

3. History, besides its general advantages, has a distinct species of utility to different men, according to their several ranks in society, and occupations in life.

4. It is an indispensable duty of every man of liberal birth to be acquainted, in a certain degree, with the science of politics; and History is the school of politics. It opens to us the springs of human affairs; the causes of the rise, grandeur, revolutions, and fall of empires. It points out the reciprocal influence of government and of national manners; it dissipates prejudices, nourishes the love of our country, and directs to the best means of its improvement: it illustrates equally the blessings of political union, and the miseries of faction; the danger, on the one hand, of uncontrolled liberty, and, on the other, the debasing influence of despotic power.

5. It is necessary that the study of History should be prosecuted according to a regular plan;* for this science, more perhaps than any other, is liable to perversion from its proper use. With some it is no better than an idle amusement; with others it is the food of vanity; with a third class it fosters the prejudices of party, and leads to political bigotry. It is dangerous for those who, even with the best intentions, seek for historical knowledge, to pursue the study without a guide; for no science has been so little methodized. The sources of prejudice are infinite; and the mind of youth should not be left undirected amidst the erring, the partial, and contradictory representations of historians. Besides the importance of being able to discriminate truth from falsehood, the attention ought to be directed only to useful truths. Much danger arises from the perusal of memoirs, collections of anecdotes, &c., for many of those works exhibit the most depraved pictures, weaken our confidence in virtue, and present the most unfavourable views of human nature.

6. There are many difficulties which attend the attempt of forming a proper plan of study, and giving an instructive view of General History. Utility is to be reconciled with amusement, prejudices are to be encountered, variety of taste to be consulted, political opinions balanced, judgment and decision exercised on topics keenly controverted. The proposer of such a plan ought, therefore, to be possessed equally of firmness of mind, and moderation of sentiment. Disregarding every partial and inferior consideration, he must direct his view solely to the proper end of all education—*The forming of good men, and of good citizens.*

7. The object and general purpose of the following Course, is to exhibit a progressive view of the state of mankind, from the earliest ages of which we have any authentic accounts down to the close of the seventeenth century; to delineate the origin of states and of empires, the great outlines of their history, the revolutions which they have undergone, the causes which have contributed to their rise and grandeur, and operated to their decline and extinction.

For these purposes it is necessary to bestow particular attention on the manners of nations, their laws, the nature of their governments, their religion, their intellectual improvements, and their progress in the arts and sciences.

* The author's plan will be inserted in our next number.

DIFFERENT USES OF READING AND CONVERSATION.

In barbarous times, when conversation had no other topic than what immediate occasion or necessary employment produced, (which was once the case,) it is evident, that no knowledge could be obtained but from books.

As civilization advanced, and commerce produced social intercourse, conversation grew more enlarged, and knowledge was gained from the mouth as well as from the pen. This, undoubtedly, was an improvement in every sense. In France both sexes first assembled on an easy footing, and it was in that country where knowledge from books was first neglected.

This principle spread with the language and manners, and it soon became fashionable to call the learning acquired from reading, pedantry. As I consider this to have been, but very lately, the state of things in our own country, I have a few words to say in defence of the instruction obtained from books, and to give some reasons why it ought, for all substantial purposes, to be preferred to that which arises from conversation.

The object of conversation is entertainment—the object of reading is instruction. No doubt, conversation may instruct, and reading may entertain; but this occasional assumption of each other's characteristic, only varies the principle, without destroying it.

When persons converse, deep disquisition is out of place—the subjects should be general and light, in which all may be supposed capable of joining. Every thing professional is avoided, which, whether from the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, or soldier, is equally pedantic as from the scholar. All debate is shunned, lest warmth might become heat. If fire be produced by the collision of sentiments, it should just shine for a moment, like the harmless coruscations of a summer evening, but not pierce like lightning.

Conversation, to be agreeable, should be divided equally—no one should engross it, or neglect to furnish his quota—but as it requires some practice, and perhaps talents, to engage in small-talk, without ascending into an upper region, or sinking into vacuity; those who find a difficulty in steering this middle course, and think it necessary to keep up the shuttle-cock of conversation; occasionally hazard an expression, which will not bear strict examination, but it may appear sufficiently like truth for the present purpose, and to be adopted as such hereafter. Truth is sometimes overcome by wit—a lively repartee will at any time put it to flight. Strength may crush and kill, but smartness makes the stroke to be felt.

In conversation it is not easy to avoid falsities. A story is begun, of which the relater has only a general knowledge; as he proceeds, he is obliged to fill up the deficiencies of memory by invention; the next relater does the same, and probably, in different places. After a few of these oral editions, truth is entirely supplanted by falsehood. If this happen when there is no intention to deceive, what must be the effect when the variation is not accidental?

To discover truth is seldom the intention of conversation. Should a dispute arise, its object is not to establish facts, but to obtain victory. If the maxims of our great moralist (Dr. Johnson) were to be taken

from topics he has defended, or contradicted in company, he must be considered as the most absurd of mortals—this might be sport to him, but it was death to others: the worshippers of this idol considering him as a real divinity, and his words as oracles.

These circumstances, and many others not enumerated in this sketch, very much disqualify conversation from being a school of instruction. If we wish for real information, we must undoubtedly seek it from its old source.

