came out of wants no teaching in the art of downright good workmanship, nor perhaps in artistic design and good taste. The body is soundly made of the best seasoned timber, and the vehicle, though light, altogether very strong and durable. The firm also exhibit a single-seated Concord buggy, a good upstanding vehicle, well made and of good finish. The price is fixed cheap. O'Brien Brothers also exhibit

a very fine four-in-hand drag or sociable mounted on electric springs with English fore carriage. The driving-seat is high, and the break-power most effective. The body of the carriage is fitted with high circular backs, and twelve people can be accommodated. The trimmings are in blue cloth, and altogether the turn out is a splendid one, winning high encomiums from the very best judges. It might be mentioned that the very handsome drag used on the show ground by Mr. Terry was manufactured by Messrs. O'Brien, and gives, after some years' use, every satisfaction even now.

A "HEAVY WET."

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.

To begin in shipshape fashion, I'll write the two first lines, as singing them in my studio would be mere selfishness:—1880th Hymn,

All ye who'd like to be clean and holy
Should patronise our good friend Foley.

Disguised as a reporter I strolled into Foley's baths on a recent Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of witnessing Mr. Frank Warden's public baptism of three or four females and half-a-dozen other persons, whom I took as belonging to the third or neuter sex; Having all the appearance of a low hireling of a corrupt and venal press I was, of course, politely escorted by St. John junior to the best position for seeing and hearing all that took place, and I now mean to give a few particu-



he set to work in quite a business-like manner, ranged his "candidates" for cold water against the shore side of the bath and questioned them, as if they were looking for seats in the Assembly. He explained to them the utter uselessness of baptism by sprinkling, adding that not even a douche bath from the inch-and-a-half nozzle of a steam fire-engine would be sufficient to wash away a single sin, original or pirated, and clearly proved that salvation was to be attained by nothing less than a "header" or a "dip." Whilst he was speaking, a heathen retriever dog had a swim on



his own account, much to the delight of the larikins whose legs dangled from the edges of the platform. Having been previously immersed himself, Mr. Warden was satisfied with a shower-bath which fell like "property" hail in a theatre over his long waterproof coat, after which he descended the steps and walked out until the purifying element rose some few inches above his knees. He evidently didn't know how to swim, and hadn't yet acquired sufficient grace to enable him to walk upon the water. Having with some difficulty adjusted his inky garment, which would insist on swelling out like a balloon, he waited patiently until a rather good-looking young lady took to the water like a duck, but it didn't seem to agree with her. Though a tall and powerful man, Mr. Warden had some trouble in getting her head under, and a passing spectator, ignorant of the rite that was being performed, would have taken his Bible oath that a grievous wrong was being perpetrated on her. Saving Danny Mann and the Colleen Bawn, it was the nearest thing to wilful murder I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. With her sins had departed all the colour in her face and the oil in her hair, and she would have almost frightened the



life out of his Satanic Majesty had he seen her as she ascended the stairs close to where I stood. I at once noticed that she looked very very wet, and fearing she'd shake herself after the fashion of the noble animals we import from Newfoundland, I sided out for a bend and gave her as clear a berth as I could. But she hadn't a shake left in her, poor thing! and required to be assisted to her dressing-room by an experienced Christianness, who, I may here state, trotted out and brought back the remaining female candidates. To guard against being invidious, I won't name the order in which they appeared, but one of them was singularly blest in the possession of a pair of feet peculiarly well adapted for swimming, as well as for the extermination of cockroaches and for other purposes to which I needn't more particularly refer. In the cases of at least two of the ladies the immersion was by no means complete, and some who were anxious that their salvation should be assured cried in one instance "That's not fair!" and in the other, "Let her have it again!" but their fears were groundless, as I subsequently learned that the fair ones were HALF SAVED before. The male candidates looked very serious, indeed, as they walked towards the dusky Aquarius and allowed themselves to be thrown across his manly bosom, preparatory to being ducked and redeemed. Some resisted involuntarily, but they got it in the end. It was very touching to observe how lovingly Mr. Warden passed his hand down the faces of the dripping candidates, though one would think a towel or a sponge would have been just as efficacious. If it were a case of Confirmation, one could easily understand "the imposition of hands." When he came to deal with a coal-black Ethiopian, a titter ran round the bath, and some of the very profane were heard to say "He's got all his work out for him now! And so he had! If he was no lighter in conscience than in complexion at the conclusion of the ceremony, his future must be a dark one; as, when it was over, a piece of charcoal would have made a white mark on his forehead. I noticed that Mr. Warden tried very hard to get at the reporters and induce them to keep the disturbances dark; but they didn't, and more shame for them, because Mr. Warden is a very holy man, and I hope he'll make a good thing out of the series of nautical dramas he purposes producing in Mr. Foley's theatre.

THE MAN IN THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

The Drama at Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE folks have had no lack of amusements during the last week or two, but these have not been patronised very extensively, which, say our wisecracks, is owing to the scarcity of ready cash in the popular pocket, induced by the bareness of trade and the influx of persons to Sydney to see the "World's Show." The Clara Stephenson Company played to starvation houses till they were forced to take to the outlying district. The leading lady, Miss Clara Stephenson, however, came back, and took a benefit, thinking to draw by presenting to the public, as the bill said, an "entirely new play, by Dion Boucicault," which Miss Stephenson had purchased for £100. Here, then, was a hit to be made, but it turned out a miss; and a palpable one, too. "The Wife's Victory," allow me, who am an authority on the subject, to say, is not from the pen of Dion Boucicault. The conceited playwright never wrote anything half so good as this play, which contains noble sentiments couched in beautiful language—the only fault being that the situations are strained, and the "talk" of the characters too dramatic and too tragedy-like to suit the spirit of comedy of this class. This dramatic production is the work of a talented old gentleman in Rockhampton named Robison, who has a great fund of natural wit and poetic idea combined with a large knowledge of dramatic literature and literary things in general. This veteran litterateur (who, like the violet, has long wasted his perfume in the desert air) now edits the DAILY NORTHERN ANGUS in Rockhampton. This journal is the property of the reputed brother of Dion Boucicault, and it was while doing the literary butchering for the print that Mr. Robison wrote "The Wife's Victory." He gave it to a local company to play, and never got a penny out of the representation, but abundant compliment and praise. Now it has come down here, and I suppose that like "Struck Oil" and other dramatic pieces, it will be produced on the stage and please audiences, while the author's name remains in obscurity, 'cept to the theatrical clique. The only connection then between the writer of the play and the prolific Dion is that the former is employed by the brother of the latter to scribble for his journal. "By way, private and under seal," I might state that it is intended to carry "The Wife's Victory" further than Newcastle; but more of that anon. Hudson's Surprise Party have come and gone, having done "good-bye" here, but they appear at our theatre for another short season, prior to showing in Bathurst. At present Dr. Lyne, the prestidigitateur, is performing to small houses; and the debris of Burton's Circus is amusing one part of the public in an out-of-the-way place.

FOOTLIGHTS.

Australian Eleven v. N. S. W. Fifteen.

This match was commenced on Saturday last and was brought to a termination on Wednesday, the Eleven, whose luck was splendid throughout, winning by 75 runs.

Subjoined are the scores:—

AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.

P. S. M'Donnell, c Massie, b Garrett	36
W. L. Murdoch, b Tindall	99
G. Alexander, c Gregory, b Coates	1
W. Moule, c and b Gregory	3
C. Bannerman, b Tindall	14
F. R. Spofforth, c Sheridan, b Chizlett	9
J. M. Blackham, c and b Geary	40
J. G. Bonnor, b Coates	16
J. Slight, c Garrett, b Coates	11
H. F. Boyle, c Bullen, b Garrett	11
G. E. Palmer, not out	13
Byes	16

Total 269

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—Tindall, 256 balls, 73 runs, 31 maidens, 2 wickets; Coates, 164 balls, 52 runs, 13 maidens, 3 wickets; Gregory, 48 balls, 25 runs, 1 wicket; Garrett, 88 balls, 39 runs, 7 maidens, 2 wickets; Geary, 104 balls, 38 runs, 9 maidens, 1 wicket; Chizlett, 92 balls, 28 runs, 11 maidens, 1 wicket.

SECOND INNINGS.

M'Donnell, b Garrett	2
Alexander, c and b Gregory	14
Murdoch, b Garrett	8
Moule, b Garrett	0
C. Bannerman, c Davis, b Tindall	52
Blackham, c Geary, b Garrett	1
Slight, b Gregory	4
Spofforth, b Garrett	3
Boyle, hit wicket, b Tindall	23
Bonnor, c substitute, b Geary	34
Palmer, not out	2
No balls 2, leg-byes 2, byes 6	6

Total 153

First innings 269

Grand total 422

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—Gregory, 32 balls, 45 runs, 5 maidens, 2 wickets; Garrett, 144 balls, 65 runs, 9 maidens, 5 wickets, 1 no-ball; Tindall, 60 balls, 11 runs, 10 maidens, 2 wickets; Geary, 44 balls, 14 runs, 4 maidens, 1 wicket; Chizlett, 16 balls, 8 runs, 1 no-ball; A. Bannerman, 8 balls, no runs, 2 maidens.

NEW SOUTH WALES FIFTEEN.

FIRST INNINGS.

A. Bannerman, c and b Alexander	15
A. Geary, b Spofforth	6
T. Garrett, 1 b w, b Spofforth	21
Davis, b Spofforth	8
Webster, b Palmer	21
E. Sheridan, c Boyle, b Spofforth	0
Moses, b Spofforth	1
E. Tindall, c Bonnor, b Palmer	7
H. H. Massie, c Boyle, b Spofforth	35
Allen, b Spofforth	27
Powell, b Palmer	2
Dave Gregory, not out	53
Bullen, c Doyle, b Spofforth	1
Chizlett, c and b Spofforth	8
Coates (absent)	
Leg-byes 3, byes 4	7

Total 213

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—Spofforth, 211 balls, 106 runs, 22 maidens, 6 wickets; Alexander, 152 balls, 48 runs, 15 maidens, 1 wicket; Boyle, 40 balls, 11 runs, 3 maidens; Palmer, 104 balls, 41 runs, 13 maidens, 3 wickets.

SECOND INNINGS.

Garrett, c Blackham, b Alexander	1
Bannerman, b Palmer	30
Sheridan, c and b Boyle	18
Geary, b Spofforth	2
Massie, c and b Spofforth	0
Allen, b Alexander	17
Gregory, c M'Donnell, b Alexander	0
Davis, b Alexander	0
Webster, c and b Boyle	18
Tindall, b Alexander	0
Moses, not out	2
Powell, c and b Moule	2
Coates, c substitute, b Boyle	3
Bullen, c Blackham, b Boyle	0
Chizlett, c Bonnor, b Moule	0
Leg-byes 2, byes 5, no-ball 1	8

Total 134

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—Spofforth, 96 balls, 40 runs, 6 maidens, 2 wickets, 1 no-ball; Alexander, 136 balls, 33 runs, 21 maidens, 5 wickets; Palmer, 76 balls, 29 runs, 9 maidens, 1 wicket; Boyle, 60 balls, 9 runs, 9 maidens, 4 wickets; Moule, 24 balls, 10 runs, 2 wickets.

WANTADGERY BUSHRANGERS.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

EXECUTION OF SCOTT AND ROGAN.

INCIDENTS OF THE TABLEAU.

STRANGE INTERVIEWS AND STRANGE REVELATIONS.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF DARLINGHURST GAOL.

To that happy and fortunately large section of the community which never visits a gaol even for curiosity sake, the friendly stones which interpose their weight between the confines of Darlinghurst and law-abiding citizens are so familiar as to form more often the subject of joke than of reflection. There are, however, times when even those who think they have never drawn near the line which divides the free citizen from the imprisoned felon must pause as they pass what may almost be called the great historical prison of New South Wales, to moralise on the unhappy fate of those within its walls, and on the narrowness, in some places, of the figurative partition which separates the criminal from the mass of his fellow-men. Those who have, while going by Darlinghurst Gaol at mid-night, heard the watchwords, "Twelve o'clock and all's well," passed from sentry to sentry and

from tower to tower must ere the first echo died away, away, and ere the cry of the warder was taken up by his comrade further along the grim black wall, have thought that, weird to them as were the sounds which at such an hour reverberated through the great square, there were others on whose ears they fell more weirdly and more solemnly still. That there were near them men to whom the "All's well" of the sentry conveyed a bitter taunt—a reminder that they were no longer members of society: that perchance the wind which swept through the cold corridor bore with it a cry that told some restless convict that his Christmas box was to be a coffin, and that this New Year was to be his last—a cry that transformed the Father Christmas of the wretch's dreams into the sullen hangman, and told him that that which even in his waking hours seemed at times a hideous dream was a stern reality. A voice which told the passer-by that though individuals could be merciful society would be just—that there was no merry Christmas for the condemned, and that the ordinary felon's new year meant not merely a year nearer the grave as did the freeman's: but a year which came only to be wasted—a year which was born but to die.

