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CHRISTMAS.

Good housewife and husband, now chiefly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had :
And both they provide against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have some ;
Good bread, and good drink, a good fire in the hall.
Brawn, pudding and souse, and good mustard withal :
Beef, mutton, and pork, shread pies of the best,
Pig, beale, goose, and capon, and turkey wel drest ;
Cheese, apples and nuts, jollie carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheere.

TUSSER.

No festival time of the Christian calendar is so dear to remembrance, or treasured with such anticipation, as the holiday of Christmas. In the most ancient times, long before the occurrence of that stupendous event which fulfilled the first promise made to man, and gave a *Saviour* to the world, it was the custom of the nations of northern Europe, at the winter solstice, to celebrate with religious festivities, rude and outrageous indeed, the birth of a new year. Nor have the remembrance of these fabulous rites ever been obliterated. Regulated by a better spirit, and intended to exhibit a better purpose, they have, with little actual change, been observed without intermission since the commencement of the Christian era. We have ample accounts, in the histories of the ancient English chroniclers, of the gorgeous pageantries and mummeries of the earlier and middle ages during this festive season, the feastings of the rich and great, their open-handed liberality to the poor, and the wide hospitality and beneficence which prevailed in all places. They also relate that the feast was equally observed in war or in peace, and that even outlaws, homicides, and traitors, were free to join in the universal pastimes and solemnities, that donations and dues were given to the national Church, presents universally exchanged between persons of equal rank, and a welcome and a wassail found for every guest. As the once powerful chains of feudal bondage were broken, and men became less enslaved to each other, and to mutual observances—to us was it left to repeat that true sentiment, “*Clavus, clavo pellitur, consuetudo, consuetudine vincitur.*” Nail is driven out by nail ; one custom vanquishes another.

Our present attention is, however, drawn to a far different scene. To the emigrant from any of the British isles, nothing, in spite of his being well aware of the antipodal difference of the seasons in England and this colony, nothing, we say, appears to him more strange and cheerless for the first time, than the difference between Christmas here, and Christmas *at home* ; and, so great is the force of habit, that he is

by no means satisfied with the loss of many an old-established Christmas custom. He cannot, in New South Wales, welcome hearty Old Father Christmas upon the threshold of his winter-home, nor is he called upon to shovel the falling snow from off his paths and avenues, or to pile the huge Yule-block upon the cheerful hearth. Nor can the schoolboys gather the hawthorn glimmering white, or meet in mimic fight with snowy missiles ; nor can the tender-hearted maiden strew the crumbs so confidently awaited by her favourite robin-redbreast. But, above all does the emigrant severely feel the want of the pleasing concourse of relatives and friends, for at no other time is the heart so peculiarly inclined to revert to the scenes of childhood, the old familiar faces, and the well-remembered homes of our youth and manhood. By and bye, however, new friends are found, and connexions formed, and even he may acknowledge that there is something very cheering in the frequent meetings between them, which still take place at Christmas, and in the comfort which pervades the family circle and the social board. And whatever be the clime to which they may wander, or the privations they may there endure, as long as the descendants of the joyous, cheerful Saxon inhabitants of the rude North have minds stored with remembrances of the hallowed customs of past ages, and hearts stored with improved sympathies, so long will Christmas never be forgotten in cottage or courtier hall ; “for, after all,” says a writer, “what is Christmas but a sweet reunion of all living and natural things which we hold most dear,—sanctioned by a joyful mystery which blends our joy with jubilee of angels above. It is then that sounds and voices speak up from the olden time to a more enlightened generation, blended with emblems germinating ever in the poetry of the human breast, and stifled alone by selfishness and debauched pride.”

“Sanctioned by a joyful mystery”—This brings us to consider the festival in its religious and more correct complexion. The season of Christmas is a season of rejoicing and festivity ; and it is right that it should be so. Angels rejoiced together in the contemplation of Christ’s nativity ; they saw him put on his strange dress of humanity, they saw him shroud all the brightness of his divinity in an earthen vessel, with joy ; they lost sight of the humiliation in the effects that were to result from it : and shall not we, who have so near and personal an interest in those effects, partake in the joy ? Shall we not meet together on such occasions as this with every token of humble but

hearty satisfaction, not merely because there is glory to God in the highest, but because there is on earth peace and good-will towards men? It would be unnatural, and, we would even say unwarrantable, to let Christmas pass over without some extraordinary recognition of the benefits which it commemorates. We think it right and comely that the absent members of a family should, when possible, meet around the social hearth for the interchange of mutual affection, and the participation of mutual happiness. We meet on great occasions of family; and this, if viewed properly, is the greatest of all—this great blessing of a common salvation affords a uniting link of stronger and of holier texture than the firmest and the purest ties of natural kindred and affection.

