

# LITERARY COLONIAL JOURNAL

AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

"NON TUA TE MOVEANT, SED PUBLICA VOTA."

VOL. I. No. 4.]

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1844.

[PRICE 4d.

## LITERARY PIRACY.

THE practice of re-combining the old materials of literature, without deriving therefrom any new results, or even causing any material improvement of the order and method pursued, without doubt deserves discouragement and censure. Such plagiarism—to which the term of *book-making* has been contemptuously applied—there can be no question, is, at the present time, a common practice, and has been so since the invention of the art of printing. Nay, before that era, some of the most ancient authors have been proved to be extensively guilty of the act of piracy.

It is equally certain, however, that the word "book-making," so understood, is very often most grossly misdirected. This opprobrium is often cast upon literary efforts, where new results arise from the new position of the matter; where research has been exercised in bringing it forward; or, at least, an active and cultivated talent employed in forming its new arrangement. As books increase, they still generate the necessity of others; and compilers, though not among the higher ranks of authors, are labourers whose services in the field of literature are indispensable: they are often found necessary for the drudgery, even of the first gathering together and binding up the sheaves, where others have cut the corn.

He who says that he requires no aid to his memory, and that the repetition of anything which is to be found in print among the books of his library is absolutely superfluous, must either deem us very stupid, if he hopes to gain our belief, or must allow us to suppose his books very few, and the course of his studies exceedingly limited. We, for our part, consider no small benefit gained, in many cases, by even the addition of a few notes, or a better type and paper.

The mere use of paste and scissors, the jumbling together the disjointed parts of books in a different form, merely by way of disguising the piracy, and for the mere purposes of lucre, is indeed vile and highly reprehensible. And every one must observe daily instances of this contemptible abuse.

If circumstances, or a pardonable vanity, induce a man, who dares not, conscious of his own demerits, trust the powers of his own mind—as yet unused to, if indeed capable of, the effort—to grasp at the fame of authorship, by re-editing, or drawing largely from, the works of others, the passion is at least innocent, and often produces effects useful and laudable. It is, too, something much better than vanity that fre-

quently generates this exertion. It is often a generous feeling of duty; and often a noble desire of a virtuous intellectual occupation in pursuits productive of public instruction or pleasure.

We freely admit that persons so employed sometimes mistake the value of their materials, and sometimes when they judge rightly of them, make a false estimate of the public taste. But for these errors or misfortunes, no liberal or wise mind will blame their undertakings; nor need they despair that full justice will at length be done them. Time will weigh them in an impartial balance, and they will find their place according to their merit.

Surely, the diligence which brings together, and sometimes exclusively preserves from oblivion, the rich choice morsels of literature, the numerous minute notices, which they who love to make the past predominate over the present will always highly value, should be met, not with detraction that so often renders nerveless the firmest energies of the mind, but with open-hearted encouragement and support.

In defence of this view of the subject we make the following appropriate quotation:—"How useless are the grains of gold which lie buried in the depths of the mine. The slavish drudgery of the miner, the wearisome labour of the essayer and refiner, and the vital power of the mint, are all necessary to unite and give them purity, currency, and utility. Thus it is with the gold of Literature! How many a precious morsel has been buried in the ponderous folio of the schoolman, until sought out, refined, and given to the world by the most anxious research, and the most studious care, to become at length stamp and made current by the power and impress of triumphant genius. Is, therefore, the labour to be despised which collects these grains of the gold of literature, and thus prepares them for the use of those who would increase their learning and be wise, yet have not the time or the means of searching them out for themselves?" To this, every impartial mind will be constrained to answer—No!

To be beyond blame and detraction, is to be above humanity. Let no author, then, despair if there be many even of deserved credit, whose approbation he cannot secure; nay, whose sneers and censures he cannot overcome. Their depreciation cannot finally injure him, if his claims stand upon a solid basis; and their applause, could he have it, would be vainly bestowed, if not really his due.

In conclusion—if literary efforts were to be essayed by none but by men of the first genius, and nothing

were to be said that had been said before, would not the lovers of new publications be left without rational amusement? We might question also whether the trades of printers and booksellers would not be nearly annihilated.

But this is the cant of a set of beings, who are determined to find fault, and whose malignity it gratifies to deal in censure.

## Biography.

### THE LIFE OF PYTHAGORAS.

[From Mr. Godwin's "Necromancers."

[THE name of Pythagoras, partly owing to its antiquity, and partly to the mysticism attached to it, sounds at this time of day almost like a thing of fable, and of no importance to "men's business and bosoms." But a little reflection, and the treatment of it, as here given, by a man of genius, soon show us otherwise. The founder of the Platonic philosophy, who was also a mathematical discoverer, and influences the commonest movements of science as well as imagination to this day, here stands before us, as real a man as ever existed, and, like so many others, at once a great and a weak man, a teacher of truth and a user of falsehood, and thereby an injurer of his truth and of his fame. The moral is obvious and affecting.]

THE name of Pythagoras is one of the most remarkable in the records of the human species; and his character is well worthy of the minutest investigation. By this name we are brought at once within the limits of history properly so called. He lived in the time of Darius and Cyrus Hystaspes, of Cræsus, of Pisistratus, of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, and Amasis, King of Egypt. Many hypotheses have been laid down respecting the precise period of his birth and death; but as it is not to our purpose to enter into any lengthened discussions of that sort, we will adopt at once the statement that appears to be the most probable, which is that of Lloyd, who fixes his birth about the year before Christ 536, and his death about the year 506.

Pythagoras was a man of the most various accomplishments, and appears to have penetrated, in different directions, into the depths of human knowledge. He sought wisdom in its retreats of fairest promise, in Egypt and other distant countries. In this investigation he employed the earlier period of his life, probably till he was about forty, and devoted the remainder to such modes of proceeding, as appeared to him the most likely to secure the advantage of what he had acquired to a late posterity.

