

Bracken, under whose management is placed its commercial department. The 'Advertiser' has struck out a new field, and, as its prospectus stated, seeks to supply an admitted want. The growing prosperity of the colony, the construction of new lines of railway, and the increased facility of communication between the provinces have rendered a time-table and guide a necessity to the travelling public. This the new journal seeks to provide, in addition to choice literary articles of an instructive character. It is rarely indeed that the first number of a journal presents such a respectable appearance as the 'Advertiser,' which resembles a specimen copy, so neat and creditable is the whole get up. Another unusual feature in the issue is the announcement that the proprietors are compelled, through lack of space for advertisements, to enlarge the second number by four pages. Mr. Bracken's well-known business capacity is sure to make it a pecuniary success, and if the excellence of the first number be sustained in the subsequent ones, it will deserve a liberal share of patronage.

We see by an advertisement in another column that Mr. James McCulloch offers himself for re-election as one of the city auditors. The other candidates for the office are Mr. Sydney James and Mr. Frederick Evans, the former of whom is one of the retiring auditors. The day of polling has been fixed for Monday, the 2nd August, and, from the satisfaction the retiring officers have given during their tenure of office, there is every probability of their being again chosen for the ensuing year.

The contest for the civic seat has ended by the return of Councillor Walter by a majority of 372, the votes polled being Walters, 1048; Reeves, 682. Although the chances of both men were very evenly balanced, and the struggle had been expected to prove a keen one, the most unusual apathy was exhibited by the electors throughout the day, and were it not for the vehicles with the candidates' names placarded thereon, a stranger would never have supposed an event, which usually is so exciting, was taking place.

By a telegram, which has been kindly forwarded to us, we learn that the residents of St. Bathans and the surrounding districts are determined to celebrate the centenary of O'Connell with great *éclat*. The telegram states that Naseby, Hill's Creek, Ophir, Drybread, Tinkers, and Cambrian intend to co-operate; all creeds being anxious to honor the memory of the great Tribune.

We are rejoiced to hear from a valued correspondent that the Rev. Charles Kirk is so far restored to health as to be able to resume his ministrations. The 'Wanganui Chronicle' of the 5th inst., says:—"Many will be glad to hear that the Rev. Father Kirk will soon be able to resume his pastoral duties. For, though not quite convalescent, the rev. gentleman is very much stronger. He expresses himself as deeply grateful for the sympathy and kindness which has been extended to him from all classes during his severe illness." Our correspondent adds that the rev. gentleman had so far recovered as to be enabled to preach twice on Sunday the 4th inst.

The 'Australasian' is particularly severe on the projected cricket match between united Australians versus New Zealanders. It characterises the whole affair as the manœuvring of those Victorian cricketers who are getting rather *blasé* and worn out, and are anxious to do a little in the starring line before they are laid upon the shelf for good. Our Melbourne contemporary appears to entertain a low estimate of the powers of a picked team from New Zealand, and asserts that the best eleven of either Victoria or New South Wales could play the strongest fifteen or eighteen to be found in this Colony, and consequently the idea of a team picked from the Australian colonies would be simply preposterous. We are unable to say whether the motives imputed to the originators are correct or not, but we certainly have not such an exalted opinion of the prowess of the Australians as to imagine that their victory would be so easy, and that they are so immeasurably superior to New Zealand cricketers as to make competition ridiculous.

To those who are aware of the praiseworthy manner in which the members of the Fire Brigade have always discharged their onerous and self-imposed labors, it will be a matter of deep regret to hear that the city is likely to be deprived of their services. Notwithstanding the fact that the brigade has been the saving of thousands of pounds to the various insurance companies, the paltry sum of £300 per annum, necessary for working expenses, cannot be raised, and Captain Wain has been obliged to notify that, at the expiration of three months, the brigade will have to be disbanded. The duty which devolves upon a fireman is one which calls for great self-denial, and there are few who could cavil at the manner in which the Dunedin Brigade have at all times acquitted themselves. It is to be hoped, then, that the City Council, to whom the expenditure of £40,000 was a small matter, will see their way to providing the sum required for retaining the services of Captain Wain and his staff. It is rather too much to expect those who ungrudgingly give their time and labour for the citizens without recompense, to put their hands in their pockets for the defraying of the expenses attendant on the maintenance of the brigade.

The numerous friends of the Rev. J. B. L. Rolland, S.M., the parish priest of the Grey Valley will be pleased to hear that he has partially recovered from his painful and dangerous illness. Although Father Rolland has not quite regained his usual strength and spirits, he is progressing steadily towards a complete restoration of his health. The rev. gentleman (says the 'Grey River Argus') resumed his clerical duties at Ahaura on Sunday, and we understand he will take an early opportunity of again visiting all parts of the extensive district under his pastoral charge.