As conversation is furnished from the impulse of the moment, so books consist of digested thoughts, which are selected from many others—these are improved, added to, or curtailed, upon mature and frequent deliberation—the author is hurried into nothing; but whatever his ideas are upon the subject he has chosen, he may give them that order and expression which will show his meaning clearest and best. And surely it cannot admit of a moment's doubt, whether mature conceptions, put into form, are not superior to expressions from accident, and momentary impulse—not to mention the multitude of subjects, which, in company, will not admit of any discussion.

We may then venture to assert the superiority of books over conversation, where instruction is the object; without having the least intention of depreciating the pleasures of society.—*Jackson's Essays.*

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

[A TALE, BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.]

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft as thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark character of a book in cumbersome binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh Club would now consider an invaluable black-letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said the elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant,

"of England! of heretic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier, mildly.

"But I shall incur the church's censure for harbouring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; "thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; "you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!"

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and besides, England was once one of the brightest jewels in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier, "but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."

"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily; "but you are the king's soldier, you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading; what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded; he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of the battle this book was my breast-plate, in the hour of sickness my best balm;" and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy Saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which the church had closed against the layman. "Thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon the laud! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth. I will not harbour thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far off home," said the Italian girl; "how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!"

"There is such a home!" replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Amelia; "but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be an heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl. "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore you smiled, and

you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun—and me.”

“Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?”

Amelia crossed herself. “No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us.”

“Never!” exclaimed the soldier earnestly; “never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hopes to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with.”

“I shall see you no more!” said the young Italian, “and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your bed-chamber and kneel at your bed foot, and pray for the Madonna’s care. And when you revived, you smiled at my flowers, and when you had voice to speak, thanked me.”

Amelia’s voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from a man’s sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

* * * * *

“Thou art sad, dear daughter,” said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countryed expanse through which we jostle our way from the city to Westminster; “thou art sad, dear daughter.”

“Nay, my father,” replied the maiden, “I would not do so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when——”

“The heart is sad, thou wouldst say——”

“Nay, I mean it not.”

“I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—may I not say this heretic England.”

“Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not we are surrounded by a multitude.”

“They are running madly to some revelry.”

“Let us leave the path, then,” said the girl; “it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonoured faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry.”

“Well, and if it be so,” replied the father, “haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow! thou mayst catch their cheerfulness: we will go with the stream.”

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They

had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled.—Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, “The King! the king! long live the king!” He came—Henry VIII. came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendour in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pains in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Amelia clung to his arms, and implored him by every fear to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurried into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips, “Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!” sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough: the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavoured to cheer the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark and dreary; the father’s brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant’s offence was one little likely to meet with mercy, Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had

drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favour with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached by lineage and love to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places; a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake with even passionate desire, and the pile and the stake were given with unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a young girl, the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the church, denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—still as the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendance thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell!—room for Lord Cromwell!" and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read it; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty.—Yet, when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Amelia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it pro-

ceeded; it rested on Amelia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him; speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition and Charles' knavery; the loss of substance to England to reclaim an old indebtedment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birth-place?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl."

"To both or to neither!" exclaimed the girl, "we will live, or we will die together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink in the prison walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and, canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep like a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Amelia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely not—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Amelia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Amelia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Amelia! Amelia! awake, and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Amelia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing

her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of the judge.

"Look on me, Amelia!" said Lord Cromwell.—And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow the plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features.—And Amelia gazed as if spell bound, until gradually, shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came straggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed, "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Cromwell, "even so my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death as your judge; but fear not, Amelia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts, across the sterner mood that lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that but for my sight of thee had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay on my pillow while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm; and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home? Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed? to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

Reviews.

A short account of the character and labours of the REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, formerly principal Chaplain of the Church of England, in New South Wales; written for the express purpose of raising funds towards the erection of a Church in the Parish of Marsfield, Parramatta. Printed and published by B. Isaacs, George-street, Parramatta, 1844. Price 3s.

We could scarcely, at this commencement of our labours, have had placed under our notice a subject of greater interest than the above newly-published little work presents to the colonial reader. To all who have had the happiness of knowing good old Mr. Marsden, and to all who have heard of him (and who has not?) this short sketch will indeed prove most pleasing.

It was Mr. Marsden's lot, during a great portion of his ministry in this Colony, to be a solitary labourer in the field allotted to him, and most faithfully and efficiently did he exert his whole energies in the cause of religion. Opposed, as he was, on all sides, he faithfully performed his duty, disregarding whatever the father of evil might raise up to oppose his efforts. Ever zealous, he lost no opportunity of doing good: firm, yet tolerant, he earned the good will and the praise of all good men. In his daring efforts among the heathen inhabitants of this colony, and especially in New Zealand, where he was peculiarly successful, and where his name is yet highly venerated, Mr. Marsden displayed an astonishing zeal and intrepidity in the midst of imminent danger. "Like Elliott, the venerable apostle of the North American Indians," says our author, page 49, "he went from tribe to tribe doing good, accompanying them in their wanderings through portions of the country hitherto untrodden by the feet of Europeans,

and dispensing around him the blessings which the gospel is designed to impart."

