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"(Signed) ROBERT NASMYTH,

"Surgeon Dentist to the Queen."

"Charlotte Square, Elinbro,

"April, 1866."

WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

WINTER COURSE, 1866.

SECOND SESSION.

- June 5.—Concert, Mr. H. J. Cox, conductor.
12.—Lecture, Rev. J. W. Simmons, "Cottage Comforts."
19.—Dramatic Reading, under the direction of Mr. Burgess.
26.—Lecture, W. Johnston, Esq., "Sir John Franklin."
July 3.—Musical Evening, E. A. Packer, Esq., "Sunbeam and Shadows."
10.—Lecture, R. E. Drear, Esq., "The Story of my Macintosh."
17.—Dramatic Reading, A Modern Comedy.
24.—Lecture, W. L. Crowther, Esq., "Hospital Wards, and what I have seen there."
31.—Reading, Poems, and Comic Hesitations.
August 7.—Lecture, The Bishop of Tasmania, "Earth, and her Mysteries."
14.—Concert, by the Amateur Christys.
21.—Lecture, Rev. John Storie, "On White Lies, Black Lies, and on neither."
28.—Readings, J. McIntyre, Esq., "Sprigs of Shillelagh."
September 4.—Lecture, Rev. George Clarke, "The Fashions of Fiction."
11.—Concert, F. A. Packer, Esq., conductor.
18.—Lecture, Henry Dobson, Esq., (Treasurer), "Our Sailors and their Songs."
25.—Reading, The Reading Club, "Burdell and Pickwick."
October 2.—Lecture, J. B. Walker, Esq., (Secretary), "My Grandfather and I."
9.—Concert, Henry Dobson, Esq., conductor.
16.—Lecture, Rev. H. B. Bromby, "Slow Poisoning."
23.—Readings, J. McIntyre, Esq., and others, Miscellaneous.
30.—Closing Lecture, the President.

N.B.—The Meetings will be held on TUESDAY EVENINGS in the BRERA School Room, Liverpool-street. Hour of commencement, half-past seven punctually. Each Lecture will, as far as practicable, be illustrated with Songs and Music. Club Members and their families are free to all Lectures; Non-Members, Twopence each. The attendance of Visitors not of the Working Classes (admitted on payment of Sixpence each) will materially assist to defray the expenses of the Lecture Session.

JAMES B. WALKER, SECRETARY.

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The Committee of the above Institute wish to call the attention of the public to the advantages they are now enabled to offer to its Members, viz. :—

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Supplied with the following Papers and Periodicals,—

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Hobart Town Mercury	Melbourne Argus	Illustrated London News
H. T. Morning Herald	Do Illustrated Post	Weekly Scotiaman
Launceston Examiner	Home News	

PERIODICALS.

Edinburgh Review	Australian Magazine	All the Year Round
Westminster Review	The Argosy	London Punch
Popular Science Review	Boys' Magazine	Once-a-Week
Cornhill Magazine	Saturday Review	Chambers' Journal
Fraser's Magazine	Builder	Loisens Hour
Temple Bar	Family Herald	Good Words.

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Non-Members are admitted to the Lectures, Concerts, &c., on the payment of One Shilling for each admission.

April, 1866.

R. JAEMAN, Secretary.

LECTURES, &c., 1866.

THURSDAY.

- April 31.—A Dramatic Reading.
June 7.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
14.—Rev. R. D. Harris, on "A Chinese Novel."
21.—A Dramatic Reading.
28.—R. Worley, Esq., on "Pathos and Bathos."
July 5.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
12.—J. Allan, Esq., on "A few Ghost Stories, viewed in their Relation to Modern Spiritualism and to the highest forms of Spiritual Existence."
19.—A Dramatic Reading.
26.—W. Johnston, Esq., on "The Age of Man in the Creation."
August 2.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
9.—J. McIntyre, Esq., An Hour's Amusement.
16.—A Dramatic Reading.
23.—T. Sheehy, Esq., on "Novelty."
30.—Rev. E. W. Quiller, on Chemistry.
September 6.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
13.—G. Turley, Esq., M.D., on "The Eye."
20.—A Dramatic Reading.
27.—W. R. Giblin, Esq., on "Some of the peculiarities of Modern Literature."
October 4.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
11.—T. Macdowell, on ———
18.—A Dramatic Reading.
25.—Hon. R. Officer, Esq., M.H.A., on ———
November 6.—Hon. A. Kemmerley, Esq., M.L.C., President of the Institute: the Closing Lecture.