He founded a school, and delivered his acquisitions by oral communication to a numerous body of followers. He divided his pupils into two classes, the one neophytes, to whom were explained only the most obvious and general truths; the others, who were admitted into the entire confidence of the master. These last he caused to throw their property into a common stock, and to live together in the same place of resort. He appears to have spent the latter part of his life in that part of Italy called Magna Græcia, so denominated, in some degree, from the numerous colonies of Grecians by whom it was planted, and partly, perhaps, from the memory of the illustrious things which Pythagoras achieved there. He is said to have spread the seeds of political liberty in Crotona, Sybaris, Metapontum, and Rhegium, and from thence in Sicily to Tauromenium, Catania, Agrigentum, and Himera. Charondas and Zaleucus, themselves famous legislators, derived the rudiments of their political wisdom from the instructions of Pythagoras.

But this marvellous man, in some way, whether from the knowledge he received, or from his own proper instructions, has secured to his own species benefits of a more permanent nature, and which shall outlive the revolutions of ages, and the instability of political institutions. He was a professed geometrician. The two theorems, that the internal angles of every right-angle triangle are equal to two right-angles, and that the square of the hypothenuse of every right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, are ascribed to him. In memory of the latter of these discoveries, he is said to have offered a public sacrifice to the Gods; and the theorem is still known by the name of the Pythagorean theorem. He ascertained, from the length of the Olympic course, which was understood to have measured

six hundred of Hercules' feet, the precise stature of that hero. Lastly, Pythagoras is the first person who is known to have taught the spherical figure of the earth, and that we have antipodes; and he propagated the doctrine that the earth is a planet, and that the sun is the centre round which the earth and the other planets move, now known by the name of the Copernican system.

To inculcate a pure and simple mode of subsistence was also an object of pursuit to Pythagoras. He taught a total abstinence from everything having had the property of animal life. It has been affirmed, as we have seen, that Orpheus, before him, taught the same thing. But the claim of Orpheus to this distinction is ambiguous, while the theories and dogmas of the Samian sage, as he has frequently been styled, were more methodically digested, and produced more lasting and unequivocal effects. He taught temperance in all its branches; and a resolute subjection of the appetites of the body to contemplation and the exercises of the mind; and, by the unremitted discipline and authority he exerted over his followers, he caused his lessons to be constantly observed. There was, therefore, an edifying and an exemplary simplicity that prevailed, as far as the influence of Pythagoras extended, that won golden opinions to his adherents at all times that they appeared, and in all places.

One revolution that Pythagoras worked, was that, whereas, immediately before, those who were most conspicuous among the Greeks, as instructors of mankind in understanding and virtue, styled themselves sophists, professors of wisdom, this illustrious man desired to be known only by the appellation of a philosopher, a lover of wisdom. The sophists had previously brought their denomination into discredit and reproach by the arrogance of their pretensions, and the imperious way in which they attempted to lay down the law to the world.

The modesty of this appellation, however, did not altogether suit with the deep designs of Pythagoras, the ascendancy he resolved to acquire, and the oracular subjection in which he deemed it necessary to hold those who placed themselves under his instruction. This wonderful man set out with making himself a model of the passive and unscrupulous docility, which he afterwards required from others. He did not begin to teach till he was forty-eight years of age, and from eighteen to that period he studied in foreign countries, with the resolution to submit to all his teachers enjoined, and to make himself master of their least communicated and most secret wisdom. In Egypt, in particular, we are told that, although he brought a letter of recommendation from Polycrates, his native sovereign, to Amasis, king of that country, who fully concurred with the views of the writer, the priests, jealous of admitting a foreigner into their secrets, baffled him as long as they could, referring him from one college to another, and prescribing to him the most rigorous preparatives, not excluding the right of circumcision. But Pythagoras endured and underwent everything, till at length their unwillingness was conquered, and his perseverance received its suitable reward.

When in the end Pythagoras thought himself fully qualified for the task he had all along had in view, he was no less strict in prescribing ample preliminaries to his own scholars. At the time that a pupil was proposed to him, the master, we are told, examined him with multiplied questions, as to his principles, his habits, and intentions, observed minutely his voice and manner of speaking, his walk and his gestures, the lines of his countenance, and the expression and management of his eye, and when he was satisfied with these, then, and not till then, admitted him as a probationer. It is to be supposed that all this must have been personal. As soon, however, as this was over, the master was withdrawn from the sight of the pupil; and a noviciate of three and five, in all eight years, was prescribed to the scholar, during which time he was only to hear his instructor from behind a curtain, and the strictest silence was enjoined him through the whole period. As the instructions Pythagoras received in Egypt and the East admitted of no dispute, so in his turn, he required an unreserved submission from those who heard him: "the master has said it," was deemed a sufficient solution to all doubt and uncertainty.

To give the greater authority and effect to his communications, Pythagoras hid himself, during the day at least, from the great body of his pupils, and was only seen by them at night. Indeed there is no reason to suppose that any one was admitted into his entire familiarity. When he came forth, he appeared in a long garment of the purest white, with a flowing beard, and a garland upon his head. He is said to have been of the finest symmetrical

form, with a majestic carriage, and a grave and awful countenance. He suffered his followers to believe that he was one of the gods, the Hyperborean Apollo; and is said to have told Abaris, that he assumed the human form that he might the better invite men to an easiness of approach, and a confidence in him. What, however, seems to have been agreed in by all his biographers is, that he professed to have already in different ages appeared in the likeness of a man; first, as Æthalides, the son of Mercury; and when his father expressed himself as ready to invest him with any gift short of immortality, he prayed that, as the human soul is destined successively to dwell in various forms, he might have the privilege in each to remember his former state of being, which was granted him. From Æthalides he became Euphorbus, who slew Patroclus at the siege of Troy. He then appeared as Herotimus, then Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos, and, finally, Pythagoras. He said that a period of time was interposed between each transmigration, during which he visited the seat of departed souls; and he professed to relate a part of the wonders he had seen. He is said to have eaten sparingly and in secret, and in all respects to have given himself out for being not subject to the ordinary laws of nature.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## PERSONS WHO NEVER HAVE "ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING."

[From "Persons whom Everybody has seen."]

NAPOLEON seemed to be of opinion, that, to deserve well of her country, a woman could not have too many children; and if all sovereign were Napoleons, the opinion would be perfectly just. As it is, there happens to be considerable doubt upon the point, as well in states as families; but it by no means follows, while admitting the possibility of a superabundance of blessings in the nursery, that we should concur with that scamp of a soldier in Farquhar's comedy, who thinks it possible that a man may have "too much wife."

