

The various kinds of common pottery differ only in the ingredients which form the clay or body of the work, and in the glazes applied to them. Common red pottery is made of brick clay. The English white ware has a mixture of bone ash, which renders it so liable to crack by sudden changes of temperature. Cream-coloured pottery is made with a great proportion of blue clay found in Cornwall. Devonshire also produces a bituminous black clay, which becomes white on being burned. Wine coolers and pots for growing flower roots, are intended to absorb water, therefore they pass through but one burning, and the material is porous. The manufactory of porcelain is little more than a century old, and was discovered accidentally by a German lad, an apprentice to a chemist, in the course of making some experiments for forming crucibles capable of bearing intense fire. The first porcelain was made at Dresden and Bottger; and this same apprentice youth was made a baron for producing the first white porcelain in Europe. B.

PHRENOLOGY.

[FOR THE COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.]

No. XVI.

WHEN Dr. Spurzheim visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London, in examining its large collection of skulls, he accidentally took up the skull of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr. Percival the Minister; and, without being aware whose it was, exclaimed, "this must be the skull of a murderer!" And perhaps there never was a case in which craniological development tallied more exactly with the manifestation of character in any individual. The circumstances attending this remarkable case must be known to our readers, as they make some figure in the history of the reign of George III. The infatuated conduct of this misguided man goes far to prove, that, at the time of committing the murder, he was in a state of insanity, or of actual idiocy; so great a perversion of reason, or rather the total want of it, and of the principle of right or wrong, together with so overpowering a development of the propensities, more particularly of Combativeness and Destructiveness, as manifested in his conduct both before and after his committing the dreadful crime for which he suffered, proving him to have been an individual fitter for a lunatic asylum than an object of capital punishment. But so flagrant an offence, a murder rendered still more atrocious from the unoffending character of the victim of this wretched man, the impossibility of his being a just object of resentment to him, all combined to inflame the minds of men, and to call for speedy vengeance on the head of the murderer; when, had the trial been delayed till the popular agitation had subsided, and reason, removed from the influence of passion, left coolly to consider, there is no doubt that instead of having been found a fit person to satisfy the outraged laws of his country, Bellingham would have passed the remainder of his days in a madhouse. In his skull, Benevolence, Ideality, Conscientiousness, Comparison and Causality, are small, Cautiousness moderate; Combativeness, Destructiveness, are very large; and Acquisitiveness, Self-esteem, and Firmness large. He never evinced the smallest pity at the cruel deed he had committed, nor the least remorse for an action so heinous, persisting to the last, notwithstanding the

most urgent solicitations to the contrary by his clerical attendant, in denying that the murder of Mr. Percival was a wrong action. Here we see his want of Benevolence and Conscientiousness, and also his deficiency in reason, that grand distinction between man and the brutes, to whom the unfortunate being we are treating of was so closely allied. Ideality was a small organ in his head; and it is deserving of remark, that it is generally deficient in all, but more especially in executed criminals. That refinement and delicacy, and those constant aspirations of the soul after perfection, which are bestowed on the man blessed with a large development of this organ, are opposed to, and inconsistent with, the mean depravity and savage atrocity of the abandoned criminal. His moderate Cautiousness is apparent in all his actions, but chiefly in the unguarded manner in which he satisfied his thirst for vengeance, and in the absence of anything like precaution or desire to evade a capture. He stated to the magistrate, previously, his intention of committing the murder, if justice were not done to him; and, after the deed, so far from secreting himself from the pursuit of justice, he openly declared that he was the assassin, and expressed his wish to be taken, in order that a fair trial should be given to him, when he hoped to prove that he was perfectly justified in taking away the life of his victim, to defeat the Attorney-General, and to have all his wrongs redressed! Can any one doubt that this man was in a state of insanity? Acquisitiveness and Self-esteem were largely developed, and such a development, without the counteracting qualities, would produce a spirit of selfishness; combined with his small Conscientiousness, and deficient reasoning powers, it caused him to regard everything as unjust and wrong that was in the least opposed to *his* interest. His Firmness was also large, and his obstinate perseverance in continuing to pester the authorities with one petition after another about his imagined wrongs and grievances, fully confirm the development of the organ. Upon the whole, a more remarkable proof of the doctrines upheld by Phrenologists, it is perhaps impossible to find; certainly the case is unanswerable to the sceptic on Phrenology, and should prove an inducement to others who only doubt from ignorance, to give the science a fair and impartial investigation.

