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AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

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ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

[CONTINUED.]

IT will doubtless have been apparent to our readers that our last week's essay on this important topic was incomplete. We now proceed to give the concluding portion of the extract—without note or comment.

"SELF-DENIAL.—Perhaps among all the qualifications which, in a combined form, lead to fortune, none is more absolutely indispensable than this. A man may have talent, may have application, both in abundance; but if he cannot resist vulgar temptations, all is in vain. The Scotch, as a nation, are characterised immensely by self-denial, and it is the main ground of their prosperity both at home and abroad. It is one of the noblest of the virtues, if not, indeed, the sole virtue which creates all the rest. If we are obliged at every moment to abandon some sacred principle in order to gratify a paltry appetite; if the extensive future is perpetually to be sacrificed for the sake of the momentary present; if we are to lead a life of Esau-like bargains from the first to the last—then we are totally unfit for any purpose above the meanest. Self-indulgence makes brutes out of gods: self-denial is the tangent line by which human nature trenches upon the divine. Now, self-indulgence is not inherent except in very few natures; it is almost invariably the result of 'evil communications' in youth, and generally becomes a mere use or habit. The most of error arises from the contagion of example. A youth at first debauches himself because he sees others do it; he feels, all the time, as if he were sacrificing merely to the glory of bravado; and there is far more of martyrdom in it than is generally supposed. But though a person at first smoke in order to show how much disgust he can endure, he soon comes to have a real liking for tobacco. And thus, for the paltriest indulgences, which only are so from vicious habit, and perhaps, after all, involve as much dissatisfaction as pleasure, we daily see the most glorious and ennobling objects cast, as it were, into hell fire.

We are by no means hostile to all amusement. The mass of men require a certain quantity of amusement almost as regularly as their daily food. But amusement may be noxious or innocent, moderate or immoderate. The amusements which can be enjoyed in the domestic circle, or without company at all, are the safest; there is great danger in all which require an association of individuals to carry them into effect. Upon the whole, a multitude of bosom friends is the most pernicious evil that ever besets a man in the

world. Each becomes a slave to the depraved appetites of the rest, and is at last ulcerated all over with their various evil practices. At the very best, he is retarded to the general pace, and never finds it possible to get a single vantage hour, in order to steal a march upon his kind.

HONOURABLE INTENTIONS are also indispensably necessary. The reverse is simply want of sense and understanding; for it is obvious to every one who has seen the least of human life, that infinitely more is lost in reputation and *means and opportunities of well-doing*, by an attempt to gain an undue advantage, than what can in general cases be gained. If we had to live only for a short time certain, trickery might be the most expedient course, so far as this world is concerned; but if a man contemplates a life above a single twelvemonth, he will endeavour, by the guarded correctness of his actions, to acquire the good character which tends so much to eventual prosperity. The dishonest man, in one sense, may be termed the most monstrous of all self-flatterers: he thinks he can cheat the whole of the remaining part of mankind—which certainly is no trifling compliment. He soon finds, however, that he was seen through all the time by those whom he thought mere children, and his blindness and silly arrogance receive their deserved punishment. Even where the depravity may be of a very slight kind, it is alike in vain. In ordinary transactions, the one party deals with the other exactly according to his character: if the one be in general disposed to overreach, the other is just proportionably on his guard; so that there is no result but trouble, and a bad name. One thing should be strongly impressed upon such persons: they are far more generally understood and watched than they are aware of; for the world, so long as it can simply take care of itself without much difficulty, is not disposed to adopt the dangerous task of a monitor. The police-officer knows of many rogues whom he passes every day on the street; he never lays hold of any, unless for some particular offence.

Such are the principal qualities necessary for advancement in life, though any one of them, without much or any of the other, will, if not counteracted by negative properties, be sure to command a certain degree of success. He who is about to start in the race would do well to ponder upon the difficulties he has to encounter, and make up a manful resolution to meet them with a full exertion of all his powers. To revert to the general question—what is it that enables one man to get in advance of his fellows? The

answer is obvious—it can only be his *doing* more than the generality of them, or his *enduring more privation* than they are generally inclined to do [that is, self-denial,] in order that he may acquire *increased power of doing*. The fault of most unsuccessful persons is their want of an adequate idea of what is to be *done*, and what is to be *endured*. They enter business as into a game or a sport, and they are surprised, after a time, to find that there is a principle in the affair they never before took into account—namely, the tremendous competition of other men. Without being able to do and suffer as much as the *best* men of business, the *first* place is not to be gained: without being able to do and suffer as much as the second order of men of business, the *second* place is not to be gained: and so on. New candidates should therefore endeavour to make an estimate of the duties necessary for attaining a certain point, and not permit themselves to be thrown out in the race for want of a proper performance of those duties. They should either be pretty certain of possessing the requisite powers of exertion and endurance, or aim at a lower point, to which their powers may seem certainly adequate.”

THE BRAZIER.

THE Brazier makes kettles, pans, candlesticks, and other kitchen utensils, of brass, which is not a simple metal, but compounded of copper and zinc, in certain proportions: if the proportion of copper be greater, the compound is pinch-beck. Copper alloyed with tin, makes bronze, bell-metal, &c.