Tickets of admission to the SIX CONCERTS or the SIX READINGS, price Five Shillings, may be had at the Library.

THE

AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL.

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LITERATURE, TALES, POETRY,

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NOTICES OF THE COLONIAL PRESS.

"We have received the half-yearly volume of one of the best fire-side journals we remember ever having perused, bearing the highly recommendatory title of "*The Australian Journal*." As a people, we have of late been prolific in the creation of a considerable variety of literature, but until this form of publication appeared there was a decided want. We had become accustomed to the almost necessary *London Journal*, Cassell's familiar serial, and others of a like character; but the care and completeness with which this volume has been compiled will do much towards weaning us from our early choice. In all the peculiarities of the class it represents, it unquestionably excels. Its range of information is quite as wide, and more select than its European predecessors, and will commend itself, we are sure, to the English public as in moral tone far superior to those which have had so long a reign, without being in any degree less interesting. Its FACETLE, which are a *sine qua non* in such magazines, are well selected, and the SCIENTIFIC CULLINGS do credit to the editor's judgment. Many of the TALES are beyond the average in elegance and purity of conception, and as they are from Australian pens, illustrating Australian home life, they will, doubtless, be received in England with more than ordinary pleasure, familiarising, as they do, our relatives and friends with the truest and most genial side of our national history. As a family paper, it aims with undoubted success at furnishing amusement and instruction for the young as well as the adult. Its CONUNDRUMS, TALES, and CHARADES are quite equal to any English volume of the kind with which it has to compete, and taking it as a whole, it is worthy of precedence."
—*Melbourne Herald*.

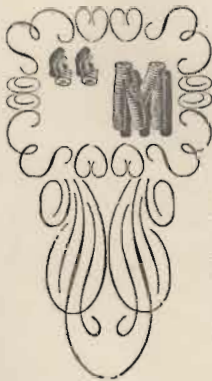
"FINEST then, for the 'Cheap Weekly,' with the ambitious title of *The Australian Journal*, the first volume of which is now lying before us. In design and size it closely resembles that favourite of English weeklies, the *Family Herald*, or the still more popular *Cassell's Family Paper*, minus the illustrations, for it has its TALES and NOVELETTES, its ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS and SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY, its SCIENTIFIC FACTS and HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS, its HUMOROUS SCRAPS, CHARADES, PASTIMES, and other interesting matter for the young; in short, something adapted to the varied tastes and whims of everyone. All this *The Australian Journal* has in common with its British contemporaries, but it has in addition something which they have not, and it is this which renders it peculiarly attractive, and enhances its interest to us who dwell in these 'ends of the earth': we allude to the Tales of venture and daring in the Australian Bush, the Romances of Australian Life, and incidents of bye-gone days—these are told with a vigour and freshness that make them capital reading. Surely we need say no more to induce our readers to read and judge for themselves."—*Walch's Literary Intelligencer, Tasmania*.

"THE AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL.—We have before us the first number of a Weekly Literary Magazine with this title. It is one of the best productions of its class that has been published in Australia, and altogether reflects great credit upon the enterprising and spirited proprietors—Messrs. Clarkson, Shallard, & Co. As a record of instructive, entertaining, and amusing literature, we are constrained to admit that it stands unequalled. Its TALES—written by authors of acknowledged repute—are full of thrilling incidents, and the SKETCHES are of a description such as cannot fail to rivet the attention of the reader. The GEMS OF THOUGHT are golden gleanings of a superior order; and the FACETLE and SCRAPS are of an interesting and mirth-provoking character. It is truly what it professes—a record of instructive and amusing literature, and the low price at which it is published, places it within the reach of every class of the community."—*Queensland Mercury*.