Of many other good things, however, "too much" is easily to be had. We need not allude to those gross material excesses, of which five-shilling records, are magisterially made in the morning. Every one who has been once tempted to taste the other something—every one whose cheek has flushed over the one cool bottle more, will eagerly admit that it is needless. If they hesitated, we should produce to their confusion, the evidence of the little blue-coat-boy who dining at home one day with his brothers and sisters, astonished them with the splendour of his appetite, and yet was worried to take more. More! no, that was impossible. Nature that abhors a vacuum, abhors equally three pints to a quart vessel. Yet he was sorely pressed, and naturally anxious to gratify affection.

"Well," said the brave little fellow at last, looking fondly, wishingly, and yet half-despairingly at the dish—his heart was full, we may be sure—"Well—perhaps if I *stand up*, I can!"

It was an acute thought of the boy's—we should rather say, perhaps, it was a beautiful instinct; and a noble effort it was too that he then made; he stood up to it, but it was a graceful heroism thrown away—he couldn't.

Let it be a lesson to other how they aim at the prohibited enjoyment,—too much of a good thing. When they have been round to a lady's friends, and duly circulated the story of her intended elopement—when they have *What-a-pity'd* it in one family, *No-wondered* it in another, and *They-do-say'd* the victim's reputation everywhere, let them go home and get a little refreshing sleep after their charitable labours, without troubling themselves to write a kind

note of sympathy, by way of communicating the tidings to the lady's mother; because this is really too much of a good thing.

These retailers of good things fancy that civil listeners never can have enough of them. The civility is partly in fault—there is too much of it.

These are the advocates of "wasteful and ridiculous excesses," who would like to gild refined gold and paint the lily. They think "Paradise lost" so fine, that they wish there was more of it—a few more books, and it would have been delightful—and then they go and read all that has been written about it, to eke out the poet's abbreviated spells. They are of opinion that a poem is nothing without a vast volume of notes. When they have read Burns all through, they sit down to read the glossary, which they enjoy prodigiously.

They are the people who, at the play, sit out two farces after seeing the tragedy, encoring a comic song in the last piece, and calling for "God save the Queen" at the close. At the opera they are for having every thing repeated, beginning with the overture; they call for the principal singers to appear between every act, and three times at the end—to abide the pelting of a floral storm. When the ballet begins, they begin to encore; when it terminates, they are lost in wonder people don't encore, not the brilliant points merely—but the ballet: they are of opinion that *two* such pieces, with an opera in *five* acts, would form a charming evening's entertainment—not a bit too long. They must have too much of a good thing, or they fancy they have not enough. Whether they are in favour of two-hour sermons, is more doubtful. We never heard them express a wish that the parliamentary debates were lengthened.

## History.

### ANCIENT HISTORY: SECTION II.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE NATURE OF THE FIRST GOVERNMENTS, AND ON THE LAWS, CUSTOMS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES, OF THE EARLY AGES.

1. THE earliest government is the Patriarchal, which subsists in the rudest periods of society.

The patriarchal government leads by an easy progress to the monarchical.

The first monarchies must have been very weak, and their territory extremely limited. The idea of security precedes that of conquest. In forming our notions of the extent of the first monarchies, we are deceived by the word King, which, according to modern ideas, is connected with an extent of territory and a proportional power.—The kings in Scripture are no more than the chiefs of tribes. There were five kings in the vale of Sodom. Joshua defeated in his wars thirty-one kings, and Adonizedec three-score and ten.

The regal office was in all probability at first elective. The transmission of the sceptre to the heir of the last monarch, arises in time, from the experience of the mischiefs attending frequent elections, and the disorders occasioned by ambitious men aspiring at that dignity.

The first ideas of conquest must have proceeded from a people in the state of shepherds, who, necessarily changing their pastures, would probably make incursions on the appropriated territory of their

neighbours. Such were the Arabian or Phœnician invaders, who, under the name of Shepherd-kings, conquered Egypt. But kingdoms so founded could have little duration. Laws and good policy, essential to the stability of kingdoms, are the fruit of intellectual refinement, and arise only in a state of society considerably advanced in civilization.

The progress from barbarism to civilization is slow; because every step in the progress is the result of necessity, after the experience of an error, or the strong feeling of a want.

2. *Origin of Laws.*—Certain political writers have supposed, that in the infancy of society penal laws must have been extremely mild. We presume the contrary to have been rather the case; as the more barbarous the people, the stronger must be the bonds to restrain them: and history confirms the supposition, in the ancient laws of the Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Gauls.

Among the earliest laws of all states are those regarding marriage; for the institution of marriage is coeval with the formation of society. The first sovereigns of all states are said to have instituted marriage; and the earliest laws provided encouragements to matrimony.

Among the ancient nations, the husband purchased his wife, by money, or personal services. Among the Assyrians, the marriageable women were put up to auction: and the price obtained for the more beautiful was assigned as a dowry to the more homely.

The laws of succession are next in order to those of marriage. The father had the absolute power in the division of his estate. But primogeniture was understood to confer certain rights.

Laws arise necessarily and imperceptibly from the condition of society; and each particular law may be traced from the state of manners, or the particular emergency which gave it birth. Hence we perceive the intimate connexion between history and jurisprudence, and the light which they must necessarily throw upon each other. The laws of a country are best interpreted from its history; and its uncertain history is best elucidated by its ancient laws.

3. *Earliest methods of authenticating Contracts.*—Before the invention of writing, contracts, testaments, sales, marriages, and the like, were transacted in public.—The Jewish and the Grecian histories furnish many examples.—Some barbarous nations authenticate their bargains by exchanging symbols or tallies.—The Peruvians accomplished most of the purposes of writing by knotted cords of various colours, termed *Quipos*.—The Mexicans communicated intelligence to a distance by painting.—Other nations used an abridged mode of painting, or hieroglyphics.—Before the use of writing, the Egyptians used hieroglyphics for transmitting and recording knowledge: after writing, they employed it for veiling or concealing it from the vulgar.

4. *Methods for recording Historical Facts, and publishing Laws.*—Poetry and song were the first vehicles of history, and the earliest mode of promulgating laws. The songs of the bards record a great deal of ancient history: the laws of many of the ancient nations were composed in verse.

Stones rude and sculptured, *tumuli* and mounds of earth, are the monuments of history among a barbarous people; and columns, triumphal arches, coins,

and medals, among a more refined.—These likewise illustrate the progress of manners and of the arts.