The object of this portion of our remarks is by no means to seek to engender a morose and gloomy spirit; but to observe that, as to how far the social mirth is allowed to proceed, or of what nature it is to be allowed to consist, must be left to the consciences, individually, of our readers. All do not possess the like sentiments: the case is, indeed, the very reverse. He who looks upon Christmas as more especially a religious festival, will scarcely think it a fit season to hold a feast, where the body is alone thought of, or cared for; but will rather consider it a solemn mockery of the name he bears, to mark that time which he commemorates, perhaps, by a visit to the house of God, with an extraordinary degree of dissipation and frivolity during the rest of the day. All, however different their views on some points may be, agree in condemning such inconsistency. Nothing is more observed by friends than this failing, however exhibited, and, as it were in just retribution, it is sure to be remembered to the shame and disadvantage of the offender.

As we remarked above, such a point is between every man and his own soul. All do not think alike. To rational enjoyments no man can be an enemy, unless biassed by *incorrect* notions of religion, or influenced by morbid feelings, provided that such occasions are signalised by the operation of moral and Christian principles. But it is too true that scenes of more than ordinary riot and debauchery too often present themselves. Dissipation, indeed, of various kinds, is too often the order of the day at this season. The "holiday folk" as they are termed, must have a treat at Christmas at least, if not again for the year, and it is impossible to calculate on the mass of misery which proceeds from initiating young persons in the amusements afforded by the theatres, and other places of still baser pollution. How many a parent has himself entirely to blame for the misconduct of his children, which may be traced back to the cause now adverted to.

In contradistinction to the above picture, it is affected by some, that, in this age of improvement, all kinds of sensual enjoyments are being dethroned, and mental pleasures substituted. We must confess that we hope such will not unconditionally be the case, and confess likewise that we do not think it ever will be. Though we should not relish the "cheerful fire-side" during the summer solstice, and do not recommend the present generation to adopt the mighty "brown bowl" of their fore-fathers, we still would deeply regret to see many of the interesting customs of the days of old fall entirely into disuse. A love of Christmas Festivities seems hitherto to have been closely

intermingled with the more generous and nobler traits of the English character, and long may it so remain. Let us not forget, however, to retain the ancient character for liberality to our poorer brethren. Whilst we feast on the bounty of the Author of Christmas, let us plead for mercy and largess for the wretched, the friendless, and above all, for the poor, who—when we remember the celestial favour shewn to lowly shepherds alone, at the birth of one who loved the poor—have, at this season, a prescriptive and peculiar right to our liberal attention.

[Prompted by a wish to enhance the cheerfulness and hilarity so congenial to the season, we cannot restrain ourselves from recommending, or rather reminding our readers of a real Christmas tale, (no one, even the most morose, can say he has not found pleasure in a tale) one written expressly for Christmas, and which is presented complete in the present volume. It is Boz's "Christmas Carol," a tale that can be read with interest twice, aye, and thrice,—a tale that points out, with inimitable pleasantry, the moral benefits to be derived from a due and proper celebration of the festival of Christmas, which, be it remembered, does not consist of one day alone. We allude to the Christmas Holidays. The tale we have pointed out, if read attentively, and with a desire to be so benefitted, will express more than we could say, were the foregoing lengthy remarks doubled; and we do not doubt but that some of our readers will, in their ardour, forthwith put the Index, presented with the present Number, to its legitimate use; while, in the spirit of the season, we will conclude with the final sentence of the tale referred to:—"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!"]

THE NATIVITY.

[REV. THOMAS DALE.]

A LIGHT is kindled o'er the midnight sky,
Of broad unwonted brightness; the hush'd air
Is filled with sounds of strange sweet melody,
As though an angel-choir were hymning there
Celestial strains, and each aerial power
Had lit the starry-lamp within his beacon-tower.

And hark! fresh sounds; and lo! the scattered beams
Condense into a wreath of living light,
Pure as the chaste cold moonbeams, yet more bright
Than the full noontide blaze; behold! it streams
Above, around an earthly dwelling-place—
Heaven sheds its purest rays on some of mortal race!

Why shine ye thus, ye heavens? and wherefore, earth!
Art thou thus graced by splendour not thine own?
Say, who and where is he at whose glad birth
Reveal'd the glory of the Lord hath shone?
Not thus it kindled when the Law was given,
And through its central caves was startled Sinai riven!

Is it the hoped Deliverer, whose dread sword
Shall smite the heathen hosts in holiest war?
Is it the sceptre now at length restored
To Judah's royal line? The sacred Star
That shall outshine the day's proud orb, and bless
Glad Israel's rescued seed—a Sun of Righteousness?

'Tis all, 'tis more! Upon a lowly bed,
Within a lowliest dwelling, there is One
Not earthly though on earth, and though the Son
Of God, yet born of woman! Round his head
Those rays are circling, till they seem to shine
With such resplendent blaze as gilds the throne divine!

Well may they shine! It is the promised Son,
Emmanuel, God with us, revealed on earth,
The living image of the viewless One!
Well may they shine! By his auspicious birth
Peace comes to dwell on earth—joy reigns in heaven—
Hell trembles—sin is chained—death vanquish'd—man
forgiven!

THE RIVALS.

Most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision.

SHAKESPEARE.