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June 1886

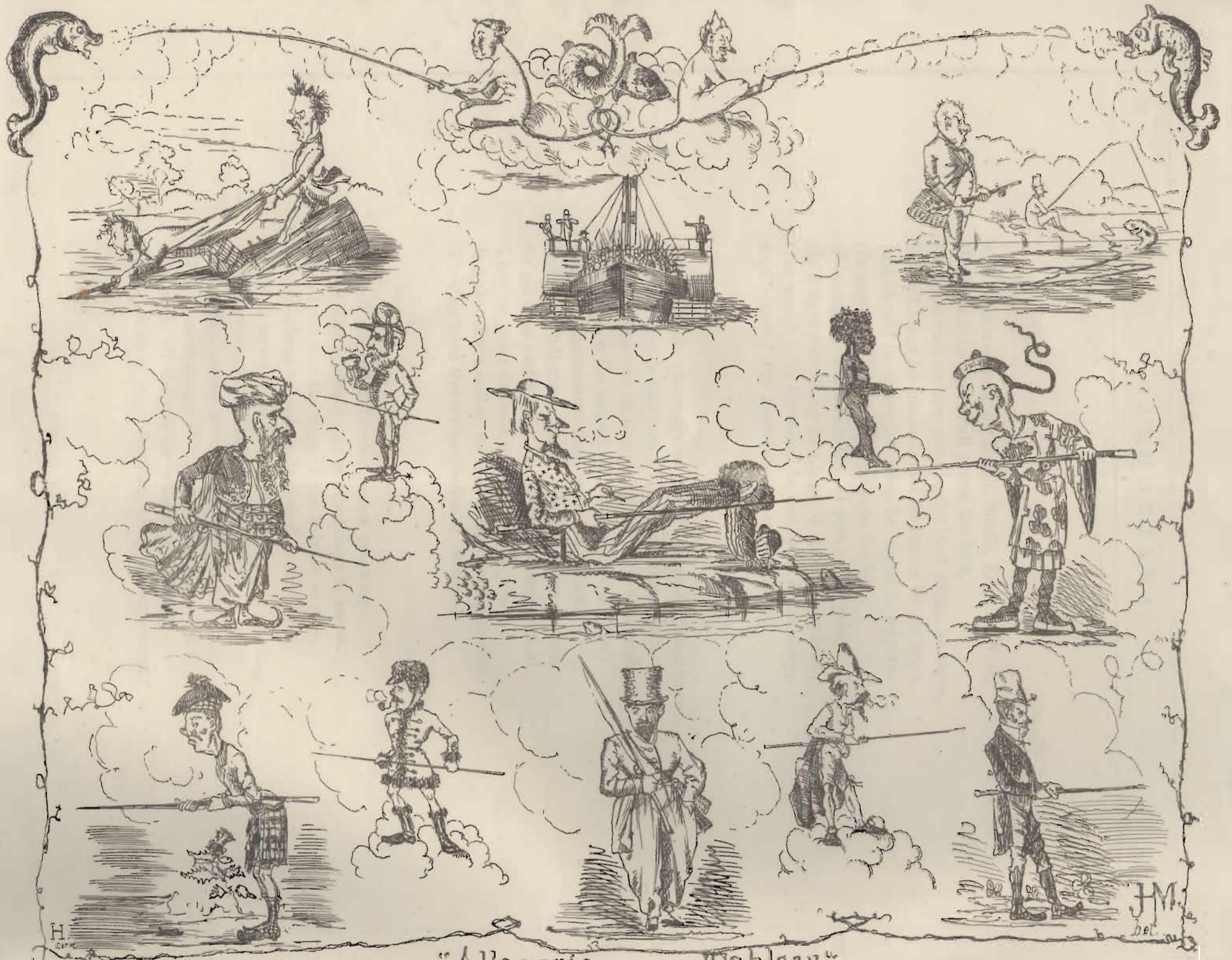
V^oE Jollie HatterY^oE First & SALMON OF Y^oE SEASON

