

“Royal Hotel,” now the “Criterion”; Mr. John Thomas Smith, the Mayor of Melbourne, in the Adelphi, Flinders Lane, recently burnt; Mr. Branta, the other son in law, succeeded Mr. Smith, when that gentleman removed to the St. John's Tavern, Queen Street. Mr. Smith came from Sydney as Assistant to the Missionary Protector of the Aborigines, Mr. Langhorne. He was then a clerk in the office of Mr. John Hodgson, and afterwards a storekeeper opposite to the “Criterion;” purchasing bricks, timber, &c., from labouring men, and giving goods in return.

The “Royal Exchange” stood a little back from the Street, with a swinging sign board. Umpleby's Hotel was at Annand's corner. Moss's “Ship” Inn was in Flinders Lane. James Connell's “Royal Highlander,” north site of the present “Temple Court” Hotel, at the corner of Queen Street and Chancery Lane, was like others of wattle and dab, and standing before the sale. Captain Lonsdale, according to custom, inspected the house and consented to its opening. Connell paid a high price for his half acre, £69. There were 18 hotels in Melbourne on the arrival of Mr. Latrobe. The thirsty reader must be informed that *good* liquor was first sold at one shilling a glass. To accommodate the ravenous appetites of their customers some publicans kept a cask of herrings on their counter. In those primitive days *Sticking Plasters* were in vogue. We do not mean to insinuate that Burkites prowled the dark lanes of our city. The plasters were certain money orders which shepherds and shearers brought down from the country, and placed in the safe custody of their friends of the tap, in whose bar they were stuck up until the amount was said to be drunk out. When the poor intoxicated simpletons had exhausted their exchequer, their bodies were removed to some dungeon-looking out-building, denominated the *Dead house*, whence they were afterwards precipitated into the Street, to make room for another sticking plaster. It is pleasing to record illustrations of the law of kindness. When one of our early landlords was expostulated with upon the absurdity of supposing that a man could drink out his plaster so soon, that model of benevolence replied, that if he allowed the fellow to drink out the full value of his money order, he would kill himself; “and sure,” said he, “you wouldn't have me the man's murtherer!” Temperance Societies were early in existence. The first clergyman of the Church of England, the first Scotch minister, and the first Independent, each