"NEPHEW Philip! nephew Philip! I will bear it no longer: one prank following another, night and day, day and night,—brawling and feasting with your flashing gallants:—what care I for fine name and silk doublet? I, Luke Malmsey, of Malmsey Manor, knighted by his late sacred majesty's own sword!—I, that have spoken in parliament, and ruffled at court with the best!—I, that have stayed in retirement to give you a proper bringing up!—Did not worthy Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve teach you to fear God, honour the king, and obey me in all things?—and Barnaby the huntsman train you in woodcraft?—and I myself show you how to carve a woodcock when you had shot it,—to sing a song, and give a toast? And what will return have you made for all my care,—ay, what return I say, nephew Philip? When I sleep don't you wake me?—when I speak don't you contradict me?—is dinner ever served at noon, or supper at six? Are not my old serving-men flouted by your town lackeys? Did not you, or a brother knave, shoot Roan Barbary in the paddock,—poor old Roan, that carried me to meet King James of blessed memory? Go to, graceless! I'm not dead yet,—no, nor ailing yet; and I'll be obeyed and respected by my own household,—and therefore I'll MARRY, varlet!—think upon that now!"

Sir Luke ceased speaking, not because his anger was exhausted, but that he lacked breath to give it utterance.—Complainant and culprit were both sitting together, after the evening, or, as a modern would term it, afternoon meal, complete opposites in dress, character, and appearance. Arrayed in a loose night-robe of murrey-coloured damask, stiff enough to support itself on one end, with sleeves of sufficient width to contain a nephew in each, Sir Luke Malmsey occupied, in every sense, a tub-like arm-chair, which, with its massy frame, and cumbersome cushions, would have shamed half a dozen degenerate *fauteuils*. On a stand, which matched the dark walnut wainscoting of the room, lay the materials for smoking; and beside them stood a huge silver cup filled with clarey, wine made hot, and flavoured with honey and costly spices. The knight's appearance bespoke him a choleric, credulous, indolent, good-natured, old bachelor; who ate often, slept much, expected deference, and had no objection to flattery. He was, moreover, to quote a few lines of an excellent old ballad, "*The Old and Young Courtier*,"

A worshipful country gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate;
With an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
He every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages.

With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks;
With an old hall hung round with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows;

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
&c.

Opposite to him sat his nephew, who also looked what in reality he was; a personification of mirth and mischief; a conceited, frolicsome, refractory youth, who had so long considered himself, and been considered by others, the undoubted heir to Sir Luke's estate, that he was apt to forget that at present Sir Luke was its possessor. His person was handsome, and from the scrupulous care manifested in its decoration, it seemed that none were better aware of this circumstance than Master Philip himself. The leg was "a reasonable good one," and arrayed consequently in tight-fitting silken hose; his figure was elegant, and therefore the velvet doublet was closely buttoned; while his hair hung down to the falling collar of delicately wrought cambric, in elaborate, and yet not ungraceful curls.

From these slight sketches of their respective characters, it will readily be supposed that uncle and nephew were the plague of each other's existence. There is, however, a point, beyond which none may venture to give, because none will endure, offence; and Master Philip having recently returned from town with a fresh importation of friends and fopperies, and having with their aid, performed a few characteristic exploits,

Sir Luke was provoked to threaten the desperate remedy of marriage.

"Now, by the thistle of St. James!" exclaimed the scapegrace, on hearing his uncle's determination, "one would think that finding a wife was as easy as buying a horse: and which of our fair neighbours will you deign to accept?"

Sir Luke vouchsafed no reply; but continued, to use the phrase of the period, "taking" his tobacco, "that stinking weed" as Stowe terms it, "so much abused to God's dishonour." Not aware that the portentous puffs which ever and anon emanated from his uncle's lips, were in fact so many expressions of anger, Master Philip resumed his banter.

"Well but, uncle—uncle Luke, I say, the thought is a thrifty one—our matters are not well looked to—we need a woman's eye;—this wainscoting, with all its "dainty devices," looks but dingily methinks;—our tapestry hangings lack repair;—the Queen of Sheba's petticoats are indecorously rent, uncle, and King Solomon hath no longer eyes to see the mischief;—the rusty bucklers in the hall cry out for Margery the scullion—our silver —"

Sir Luke's patience was exhausted; and he interrupted these audacious allusions to his household gods, by sending forth a sudden gust of smoke which effected, what no remonstrance would have done, it brought tears into his nephew's eyes; but the graceless youth, after applying his perfumed and embroidered handkerchief to the suffering organs, returned to the charge.

"Fie—fie, good uncle! an' I had been been your lady just then!—portly Mistress Cicely of the Hold, in her scarlet kirtle, and Sunday hood, with two rings on each finger, and her purse and keys gingling at her waist;—or Lady Beatrice, uncle,—only fancy the Lady Beatrice, covering her eyes with her dainty hand, and saying, "Sooth la, Sir Luke, you are an odious brute!"

The young heir was a madcap, but his apparently random introduction of these fair dames was a stroke of policy. They were the only unmarried ladies of consideration in the immediate neighbourhood, and he wished to sound his uncle's sentiments with respect to them. Mistress Cicely of the Hold, would, he well knew, have little objection to come Mistress Cicely of Malmsey Manor; but the Lady Beatrice, the refined the beautiful, the coquettish Lady Beatrice, although dependent on her brother, would, he knew, just as soon accept an offer to live in a rook's nest.