We will now turn to a case of an executed criminal, differing somewhat from the above, and which appeared, at the time at which it happened, to militate against the science; the development of the culprit, so far from being that which generally characterises the murderer, appearing to bespeak a noble and exalted character, but in reality tallying most exactly with his disposition. The case alluded to is that of David Haggart, who was executed at Dumfries for the murder of the turnkey of the jail in which he was confined for theft. It was while attempting to escape from his cell that he murdered his hapless victim, who had attempted to oppose his escape, and not from any premeditated scheme of vengeance. Combativeness, Secretiveness, Self-esteem, and Firmness, were very large in his head; Benevolence was large, and Destructiveness scarcely more than full; Love of Approbation and Conscientiousness were small, and Ideality was very small. Such a peculiar development in the head of a murderer was eagerly seized upon by the opponents of the science as an evidence of its fallacy: it was found that Benevolence

was large, and Destructiveness only full; that was enough; they looked no farther, but immediately passed a verdict of condemnation upon Phrenology. But had the case been different, had Benevolence been small instead of large, and Destructiveness very large instead of being as it was, only full, then indeed would Phrenology have been at fault, and actually wrong in its application to such a case. But Haggart, although a great thief, the consequence of deficient Conscientiousness, and a very depraved person, principally from keeping the abandoned society that he kept, was far from being the blood-thirsty person he was imagined to be. Among his companions he was noted for his generous and kind-hearted disposition; and after he had committed the dreadful crime for which he suffered, his horror and agony of mind were so great that he was always in tears bewailing his fatal rashness. All this, the result of large Benevolence, was perfectly consistent with his development, which was such as to cause him to feel horror at cruelty. We do not find him manifesting the same remorse at the robberies he had committed, nor would such remorse have been consistent with his small organ of Conscientiousness. It may be asked then, what induced him to commit so heinous a crime? The love of liberty and aversion to restraint, natural to all men, but particularly so to an individual possessed of so large a development of Firmness, Self-esteem, and Combativeness, as was Haggart, caused him to endeavour to escape from his place of confinement; and the opposition of the turnkey, acting upon an inflamed Combativeness, led him to commit a crime which in his calmer moments it was hell to him to think upon. His small Ideality, as in the preceding case, was also a characteristic development of Haggart's; and, as in the case of Bellingham, the amount of brain behind the ear was much larger than the amount before, but not in so great a degree as in the last mentioned. Love of Approbation was also a small organ in the development of Haggart, and accounts in some measure for his depraved habits; persons having this organ small, following the bent of their inclination and passions, without regard to what may be thought respecting their conduct by society.

ÆNEAS.

LOCAL NEWS.

CORPORATION DINNER.—A dinner was given on Tuesday evening last, at Petty's hotel, by the newly-elected members of the City Council to their seniors in office. At this sumptuous entertainment, (for it certainly deserved that designation) was introduced, for the first time in this colony, a practice which forms so principal and pleasing a feature in, and tends so much to enhance the enjoyment of, similar entertainments in the mother country; we allude to the old established custom of responding to the various toasts with appropriate glees, &c. We have been informed that the gentlemen who performed had not received anything like sufficient notice to prepare for the occasion; but we must say, nevertheless, that we have seldom heard concerted music equally well performed, and certainly, never in New South Wales.

