THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANC

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Columbia, May 4, 1856.

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May 7, 1859.

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Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages.

MADAME HEGMAN,

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Walnut street above Front, south side.

Columbia, May 12, 1860.

TOMATO PILLS.—Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S

Dec 3 '59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at H. PFAHLER'S.

Dec. 12, 1857. Locust street.

SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S

Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall

October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S,

Locust street, opposite the Franklin House.

Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD,

Columbia Dec 25, 1858. Canal Basin.

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Reeing & Fronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,

Sept. 17, 1859. Front st. Columbia

Harrison's Columbian Ink,

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflamation, allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by R. WILLIAMS,

Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

REDDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This extremely popular remedy for the cure of external ailments is now for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.

sept. 24, 1859.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. *He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner.* H. PFAHLER,

December 12, 1857. Locust street.

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls. Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 300 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by B. F. APPOLD,

March 26, '59. *No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.*

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store,

April 10, 1859.

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c.—a fresh supply at H. SUYDAM'S

Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts.

Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received at S. F. EBERLEIN'S

Nov. 19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn. H. SUYDAM'S

Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st.

Nov. 26, 1859.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, china-ware, ornamental work, toys &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can test it at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

Jan 28th 1860

A FIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and of Ham, can be bought at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860, No. 71 Locust street

CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green, of different varieties. A fresh lot just received at EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,

March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the authorized edition. F. McClintock. Price, $1,50. Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.—Price, $1,25. Memoirs of Carvosso. Price, 40 cents.

ELIAS BARR & CO.,

Feb. 11. Opposite Court House.

LYON'S PURE CATAWBA BRANDY.—A very superior and genuine article for medicinal purposes. J. S. DELLETT & CO.,

Feb. 11, '60. Agents for Columbia.

COAL OIL HEADQUARTERS.—Beware of spurious Coal Oil. Owing to the large increase in the consumption of Coal Oil, the market is full of bogus oil. The premium article can always be had at J. S. DELLETT & CO'S

Feb. 11, '60. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

FOR MAKING SOAP. A superior article of Soda Ash on hand and for sale by R. WILLIAMS,

March, 42, 1860. Front street

Poetry.

Advent of the Mosquito.

Again the gaunt mosquito comes,
That brigand of the night!
With all his starving family,
To put my dreams to flight.
And try and settle his small bill,
And take a draft at sight!

I hear again the dreadful sound
That tells me who is near;
I hear him wind his horrid horn.
And whet his poisoned spear:
He sounds the battle blast, and ah!
I feel that he is here!

I beat the air. I seem to wage
With friends an an idle feud:
My hopes, like poor Ophelia's,
Are blasted in the bud;
I'm vanquished in a single round,
And he attains "first blood!"

In vain the rank cigar I smoke,
Quite wild and desperate grown;
I try in vain to drive him out,
And shut the window down;
For still I hear those tranquil pipes,
Monotonously drone!

Like Cook among the cannibals,
'Tis useless to appeal.
Or like a mummy wind myself
In sheets from head to heel;
The hungry wretch has picked me out
To make himself a meal!

His sucker, like a burglar's drill,
Would pierce an iron door!
He loves, as Alexander did,
To wade in human gore!
Like Everett, he is always dry,
Like Cobb, a perfect bore.

But yet, his faults may not suffice
All merit to efface;
For sinner never yet was born
Without some spark of grace;
His failing is philanthrophy,
He loves the human race!

He comes by night, as angels do,
To chant his soothing hymn;
He hovereth over the baby's couch
Just like the cherubim,
By day he wadeth in the swamp;
His legs are long and slim.

Oh! bear me to some frozen waste,
Where polar tempests blow!
On train oil I will gaze unmoved,
Or Greenland's cliffs of snow,
And be content to pass my days
Among the Esquimaux!

For the Spy.

An Australian Sketch.

MELBOURNE.