The impression formed of Darlinghurst from outside is not an erroneous one. But time was, when instead of the rigorous discipline, the enforced industry and unvarying order which now prevail within the walls of this, the most populous prison of Australasia, were existed a free-and-easy system having for its main features—insubordination, filth, and idleness. The wife of more than one former Principal Gaoler used to keep a store within the walls and sell to prisoners, in either wholesale or retail quantities, necessities and luxuries of all descriptions, from butter to tobacco. As the gaoler was entrusted with the safe keeping of all money and valuables which were in the possession of prisoners at the time they entered his establishment, he was able to determine to a nicety the amount of credit which could safely be extended to guests by his better half. The advantages which would accrue to society were it possible for every man's grocer also to be his banker are too obvious to need recapitulation. Nor need any great pains be taken to point out how pleasant it would be if traders in general could, after completing a bargain and receiving their money

, force their customers to at once return the goods and pay for them over again. The prisoners used to employ their spare hours in making cabbage-tree hats, which they "sold" to the gaol officials. To enable them to conduct hat-making operations on a larger scale than would otherwise have been possible, the Governor's wife used (for a consideration) to supply the prisoners with candles from her store. Many confines worked far into the night, and so extensive was the private business nocturnally transacted that, viewed at night from the sandhills behind it, Darlinghurst appeared illuminated. Occasionally, at the instigation of the estimable lady referred to, the warders, who themselves were for the most part old convicts, made a clean sweep of all the candles in the cells, and either gathered them back into "the store," at which they were re-sold by Mrs. Principal Gaoler, or took them home for their own use. Sometimes the warders indulged in what they appropriately called a "frisk." "Frisking" meant visiting all the cells and searching the prisoners for money, which when found was divided amongst those who took part in the expedition. But after enduring a long time this state of things, which on the whole must, especially when compared with the present system, be considered to have been very pleasant for the prisoners and their keepers, came to an end. During one memorable "frisk" a £5 note was found in the possession of a prisoner. The governor of the gaol accidentally heard of the occurrence and demanded the money from the finder, a man named Desmond,

whose services as a collector he failed to recognise by allowance of the ordinary commission. Desmond was enraged, grew suddenly virtuous, and reported the appropriation of the money to the visiting justice: but as the latter happened to be a sleeping partner in the business and was on excellent terms with the gaoler, nothing came of his complaint. Then a meeting of warders was called by Desmond, for the purpose of considering the outrageous conduct of the principal gaoler. An earnest debate followed, and it was finally decided that a man who used to write for Dr. Lang's paper "The Press," and who had been in gaol on more than one occasion, should be invited to take up his free and flowing pen in the interests of truth and fair play—otherwise on behalf of the warders. A series of letters to "The Press," on "Doings in Darlinghurst," then appeared. The matter was brought before the authorities, a board of inquiry was appointed, and most horrible disclosures were made. The gaoler was dismissed: most of the warders who did not share his fate were transferred, and Captain M'Leir, with a more efficient staff, took charge of the establishment, which had previously been ruled by one of the most corrupt bodies of men ever banded together by accident or design. Since then things have been less easy for prisoners and less profitable for warders.

It is related that, "in the old days," the visiting justice to whom I have referred in connection with the story of Desmond, the warder, took two prisoners out fishing. They decamped,

and informed the officers that he had received instructions to

HANG THEM ALL AFTER DINNER.

He was once locked up with another man in a cell at the corner of Bathurst and Kent-streets. The constable in charge of the watch-house heard a curious noise in the room, and on proceeding to ascertain its cause found that Green was endeavouring, apparently not without success, to strangle his companion with a handkerchief. Green was a thorough brute, without a redeeming trait. He was succeeded by Elliott, a little man whose character afforded, according to all accounts, a somewhat interesting study. He would sit down to prepare the rope for the execution of a criminal, and having spent hours in rendering it soft and pliable by means of manipulation and grease, would hold it up and remark to the warders in an oily, self-satisfied way, "Dear me! That's as nice a bit of stuff as ever I used." It is related that when a reprieve was granted to a convict for whose execution preparations had been made by Elliott, the latter coiled up the rope and flung it to the floor, exclaiming, "That's the

THIRD TIME I'VE BEEN HUMBUGGED.

He had a habit of joining most heartily in the prayers on the scaffold, and struck devotional attitudes so effective and earnest that they might have been borrowed from the kneeling figures in the well-known painting of "The Pilgrim Fathers." Elliott was as a rule rather decent in his attire, and when requested by the sheriff as a matter of form to appear respectably clad on the morning of

property was frequently recovered. Bull met his death in a rather remarkable way. A man named Kelly was about to be hanged, and when at the gallows, suddenly turned round, exclaimed "You dog!" and kicked the hangman so savagely that he died a few months afterwards from the effects of the injury received. Kelly, having had his revenge in advance, proceeded, with humour truly Hibernian, to recite the Lord's Prayer. He however made further resistance, raved wildly, and swore that he would never die. He did not understand the mechanism of the engine of death, and instead of expecting himself to fall through the floor, had an idea that the executioner was going to throw him over the railings of the scaffold. So, with the rope round his neck, he planted himself firmly on the drop and sat down, assuring the hangman that

"HE WASN'T GOING TO SHIFT."

This was a "fatal mistake," for the floor suddenly gave way, and Mr. Kelly speedily "reached the end of his tether." Bull's assistant, one Francks, a brutal-looking man of German extraction, became chief executioner on the death of his principal. Francks had been several times convicted, and was a deserter from the United States ship Kearsage (the conqueror of the Alabama) the gallant crew of which vessel were well rid of his company. He was a drunken creature, and in disposition did not in any way belie the portrait (taken from an authentic photograph) which my friend the artist has drawn. Francks was sometimes "loud" in his dress, and occasionally went

so far as to affect a silver-headed cane and a handkerchief scented with patchouly, the fumes of which mixed themselves with those of the colonial beer and tobacco he so plentifully consumed. He had been in the States and had developed a vein of American humour. He was in a very wretched condition when appointed hangman, and was advanced the money necessary to provide him with clothing. He donned his new suit on the morning of the first execution for the conduct of which he was personally responsible, and looking up and down at himself, ejaculated "GUESS I'VE DO A 'KILL' NOW."

When someone reproached him with his office, he remarked "Never saw such a country as this. People must be a lot of scoundrels here. In America any citizen'll hang a murderer."

"NOSEY BOB."

the present chief executioner, resides in a quiet part of Paddington, where he has one of the neatest of cottages standing in the middle of as well-kept a patch of garden as is to be seen around Sydney. The premises are his own freehold. He has an annual salary of £150, payable monthly, and in addition to the income attached to his post in the Civil Service, he derives from honest toil, now in one shape, now in another, "bright shillings" which enable him to very live well and also to provide against a rainy day. By those of his neighbours whose minds are not narrow as to prejudice them against a man on account of his occupation, he is well liked and even respected, for not one of the families whose fine houses adjoin his snug little property—and there are some fine houses which so closely adjoin it that you could fillip a penny into their grounds from the hangman's door—are more reputable, or happier, or intrinsically better than that of the much-bred "finisher of the law." In regard to the appropriateness of the title, more hereafter. When I visited Howard, it was, for several cogent reasons, at night. I found him sitting at his front gate, in the bosom of his family, and in the company of a personage whom I afterwards discovered to be identical with his assistant. This latter gentleman, by the way, kept ne company during a certain coach ride to Mudgee, on a recent occasion involving the sudden decease of a black-fellow, whose crime—speaking relatively, at any rate—lay chiefly in the fact that he was a black-fellow, and whose misfortune it was that in Sir Alfred

Stephen, instead of in the more humane Sir Hercules Robinson, there happened at the time to be vested the Royal prerogative of mercy. The hangman lit his pipe as I passed, and exhibited his features, or rather his deficiency of one of those useful and sometimes even attractive articles. "Does Mr. Howard live hereabouts?" I asked. "The awful functionary rose to meet me. 'Good evening, Howard,' I said. 'Good evening, sir,' said the finisher of the law, with his pipe in his mouth and his hand on his hips. That is how I introduced myself to the sheriff's deputy. However, our conversation was, owing to the presence of other people, a merely formal one, and we soon parted."

I had previously had one conversation with the hangman, but as he has a bad memory for faces and apparently does not recollect voices at all, he did not recognise me. Perhaps the defectiveness of his recollection as applied to the soft tones of the human voice may be attributable to the peculiar nature of his profession and to the non-exercise of his faculties in the regard alluded to, for whenever he hears a voice in whose owner he takes a deep official interest, a choking sensation generally renders the latter incapable of further articulation and precludes all chance of the hangman's gaining further experience concerning him.

When next I visited the executioner he received me most courteously and invited me to enter his residence, the inside of which is in keeping with its neat exterior appearance. We passed up a path over-arched by vines laden with ripening



ANDREW GEORGE SCOTT



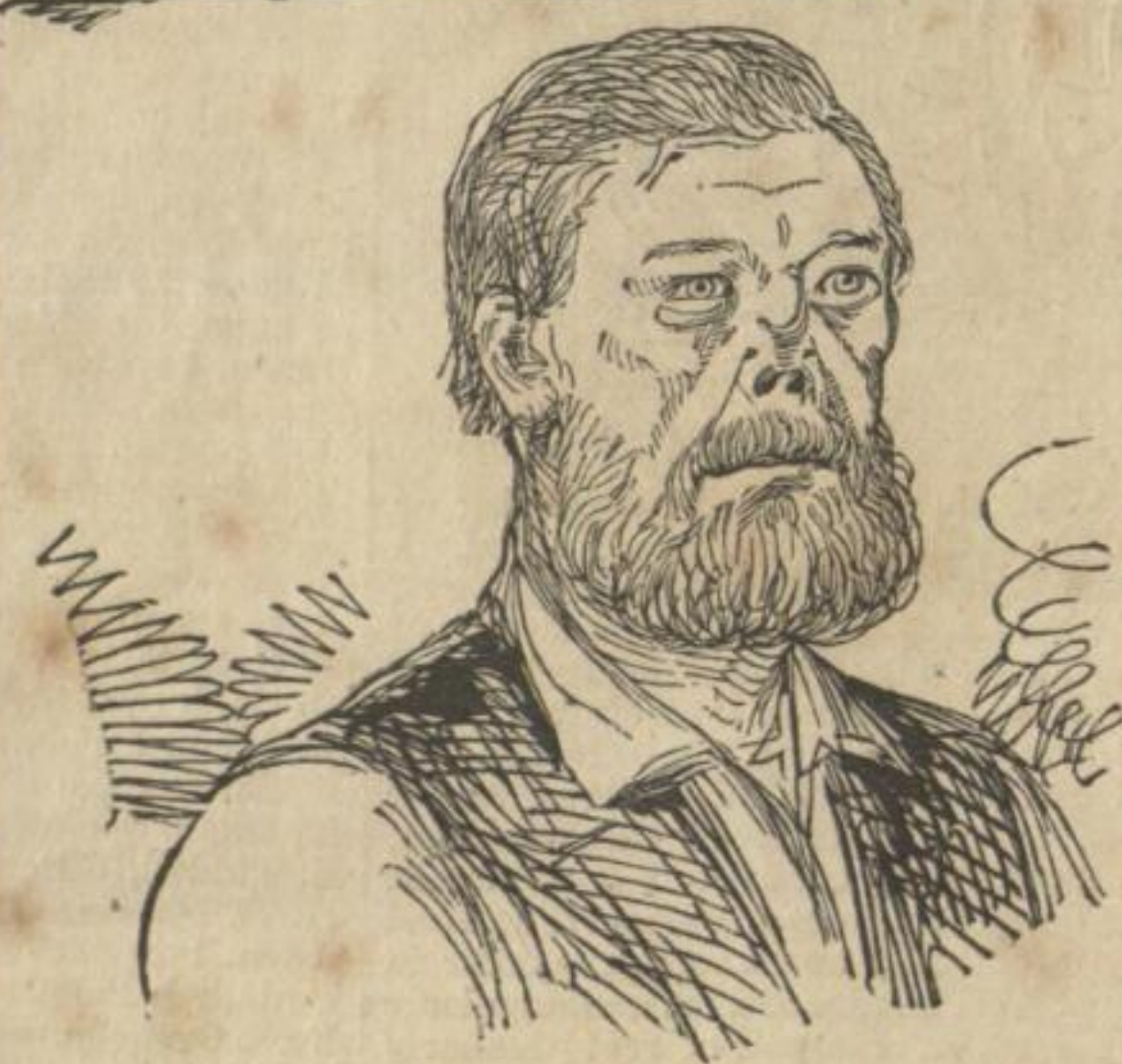
THE SHERIFF



MAKING THE CAP



STRETCHING THE ROPE



THE COMMON HANGMAN



THE LATE HANGMAN

and left the justice, with the deputy-gaoler, to pull themselves back in a heavy boat. A few days afterwards, a convict was sent from the gaol to the mother of one of the escapees, who resided in Clarence-street. He requested her, on behalf of the principal gaoler, to induce her son to "come home" to Darlinghurst, assuring her that, if the runaway did so, some of his "time" would be taken off. This happened so recently as 1850. A handsome young woman, named Robertson, was a prisoner in gaol about the same time, but as she was on remarkably good terms with an official, she stayed in Darlinghurst beyond the period of her sentence. Owing to jealousy on the part of a warder, the matter was reported, and the woman was ordered to be sent to Parramatta Gaol. She was accordingly given into custody of a trooper, and the pair set out on their journey, but the very least that can be said is, that they took a long time to reach the beautiful orange-groved city.