At length the knight opened his mouth for the purpose of speech. "Nephew Philip," said he, in a voice that made nephew Philip wish that his discretion had equalled his impertinence, "the father of Lady Beatrice was a worthy gentleman, my well-esteemed friend, albeit too fond of wasting his patrimony in tricking out his grounds and dwelling after a vain and foreign fashion; but that matters nothing to thee, or to thy concerns, nephew Philip, which are wellnigh settled;—troop thy ways hence before to-morrow noon; take all that belongs to thee—horse, hound, hawk, lackey, belt, blade, and scabbard; leave not a feather behind—go to town, go to court, go to Saint Nicholas, an' thou wilt—but come not within sight of Luke Malmsey, and Malmsey Manor, on this side doomsday—think upon that now!"

The choleric of an habitually calm man, or the calmness of one habitually choleric, is equally to be dreaded; and this last speech of the knight's, uttered in a quiet, determined tone, convinced the young heir that for the present the sun of his fortune was obscured. Aware, that as yet neither submission nor remonstrance would avail him, he retired, with a crest-fallen aspect, very foreign to one so incorrigibly volatile. Meanwhile, Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve, and gray headed Barnaby, the huntsman, were summoned in turn to Sir Luke's retiring-room. The conference held with the worthy chaplain, and the commission intrusted to him, we are not yet privileged to unfold; but with the errand confided to the inferior agent, the reader shall be made acquainted.

Barnaby was a spoiled, self-willed domestic, and so in truth were all who held a place at Malmsey Manor; but when, in the present instance, he left his master's presence and hastened to the court-yard, there was such a visible increase of his usual self-sufficiency, the luckless understrappers in office received so many supernumerary cuffs, that it was evident Barnaby had sustained some recent honour.

"What, ho there!—knaves, loiterers, prattling fools, wasting Sir Luke's time, and neglecting my business, with a vengeance to ye—fly, rascals fly! sort Black Bess as if King Charles were going to ride her, and see that girth, spur, and stirrup are in order!" Barnaby was proceeding to give other directions equally loud and lofty, when master Philip, who had been

lounging about the court-yard, approached, and accosted him after his usual fashion.

"And pray, old green-skirts, where may you be for?"

But he of hound and horn, was well acquainted with what had occurred to alter their respective stations, and his reply was worded accordingly.

"A private mission, fair sir, a private mission," said he, slightly touching his cap, and turning on the instant to address one of his myrmidons.

The young man slipped into Barnaby's hand that which makes all private missions public; and the ambassador's voice regained its usually submissive key. "A letter, your honour, nothing more, some trifling purchase in London—for the love of life, master Philip, don't break it open," exclaimed the huntsman ruefully, as he saw his companion after perusing the superscription—"To Master Zachary Pantofle, tailor and tireman, beside the Boar's-head, near London Stone"—deliberately remove the fastening from the epistle, and peruse its contents, which were to this effect.

"Master Zachary,—

"By the bearer, who will pay you all reasonable charges for the same, you will send down a full suit of good fashioned clothes, made in the court manner, and becoming occasion of more state than ordinary. I pray you give good heed hereunto; you will but need to look on the bearer of this token, to know the size of the garments needed, in expectation of which, I rest yours,

"LUKE MALMSEY, of Malmsey Manor."

The mercurial Philip was ready to dance with delight, at this unexpected opportunity of perpetrating a piece of mischief; nevertheless, he concealed his evil intentions under a serious aspect. "Barnaby," said he, "it is well you have shown me this letter, there is a matter of consequence omitted; how rejoiced I am at the discovery—at what hour do you set forth?"

"At the break of dawn your honour."

"Then knock at the door of my sleeping-room, when you are belted and spurred; and now to bed, to bed, good Barnaby, you will heed repose," said the youth, at the same time administering a golden anodyne.

At the hour appointed, the unsuspecting messenger received back the letter to Mr. Zachary Pantofle, bearing the following addition:

"Varlet!

"An' thou hopest again to stitch doublet, or touch money of mine, obey my orders touching Sir Luke's bravery. Make them, I charge thee, of patterns and colours most diverse and strange. Where it is proper to use one yard of stuff, employ two; instead of a single feather, see thou dost mount the hat with three or more, and adorn the other garments with lace and gauds in proportion. Be obedient and discreet. Thine of old,

"PHILIP MALMSEY."

Leaving these several worthies to their various pursuits, plans, and journeys, the scene now changes from the old fashioned mansion, with its host of little chimneys, straight walks, yew-tree hedges resembling walls of fortification, and ornamented bears and griffins, to the elegant seclusions of STANLEY PLEASANCE.

The place accorded well with its name; less, however, for the size and decorations of the dwelling, than for the extreme beauty of the grounds. They were laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with terraces paved in mosaic work; small pleasure pavilions embowered in groves, diversified with verdant lawns, and choice flower-beds; *jets d'eau*; marble statuary; the walks were sheltered from the sunbeams by interlacing trees, whilst a magnificent sheet of water formed a perfect mirror to all the adjacent beauties.