The best of men have ever been subject to reproach and calumny. It is not our intention to examine the assertions of the traducers of this faithful servant of Christ. We are yet living, as the author remarks in his preface, far too near to the days of the venerable man to be able to clear away the mist of partial representation which may as yet obscure certain portions of his conduct. It will, we doubt not, be done hereafter to the satisfaction of all who knew and venerated him.

It is evident that the author has with reluctance compressed a large stock of materials into so small a space; though we may opine that the omission of the precise period of decease of the subject of this memoir was doubtless unintended.—Fearing to anticipate, by a too-lengthened narration, other works which he leads us to expect of a more elaborate and mature description by those who may be supposed to have had better opportunities of gaining a more correct knowledge of the life of one who may be justly termed (if unwearied diligence and ardent zeal can confer merit) the Apostle of the great South land, the author has furnished us with but a fore-taste as it were—a *bonne bouche*—of what we may hope for hereafter.

In conclusion, we trust that the respected author's object—as expressed in the title page—may be gained. Putting aside the consideration of the benefit to the inhabitants of Parramatta which an additional place of worship would confer, a nobler monument to the memory of departed worth cannot be conceived than the erection of a temple dedicated to the honor of God. We trust that the object which the lamented subject of this sketch himself so earnestly desired to see accomplished, and towards which he so liberally contributed, may speedily be attained.

Varieties.

A MONEY LENDER.—He serves you in the present tense; he lends you on the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.—To think of ice creams when prostrated beneath the torture of a raging fever. To fancy yourself the object of particular admiration when you are walking about with a dish-rag pinned to your coat tails.—To open a creditor's note, threatening proceedings, fancying it an invitation to dinner. Flattering yourself with the hope of assistance from a rich relative.

"You can't complain," as the highwayman remarked when he shot the traveller.

TAKING THE GILT OFF COLUMBUS' GINGERBREAD.—Somebody observed that, after all, Columbus did not deserve so much credit for discovering America; for the continent was so large he could not well have missed it.

Captain N—, who lately arrived at Boston, when going up to the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy; and going below a few minutes, he called to the Irishman and asked him if he had thrown the buoy? "No," said he, "indeed I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook!"

A Spanish writer, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "they were in deep mourning for the murders they had committed."

A RECEIPT.

A METHOD TO PRESERVE A LARGE STOCK OF YEAST FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, EITHER FOR BREAD, CAKES, OR BREWING.—Get a quantity of Yeast and work it well with a whisk until it becomes liquid and thin; then get a large wooden dish or tub, clean and dry, and with a soft brush lay a thin layer of the yeast on the tub, and turn the mouth downwards, that no dust may fall upon it, but so that the air may get under to dry it. When that coat is very dry lay on another, till you have a sufficient quantity, even two or three inches thick, to serve for several months, always taking care the former coat is quite dry before you lay on another. When you have occasion to make use of this Yeast, cut a piece off and lay it in warm water, stir it together, and it will be fit for use. For brewing, take several little bundles of birch and dip them into the yeast, and hang them up to dry, taking care no dust comes on them. When your beer is ready, throw in a bundle, and it will work as well as fresh yeast. After whisking it about in the vat, take out the broom, and hang it up to dry for the next brewing.

The Moralist.

CONSIDERATION.

COMMUNE with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wast made.

Contemplate thy powers, thy wants, and thy connexions; so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or act, before thou hast weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take; so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action, before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken, therefore, unto the voice of Consideration; her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.—*Dodsley's Economy of Human Life.*

MORAL MAXIMS.*

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. I.

- A BAD man, whatever his rank, has a blot in his escutcheon.
- A bad style is better than a lewd story.
- A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
- A bad wound heals; a bad name kills.
- A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.
- A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.
- A blow from a frying-pan blacks one, though it may not hurt.
- Absence cools moderate passions, and inflames violent ones.
- Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.
- Abundance, like want, ruins many.
- A burden which one chooses is not felt.
- A careless watcher invites a vigilant foe.

It is evident that all government of action is to be obtained by knowledge; and knowledge, best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading!—*Sir P. Sydney.*

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful.—*Johnson.*

The number of a man's enemies are the evidences of his worth.

* Let not the reader treat with contempt these little remembrancers. Impressed as we are with the value of these gems of wisdom, which have been handed down to us in the form of apothegms, we gladly take this opportunity of inserting them, and have no fewer than 2,500 arranged in alphabetical order for this Miscellany. In our defence, we shall give the following extract from Maunder's Treasury:—

"To the readers of moral maxims I would say, that I sincerely hope many of these brief lessons of experience may be engraven on the tablet of the memory, never to be erased. What are they but the golden remains of antiquity, or the treasures of modern wisdom? copious in meaning, yet marked by elegant terseness; inculcating the precepts of worldly prudence, yet having a tendency to check vice, strengthen virtue, and lead the mind to a reliance on the Divine will! We are, perhaps, not duly sensible how much of whatever good may have marked our career is to be attributed to the influence of some moral, pious, or prudential maxim, with which our youthful minds were imbued. Proverbs, however quaintly expressed, contain the essence of some moral truth or practical lesson; they are drawn from real life, and are generally the fruit of philosophy grafted on the stem of experience. Indeed, although of late years neglected by most writers, they were formerly so greatly held in reverence, that scarcely a book appeared in which its author did not bear testimony to their value by the free use he made of them. Nay, we are told by M. D'Israeli, that much later even than the reign of Elizabeth, our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on everything which had room for a piece of advice on it. They had them painted on their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates, and combed them out of goldsmith's rings."