ARTISTS IN HEMP.

A man named Green was the executioner who first officiated at the present Darlinghurst gaol. He had been a flogger in the employ of the Australian Agricultural Company at Port Stephens, was by nature hideous, and was rendered still more repulsive by the fact that he bore on his face the remains of a terrible gash inflicted on him by a man whom he had flogged and who one night attempted to murder him with an axe. He had a keen love for his profession, and on one occasion while drunk forced his way into the mess room at the barracks produced a piece of rope,

an execution, used to reply promptly, "Yes, sir, —all right, sir, you'll not

KNOW ME FROM THE PARSON!"

—for whom, it is said, he was more than once mistaken by persons whose powers of observation were temporarily dimmed owing to the distressing nature of the circumstances under which they met him. There never lived a hangman more fond than Elliott of recounting his professional exploits, or of parading compliments alleged to have been received by him from the sheriff. He died, whereupon Bull, an old Imperial convict, was installed as executioner. There were so many candidates for the vacancy that Sir Charles Cowper, it is said, used to carry the letters of application about in his pocket, and whenever button-holed by an aspirant for Government employment, used to produce the papers and ask, "How can you expect me to find a billet for everybody? At least fifty people want the hangmanship." Bull, when congratulated on having managed to secure the post in the face of such keen competition, remarked, "I don't see that I hadn't as good a right to it as anyone else, considering I've been about 30 years in Government. I was at Darlinghurst Gaol when they (the prisoners) used to fight dogs on a Sunday morning in the north-east corner and play pitch-and-toss in the south-west corner." These interesting sports, it may be mentioned, took place at a time when prisoners used to leave the gaol for an airing, commit robberies in the neighbourhood, and sometimes be chased by the local police to the door of the gaol, where stolen

grapes, which the "doomsman" showed me by the flickering light of the candle he carried to guard against my tripping over the steps. He was proud of his grapes and of the flowers further down the garden, and was, he said, sorry that none of the former were ripe at the time of my visit. No one but he and his two youngest boys were at home; the rest of the family had "gone to the play." He sat down in his little parlour and we conversed across a round table on which lay the Bible. He informed me that he was a believer in religious education and that it was his custom to insist upon his boys reading from "The Book," every night before they went to bed. He was satisfied with their progress at school. So well was he satisfied with it that he made one of the youngsters read me a passage from St. Paul to the Ephesians. When requested to take up the book and exhibit his literary ability, the boy began to turn over the leaves as if in search of a familiar passage. His sir objected to this and shut the book, ordering him to read out the "first thing he came to." It occurred to me that the hangman's nature was compounded of numerous queer things, and that when his mind was formed a great many extremes had met. It would, I thought, have been comical, and likewise relieving, had the "first thing" the youngster came to been—"Thou shalt not kill;" or, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood," &c. Either words would have formed a good text for conversation, and in fact have afforded an excellent pretext for broaching the subjects on which I wished to hear the mild and religiously-inclined man's views.

Though there was no such luck, we were not long in making a commencement. I informed him that I was a newspaper man. He at once comprehended the situation, or thought he did, for, after all, it wasn't exactly the same thing. I found him to be a strict official. "Yes," he said, "he was aware that the sheriff didn't intend to admit many people, if, indeed, he allowed anyone but the gaol officials to witness the forthcoming execution. Then the following colloquy occurred:—

Reporter: You see, Howard, there was so much trouble over the last execution that the sheriff, it is rumoured, isn't going to let in any reporters at all to this one. Now, if I can't get in I want you to give me all particulars.

Hangman: Can't give you any information without permission from the sheriff. You know, sir, I've been very badly treated by the newspapers. The EVENING NEWS was too severe on me. In fact, I was thinking of taking a libel action against the News, which is largely circulated among my friends. Sir Alfred Stephen and Sir Henry Parkes offered to back me up in it, but I let the matter drop. I thought it was best to do so. Their article did me a lot of harm in my business. I used to work for a great many people who now don't employ me. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. If I ask for a couple of admission tickets they'll be given to me and even if the sheriff's not able to spare you a ticket, you may come in as a friend of mine.

Reporter: I'm very much obliged, indeed.
Hangman: Yes, sir; and if you'll just give me your address, I'll get a envelope and put the card in it when I get it, and I'll just come to your door and ring the bell, and hand it to the servant and go away.

Reporter: It's really very kind of you.

Hangman: Do you know, sir, that I never put a rope round a man's neck in my life! I never pulled a bolt either. I've a man to do it for me. I stand there, d'ye see, and I pull his cap over his face and I walk round him to see that the knot's nice and comfortable. Then I looks at the sheriff to catch the wink of his eye, and then I tips the wink to my mate, and he pulls the bolt and lets the man down. It's not a fact that I ever hung a man—never, sir; never!

Reporter: People have formed an altogether false impression as to your character. But you'll perhaps be kind enough to explain how it was that you came to take your present billet.

Hangman: Well, sir, the truth was that I was liquoring a little too much at the time, and I took the situation without thinking, like. But I don't care. I'm not ashamed of it. I can lay my hand on five hundred pound and I'm worth a thousand. I can pay the passages of my dear children, God bless them, on board the best steamer that leaves Sydney. I can go away if I like but I'm not going till it suits me.

Reporter: People certainly consider your position a queer one.

Hangman: It may be queer to outsiders. But here I am. I've got a good cottage and twelve pound ten a month. I've got as good a garden as there is anywhere—I've got the prettiest garden in Paddington—the biggest cabbages and the finest flowers. If you ever come down in the day time I'll give you as many as you like; I can't see to pick 'em now. Just you fetch down your lady any day and whether I'm at home or abroad all you've got to do is say I sent you and you'll be given the finest bouquet out.

Reporter: You seem quite satisfied with your position.

Hangman: Why shouldn't I be, sir? I bring up my children well. I send 'em to school every day, and the children belonging to the first gentleman in Paddington—aren't neater, nor cleaner, nor more mannerly. They always says "thank you" and "if you please" when they gets anything or wants anything. Here's a girl for instance—how old d'ye think she is?

Reporter: Eighteen, probably.

Hangman: No, indeed, twelve year old, sir,—twelve year old. Yes, sir, that's my daughter, only twelve year old.

Reporter, after making a low obeisance: Do you think both these men will be hanged?

Hangman: Well, I don't know. Moonlite's sure to go, but I don't know as Rogan will.

Reporter: I hope Rogan's reprieved.

Hangman: Well, poor unfortunate devil, I hope he is.

Reporter: Then you don't particularly want to hang them both?

Hangman: No, indeed—would you? I don't get any more for doing the work. It's a lot of trouble to me, I can tell you. I spends all the in preparations, for if anything goes wrong, here's the man as gets the blame. I've never had a mishap yet and I hope I never will have.

Reporter: What do you mean by a mishap?

Hangman: Well, d'ye see, it wouldn't, for instance, do to put the knot under the chin. If you did that there'd be the chance of scratching the man's neck and drawing blood, and if there was a single drop of blood the Press'd be down on me.

Reporter: What preparations do you allude to? I never thought there was any particular trouble about hanging a man.

Hangman: Oh, ain't there! I tell you there's a lot of trouble. A night before, I fixes all the things as I remember, and then I takes my pipe in my mouth and I walks up and down and says to myself—"Is there anything more"—and if there's anything more I thinks of it. It doesn't do to get flurried, for the day you gets flurried that's the day as you makes the mistake. And then when I sees the people walking in I thinks again and makes sure that everything's as nice and ready as skid glove.

Reporter: What do you think of Scott as a man? Do you think he'll be afraid of you?

Hangman: Well, it all depends. If him and Rogan have to stand up together and swing together, I think he'll not be much frightened; but if he loses his mate—that is to say if Rogan's let clear—he'll think they're putting hard lines on him, and he'll not be the same man. There's a lot in company.

Reporter: Have you ever seen Scott?

Hangman: No, never. I always gets their height and their weight, but I don't go near 'em till their time comes. Of course, when I'm at the gaol I might see 'em from a window, when they'd be at exercise; but if that happened they wouldn't see me. I'd not care about it being said to them that the hangman had come for 'em. The warders daren't tell 'em anything of the kind; besides, they're too kind to do it. But some of the prisoners might, if they had the chance.

On the wall of the cottage there were pictures of various kinds, hung in the artistic manner which might have been expected of their owner. Over the fireplace was an American caricature—the subject, a couple of coloured people making love; immediately behind the gaunt, frowzy, little-eyed executioner and pasted on the tastefully executed advertising almanac of a well-known softgoods firm, was a copy of Gainsborough's masterpiece, "The Blue Boy." From time to time, as I grew tired of studying the countenance of my host, I glanced at the graceful picture behind him, which at last seemed to beckon me away. Who, looking from the face of the common hangman to such a figure as that in the picture which upset all the theories of Sir Joshua Reynolds could help feeling how true is the saying that "blood will tell?"

Then the reporter and the hangman, after visiting an adjacent hostelry, parted in the manner prescribed by the rules of polite society.

WHY ALL THE REPORTERS WERE NOT PRESENT.

The fact that the Press, as a body, was unrepresented at the execution, and that the Metropolitan Journals, with the solitary exception of THE BULLETIN, had for information to rely on the reverend gentlemen, privileged medical men, and "distinguished foreigners," who, for reasons ranging from a sense of duty to a love of science

who being intimately acquainted with Scott, failed to form a true estimate of his character.

In November last Scott and his companions, Rogan, Nesbitt, Wernecke, Williams, and Bennett, stuck up the Wantabadgery station, between Gundagai and Wagga Wagga, under the pretext that they had been refused food. While they were still at the station, to the residents of, and visitors to which Scott behaved in a most unceremonious and brutal manner, four constables from Wagga Wagga appeared on the scene. These the bushrangers forced to retreat, but the police having been joined by a detachment of four Gundagai constables, under the command of senior-sergeant Carroll, returned to the attack. A fierce fight ensued, resulting in the death of Nesbitt and Wernecke, the wounding of Williams, and the surrender of the rest of the gang. During the engagement constable Bowen, a man who had distinguished himself in a previous encounter with outlaws, and over whose remains the Crown is erecting a handsome monument, was mortally wounded. Scott, Rogan, Williams, and Bennett were, after a lengthy trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The three latter bushrangers were recommended to mercy by the jury, but the Executive resolved that the extreme penalty of the law should be carried out on all four criminals. The Governor, in the exercise of the Royal prerogative, reprieved Williams and Bennett on the ground of their youth and that they had not previously been convicted. Rogan, who during the fight evinced a great amount of trepidation, and who was subsequently found beneath a bed, was excepted from the vice-regal clemency, on what grounds the public are even now at a loss to discover. He took no active part in the conflict, as did the two men whose sentences were commuted, and is clearly shown to have been the means of restraining Scott from carrying out his threat of hanging Mr. Beveridge, a visitor to Wantabadgery. But notwithstanding these facts and the able and persistent manner in which they were urged by Rogan's solicitor, Mr. R. B. Smith, after the conviction, the Governor adhered to his decision.



THE LAST SCENE.

and Tomnodian curiosity, put in an appearance at Darlinghurst at the fatal hour of nine, is due chiefly to the kind interposition of that most respectable journal, the HERALD. Hunter-street, with her sham morality, her ghastly fun, and her drivelling pathos, didn't want to be there, and was successful in procuring the promulgation of a ukase excluding the representatives of the secular Press from the gaol on the occasion. However, "palm oil, the almighty," prevailed, and it fortunately happens that THE BULLETIN, having been represented at the closing scene of the Wantabadgery drama by an artist and a reporter, is now enabled to present to the public information which less enterprising and fortunate papers have been unable to obtain.

