

about it. At 6 o'clock the guests arrived, mostly English, all dressed in short white jackets and trousers. The dinner was admirably served in good London style, and all the appointments as regards plate, glass, wines, and dishes, perfect. The quiet, attentive waiting of the little Chinese boys deserved all praise. After dinner the guests wandered through the rooms decorated with English prints of the Royal statuettes "curios" from every part of the world, and rare objects in jade stone and crachle china, and also a portrait of our host's son, who is being educated in Edinburgh. He was in an English dress.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—"Truth," in a letter to the *London Times*, dated Melbourne, September 28, says:—"We are inundated here with 'respectable people,' who come out to starve. Within the last fortnight I have been favored by English friends with letters to introduce five different families. The first was a gentleman farmer, wife, and child, whose object is to farm on a grand scale with a capital of £500! Of this he will probably spend at a boarding house £100 before he hears of anything to suit him. With the residue he may possibly purchase a fourth share in a broken-down station that may support him for six months, and then gazette him for relief from his partner's debts. The second was a professional man, with a wife and half a dozen children. He arrived with a trifle more than £100 in his pocket; at the end of ten days it was reduced to £40; and he has, very wisely, condescended to a clerkship of £150 per annum, which will barely suffice to keep him from actual mendicacy. The third was a widow and four young children, whom she hopes to educate by opening a school for young ladies. She landed with something short of £100, the proceeds, she tells me, of her furniture, after paying her passage money. She has been here ten days, and has £30 left. The best advice I could give her—lady as she certainly is—is to advertise for a housemaid's situation, and, if she can obtain one, to apply her wages to the board and lodging of her four little ones. She has not the shadow of a chance of anything better. Her piteous cry—'If I could but get back again'—was enough to break one's heart. It is not merely absurd, it is absolutely wicked, to delude the people of the 'better class,' as it is called, to come out in the hope of improving their position. Nothing answers here but brawny limbs and stubborn impudence. You may judge how false are the representations of our prosperity by the single fact, that the week before last we had not less than twenty-eight bankruptcies in one week, but little above the average, which is two *per diem*."

DISTINGUISHED CONVICTS IN A BRITISH COLONY.—The Rev. Joseph Johnson, sent out to minister to the convicts in Fremantle, Western Australia, by the Colonial Missionary Society, announces the arrival of Robson and Redpath, and Agar and Teser, with their friend Saward, alias Jem the Penman. The writer says:—"They are all engaged on the public works, making roads, &c. Redpath and Robson are engaged, as I am writing, wheeling stones near my house, with shackles upon their persons. Their health appears to be good, but they seem wretched and dejected, and weary of their lives. The celebrated Rev. Dr. Beresford, who is related to a noble marquis, and who, with a living of £1,000 a year, committed forgery to an