"Maxims," says another writer, "are the verdicts of wisdom on the reports of experience."

Select Poetry.

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

[TRANSLATED FROM VICTOR HUGO.]

The tomb to the blushing rose thus said,—
"Of the tears upon thee by the morning shed,
What makest thou, Flower of Love?"
The rose, in her turn, thus question'd the tomb,—
"What makest thou in thy grief of gloom
Of all thou devour'st from above?"

Said the rose to the tomb,—
"From those precious tears
A scent, that of amber and honey appears,
I breathe out amid the darkness of night."
And the tomb replied to the rose,—
"Plaintive flower,
Of every soul that I seem to devour
I make a bless'd angel of light."

THE BANKRUPT.

I saw at morn a man, in pride of wealth,
At ease in his possessions; at his door
Obsequious stood the crowds whom fortune dooms
To beg—strange boon!—for hampered leave to toil;
And to and fro there passed the men of trade,
With hollow smile, and ready compliment,
And every art to speed their merchandise.
'Twas all prosperity; upon the world
He smiled in satisfaction, and the world
Complacently returned a mutual smile.

I passed at noon, and lo! the scene was changed:
His bark had sunk in that devouring sea,
Whose treacherous waves are, ever and anon,
As fitful winds of commerce bid them heave,
With blasted hopes and wrecks of fortune strewed.
An air of sadness seemed already there:
Neighbours were seen with mystery in their looks,
And whispered words were heard. Not under-breath,
But loudly shall to-morrow hear the tale,
Men cast not off at once deep-nourished thoughts
Of one whose credit long unshaken stood—
Of one who seemed to sit on high secure,
But ah, poor man! thy name must suffer soon,
Thy wit, thy wisdom, goodness, all thou wast,—
Sad diminution in the public eye.
The once wide circle of thy summer friends,
Narrow'd and broken, shall not half suffice
To shield thee from the world's ungenerous scorn.
I see thee pace thy house of merchandise
In horrid stupefaction, straining hard
To fathom the deep gulf of thy distress;
Thy soul a chaos wild, thy brain on fire,
And none, alas! with power to comfort near.
Go, seek thy home; thy wife will gently chide
Thy long delay; but soon her eye shall mark
Deep agitation on thy brow; thy words
Shall fall portentous on her startled ear.
Happy, if Hope celestial, Faith sublime,
And strong connubial love, her soul inspire
To meet unshrinkingly, as woman can,
This dire reverse, and ease thy labouring breast
Of more than half the mighty load it bears.
Be comforted, take courage, for thou may'st,—
All is not lost, if conscience still be thine,
And dares not whisper in thy secret ear,
That this dark hour comes with just vengeance fraught,
As punishment for wealth by fraud obtained,
Or judgment for prosperity abused.

J. B.

TO A NEW BORN BABE.

[FROM THE PERSIAN.]

In mother's arms, a helpless, new born child,
Weeping—thou lay'st, whilst all around thee smil'd;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, whilst all around the weep!
HAFIZ.

SELF-LOVE.

Each has his fault we readily allow:
To this decree our dearest friends must bow;
One's too careless, another's too correct,
And all, save our sweet self, have some defect.

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1844.

OURSELVES.

ONCE again we offer ourselves to the notice of our subscribers.

In submitting our new Periodical to the notice of the public, we avow our wish to become a general favourite among all classes of society; and, as an eminent and favorite writer of the mother country expresses it, "to assist the enquiring, animate the struggling, and do good to all."

Our object is to diffuse knowledge in its varied forms of Literature, Morals, and Politics. Of the first, we have perhaps said sufficient in our primary address. In the varied forms of Literature, we trust our columns will be so graced as to entice the youth of Australia to taste the sweets of Science, and cultivate the love of Useful Arts. It is our wish to develop the natural resources of the Colonies, as being not only beneficial to "the land we live in," but also highly advantageous to our parent country.

As to Morals, we state, to prevent misunderstanding, that our intention is principally to adopt that standard of morality which was upheld in the *Guardian*, *Tatler*, and *Spectator*, of former and unrivalled celebrity, adapted to the present state of education and public feeling.

Of the third head, it is, in this portion of our pages, more peculiarly our province to submit our views. Our Political principles may be thus defined:—The admiration and defence of "the art of governing well;" so that whatever may be considered for the benefit of the people in the Colonies of Great Britain, considered as so many integral parts of the Empire, shall meet with ready attention, and be submitted for discussion in the pages of this Journal, to stand or fall, according to its own merits.

"Our aim's our country's good."

And while, as sincere Loyalists, we conscientiously submit "to the powers that be," we will ever unflinchingly maintain the rights of a free people, belonging, as they do, to that glorious nation whose very atmosphere and soil give freedom to the slave.

Firm in our principles, we will maintain them without the self-destructive rancour of bigotry, nor will we sacrifice them at the shrine of expediency—that bane in the true path of political economy—trusting to the good taste of the Australian public to encourage us in our duty.

