NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

J. WARNER,
PAstryCooK & CONFECTIONER,
Begs to return thanks to his numerous customers and the public generally for the liberal support which has been accorded to him during the Twenty years he has been in business in Hobart Town, and begs to inform them that he HAS REMOVED
From his late premises in Liverpool-Street, to that
COMMODOUS SHOP
Opposite the New Norfolk Coach Office,
ELIZABETH STREET,
Where he trusts by courtesy and prompt attention to orders, to merit a continuance of their support.
N.B.—Shops and stores supplied on liberal terms.
Best Confectionery always on hand.

CORPORATION BATHS.
The BATHS in the NEW MARKET PLACE, Macquarie-street,
HOBART TOWN.
Are now ready for use.
Subject to the following Regulations:
They will be open to Males for public use from 6 o’clock in the morning to 8 o’clock in the evening of each day, Sundays excepted.
On Sundays they will be open from 6 o’clock in the morning.
The charges will be:—When parties use for dressing, &c., the open frame work prepared for the purpose, the sum of 3d.
When parties use for dressing, &c., the dressing boxes, prepared for the purpose, furnished with looking glasses and combs, the sum of 3d.
For each Towel, 1d.
Children (not exceeding 12 years old), half-price.
Special agreements to be made with schools.
The Messenger will bear the present charge.
By order.

J. K. WINTERBOTTOM, Town Clerk.

BELBIN & DOWDELL,
TIMBER MERCHANTS,
SHIP AND COMMISSION AGENTS,
NEW WHARF, HOBART TOWN.

R. ANDREW MATHER,
FAMILY DRAPER,
89 & 91, BROCK’S BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL STREET, HOBART TOWN.

CLARK’S
MACHINE AND ENGINE WORKS,
NEW WHARF, HOBART TOWN.

ENGINEER’S WORK, MILL WORK, SMITH’S WORK, FOUNDRING.
Every description of BRASS CASTING, PIPING, &c.
All kinds of MACHINERY and IRON WORK manufactured and imported to order.

SHIPS’ PUMPS, WINDLASSES, &c.

J. CLARK, being provided with powerful Rollers, Punching, Shearing, and other improved Machines, is prepared to execute all kinds of Steam Engine, Boiler, and Tank Work in the best style.
In the SMITH’S DEPARTMENT large additions have recently been made, including a powerful Steam Hammer capable of working from the lightest to the heaviest of forgings.
All kinds of patent Hosing and Belting, Steam Gages, and other Engineer’s Stores always on hand.
Orders executed with promptitude and dispatch.

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HATTERS, OUTFITTERS, AND GENERAL IMPORTERS,
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FIRE INSURANCE effected at lowest current rates.
Forms of proposal and every other information to be had at the office of the undersigned.
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Late Master Mariner, has always on hand the best supply of
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Colonial Butter, Cheese, and Bacon from the choicest Dairies.

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SHIPPING SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

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The Cheapest Shop in Hobart Town for Family Stores.

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All kinds of JEWELLERY made to order.

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PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
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LAZARUS BROTHERS,
HOBART TOWN HOTEL.
CORNER OF
MACQUARIE & ARGYLL STREETS.

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ENGRAVER, JEWELLER, & SILVERSMITH,
OPTICAL, NAUTICAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Murray-street, near Liverpool-street, HOBART TOWN.
Correct mean time kept daily by Solar and Stellar Timetables.
DENTISTRY.

MR. M'CHRISTIE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Late Pupil to Robert Nasmyth, Esq., Surgeon Dentist
To the Queen, Charlotte-square, Edinbro'.

MAY BE CONSULTED UPON ALL BRANCHES OF DENTISTRY.

DAILY, AT
"Harrington House," Harrington Street,
Hobart Town.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

[Extract from Testimonials.]

I hereby certify that Mr. McChristie is one of the best operators I have ever seen, and that I should not hesitate to entrust any case of difficulty in his hands.

(Signed) Robert Nasmyth.

"Surgeon Dentist to the Queen."

"Charlotte Square, Edinbro'.

April, 1869."

WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

WINTER COURSE, 1866.

SECOND SESSION.

June 5.—Concert, Mr. H. J. Cox, conductor.
19. — Dramatic Reading, under the direction of Mr. Burgess.
26. — Lecture, Mr. H. H. Sime, "The Life of Sir John Franklin."
17. — Dramatic Reading, A Modern Comedy.
24. — Lecture, W. L. Crowder, Esq., "Hospital Wards, and what I have seen there."
31. — Reading, Poems, and Comic Humor.
August 7. — Lecture, The Bishop of Tasmania, "Earth, and her Mysteries."
14. — Lecture, by the Amateur Chemist.
21. — Lecture, Rev. John Sowerby, "On White Lice, Black Lice, and on neither."
September 4. — Reading, J. McIntyre, Esq., "Sybil of Shibaldy."
11. — Lecture, F. A. Parker, Esq., "A Visit to Mr. Medlar and his Family."
18. — Lecture, Harry Dobson, Esq., "Our Soldiers and their Songs."
25. — Reading, The Reading Club, "Barfand and Pickwick."
October 2. — Lecture, J. R. Walker, Esq., (Secretary), "Jack, My Grandfather and I."
30. — Closing Lecture, the President.

N.B.—The Meetings will be held on TUESDAY EVENINGS in the PERA Lounge, Room, Liverpool-street, above the commencement, half-past seven precisely. 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, Ten Cents each. The attendance of various sets of the Working Classes (admitted on payment of Sixpence each) will materially assist to defray the expenses of the Lecture Season.

JAMES B. WALKER, Secretary.

HOBBIT TOWN
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
MELVILLE STREET.