Brass is capable of being wrought with very great facility, and is applied to a variety of purposes in the arts. It is of a beautiful yellow colour, more approaching to that of gold, and not so apt to tarnish or rust as copper. It is more ductile than either that metal or iron; and hence, peculiarly fitted to be made into wire. As brass is, in general, used for mathematical and astronomical instruments, where the greatest precision is required, its expansion has been very accurately determined.

This compound metal was known at a very early period. It was first discovered from the circumstance of copper ore and zinc earth, or calamine, sometimes called *cadmia* by the ancients, being found in one mine, and yielding, when melted, not pure copper, but a metal of a yellow colour; and, from its resemblance to gold, the mines which contained this ore, were held in the highest estimation. This earth, which must have been calamine, is mentioned both by Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny. Its use has been handed down through every century, and is still retained in the manufacture of brass. This discovery was no sooner effected, than the ancient method of procuring this metal was abandoned. Pure copper was first extracted from the ore, and then converted into brass by the addition of calamine, but as the art of making brass with *lapis calaminaris* was not well understood by the ancients, but cost them much trouble, it was esteemed next to silver, and was reckoned little inferior to that metal, as we learn from Procopius.

In modern times, considerable improvements have been made in the manufacture of this metal, and some secrecy is observed by those who have the reputation of the finest article.

The use of brass seems to have been very prevalent amongst the ancients. Most of the arms and instruments found in Herculaneum, Pompeia, &c., whether culinary, mechanical, or agricultural, were made of brass. It may be observed, however, that most of the genuine relics of this kind approach nearer to bronze than to our modern brass, and appear to be composed of various mixtures of brass, with tin and other metals.

In the shops we often find that the same people deal in brass, copper, and tin-ware; and, that the furnishing iron-monger sells almost every article made in brass and copper. In such cases, the brazier neither makes nor is supposed to make, all the different articles in his shop; it is sufficient for his own purpose, as well as for the advantage of his customers, that he should be so much of a working brazier, as to be a competent judge of the workmanship of all the goods in which he deals. If he is a master in a large way, he employs a

great number of hands in the different branches of his trade, and his profits are of course in proportion to the magnitude of his capital.

Some of the articles manufactured by the working brazier, are beat out with the hammer, and united in their several parts by solder; others are cast: those which are cast, belong to the business of the *founder*, except the polishing and finishing, which require the art of the brazier.

The working brazier has need of strength, and if he would excel in his business, he should possess ingenuity to finish the work with taste.

The founder is employed in casting a thousand different articles in brass; for which purpose he has models of the work designed: to these he fits the mould in which he casts his metal. He rarely designs anything himself, and his chief skill lies in melting the brass, and running it into the mould evenly. There are various kinds of founders; some who cast for braziers only, others who cast the different smaller articles for coachmakers, sadlers, &c. and some cast the brass cannon, to carry on the dreadful art of war. The founder requires a strong constitution, to undergo the heat of immense furnaces.

Copper is dug out of the earth, or found united in many springs, containing sulphuric acid. The richest copper mines in the known world, are in the Isle of Anglesea. The mountain from which the ore is dug, is called Parys. This ore is a sulphate of copper, and in order to reduce it into the metallic state, it is heaped up in large masses against a wall, a fire is kindled under the heap, and it burns for many days, slowly, but strongly: holes are made in the wall, which lead to a kind of room, where the sulphur which escapes from the ore is collected, and with which the common roll brimstone of the shops is made. There have been dug from the Parys mine, thirty thousand tons of ore in a year.

There are two springs at Sterngrundt, in Upper Hungary, so richly impregnated with copper and sulphuric acid, that iron thrown into these, is dissolved by the acid, and the copper falls to the bottom in its metallic form. Near these springs pits are dug, and filled with water: old iron is then thrown into them, which, in about a fortnight, or three weeks, is taken out, and the copper scraped off. By this process, a hundred pounds of iron will produce from eighty to ninety pounds of copper. The same method is adopted at some springs in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, and here twenty pounds of iron will yield sixteen of copper, which fetches a high price.

The coppersmith makes furnaces, boilers, and all manner of large vessels for brewers, distillers, and others. His work is very laborious, and the business is the most noisy of all mechanical employments. The wages of the journeyman are equal to the powers of body required in the operation.

Copper is used in a variety of the arts: but vessels made of it for culinary purposes are highly prejudicial: for acid, and fatty substances, when left in them any time, combine with the copper, and form verdigris, which is an absolute poison, and when taken in the smallest quantities, it is very prejudicial to the constitution.

To prevent these pernicious effects, most copper vessels are well tinned on their insides. This operation is thus effected: the surface is well cleaned by rubbing it with sal-ammoniac, or an acid; the tin, or a composition of tin and lead, is then melted in the vessel and rubbed well about it with a handful of old rags.

REWARD.

[FOR THE COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.]

In order to induce men to the performance of actions either good and virtuous, or bad and vicious, it is necessary that we present to their minds something equivalent to the act in the shape of remuneration or reward. There exists a kind of selfish spirit that mingles itself with everything we perform—with every thought of our minds; and no matter how pure, or virtuous, or philanthropic, our actions may be, this motive will be found, like an under-current, exercising a powerful influence on all that is above it. Do the rose and the violet lose any of their beauty or fragrance from the connexion they hold with the earth in which they are planted? On the reverse—if we deprive them of this soil so necessary to their growth, they will wither away and die. And so also,

if we destroy this universal spirit of selfishness, or, in other words, *this love of those pleasurable sensations which are the sure reward of good actions*, the chances are that we should cease to perform good actions at all; for we hold that this selfishness is the originator and propeller of all we do; it flatters our self-love; it heightens our ideas of our own nature; and, by these means, instigates to the performance of acts of generosity and benevolence, which, without such incentive, would probably never be undertaken.