In conclusion, we solicit the support of a generous public: we will do our utmost to deserve it. We crave indulgence for various deficiencies which may be observed in the first few numbers of our publication, which, we are sure, will be granted by those who consider the difficulty of readily starting a work of this real magnitude. We trust that our own friends and correspondents will rally round us until our ambition be gratified, and our wishes satisfied, by seeing the *Colonial Literary Journal* gradually become a standard work of sound principles, of the strictest integrity, and a faithful chronicler of the Australian Colonies.

Domestic Intelligence.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20.

On Thursday the "Aborigines' Evidence Bill," introduced by the Attorney-General, was read a second time. It was opposed by Mr. Lowe and other members of the Council. The following extract from Mr. Lowe's speech we insert without note or comment, believing that any notice upon our part, could neither add nor detract from its sterling qualities:—"What manner of witnesses were these which his honorable and learned friend the Attorney-General sought to introduce into our Courts? Only picture their examination. See the wild savage of the woods standing amid the hum and press of civilized men: among them, but not of them. See the trembling prisoner in vain endeavouring to gather his future fate from the stolid apathy or malignant scowl of those scarce human lineaments. Hear his evidence given through an interpreter, in a language of which all we know is that it is destitute of abstract ideas and of those nicely defined terms which distinguish the almost imperceptible limits of guilt and misfortune. See him become at once the supreme arbiter of life and death: a life of whose end and author he is alike ignorant, a death of whose fearful secrets he knows nothing—see him ready, from savage waywardness, from puerile petulance, or for a bribe so paltry, that the meanest wretch whoever perjured himself for hire would spurn with contempt and disgust such a crime for such a price—see him ready to trample on a being of whose unspeakable importance to accountable agents he has never heard, and by false witness to hurry a fellow-creature into the presence of that God whose very name is a stranger to his language—see him, finally, after the last act of tragedy is over, standing on the steps of the Court, and, with his national talent for mimicry, representing to the admiring crowd the verdict of the foreman, the sentence of the judge, and the thrilling appeal of the prisoner for mercy: see all this, and then turn from the sickening mockery, and say, *Great is the majesty of British Justice!* surely this is a wise and an understanding people; dear in their eyes is the blood of their citizens! For his part, rather than have recourse to a system so unwise, so immoral and anti-Christian, he would roll back the ages that were past, and return to the whimsical superstitions, and it might be absurd practices, of our ancestors. If accused of a crime, he would rather take to the lance and sword of our forefathers—he would rather place his naked foot on the burning ploughshares—he would rather strive to swim with fettered limbs in the treacherous sea—he would rather dare the ordeal of battle, fire, or water—than submit his life and fair fame to a test so hideously absurd. It had been thought by the wise and good of other days that these judicial combats and ordeals, made in the fullest faith, and invoking the direct intervention of the Almighty, might perhaps be overruled by his Providence. He dared not subscribe to, though he did not wholly blame, their faith; but this he would say, that he would prefer them to the investigation proposed by Her Majesty's Attorney-General. Let him fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great! but let him not fall into the hand of man—

of man did he say? Oh no, not of man—of savage and blood-thirsty cannibals.”

FRIDAY, JUNE 21.

There was an unusually large attendance of members, thirty having been counted as present.

A lengthened debate arose on the subject of grievances. Mr. Wentworth moved “that a select committee be appointed to enquire into and report upon all grievances not connected with the lands of the territory,” and spoke at some length with his usual bitterness on the “Civil List,” “Expense of the Convict Establishments,” “Utter want of a responsible Government in this Colony,” “Municipal Institutions,” “The present tenure of office of the Judges of this Colony,” “Claims against government.” Committee appointed:—Messrs. Wentworth, Lang, Bradley, Dumaresq, Lawson, Lord, Sir T. Mitchell, Suttor, Windeyer, and the Attorney-General.

A committee was also appointed on the Public Education Bill.

CITY COUNCIL.

MONDAY.

Present: The Mayor; Aldermen Allen, Broughton, and Macdermott; Councillors Smidmore, Jenkins, Driver, Brown, Holden, Cowlshaw, Agars, Little, Ryan, Thurlow, Coyle, and Jones.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read by the Town Clerk,

Alderman Broughton brought up a report from the Police Committee, upon the various departments of the police—judicial, clerical, and executive. The report complained that the attention of the force, and its officers, was greatly occupied by duties not strictly civic—such as the attendance at Hyde Park Barracks and the Quarter Sessions, the apprehension of run-aways, &c. With reference to the executive department, the great inconvenience resulting to the Council and its Committees from the absence of all knowledge relative to its internal regulation and control was much dwelt upon, and a good deal of argument was contained in the report to show that the police force ought to be controlled by the same authority it was paid by. The report was adopted.

Mr. Agars moved, “That this Council do take into consideration, as soon as possible, the propriety of the general lighting of the city, and of raising the assessment necessary for that purpose.” The motion was negatived on division.

The report of the City Surveyor, relative to the erection of gas lamps in Pitt-street was read, from which it appeared that the expense of six lamps, in Pitt-street North, including the lighting of the same for twelve months, would be £45. After some conversation, the decision was postponed till the next meeting of the Council, in order that the assessment required for this purpose might be ascertained.

The reports of the Finance Committee, recommending the payment of £95 0s. 1d., and £178 14s. 6d. for accounts, were adopted.