In one of the pavilions which looked out upon the stream we have mentioned, stood a youthful pair, for whom the place appeared a fit home, as they, fit companions for each other. The one was a graceful cavalier, attired with a costly simplicity, which bespoke, as did his every look and gesture, noble birth, and courtly breeding. His fair companion was beautiful, her charm consisted in variety of expression and change of mood. Her eye could suffuse itself with tears, her voice take the tone of tenderness; but it was the transition to brilliant frolic, gay coquetry, and sportive wiles, which rendered her so enchanting. Like that of the cavalier, her attire was at once costly in material, and simple in its fashion. Her robe was composed of pearl-colour satin, and her bodice, of the same material, was confined to her waist by a belt of twisted silk and silver; whilst the delicate hand and arm, whenever exposed (and that was not seldom), seemed yet more exquisitely proportioned, from

their contrast with the massy folds of the large hanging sleeve. Her dark and luxuriant hair was in part braided, and part, as if it were forgotten, hung down to her neck in ringlets, confined only over her brow by a single row of pearls.

It was the Lady Beatrice, and her affianced lover, for whom, when absent, she sighed; and whom she tormented when, as at the present, he stood beside her, whispering true-love vows and tender flatteries.

"Ah, now, good Julian, prithee tell me something new; thou hast likened me unto a star and a flower, till I am sick of my emblems—something new now an' you mean me to listen."

"The lady Beatrice repays truth with kindness, and devotion with respect," said the cavalier, with a sigh;—"that is new, for I never yet witnessed it."

"Grievous, yet passing good, that hit of thine; but come now, Julian," said the lady, assuming a most provoking air of languor and *ennui*, "relate me some town news—some new fashion,—I doubt I get clownish in my gear (a coquettish glance at her elegant robe accompanied this sally,) or sing me, an' thou wilt, some new ditty of thine own—any thing to spur on that lame varlet Time."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, what heard I of town news, or new fashions, when thou art near; true love, lady, requires nought beyond the presence of its object."

"Grammercy—but that doctrine suits not me," replied the mischievous beauty,—"now, here art thou, a reasonably good companion in thy way—tolerably esteemed by me and mine—yet I would some merry minstrel, or chance guest, or pleasant comedy were here—for thy sake, too, good Julian;—find you not the Pleasance dull after Whitehall revels?"

The lover was prevented making the expected answer by the entrance of a third person.

"O woman, woman!" exclaimed the intruder; "as many whims are thine as there be leaves on yonder aspen, and each as lightly hung. Julian, boy, never heed her; trust me, she can pine and sigh when thou art safely out of hearing,—nay, Mistress Beatrice, never wrinkle your brow, and double your hand—pretty, both of them, I grant; but come, now, crown me for a wizard,—here are you sighing for change, affronting your knight, abusing my poor Pleasance, and lo, I appear with work cut out for you—breaking of hearts, trying of tempers, masquing, and mischief, to your heart's content."

"Now, Walter, dear Walter! an' say you so?—and how came it about? oh, tell me,—in truth I love mischief!"

"Or thou wert not woman," replied the last speaker, the fair heroine's elder and only brother, who had, as we have seen, joined the lovers before they were aware, and so overheard his sister's characteristic speech,—“why, Beatrice, thou wilt hang thyself some day, in order to pass time."

"But the masque, the mischief, dear Walter!"

"All in good time, girl," replied the young man, with mock gravity. "First answer me truly—mean you to jilt Sir Julian, or having made him serve a Jacob's courtship, with a Job's patience, mean you at last to become his plague for life?"

"For life, Walter, assuredly, if at all," replied the arch beauty.

"And you, sir knight," said Walter turning to Julian, "feel you so secure in this lady's favour, that you dare allow the approach of a rival; a gay and gallant suitor, who backs the offer of his heart with that of a rich old manor?"

"Ah, Philip, frolicsome Philip!" said Beatrice with vivacity.

Her lover bit his lip.

"The honour intended you is far greater," replied Walter, gravely.

"Well, it matters not to me who or what may be the suitor," said Beatrice, frankly, for she had observed Sir Julian's momentary jealousy; "but read us your riddle, nevertheless, good brother, if you mean us not to die with curiosity."

"Well, then," said he, drawing from his bosom a large unwieldy epistle, written in the stiff hand used by clerks and notaries, "this comes from the worthy knight Sir Luke Malmsey, to the honourable son (save the mark!) of his esteemed friend the late Walter Cecil; stating, in due form of courteous speech, his intention of speedily passing some days at Stately Pleasance, in the hope that the honourable son, and lady daughter of his late esteemed friend, will afterwards partake of the cheer of Malmsey Manor."

"I am as much in the dark as an owl at noon!" said Beatrice, laughing, "what brings the knight here, think ye, and who did his errand?"

"Truly, the messenger is worthy Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve, who hath hinted to me his own private belief that further honour is intended our house—that his patron hath a passing thought, a half-formed inclination, to make the Lady Beatrice,

of Stately Pleasance, the Lady Beatrice, of Malmsey Manor; orchards, paddocks, wainscoting, tapestry-hangings, hunting-gear, and rusty armour included."