Nor does the act lose any of its usefulness in consequence of having been instigated by a selfish spirit, or by the hope of reward, which is the same thing. When we perform an act of benevolence, however, our bosoms too often swell out with conscious pride; we are very apt to be puffed up, and to view ourselves with too much self-complacency. To gain these somewhat pleasurable emotions, and opinions of our own generosity, we are led to perform those acts which are calculated to raise them; and hence we proceed upon selfish motives, having an eye to the reward we shall receive in our consciousness of having performed that which would be considered praiseworthy by those around us.

The Creator of the world well knew that men would require some reward as an inducement to the performance of good actions, and wisely imbued their minds with those feelings which might be looked upon in the light of a remuneration; or which would, at all events, act as an incentive, and spur them on in the paths of virtue and benevolence. This must be so: for what other reward can be expected from the thousand and one acts of charity that are daily performed? Unless there be a reward in the performance of the act itself, there can be none at all; and to suppose that men would perform actions by which they suffer a pecuniary loss, without any real or imaginary benefit accruing to themselves from them, is to suppose that which the experience of every hour flatly contradicts.

The world may be said to be swayed for good or evil, as the rewards offered by each, as inducements prevail. Certain it is, that this principle forms a part of every transaction in which we engage. The reward of the ambitious man is in the possession of power; of the miser, in gloating with a fiendish rapture over his sparkling but useless gold; the poet, and the orator, and the statesman, in the acquirement of fame; the lover, in the possession of his mistress; the soldier and the sailor, in danger and subsequent glory. Every man is stimulated and urged on in some one line of conduct by anticipations of reward; and, according to the nature of that reward, upon the acquirement of which he places so much value, will the nature and character of his efforts depend. When we are stimulated to a wrong line of conduct by the hope of some real or imaginary benefit being attached to our pursuing it, we shall always find that it is in consequence of the depravity of our nature leading us to attach an importance to that benefit, which, in reality, proves valueless, if not absolutely detrimental.

It seems evident that the moment the idea of performing a benevolent action occupies the mind, it is capable of imparting pleasure; and, therefore, it is more than probable, instigates to the performance of the action itself; for if the mere *idea* of doing good is capable of yielding us pleasure, how much more may we not reasonably anticipate from the *act*? "And

surely," says Dr. Fleetwood, "nothing can surpass the pleasure felt by a generous mind, at having relieved a brother, when pressed beneath a load of misfortunes; the pleasure is divine; it is godlike!" It would be a source of immense delight to the philanthropist to contemplate some vast scheme—impracticable it may be—whereby the present deplorable condition of vast masses of the human family might be ameliorated; whereby the slave might be emancipated; the savage civilized; war abolished; the starving fed; the naked clothed; the houseless wanderer sheltered. All this would yield, even by mere contemplation, a great amount of delight; and how much would that pleasure be augmented were we in a position to embody our thoughts in actions, and thus dispense the good! Now, as it amounts almost to an impossibility that we ever can be possessed of so vast a power of doing good, why should we thus fondly cling to the idea of performing these impossibilities—plain, palpable, insurmountable impossibilities? The reason is obvious. We find a pleasure in the contemplation of benevolent actions, which stimulates us on all occasions to bring our minds to bear upon such subjects, in order that such pleasure might be enjoyed as the reward of our thought. And it will be found that this enjoyment—pure, unalloyed, heavenly as it is, is one of the principal, if not the only incentive we have, to benevolence; and therefore it is evident that, even in our acts of charity, we are swayed entirely by the anticipation of reward.

* * *

History.

ANCIENT HISTORY: SECTION XXII. OF THE GREEK HISTORIANS.

1. THE genius of the Greeks was in no department of literary composition more distinguished than in history; and the most eminent of their historians were nearly contemporary with each other. Herodotus died 413 B. C.; Thucydides, 391 B. C.; and Xenophon was about twenty years younger than Thucydides. Herodotus, a native of Halicarnassus, one of the Greek cities of Asia, has written the joint history of the Greeks and Persians, from the time of Cyrus the Great (599 B. C.) to the battles of Plataea and Mycale, a period of 120 years. He treats incidentally likewise of the history of several other nations—of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Medes, and Lydians. His veracity is to be depended on in all matters that fell under his own observation; but he admits too easily the reports of others, and is in general too fond of the marvellous. His style is pure, and he has a copious elocution.

2. Thucydides was a native of Athens, and of an illustrious family. He was an able general, and has written, with great ability, the history of the first twenty-one years of the Peloponnesian war; introducing it with a short narrative of the preceding periods of the history of Greece. He is justly esteemed for his fidelity and candour. His style is a contrast to the full and flowing period of Herodotus, possessing a sententious brevity, which is at once lively and energetic. The history of the remaining six years of the war of Peloponnesus was written by Theopompus and Xenophon.

