

diem, and private practice, but refused to stay. All around Cooktown and along the Palmer roads graves are frequently met with, being scarcely out of sight the whole journey. No one should think of coming before the end of March. The climate is good from April to November. A large extent of likely country is still unprospected. Large numbers of miners arrive by every steamer. Fully one-half return sick, and many die.

The passengers who arrived on Tuesday, per ship *Sophia Joachim*, do not appear to be satisfied with the treatment which they have received on the voyage. Several of them have complained to the representatives of the Press that immediately after sailing the stores failed, and that during the last fortnight they were on board they had only received one ration of beef, weighing half a pound. As, however, we see the number of passengers reached but twenty, the vessel does not come under the provisions of the Passengers' Act, fifty being the required number to bring it under its provisions. It is, however, advisable that the matter should be sifted, as, if there be any truth in the charge, it is not at all creditable.

MISS AITKEN, the celebrated Scotch elocutionist, gave the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum a rich treat on Tuesday evening, in the shape of some of her choicest recitations, and for over two hours was she listened to with earnest attention by her auditory. As Miss Aitken takes her departure for the old country in a short time, one of the patients, in returning thanks for the pleasure afforded, on behalf of the patients wished her a hearty God speed on the voyage.

CONSTABLE HARTNETT, while endeavoring to arrest a man for disorderly conduct in Princes street, on Tuesday afternoon, was furiously assaulted, and received such injuries as necessitated medical attendance. It appears the prisoner, a man named Fogarty, succeeded in throwing the constable violently to the ground on his head, which, upon examination by Dr. Bakewell, was found to have resulted in concussion of the brain.

ONE of a series of entertainments in aid of the Catholic schools was given in St. Patrick's Hall, Christchurch, on Thursday evening, January 21. Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was only a moderate attendance. The programme (says the 'Times') comprised overtures by Messrs Spensley, Bonnington, Wood, Tankard and Thompson; songs by Mesdames Digby, Maskell, Oakes, Barry and Wood, Messrs Knox and Dunlop; quartettes by Messrs Knox, Walcott, Bell and Dunlop; pianoforte solo by Miss Kate Donnelly; pianoforte duet by the Misses Donnelly; flute solo by Mr. W. Mardon; and harmonium solo by Mr. R. Parker. The items were all very well rendered, and elicited hearty applause.

THE unfortunate woman Kate Ryder, who was admitted to the Hospital suffering from injuries received by being thrown over a bank, died in that institution on Sunday. An inquest was held on the body on Monday, but no evidence could be elicited as to the perpetrator of the outrage, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against some person unknown."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

A Bill is before the Vermont Legislature making drunkenness a sufficient cause for divorce.

Deputations are expected in Ireland from America, India, Canada, and other parts of the globe to take part in the O'Connell Centenary.

Jefferson Davis has been asked to serve as one of the board of directors of the proposed steamship line between Liverpool and New Orleans.

Le Soir says that the Italian Government has notified Theirs that his stay in Italy is likely to disturb the harmony of its relations with France, owing to his violent attacks on the Government of Marshal McMahon.

Mr Wilson, the donor of £30,000 to the Melbourne University, is a native of the county Antrim, Ireland.

London is to have a joint stock company for the importation of live Texas cattle. The capital is to be £200,000, and the animals are to be transported in between decks of a number of ocean steamers.

In the Biblioteca at Rio Janeiro, a discovery has been made of thirty-seven wood-cuts by Albert Durer, in fine condition, the subject being the "Passion of our Lord," and dated 1524. No complete set, it is said, can be found elsewhere.

There are 700,000 gypsies in Europe, 18,000 in England. Their religion seems to extend no further than a belief in their annihilation at death, although an occasional convert to the Christian faith is made here and there among them.

A large piano manufactory in New Haven has been fitted with a novel system of fire apparatus. In every twelve feet square throughout the building is a projecting water spout with the end soldered up. In case of fire it is expected that the solder will be melted, and thus a flood of water is let on.

The Paris papers announce the arrival in that city of "General Dot," the rival of Tom Thumb. The gallant dwarf is of German origin, and his unprofessional name is said to be Leopold Khan. He was born in San Francisco, of parents of giant proportions. The new "general" weighs 18lbs.

Not long since, at the meeting of a club in New York, a jelly was exhibited on the table and alongside of it an old well-worn leather boot. The spectacle of the boot was a mystery until it was explained by one of the members that from the fellow of the boot the jelly had been made by some chemical process. Jelly for the table made out of old boots!

His Holiness the Pope, wishing to express his high opinion of the merits of Mgr. Fourrier, Nantes, has created him Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and assistant at the Pontifical Throne.

RANDOM NOTES.

"A child's among ye takin' notes,
And faith he'd prout 'em."