The view from a ship at anchor in Hobsons Bay is very beautiful. To the Westward are the Barrabool Hills, with their fields of wheat shining like molten gold in the sun, and the dim vision of Mount Macedon faintly looming afar. At the water's edge lies Williamstown, just far enough off to have its deformities hidden by the friendly cloak of distance; to the east Sandridge and its busy cluster of boatmen, the far famed "Station Peak" in the back ground, and in front Melbourne itself, with its grown up daughter, Collingwood, looking (thanks to the rising ground on which it is built) a good deal bigger than it really is.

The lack of church steeples and other prominent architectural points gives the stranger who sees Milbourne for the first time an unfavorable impression. When you approach most large cities, the monotony of the roofs seems to be broken at intervals by domes, towers and spires, but in Melbourne the sharpest eye can only detect two little dome-topped towers, one square tower and a very moderate spire. The two domes, somewhat like magnified pepper boxes, belong to the Cathedral, a venerable and exceedingly dirty edifice, presided over by an excellent, though rather slow-coach body of divines, assisted by a staff of subordinate curates, who are serving their apprenticeship here, and occasionally doing journey-work in country parishes. To a stranger it seems odd to see a regiment of soldiers march gravely into church, the privates taking seats reserved for them and the officers mingling their red coats among the congregation. They have a clerk here too, a stout man with a hoarse voice, whose face reminds you of Old Port. Every little while as occasion requires he fires off a loud *Amen*, with a sharp report, as if he was a musket. The music is very good indeed.—The minister, who to-day is one of the apprentices, entertains us with a short sermon upon "Wars and Rumors of Wars" not much to the edification of the soldiers, who sit bolt upright behind their stiff stocks and dont appear as if they understood a word about it, with the exception of the drummer, who takes copious notes on the head of his drum. So we get through the service, the officers come out from the congregation holding their cocked hats high above their heads lest the fur receive damage, the regiment forms into marching order, the organ strikes up and so does the band and away we all go, some to Rink and some to "The Girl I left behind me."

The square tower belongs to St. Paul's church, situated near Prince's Bridge which crosses the Yarra Yarra, and which (the bridge) is to the inhabitants of Melbourne the most wonderful piece of architecture in the world. It is a simple bridge of two arches, built of stone in a very plain style, but as there is no other stone bridge in the Colony and it cost a great deal of money, they think there is nothing like it anywhere. I am somewhat of their opinion. The spire visible from the Bay belongs to St. Peter's church, the prettiest ecclesiastical edifice in Victoria, situated at the head of Great Bourke Street and on the dividing line, so to speak, between Collingwood and Melbourne. These three churches are of the Church of England or Episcopal persuasion and are the only churches of any architectural beauty in the city with the exception of a fine Roman Catholic Cathedral, which has as yet no spire, and to raise money for the erection of which every person who enters the doors is summarily "bowed" for a shilling.

Melbourne boasts of several suburbs—Heidelberg, Richmond, Collingwood, Prahran, St. Kilda, &c., some of which are beautifully situated and present a great number of pretty private residences, generally in the villa style, with an acre or so of ground, and inhabited for the most part by the better class of storekeepers, merchants and professional gentlemen. Of the suburbs, St. Kilda is the most aristocratic, being situate on the sea-beach, and is consequently quite a fashionable resort in the summer season. There are one or two large female academies here, and we sometimes see the pupils taking a dismal walk along the beach, under guard of a file of teachers. There is also a debating society in this select retreat, where the questions of the day are discussed in a learned manner by the St. Kilda youth. The land question seems to be a favorite topic with these young aspirants for fame. It has long been a *vexata questio* with the heads of Government in Victoria and consequently affords an ample field for the exercise of the juvenile debater. One evening while I was sitting among the audience, an amused listener, one young gentleman, who had been carrying all before him in the full tide of declamation on this inexhaustible subject, proposed, that in order to encourage the sale of waste lands in the interior, all persons should be permitted to buy land at the rate of Five Shillings per acre, not in less quantities than one hundred and sixty acres, on a credit of two years, provided within that time each purchaser should fence in his allotment with a good and substantial two rail fence. Having struck out this idea our young orator paused. I could see that the Commissioner of Crown lands himself was impressed, the ladies, especially the speaker's two maiden aunts, were in raptures, and the debater was proceeding to enlarge upon the manifold advantages of such a system, when an old hand behind me, who hadn't any respect for persons, and looked as though he had been on a spree for a week got up and asked "Where the devil the *wood* was to come from?" (In the interior there are almost interminable plains, without a stick of timber.) I really felt for the young fellow. He collapsed in a minute and the Commissioner breathed freely again.