3. Xenophon commanded the Greek army in the service of Cyrus the younger, in his culpable enter-

prise against his brother Artaxerxes. (See Sect. XIII. § 6.) After the failure of this enterprise, Xenophon directed that astonishing retreat from Babylon to the Euxine, of which he has given an interesting and faithful narrative. He wrote likewise the *Cyropedia*, or the history of the elder Cyrus, which is believed to be rather an imaginary delineation of an accomplished prince than a real narration. He continued the history of Thucydides, and has left two excellent political tracts on the constitutions of Lacedæmon and Athens. His style is simple and energetic, familiar, unadorned, and free from all affectation.

4. Greece, in her decline, produced some historians of great eminence. Polybius, a native of Megalopolis, in Arcadia, wrote forty books of the Roman and Greek history during his own age; that is, from the beginning of the second Punic war to the reduction of Macedonia into a Roman province; but of this great work only the first five books are entire, with an epitome of the following twelve. He merits less the praise of eloquence and purity than of authentic information, and most judicious reflection.

5. Diodorus Siculus flourished in the time of Augustus, and composed, in forty books, a general history of the world, under the title of *Bibliotheca Historica*. No more remains than fifteen books; of which the first five treat of the fabulous periods, and the history of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, &c., prior to the Trojan war. The next five are wanting. The remainder brings down the history from the expedition of Xerxes into Greece till after the death of Alexander the Great. He is taxed with chronological inaccuracy in the earlier parts of his work; but the authenticity and correctness of the latter periods are unimpeached. His style, though not to be compared to that of Xenophon or Thucydides, is pure, perspicuous, and unaffected.

6. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, eminent both as an historian and rhetorician, flourished in the age of Augustus. His *Roman Antiquities* contain much valuable information, though his work is too much tinged with the spirit of systematizing.

7. Plutarch, a native of Chæroneia in Bœotia, flourished in the reign of Nero. His lives of illustrious men is one of the most valuable of the literary works of the ancients; introducing us to an acquaintance with the private character and manners of those eminent persons whose public achievements are recorded by professed historians. His morality is excellent; his style is clear and energetic, and when the subject demands it, rises frequently to great eloquence.

8. Arrian, a native of Nicomedia, wrote, in the reign of Adrian, seven books of the wars of Alexander, with great judgment and fidelity; his narrative being composed on the authority of Aristobulus and Ptolemy, two of Alexander's principal officers. No historical record, therefore, has a better claim to the public faith. His style is unadorned, but chaste, perspicuous, and manly. It is to his writings that we owe all our knowledge of the sublime morality of Epictetus, of whom he was the favourite disciple.

THE CYCLE OF NATIONS;

OR, THE RACE WHICH NATIONS RUN.

1. Peace. 2. Plenty. 3. Pride. 4. Contention. 5. War. 6. Scarcity. 7. Famine. 8. Misery. 9. Humiliation. Then Peace, &c. as before.—*Niblock's Testuary*.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

Two young officers, belonging to the same regiment, aspired to the hand of a young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colours of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms or more polished address into the drawing-room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colours and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in figure, but not so beautiful in features, as Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the more agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the more with less wit, and Albert was the more witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune—the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Which of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favoured lover;—but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honour, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, and his house, and all belonging to them, were at his service; and he excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark, in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was only fit to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of Beauty, and, under the pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? Oh! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, but too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recesses of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing on her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly, and as ardent, as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt that her father knew that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed from her father, was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement: we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do you but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis, when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst, like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium, and, after many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but, upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. This miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he shewed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with respect to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action of Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonour and infamy scowl in the rear. The order to charge is given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace strains forward as with a last effort, and seems to have but enough of strength to wheel with its rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingled in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has

passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he, tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—"read."

"Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the engagement, badly wounded, and is returned here as missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded, too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply; but, as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible on the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servant had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded, at a farm-house on the continent, and that, in fact, he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honourable, how came you by that miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming-house in Brussels, on the eve of the battle; which sharper offered it to me, as he said he had supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gambler.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment."

"Pray, Sir, be so kind as to relate the circumstance," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket-ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost; whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication—confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here, we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent him from a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harrassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all the intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered the broken miniature, and supposed him to have been long and ardently attached to another.

It was a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was setting in glorious splendour. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window, to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What! fully, truly, and unreservedly?" said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence or no offence?" said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every other faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus:—

"I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conceal; but my actions, honor bade me control; and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a facsimile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion; and when at last duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed upon the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and if I ever felt as heroes feel, it was then—

"On I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed above and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand—and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fatal balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked round—to my fellow-soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to memory I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion."

"She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and continued—

"Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected; the miniature, the double case, even my flesh was penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life shall desert me."

"May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and protected a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognised her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears

—she kissed the crimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud—“Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!”

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with delighted rapture, bestowing that blest boon upon a daughter's love.—“A father's heartfelt blessing!”—*Scrap-book*.

Varieties.