MURDER.—A most painful sensation has been excited during the last few days by the discovery, on Saturday evening last, of the murder of a Mr. Thomas Warne, a merchant's collector, well known in Sydney, which, for the disgusting atrocity of its details, has seldom been paralleled. An inquest was held on the body on Tuesday, during which voluminous evidence was adduced. The Jury found a verdict of wilful murder against two men, James Bidell, and John Duval. Our space will not allow us to say more than that, after the murder of Mr. Warne, the wretches most shockingly mutilated the body, and partly burned it on the same fire on which it appears they immediately afterwards cooked provisions.

TEGG'S COMMERCIAL ALMANAC FOR 1845.—By the politeness of the publisher (W. A. Coleman, late Tegg) we have been favored with a copy of the above. Its usual superiority as a colonial production is, in the present instance, well sustained. For beauty of typography, perspicuity of arrangement, and the extent and variety of its contents, it cannot well be surpassed.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

(From Mr. Lover's *Rory O'More*.)

THE evening was closing as Phelim O'Flannagan strolled up the *boreen* leading to the widow O'More's cottage. On reaching the house he saw the widow sitting at the door knitting.

"God save you, Mrs. O'More!" said Phelim.

"God save you kindly!" answered the widow.

"Faith, then, it's yourself is the industerous woman, Mrs. O'More, for its working you are airy and late: and to think of your being at the needles now, and the evenin' closin' in!"

"Oh, I don't call this work," said the widow; "it is only jist to have something to do, and not be lost with idleness, that I'm keepin' my hand goin'."

"And your eyes too, 'faith—and God spare them to you,"

"Amin, dear," said the widow.

"And where is the *colleen*, that she isn't helpin you?"

"Oh, she's jist gone beyant the meadow there, to cut nettles for the chickens—she'll be in in a minit. Won't you sit down, Mr. O'Flannagan?—you'd bethter dhraw a sate."

"I'm taller standin', Mrs. O'More, thank you all the same, ma'am. And where would Rory be?"

"Why, indeed, the scholar wint out shootin', and Rory wint wid him.—It's fond of the sport he is, Mr. O'Flannagan, as you know."

"Thru for you ma'am;—it's hard if I would n't when I sot over him for five years and bethter; and hard it was to keep him undher; for he was always fond o' sport."

"But not the taste o' vice in him, Phelim dear," said the mother.

"No, no, Mrs. O'More, by no manes, nothing but heart and fun in him; but not the sign o' mischief. And why would n't he like to go a start with the young gintleman a-shootin'? The dog and the gun is tempting to man ever since the days o' Vargil himself, who says with great beauty and discrimination, '*Arma virumque cano*; which manes, 'arms, men, and dogs,' which is three things that always goes together since the word began."

"Think o' that now! said the widow; "and so Vargo used to go shootin'!"

"Not exactly, Mrs. O'More, my dear, besides, the man's name was not Vargo, but *Vargil*. Vargo, Mrs. O'More, manes the Vargin."

"God forgi' me!" said the widow; "is it the blessed Vargin I said wint shootin'?" and she crossed herself.

"No, Mrs. O'More, my dear, by no manes. Vargo manes only vargin; which is not blessed, without you join it with something else. But Vargil was the man's name; he was a great Roman pote."

"Oh, the darlin'!" said the widow; "and was he a Roman?"

"Not as you mane it, Mrs. O'More, my dear; he was not a good Catholic—and more's the pity, and a sore loss to him! But he did n't know bethter, for

they were lost in darkness, in them days, and had not the knowledge of uz.—But whin I say he was a Roman, I mane he was of that famous nation—(and tarin' fellows they wor!)—*Romani populi*, as we say, his nativity being cast in Mantua, which is a famous port of that counthry, you persaive, Mrs. O'More."

Here Mrs. O'More dropped her ball of worsted : and Phelim, not wishing a word of his harangue to be lost, waited till the widow was reseated and in a state of attention again.

"Mantua, I say, Mrs. O'More, a famous port of the *Romani populi*—the port of Mantua—which retains to this day the honour of Vargil's nativity bein' cast in that same place, you persaive, Mrs. O'More."