5. *Religious Institutions.*—Among the earliest institutions of all nations, are those which regard religious worship. The sentiment of religion is deeply rooted in the human mind. An uninstructed savage will infer the existence of a God, and his attributes, from the general order and mechanism of nature; and even its temporary irregularities lead to religious veneration of the unknown Power which conducts it.

Before conceiving the idea of a Being utterly imperceptible to his senses, a savage would naturally seek that Being in the most striking objects of sense to which he owed his most apparent benefits. The sun, extending his beneficial influence over all nature, was among the earliest objects of worship. The fire presented a symbol of the sun. The other celestial bodies naturally attracted their share of veneration, and the storm and the tempest had also their votaries.

The symbolical mode of writing led to many peculiarities of the idolatrous worship of the ancient nations. Animals, symbolical of the attributes of Deity, became gods themselves. The same god, represented by different animals, was supposed to have changed himself into different forms.—The gratitude and veneration for men whose lives have been eminently useful, joined to the belief of the soul's immortality, led to the *apotheosis* of heroes.—Many excellent reflections on idolatry and polytheism are found in the book called 'The Wisdom of Solomon.'

The priesthood was anciently exercised by the chief or monarch; but as an empire became extensive, the monarch exercised this office by his delegates; and hence an additional source of veneration for the priesthood. The priests were the framers and administrators of the law.

6. *Arts and Sciences of the Ancient Nations.*—The useful arts are the offspring of necessity; the sciences are the fruits of ease and leisure. The construction of huts, of weapons of war, and of hunting, are the earliest arts. Agriculture is not practised till the tribe becomes stationary, and property is defined and secured.

The sciences arise in a cultivated society, where individuals enjoy that leisure which invites to study and speculation. The priests, maintained in that condition by the monarch, were the earliest cultivators of science. The Egyptian science was confined to the priests. Astronomy, which is among the earliest of the sciences, owed its origin probably to superstition. Medicine was among the early sciences. All rude nations have a pharmacy of their own, equal in general to their wants. Luxury, creating new and more complex diseases, requires a profounder knowledge of medicine, and of the animal economy.

“SPECTIOSA VOCABULA RERUM.”

|              |                        |
|--------------|------------------------|
| Enough,      | more than a man has.   |
| Age,         | <i>res incognita</i> . |
| Ugly,        | plain.                 |
| Theft,       | abstraction.           |
| Neglect,     | charity.               |
| Bigotry,     | zeal.                  |
| Irreligion,  | liberality.            |
| Suicide,     | temporary insanity.    |
| Drunkenness, | rather fresh.          |
| Gambling,    | play.                  |

## THE TWO EMILIES.

A TALE OF LOVE AND PERPLEXITY.

[Concluded from our last.]

It was while proceeding one afternoon, on a mission of this nature, to the cottage of an old Scotch-woman, a pensioner of Mrs. Betty's, that Emily and Ponsonby had been induced to prolong their walk.—The evening was sultry, almost to breathlessness; and as Emily leant upon the arm of her companion, slowly pursuing their way, a more than usual constraint seemed to weigh on the spirits of both. Few words had been uttered by either, until they reached blind Margaret's door, and they felt it a relief when the old woman appeared, seated in her usual sunny corner at the end of the house. She arose, and spreading down her apron, seemed prepared to welcome them long before the silent pair believed it possible for her to be aware of their approach. "Well, Margaret, and how are you to-night?" said Emily advancing; "I have brought a friend with me to see you, and you must tell who it is before he speaks.—You know I always said you were a witch, Margaret, and now I am sure of it, for you rose to-night to receive us before even 'Fine Ear,' in the fairy tale, could have told we were coming."

"Na, na, Miss Emily, I'm no witch, and as little a fairy," said the old woman; "the gifts which witches and fairies possessed are no bestowed on mortals now a-days; yet God has given a sense to the blind which amais makes up for that which he has seen fit to deprive them of, and I dinna think it needed ony witchcraft to tell that it was Maister Harry, coming up the loan, switching the thistles and nettles wi' his cane, as he used to do when he was a laddie, and little Miss Emily would aye be trotting after him. His step is no sae light to-night as it used to be in ither days, and yet I would hae kent it amang a thousand!"—"Thank you, Margaret, for your kind remembrance of me and my boyish tricks," said Harry, kindly shaking hands with the old woman. "I was not aware that I was disciplining the thistles to-night.—I think I might have been cured of that bad habit ere now."—"And I thought sae too, Maister Harry, for ye may mind weel it cost you a sair heart when you was younger than you are the day, and you nearly whipped out little Miss Emily's een, driving about you with your switch—ay, I mind weel how you brought the dear bairn in to me, and I couldna mak out which of you had got the hurt, for you was crying and she was comforting you—till the sweet bairn said, 'Never mind, Harry, for if I am blind you will lead me about and promise never to leave me; and I shall be far happier than poor old Margaret, for she has no one to be good to her'—And then you promised"—"Oh, Margaret, you must not be remembering all the foolish things I said and promised when I was a boy," said Ponsonby, colouring deeply: "one gets wiser as they get older."—"Aweel, aweel, see that it be sae, my young gentleman; but remember it's ae thing whiles to be wise, and anither to be honest, and I never saw muckle good come of the wisdom that made folk no like to hear of their youthful promises.—But winna ye step into the house, Miss Emily, as ye used to do, for I feel an unco weight in the air, and I'm thinking we'll no be lang without a shower?"—"Indeed," said Ponsonby, looking at the sky, "it is darkening all around us; Emily, we must hurry homeward." Emily, who saw that her

companion was impatient under the ill-timed recollections of poor old Margaret, availed herself of the threatening appearance of the clouds, to shorten their visit; so with an assurance to the old woman of visiting her soon again, they took their leave, and left the cottage.