MATERNAL LOVE.—Disease, deformity, ingratitude, nothing can check the flow of maternal love. By entrusting to woman such a revelation of himself, God has pointed out whom he intends for his missionaries upon earth—the disseminators of his spirit, the diffusers of his word. Let men enjoy in peace and triumph the intellectual kingdom, which is theirs, and which doubtless was intended for them; let us participate its privileges, without desiring to share its dominion. The moral world is ours—ours by position; ours by qualification; ours by the very indication of God himself, who has deigned to place in woman's heart the only feeling (that we know of here existing) which affords the faintest representation of his most unextinguishable love to us, his erring and strayed children; the only affection which enables the possessor to love on through sin and folly; and even when sin and folly have brought their last, worst consummation. Oh, those who know, those who have witnessed, the lingering yearning of a mother's love, after one lost in crime, and wandering, and ingratitude; when even the father's heart was turned to stone—the unextinguished, unextinguishable sentiment, lighting up even the dying eye, and breathed forth in the dying prayer, can alone judge of these things.—*Woman's Mission*.

A SOLVENT BANK.—The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labour; and the best share is the ploughshare, on which dividends are always liberal.

PRACTICAL MEN.—Practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle. Men are like the writing master who would not believe that Newton was a great mathematician—“He! pooh! he is an hour over a sum in the Rule of Three!” This unbeliever was a *practical man*, who could not understand the theory that mastered worlds, and hesitated over the multiplication table.—*Bulwer*.

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—“And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often Newman,” said I, once. Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply. “Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it.” “And I say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often.” “Nay,” said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, “how can a wife scold her good man who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side.”—*Bulwer's Student*.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—I was lounging, the other day, in the gallery of the senate, listlessly waiting for something of interest to arise, which might awake me from a kind of magnetic slumber that the dulness of both houses for the past week had produced, when a distinguished senator from—arose to make some remarks. I was seated alongside of a gentleman of middle age and respectable appearance, who seemed to know the speaker very intimately. We entered into conversation on general subjects, the condition of the currency, the state of the country, the erratic course of Calhoun, the respective merits of the distinguished members of the body before us, and, finally, it turned upon the individual who had just spoken, the senator I have referred to. “You would not suppose,” said the gentleman, “that there was any thing like romance in the character of the senator from—.” His apparent devotion to party, his uncouth appearance, his unpoetical temperament, and his obliquity of head, would seem to render the idea of his having been the hero of a romance absolutely absurd. Nevertheless, such is the fact; and his early life presents an incident which is not surpassed in interest by any that modern romance affords. Senator—is of low and obscure origin. Nature, however, had given him a good intellect, as if to compensate for the defects of person and fortune. He studied law,

like most young men of any ambition in this country, commenced the practice in a populous city in the interior of his state, and acquired some reputation in the outset of his career. In the same town resided a young lady of great beauty, wealth, and fashion, whose smiles were sought by all the young men in the neighbourhood, but without success, for they failed to make any impression upon her. The heart of the fair one remained untouched and unmoved by the soft impeachment of love. The young barrister, if he thought of her at all, looked upon her as too high to be reached by one of his humble fortunes and unpromising exterior. He pursued the ‘even tenor of his way,’ looking to success in his profession, and not dreaming of lady's love. An important case came up for trial which excited great interest, and in which he was employed as junior counsel. The young lady, among others, had the curiosity to attend, and was so charmed and delighted with his eloquence, and the ability he displayed on that occasion, that her proud heart gave way, and became the sport of the most ardent and romantic passion that has perhaps ever been recorded. The young lawyer was not long in hearing of the effect he had produced on the hitherto callous feelings of the beautiful creature whom he had regarded as beyond the most romantic visions of his imagination. He visited her, and her attachment was too sincere and ardent to be concealed. This happy intercourse was kept up for some time, the attachment became mutual, and they seemed to breathe the atmosphere of paradise, and to luxuriate in all the joys of Elysium. The strongest love is often accompanied by jealousy. The fair one, anxious to try his attachment, had consented to accompany him to a ball that was to be given in their city; but, instead of going with him, she repaired to the ball room under the protection of one of her former suitors who had not yet relinquished all hope. The young lover was deeply mortified and wounded at this evidence of fickleness on the part of the woman he loved, and he resolved to retaliate. Another ball followed, and, instead of calling upon his mistress to escort her to it, knowing that she had been invited, he accompanied two young ladies of his acquaintance, and, on his way, passed the house of the one he alone loved. She saw him. It was too much for her fortitude. She thought she had for ever lost his affections, and, in a fit of despair, she ordered her carriage the next morning, and departed for Philadelphia, upon the plea of visiting her uncle, who resided in that city. On her way her melancholy became so profound that she resolved on self-destruction. She, therefore, procured, in a village through which she passed, a quantity of opium, which she instantly swallowed, and was just able to reach the door of her uncle's house before she sunk down and expired. The effect of this shocking event upon the feelings of Mr. — is beyond the power of description. He became, for a long time, moody and melancholy, and has ever since, it is said, made an annual pilgrimage, on the anniversary of her death, to the grave which contains the remains of her he loved so truly and so well, and strews it with the flowers of early spring. He has never married, but cherishes the memory of his first love with undying affection.”—“This is certainly a piece of romance I did not expect in the senator you speak of,” said I. A hackneyed party politician is not one I should charge with so tender a sentiment as that of enduring love, and he is, too, the last man I should suppose capable of eliciting such a passion in a young, beautiful, and wealthy female. But Wilkes and Mirabeau, two very ugly men, are said to have been omnipotent with the fair, and there is no accounting for taste.—*New York Morning Herald*.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A certain Earl, in his extraordinary fits of absence or abstraction, had a habit of thinking aloud. It was at White's. His Lordship was standing before the fire, looking at himself in the glass, when a certain member of the club came in. The Earl shook hands with him, and inquired after his health, talked of the weather and of the news; and then suddenly falling into a reverie, looked at him steadily in the face, and holding him all the time by the button, said—to himself—“umph—shall I ask him to dinner? I have got two places left—I have dined with him twice this season—must ask him—” then a pause—“No—some other time, he is such an infernal bore.” This the *patient* heard, but as it was only *thinking* on the part of the Earl, he could do nothing but abide his fate. Dining not long after with another Earl, who shall also be nameless for the sake of his cook, he handed the countess to table, of which he took the top; and, as he helped and tasted the different dishes, regularly apologised to her for the badness of the *cuisine*—“could not account for it—thought his cook must be drunk—never served him so before—not a thing fit to eat”—fancying himself in his own house, and criticising his own dinner.