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.:

A READING ROOM,
Supplied with the following Papers and Periodicals:

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Tasmanian Examiner
Melbourne Argus
Illustrated London News
weekly news.

PERIODICALS.
Edinburgh Review
Westminster Review
Popular Science Review
Cornhill Magazine
 Fraser's Magazine
Temple Bar
Australian Magazine
The Argosy
Boys' Magazine
On the Scene
Chambers' Journal
Builder
Leisure Hour
Family Herald
Good Words

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Containing about 2,000 Volumes, to which a considerable addition has lately been made from the writings of the most popular authors.

CONCERTS, DRAMATIC READINGS, and LECTURES on various Literary and Scientific subjects.
CLASSIES, for the practice of Members in various branches of study, are in course of formation.

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Each Member, on producing his Ticket, can introduce two Ladies or Children under 10 years of age to the Lectures, Concerts, &c.

Subscription to the Institute, One Pound per annum, or Five Shillings per quarter, payable in advance.

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

April, 1866. — E. JARMAN, Secretary.

LECTURES, &c., 1866.

THURSDAY,
April 31.—A Dramatic Reading.
June 7.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
21. — A Dramatic Reading.
28. — W. B. Edmonds, on "Patmos and Battle." July 5.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
12. — J. Allen, Esq., on "A few Ghost Stories, viewed in their Relation to Modern Spiritualism and to the highest forms of Spiritual Experience."
19. — A Dramatic Reading.
26. — W. G. Baring, Esq., on "The Age of Man in the Creation."
August 2. — Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
9. — J. McBeth, Esq., on "An Hour's Amusement."
16. — A Dramatic Reading.
23. — T. Shakery, Esq., on "Novelty."
September 6.—Concert, Vocal and Instrumental.
13. — G. Turner, Esq., 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. Macdonald, on "A Dramatic Reading.
18. — A Dramatic Reading.
November 6.—Hon. A. Kemterley, 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 very popular
No. will
Magazine be had of all Booksellers in Hobart Town and Launceston. The weekly
to come for by part to any part of the Colony. All the back Nrs. are in print.

THE
AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL.

This Publication is designed for circulation through the Australian Colonies,

Published in Weekly Nrs., 3d.; Monthly Parts, 1s.

And Containing Original and Selected

Literature, Tales, Poetry, &c., &c., &c.

AND GENERAL READING FOR THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE;

Containing as much matter as the "Family Herald," or "London Journal."

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 recommendation title of "The Australasian
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 and
became accustomed to the almost necessary London Journal, Cassilis's familiar serial, and
others of a like character; but the care and completeness with which this volume has been
compiled well do much towards veering us from our early choice. In all the peculiarity 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
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being in any degree less interesting. Its Pictures, which are a mine now in such maga-
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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 traits and most gentle side of our national history. As a family paper, it
aims and undoubtedly success at furnishing amusement and instruction for the young as well
as the adult. Its Controversies, Tales, and Quotations 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.

"First then, for the 'Cheap Weekly,' with the ambitious title of The Australasian
Journal, the first volume of which is now lying before us. In design and size it closely
resembles that favoured by the English workmen, the Family Herald, or the still more popular
Cassilis's Family Paper, minus the illustrations, for it has no Tales and Nocturnes, its
Essays on Social Subjects and Scenes of Natural Interest, its Scientific Facts and
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everyone. All this The Australian Journal has in common with its British contemporaries, but it
has in addition that which they have not and in this which renders it peculiarly
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to the Tales of venture and daring in the Australian Bush, the Romance of Australian Life,
and incidents of bygone days—themselves told with a vigour and freshness that makes them
capital reading. Surely we need say no more to induce our readers to read and judge for
themselves."—Walsh's Literary Intelligence, Tasmania.

"The Australasian 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 gifted
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written by authors of acknowledged repute—are full of thrilling incidents, and the Sermons
are of a description such as cannot fail to rivet the attention of the reader. The Quotations
and Quotations are golden gleanings of a superior order; and the Pictures and Sermons are of an
interesting and artistic-providing character. It is truly what it purports—a record of instruc-
tive and amusing Literature, and at a price at which it is published, places it within the
reach of every class of the community."—Queensland Mercury.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE COLONIES.

CLARSON, MASSING, & Co., MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY.
Ye Jollie Hatter

Ye First Salmon of Ye Season

ID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Bo it ever so humble there's no place like home;"
Is a sentiment o'er to an Englishman dear,
Droned out o'er his cradle, trolled out o'er his beer;
"A charm from the skies," his character 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 Kamchatka, 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 quecrest 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 servants 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!
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 bail! 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 no!  
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,
_Ovis aries_ 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 _Hawker_, the mighty, got ready a launch,
Dreaming of Salmon to line his fat paunch;
And _Allsop_, 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 Jimmy, who mute the occasion had watched,
Said, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,"
A novel remark which so pleased Dr. Hecifer,
That he said Major Jimmy 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 Hawkenor 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?
ECSTACY 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 Hackmore 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 Hoefer actually tearing his hair,
Ovisbottom half fainting, sinks down in a chair,
And exclaims in a spasm as he sticks out his legs,
"The reverberation will best all the eggs."
Oh! men of New Norfolk, versed 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;
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 Alleport and Hocifer led the van,
Each carrying out his particular plan,
While Hovkoner 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 stack 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 shugs, 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 little hats 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 hurry
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 Hawkener 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 Ovibottom 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 imprint upon Griswold'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 sang 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 Commissioners' stars are blessing,
For no lunch is provided nor beer to swill;
They kicked last time at the leettle 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 lunch
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 't may 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 mines,
Our paper reminds us we've come to the
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