It is not my intention to recount at length the circumstances which led up to the scene witnessed in Darlinghurst Prison at nine o'clock a.m. on Tuesday week. The career of Andrew George Scott, an utterly unprincipled man of good birth, excellent education, and of high but ill-applied ability, is well known to the public, before whom his name has been for years, as that of a crafty criminal. He was a man dangerous to society and utterly incapable of reform, who only lived to exemplify the power which education lends to the habitual felon. Some years ago, when convicted of the Egerton bank robbery, he called Heaven to witness his entire innocence of the crime in question. Before his execution he went so far as to admit that he had received the stolen gold, but continued to aver that he had borne no part in the actual robbery. He lied to the last. A great deal has of late been said concerning his engagement to Mrs. Ames, a Victorian lady, who after his condemnation was unremitting in her efforts to obtain a reprieve. Scott, some days before his execution, remarked that her case was "only another illustration of the old, old story—that she was the one woman who understood a man whose every action was misinterpreted by the world." It would, to the general public, rather appear that the reverse was the fact, and that the unfortunate woman whose mind was centred on the unworthy object just passed away was the one person on this earth

Precisely at five minutes to nine the convicts were, on the demand of the Sheriff, Mr. Cowper, handed over to the hangman by Mr. Read, the Governor of the Gaol. Scott's face paled at the sight of the executioner, by whom his arms were at once tied with whiplard at the elbows in an unusually secure way. Rogan, resistance on whose part was evidently not anticipated by the executioner, quietly submitted to the process of pinioning, and was led by the assistant hangman to the drop. Howard, the principal executioner, followed with Scott. Rogan, who was of the Roman Catholic faith, was attended at the gallows by the Rev. Father Ryan; Scott, the son of a Church of England minister, and once a lay reader himself, was in the spiritual charge of the Rev. Canon Rich. The rest is soon told. Rogan had, through Father Ryan, requested his companion in crime not to make a speech on the gallows. Scott had consented to this on the understanding that the execution was to be witnessed by as few persons as possible. However, though the Press as a body was not admitted, fully forty persons were standing in the court-yard. When he came out to die, Scott's heart seemed to fail him. He appeared to endeavour to look unconcerned, and muttered mechanically, "What are all these people doing here?" He tried to smile, but his upper lip quivered like that of a dog at bay. Rogan simply looked dazed, though in his cell in the hours immediately preceding that fixed for his death he had been comparatively cheerful, buoyed up as he was by the hope of mercy in the next world. The executioner took from his pocket the white cap and rapidly drew it over the head of Scott, who at the instant turned to Rogan, shook hands with him, and said, "Good-bye, Tom." The cap was then drawn over Rogan's head, and the rope placed round his neck. Then the executioners stole softly from their victims' sides, the assistant hangman threw his whole weight against the lever, and in a second Andrew George Scott and Thomas Rogan, with their necks broken, were hanging in mid-air. Scott died instantly; Rogan's frame quivered several minutes after he fell.

Amongst those who witnessed the execution, there were very few indeed whose eyes were not from first to last riveted on Scott. He was the central figure of the awful drama. The portrait herewith presented differs very materially from those printed at the time of his trial, but it must be remembered that the latter were drawn from photographs taken a considerable time since in Victoria, while the original of THE BULLETIN picture is a sketch taken in the gaol after Scott was shaved, and after he had been some time in prison. The removal of his beard so altered his appearance that it was difficult to recognise him. The man's moustache and beard formerly concealed, to some extent, the defects of a mouth which—especially when viewed in conjunction with the keen eyes so capable of expressing concentration, and the semi-aquiline nose that denoted so much decision—betrayed the possession by their owner of about equal amounts of treachery and determination. But just as those who in more barbarous times used with the eyes of enthusiasts to see halos of glory hovering round the head of persons dying in never so good or so bad a cause, so he who, having no direct interest in an accused or condemned man, witnesses a trial or execution easily discerns in that man traits which, under other circumstances, would have remained undiscovered. In the words of the Hon. W. B. Dalley, when defending another Scott (the notorious Sussex street murderer) "Once get a man accused of a crime, and people will be ready to believe him guilty. Place the most honest and pleasing face behind the rails, and it at once becomes a face that expresses every passion." It is no flattering tribute to Moonlite's memory to say that many men with worse faces and no better minds are walking about our streets, visiting our drawing rooms, and dining with the highest of our citizens—that men are daily doing all these things who are no better in principle than was Moonlite, from whom they differ in few respects save that they lack his animal courage and outrageous vanity, and have not by the force of circumstances been impelled to crime. "The only redeeming point in Scott's head," says the phrenologist who, after the execution, took a cast of his skull, "was his slight benevolence"—in other words, I presume, a spice of charity. But the criminal's charity does not seem to have been of that order "which covereth a multitude of sins."

THE SCENE ON THE SCAFFOLD

was a really terrible one. In Scott's pale face—all the paler and more ghastly by reason of the fact that he had not been shaved for a day or two—there was, notwithstanding the man's evident determination to "die game," a fixed appearance of utter helplessness and despair. Those who have spent much time in hospitals and have had frequent opportunities of observing moribund patients, will have noticed how powerfully the appearance of a dying man is affected by the presence or absence of a day's growth of hair—how terribly haggard a countenance otherwise placid becomes when the wan cheek is contrasted with the dark stubble of the neglected chin. I have seen many men hanged, but must confess that though I have heard of convicts behaving "like cowards" on the scaffold I have never yet seen a "condemned" within five minutes of the tomb comport himself otherwise than in a man which induced even the least nervous spectator to wonder at his coolness. I have now seen men expire under almost every variety of circumstances, and have learnt that death by the hand of the executioner is the most terrible of all spectacles. It is awful to witness the dying struggles of the brawny miner whose limbs have been shattered by a blast, to know that those struggles are unavailing, and to see the life of the man who not long before was a Hercules, quickly borne away on the fast-flowing current of arterial blood. But however unnerving the sight of a fatally-wounded man may be to the ordinary spectator, that indescribable, livid ashen pallor which comes over the criminal as he faces the hangman is still more sickening and awe-inspiring. One's glances involuntarily wandered from Scott to the hangman and from the hangman back to Scott. The convict's wasted frame, his sunken eyes, his white face, the helpless, doubled-up appearance given him by the pinioning of his arms, were, as he stood beneath the beam and for a second regarded with a kind of absent-minded and dreamy, yet keen curiosity, first the dangling cord which was soon to bind him to the grave, and next the perfidious trap-door on which he stood, enough to strike terror into the heart of even the man who could shake hands with Death in any other form. And if Scott's face was terrible to look on—if over his features came that strained, grave-like stare, that hopeless look which I have seen almost blanch the cheek of a black man as the hangman seized him—the appearance of the executioner was still more fascinatingly horrible. The creature looked what he lives to be—a human ghoul, a fiend incarnate. Were he to hang a million murderers no one from among them would or could ever compare with him in bodily hideousness. No frontispiece to "Paradise Lost" ever contained so vivid a representation of the Evil One, no nightmare ever presented to the dreamer a spectre so hell-like. One's recollection was instinctively brought to bear upon all the villains of one's reading and experience. Beside the fleshy hangman, the ideal Fagin seemed in bodily appearance an ordinary man—when compared with the grim man butcher, Mephistopheles of the night, and Gabbett of Marcus Clarke's "His Natural Life" dwindled into gentleness of mien. One without lengthy experience of criminals and unfamiliar with gaol albums, could hardly dream that such a being could exist in human shape—that he could have had a mother. No man in Australia, so far as I know, can in point of brutal appearance be placed beside the executioner, except Gately, the Melbourne hangman. I do not say this merely because, when looking at the men, I was aware of the terribly revolting nature of the men's occupation. In the ape-like figures of the pair there is a marked resemblance, both being six feet high, broad-shouldered, long-armed, flat-footed, and sinewy. Gately has a facial angle of fifty, and has a nose. Howard has no nose, and has, on account of that fact, a facial angle of ninety.

But if the executioner, to the pallid lookers-on at the convict's misery, seemed hideous and unearthly, what must have been the wretched bushranger's feelings when for the first time he found himself confronted by the man who was to slaughter him? Who could not help trying to put himself into the culprit's position as he walked the few paces intervening between his cell door and the drop? Who among the spectators failed to ask himself the question—"If so hideous to us, what must he be to his prey?" If Hades be not a thing of a future state, but of the earth—if the supreme punishment be after all the unquiet conscience, the racked brain, the terror-stricken soul, the fear of the Unknown, then must it be admitted that even in this world Scott expiated every offence it were possible to commit against humanity. After seeing Howard he could afford to smile at King Death, who looked over the hangman's shoulder.

There is no sound more appalling than that of a body falling from the drop. The noise has often been described as a "dull thud," and it in some measure resembles that heard when one standing at the edge of a shallow shaft listens to a heavy

pick being struck into underground clay. First comes the rattle of the trap; then, almost instantaneously, the dull fatal sound caused by the straining of the rope on the beam. It is a sound from which there is no echo, and which is invariably followed by a silence so profound as in itself to suggest death.

Have you ever, in a dream, fancied that you were falling from a great height? Have you ever, in your waking hours, found the rung of a ladder give way as you were descending a shaft hand over hand; or, while in a small boat, seen your craft's nose, which but a moment before was out of the water altogether, dive suddenly into the gulf between two great shark-inhabited rollers? Some such feeling as that, only intensified a thousand times, must be experienced by the wretch as the hangman, to use a hackneyed phrase, "launches him into eternity." His arms are tied and can grasp at nothing; his feet suddenly lose their support; his hands only are free, and "clutch at themselves." He must feel as if it were all a horrid dream, and—years being at such a time crowded into a second—as if he were falling thousands of feet without having the hideous sinking feeling which made his heart jump and then stand still, relieved by the touch of a single material object. I knew a man who suffered from what is familiarly called "smoker's heart," a malady resulting from the excessive use of nicotine. In the middle of the night—we were in camp together—he sometimes uttered a loud shriek and remained motionless until a hand was laid upon him. He told me that he "felt his heart stop beating, and that, though in an almost perfectly conscious state and alive to what was going on around him, he thought that he was falling, and was unable to speak until touched by someone. So it must be with the man who drops from the scaffold; he feels himself falling, not six or seven, but ten thousand feet. At last his fall is broken—he comes to the end of the rope. The hand of Death is laid upon him and he wakes—in the other world.

Just as the nerves of one who for the first time witnesses a severe surgical operation are sustained by a knowledge of the fact that the operation is necessary, so in the same way one who keeps in view the crime to be expiated by a convict can, though he never before witnessed death, look at an execution unmoved. I say this as a generality. On cool reflection I could not in my heart find a great deal of pity for Scott, considered as an individual convict who had forfeited his life to the law; but on the other hand I could not help contrasting his case—the case of a man who had never actually shed blood—with that of the two men who on a sunny morning a few years before had from the same scaffold, amid the execrations of the whole continent, been sent to their last account. The gentlest woman in New South Wales, had she been fully cognisant of the details of the crimes committed by Nichols and Lester could have looked on and smiled at their agonies as they stood on the scaffold—could have scoffed at their hypocritical cant. They had over and over again entrapped unsuspecting men, butchered them for the sake of their few shillings and their clothes, tied stones to their feet and thrown them into the deep. Scott's crime was a bad one, but beside that of Nichols and Lester what was it? Scott was not wanting in animal courage, but he was a braggart. He had by degrees become an Ishmaelite. He owed his position solely to himself, for when once a man commits a crime society is hardly responsible for its indirect consequences. But I do not for a moment believe he was of the stuff of which murderers are made, or that he ever coolly meditated bloodshed. There are many cases in which threats that when uttered were in all probability unmeaning and thoughtless have been fulfilled, and in which, also, those threats have been brought up in evidence against accused men. In the same way many men who have carried arms out of bravado, have forfeited their lives by using those arms in unguarded moments. Had the bushranger who not long since stuck up a bank in Gippsland carried a pistol instead of a pipe case, he might easily have involved himself in more serious trouble, however innocent his intentions in regard to life might have been. The law can do no more than take a man's life, but the force of the idea was irresistible that either Nichols or Lester were punished too little, or that Scott and Rogan were punished too much.

ZU.

SPORTING NOTES.

Adelong has beaten Gundagai at cricket.

£764 was paid in prizes at the Newcastle race meeting.

T. Ray, of Ulverson, England, heads the pole-vaulting—11ft. 2in.

The English Derby next year is to be run on Wednesday, May 26.

King and Hayman have arranged a 24-hour match for £25 a-side.

Hanlan says he will row Courtenay if he will guarantee to appear at the scratch.