"Yis, yis, Mr. O'Flannagan, I'm mindin' you, sir. Oh, what power o' larnin' you haye! Well, well, but is wonderful!—and sure I never heard afore of any one bein' born in a portmantia."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh! Mrs. O'More! No, my dear ma'am," said Phelim, laughing, "I did n't say he was born in a portmantia; I said the port of Mantua, which was a territorial possession, or domain, as I may say, of the *Romani populi*, where Vargil had his nativity cast,—that is to say, was born."

"Dear, dear! what knowledge you have, Mr. O'Flannagan, and no wonder you'd laugh at me. But sure no wondher at the same time, when I thought you wor talkin' of a portmantia, that I *would* wonder at a child bein' sent into the world in that manner."

"Quite nath'ral, Mrs. O'More, my dear, quite nath'ral," said Phelim.

"But can you tell me——"

"To be sure I can," said Phelim: "what is it?"

"I mane, *would* you tell me, Mr. O'Flannagan, is that the place portmantias comes from?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. O'More, it is likely, from the derrywation, that it is: but, you see, these is small thrifes o' history that is not worth the while o' great min to notice; and by raison of that same we are left to our own conjunctures in sitch matthers."

"Dear, dear! Well—but, sir, did that gentleman you wor talkin' about go a-shootin'—that Mr. Varjuice?"

"Vargil, Mrs. O'More,—Var-gil," said Phelim, with authority.

"I beg his pard'n and yours, sir."

"No offence, Mrs. O'More. Why, ma'am, as for goin' shootin', he did not; and for various raisons: guns was scarce in thim times, and gunpowdher, was not in vogue, but was, by all accounts, attributed to Friar Bacon posteriorly."

"Oh, the dirty divils!" said the widow, "to fry their bacon with gunpowdher, that bates all I ever heard."

Phelim could not help laughing outright at the widow's mistake, and was about to explain, but she was a little annoyed at being laughed at, and Rory O'More and the Scholar, as he was called, having returned at the moment, she took the opportunity of retiring into the house, and left Phelim and his explanation and the sportsmen altogether.

"I'm tarnation angry with you, Zekiel, for stealing them there kisses from me t'other night," said our little "help," Rebecca, to her sweetheart. "Ah!" says *Zeky*, "I'm darn'd afeard that I've been precious unhappy in my conscience ever since, and I'm come now for the 'dential purpose of giving every one on 'em back agin."

Original Poetry.

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

BY THE AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD.

I stood beside an aged man, who gazed upon the sea,
I said aloud, "How beautiful"—when thus spake he to me:—
"The ocean's face is fair and smooth—its dimples are of gold;
But oh, its smile is treacherous—tho' beauteous to behold!

Thou sees't yon proud and stately bark its snowy sails expand,
To court the fair and swelling breeze that bears it from the land;

Yet ere the night be passed and gone, its proud hearts may be cold,
For oh, the sea is treacherous—tho' beauteous to behold!

I had two fair and lovely sons—to sea they went away:
How dreary lone seemed then the nights—how wearifu' each day;

And as the weeks and months flew by, my heart grew sick and cold,
For oh, the sea is treacherous—tho' lovely to behold!

The younger, he was beautiful, with eye like to the sea,
When not a murmuring breeze disturbs its deep tranquillity;—
His locks were bright as are the waves the sun hath dyed with gold;

But oh, how treacherous is the wave—tho' fair 'tis to behold!

These eyes did ne'er see him again;—a stranger came to tell
Of what my boding heart foretold—of what my boy befel;—
The wild wave swept him off the deck,—so dauntless and so bold,

For oh, the wave is treacherous—tho' grand 'tis to behold!

The elder, he was wrecked, alas! hard by his native land,
Near craggy rocks, where surges fret the cave-worn rugged strand;—

I saw that sea within its breast my last fond boy enfold,
For oh, its grasp is treacherous—tho' mighty to behold!

The mountain waves sweep wildly on—they leave nor trace nor track;—

They are no tell-tales of the past—they take, but ne'er give back;—

They feel no change of rude decay—they fade not, nor grow old,
Yet oh, the deep is treacherous—tho' beauteous to behold!