The salaries of the officers under the Corporation were ordered to be paid on the 1st July next.

A letter was read from Mr. Marsh, denying the authority of the District Surveyor to give him notice not to build within twelve feet of the kerb in Macquarie-street South, on the ground that it was not proclaimed by the Government or came within the

operation of the Alignment Act. On the motion of Mr. Cowlshaw, it was agreed, that in order to ensure regularity in the alignment of the streets, the City Surveyor might be instructed to prepare a list of the various streets not yet proclaimed, in order to constitute a proper alignment throughout the city.

The Town Clerk was instructed to advertise for candidates for the office of wharfinger at the Market Wharf, the salary of which was fixed at £120.

A *cheveau de frise* was ordered to be erected over the gates of the George-street Market.

The Council adjourned till Monday next.

LECTURES.

The present lecture season has commenced with much spirit. The programmes which have been issued by the Commercial Reading Rooms, and the Mechanics' Institute, embody a great array of talent. It is truly gratifying to find gentlemen of superior abilities thus standing prominently forward to assist in the good work of enlightening the minds of those, who—from the accidents of birth, or the freaks of fortune—have been deprived of the inestimable blessing of education. This method of imparting knowledge is extremely popular; and although, perhaps, the great object of lectures is more to create a taste for the studies of which they treat, than to impart a full knowledge concerning those studies; still there cannot exist a doubt of their being extremely beneficial in awakening the ambition of the young, and, by these means, calling into play those talents, of the possession of which they were previously ignorant.

“Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
It cannot be deep-search'd with saucy looks;”

And if, in arousing our dormant faculties, lectures lead us to search for more enduring and satisfactory acquirements in knowledge, it does much and merits our warmest support. The path to knowledge is steep, rugged, and difficult. The summit to which we aspire is towering and lofty. There is much toil to be endured, many difficulties to encounter ere we can reach it. How many, by endeavouring to evade these obstacles, fall short of their aim! There are resting places, however, provided for the weak and the feeble—for the weary and the faint—by which they may renew their strength and pursue their journey. Some tire and droop by the way through reluctance or indolence; some through natural infirmities; few—how few—ever gain the highest pinnacle of their ambition.

The lectures which have been delivered at the city Theatre have been numerous attended, more so, indeed, than any course previously delivered. While, therefore, we hail this event as one eminently calculated to extend the usefulness of the Institution, under whose auspices, and for whose benefit, the lectures were delivered; we are also at liberty to congratulate ourselves as a Colony, upon the growing interest which is taken by the community in this most excellent and popular method of imparting instruction.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.—Mr. S. P. Hill will deliver the first of his lectures on Oratory, on Monday evening next, in the hall of the above Institution. There are few subjects of more importance to the youth of a rising colony like ours. We are glad to perceive that the committee of the society, have caused backs to be placed to all the seats. This improvement was sadly wanted.

SYDNEY COLLEGE.

PROMPTED by our zeal for the welfare of the rising generation, in whose hands will be placed the moral and political destiny of a rising nation, we intend, occasionally, to bring to public notice, the principal educational establishments of the Colony, where our views are met with courtesy. In furtherance of this object, we have been favoured, by the kindness of the Principal, with a synopsis of the Sydney College Exhibitions, which we insert as follows:—

EXHIBITIONS, THIRD YEAR.

Examination days, 2d and 3d of December, 1844.

SUBJECTS—IN LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS.

CL. I.

Euripidis Orestes.

Livii Hist., Lib. I.

Juvenalis, Sat. XIII.

Latin Verses—Pope's Ode on Solitude (in any of the Horatian metres.)

English Verses—Subject—"My native land, good night."

English Essay—Subject—

Raro, qui se vixisse beatum

Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore, viâ

Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.

CL. II.

Horatii Od., Lib. I., II.

C. Sallustii Catilina.

Odes of Anacreon in Greek.

Those who do not read Greek in this class, may bring up Tomline's Introduction to the study of the Scriptures instead.

A copy of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters. Subject—"Moses, from Mount Nebo, beholds the promised land, which he is not allowed to enter."

English Verses—Subject—"Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends."

English Essay—Subject—"Raro antecedentem scelestum Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."

IN REBUS MATHEMATICIS.

CL. I.

Arithmetic, ad libitum. Algebra, Quadratic and Cubic Equations, with those of the 4th, 5th, and 6th degree. Every case of Arithmetical and Geometrical Progressions; Binomial Theorem; Indeterminate Problems, and the Summation of Series. Geometry—First six books of Euclid, and Plane Trigonometry, according to Snowball or Hymers.

CL. II.

Arithmetic, ad libitum. Algebra—Simple and Quadratic Equations entire; the investigation of formulæ for every case of Arithmetical and Geometrical Progression. Geometry—First five books of Euclid.

There will be two prizes of the value of fifteen and thirteen sovereigns each, for the First Class, if there be four candidates; if less, only one prize, of the value of fifteen pounds.

There will be two prizes of the value of twelve and ten sovereigns, for the Second Class, if there be four competitors; should there be only one prize for the First Class, there will be three for the Second, of the values of thirteen, twelve, and ten pounds, should six competitors come forward.

The prizes will be presented, and those who have succeeded will assume their academic dress, on the second day of the public College Examinations.