H. Woods and B. Foster are matched to walk 24 hours for £30 aside at Goulburn.

Twelve horses have accepted for the Annual City Handicap, and thirteen for the Cup.

Count Lagrange's three-year-old colt Rayon d'Or won £17,000 in eight races last year.

Baker won the pedestrian contest at Brisbane Exhibition Building by covering 98 miles in 24 hours.

The race between Power and M'Leer, last Saturday was so hollow an affair as not to be worth describing.

Sir Thomas Elder is raising some young stock by Gang Forward to compete for the Derby and other English races.

Three hundred thousand eggs from California have been sent to stock the waters of France, Germany and Holland.

The first bowling match of the season (between the Annandale and Parramatta Clubs) takes place to-day, at Annandale.

Henry Cohen has been fined in Melbourne for promoting a sweep on the Melbourne Cup. In the course of the evidence it was alleged that a mistake had been made in the draw.

The Bathurst Jockey Club has ceased operations, and will hold no more races, unless the public take the matter up.

Beaudesert, the Middle Park Plate winner, has been purchased by Lord Alington from Lord Anglesey. Price, £7,000.

The spirited Murrumbidgee Turf Club are arranging a programme for their Autumn meeting on the 17th and 18th March.

On Saturday, 24th current, J. Power, of Eden, and G. Solomon, of Sydney, row over the champion course in light skills for £50 aside.

A great race of six days' duration in California between men and horses, resulted in favour of the nags, and as the horse Pinafore covered 559 miles, it must be accepted that the horse can outlast man. But nothing can run as long as Pinafore.

Alderman Playfair has promised a valuable sterling silver trophy of unique design for competition by rowing club fours on next Anniversary Day.

Miss Maria Wallace, who was third in the late female tournament in this city, accepts Miss Nicholson's challenge for £50 aside, for a 24-hour contest.

At Hill End, on Anniversary Day, the local cricket club beat Sofala in one innings with 29 runs to spare. On the same day the Burrows Cosmopolitans beat Murrumburrah by 124 runs.

The following is the handicap for the Grand International Pigeon Match, to be shot off to-day:—E. B. Docker 28 yards, Woorana 26, T. M. Giblin 28, J. Dent 28, G. Hill jun. 28, A. Bailey 26, J. Hamilton 30, J. Pike 27, J. Steen 30, F. Gannon 30, H. M. Keightley 28, A. Steen 27, N. P. Bayley 26, J. M. Gill 27, J. D. Dougall 28, W. Meek 27, W. Bryant 27, O. Friend 30, Lee Lord 30, Cambridge 28.

The famous stallion Australian, aged twenty-one, by West Australian, dam Emelia, died on the Alexander farm, Kentucky, U.S., recently. Australian was the sire of Spendthrift and a host of other racehorses. His pedigree embraced the best blood of the English racer.

A 48 hours' go-as-you-please match has been arranged between old Williams and the Scotchman, M'Kay. The event commences on 2nd February, at the English circus. The "old un" is not thought to have any chance against the "bonnie laddie."

Maribyrnong won the gold medal for blood stallions at the International, Kingsborough second, Friam third. Towns' Egalite took first prize for blood mares, Lee's Jessamine second. In draught stallions Towns' Muir Lad and Davie were first (with gold medal) and second, Onus's Young Tom third.

Mr. Cowles, gunsmith, of George-street, in order to show the value of the guns manufactured by Scott and Sons, of Birmingham, gives a £75 prize gun to be shot for at the low value of £40. The terms are:—A Handicap Sweepstake of 20 Members, at £3 3s. First prize, the gun and fittings; second prize, £10; third prize, £5; balance of sweep to pay for seven birds each shooter, and

Volo, 6 yrs; A. Stewart's Jackey, aged; J. Hiffe's Albany, 4 yrs; J. Hiffe's Kildare, 4 yrs; T. Coffey's Innisfail, 3 yrs; T. Coffey's Bonnie Rose, 4 yrs; E. Baynes's Reform, 3 yrs; J. J. Keighran's Amateur, aged; J. Morrison's K.K., 4 yrs; J. Morrison's Rawdon, 5 yrs.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENT.

Some of the most ingenious mechanical contrivances ever seen in this city are now on view and on sale at the establishment of the American Novelty Company, in Market-street. They were intended to arrive in time for the International Exhibition, and be exhibited as specimens of American ingenuity, but coming to hand late, they are now exposed for sale in the ordinary way. They comprise miniatures of every known description of steam engine, and the style in which they work is perfectly astonishing. There are four-inch locomotives complete, four-inch saw-benches and pumping appliances, &c. Better models for our public schools could not be obtained. With these little appliances working under steam more could be explained to the juvenile mind in one hour than in a month under other circumstances. They are, strange to say, only a matter of a few pence. There also various mechanical appliances, worked by springs, which travel round and round a room, and form most pleasing and instructive toys for children. The Americans, furthermore, show their good sense by producing a variety of other toys, quite new in design, by means of which the opening intelligence of the child is encouraged and its constructive powers developed. Quite gladly we recommend a visit to the American Novelty Company.

Scene at the Garden Palace.—The Bull Dog Ale Exhibit.

Perhaps no exhibitors at the International Exhibition have with respect to practical and available space come more prominently before the Australian public during last six months than Messrs. J. R. Cattell & Co. They represent, with their London correspondents (Messrs W. Leedam, Crowe & Co.), a number of the largest an-



all birds used in shooting off ties to be paid for by the shooters using them. The handicap to range from 30 yards downwards, and no one to be placed at a shorter distance than 23 yards." Intending competitors are to communicate with Mr. T. Gibbin, Mr. Cowles, or Mr. H. P. Mostyn.

Tom Cannon, the famous English jockey, rode four winners at Newmarket on October 10. The same week Fred Archer, the first of English jockeys, won five out of thirty-two mounts.

Endeavours are being made to arrange a 50-mile match for £50 aside between W. Taylor and M'Dermott, of Tamworth. It is to be hoped that the event will be decided in Sydney.

PARRAMATTA RACES.—Selling Stakes.—Robinson Crusoe, 1; Bullocky, 2; Union Jack, 3. Pony Handicap.—Kate Kelly and Alice Hawthorne, dead heat; Colt Foal, 3. Midsummer Handicap.—Balthazar, 1; Croydon and Jacko, dead heat for second place. 1 m. 47.4-10 s. Trial Stakes.—Woolen, 1; Partner, 2; Fluscombe, 3. Park Stakes.—Stranger, 1; Miss Lynne, 2; Swindler, 3. Anniversary Handicap.—Jaco, 1; Throptop, 2; Drum Major, 3. Time, 2 m. 47 s. Handicap Galloway.—Lady Chester, 1; Beeswing, 2; Mary Anne, 3. Forced Handicap.—Geelong, 1; Lavinia, 2.

The following are the nominations for the principal handicaps at the Albany annual races:—Albury Cup.—H. Hoystead's Coongoola, 4 years; J. Evans's Narrabri, 3 yrs; A. M'Donald's Bonnie Bee, aged; W. Skelton's Eclipse, aged; A. M'Kenzie's Transit, aged; C. Berkeley's Pilot, aged; A. Stewart's Nolo, 6 yrs; A. Stewart's Jackey, aged; J. Hiffe's Albany, 4 yrs; J. Hiffe's Kildare, 4 yrs; T. Coffey's Innisfail, 3 yrs; T. Coffey's Bonnie Rose, 4 yrs; E. Baynes's Grace Darling, aged; J. J. Keighran's Amateur, aged; J. Morrison's K.K., 4 yrs. Albury Turf Club Handicap.—H. Hoystead's Coongoola, 4 yrs; J. Evans's Narrabri, 3 yrs; A. M'Donald's Bonnie Bee, 3 yrs; J. Townsend's Revenue, 6 yrs; W. Skelton's Eclipse, aged; A. M'Kenzie's Transit, aged; C. Berkeley's Pilot, aged; A. Stewart's

wealthiest manufacturing firms in Old England. Their exhibits are perhaps the most numerous and the best adapted to colonial requirements that we know of, and it is satisfactory to find as a result of Messrs. Cattell and Co.'s business 'cuteness and enterprise, that while some other large firms complain of the Exhibition being so far without profit, they have now opened their English constituents a new and active market. Many of the exhibits are new; others not well represented were affected in sale by the push of American agents, but having now been shown in open comparison with other articles, the English manufacturers have whipped everything. We speak of actual sales, so let this be repeated to people who are croaking about England's manufacturing decline. In Australia there is a splendid new field; let the English manufacturer but come out of his shell, get respectable colonial firms to represent him, and there will be an end to flimsy importations. The accompanying engraving is from an actual photograph; it shows what kind of a display has been secured by the firm. The accidental placing by other exhibitors of some splendid biblical figures in the rear of the Bull Dog Ale Exhibit has served to make the view more attractive. This splendid brand of ale is brewed by the famous brewers, Messrs. Bass & Co., and bottled by Messrs. R. Porter & Co., London. The bottling is carried out on a principle known only to the latter firm and it ensures the delivery of the ale in the soundest condition in the hottest as well as the coldest climate. For brilliancy and delicacy of flavour, and all the qualities for which the finest English ale is renowned, this brand cannot be surpassed. Age improves it, and the public shows its appreciation of the finest malt liquor and its invigorating character by purchasing the Bull Dog Ale in preference to any other.

FUN AND FANCY.

A YACHT can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

NEXT to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, comes an easy boot.

MOSQUITOES are wrapping their little drills in buckskin and laying them away for next year.

NERO, Pompey, and Caesar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

PROFESSOR: "Can you tell of what parents the great Napoleon was born?" STUDENT: "Of Corsi-can."

"That puts a different face on it," as the swindler said when he raised a cheque from £4 to £40.

HANGING is a capital punishment—that is, the kind of hanging that is done on a plump and pretty girl's arm.

WHAT is the difference between a pretty girl and a nightcap? One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

THE button on the back of a man's shirt collar probably needs talking of as much as any other intimate thing in the world.

CUSTOMER (to proprietor of hat store): "What is the price of this style, please?" HATTER: "This tile, sir, is worth twelve shillings."

THE Telephone is making sad inroads upon good manners. The politest person generally begins conversation with a rude shout of, "Hello! who are you?"

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Trickett and Hanlan.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed by Mr. E. Trickett to Mr. W. Fleming:—"Sydney, January 29, 1880.—W. Fleming, Esq.—Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge receipt of yours of 28th instant, enclosing letter from Mr. Hanlan for my perusal, and requesting to be informed what steps I intended taking regarding it, so that you could write by the outgoing mail to-day. As you are aware, for some time past I have been anxious to meet Mr. Hanlan, and as he says in his letter that he intends going to England this year, I prefer going there also and rowing him on the Thames. I cannot state positively that I will be able to carry out this desire on my part, as it is dependent upon the disposal by me of my business; but I think I am justified in saying that I am likely to arrange matters within the next few weeks to enable me to proceed to England. Of course I must know whether Hanlan is going there, otherwise my journey will be a fruitless one, and I shall be put to great expense. I therefore request that, as soon as he is in possession of this letter, which you have kindly promised to forward to him, he should wire me his intentions, and I shall reply to him as soon as I receive his telegraphic message. It must, however, be clearly understood that if Mr. Hanlan rows me for the championship of the world on the Thames, it must be for the usual amount of stakes, over the course between Putney and Mortlake, and subject to the new rules of boat racing; in fact, on exactly similar terms and conditions on which champion sculling matches are rowed on that river. I may add that, as soon as I dispose of my business, I shall wire Mr. Hanlan that I will row him on the Thames during this year, about the time of the race for the SPORTSMAN'S Challenge Cup. I return herewith Mr. Hanlan's letter; and am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) E. TRICKETT"

In connection with the above it may be mentioned that the reason which chiefly actuated Mr. Trickett in taking the determination announced, is that he considers that he is now at his very best, and that, should any change take place in him within the next year or two, it will not be in the way of improvement. Hanlan is a much younger man, and likely in the ordinary course of events to retain his present form for some years to come. As Hanlan shows no particularly strong inclination to visit Australia, Trickett, the present champion, is willing, should circumstances permit, to row him on the neutral waters of the Thames or Tyne, and for once and all test the great question of supremacy. It is considered desirable, as the proposed contest is of an international character and one affecting the whole rowing community, that a representative amateur oarsman should accompany Trickett to England in the interests of New South Wales. It is probable that Mr. P. J. Clark, the well-known captain of the Sydney Rowing Club, will be the gentleman selected, and that a meeting to consider the matter will be held within the next few days.

INCIDENTS.