They were nearly two miles distant from the Priory, and Ponsonby observing the fast increasing darkness, and feeling the sulphurous oppression of the air, began to fear that the storm would break before they could reach its shelter. He would have urged Emily to strike across the wood, as affording a nearer path, but just when about to propose this measure, the first flash of lightning broke from the clouds, and he thought it safer to keep the open fields, even at the risk of exposure to the coming rain. Emily was no coward, but the rattling peal of thunder which followed the vivid flash, declared how alarmingly close the danger was, and clinging pale and breathless, to her companion, she felt the blessing of having such an arm to support her trembling steps. "Lean on me, dearest Emily," said Ponsonby; "try to hasten your steps; if you can reach the old barn at the end of the field, it will afford you shelter from the rain;" and they quickened their pace with this hope. But now the clouds burst at once over their heads, the rain descends in torrents, and when they reached the old barn, they found that all the protection they could gain was from an outer wall, for the door was fastened so securely as to resist all Harry's most powerful attempts at forcing an entrance. In vain he led her to the most sheltered side of the wall, the violence of the gale made it impossible for him to screen her from the drenching rain, and Ponsonby saw with dismay, her light garments wet through, and clinging to her slender form.

In a moment he stripped off his coat, in spite of Emily's entreaties to desist, and holding it between her and the blast, he placed himself as a further shelter against its fury. At length came a flash of such startling brightness, that Emily clung to her companion with convulsive fear, and Ponsonby himself was thoroughly alarmed. He drew the trembling and almost lifeless girl to his bosom, and gazing earnestly on her pale face, he conjured her to open her eyes and to look at him!—to speak to him if but a word!—for her silence and death-like paleness had filled him with unutterable terror. "Emily! you are not hurt?—you are only frightened? Oh say so, dearest! speak to me if it be but a word!"—"No, I am not hurt and I ought not to be frightened," said the still trembling girl; "but, dearest Harry, that flash—that awful flash! it seemed to fall so frightfully near to where you stood. Oh, God! if it had fallen on you!"—and she looked up at him with an expression of tenderness and anguish that thrilled to his inmost soul. "Emily, dearest Emily! and was it for me you feared? and would you have regretted me—would you have grieved for me had I been taken from you? then grieve for me—then pity me now! Oh, Emily! believe me that the stroke which would have laid me at your feet—which would have purchased for me those precious tears, would be less terrible than what I now feel—the bitter, bitter pang, that now we must part for ever! Yes, Emily, in this moment of terror, the sweetest, yet the saddest of my life, I must be allowed to speak to you—to say all, and then!—Emily, I love you!—deeply, fondly love you!—nay,



do not stop me now—when I have said this, I have said all. You know my faith is plighted to another; I have been rash—imprudent—against my will unfaithful. But dishonourable or unprincipled, I cannot I will not be—I cannot offer you my heart; worthless as it is, it is the property of another, although filled with your image alone. Hers it is to keep, or to reject; but faithless, rebellious as it is, it cannot be a gift to you. I now must lay it open to that injured one. Oh that I had never seen her, or seen but her alone!” He paused, overcome with contending feelings: he looked at Emily, but her countenance expressed no recoiling horror—there was no cold disdain in her tearful eyes; she still clung to him with confiding tenderness, and though she wept, they did not seem bitter tears. He clasped her to his heart: he felt he was beloved, and tasted for a moment the deepest bliss this world has to bestow.

It was but for a moment—the next he almost thrust her from him. “Oh, Emily do not look on me thus, or I shall be a villain!” and he tore himself shuddering from her arms. At this moment, the voice of Mr. Devereux was heard approaching them, and Ponsonby hailed it as that of his guardian angel. Too much agitated to speak, he placed Emily in her father’s arms, and was hastily retreating, when his guardian caught him by the arm. “What has happened, Harry?” enquired the anxious father; “are either of you hurt?” But still receiving no reply, he looked more suspiciously at the conscious pair—the truth appeared to burst upon him—“Go, young man,” said he, in a tone of displeasure—“go and order the carriage here—it is well for some that it is at no great distance, for neither of you seem very able for much exertion. It will be well also to assume a little more composure before reaching home; for there is one waiting your arrival who may as little comprehend your present agitation as I do. Emily, your cousin is come, and Mrs. Hartley’s carriage now waits for you.” Ponsonby waited to hear no more. Darting from his guardian, he beckoned for the carriage to attend them, and plunging into the wood, he took a path which led him in an opposite direction to the Priory.

The rain had now ceased; the blue sky appeared once more, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from a thousand sparkling gems, which bent the heavy branches to the ground. But the unhappy Ponsonby heeded not the beauty of the sky, nor yet the wetness of the tangled wood through which he forced his way. To remove from Stokely, and from all it contained, was the only distinct feeling of his heart. Yet the freshness of the air, and the fragrance of the woods, allayed by degrees the fever of his mind, and cooled his burning brow. He reached a summer-house in the furthest part of the wood, and resolved to remain there until all chance of meeting with Emily should be over. He could not bear the thought of seeing together the two beings whom on earth he had best loved and most deeply injured.

Many were the agitated thoughts which tortured the brain of Ponsonby during this anxious interval; but none of them was so painful as the recollection of the earnest persuasion, by which he overcame the reluctant timidity of his young and gentle Emily, and forced from her a promise of being his, and his alone; and this too without the permission of her uncle.—He well remembered that this promise was mutual, and could he hesitate a moment to perform his part

in it?—No! he hated himself for the very thought; and rose, determined that the night should not close until all had been confessed to her who held his plighted faith.

As he drew nigh to the Priory, he was thankful that the deepening twilight would conceal in some degree his agitation; but still reluctant to enter, he sought a momentary respite by passing into an adjoining shrubbery, which surrounded the house. A glass-door from the drawing-room opened upon a little lawn, fringed on both sides with flowering shrubs, and Ponsonby knew that from this opening he could observe, whether the room was yet lighted up, or if the family were assembled there. All was dark within; but his attention was soon drawn to another quarter by hearing the voice of Mr. Devereux in earnest conversation with another person at no great distance; in the next moment, he saw the figure of his guardian, with that of his now dreaded Emily, at the end of the walk into which he was about to enter. Ponsonby hesitated for a moment whether he should approach them; but hesitation came too late—he saw that he was observed; for Emily, the justly-offended Emily, hastily pulled over her face a veil, which till then had been thrown back. “She dreads to look upon me,” thought Harry; “perhaps she already knows how unworthy I am of her—but meet we must;” and without farther delay he advanced towards the bench upon which they were seated.