The Moralist.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge His goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear to slander: the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of others he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. 23.

BEAUTY, without honesty, is like poison kept in a box of gold.

Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it.

Be circumspect and cautious in whatever you undertake.

Be ever vigilant, but never suspicious.

Before you attempt, consider what you can perform.

Before you give away to anger, try to find a reason for not being angry.

Before you make a friend, eat a peck of salt with him.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Beggars fear no rebellion.

Beggars have no right to be chusers.

Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.

Begin your web properly, and God will supply you with thread.

BENEVOLENCE cannot be better exercised on occasions where we are forced, as it were, into the company of others, than by the choice of pleasurable topics of conversation. A little attention will discover these topics. To detect what are the peculiar riches of another man's mind, or experience, or knowledge, is among the happiest of resources. Its exercise is alike complimentary to the other party, and instructive to ourselves.—*Bentham*.

USELESS contradiction is another violation of benevolence; it is also an exhibition of folly; for while it manifests impotence, it wounds power.—*Ibid*.

RICHES AND POVERTY.—That poverty is a real evil it would be absurd to deny, and that it is the parent of many other evils, moral no less than physical, experience teaches, and will for ever teach us. Not only that poverty which stands between its victims and the common comforts, almost necessities, of life, is thus pregnant with sorrow and sin; but that, too, which closes the access to every elegant enjoyment, and binds down to petty cares and worldly anxieties the time, the thought, the whole spirit. But to believe that the reverse of all this must in itself be happiness, is to have little experience indeed of life, with all its vanities of pain and disappointment—of blighted hopes—of unavailing repentance. Some who have never known what it is to possess riches believe that the power of dispensing them must and does bring happiness; but in vain does "the widow's heart sing for joy" if no chord in the breast of her benefactor echoes to the sound of her rejoicings—it he feel that there are evils much worse than poverty. If personal regret have closed the heart to sympathy, he may be beneficent, but the blessings of beneficence do not return upon him.—*New Monthly*.

MAN.—The mind is the man; and the knowledge of the mind. A man is but what he knoweth. The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge, wherein many things are reserved, which kings with their treasures cannot buy, nor with their forces command.—*Bacon*.

Select Poetry.

BURIED FRIENDSHIP.

BY N. MITCHELL.

THE weary sun hath sunk in Ocean's breast;
Fast o'er the orient, clouds their shadows fling;
In the mute grove, the cushat shuts her wing—
Yet lingering rays illuminate the west;
A trembling, beautiful, and chastened light,
That still reveals the rock and winding rill,
Paints every wood, and sleeps on every hill,
And softens down the frown of coming night.
Thus, in the sombre mansions of the dead
When those the heart loves best for ever lie,
Still with us dwells their lovely memory,
And sweetens e'en the bitter tears we shed,
Chases the pining soul's desponding gloom,
And weaves a halo round their dreary tomb.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

My Mother, art thou beautiful?

Oh! would that I could see!

Thy voice, like whisper'd melody,

Sounds beautiful to me.

Thy hand feels beautiful in mine,

So soft—so warm—so bright—

Metinks like velvet it must shine,

Beneath man's glorious sight.

Thy lips feel beautiful—thy kiss

Sweet as unrifled flow'r,

Ere yet the bee has sought its breast,

To steal its virgin dow'r;

Thy love for me is beautiful,

So tender, and so true,

That in thine eyes I read it not,

Mother! I sorely rue.

In all thou must be beautiful,

If there is beauty here;

For what, save God's most perfect work,

Could hold a blind Boy dear?

Memoriter.

SONNETS, BY E. MOXON.

HUMAN LIFE.

AH, what is life! a dream within a dream!

A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;

A bark that sails upon a changing Sea,

Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,

Heard, but scarce seen, ere to the dark deep gone;

A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,

Yet for a season fair to look upon.

Life is an infant on Affection's knee,

A youth now full of hope and transient glee,

In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon

A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.

Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,

Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,

And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize

Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,

Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,

My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies

Away from those who hold it in esteem,

Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:

These with their donor changing die or live,

Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,

For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom.

Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,

Leave me but this, like an unsullied name

Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—

Need I the secret of my soul impart?

Be witness ye that love, 'tis woman's heart.

A SIGH.

A SIGH is a wish not yet formed to a word

Which unbidden escapes from the breast;

Then blame not the habit, nor think it absurd,

But consider the heart ill at rest.