At a recent race-meeting in the Far North three horses—a bay, a black and a grey—started for the President's Cup. The finish was an exciting one—the nags ran neck and neck to within half a dozen yards of the post. "The grey horse wins!" screamed a dozen bushmen. "No, no! the black, the black!" thundered another half score, whose voices were instantly drowned in the yells of those who fancied the grey. "Ha!" ejaculated the President, straightening himself up against the rails—he had been sampling Yengarie rum "you're all wrong, me bhoys! The—hic—piebald's got it."

There were only two hansoms on the rank—a gaily painted one, commanded by a smart native, and a "patent safety" which had seen better days. Two fat persons, in Pinafore costumes and Bebe bonnets, walked past the shabby vehicle and entered the stylish cab. "Ladies," said the driver of the latter vehicle—he was an Irishman—"I'm first on the rank; let me give yez a lift." "Yes," was the reply, "when you get another cab." "Begorra," observed the Hibernian Jehu, "and it's your own two sweet selves that should be the last to object to anything nglly."

Diggers are apt at giving nicknames. In one of the most recently discovered fields there are some females who can hardly be called women, and are certainly not ladies. One is known as "Scrub Turkey," because she has a red nose. Another, "The Long-handled shovel," owes her appellation to the fact that she is tall. A shanty-keeper who has a playful habit of breaking brandy bottles over the heads of his customers, rejoices in the name of "Gentle Annie," and the gait of one fat creature is so deliberate as to entitle her, in the opinion of the inhabitants, to the sobriquet of the "Murrumbidgee Barge." But in that part of the country everyone has a nickname. The charming sister of a civil servant who volunteered to accompany her brother to the wilds in the capacity of housekeeper, when first she made her appearance in Mulligan-street, a blue and white dress. Now the seekers of gold irreverently allude to her as "The Speckled Hen."

A stray aboriginal the other day presented himself at the residence of the charitable Bishop Barker and applied in a general way for assistance. Food was given him, and after he had eaten, he "requisitioned," as a civil servant would say, for boots. A pair which had been for some time in the service of the colossal prelate were handed to the darkey who, however, declined the gift. "No fear," said he, "too much big fellow canoe."

It was on a Fiji steamer, and he and she—they had never met before—had been two days at sea. In at least one respect their tastes diverged as widely as the poles, for he enjoyed ham and eggs in rough weather and she—well, she liked fresh air better. But there was still between them that ineffable something in common. She was fascinating and he was susceptible. He "popped the question" after eight-and-forty hours' acquaintance, but she hung her head and replied not. "Answer me, my love," said he softly. She raised her tender eyes, and, as the ship rolled heavily, ejaculated the single word "bucket." It meant a lot, and reminded him, among other things, of Punch's well-known "Kiss me, darling, I'm going to be sick."

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

The Blayney-Murrumburrah Railway Survey is rapidly progressing.

Thomas Parson, a man of independent means, has committed suicide at Geelong.

The Adelaide Steam Tug Co.'s report shows net profit for the half year of £3,000.

Mr. Alfred Barker, a S. A. colonist of 36 years' standing, has died of heart disease.

The s. s. Seine has arrived at Port Darwin from Banjoewang with the duplicate cable.

The annual salary list of the Sydney Corporation represents £15,253.

A man named James Donnelly has been killed by machinery belting at Scott's Mills, Burrowa.

In Melbourne an engine driver named Simpson has poisoned himself with carbolic acid.

The Temperance Demonstration at the Garden Palace on Monday was a success.

The Cape Hawke Hotel, Forster, has been burnt down.

A new rush with good prospects, has taken place near Murchison, Victoria.

Mr. Giblin, the Tasmanian Treasurer, has to get a deficiency of £55,000 out of 110,000 people.

Sir J. M. Wilson, President of the Tasmanian Legislative Council, is very ill.

News of the arrival of the Aconcagua at Suez and of the Cuzco at Plymouth has been received.

During a recent fire at 94 Campbell-street, a constable burnt his whiskers off. How romantic!

There were 396,000 males and 315,000 females in the colony in June last.

The HERALD devotes a long leader to advocating public provision for the higher education of women.

Lady Augustus Loftus held her first reception on Thursday.

The Manning River oyster beds are closed for a year from 23rd January.

Second Lieutenant Houston, of No. 6 Battery Volunteer Artillery, has retired on his rank.

To-day post offices are established at Jeir North Berry Jerry and Wallandry.

From Charters Towers £600 has been remitted in aid of the Irish Famine Relief Fund.

Dr. Morgan has been returned unopposed for Belmore Ward, Newcastle.

The Bank of Australasia is building a new establishment at Albury.

The export of coal from Newcastle for the week ended 23rd January was 17,990 tons.

A man named William Wilson has been killed in a fight at Adamstown.

The Loyal House of Cowra I.O.O.F., have opened their lodge with a grand banquet.

A stand up fight has occurred in the Victorian Assembly.

Mr. James Mair, P.M., of Armidale, has been appointed warden of the Peel and Uralla district.

Professor Stanich goes on a tour to Queensland this month. He will, however, continue to make Sydney his headquarters.

A new picture, by the French artist Schenke, has been bought for Melbourne Public Library at a cost of £1,200.

Beer brewed at the Boll Brewery, Wellington, has been tasted by a large assemblage, and pronounced excellent.

Jones and Co., of Parkes, have cleaned up their second crushing of 59 tons for 117 ozs. 3 dwts. of gold, dividing at the rate of £30 per man per week.

As Bowen, a youth named Dirke Stueben has been drowned in a lagoon while endeavouring to recover a duck.

The New South Wales Government are protesting against the English postal rates proposed by Victoria.

A boy named Fordham has been washed against the piles at Kenny's baths, Brighton, Melbourne, and drowned.

Burrowa must be a lively place. "Sectarian differences" prevent any response being made to the appeal in aid of the Irish Famine Relief Fund.

45,000 feet of space out of 100,000 available for Victoria at the Melbourne Exhibition, have been applied for.

A shock of earthquake was felt in some of the Northern districts of South Australia, on Sunday night last.

A determined case of garrotting has occurred at Goulburn. An elderly man named McDonald was robbed of £3.

At Bulli a petition against the continuance of assisted immigration in the present state of the labour-market has been adopted.

During December last 4393 ozs. gold and 434 tons tin were sent to Melbourne from Launceston, Tasmania.

In 1879 the Bischoff (tin) and Beaconsfield (gold) Mining Companies paid between them in dividends £150,000.

It is proposed that there be in Sydney a Superintendent-General of Fire Brigades, with complete authority at fires.

The yield of the Band and Albion Consols for the week ended 26th January, was 273 oz. of gold from 235 tons quartz.

Senior-sergeant Lenthall has been presented by the inhabitants of Albury, where he has done duty for eleven years, with a purse of sovereigns.

A petition has been hawked about in Auckland by naturalized Germans urging the German Government to establish a "protectorate" at Samoa.

Some of the Melbourne lemonade-makers substitute sulphuric for citric acid in manufacturing their beverages.

Over £70,000 worth of new silver has been distributed in Melbourne and £25,000 more is expected next week.

The Rev. W. J. Cox, lecturing in Adelaide, has said that the Blue Mountains surpass the Alps in grandeur.

A man named John Dyson, who tried so get up a bushranging gang, has been arrested at Broadmeadows.

A State railway carriage is being built in Victoria in anticipation of the visit of the Prince of Wales.

The death of Captain Stubbs, of the Victorian permanent artillery causes much regret. He was a good officer, and was illustriously connected. Some time ago he lost the sight of one eye through an accident.

Mr. Longmore is going to "Black Wednesday" some more Victorian Lands Officials, and (so he says), to save £10,000.

The s.s. Egmont struck a reef near Cooktown at midnight on Thursday week and had a narrow escape.

It is rumoured in Queensland, but hardly believed, that Mr. Morehead and others intend to secede from the present Government.

The Queensland National Bank directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent. transfer £20,000 to reserve and carry forward £5,000.

The Newcastle School of Arts has £488 to its credit. Mr. R. B. Wallace is President for the current year.

A Victorian railway guard named Swan has been injured by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

The Postmaster-General and the Minister for Justice will probably attend the opening of the new public offices at Orange.

A Newcastle firm is about to despatch the ship Antipodes direct to London with wool and other cargo.

The ship General Butler discharged 400 tons ballast and loaded 1650 tons coal at Newcastle, between the 10th and 19th January.

Plans of the proposed water works at Newcastle, by Mr. Norman Selke, have been laid before the local Council and adopted after a long discussion.

During the last two years 2737 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,307,336 tons, have cleared out of Newcastle, N. S. W.

The body of Mr. Yabsley, who was drowned through the capsizing of the Vesta, has been recovered and buried at Coraki.

The new gaol at Goulburn is to cost £50,000. The difference between the lowest and highest tender for its erection was about £30,000.

In Auckland, a blacklog has had the impudence to sue a victim for £200, the amount of a promissory note for money won at cards.

The Denilquin school board have disagreed with the Council of Education on a matter of finance and have resigned en masse.

Applications from persons willing to compete for a junior clerkship in the Sydney branch of the Royal Mint will be received until noon of 1st March, 1880.

Nine men belonging to the ship Excelsior, at Adelaide, have during a ball deliberately assaulted their officers with belaying pins. Revolvers were used. The men have been arrested.

Mr. David J. Newton, solicitor, of Sydney, has been committed for trial by the Water Police Bench on a charge of having forged the name of the Deputy Registrar to a deed of assignment.

The BRISBANE COTRIER, in view of the partial failure of the wheat crop on the Downs, advocates the suspension of the wheat duty in the interest of flour mill owners.

At Balranald, on Thursday week, Mr. Charles Given had his little finger bitten by a brown snake. He chopped the finger off, drank brandy, and is progressing favourably.

Mr. George Higinbotham—"Honest George"—has declined to stand for East Bourke. He is tired of politics, and was at last election beaten by a man who raises cabbages.

It is now anticipated that there will, in consequence of Te Whiti's decreased power amongst the Maoris, be little difficulty in taking possession of the Waimate Plains.

Both parties in the Victorian Assembly desire to bring the session to a speedy close. The situation in regard to the elections has been fully discussed by the Ministry.

The hat store of Yeomans, the well-known Melbourne political agitator, has been burnt down. The fire involved the Academy of Music to a slight extent.

Roused to action by the recent cases of strychnine poisoning, the Victorian brewers are consulting analytical chemists as to the best means of cleansing bottles.

The Revenue of the Port of Newcastle for the week ended January 23, was £1063 14s. 9d. The value of the exports from Newcastle for the year 1879, was £1,347,763.

Great distress prevails at Newcastle among the colliers. The fact affords a splendid opportunity to Government for pushing ahead local public works.

The people of Newcastle have at a public meeting decided to urge their claim to return two members, and to petition Parliament in support of their claims.

At Narrandera, a little girl while taking off the lid of a kettle had her eyes scalded by the steam and fell into the fire, burning herself in a shocking manner.

From a private letter it appears that Mr. Parnell's tenants intend to make him reduce their rent considerably. His agent has refused to sanction this.

The annual contribution of sheep owners towards carrying out the provisions of the Diseases in Sheep Act of 1866 has been fixed at 7s. 6d. per thousand for the year 1880.

The Victorian "Inspectors of Public Houses" are to be "done away with." "Inspecting public houses" though apparently paid for in Victoria, is the favourite amusement of many Sydney residents.

Last October a woman-servant named Smith lost herself in the bush at Ben Lomond. The skeleton of the unfortunate creature has just been found.

George Thonars, who stuck up Holy Plains station, and afterwards surrendered himself, says that he bailed up the place on the impulse of the moment when ordered off.

Archbishop Vaughan says that bazaars give scope for the exercise by those interested, of their artistic, inventive and attractive qualities. Especially of the latter, we should say.

At the annual meeting of the Goulburn Hospital Captain Zouch was elected president. There is a balance of £214 to credit together with £900 on behalf of the fever ward.

We have it on the authority of a Mr. Howlett, "lately from London" that the drunkenness and vice of Sydney far exceed that of the big city first named.

A man (28) named William Thomas [Coulthard, at Yass, has accused himself of having in 1878, at Everton, Liverpool, England, poisoned his wife with prussic acid, through excessive jealousy. He says he afterwards fastened lead to the head and feet of the body and threw it into the Mersey, and asserts that his wife's vision now appears to him nightly. He seems to be in his right senses and adheres to his statement.

£7500 has already been remitted from Melbourne in aid of the Irish Famine Fund.

Mr. Thomas Roals, butcher, of Lochinvar, has been killed by being thrown from a cart.

The main channel of the new metropolitan sewerage scheme will, according to Mr. Lackey, run through Faddington and Woolahra.

The receipts for 1879 of the Australasian Wesleyan Missionary Society were £15,220 7s. 5d., and they were balanced by the expenditure.

The Assembly, after discussing Dr. Bowker's motion, has decided to leave question for the site for the new infirmary in "statu quo."

