

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF BRISBANE.

The City of Brisbane, with about 360 immigrants on board, arrived off Moreton Island on the evening of Tuesday last. She hove to off Moreton light to wait for daylight and a pilot. On Wednesday morning she was boarded by Mr. Pilot Sholl, but there being little or no wind, the day was spent in tacking backwards and forwards between the heads, and during the night the anchor was dropped under the lee of the lighthouse. On Thursday about 12, a light breeze from the N.E. enabled sail to be made for the bay. The Clifton was passed, anchored off the pilot station, about three in the afternoon, and the anchorage in the bay was reached about seven p.m. The Immigration Officers were anxiously looked for on Friday, as provisions were very short, and every one anxious to get ashore. The officials did not, however, board her until Saturday morning, and the passengers, consequently, will not land until Monday.

The City of Brisbane left Gravesend on the 21st and Plymouth on the 25th February, and has thus been exactly four months out from the latter port. In the early part of the voyage the winds were favorable, and a speedy trip was anticipated. The line was crossed on the 24th March, or 29 days from Plymouth. After crossing the Equator, nothing but "light winds," "head winds," "calms," "doldrums," "catspaws," and such like vexations of the sailor's soul were experienced for 42 days, when the island of Tristan d'Acunha was passed. Since then, with slight exceptions, pretty favorable winds have been met with, and an average run made. The City of Brisbane has outstripped the Erin-go-bragh, which left Liverpool nearly a month before her, and the officers and passengers have reason to congratulate themselves that, although their voyage has not been a very speedy one, it has been a pleasant one, and terminated successfully. No rough weather was experienced, with the exception of the gale on Monday last. In that "southerly burster" — as the sailors term it; the "City" lost her fore top-gallant mast, which snapped just above the cross-trees, and had to run the whole day under close-reefed topsails. A few of the passengers were pretty well shaken up also, but otherwise no damage was done.

We are happy to announce there has been no sickness nor serious illness of any kind on board, and no deaths, while the ship was out.

no sickness nor serious illness of any kind on board, and no deaths, while the population of the "City" has been increased by four births during the voyage.

By the courtesy of the Editor of the *City of Brisbane Times*—a weekly journal published during the voyage,—we are enabled to give the following particulars regarding the passengers, and the names of those in the first and second cabins:—

#### OUR POPULATION.

Last week we roughly estimated the population of the 'City of Brisbane' at 400 souls. This week we are enabled to give a more detailed census, which, no doubt, will prove interesting to our readers. To commence with what may be considered its permanent inhabitants, we have the officers and crew, viz.:—Captain and two mates, 3; surgeon, 1; purser and storekeeper, 2; stewards, 4; bo'swain and engineer, 2; carpenter and sailmaker, 2; able-bodied seamen, 19; ordinary ditto, 2; cooks, 4: total, 39. The passengers in the saloon number 20; in the second cabin, intermediate, and steerage there are 340—total 360, which, added to the previous list, makes 399 souls on board.

We shall attempt to classify the passengers, and in the first place take the great natural divisions of male and female. There are 205 "lords of the creation" amongst our human freight, and 156 members of what is sometimes called "the gentler sex." If a glance be made at their ages, we find that our oldest inhabitant has seen 60 summers, while the youngest has not seen one, being only two months old—we beg Miss Ann Brisbane Malony's pardon, she ought to be now taken as the youngest, but as she was shipped an inside passenger her name does not appear in the ship's manifest. To come next to the married and single, there are 48 gentlemen on board, who have passed that bourne from which no bachelor returns, matched by 47 fair ladies, who have each made a miserable man happy at least once in their lifetime. Of those who have never married, but live in hopes, our "City" musters 97 eligible young men ranging from 12 to 36 years old, the majority being from 20 to 30. Against this large number of "nice young men," we have only to place 53 single young ladies, aged from 12 to 34. There are two spinsters candid enough to own to the latter age, the remainder range from 12 to 28. To descend to the rising generation, we can muster 56 boys from 1 to 12, and 52 girls about the same age. In addition to these olive branches

... boys from 1 to 12, and 32 girls about the same age. In addition to these olive branches, there are 4 male and 5 female infants—including Miss Malony No. 3—on board.

Looking at the nationalities of our population, we find 259 classed as English—but this includes some Welshmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Jews; from the "land of the thistle" there appear to be 69; while the "gem of the Ocean, ould Ireland," has sent 33 to represent her.

Such is a brief analysis of the population of the City of Brisbane. We do not attempt to give their professions, trades, or occupations. Whatever they may have been in the "old country," doubtless many will find a different occupation in their new home. There are a sprinkling of all classes on board—hard-handed laborers and artizans, and those accustomed to gentler occupations. Many, no doubt, have had a hard struggle hitherto for a living, and have embarked full of hopes, not only of securing a better share of life's comforts, but also of being able to lay up something for a rainy day. Others may have left home comforts behind, such as they will not find in a new country, impelled by the enterprize and love of adventure inherent to Britons. Perhaps they may have had a little of this world's wealth and hope to increase it. Others may have left the land of their birth in search of health denied to them in the colder and bleaker climate of Old England. We hope the expectations of all may be realized. Success will attend the efforts of some; we wish it may follow the labors of all. Industry and perseverance will command success. There are no beggars in Queensland, and there must be no idle people, for idleness and beggary are close companions.