Upon another occasion I heard these mannikins (not one of whom was over sixteen years of age) gravely debating whether the best interests of society did not demand that every *man* should marry. I have no doubt that the spinster portion of the audience at once decided this question in the affirmative in their own minds, but I question how far they would go in allowing these juveniles the full acceptation of the term MAN.

In the year 1853 there was not a single public library of any note in Melbourne.—There is a small one belonging to the Mechanic's Institute, a species of Lyceum, which is well conducted and pretty well patronized. There were few private libraries numbering more than three or four hundred volumes. Still it was not to be expected that in the infancy of the Colony, and especially a Colony where the main end was money-getting, that much attention should be paid to such things. The new comers thought of other things besides books and reading, and the old residents, principally convicts, had no taste for them. But as people began to settle and make Australia their home for life, the habits of old began to come back, and the Mechanic's Institute has now a library numbering four of five thousand volumes. These however, are mostly works of the lighter character. Of valuable works of reference there are comparatively none.

Collingwood and St. Kilda each boast their circulating library and reading room, both upon rather a small scale; and there is a fair attendance at the reading rooms.—The slight demand for valuable works, and the great distance from England render the price of books very high, and any increase to either public or private libraries is necessarily very gradual. The news-room is the most frequented. Every man loves to hear from home and read home news, and the rooms which keep files of the leading foreign papers are crowded every night.

There is a Sacred Music Society here, but it languishes. The Australians are not yet as a body sufficiently cultivated to enjoy the higher class of music, whether vocal or instrumental. The singers themselves are inefficient and the conductor, whoever he is, is by no means capable of undertaking a conductor's duties. I went one night to hear the "Messiah" performed. The room was moderately filled. The overture was pretty well played, though of course both that and the subsequent choruses lacked the power which forms a leading element in their grandeur. After the first recitative and aria, the orchestra ran away and started off into the opening symphony of the ensuing chorus, "And the glory of the Lord." The conductor ran after them with his baton and tried to catch up with them. The singers having a few bars rest counted according to the conductor's time and came in three bars behind of the orchestra, which created a delightful confusion. There was nothing left but to try it again. So all being brought up to the starting point the word was given and the orchestra led off again. The chorus didn't mean to be too late this time, so the altos came in a bar too soon, and the rest of the parts having their cue from the altos came in too. The chorus and orchertra each thought themselves right, and neither would give in to the other, and so on they went, consequently the chorus got to the winning post first, and the orchestra a bar behind. But it did just as well for the audience, for they applauded vociferously. As for the conductor, he was distanced at an early stage of the heat, and beat a bar or two frantically after they had all done.

A few of the solos were very well sung. The Hallelujah chorus went off very well, with the exception of a slight error made by the violincello player, who got hold of the music of "All we like sheep," and played that chorus perseveringly to the end. He got through long before the rest of them, and had time to wipe his spectacles and take a pinch of snuff with the air of a man whose trials on earth are ended.

The crowning feature of the evening was, to me at least, the magnificent recitative and Bass Solo "The Trumpet shall sound." There was not a trumpet player in all Melbourne, and so an obliging young amateur volunteered to play the accompaniment on the *flute*. Shade of Handel!