Memoriter.

Notice.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions and assertions contained in the correspondence and contributions inserted in the Colonial Literary Journal.

Notice to Correspondents.

We thank a "Well-wisher" for his Extracts, and will do as he desires, if our own time is allowed us. Our Correspondents are requested to observe that the Colonial Literary Journal Office is now removed to No. 316, Pitt-street North, (opposite A. Foss' Chemical Drug, and Grocery Establishment) where all communications to the Editor may be forwarded (post paid).

CATALLACTICS.

MERCANTILE INADEQUACY—DOWSING THE EXCHANGES
—REMEDY FOR THE EVIL OF AN EXCESS OF EXPORTS
OVER IMPORTS.

[CONTINUED.]

IN our last discourse, we showed, by implication, that money was itself nothing, or next to nothing; and we directly asserted that the best economy of a community—the true condition of prosperity at which it ought to aim—was the maintenance, not of a highly favourable balance of trade, for that was subject to a heavy tax, but of an approximate equality between the imports and exports, or an alternate absorption and reproduction of a moderate balance of exports over imports. Absorption alone will be easy, but not sufficient. Reproduction also is necessary to constitute the health of, advancing society. It is not enough that we build, fence, clear, and plant, but we must do so with a view to getting back our money after many days. We now proceed to consider how the plethoric tendency of our pastoral pursuits is to be healthfully relieved. To some it may appear ridiculous to talk at all in this style; but, as thinking men, we are not to allow our attention to be diverted by temporary circumstances from the two great facts by which this colony is at present affected—a diminution constantly proceeding of effective labour, and an augmentation still more rapidly progressive of unemployed capital. The contrary is commonly but erroneously supposed to be the case, namely, that men are superabundant and money scarce. It may be that both these evils might have been averted, had the grand creditors of the community been more forbearing, or had they adopted towards the landed proprietors those measures which the Bank of Australia so bunglingly, unnecessarily, and injuriously attempted towards the firm of Hughes and Hosking. Or it may be that the evil would have been only increased by such indulgence. Who can tell?

When we set up the sheep-farming interest as the principal interest, the mainstay of the colony, we do well. But we must not allow ourselves to pull too much at one oar. Politically, as well as catallactically, it is unwise to establish a paramount class, and it is more particularly so in our case. The pastoral class, should it augment twenty fold, till New Holland is overspread with flocks from Sydney to Perth, and from Port Essington to Port Phillip, will always be numerically small. Not more than one-eighth part of our population is directly engaged in pastoral occupations, and in the tillage connected with the sheep stations. Add carriers, farriers, shopkeepers, and merchants, and the proportion is not greatly increased. The remaining 130,000 must be supported in some other way, for we cannot reasonably

expect that the sheepowners are to divide their profits among the rest, unless for services rendered.

We are decidedly of opinion that the introduction of any tenure by which the extra-limitarian colonists would be induced to expend considerable sums of money in improvements of their stations, to the disregard of the capabilities of the intra-limitory districts, is premature by a century. We mean that it would be bad economy: not that we desire the squatter to remain in an insecure, unsocial, or joyless state of society; but that we desire to see him, as soon as he has obtained a decided prosperity, become a settler within the boundaries; there surrounding himself with the comforts and elegancies which wealth can purchase, and which in the denser state of society can be better maintained and more thoroughly enjoyed; and, in short, satisfy himself with a periodical visit to his runs, and leave the general management of them to his sons and trustworthy dependants. This is the natural and wholesome progress of society. Large tracts of *despoblados*, wide uninhabited intervals from one abortive township to another, roadless, bridgeless, churchless, houseless, and manless, are proofs of the poverty, decomposition, and mismanagement of society. If anything valuable is desired for mankind in arts or in morals, it is accomplished by junction and co-operation of minds for which towns afford facilities. The inhabitants of the *pagi* remained the longest pagans—the dwellers in the mountains have retained wretched superstitions and prejudices that have long ago vanished from the plains. Boor, clown, and savage, are terms of reproach solely applicable to rustivating races.

We think indeed that a portion of the surplus now arising will be absorbed (to be in due time reproduced) by the formation of new stations in the distant interior. And, on the other hand, we do not deny that the surplus cannot now be beneficially absorbed by such agriculture as has hitherto been pursued; more particularly keeping in mind the probable advance, for some years hence, in the price of labour. But we are very sure that to the extension of sheepwalks there is a limit fixed by considerations of economy also; and if, for want of profit, a particular tillage must be abandoned, so for want of profit, in like manner, will our pasture runs be circumscribed. This material difference exists betwixt the two sorts of occupation: the pasture runs can be applied to no better purpose; while the agriculture of the colony may be varied and improved indefinitely. If wheat at 14 bushels to the acre, and at 2s. 7d. to the bushel, be unremunerating, various other articles yielding an annual or prospective return, promise to be successful, and will, in all probability, be tried as soon as mortgagees and trustees can make down their minds to accept reasonable prices, or grant encouraging leases.

We may take some early opportunity of showing the advantages derivable from the growth of particular articles never yet fairly attempted, notwithstanding the efforts of periodical writers to draw the attention of landholders to them. When the hideous optical illusions which at present afflict the colonists have passed from their brains, we recommend them to run back over the files of the newspapers during the last year, and give their best attention to the subjects there treated of, *exempli gratia*, those under the titles of flax, the vine, and silk.