Beneath the blushing rose so fair, there lurks full many a thorn,—

Beneath the lip that's wreathed in smiles, lies deep the hidden scorn,

So trust not outward beauty—my simple tale is told—

'Tis like the sea that's treacherous—tho' beauteous to behold!"

MY WIFE'S DIARY.

(From Punch.)

Now, Punch, I am a married man. Yesterday I found a little note-book in the passage. It turned out, on inspection, to be my wife's; and to contain—what think you?—a journal, which that woman has been keeping since our marriage. The ensuing is an extract therefrom. Punch, you are a gentleman, and therefore I hope you will insert it. If you were a lady, indeed, I imagine you hardly would; besides, I should wish no lady to take a leaf out of my wife's book. Here, however, sir, is one at your service:—

"SUNDAY.—Charles out late last night; not up this morning till twelve; breakfast not over till one. Wished particularly to go to church; my new lilac bonnet with pink trimmings came home yesterday. Couldn't go, of course. The Walkers and Hutchinses there, and all! Very angry with Charles; wouldn't talk to him at dinner; went up afterwards into the dressing-room, and there sat by myself. When I came down again, found him smoking and reading the paper. That Edwards called this evening. Knew Charles would ask him to stay supper. Slipped out directly after tea; locked the larder, took the key of the cellar, and went to bed; hope they were comfortable!

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seated on a throne at the end of one of the galleries of the palace, and was surrounded by the principal ladies of the court : among them was the Princess Clementine of Saxe Coburg, daughter of Louis Philippe, who had recently arrived with her husband from Portugal. The Queen wore a white dress, trimmed with bouquets interspersed with precious stones. Her coiffure was composed of flowers and diamonds, forming a toilette of the richest and yet most simple elegance. Her smile was most affable, and her personal appearance extremely graceful. Rising at my approach, her Majesty condescended to address me in French ; which, as well as almost all the European languages, she speaks admirably, and expressed herself in the most flattering manner. I had thus, to my great satisfaction, a favourable opportunity for contemplating her. Her features beamed with hope and happiness. * * * In her husband she possesses the handsomest prince of the age ; and this husband is entirely devoted to her, adoring her as a mistress and respecting her as a master. In the heir to her throne she possesses a son whom she idolizes, adding another to the many joys which fall to her share ; while her own character displays the firmness of a man with the attractive gentleness of a woman. A people, enthusiastically prostrate at her feet, attribute to her none of the evil, and bless her for all the good that occurs. What a destiny, and what an existence ! —*Ibid.*

THE QUEEN'S DANCING.—Accustomed to the fetes of Paris, where it is usual to walk through a quadrille, I was delighted to witness a ball where real dancing was in fashion. The orchestra was perfect, and the coup d'œil of the ball-room was dazzling. The Queen of England has the prettiest little foot in the world, and she dances in the most charming manner : it is said, moreover, that, being mistress of every accomplishment, she sings enchantingly. How many crowns at one and the same time are her's ! In each of the saloons of the palace a throne and dais were erected. As soon as the youthful sovereign had finished dancing in one apartment, she recommenced in the next ; her arrival in and departure from each room being announced by the national air of " God save the Queen." All this gave a new impulse to the fete, as from her Majesty's constantly changing her position, each of the ladies seated in the different salons had the satisfaction in turns of seeing her pass close to them.—*Ibid.*

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

BUSINESS during the past week has ruled exceedingly dull ; as the wool season advances, it is confidently expected, that an improvement in commercial affairs will result from the cheering prospects of this market : clean samples of the new clip have realized at auction as much as 1s. 5d. per lb., the average price may be quoted at 1s. 3d. per lb.

SPEERM OIL.—The cargo, ex *Mary*, of 1800 barrels has changed hands at £58 per tun, and is being transhipped per *Lauchester*, for the London market. The *Potomac*, an American whaler, with 2000 barrels, has called here for supplies on her homeward passage.