His guardian arose to meet him, and, with more of emotion than of anger in his countenance, held out his hand to the agitated young man. “Harry,” said he, “I am glad you have come at last. Shame and self-reproach could alone excuse your absence at such a time; but if you are forgiven *here*, I must not be obdurate. From this lady I have heard *all*—all that I ought to have heard from you long ago; but I will spare my reproaches; you have a powerful advocate in her breast, whom it would be in vain for me to gainsay. Take then the heart you gained in infancy—it has never wandered from *you*—and may God bless you in each other!” With these words he took the trembling hand of Emily, and placing it in that of Ponsonby, he left them there alone.

“Emily! Miss Devereux! can you forgive me?” said Ponsonby in extreme agitation, as raising the passive hand that lay in his, he put it to his lips.—“Oh! call me not by so cold a name,” exclaimed a voice which thrilled his soul with rapture. “Oh, Harry, forgive my part in this deception, and look upon me!” said the blushing girl, as she threw back the veil from her face; and Harry gazed upon each well-known feature, and clasped to his heart his only love—his first loved—last loved Emily.

The moon was high in the heavens before Emily and her lover recollected the hour. It was the sound of music in the drawing-room that first drew their attention. “It is my cousin singing to her father,” said Emily; “and now, Harry, you shall see for the first time this dreaded Emily of whom, poor innocent thing, we have made such a cat’s-paw; but it was all my uncle’s doing, and I believe he did it as much to punish us for our fault as to prove our affection.”—“Thank God, the punishment and the probation have ended both so happily,” exclaimed Harry. “Oh, Emily, with what unmingled pleasure shall I now listen to those sweet words,

“Et l’on revient toujours, toujours,  
A ses premieres amours!”

WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS.

[An Extract.]

SWEET music, that is to say, "sweet" in the sense in which it is evidently used in the following passage—something not of a mirthful character, but yet not of a melancholy one—does not always produce sadness; but it does often, even when the words, if it be vocal music, are cheerful. We do not presume to take for granted, that the reason we are about to differ with, or perhaps rather to extend, is Shakespeare's own, or that he would have stopped thus short, if speaking in his own person; though he has given it the air of an abstract remark;—but Lorenzo, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' says, that it is because our "spirits are attentive."

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music," says pretty Jessica.

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive," says her lover;—

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unbanded colts  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music."

How beautiful! But with the leave of this young and most elegant logician, his reason is, at least, not sufficient; for how does it account for our being moved even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy? All attention, it is true, implies a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character or attention in all instances, for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. The giddier portions of Rossini's music do not make us sad; Figaro does not make us sad; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances, or even marches.

And yet, again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tear. How is this?

The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things—of beauty, of youth, of life, of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

We do not, it is true, say this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason; that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we *do* feel it, for the tears are moved. And how many exquisite criticisms of tears and laughter do not whole audiences make at plays, though not one man in fifty shall be able to put down his reason for it on paper.

\* Varieties.

"I MEANT to have told you of the hole" said a man to his friend, who stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter now (says the other, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth,) I've found it."

"You'RE always in love," as the composer said to the letter O.

"You be hanged," as the washerwoman said to the clothes.

A TRAGEDY OF ABSURDITY.—We read, saith Bernardin Scardeon, that in the family of Limina at Padua, there were two brothers, who being on a summer's day in the country, went abroad after supper, talking together of many things.—As they were standing a gazing upon the stars that twinkled in the sky, being very clear, one of them began in merriment to say to the other, "Would I had as many oxen as I see stars in yonder firmament," and the other replies "Would I had a pasture as wide as the firmament," and therewith turning to his brother said unto him, "Where would'st thou feed thy oxen?" "Marry, in thy pasture," quoth his brother. "But how if I would not let thee," said the other? "I would," quoth the first, "whether thou would'st or not." "What, (replied the second) in spite of my teeth?" "Yea (answers the other) whatsoever thou could'st do to the contrary."—Hereupon their sport turns to outrageous words, and at last to fury, that in the end they drew their swords, and fell to it so hotly, that in the turn of a hand they ran one another through the body, so that they both fell weltering in their blood. The people of the house hearing the bustle ran towards them, but came too late, and carrying them into the house, they both soon after gave up the ghost.

CURIOS FACT.—Few of the Latin authors were Romans by birth. The only men of which the Capitol can boast, are those of Lucretius, Cæsar, and Varro.—Dunlop.

PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.—We perceive with much pleasure by an announcement on a black board, that the square keeper of Soho-square has "had instructions to promote, as far as he can, the respectability of the inclosure." This very desirable work has already been commenced by raking over the beds and rolling the gravel, while a vigorous attempt has been made to force vegetation by pumping on a dilapidated box-tree. The pump opposite St. James's Church still excites much attention. The double spout is in commemoration of the spouting that is continually going on in the vestry room opposite.

LOVERS conceal their faults from each other, and deceive themselves—friends confess their faults to one another, and pardon them mutually.

MIND YOUR OWN FAULTS.—A gentleman riding along the road, passed by a field of furze, in which a man was stubbing; and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out in a reproachful tone, "Oh! Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying "Oh! Adam!"—Why, please your honor," said the man, "only for Adam I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread by the sweat of our brow."—"Very good," said the gentleman: "call at my house to-morrow." The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him, would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing; breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind, you are to enjoy all this on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table." The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought that there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate, which he was prohibited from seeing.—Perhaps a jewel of incalculable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it: and accordingly he raised the forbidden plate—when lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman, next day, "and cry 'Oh Adam!' no more, since, like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."

DESCRIPTION OF A STEAM-ENGINE.—That part of the machine which you see moving up and down is the hypothesis, the tube which it moves in is termed the dilemma. That wheel is called a category; it communicates motion to those other wheels, which are named predicaments, and the whole constitutes a true syllogism. In the mode above indicated, logic may be made to answer in default of mechanics.—Punch.

A FRIEND once defined for me Echo, as "a VOCAL perspective." I have never heard it done better, and so have noted it down.—A Dreamer.

Keep him at least three paces distant who hates music and the laugh of a child.—Lawater.

"Plu. turn you round," as the wind said to the weather-cock.

## The Moralist.

### EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing; nevertheless do not envy the merits of another; but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by any dishonest or unworthy method: strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree in spite of oppression; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night, and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs, he rejoiceth in the execution thereof, and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining, and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no rest in him.