A long and merry laugh burst from the young lovers, as this inventory of the knight's treasures was concluded.

"And this," said Walter, drawing forth another epistle, which from its smaller size, and scrawled characters, appeared to be the production of a more fashionable scribe—"this comes by another hand, from frolicsome Philip, who, having got note of his uncle's intentions, prays me, on the score of old friendship, to entreat thee, on the strength of thy womanly wit, to give the old gentleman, during his abode with us, such awful impressions of the blessed state of matrimony, as shall convince him, that one wife would be a sorer evil than twenty nephews, though every one were a Nephew Philip, and so he commends himself to our good offices, of which, at present, he hath great need, being forbidden Sir Luke's presence and Malmsey Manor till doomsday, unless means are devised to shorten the term."

"I see it all—it is all planned—no masque will be half so merry; dearest Julian, do but you and Walter play your parts, and I engage to send him to his grave in a week."

"Gad-a-mercy, Beatrice!" said Sir Julian laughing, "I like not the precedent."

"Well, then, to his arm-chair, if you like it better!" and the gay enchantress commenced a detail of those plans of proceeding, which, at present, it would be premature to disclose. The reader will naturally suppose that Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve carried back to his patron many honourable messages from the master and mistress of Stately Pleasance, assuring him of warm welcome and greeting on his arrival.

Little aware of the plot in progress, or of the one already effected, as soon as Barnaby returned from his mission, the unsuspecting knight arrayed himself in the garments ordered for him by his wicked nephew, and set forth on a slow, sleek, unwieldy steed, that, taken in connexion with its rider, appeared a moving elephant and castle.

Full well had Master Zachary obeyed Philip's commands. Sir Luke's new suit, like that of the patriarch Joseph's, was "of many colours." On his high-crowned velvet hat nodded three scarlet feathers, whilst the brim was enriched, both within and without, with gold twist and spangles. His voluminous cloak, of crimson stuff, was rendered yet more conspicuous by a profusion of gold lace; his lilac satin doublet was adorned to correspond, and his galey-gascoignes (or, to modernize the word, gally-gaskins), were made in that enormous fashion which treacherous Master Zachary well knew to be obsolete even amongst the vulgar. Every article was in character; the tips of the cuffs aspired to the elbow—the collar fell below the shoulders; the doublet drooped to the knees; the cloak trailed upon the ground, and the top of each boot resembled an open warming-pan!

So graced, so gilded, or to use a more convenient metaphor, so tin-foiled, not ten housewives' pewter shone brighter than Sir Luke; and he, being naturally vain and credulous, began really to believe, on the faith of Barnaby the huntsman, Peter the butler, and Deborah the housekeeper, that he was the very pink and pattern of a gallant gentleman; one whom the Lady Beatrice might be proud to see at her feet. His reception at Stately Pleasance tended to confirm him in his opinion of his own importance. The master of the mansion testified becoming anxiety for the honour of his alliance; the Lady Beatrice appeared delighted with his attentions, and required them on all occasions, whilst Sir Julian was played off as a scorned and presumptuous suitor; and so cleverly was the plot contrived and carried on, that before he was aware, the old knight found himself cajoled out of all his accustomed comforts, and installed into the office of an accepted lover. It was worse than field service to a militia man; comfort and honour, vanity and self-indulgence, were pitted one against the other: and the suitor and the old bachelor had many a conflict. The Lady Beatrice would never trust herself on horseback without Sir Luke's escort, and she found it conducive to health to ride several hours each day, and at a speed that sorely annoyed the worthy knight's bones. When dismounted, the Lady Beatrice was passionately fond of walking, and no arm was welcome but that which would have been most willingly withheld. The Lady Beatrice grew troubled with fainting fits at the smell of tobacco; and, to rove his affection, Sir Luke gave up his pipe; added to this, she suddenly lost her appetite, and could no longer endure that other persons should eat a hearty meal, and the knight, out of complaisance, was constrained to feed like a sparrow. Yet so well did the wily maiden flatter his self-love, whilst inflicting upon him every species of personal

torture, that he really believed that all things were what they appeared.

Towards the end of a week thus spent, Beatrice perceived by certain infallible signs, that matters were in such a state that she might venture upon the *coup de grace*. She accordingly selected a particularly sultry afternoon, and, immediately after dinner, proposed a saunter through the grounds. Her brother and Sir Julian, previously instructed in their parts, were ordered to follow, and she set forth with Sir Luke determined upon being more flatteringly tiresome than ever. It is for the reader to judge of her success.

"By my troth, madam," said the knight, as he puffed along, no bad representation of Patience in purgatory,—"and by your ladyship's leave, I will doff this red blanket of mine, before the sun coin its gold lace into marks,—marry, I shall drop."

"What throw off my favourite colour!" said his fair companion, in a reproachful tone, "and a garment so becoming!—La now, Sir Luke, the malapert Julian is jealous of that cloak, and thinks it obtains for you the favour he craves in vain,—by my word but Walter shall have its fellow."