ID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home ;"
 Is a sentiment e'er to an Englishman dear,
 Droned out o'er his *cradle*, trolled out o'er his *beer* ;
 "A charm from the skies," his *charackter* adorning,
 Neglected oft times till the small hours of morning,
 When out on *the spree* with the glow cup that cheers,
 He swears he won't go home till daylight appears ;
 Then sings "Auld lang Syne" in rare accents quite mellow ;
 Whoever could doubt him, *A jolly good fellow !*

And wherever he goes, North, South, East, or West,
 His *home* is to him of all places the best,
 And how rich or how poor be the land where he stays,
 He still longs for his *home* and he swears by its ways,
 And should he through fortune be bound to migrate,
 He curses his lot, but succumbs to his fate ;
 If immured in Kamschatka, or sent to the pole,
 He'll have something like *home*, if its only the *bowl* !
 O'er which with his friend he can tell a home story,
 And boast of *Old England's* heroes and glory !

But of all the queer symptoms of this queer home mania,
 The queerest is that now the rage in *Tasmania* ;
 Where thousands of pounds and all their best wishes,
 Are spent on the import of *home-made small fishes* ;
 Altho' in the country there scarce is a muff,
 But could tell them, already they're fishes enough
 Of all sizes and kinds,—but without being critical,
 They've *fishes* for cooking, and *Fysh's political* ;
 But that don't suffice, so believe me 'ts no gammon,
 They've tried the *acclimatisation* of *Salmon* !

In a village called London, a few years ago,
 A *cove* who profess'd one or two things to know,
 Found out that the eggs of the Salmon so nice,
 Could be kept an indefinite period in ice,
 Without any chance of deterioration
 In the subsequent process of incubation.
 Tasmanian *savants* were soon all agog,
 Tho' in most things about, just as spry as a log ;
 And right off the *reel* the colonial *Parliament*,
 Made a vote of some *thousands* to try the *experiment* !



"Allegoric Tableau"

They sent to the Tweed, to the Tay, and the Ribble,—
 For a stock of those eggs they'd have gone to the devil!
 For beyond that small matter, acclimatisation!
 Those eggs were to turn out the Island's salvation;
 And in less than four years—was thought father'd by wish?
 Some thousands of folks were to come here to fish;
 And the *Derwent*, sweet beauty of rivers the pride,
 Would bear on her bosom the magical tide
 Of fortune and wealth,—what a *bait!* how they *bit it!*
 I believe you, my boy, and I wish they may get it.

And why should they not? when in heaven and earth
 Are things t'wich philosophy never gave birth;
 It's a patented fact very well known about,
 In the *sea* are as *good fish* as ever came out,
 And Ike Walton's disciples their angling mania
 May with pleasure and profit extend to Tasmania;
 Then the *Derwent's* fair *banks* may with *riches* yet *teem*,
 When English, Scotch, Irish, shall fish in her stream,
 Frenchman, Yankee, and Turk, John from China—but not
 For the rest see Cartoon "*Allegoric Tableau!*"

They appointed instanter a *Salmon Commissioner*,
 To look after the *Derwent* and all the *small fish in her*;
 They appointed to help him, commissioners five,
 To feed the young Salmon and keep them alive;
 They made them great ponds, with nice boxes for hatching;
 And to keep o'er the *natives* a vigilant watching,
 They appointed a *manager*, also a *man*,
 Their duty, to *shoot all the shags* that they can;
 Those *horrid black cormorants* spiteful and *vicious*,
 Who would *bolt at a gulp* all the *dear little fishes*.