He endeavours to depreciate those that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief: but the detestation of man pursueth him, and he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

### MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. 4.

A FALSE-GROUNDED hope, is but a working man's dream.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

A fault is made worse, by endeavouring to conceal it.

A fault, once denied, is twice committed.

A fever is as troublesome upon a couch of state, as upon a flock-bed.

A few books, well chosen, are of more use than a great library.

Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to be a good while a-soaking.

Affairs must suffer when recreation is preferred to business.

Affection in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

Affection is, at best, a deformity.

Affection of wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Guilt may attain temporal splendour, but can never confer real happiness.

Cowardice of mind is the never-failing concomitant of a guilty conscience.

He who violates his word is the first person that is injured by so doing.

A man of business must put up with many affronts, if he loves his own quiet.—*Penn.*

FANCY is free from all engagements; it digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world; and by a kind of omnipotency, creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy as in a lawless place.—*Memoriter.*

THE best antidote to self-esteem is self-knowledge. Hence the most intellectual men have been the most modest; because they know how small was their acquirements when compared with the greater amount of knowledge which their powers were unable to attain.

THE glory of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but the respect of her husband.

PRAISE and wine strengthen provided they do not intoxicate.

## Select Poetry.

### TIME.

TIME's an hand's-breadth; 'tis a tale;  
'Tis a vessel under sail;  
'Tis an eagle in its way,  
Darting down upon its prey;  
'Tis an arrow in its flight,  
Mocking the pursuing sight;  
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;  
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;  
'Tis a momentary ray,  
Smiling in a winter's day;  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;  
'Tis the closing watch of night,  
Dying at the rising light;  
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;  
Be prepar'd, O man! to die.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

### THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him, once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought,  
To vex myself and him: I now would give  
My love could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,  
And this lorn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years  
Wept he as bitter tears!  
'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,  
'These may she never share!  
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,  
His name and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
And oh! pray too for me!

*Memoriter.*

### TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

How glad! how beautiful! you steal  
Our hearts into your play,  
And with a sweet delusion chase  
Life's weariness away;  
We gaze until we fondly deem  
You thus will ever be  
A little race, distinct from us—  
From man's disquiet free.

We are not light as playful winds,  
Nor graceful as the flowers;  
And gladness flashes from your eyes,  
Whilst sorrow is in ours.  
Boys, can you ever grow to men,  
War's horrid game to learn?  
Girls, must you lonely women be,  
Their distant doom to mourn?

A blessed life, a blessed lot,  
Should your's be evermore;  
The light which gathers round you now,  
You send far on before.  
Coloured from this your future life  
In fancy is as fair;  
Alas! alas! ye know it not—  
Glad pilgrims unto care!

*Ibid.*



## WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

## THE PROSPECTS AND RESOURCES OF THE COLONY.

[In answer to a remark we affixed to our Correspondent's communication on the "*Resources of the Colony*" in our last number, we have received the following, which we have pleasure in inserting as explanatory.]

THE choice of the above heading to this and my former papers, arose from an overpowering conviction of the abundant sources of estimable materials for manufacture and commerce which I saw around me, and others which had been reported to me by country letters. In my first paper it was signified to the readers, that the ensuing lines were to consist of the elements of Chemistry, it might rather have been said of Chemical Philosophy; for before the productions and uses of the different earths and plants can be understood, the innate and governing principles of air, water, and heat upon them must be examined; it being only through their varied agency that the properties and value of any portion of matter can be estimated. The absence of this previous knowledge has prevented the discovery of the virtues of many a plant, many a tree, and the abundant uses of the rich soil of this Colony. Those few persons who have discerned them, perhaps from not having apparatus to work with, have seen and been silent. As has before been stated, one person has at length sprung up; and our desire should be to pave his way, and that of others to pursuits, which, in our mother country, have always afforded profits to a heavy per centage, and many an individual has realised a fortune.

WE have already spoken of some of the variations which take place in the atmosphere: it still remains to mention those more violent commotions which are called boisterous winds and stormy weather. These phenomena occur most frequently in those countries where the heat is greatest, because there the air becomes more rarified and ascends rapidly; while the denser bodies of the atmosphere rushing forward to fill up the space from which the lighter have ascended, necessarily cause a powerful commotion in the surrounding parts. Air travels with extreme velocity when thus set in motion, and assumes the form and name of a current of wind. The turbulent and boisterous weather to which we are sometimes subjected, is often occasioned by the meeting and interfering of these currents of air. Whirlwinds, hurricanes, lightning, thunder and rain, all arise from one part of the atmosphere being more pressed on than another, and this occurring at different places at the same time. Near the Equator, and under a vertical sun, the air is constantly expanding, and there are always found regular currents of cold air rushing from the north and south poles of the Equator, which change with the varying declination of the sun. These currents of air are called the *trade winds*, and are so regular, that navigators can calculate upon their occurrence and direct their passage, accordingly. This provision of nature is peculiarly beneficial to the inhabitants of those warm regions, by cooling the air, which would otherwise be almost intolerable, even to those who are natives of the soil. There are also currents of air called *monsoons*, from a Persian word signifying season. During six months in the

year they pass in one direction, and again six months in the opposite, as if they went and returned. At the time when these currents change their course, the atmosphere is greatly disturbed. The power and effect of the different currents of air vary according to the quarter of the globe from whence they proceed. In England the north-east wind is always cold and penetrating, because it comes from a colder region into a warmer latitude, and consequently expands, while a westerly wind coming from a warmer latitude is condensed on its arrival and imparts to the air a portion of its humidity. At the Cape of Good Hope, the south-east is the dry wind; as it comes from the cold South Pole into an extremely warm climate, it will sometimes expand so suddenly as to wither the vegetation. Thus it is seen, that although the air is of so extremely thin and subtle a nature that it will enter rapidly into the minutest spaces, it is also under the Being who formed it an instrument of power almost beyond the conception of man. It is generally supposed that our surrounding air is limited to 45 miles, and that between all material spheres there is an empty space, and that if it were not so, they would fall together, whereas we see through our transparent atmosphere that each planet and sphere is upheld by its own inward attraction of gravitation. Notwithstanding all the changes that have been enumerated, and all the varied exhalations from the earth and its inhabitants, the proportions of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, are never found to vary in the atmosphere; they may be mixed with few or many of other vapoury particles, but always retain their own primary and fixed proportions. Oxygen is attracted from the air by most of the metals; it is inhaled by all animated nature; it is received into all burning materials, but "He who hath made the earth by his power, who hath established the world by his wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by his discretion," has ordained that all vegetable substances shall emit during the day a vast portion of oxygen, while at the same time they take up in their system of organization the carbonic acid which surrounds them. No other way is known for the renewing supply of oxygen, nor can we appreciate the carbonic acid in the air but as for the sustenance of plants. Air is not only the first grand and essential supporter of life in man, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and plants, but it is also the medium of much enjoyment to all, being the conveyancer of sounds and the imparter of odours.