The taste for ballads and song music has led to the establishment of many curious places of entertainment, totally unlike anything we have in America. They are called "Free and Easies," and are generally held in a room belonging to or connected with some second or third rate public house. Of course the main object of the publican is to sell the greatest possible quantity of grog. Some hire quite a corps of performers, and think the increased attraction amply repays the increased expense, while the majority simply hire a pianist to accompany the songs, and a waiter to supply the liquor, leaving the company to their own resources as to the songs themselves. A pianist at a place of this description has no sinecure. He must be thoroughly acquainted, practically if not theoretically, with his instrument, and must be able to modulate into any key at a moment's notice, for every man sings the song he knows best in the key which suits him best, so that if he finds the first line to high for him he comes down a note or two without any premonitory symptoms, and often sadly disconcerts his accompanyist unless he is a thorough master of the art of "ramping." Frequently the pianist plays an introductory symphony and the singer starts off half a tone higher or lower, in which event the only resource of the accompanyist is to hammer the right key into him by drowning his voice if possible, or try to get into *his* key with as little disorder as may be, for the pianist is invariably blamed as "a muff" if he fail to hide the artist's deficiencies. It is not, however, an easy matter always, to drown the singer's voice, especially if he is an old hand or a sailor, for in either case he shuts his eyes and opening his mouth shouts with stentorian voice that "Be-et-sy—was—a—cha-a-a a-rming maid;"—no human effort can drown his voice; you might as well try to outroar Niagara.

The favorite air seems to be Ben Bolt. I have heard of him so often and from so many different people that I have often heartily wished that he had been laid under the "stone of granite so gray" in place of the fair Alice, before he was ever permitted to afflict humanity with his yarn. I consider him worthy to go down to infamy in company with "The Old Folks at Home." The last mentioned family and Ben Bolt have retarded the onward progress of music at least half a century.

The English are the great patrons of this species of amusement, and they have a variety of self-glorifying songs which are sure to call forth thunders of applause. I used to think my own countrymen were slightly given to bragging, but since I have resided in Australia I have had reason to change my opinion, and I think I may safely say that a beery Englishman, for downright ridiculous self-conceit, beats us hollow.—There is a song of which the first words is as follows, which never fails to awake slumbering John Bull to a sense of his own greatness:

There's a land that bears a noble name,
Though 'tis but a little spot—
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame.
And who shall aver it is not.

"Knock that chip off my shoulder"—says the schoolboy.

Let a stout, porter-bloated Englishman sing this song in a gruff bass voice to a company of his countrymen, accompanied by an energetic pianist, and give all the countrymen privilege to join in the chorus, and you will see as pot-valiant a crowd as ever camphene shone upon, fully able to thrash all the world and the 'Merikins beside—"and who shall aver they are not?"

Let us go to Brown's free and easy, at the Corkscrew Inn, in King street. After hearing Ben Bolt, the White Squall, and one or two other songs, a couple of diggers announce to the gratified audience that they will favor them with a duett. After qualifying themselves for the exertion by a nobler each, and rolling up their sleeves as though they were going to fight each other, digger No. one throws back his head, and commences in a stentorian voice. "De-e-ser-er-ted by-y the way-ay-ning moon."

Digger No. 2.—"Hold a minnit Jim"—(Pianist perplexed,) "Now fire away."

Digger No. 1.—"Who goes there?"

Digger No. 2.—"Wot yer 'bout, that don't come next."

Digger No. 1.—"A friend," (*sotto voce*, "why don't you sing.")

Digger No. 2.—"But should some hapless"———. (Pianist stops.)

Diggers, in unison—(to Pianist).—"W'y in 'ell, don't you play?"

Pianist insinuates in mild terms that it is totally impossible to accompany two persons when singing in different keys. This is incomprehensible to the diggers, but it being evident that there is a screw loose somewhere they mercifully forego the duett, and invite the company generally to take a drink, to which invitation they cordially respond.

Let us leave the Cockscrew and go to the "Union," in Great Bourke Street. This is the fashionable resort. You can get a sherry cobbler here if you like. There is an American barman here, and plenty of Americans in the room. The barman is acquainted with all the mysteries of whiskyskins, brady smashes, gin cocktails, and the various beverages known to Young America, nor is he ignorant of the merits of Colonial drinks, spiders, stone fence and shandygaff. We procure our cobblers, they are very good, but lack one essential ingredient—ice. Sometimes we have a little, and then it sells for about a dollar a pound, at retail.