Flattered, but not consoled, the poor gentleman refastened the ponderous garment, and trudged on beside his beautiful tormentor, in a state bordering upon dissolution. "Now a plague on those idle boys!" said the lady, when they had wandered a considerable distance from the house, "kind, kind Sir Luke, it shames me, indeed it does, to ask it,—but I pray you just step back and rouse them; say I wait on the south terrace, and bid Mungo bring his guitar and join us there."

The distressed knight groaned inwardly, and could scarcely suppress the rising wish, that cloak, lady, Walter, Julian, Mungo, and guitar, were quietly and together in the Red Sea. Visions of departed comfort, pipes that he had smoked, dinners that he had eaten, and sleeps that he had slept, crowded on his mind; and oppressed with the weight of his cloak, and the weight of his thoughts, the poor cavalier was ready to weep. He fulfilled, however, his mission, and with the young men and the sable musician returned to the terrace, in the vain hope of being allowed a short respite from exertion; for, according to the old song, his happiness did not consist

"In motion, but in rest."

But Philip's guardian genius, the lady Beatrice, quickly perceiving the weary and wobegone aspect of her knight, determined to put forth all her wiles and wickedness, in order to complete the good work she had undertaken. She gave Sir Julian his lesson; and immediately that cavalier, with humble air, and downcast eyes, as though unworthy of the honour he sought, approached, and prayed her to grant him her hand for some short space, and tread with him a single measure, either a stately galliard, or the more lively *lavolta*.

"It were fitting in sooth," replied Beatrice, with well-affected scorn, "to bestow such mark of favour on a gallant that loiters over the dinner-board when bidden elsewhere by the lady of his suit—stand back, Sir Laggard! To him who is ever prompt in active service and knightly devoir, is that compliment rightly due: I pray you," said the lovely malicious, presenting her fair hand to Sir Luke, and accompanying the action with her most attractive smile—"I pray you accept the meed you have earned—Mungo, thy briskest air."

It was in vain that the hapless lord of Malmsey Manor declined the proffered grace, assuring the lady, with rueful contortions of face, of his willingness to pleasure her in any thing not impossible; of his utter ignorance of the graceful art of dancing, in which he doubted not Sir Julian was well skilled; his assertions were gainsaid; and he was compelled to yield to his tyrant, and the *lavolta*, a whirling, twisting, tee-totum kind of dance, bearing some resemblance to the modern waltz, was performed by the ill-assorted partners, so as to present a lively image of the tavern sign—an Angel in conjunction with a Woolpack.

Hot, faint, breathless, ready to drop with fatigue, Sir Luke heeded not the praises lavished on his performance by the bystanders. As soon as the purgatorial exertion was concluded, he hastened to occupy a seat which was formed in an angle of the terrace wall; but his lady's eye was on him, and precisely as he was on the point of anchoring in the desired haven, just as there remained but a step, a single step between his aching bones and rest, the merciless Beatrice dropped her fan at his feet! Sir Julian, who saw the manœuvre, drew back to laugh at leisure; Walter peeped over his shoulder with well-affected gravity, while the lady herself raised her pretty hand, and chid herself for carelessness, and taunted the younger knights with their lack of courtesy, and vowed that her good Sir Luke would spoil her by excess of attention. Slowly, and with

labour dire, he prepared for a last effort of expiring complaisance. Leaning grievously upon his walking-staff with one hand, he lowered himself till the other reached the ground; and then picking up the implement of mischief, restored it to the author of his pain.

"Thou hast won Philip's pardon, girl," whispered Walter, "that last blow of thine drove the nail up to the head!"

He spake truly. We have heard of the temple that was fabled to be constructed with such nicety, that a wren, perching on one of its pinnacles, destroyed the balance, and overthrew the fabric. Such effect did the incident of the fan produce upon Sir Luke's gallantry. It was the drop added to a brimming cup—the touch giving to a falling column,—and when night arrived, and he retired to bed (at Stately Pleasance, his only place of rest), thus soliloquised "the much enduring man;"

"And I, Luke Malmsey, to play the fool;—I that had been my own master for fifty years and upwards—to ride, run, starve, and dance, God wot! like an ape in a string!—a stone weight have I lost in the last week—a stone! may I never fill pipe again, an' I have not lost two. Oh! Luke, Luke, that thy old bones were but in thine own arm chair, in thine own manor. MARRY! whip me to death like a blinded bear first! A WIFE! as many nephews as would require a ship's rigging for balsters rather. Ah, poor Philip! frolicsome as I was myself, but no worse than other youths—no worse say I? not half so bad; poor dear boy, grieving, I'll warrant, after my favour; laying plans to gain forgiveness! my own brother's son, too—as worthy Mr. Cassocksleeve says, a living family picture;—no, no, Madame Beatrice, I'm not to be cozened out of Malmsey Manor by your bright eyes and cunning smiles. I'll sit still when I like, and eat as much dinner as I like—and I'll be my own master—ay, and I'll have peace and quietness, and therefore I'll go HOME:—think upon that now!"