The ingenuity of man has contrived a machine to withdraw the air from a limited space, which is found useful in many chemical operations; it is called an *air pump*, and in its construction resembles very much that of the common pump used for raising water; its parts are, however, more nicely and accurately made, the object being to exhaust the air completely and rapidly from any vessel. Any portion of space from which the air has been exhausted, is called a *vacuum*.

The variations which take place in the atmosphere have ever been a source of contemplation and wonder to all men, even the wisest of the earth. Job says, "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the north." "By the breath of God frost is given." Solomon also says, "The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north, it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits."

## PHRENOLOGY.

[FOR THE COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.]

## No. I.

PERHAPS no subject in the present age has caused so much controversy as the one at present under consideration. So simple a science, so boldly professing to explain the hitherto hidden mysteries of the mind, assigning a fixed locality to each faculty, and overthrowing the whole preceding systems of philosophy, was regarded with astonishment, nay, treated with contempt, as the impudent invention of some ingenious quack. But as years rolled on, and the talented founder of this system of philosophy continued to extend his researches, in the support of his doctrine, and to add daily to the number of his disciples, the wise men of the earth began to take serious notice of what they at first had looked upon with contempt, and to search the writings of philosophers, to see if any mention was made of a doctrine similar to the present.

The fundamental principle of Dr. Gall's system of philosophy was, that the mind has its seat in the brain. On this question of the locality of the mind, there existed the most conflicting opinions among both ancient and modern philosophers. Pythagoras, Plato, and others, considered the intellectual faculties as having their seat in the brain; Aristotle, in the heart; Van Helmont places them in the stomach; Des Cartes in the pineal gland, and Drelincourt in the cerebellum; while the moral sentiments were, by almost universal consent, considered to have their seat in the thoracic and abdominal viscera. In the present age, independently of phrenology, the mind is generally considered to have its place in the brain. Dr. Gall and his followers have demonstrated this beyond the shadow of a doubt. The doctrine of the plurality of the organs of the mind, and the assigning to each a distinct locality in the brain, essential principles of the science of Phrenology, were met by its opponents with the utmost ridicule, and abusive opposition. Dr. Gall was accused of having by dissecting the brain attempted to discover the locality of its organs, and to have mapped out its whole surface; assigning to each division the name of a certain faculty of the mind, just as his fancy suggested. These assertions, utterly contrary to truth, were so ridiculous that they were easily refuted. Dr. Gall had begun to found his system, before he saw the necessity of calling in anatomy to his aid; and it is well known that it was only by the most laborious and patient investigation of facts for a number of years, that he was enabled to assign certain localities to the different organs of the mind.

And from these observations may be deduced some of the most convincing arguments in support of the science—the object to which our present paper is devoted. That so complete a system of the different faculties of the mind, could be drawn up by any one person from his own judgment, how talented soever the individual might be, is out of the question. The crude speculations of philosophers since the time of those fathers of philosophy, Plato and Aristotle, concerning the mind of man, are not for an instant to be compared to the Phrenological system in point of simplicity, conciseness, and arrangement. The advantage which it possesses over other systems is, that it is not founded upon airy hypotheses, but appeals to fact;—that it is founded upon nature;—that not one step was taken in its formation, but which was first

established by innumerable and undeniable evidences; and now, its defenders appeal for the support of its principles to nature—to every day experience, means of proof or of confutation which are open to every body; and surely if these principles are erroneous, it is easy to overthrow them, and to demolish the whole fabric of the science.

If we examine the arrangements of the organs on the skull, as made by phrenologists, we cannot but admire the appropriateness of their separate positions, and feel that such an arrangement, resulting from a close observation of nature, carries with it the most convincing argument that the science of phrenology is founded on the basis of truth. First, let us direct our attention to the grouping of the propensities, and we shall find the organ of Amativeness, or the sexual passion, immediately followed by Philoprogenitiveness, or the love of offspring, which is bounded on each side by Adhesiveness, the faculty that inspires friendship or attachment in general, and followed immediately above by Concentrativeness or inhabitiveness, from which, whatever are its other functions, certainly results the love of home; next to this organ is Self-esteem, the faculty which constitutes regard for ourselves: in fact, the whole circle of our domestic affections, guarded as it were by the organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness. The next group, in which the same admirable propriety of arrangement is also observable, is that which comprises the faculties given us for our defence from danger, to exercise dominion over the creatures, and to provide ourselves with food, viz., the organs of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Secretiveness, the names of which sufficiently indicate their functions, guided by the organ of Cautiousness which restrains their undue influence, and preserves the individual from rushing headlong into danger and death. We find in the front those faculties having immediate reference to external objects, such as size, weight, form, colouring, &c., ending on each side of the head in the organ of Constructiveness, their proper application; and meeting at the base of the forehead in the organ of Individuality, in which they, as it were, unite. On the lateral parts of the forehead, is another group of the organs of time and tune, bordered by Ideality and Constructiveness—all essentially necessary in a composer of music.

ÆNEAS.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## PROTECTION.

*To the Editor of the Colonial Literary Journal.*

## No. II.

If the argument made use of in my last note, has any weight in reference to matters in England; it must have quite as much in regard to those of this or any other Colony. Monopoly, in any shape, I hold to be prejudicial, and the following remarks are meant to have more immediate reference to the question lately broached—the protection of wheat growers here. The attempt to establish a monopoly in their favour will likely be renewed, in which case a few thoughts on the effects of protection may not be unsuitable.

According to the census of 1841, the population of this colony exclusive of females, children, and convicts in government employment, was 56,109. These we