Let us listen. "The Chough and Crow"—and very nicely sung. Now a pause—Who is this lady in a modest flame colored satin, with a bright, intensely bright red turban on her head! That is Madame Squallini Carandini, the Melbourne pet. See how stormily the citizens receive her.—Hark! the opening notes of "Ah! non giunge." She sings it pretty well, but it doesn't make a corresponding fervor in the bosoms of the audience. *Their* mingling is done with the grosser materials of brandy and water. She feels the lack of enthusiasm and by a poetic license much in vogue here glides gradually off into Ben Bolt. *There* she touches them. That blue shirted fellow eating bread and ham in the corner sits paralyzed, and holds his uplifted jack-knife with a bit of ham on it, in an ecstacy of enjoyment. Having heard the air before we listen with tolerable composure, but the audience, stirred from their apathy, rise *en masse* and shout out the concluding line in unison.

"Ben Bolt OF THE SALT SEA WAVE."

Catharine Hayes is singing nearly opposite. Let us go over and hear. Not a very full house. Music as an art is not well appreciated here. People would rather go to see Jacobs the Wizard juggle, with his inexhaustible bottle. "But," says Fogy who "does" the theatricals for the *Argus*, "we of Melbourne have some taste. See the crowds which went to see Miska Hauser, the violinist."

True, Fogy, but they didn't go because they loved music, or truly appreciated the artist's skill. They had heard that he juggled curiously with the violin. They had seen people juggle with cups and balls, and cards, and inexhaustible bottles, but they had never seen anybody juggle with the violin before, so they went to see Miska Hauser, and they thought he did it very well.

Do you suppose that one of Haydn's Quartettes, or Beethoven's C. Minor would attract an audience? a few would go to hear them if they became fashionable, but utterly unable to appreciate such works. The Melbourne aristocracy go to hear Catharine Hayes, for the same reason that our upper tendom do—fashion's sake. Do you suppose that old Pogrum, who thinks of nothing but the rise in flour, and characterizes Alboni as "the fat woman" cares anything about the opera except as a thing demanded from him by his social position as the father of the young P's and the husband of Mrs. P? What is Pogram Junior doing there in the lobby? Is he listening to the music, or is he arranging with young Noodle about that hundred he lost at vigint-et-un last night, and praying "an extension" as the brokers have it. I am afraid that Mrs. P. herself, obese and good natured as she looks is secretely yawning behind her fan, wishing herself in the Pogrum bed. Fashion and art are the same every where, but Fashion is seldom prone to love art for its own sake. Even here in the Theatre Royal in the Metropolis of the Antipodes the same truths prevail, and people, sit and stare and flirt and yawn in the same style as at home.—The Melbourne ton go to the Opera, where one Artist sings in French, another in Italian and Elvina mourns the infidelity of Amina in the best cockney vernacular.* The few ladies sit and yawn in solitary grandeur in the boxes, stare at each other and criticise Miss Clark's new bonnet and wonder how many sheep her cloak is worth, and the patres familiæ get together in the lobby and discuss the ministerial policy and "Murphy's new Scab Act." The critics and music lovers sit in the pit and enjoy the Ah! non giunge, which being happily finished we go to the Albion and to bed.