So poor Larry Bourke is no more! But perhaps you may have never heard of the chosen of Kilmore, and the telegraphic item from Victoria announcing the demise of the legislator is, therefore, a sealed book to you. Mr. Bourke—as he was called prior to his becoming public property, when he paid the penalty of popularity and became plain Larry—was the successor of Sir John O'Shanassy in the representation of Kilmore, in the Victorian Assembly. In the early days Larry was for many years chairman of that august body, the Road Board of Murdering Gully—a classic region a few miles distant from the representative town alluded to; and when the worthy knight took his seat among the Lords, Kilmore threw itself at Larry's feet, and Murdering Gully became widowed. The incident possessed an interest far beyond its local limits, and the following graceful mention of the transaction occurs in the columns of Melbourne 'Punch':—"Mr. Laurence Bourke, having successfully represented Murdering Gully, has been promoted to Kilmore." As a debater Larry was scarcely equal to the ponderous and "weighty" politician who preceded him; but as a silent deliberator he was without a peer. Being an ardent admirer of the motto, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," his deliberations were marked by a "depth of thought," to which adequate expression was rarely given; for, like the wise parrot, though unable to speak, he was a perfect wonder to think. Cincinnatus was taken from the plough to save his country, and the chair of Murdering Gully became vacant at the public demand, a demand the sincerity and unanimity of which will be best appreciated by the following incident during the election campaign. On the occasion of Mr. Burke expounding his political doctrines to his constituents, the eloquence of which was drowned by the applause by which they were received, with that spirit of fair-play always to be found at gatherings of the kind, a friend of the candidate, (of the Celtic persuasion), in the intervals snatched from expectorating on his palm, in which was clutched his national weapon, coaxingly inquired—"Is there any gentleman wishes to ax the candidate a question?" followed by a "flourish" of the national weapon aforesaid. Whether the eloquence of Mr. Burke or the artistic "flourishes" of his friend were the more convincing, it is hard to judge, but a very considerable time elapsed before the slightest inquisitiveness with regard to the candidate was exhibited. At length one sceptic having expressed a wish to have a doubt cleared up, was eagerly invited by the Usher of the Rod to "shtep forr'd," which he accordingly did. He commenced—"I wish to ax Mr. Bourke why he did not,"—but before the impeachment became public the "national weapon" and the cranium of the inquisitive elector collided, and, gracefully assuming a recumbent position, "the subsequent proceedings troubled him no more." With a look of approval at his handiwork, and a tighter grasp of his instrument, with the view to remove any further doubt in the minds of those present, the question was again put—"Is there any other gentleman would like to ax the candidate a question?" The unanimity of that meeting, and the absence of dissension to the resolution "that Mr. Larry Bourke was a fit and proper person, &c., to represent the enlightened constituency of Kilmore" was a just and honored tribute to the convincing oratory of the candidate—and the persuasion of his friend.

Writing of candidates, elections, and senators brings to my mind an incident connected therewith, which has never as yet soiled paper. At a township not fifty miles from the scene of the above, a local celebrity named Billy Cooper came forward, and offered to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country. Unfortunately Billy's education had been completed before the introduction of compulsory education, and his declamations, while they evinced a total obliviousness of the existence of Lindley Murray, were coupled with sundry artistic embellishments, which, although amusing, were scarcely admissible. On one occasion, however, the eloquence and fluency of an address delivered bore so marked a contrast to its predecessors, that a doubt was raised in the minds of his hearers as to its originality, and a supposition entertained that the speaker was not the author. At its conclusion, and after the burst of applause which had greeted the termination of the orator's peroration had subsided, an individual with a thirst for knowledge broke the illusion with the following:—"Billy, that's a foine speech, entirely; but Billy, avic, who wrote it for you?" This base attempt to rob him of his newly-acquired laurels met with the contempt it merited, as Billy, rising with the occasion, replied with a sneer of ineffable scorn—"No one at all, sir; I made it up out of my own *cognomen*." "You never can tell till the numbers are up," is a saying which holds equally good in electioneering as in racing, and, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the reception of his utterances when that event took place, Billy's "cognomen" had five solitary admirers, for each of whom he was mulcted to the extent of £10, the numbers having faith in his abilities being far below the proportion necessary to reclaim his £50 deposit money.

Mr. J. T. Thomson must indeed be a proud man, for not only has he secured the friendship of the political head of the Province, but we find that official seizing upon the opportunity of the visit of Venus Expedition to press, on the part of the British Empire, the claims of his protégé on the French and American nations. At a dinner given to the officers of the expedition, His Honor the Superintendent, in apologising for his absence, concludes as follows, as reported by the 'Guardian' of Wednesday week:—"I need not say that I look upon the occasion as one of very great interest indeed; and that, as political head of this Province, it would have afforded me much pleasure to have been present, and on behalf of the people of this small section of the British Empire to have conveyed to our French and American friends our earnest hope that the three great nations may long continue to go hand in hand in the pursuit of