The First Class Exhibitions are open to any of the colonial youth, not above seventeen years of age, although not students of the Sydney College.

Those of the Second Class likewise will be open to the pupils of other schools, under certain limitations, which will be obviously necessary, and of which information can be obtained from Mr. Braim, at the Head Master's House.

If parties not students of the Institution succeed, they must, as is usual in all such cases, remove to the College.

THE NEW JUDGE.—Private letters state that Mr. John Node Dickenson, of the English bar, had been appointed to the Supreme Court of New South Wales. The learned gentleman was to leave England by the packet on May 1st, and may consequently be expected here in September.—*Herald*.

ENGLISH NEWS.

LATEST NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

The majority of our readers will have read with much interest the accounts given in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, of the lengthened trial of O'Connell and others for conspiracy. We take from that paper, published on the arrival of the *Georgetown*, the result of this trial which closed on Monday, February 12th, having lasted 25 days, when a verdict finding the defendants GUILTY, was returned.

The following is a copy of the "issue paper" shewing the finding of the Jury on each count:—

First and second counts, for unlawfully and seditiously conspiring to raise and create discontent and disaffection amongst the Queen's subjects, and to excite such subjects to hatred and contempt of, and to unlawful and seditious opposition to, the government and constitution, and to stir up jealousies, hatred, and ill-will between different classes of her Majesty's subjects, and especially to promote amongst her Majesty's subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom, especially in England, and to create discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army, and to cause and aid in causing divers subjects unlawfully and seditiously to meet and assemble together in large numbers, at various times, and at different places within Ireland, for the unlawful and seditious purpose of obtaining by means of the intimidation, to be thereby caused, and by means of the exhibition and demonstration of great physical force at such meetings, changes and alterations in the government, laws, and constitution, as by law established, and to bring into hatred and disrepute the courts by law established in Ireland for the administration of justice, and to diminish the confidence of her Majesty's subjects in the administration of the law therein, with the intent to induce them to withdraw the adjudication of their differences with, and their claims upon each other, from the cognizance of the courts of law, and subject them to the judgment and determination of the tribunals to be constituted and contrived for the purpose.

Guilty—Daniel O'Connell, Richard Barrett, and Charles Gavan Duffy, omitting the words "unlawfully and seditiously," before the words "to meet and assemble." Not guilty—Daniel O'Connell, Richard Barrett, and Charles Gavan Duffy, as to the words, "unlawfully and seditiously," before the words "to meet and assemble." Guilty—John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Thomas Matthew Ray, John Gray, omitting the words "unlawfully and seditiously," before the words "to meet and assemble," and omitting the words "and to excite discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army."

Not guilty—John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Thomas Matthew Ray, and John Gray, as to words "unlawfully and seditiously" before the words "to meet and assemble," and not guilty as to the words "to excite discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army."

Guilty—The Rev. Thomas Tierney from the commencement so far and including the words "especially in England," and not guilty of the remainder of the first and second counts.

Third count; For unlawfully and seditiously conspiring to raise and create discontent and disaffection amongst the Queen's subjects, and to excite such subjects to hatred and contempt of, and to unlawful and seditious opposition to, the government and constitution, and to stir up jealousies, hatred, and ill-will between different classes of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, feelings of ill-will and hostility amongst her Majesty's subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom, especially in England, and to excite discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army; and to cause and aid in causing divers subjects to meet and assemble together in large numbers at various times and at different places within Ireland for the unlawful and seditious purpose of obliging, by means of the intimidation to be thereby caused, and by means of the exhibition and demonstration of great physical force at such meetings, changes and alterations in the government, laws, and constitution as by law established: and to bring into hatred and disrepute the courts by law established in Ireland for the administration of justice, and to diminish the confidence of her Majesty's subjects in the administration of the law therein, with intent to induce her Majesty's subjects to withdraw the adjudication of their differences with, and claims upon each other, from the cognizance

of the courts of law, and subject the same to the judgment and determination of other tribunals to be constituted and contrived for that purpose.

Guilty—Daniel O'Connell, Richard Barrett, Charles Gavan Duffy, John O'Connell.

Guilty—John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Thomas Matthew Ray, and John Gray, omitting the words "and to excite discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army."

Not guilty—John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Thomas Matthew Ray, and John Gray, as to the words "and to excite discontent and disaffection amongst divers of her Majesty's subjects serving in the army."

Guilty—The Rev. Thomas Tierney, from the commencement so far and including the words "especially in England."

Not guilty: The Rev. Thomas Tierney, as to remainder of this count.

4th count—Conspiring to raise and create discontent and disaffection amongst the Queen's subjects, and to excite such subjects to hatred and contempt of, and to unlawful and seditious opposition to, the government and constitution, and also to stir up jealousy, hatred, and ill-will between the different classes of said subjects, and especially to promote amongst the subjects of Ireland feelings of ill-will and hostility towards the subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in England, and to cause, and aid in causing, divers subjects to meet and assemble in large numbers at various times and different places in Ireland, for the unlawful and seditious purpose of obtaining, by means of the intimidation to be thereby caused, and by means of the exhibition and demonstration of great physical force at such meetings, changes in the government and constitution as by law established.

Guilty, all, but the Rev. Mr. Tierney not guilty.