And now, gentlemen, as this second lecture is rather shorter than perhaps you expected, I propose to sing you a song :

THE SQUATTER'S ADDRESS TO THE SYDNEY MERCHANTS.

Your hearts for joy prepare, prepare,
And we will fill them full:
Nine million pounds is Sydney's share
Of our new clip of wool.

Aha!

Fine, clean, new clip of wool!

The steel of Wilkinson has chill'd
The woolly creatures' backs;
The laden teams are coming down
O'er rutty roads and tracks.

O hunc!

Rough, bridgeless roads and tracks!

Along your narrow dusty street
Slow moves the ten-in-hand,
And early at the merchant's gate
The sober oxen stand.

Ay, ay!

Grave, horn'd cud-chewers stand!

Keep running now your 'longshore craft
To Twofold Bay and Brisbane,
That tack along with swelling sail
Or way with smoke and fizz gain.

A hoy!

That pace with puff and fizz gain!

Clear out your sheds and warehouses
For sorting and for storing;
Make weather-tight your shingled roofs,
And scrub right clean your flooring.

Yes, yes!

Scrub clean and dry your flooring!

Lay on for cargo all your ships
Of proper class and tonnage,
Tight, staunch, well mann'd, and well supplied
With kentledge and with dunnage.

Well, well!

With grease for weight and dunnage!

Prepare your ledgers thick and broad,
Stout staff of clerks maintain,
Prepare likewise your bankers' books,
For your cash we mean to drain.

O ho!

Your cash, be sure, we'll drain!

GAFFER GRAY.

ON THE FORMATION OF EARTHENWARE.

THE best clays for the purposes of pottery or earthenware, consist of three proportions of silica and one of alumina. Silica or flinty earth was treated of in last week's Journal. Alumina is in itself an oxide of a metal called aluminium; it a colourless powder, and has a strong attraction for water, which it will absorb even from moist air, and it thus becomes the soft substance or clay which abounds throughout the whole earth, and gives consistency or adhesiveness to the different soils. It is one of the most abundant productions of nature, and is found in every region of the globe, in rocks of all ages, and as a constituent of the oldest primary mountains. This earth is made into bricks, pipes, tiles, red pottery, and earthenware, varying according to its greater or less degree of purity. Alumina and silica greatly refined, and purified by heating, are used for the manufacturing of china and porcelain. Also some of the most precious stones are formed in the earth by the natural solutions of those parts which contain a greater proportion of alumina, thus proving that the same substance employed by us, as the chief ingredient in

the composition of the rough brick-work of our dwellings, and the delicate materials of our dinner and tea equipage, does, in the operation of nature, constitute the ruby, the topaz, and the sapphire, which adorn the brow of monarchs. Glass, pottery, and porcelain in all their varieties, are combinations of silica and alumina, which are the essential ingredients in all the soils of the earth.

Alumina does not affect the blue colour of plants, yet possesses the properties both of an acid and an alkali; as an acid it unites with potass, lime, and baryta; as an alkali it forms salts with acids. The substance well known to us as alum, is a combination of sulphur, potass, and alumina, and is crystallised with great facility from a solution containing these elements.

The Eastern countries have long excelled in the art of making porcelain, both as to durability and colouring. The clay in warm climates is more plastic, which causes the article to acquire a texture of peculiar toughness, and the Chinese clay is greatly composed of earth in which silica and alumina are found in due natural proportions, whereas in many places, as in England, they must be brought together and artificially combined. Silica is found in greater proportion in Staffordshire, and the alumina is conveyed there from Devonshire. The soil of this colony bears incontestible evidence of the great proportions of these two earths. We here behold it neither too open and light to prevent its retention of moisture, neither is it too stiff from the excess of its alumina. The old Dresden china has ranked equally with the oriental in texture and colouring, and both French and English have of late greatly improved their productions, but in the manufacture of porcelain, nature rises above art, and the attainment of strength seen in the Chinese jars, or the elegant translucency of their tea utensils, has not yet been more than imitated.

The better kinds of pottery in England are called Staffordshire ware, the materials of which are artificially combined, and then heated to a red heat, they are afterwards quenched in water and reduced to powder, and then formed into a clay by the addition of water, and moulded into the shapes required. These shapes are again burned in a kiln and afterwards glazed; the glaze is again heated to melt and smooth it, when the paint or gilding is applied. The painting is performed by means of those metallic oxides which have the property of imparting colour; black is given by the oxide of iron, cobalt and copper; purple or violet, by oxide of gold; the blue ware of Staffordshire is coloured by oxide of cobalt, and the figures are first printed on paper and then applied to the article while it is hot, when the colour adheres to the surface. The methods of painting and colouring glass and earthenware are numerous and various, many persons have peculiar operations of which they make a great secret, nevertheless there are standing regulations which cannot be infringed upon. The staple commodities for this manufacture are lying around us in reference to clays and many minerals necessary for colouring. A philanthropic mind, such as is possessed by Mr. Boyd, who has, no doubt also, the wherewith to commence any great undertaking, might find ultimate benefit to himself in starting a regular pottery and porcelain manufactory, which would give employment to a vast number of people, including chemists, artists, artizans and labourers.