Melbourne was laid out by Governor Flinders in a rectangular shape, with streets running due North and South and due East and West. The streets which run Easterly had narrow lanes behind each, for stable conveniences and the like, but the immense rise in property caused by the gold discoveries rendered these lanes too valuable to be reserved for any such purposes, and in a few of them a good deal of business is done. In Flinders lane for instance are the offices of some of the leading mercantile houses. Elizabeth street is the main street, running Northward from the river, and is rife with public houses. All the streets running North and South are two chains in width and might be made noble thoroughfares. Across these run the streets and lanes before mentioned, the lanes taking the name of the streets to which they formerly belonged, as Collins street *little* Collins street, Great Bourke street, *little* Bourke street and so on. Following the northerly extension of King street we come to Batman's Hill about a mile from the river, where an arrangement of flags and balls informs all Melbourne whenever a bark, ship, or steamer has arrived or is in sight. Farther on, on the other side of the hill, is North Melbourne, a suburb fast becoming incorporated with Melbourne proper, and already boasting two or three pretty churches. Still farther on we come to the University, a fine collection of buildings, surrounded by beautifully laid out grounds. I can not speak as to the quality of the instruction imparted to the Melbourne youth. I have no doubt but there in an efficient staff of professors, but in the newspapers one Professor Hearn seems to be at the head of most of the sciences. He occupies the professorship of mental philosophy in the University, but we find him one evening delivering a lecture in the Mechanics' Institute on the nature of the Gases, on another occasion addressing a public meeting on the Rights of Labor, entering into controversies with Divines on disputed points of theology, recommending Triangle's new edition of Euclid, and writing a cheerful disquisition on the Greek Particles.

Near the University is a fine Cemetery, containing about forty-six acres, in which each religious denomination has its appointed quarter, and sectional distinction is kept up even under ground.

To a stranger the streets of Melbourne present a strange and curious appearance.—The buildings are of the most varied character—the wooden shanties of old Melbourne side by side with the stone architecture of later days—within a few years some very fine buildings have been erected, five or six new banks, and several blocks of stores. New Houses of Parliament have been recently finished in tasteful style, but as a general rule the public buildings are no ornament to the city. The much vaunted Town Hall is a hideous piece of architecture, and looks somewhat as the St. Nicholas might if painted black.

In Melbourne every tenant or lessee pays half the expense of paving in front of his building, if he doesn't care to pave it the corporation won't compel him to do so.—Consequently the side-walk is broken up into little intervals of mud and stone, extremely detrimental to well polished boots. Generally those whom business compels to go into the streets wear knee boots of japanned leather, so that a few moments immersion in the flowing gutter removes all the mud. India-rubber overcoats have almost entirely superseded umbrellas.

It seems very odd to see drays drawn by six or eight bullocks in the street, and to hear the shouting and whip-wacking of the drivers—to see red shirted diggers riding horses at full speed and shouting with all the force of their lungs—to see on one side an Australian aboriginal with his boomerang and spear, and on the other side a little boy petitioning to be allowed to black your boots for a penny—to see the troopers come into town escorting a huge wagon full of gold dust—but the strangest of all sights is an Australian wedding among the lower class.

The amiable landlord of the North Star one day mentioned to two or three of us as an inducement to stop a day longer in his house, that a couple were to be married next morning, so we staid to see the fun. In Australia when parties are married according to the Church of England form, the ceremony must take place before twelve o'clock at noon—and about eleven the happy bridegroom, who had previously been a sailor and was now a digger, drove up in great style to the door of the Hotel. A friend who came to act as groomsman and see fair play soon arrived in a dog-cart, bringing with him large supplies of cakes, boiled hams, &c., without which he evidently thought the marriage would be null and void. They went into the private tap-room together and were rapturously received by the bride, who was dressed to a fearful extent and who held between her delicately gloved hands a pewter utensil containing a pint of shandygaff, of which she and the bridesmaid amicably partook. On the arrival of the groom he immediately ordered "nobblers of old Tom" all round which being accordingly produced he proposed as an appropriate hymeneal toast, "Here's luck." Full justice having been done to this sentiment, and the courage of the bridegroom having been further stimulated by a private nobbler at the bar, the party took their places in the vehicles prepared and departed for the church, leaving the edibles in charge of the landlord. The bridegroom was evidently a little frightened, but the bride was an old stager at this sort of thing, having been married twice before, and went into action with the composure of a veteran.

The actual ceremony we did not see, but shortly the groomsman and bridesmaid returned alone, and after fortifying themselves in the usual manner, disclosed the fact that after the knot was tied the bridegroom in his exhibition of spirits had upset the dog cart and spilled his newly acquired treasure into the mud, but that no serious damage was done—This fact was soon proved by the arrival of the groom and bride in woful plight, the mud of Melbourne being of a peculiarly tenacious character, and in the present instance plastering the newly married couple from head to foot.—They were attended to the door by a select committee of the Melbourne loafers, who expressed their gratification in unmeasured terms, and for whom the bridegroom, with characteristic liberality, "shouted".