Then the ponds being ready, and *Friday* the same,
Ovisbottom—that was the manager's name—
Skedaddled to Melbourne there to await
The "Norfolk's" arrival, and she big with fate,
Lade' with ova in boxes as full as they'd cram,
All sent out on the "free list" by *Money Wigram*,
Soon arrived in the Bay, and on board in a trice
Went the *savants* to study the *Salmon in ice* ;
At the joyful conclusion, they quickly arrive,
That the bulk of the *ova* are *really alive* !



The Melbourne philosophers opened their eyes
 At the sight, and exclaimed,—“What a beautiful prize !
 “See that clear-rubied globule, by Jove, only watch him,
 “We must keep a few here and perhaps we can hatch 'em ;
 “In the Yarra we'll put 'em, with ice they shall pack,
 “To look after their health we appoint *Dr. Black*,
 “Who'll feed 'em with grubs, worms of every variety,
 “And report on each day to the Royal Society.”
 So the boxes were left, and with shame be it said,
 In a couple of weeks, all the ova were dead !

Not so with the bulk of the shipment however,
Ovisbottom in that respect showed himself clever,
 He placed them all safely on board the “*Victorie*,”
 And sailed off for *Hobart Town*, slick—*con amore*,
 Where he met with the hearty and joyful caresses
 Of a host of most eminent *F.R.S's* ;
 And while noble Commissioners gazed on the ova
 With tears in their eyes, they exclaimed ! “Grand ! by Jove-a !
 Bid the “*Monarch*” get ready, released from their bonds,
 The Salmon to-morrow shall swim in the ponds.”

Then *Hawkoner*, the mighty, got ready a launch,
 Dreaming of Salmon to line his fat paunch ;
 And *Allsport*, a *savant* in science profound,
 Remarked he observed that the *ova* were *round*,
 Whereas all other eggs—it occurred to his pate,
 Were described by the learned as being *ovate*.
 The Colonial Treasurer heard his narration,
 And observed that he thought it was quite an *ovation*,
 That as they'd received safe the *Salmo Salar*,
 His *debentures* in future would rise upon *Parr*.

Dr. Hagnu (the witty) said that was a fish count,
 And perhaps the *debentures* would go at a *dish count* ;
 Whereat the remaining Commissioners smiled,
 And the Treasurer snorted and frowned and looked wild.
Major Jemmy, who mute the occasion had watched,
 Said, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,"
 A novel remark which so pleased *Dr. Hoeifer*,
 That he said *Major Jemmy* should be a philosopher ;
 And despite protestations most modestly pressed,
 The *Major* from that time has been F.R.S.'d.

To describe the *Victoria's* cabin that night,
 And the jokes that were passed it would puzzle me quite ;
 How the great men talked *science* and *salmon* in fine,
 How they smoked, laughed, and drank all the captain's best wine ;
 Till *Hawkoner* announced it was time to depart,
 As the launch and the "*Monarch*" were ready to start ;
 So at ten o'clock sharp up the river they steamed,
 The moon shone out bright, and so still nature seemed,
 That the splash of the paddles was all that was heard,
 Above and around not a Zephyr was stirred.

Stood nature aghast then, the better to scan
 The daring and science of profligate man ;
 Who thus ruthlessly entered her fairy domain,
 With creatures which she had seen fit to refrain
 From implanting—and who now with impious glee,
 Professed to declare themselves wiser than she ?
 Or smiled she approvingly down on the scheme,
 Of those who had made her their study and theme ;
 And sought by philosophy's broad soaring pinions,
 To aid her designs and extend her dominions ?



1. Archdeacon Jones
2. Dr. Offner
3. Rainaldston
4. Dr. Hall
5. Mr. Campbell

ECSTASY OF YE TASMANIAN SAVANTS ON YE SAFE ARRIVAL OF YE SALMON OVA.

Be this as it may, it was plain to be seen,
 That on this great occasion she look'd "all serene;"
 Not a shade crossed the sky, not a leaf seemed to quiver,
 As the boat made her way o'er the crystalline river;
 With her live load behind her, with ice packed in piles,
 Transported by man sixteen thousand of miles,
 To stock the fair rivers of Antipodes
 With the king of all fishes that swim in the seas;
 Strange analogy! Man, as that boat makes her way,
 Art thou not the true *Monarch* of all you survey?