The members of the Huon Island Guano Co. have filed their schedule; liabilities £10,093, assets £21,318.

Mr. Moorhouse, a new arrival at Wagga, and said to be related to the Bishop of Melbourne, has been severely injured through the shying of his horse.

Some very important discoveries of gold-bearing quartz have been made on the Sebastopol lines of reef. There is great excitement at Ballarat in consequence.

Mr. Walker, of Dumbleton, Mackay, has been drowned. He was one of the most popular of Queensland sugar planters.

Mr. Thomas Dalton, of Dalton Bros., of Orange, was on Tuesday last married at the latter place to Mrs. Aherne, late of Queensland.

Captain Fentiman, of the P. and O. Co.'s service, has died at Melbourne. His funeral was largely attended.

The owner and editor of BRISBANE PUNCH, "Bobby Byrne," recently on a visit to Sydney, has lost considerably by a fire in Brisbane.

The Government are again considering the A.S.N. Co.'s demand for £5000 compensation for loss of property sustained owing to the extension of Sussex-street from Margaret-street to Grafton wharf.

A fishing boat, containing three men, named respectively H. Fraser, Chas. Jones, and Phil, a mate of the steamer Williams, left Newcastle for Port Stephens about a month ago on a fishing excursion, and have not since been heard of.

48 tons of stone from Nos. 3 and 4 Lady Mary, Gympie, have yielded 92 ozs. 9 dwts. retorted gold: 146 tons from the Golden Crown reef 132 oz. 13 dwts.; and 138 tons from the Glanville p.c., 120 oz. 9 dwts. 18 grs. (retorted).

The A. S. N. Co.'s balance-sheet shows a profit of £16,249, from which the directors recommend the payment of an 8 per cent. dividend. The ship property is valued at £380,624, and the freehold and leasehold property at £214,594.

A reward of £25 is offered by Government for information leading to the discovery of the parents of a female infant, 10 days old, found on the verandah of the Globe Hotel, Albury Road, Wagga, on 13th December last.

Dr. R. C. Rutter, of Parramatta, is the oldest medical man practising in the colonies. He is 80 years of age, and is in full possession of all his faculties. He was banquetted on Thursday week by leading residents.

On Thursday evening the children of Mr. Robert Ritchie, of 516 Kent-street, played with matches. Two fire brigades attended Mr. Ritchie's residence, which fortunately was not much damaged.

Bishop Bugnion and his Mennonite followers, who are to be "assisted" to Queensland, do not appear to be very desirable colonists. Their religious doctrines, it is stated, are not favourable to hard work.

The recent tidal wave and hurricane at Fiji did great damage. Several white residents and many natives were drowned. The Stanley, 113 tons, with 150 return islanders from Queensland, had to keep her passengers under battened hatches for 30 hours at a time. Over 50 subsequently died.

We are assured by the very best possible authority on the subject that the HERALD's statement to the effect that the bushranger Rogan used brutal language to his mother and sister on the first occasion on which they visited Darlinghurst, is utterly without the slightest shadow of foundation.

Mr. R. S. Scott, one of the directors of the Provincial and Suburban Bank, has been charged with attempting to leave the colony while out on bail. Mr. Scott explained that he was going to Launceston on account of the illness of his mother, and succeeded, in spite of a counter application, in having his original bail renewed.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Bishop Barker is ruralising.

The Hon. Thomas Holt is worth £500,000.

The Hoskins monogram is R.A.T.—ready and true.

Jem Fisk's widow now boards with her former coachman.

Mr. John Russell, of the firm of P. N. Russell and Co., is dead.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is about retiring from Australian political life.

Mr. S. C. Brown seems inclined to be the Hon. William Forster's friend. Save me, &c.

Captain Mandeville, of the Cerberus, is so ill that he is not expected to live.

Dr. Andrews, of Brisbane, died suddenly on Friday week while playing chess.

Admiral Hoskins is to have the forthcoming vacancy at the Admiralty Board.

The 18th January was fixed for M. Taine's induction into the French Academy.

On the scales Hanley Bennett turns thirteen stone. Other clowns turn somersaults.

James M'Kean has the longest body and one of the shortest minds in Melbourne.

The Governor of Darlinghurst gaol is a baronet. Few know this, but it's a fact, nevertheless.

Mrs. Malleson is one of the leaders of Melbourne society. Her husband is a rich solicitor.

The best private collection of paintings in Victoria belongs to Mr. Lynch, a Brighton solicitor.

Joe Thompson, "The Leviathan," has one of the most gorgeously furnished houses in Melbourne.

Mrs. Fischer, wife of Dr. Carl Fischer, M.D., of Macquarie-street, died in England in November, of heart disease.

Mr. John Hurley fears to face another election at Hartley. His constituents are sick of his "Jesuitical" nonsense.

Captain Harvey Spiller, formerly of the New Zealand Volunteers, carried off the prize of the season at Brighton—Mrs. Ralston, a young widow, with a jointure of £7000 a year.

Mrs. J. R. Dickson, wife of the ex-Colonial Treasurer of Queensland, has died owing to the shock to her system caused by the accidental discharge of a revolver. The weapon was kept in the house as a protection against burglars, who of late have been very daring in Brisbane.

Several Sydney policemen have rows of houses. This is the only instance of any real benefit from intemperance.

To the Rev. Father Bucas, who has just left Mackay, the Catholics have given £50 in sovereigns, and the Protestants a gold watch and pencil case.

Captain and Mrs. St. John and Miss Robinson are in Sydney on a visit, Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson regretfully finding it impossible to accompany them.

Mr. Angus Mackay finds Sydney journalism more profitable than Victorian politics. He will probably not seek re-election at the hands of the Sandhurst voters.

Sir John Robertson drinks P.B. Before he does so he bathes his eye-lashes with the liquid. The clearness of his honest blue eye tells the result of twenty years' practice.

It was the graceful "Australie," daughter of His Honor Sir William Manning, who presented to his Excellency the petition from the ladies of Sydney on behalf of Rogan.

Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland, has had her little daughter baptized by the somewhat abrupt name of Maria Louisa Victoria Carolina Amelia Alexandria Augusta Frederica.

BRIEF MENTION.

JUDGE WINDRYER is studying the law.

The EVENING News thinks Scott was mad. Vice versa.

Some men are born to guzzle. Now Ben James lives in Sydney.

City photographers say Lord Loftus' photos are dead stock.

Love by telegraph is the result of having female operators.

THE BULLETIN is in no way connected with the SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.

THE BULLETIN is to give special attention to the interests of the Licensed Victuallers.

John Lucas's buggy has a U spring on one side, and on the other, where he sits, a W.

Was Scott's adieu to Rogan, "Good-bye, Tom," premonitory of a start on a different journey?

The EVENING News now says that agitations for mercy are "discreditable." It wasn't so last June.

A BULLETIN compositor says that to read a joke or a funny paragraph out of the HERALD or the ECHO is to eat a wedding breakfast out of a coffin.

Westwood and Frank Warden have gone into partnership. Few men ever can get on without a confederate.

"Squarson" is THE BULLETIN word for a man who leaves the pulpit for something more congenial. Mr. Curnow or Mr. Greenwood, for instance.

The Italian exhibits at the Garden Palace, or it may more accurately be said, the Italians themselves, continue to be a source of feminine attraction.

An Irishman was asked to equally divide four apples among three people. "There's two for you two, and two for me, too," said he. That's the principle on which the Governor has dealt with the bushrangers.

"We must agitate," exclaimed Tom White recently—"we must agitate, or we perish." And then he gently agitated it with a spoon, and pretty soon it did perish, all but the sugar.

Where, amongst the distinguished company at the complimentary ball to Captain Mathien, were the representative commissioners, and why was the ball remarkable for their absence? Where was "good papa Davenport," where the little Oscar Meyer and all the rest of them?

Business capacity, wherever found, deserves, due recognition. We are not inclined to go to press with the first number of THE BULLETIN without thanking Messrs. F. T. Wimble and Co. for the business-like way and the dispatch with which they supplied all necessary material for the production of this journal. The order was given on one day, and Mr. Franks had our office complete on the next. The first number of THE BULLETIN will, we trust, reflect no discredit on the splendid assortment of printing material which Messrs. Wimble and Co. have now in the city.

The curiosities of HERALD literature have this week shown themselves in criticism. Speaking of Camilla Urso's playing, the critic rhapsodizes on the exquisite tones in which (in a fantasia on "Faust,") Marguerite was wooed in the "Salve dimora!" This will be news to those who heard the piece and who know the opera, for the "Salve dimora" was not introduced at all, and if it had been it is not the song in which Marguerite is wooed by the wicked Faust. It was the "Dammis ancor" that was played. The former air is addressed to Marguerite's house, the latter to the damsel herself. The next day the HERALD, in noticing the Steinweg piano-forte, says that the originator of the factory (Steinweg) lived in Hanover. Another blunder—he lived in the Wallmarkt, Braunschweig. But to cap all, the oldest paper caps everything yesterday by giving a vote of thanks to the chairman of a meeting that has not taken place. Jumble! thy name's S. M. HERALD!

The Levee and Lady Loftus.

The beauty and fashion of Sydney were keenly alive on Thursday to the necessity of appearing their very best on the occasion of the first reception of Lady Augustus Loftus since her arrival on Monday. The opportunity of gaining ascendancy at Government House was one not to be lightly lost sight of; so from an early hour matrons and maids, in carriages and cabs, were arriving at the vice-regal residence, to be ushered into the presence of the lady who is expected to conduct the stately ceremonies of the position occupied by the representative of royalty. The coteries of dowagers and dames who represented the various knots with which Sydney society is tied together—often, very loosely—were in a flutter of expectation as to some sign of special satisfaction from the sparkling eyes of the distinguished lady. But in vain! Her ladyship had not had time to talk with toadies or to be kotowed to by tabbies. With her grand presence she courteously curtsied to all the comers with equal elegance, and glanced at each with the same sweet smile. Toadies and tabbies were all equally disconcerted, and anxiously await the next move on the visiting-cards of the Governor's wife.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

The recent contest over the proposed excise duties on colonial beer and tobacco points to the necessity for watchfulness in the interests of colonial enterprise. It ought particularly to be a signal for the formation of the licensed victuallers of the colony into a compact and influential organization. We need hardly say we speak in behalf of respectable trading and traders. Now the Licensed Victuallers' Association aims at protecting the interests of the general body, by improving the character of licensed houses, securing the respectability of licensees, and meeting whenever required the undue hostility of ill-advised, though perhaps well-meaning opponents. Recent occurrences have tended to swell the ranks of the association, but there are hundreds of country hotel-keepers who, indifferent to their own interests, have not yet responded to the general invitation to join. It may be just as well to point out that these are essentially days of trade combinations, in which unity is strength, and the weak go to the wall. And what applies to trade in general bears with equal force on the several branches of the licensed business.

THEATRE ROYAL.

FINAL PERFORMANCES
of
Miss MAGGIE MOORE
and
Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON,
and
Positively their Last 6 Nights.

THE
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS
of
ARRAH-NA-POGUE
and
KERRY
Can be confidently classed as
THE GRANDEST
Night's
ENTERTAINMENT
ever offered to the Sydney Public.

THIS (Saturday) EVENING, JANUARY 31.

The performance will commence with the comedy
drama of

KERRY ... Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON.
KATE ... Miss MAGGIE MOORE.

To conclude with
Dion Boucicault's
WORLD FAMOUS IRISH DRAMA,
with

NEW ELABORATE SCENERY,
painted from authentic sources by Mr. W. Wilson,
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.
SHAUN, THE POST ... Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON.
ARRAH-NA-POGUE ... Miss MAGGIE MOORE.

PERFORMED BY THEM
with great success
IN DUBLIN,
and
FOR FOUR MONTHS
at

THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON.

Incidental to the Drama, Miss Maggie Moore will sing
the original song, composed expressly for her by
G. W. Hunt, Esq., of London, entitled
"SHAUN, DEAR, MY OWN,"
and will give a stirring rendition of the
"WEARING OF THE GREEN,"
received everywhere with enthusiasm.

The sole right of producing "Arrah-Na-Pogue" in
the Australian colonies has been purchased by Mr. J. C.
Williamson from the author, Dion Boucicault.
Box Office at Nicholson and Ascherberg's, George-
street.

SPECIAL.

The performance will commence at a quarter to eight
o'clock precisely.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Stage Manager ... Mr. James H. Rainford.

THIS (SATURDAY) NIGHT.

THIS (SATURDAY) NIGHT.

OUR DAD. OUR DAD.

OUR DAD. OUR DAD.

OUR DAD. OUR DAD.

OUR DAD. OUR DAD.

THE ONLY STAR COMPANY.