We didn't see the wedding party again until evening when an agonizing noise of fiddles and a barrel organ was heard up stairs, and the compliments of the pair were conveyed to the company in the house by the landlord, and we were cordially invited to assist at a dance to be held in honor of the occasion, and for which purpose the fiddles and other instruments of torture had been collected. We accepted the invitation. On entering the room we found the groom dressed in a blue coat, an extreme white shirt with a vast expanse of collar, and a bright red silk handkerchief round his neck. The bride was dressed in white, with pink cotton gloves as a relief of colour. Her hair, which was—let us speak modestly—of a bright auburn was curled by the barber's art into various little nobs and also tied with pink ribbon, which imparted a delicate bloom to the cheek of the twice widowed bride. There were three or four other ladies in the room, one of whom I recollected as having condescended to do a little washing for me at the request of the landlord, and another who was interested in a mangle over the way. The other two were strangers. Several individuals of the masculine gender were also present, one of whom was a sailor. This gentleman was kind enough to favor us with Black eyed Susan which he sang with a voice like a strong gale, greatly to the satisfaction of the company, who joined in the chorus with a vigor that made the very glasses rattle.—On our arrival obviously the first thing to do is to take a drink all round, including the ladies; to do these latter justice they require but little persuasion, and the washerwoman in particular disposed of half a pint of gin and water without exhibiting the least emotion. After the drink we all stand up to dance. What the figure is no mortal man nor woman can tell. We all arrange ourselves in line of battle, the ladies' on one side, gentlemen opposite. The fiddles being brought up within half a tone of the barrel organ off we go all together. First a species of advance and retreat, then another advance and cross over, advance and retreat and then advance and cross back again, and that comprises the whole figure. At what stage of the tune to cross over we are totally unable to find out, the ladies' seeming to be governed by no particular rule, so we all dance away, advance and retreat as the rest do, but I am ashamed to say without that vigor of heel which characterizes the other dancers, the bride in particular foots it like an etherial elephant, and the washerwoman, affected possibly by the gin, dances to a tune of her own, having her own time for crossing over and pursuing her own figure with a total disregard of any difference of opinion on the part of the other dancers. We ourselves dance on until ready to drop with fatigue, for it would be considered as an intentional slight if we were to leave off before the rest, so we foot it patiently until a final fling or two and the execution of a species of pigeon-wing by the bridegroom closes the affray.

To recruit their strength after the engagement all hands take a drink, and Mr. Bowles ("Mary Ann's young man, him as works in the foundry and machine shop in Flinders lane,") afflicts us with a song known as the White Squall, accompanied by an accordion, the barrel organ not being in this instance available. Then comes another drink and another dance, and so on, alternations of dancing, drinking and singing until a game of kiss in the ring is proposed, when fearful least we fall victims to the washerwoman, or the proprietress of the mangle, both of whom have evidently had enough gin, we retire, spite of an invitation to "stop and 'ear Tom 'Arris sing Ben Bolt and then take another drink." Our entertainer, who considers listening to Ben Bolt and nobblerizing to be the height of human gratification is astonished at our early departure, but we put it on the score of a journey in the morning, and the last we see of him he is taking a private drink with the washerwoman, and touching glasses with her with that innate politeness which marks the Australian character. As we go up stairs to bed we hear a faint echo

"Of the salt sea wave."

*I have often seen Norma and La Sonnambula cast in four different languages, and some of the effects, especially in duett and trio passages, were particularly inferious.

The Philosophy of Whist.

Let me start with the declaration that whist includes a large range of high qualities, and a great extent of acquirement.—The great whist-player must have patience, charity, forgiveness, forbearance, promptitude, considerable readiness in emergency, fortitude under calamity, a clear faculty to calculate probabilities, an admirable memory, and a spirit at once self-reliant and trustful. Not alone must he be graced by