A grave question really, but I've a presentiment,
 That we're fast drifting into the regions of sentiment,
 Dreary and dull—so it's steady, my honey,
 And remember the fact that you're pledged to be funny;
 Leave the dark shining river in silence to flow,
 Moor the "Monarch" at New Norfolk *pier* at a *go*,
 Then behold the inhabitants, rampant with joy,
 Four men and a woman, a dirty small boy,
 All turned out in the night air, it quickly appears,
 To welcome the *Salmon* with three *British cheers*.

But what's that *Allsport* now shouts out about blundering,
 Whilst from New Norfolk forts all the cannon are thundering?
 And why is great *Hawkoner* fuming and swearing,
 While the bells ring for joy and the people are staring?
 Flash! flash! and bang! bang! go the cannon again,
 Philosophers really are curious men!
 There's *Hocifer* actually tearing his hair,
Ovishotton half fainting, sinks down in a chair,
 And exclaims in a spasm as he sticks out his legs,
 "The *reverberation* will *bust all the eggs*."



Oh! men of New Norfolk, unversed in the *sciences*,
 How could you e'er think of such hideous appliances?
 A *royal salute* for a *king's* right—but then you know,
 It don't quite agree with a *fish king* in *embryo*-o;
 Your *demonstrative pleasure* will spoil all our *pains*,
 You'll shake all the *Salmon* and addle their *brains*;
 So dry up those *guns*, to your *homes* cut your *sticks*,
 And be down in the morning *precisely at six*,
 When the *launch* we'll start off to the Falls in a *giffy*,
 And mind now this *one thing*—don't go and *get squiffy*.

So the New Norfolkites with a *muggy* conception
Of the storm brought about by their joyous reception,
Retired to their *homes*, their ideas are *figured*
In the one *plain* expression, that they would be *jiggered!*
And *Commissioners* might swear and blackguard 'em when,
They *wasted their powder* on *Salmon* again.
The learned *Commissioners* soon from their stew
Recovered, and thought that they'd best go home too ;
The thought was as quickly accomplished as said,
And in less than an hour all were *snoring in bed.*

Brightly, Oh brightly, the morning broke,
And with its first beams the philosophers woke ;
And *Allsport* and *Hocifer* led the van,
Each carrying out his particular plan,
While *Hawkoner* on four stout rowers calls
To tow the great punt right up to the *Falls*.
And off they start, and smoothly they glide
O'er the placid *Derwent's* murmuring tide,
While a crowd on the banks their progress mark
They moor their boat safely in front of "the Ark."

And here a strange scene met the view,
That would puzzle description by me or you,
A motley crowd, more varied than that
Was ne'er landed by *Noah* on Mount *Ararat* ;
Horses, carts, ponies, and dogs and cats,
Well-dressed women and squalling brats,
Mischievous urchins, and how shall we style 'em ?
Lunatics from the *New Norfolk Asylum*—
Labourers gathered from farm and store,
To see the *live Salmon* come *safely ashore.*

And mine *host* of the *Ark* named *Davis*, I think,
 Asks all the people to come in and drink.
 The teetotaller—the inveterate swiper—
 (For the *Salmon Commissioners* pay the piper)—
 Can taste *beer* of *malt*, or of *ginger frothing*
 To their hearts' content, and *all for nothing* !
 No wonder the folk should declare outright
 They'd forget the mistake of the previous night ;
 And join in a bumper to *fortune and wealth*,
 And the *Salmon Commissioners'* *jolly good health*.

To unpack the barge they at once commence,
 The ice and the straw being taken from thence,
 Is piled in drays, and away it goes
 To the place where the *snow-fed Plenty* flows.
 Then a host of men bring *very long poles*,
 And a host of labourers, good-natured souls,
 At once set to work to devise a plan
 To carry the boxes like *John Chinaman*,—
 Faith that *trudge* of *five miles* is hard indeed,
 Only fit for men of the *Mongol* breed.