The 'Nelson Evening Mail' of the 10th instant, has the following:—"We hear that the Rev. Father Pacilio, from Sydney, on his way to Rome, was, last week, entrusted by the Rev. Father Garin with an address to be presented to his Holiness the Pope,

signed by six boys and six girls, in the name of the pupils of St. Mary's School, Nelson, representing respectively six different nations, namely—One boy and one girl Italian, two others French, two English, two Germans, two Irish, and two Scotch. The address was most beautifully written and illustrated by one of the Sisters. Above and around the heading 'To His Holiness Pope Pius IX.' were to be seen emblems, allegories, &c. Accompanying the address was a little case containing three nuggets of gold, as also gold dust in two little vials, with this inscription—'Though this token of our devotedness is nothing of itself, yet by its purity, we consider it to be an emblem of the love and esteem we bear you, the representative of Jesus Christ, soliciting at the same time, with earnestness, your special blessing.'

We have been requested to notify to those desirous of taking part in the celebration to be held in honor of O'Connell, on the 5th prox., that tickets can be had from Mr. Macedo, Princes-street; the Hibernian, European, and George Hotels, George-street, and at the principal merchants' offices throughout the town.

We have received the prospectus of a new Monthly Magazine which is to be started in the interests of the Hibernian Society in Melbourne. It is to be called 'The Monitor; and Hibernian News,' and if a tithe of the promises set forth in the prospectus be adhered to, it will prove a most desirable addition to colonial literature. The first number makes its appearance on the 5th prox., and subsequent issues on the same date of each succeeding month. The new claimant for support has our heartiest wishes for its success and prosperity.

The formal opening of the Lawrence Branch of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society took place on last Monday evening. From a private telegram received in town, we learn that the dinner passed off with great *éclat*; the leading citizens of Lawrence being present. A full report will appear in our next issue.

THE DRAMA.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women are merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances."

Exit the Bates; enter the Darrells. Eccles and Moneypenny retire at the approach of Romeo and Claud Melnotte, and the audience, which was convulsed at the eccentricities of Toodles and Bamboozle, is hushed to solemn stillness at the tragic fate of the daughter of the Capulets. Such is the stage; and such, in truth, is the stage of life. No matter how great the actor, or how conspicuous the part he may have taken in the drama of life, no sooner has his star disappeared from the firmament than there arises another whose effulgency totally obliterates the memory of that passed away. After holding undisputed sway at the Princess Theatre for almost two months, Mr. and Mrs. Bates took their final leave of a Dunedin audience on Saturday night, and they carry with them the good wishes of all who enjoyed their friendship. On Monday evening the vacancies were filled by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. George Darrell, who made their bow to a Dunedin audience in Shakespeare's poetic tragedy "Romeo and Juliet." The piece, however, was played in anything but its entirety, a considerable portion of the first and last acts, beside scenes here and there, being eliminated; nevertheless it was put upon the stage in a very creditable manner. Mr. Darrell appeared as Romeo, with Mr. Steele as Mercutio, the splenetic Tybalt being in the hands of Mr. Clinton. To the play-going public of other times—those who have seen her in the palmiest days of the lamented Brooke—Mrs. Darrell was no stranger; and one could scarcely credit that twelve years had passed away—so lightly had the hand of time pressed upon her—when listening to the clear ringing tones which had held the masses entranced more than a decade since. It is unnecessary to criticise the acting of Mrs. Darrell; the public, both at home and in the colonies, have long since pronounced its verdict, and it is quite sufficient to say that, while time has added much to the merit of her personations, she has lost none of that freshness and grace which made her such a favorite in times gone by. Although Mr. Darrell is no stranger to Dunedin, on Monday night he may be said to have made his *début* as a delineator of Shakespeare; and, as might have been expected the old Princess has rarely seen such a number within its walls as assembled to see how he would go through the ordeal. For once rumour had not lied, and, before the curtain dropped upon the first act, the audience became aware that an actor of more than ordinary ability was before them, and the very high eulogiums bestowed upon him by the Northern Press, a tribute deservedly won. 'Tis true Mr. Darrell is not without defects, but they are of such a nature as lie easily within his power to remedy. With a commanding figure, a naturally graceful carriage, and features capable of great facial play, he has everything in his favor, and it is, therefore, to be regretted that at times he assumes a super-majestic stride which borders on the melodramatic, and mars some of his otherwise faultless scenes. On these occasions also, his voice is allowed a similar liberty, and, although naturally flexible and effective, it becomes forced, stagey, and markedly at variance with the truthful and life-like character of his personations. There is no doubt Mr. Darrell has all the elements to make an able actor, for beside being an excellent elocutionist, he neglects not the slightest point which will add to the natural effectiveness of a situation. With plenty of fire and vigor when occasion demands, he is never betrayed into rant, and, though swayed by the most intense and powerful passion, his energy and vehemence is never overstrained. Considering the short experience he has had upon the boards, it speaks volumes for his industry and talent that he should have at this early stage of his career reached a position in his profession which it has taken others of confessed ability years of struggle and toil to attain; and, if we are not much mistaken, the day is not far distant when his foot shall be upon the topmost round of the