Guilty—Rev. Thomas Tierney from the commencement, and so far as including the words "especially in England."

Not guilty—Rev. Thomas Tierney of the remainder of this count.

5th count—For unlawfully conspiring to raise and create discontent and disaffection amongst the subjects, and to excite the subjects to hatred and contempt of, and unlawful and seditious opposition to, the government and constitution, and also to stir up jealousies, hatred and ill-will between different classes of the subjects, and especially feelings of hostility and ill-will against her Majesty's subjects in England.

All guilty.

6th count—For unlawfully conspiring to cause, and aid in causing, divers subjects to meet and assemble in large numbers, at various times, and at different places in Ireland, for the unlawful and seditious purpose of obtaining by the exhibition of great physical force at such meetings, changes and alterations in the government, laws, and constitution, as by law established.

All guilty, but the Rev. Mr. Tierney not guilty.

7th count—For unlawfully conspiring to cause, and aid in causing, divers subjects of the Queen, to meet in large numbers at various times and at different places in Ireland, for the unlawful and seditious purpose of obtaining, by means of the intimidation to be thereby caused, and by means of the exhibition of great physical force at such meetings, changes and alterations in the government, laws, and constitution of this realm as by law established, and especially, by the means aforesaid to bring about and accomplish a dissolution of the legislative union now subsisting between Great Britain and Ireland.

Guilty—All but the Rev. Mr. Tierney.

8th count—For unlawfully conspiring to bring into hatred and contempt the tribunals by law established in Ireland for the administration of justice, and to diminish the confidence of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland in the administration of the law therein, with intent to induce the subjects to withdraw the adjudication of their differences with, and claims upon each other, from the cognizance of the tribunals by law established, and to submit the same to the judgment and determination of other tribunals to be constituted and contrived for that purpose.

Guilty—All, but the Rev. Thomas Tierney not guilty.

9th count—For unlawfully conspiring to bring into hatred and disrepute the tribunals by law established in Ireland for the administration of justice, to diminish the confidence of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland in the administration of the law therein, and to assume and usurp the prerogative of the Crown in the establishment of courts for the administration of the law.

All guilty; but the Rev. Thomas Tierney not guilty.

10th count—For unlawfully conspiring to bring into hatred and disrepute the tribunals by law established in Ireland, for the administration of justice, and to diminish the confidence of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, in the administration of the law therein.

Guilty—All, but Rev. Thomas Tierney not guilty.

11th count—For unlawfully conspiring to raise and procure large numbers of persons to meet together in divers places at divers times in Ireland, and by means of unlawful, seditious, and inflammatory speeches and addresses, to be made and delivered at the said several places on the said several times, and also, by means of the publishing, and causing to be published amongst Her Majesty's subjects, divers unlawful, malicious, and seditious writings, and compositions to intimidate the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and the Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and thereby to effect and bring about changes and alterations in the laws and constitution of this realm, as by law established.

All guilty; but the Rev. Thomas Tierney not guilty.

The speech, which is generally admitted to have been the most effective delivered during the trial, was that of Mr. WHITESIDE, which is stated to have been a masterpiece of argumentative eloquence. Mr. O'CONNELL spoke in his own defence—his speech fills eleven columns in the *Morning Chronicle*; it was considered inferior to the generality of his efforts upon important occasions. The defendants called very few witnesses. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL took two days for his reply, and the CHIEF JUSTICE two days to charge the Jury. On Saturday afternoon, the Jury retired about four o'clock, and after a few hours' absence returned with their verdict; as it was not in legal form they were again directed to retire, and as they had not returned into Court at twelve o'clock, the defendants objected to the verdict being received on a Sunday, and the Jury were locked up until Monday morning, when they delivered the finding we have given above.

As soon as the verdict was received,

The Chief Justice said, I suppose I need not detain the jury further?

The Attorney-General: No, my Lord, but your Lordship will record the verdict.

The Chief Justice addressing the Jury, said: Gentlemen, the pains and attention you have paid this case from the beginning to the end—at great inconvenience and loss of time, in being prevented from following your usual pursuits for nearly a month in this most unprecedented case, are certainly deserving the highest praise; but I am very sorry the Court have no power to order you compensation. The Act of Parliament does not warrant it; there was no law made to meet the necessities of such an extraordinary case as this has been, and it is a duty imposed on every member of society, who must all take their turn when called on. I do hope that all other jurors who may hereafter be called on to attend, will follow the example you have pointed out to them in your attention during the whole progress of this trial. It is very creditable; but I am sorry to say, that all I can do is to thank you for your attendance.

The Jury were then discharged, and were conveyed to their respective residences, in covered cars, provided by the sheriff.

Mr. Moore, Q. C.—I have now to apply, my Lords—and I do not anticipate any objection on the part of the Crown—that the traversers should be furnished with a copy of the finding handed in by the Jury.

Chief Justice—I do not suppose there can be any objection—the clerk of the Crown will furnish you with a copy.

The Court then adjourned to the first day of next term (15th April.)

On the first day of term, a four-day rule for judgment will be served on the traversers, and on its expiration the ATTORNEY-GENERAL will pray the judgment of the court on them. It is stated, however, by those in the confidence of the defendants, that before the expiration of the four-day rule, a motion on the part of the traversers will be made in arrest of judgment. Should the court decide against this