TEA.—There has been but little activity in this market, sales have been few and unimportant, good samples of black tea are scarce, and in demand.

SUGAR.—The transactions in this market have been upon a very limited scale, only for immediate wants, and prices remain as former quotations.

CIGARS.—The importation ex *Janet*, realized at auction, No. 3, from 86s. to 90s. ; No. 4, 63s. to 75s. per thousand, in bond. The competition was confined principally to the trade.

In other articles no alteration has occurred worthy of note.

B. S. LLOYD,

Commission Agent, Bridge-street.

November 27th, 1844.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

November 21.—The barque *Emily*, 580 tons, Captain Greaves, from Dublin 18th July, and Hobart Town the 11th instant, with government stores.

November 21.—The brig *Giraffe*, 264 tons, Captain Harvey, from Launceston the 10th instant.

November 23.—The barque *Agincourt*, 543 tons, Captain Neatby, from Woolwich 8th July, Cape of Good Hope 24th September, and Norfolk Island the 12th instant.

November 23.—The brig *Louisa*, 182 tons, Captain Tucker, from Hobart Town the 17th instant.

November 23.—The brig *Christina*, 126 tons, Captain Saunders, from Port Phillip the 20th instant, with potatoes, &c.

November 23.—The barque *Terror*, 257 tons, Captain Harper, from the Whale Fishery, with 500 barrels of black and 200 barrels of sperm oil, having left Sydney on the 24th September, 1843.

November 24.—The steamer *Sovereign*, 119 tons, Captain Cape, from Moreton Bay the 20th instant, with 115 bales wool, 34 casks tallow, &c.

November 24.—The ship *Potomac*, 356 tons, Captain Hussey, from the Whale Fishery, having left Nantucket 14th November, 1841, with 2200 barrels sperm.

November 24.—The schooner *Lady Leigh*, 118 tons, Captain Reid, from Port Nicholson the 8th instant, and Queen Charlotte's Sound the 12th instant, in ballast.

November 25.—The schooner *Wave*, 65 tons, Captain Birk-inshaw, from Port Phillip the 20th instant.

November 26.—The steamer *Maitland*, 103 tons, Captain Parsons, from Port Macquarie with sundries.

November 27.—The brig *Eleanor*, 253 tons, Captain Macfarlane, from Port Nicholson 4th instant, with merchandise.

November 27.—The brig *Tryphena*, 131 tons. Captain Hindmarsh, from Auckland 29th October, with Manganese.

November 27.—The schooner *Wanderer*, 131 tons, Captain Burns, from Port Nicholson the 1st instant, and Queen Charlotte's Sound the 10th instant, with oil and flax.

DEPARTURES.

November 21.—The ship *Sydney*, Captain White, for London.

November 21.—The brig *Portenia*, Captain Richards, for the Isle of Pines.

November 21.—The schooner *William*, Captain Freeman, for Moreton Bay.

November 22.—H.M.S. *Vestal*, 26 guns, Captain Charles Talbot, for Hongkong.

November 22.—The steamer *Shamrock*, Captain Gilmore, for Port Phillip and Launceston.

November 23.—The steamer *James Watt*, Captain Taggart, for Hobart Town.

November 26.—The brig *Caroline*, Captain J. G. Loten, for Launceston.

November 26.—The schooner *Mary Anne*, Captain Amner, for Launceston.

Deaths.

On the 10th July last, at Portsea, Edmund Ives, Esq., (brother-in-law of Mr. Campbell, sen., George-street,) aged seventy-six ; a master in the Royal Navy,—respected by all who knew him, for integrity, bravery, and gentlemanly conduct. Mr. Ives was master of the *Diamond* frigate when his captain, Sir Sidney Smith, was taken prisoner, in the Seine River : three years after Mr. Ives was master of the *Tiger*, and served in that ship at the gallant defence of Acre.

On the 19th instant, drowned at Yass, Miss Hannah Moses, aged 14 years, and also Miss Sarah Moses, aged 12 years, both much regretted by all who knew them for their amiable qualities.

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