And soon the work of unpacking is done,
The *dead 'uns* are picked out every one,
A task needing hand and eye steady and quick,
To guide the *pin* stuck on the *end of a stick* ;
But *Allsport* and *Ovisbottom* are there,
A patient, hard-working, jovial pair :
Landbuck, cousin to one of the jolliest dogs,
The Life Guards Surgeon who wrote about frogs ;
He, too, lends his aid, and between 'em they say,
They cleared out the dead ova in less than a day.

The boxes now are covered with slate,
And the learned philosophers go home to wait,
And they leave *Ovisbottom* and *Friday* watching
The *shags*, and to notice the process of *hatching* ;
And soon the good news their ear assails
That the *little Salmon* are *wagging their tails*,
And off to the Ponds once more they fly
To count and examine the little *fry*,
And to ponder on what the result will be
When they grow into *smolts* and be off to the sea.

And now on New Norfolk fortune smiles
For to see the *young Salmon* folk travel for miles,
And strangers the *Redlands* pond set their eye on
As Tasmania's most interesting Lion ;
The steamer and coach do a rattling trade,
And mine host of "the Bush" thinks his fortune made,
As he rubs his hands and chuckles and grins,
And dreams of the time when the fishing begins ;
When thousands of swells of all stations and ranks,
Shall line with their rods the sweet-brier covered banks.



1870,
Ye SALMON SEASON.

And so time rolls merrily, merrily by,
 And the *tittle bats* grow till no longer *fry*,
 But as *smolts* full grown they bluster about
 The pond, with an air which says "let us get out."
 The Commissioners don't any notice take,
 But the Salmon (colonial!) are wide awake,
 And one fine summer morning—you'll scarce believe—
 They discovered a leak and they took 'em French leave,
 Swam the Derwent, away to the ocean green;
 Will they ever come back? That remains to be seen.

Just imagine poor *Ovisbottom's* dismay
 When he found that his fishes had all run away;
 He called his man *Friday*, and in a great flurry
 Sent him for the Commissioners,—All in a hurry
 They rush to the Ponds, at the Manager rails;
Major Jemmy says, "can't you put salt on their tails?"
 Great *Hawkoner* says something about *Mrs. Glass*,
 And *Allsport* observes 'tis a *pretty pass*;
Dr. Hocifer swears its an awful sell,
 But, perhaps, on the whole it is just as well.

Ovisbottom remarks that two hundred trout
 Are left, having failed in their try to get out;
 And the *Treasurer* says that they must be secured,
 In a pond by themselves they shall all be immured,
 'Tis a *duty* he owes to the public—he wishes
 No doubt, he could *levy a duty* on *fishes*;
 But tho' not in *the tariff*—in that little *pond*,
 Those dear *little fishes* are *fishes in bond*;
 Teased out are their lives, when by strangers' direction,
 They're fished up in a net every day for inspection.



But still they are thriving and growing quite fat
 Upon "gentles" and liver, cooked as for a cat;
 And if the poor Salmon are faring as well
 In the sea, where at present they're gone down to dwell,
 Then Tasmania's attempt will in history's page
 Be described as *the greatest success of the age!*
 But we've now said enough in the way of detailing
 The first importation, which no way is failing;
 And that our great story complete may be reckoned,
 We'll now briefly give an account of the second.

By the ship "*Lincolnsire*" there arrived t'other day
 In the waters of *golden-famed* Port Philip Bay,
 Sixteen cases of ova, again packed in ice,
 Sent by *Money Wigram* without *freightage or price*,
 And consigned to the *Salmon Commissioners* here,
 To be put through *the process of hatching so queer*.
 Our friend *Ovisbottom* went down to receive 'em—
 To a week's spree in Melbourne we safely can leave him.
 Once more the *Victoria* is put in *commission*
 To proceed on a *piscatorial mission*.