Mr. J. L. HALL, Miss LYDIA HOWARDE,
Mrs. J. L. HALL, Miss LAURA WISEMAN,
Miss OCTAVIA LANE, Mr. H. HODGSON.

OUR DAD. OUR DAD.

Box-office at Elvy's. Prices as usual.

KELLY AND LEON'S

OPERA HOUSE,
Corner of King and York streets.

THIS (Saturday) EVENING, January 31.

First appearance of the charming Burlesque Actress,
Miss NELLIE A. HENRY,
who has been engaged especially at an enormous ex-
pense for the character of
SELENE,

in the
Prohibited Victorian Edition,
THE HAPPY LAND
The Happy Land
The Happy Land.

Box Plan now open at Nicholson and Ascherberg's.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

Lessee ... Mr. S. Lazar.

CAMILLA URSO'S
GRAND CONCERTS.

Director ... Mr. Frederic Luer.

The urgent demands to MADAME CAMILLA
URSO to remain,

and to give another SERIES of CONCERTS in
SYDNEY, have

decided the DIRECTOR to cable over to America,
and to inquire

whether his engagement there could be modified.
A favourable

answer having been received, he is happy to be able
to meet the

views of the Dilettanti and admirers of MADAME
URSO'S

GENIUS, and to announce

ANOTHER SERIES of TEN CONCERTS,
to be given

at the
SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The FIRST to TAKE PLACE
NEXT WEDNESDAY, February 4, 1880.

The Others
To FOLLOW ON CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS,

The Prices will Remain as Usual.

Front seats, 5s.
Second seats, 3s.
Gallery, 1s. 6d.

The Plans will be open at Nicholson and Ascher-
berg's on SATURDAY, at 10 a.m.

LAWRENCE FOLEY,
CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA,
UNITED STATES HOTEL,

Corner Riley and William Streets, Woolloomooloo,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public
that he is now in possession of the above Hotel,
and that the business will be carried on under his own
immediate supervision. He will be glad to see his old
friends, and as many new ones as are in want of a glass
of spirits, wine, or beer of a quality not to be surpassed
in the colony.

L. FOLEY will continue to give instruction, on mode-
rate terms, in the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE, in the
large Athletic Hall adjoining the above Hotel.

ADOLPHE GABRIEL & CO.

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTS,
15 WYNARD SQUARE,
(TWO DOORS FROM FAHLETT'S HOTEL),
SYDNEY.

CAUTION!
Owing to systematic attempts which are made to
mislead, Messrs A. G. and Co. find it necessary to
caution their patients that their
ONLY ADDRESS IS AS ABOVE.

ARTHUR CUBITT.

157, late 203, PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.
MISSING FRIENDS AND NEXT OF KIN OFFICE.
PRIVATE INQUIRIES CAUTIOUSLY CONDUCTED.
CERTIFICATES OBTAINED OF BIRTHS, DEATHS
and MARRIAGES.

COPIES OF WILLS PROCURED.
DURING THE YEAR 1879
253 INQUIRIES WERE INITIATED,
Of these 172 were satisfactorily completed
26 were withdrawn for various reasons
31 were unsuccessful or abandoned
31 were in progress.

IN SPECIALLY PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS,
most intricate cases have met with marked success.
AGENCIES in Great Britain and Ireland, United
States, Continent of Europe, Australia, and New
Zealand.

144 COLLARS for 3s.
AT HORDERN'S IN PITT-STREET.

SEE THEM!! SEE THEM!!

144 COLLARS FOR 3s.
144 COLLARS FOR 3s.
ANY SIZE, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, or 16½

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF SEASONABLE DRAPERY

NOW ON SALE.
The most successful of our many purchases,
and the MOST GENUINE SALE ever held in
NEW SOUTH WALES.

£40,000 WORTH OF SEASONABLE DRAPERY,
ALL NEW GOODS, bought in England,
at an enormous reduction,
by

ANTHONY HORDERN and SONS,
HAYMARKET.

In this GENUINE SALE we are showing
Slate and Drab Dress Linings, 1½d, 2½d, 3d, 3½d
Slate Holland, 6d, 6½d, 7½d, 8½d, 9d.

Brown Holland,
5d.

Diapers, 6½d, 7½d, 8½d, 10½d, 1s
These goods are fully 30 to 45 per cent. lower than
can be procured elsewhere.

£40,000 WORTH GENERAL DRAPERY.
32-inch A1 only 2½d per yard, B1 3½d Horrockses.
36-inch A, 3½d 52 yards for 14s
B, 4d 42 yards for 14s
BBB, 7½d 42 yards for 25s

Customers, especially those who come from the
country, are informed that they can purchase any
quantity they think proper, not restricted to two or
three yards as is frequently done by other houses.

GENUINE SALE.
Grey Calico, 1½d, 2½d, 3½d, 4½d, 4½d, 4½d,
50 per cent less than regular prices.
Grey sheeting, 72 inches wide, from 6½d,
at

ANTHONY HORDERN and SONS,
HAYMARKET.

C. W. ROBERTS'

£3 CASE
OF
ASSORTED WINES AND SPIRITS.

** CARRIAGE FREE BY RAIL OR STEAMER.

ON receipt of the above sum the following genuine
articles will be forwarded, in SQUARE BOTTLES,
securely packed in a case, viz.:-

6 quarts KEY GIN
2 " PALE BRANDY
6 " WEST INDIA RUM
1 " WHISKY
1 " SUPERIOR PORT WINE
1 " SHERRY WINE.

Total: 15

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

C. W. ROBERTS has much pleasure in stating that
he is constantly receiving the highest testimonials from
residents in all parts of the colony referring to the high
character of the LIQUORS supplied in his
FAMOUS £3 CASE.

Try one and judge for yourself.

Kindly make a note of the Address—

C. W. ROBERTS,
Importer of Wines and Spirits,
George and Market Streets,
SYDNEY.

TATTERSALL'S HOTEL,

PITT-STREET.

GEORGE ADAMS
(Late of Kiama),
wishes to inform his friends and the public generally
that he has succeeded

Mr. W. J. O'BRIEN
in the above old-established Sporting Hotel, and trusts
by keeping none but the best brands of
WINES, SPIRITS, AND BEERS,
to merit a continuance of the support so liberally
bestowed on his predecessor.

** G. A. purposes making important changes, so as
to afford

THE SPORTING PATRONS
every convenience and satisfaction.
Also, Gentlemen visiting the Metropolis.
N.B.—Night Porter.
G. ADAMS, Proprietor.

PUNCH'S HOTEL.

King and Pitt Streets, Sydney.

AT this well-known and Popular Hostelry Wines,
Spirits, and Ales of the finest brands can be ob-
tained Retail or Wholesale.
Table d'Hôte from 12 to 3.
First-class Billiard Table.

London Melbourne, Queensland, and Provincial papers
filled.

SYDNEY CUP CONSULTATION, 1880

2000 Members at One Pound each.

Distributed as follows:—

First horse	£1000
Second horse	400
Third horse	200
Starters (divided among)	200
Non-starters (divided among)	200
				£2000

The Consultation on the above event will Close at the
earliest possible date. Intending constituents are
requested to forward their favours early, as many were
disappointed over Tattersall's Cup, their orders having
been received after the consultation was filled.

Country subscribers are requested to forward ex-
change on cheques and stamp for reply.

E. E. JONES,
Tattersall's Hotel, Sydney.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Undersigned wish to announce to all country
visitors that they are SOLE LESSEES for all kinds of
REFRESHMENTS within the
GARDEN PALACE.

The Drinks are of the best quality, and like their
picturesque apartments, are deliciously cool.

YOUNG and O'CONNELL.

UNION CLUB HOTEL,
Baylis and Forsyth Streets,
NEWTOWN, WAGGA WAGGA
(Close to the Railway Station).

Under the patronage of His Excellency Sir Hercules
Robinson, K.G.C.M.G.

T. J. BYRNES, Proprietor.

Wines, Ales, and Spirits of the very best brands.
A First-class Cook kept.
The STABLES will be well supplied with fresh and
wholesome provender and be under the supervision of
careful grooms.

S. RATHS.

O'BRIEN'S ARRIAGE AND BUGGY MANUFACTORY.

371 PITT STREET (near Bathurst-street),
SYDNEY.

JOHN CUTTER, PRACTICAL TAILOR,

317 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

All Orders attended to with care and dispatch.

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WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
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Opposite St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Medals of every description, Masonic Jewels and
Presentation Trowels designed and made on
the premises.

DIAMOND SETTER.

DEAFNESS.

PROFESSOR STANICH,
AURIST.

WILL positively terminate his Professional Season
in Sydney on the 29th of FEBRUARY.

He will proceed to Queensland on a Professional
Tour, starting direct for Charters Towers, then Profes-
sionally visiting all the principal Towns in Queensland
on his return southward.

ROBERT CASSIN,

SADDLER,
WAGGA WAGGA.

BRANCH AT NARANDERA.

Gentlemen residing at a distance who may desire to
obtain Saddles bearing R. Cassin's well-known brand,
can always obtain them by writing to his Wagga
establishment.

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COACH AND BUGGY BUILDERS,
290, PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.
Near Park-street.

C. KOHLER,
FISHMONGER AND OYSTER SALESMAN,
22 HUNTER-STREET.

FRESH FISH EVERY DAY.

LUNCH AND SUPPER ROOMS.

CHAS. MONIE,
SADDLER AND HARNESSMAKER,
GURWOOD-STREET, WAGGA WAGGA.

Jobbing executed on the shortest notice.

WAGGA has long been celebrated for the excellence
of its Saddles, and it will be found by those
who try Saddles of my manufacture that they are by no
means inferior to those of any other maker in the
colonies.
Sportsmen are invited to call.

TO PICNIC PARTIES, &c.

MR. M. BYRNES, of the Pyrmont Ferry, wishes to
intimate to persons getting up Picnics and excur-
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his fleet of steamers, and is now prepared to supply
large or small Picnic Parties with BOATS at REASONABLE
RATES.

The beautiful Steam Yacht "Fawn" having also
lately been added to the above fleet, is now available and
is specially adapted for hire by private parties for fish-
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up, and has every convenience for a few days' trip, there
being a first-class stove, with cooking utensils, on board.
The yacht may be inspected, and full particulars ob-
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Warranted manufactured by that renowned firm
CAMERON and CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,
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In Stock, the most beautiful smoking
NAVY 8's, 5's, 4's; AROMATIC and GOLD LEAF
CABLE, flat and P pieces.

Really splendid Manufacture.
Raven, Negrohead, Cut Gold Leaf, Cut Mixture,
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tion. Pipes in large variety.
Cork Pipes, &c.

The above Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes, &c., Wholesale
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in Sydney. Trial solicited.

Good Cigars, 5s. per 100. Shag Tobacco, 2s. per lb.
The American Flag, i.e., the Stars and Stripes, de-
notes the address—

C. LOUGHNAN.

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619 George Street, Haymarket.

SCOTTISH HIGHLAND OIL

FOR human use, curing all kinds of Wounds, Bruises,
Blows, or Eruptions of the Skin in all parts of the
Body, Head, Hands, or Feet, and removes Warts and
Excrecences; applied to the Hands and Face during
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morning. Possesses an agreeable aroma.

SCOTTISH HIGHLAND OIL removes Lumbago,
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Warts, and Excrecences. Prevents the consequences
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ASSOCIATION

OF
NEW SOUTH WALES.

President:

Mr. J. B. OLLIFFE.

The object of the Association is the
CONSERVATION
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INTERESTS
OF THE
LICENSED VICTUALLERS
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Communications may be addressed to the
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Chess, Draughts, and Dominoes. All the Intercolonial
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Meals at all hours. First-class Cooking. Bill of
Fare constantly varied. Fish always. The finest Tea,
Coffee, Cocoa, and Chocolate. The Ladies' and Gentle-
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Bedrooms are let by the week at 10s. 6d., or 2s.
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prepared to undertake contracts for the manufacture of
Marine and Stationary Engines, Boilers, Girder work,
Quartz-crushing, Saw-mill, Sheepwashing, Mining,
Sugar Mills, and all other descriptions machinery, with
latest improvements.

N.B.—Castings executed with despatch, and best
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Just opened, a splendid assortment of M'Loughlin's
Books, Puzzles, Games, &c. Also, a large shipment of
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It is not the clearness or condition alone of Bull Dog
Ale that preserves this brand first in public esti-
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but no other brand has the same mellow vinous charac-
ter, the fulness on the palate, and the great keeping
qualities of the Bull Dog Ale. Consumers are there-
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extra profit represent the common beers referred to as
equal in quality to the Bull Dog. J. R. CATTELL and
CO., Sole Agents.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS NOTICES.

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communications from country readers will be always
acceptable. Postal irregularities should meet with
prompt complaint.

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