She arrives here all safe, is received as before
 By the *fishy great guns*, as related of yore,
 And the *Argus*, so anxious to *glean all the news*,
 Sends a *Special Reporter* to give us our dues ;
 Detail *all that transpires*, for—tho' so *we don't view it*—
 They think that the *Hobart Town papers* can't *do it*.
 Well the same little play is enacted again,
 The "*Monarch*" gets ready, and all the *great men*
 Go with her to *New Norfolk* ; the *barge*, as we learn,
 Being towed, as 'twas *last time*, right under *her stern*.

The *trip up the river in newspaper lore*,
 Differed not from the *trip* which we've *noticed before* :
 So on its *details* we have no need to *linger*,
 Tho' the *Special Reporter* cut his *fore finger*—
 (The only *great incident* worthy of mention)—
 And to dwell upon that it is not our intention.
 On arriving the people turned out, but *no cannon*
Roared this time to shake all the eggs of the *Salmon* ;
 But a *great demonstration*, we hope we don't *shock it*,
 Was made in the shape of a *single skyrocket*.

We arrive at the wharf, and the *steamer* we moor,
 When on board in a *trice* steps the *great Dr. Moore*,
 Who imprints upon *Ovishottom's crimson cheek*
 A *kiss*, to be heard in the *midst of next week* ;
 His *heart* was *too full* to articulate here,
 But the *people* sung out for a *jolly good cheer*,
 And thrice loud was it given, and thrice louder again,
 By four women, two boys, and a couple of men,
 And a *watch being set* to keep *matters all right*,
 The *philosophers* once more retired for the *night*.



AFFECTIONATE DEMONSTRATION AT NEW NORFOLK.

With the morning's dawn they arise, tho' they *shiver*,
 To see the *barge* towed safely up the river ;
 But the *tide is low*, and with many a *thud*
 She now and again sticks her *fast in the mud* ;
 And at last she *brings up* with a *terrible shock*,
 When a man in the boat says "*it's only a rock*,"
 And so they *dawdle* and quaintly they *scoff*,
 Until *Hocifer* comes, and he gets her off ;
 And in spite of the tide being *shallow and low*,
 They moor her in safety the rapids below.

And here, as before, a motley crowd
Are grinning and larking and talking aloud ;
But mine *host of the Ark* is not so pressing,
And the men the *Commissoners' stars* are blessing,
For no *lunch is provided* nor beer to *swill* ;
They *kicked last time at the lectle bill*,
And so this time the *savants* no lunch will give 'em ;
They've a *cask of beer* and a *nose-bag* with 'em.
And once at the *Ponds* they can all in a *bunch*
Sit *down* and enjoy an *al fresco* lunch.

The *ice is unpacked*, and soon the whole
Of the *cases* slung on the *goodly hop-pole*,
By the *bearers* are shouldered, and trudging slow,
A la John Chinaman off once more they go.
They arrive at the *Ponds*, and they open the *ova*,
Once more they exclaim *hip hurrah* and by *Jove-a* ;
With excitement they hardly know what they're about,
For they've *fifty per cent.* good of *Salmon and Trout* ;
The *weather is fine*, and 'tmay safely be *reckoned*
That the first importation is *licked by the second*.

And now we've but little left to tell,
Ovisbottom and *Allsport* did their work well,
In clearing the dead off with pin on stick,
Assisted by *Landbuck* steady and quick ;
The *Special Reporter* has told his story,
And the *ova* are now left alone in their glory ;
And *Ovisbottom*, who never fails,
Says *thousands of Salmon* are *wagging their tails*,
And he thinks that the whole of the *second batch*
Are likely as *safe as the Bank to hatch*.

Now success to the Salmon! the Salmon say we,
 May they all come safely back from the sea;
 May the Treasurer realise all his dreams
 About the debentures,—and may our fair streams,
 Fulfilling the learned philosopher's wish,
 Bring thousands of folks to our Island to fish,
 And prosperity fall like the morning dew
 O'er the land. So we pray,—and now adieu!
 Tho' of several small facts we are no doubt minus,
 Our paper reminds us we've come to the



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