Sleep, instead of awakening, confirmed the knight's wise resolution. Business of importance (that lie of centuries) called him home the next morning, and though the Lady Beatrice complained much of his sudden departure, and testified becoming chagrin on the occasion, neither she nor her brother threatened him with an action for breach of promise of marriage.

Our readers will surely save us the trouble of winding up our history. They will imagine for themselves, that Master Philip had soon occasion to thank the Lady Beatrice for her successful efforts in his favour; that he made as many promises of future good behaviour as satisfied his uncle; and kept as many of them as satisfied himself; that worthy Mr. Cassocksleeve was speedily required to perform for Sir Julian and Beatrice the clerical service which he had once anticipated he should perform for that lady and his patron. If a great lover of poetical justice, the reader may imagine yet further, that though Sir Luke Malmsey was afterwards a frequent guest at Stately Pleasance, he was never again required to dance the lavolta, or refrain from smoking; or walk after dinner, or, in short, do any one thing contrary to his own inclinations.

CROSS READINGS.

THE neighbourhood and inhabitants of Parramatta were the other day thrown into great consternation and confusion in consequence of the—glass gunpowder being prepared only by T. Wilkins.

A GLUTTON for a trifling wager ate up—two old houses just about to be pulled down.

A VERY numerous and highly respectable meeting was held at the London Tavern for the purpose of—forging a £5 Bank of England note.

A DESPERATE character was brought before the sitting magistrate on Tuesday charged with—fifteen barrels of gunpowder and other combustible matter.

WANTED immediately several hundred men to superintend the—education of four children who will be considered as one of the family.

It is strongly rumoured that the Americans presumptuously intend to invade England with—a large coal barge quite new.

A MAN was lately brought to the Police Office charged with having picked a gentleman's pocket of—a fine chesnut horse, thorough-bred, sixteen hands high. There were the strongest proofs of his guilt.

A LITTLE favourite white mouse belonging to the promising son of Admiral Higgins littered last week—three waterfalls, two mop-sticks, a nut, and a rope of onions.

It is stated that at the next anniversary meeting of the School of Arts a motion will be brought forward to consider the propriety of petitioning the Governor for—a new pair of boots.

Original Poetry.

THE EXQUISITE'S SONG.

[AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD.]

Air—"A Story I've heard in my Youth."

SOME sing of the passion of Love,
And some to bright Hope fled and gone;
I sing when there's music above,
Of the joys of the Fops—being one!

For I'm blow'd if yon feller who writes
'Bout my dingy fop-case and new boots,
Thro' spite (at my last cut) indites,
Being both out of pocket and suits.

I'm not quite six feet yet in height,
Altho' I'm the height of a cane,
And he, to his sorrow, a fright,
For the ladies they all say the same.

He begs that the Legislature
Will take steps to banish our class,
Or else the dear ladies, he's sure,
Must (*cap-a-pié*) steal as they pass.

Did any dear body e'er hear
Of a stigma like this on our class,
Whose heels are of leather—I fear
That his have too much of the brass.

As for arrows of Cupid—such stuff,
Which he styles quite an impudent strain,
You may guess why he's put in a huff,
When he lacks of good sense in his brain.

That our friends in George-street us salute
With a bow quite polite in the fashion,
Is as true that we lay out in fruit
More than he the whole week for a ration.

So let him e'en rate on and write
'Gainst us *exquisite* gentlemen swells,
We'll lounge all the day—and the night
We'll dance with the elegant belles.

Repeat. So let him e'en rate on and write
'Gainst us *exquisite* gentlemen swells,
We'll lounge all the day—and the night
We'll dance with the elegant belles.

LATEST FROM MORETON BAY.

O CAME ye here the wool to shear,
Or herd the sheep with me, man,
Or was you down to Brisbane town
And did the steamer see, man?
I saw the steamer, hissing hot,
The sugar and the tea I got;
But room for cargo she has not,
For tallow or for wool, I wot,
From you nor yet from me, man!

And have you told the Captain bold
When he shall come again, man,
That he for me must in his hold
Good stowage room retain, man?
I saw the Captain, bold and bluff,
The Agent likewise, sure enough;
The stores I saw all cramm'd with stuff,
And Squatters huff and puff and fuff,
That more they can't contain man!

The Storekeepers were quite enrag'd—
But what more, can they do, man?
The schooner *Argo's* been engag'd
To go a trip or two, man.
The place is full of loaded drays—
The bullock teams choke up the ways—
And horses graze, and munch their maize,
And such a bustle all my days
I really never knew, man!

JASONSON.

MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. 27.

BEWARE of a silent dog and still water.

Beware of a too-sanguine dependence on future expectations

Beware of bosom sins.

Beware of enemies reconciled, and meat twice-boiled.

Beware of him who regards not his reputation.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Beware to whom you commit the secrets of your mind.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Bitter pills may have blessed effects.

Blow the wind never so fast, it will lower at last.

Books, alone, can never teach the use of books.

Borrowed garments never fit well.

Varieties.

CHILDREN.—“What a charming word is the one we have written—‘Children!’ It speaks of joy, of hope, of filial gratitude and love; of happy homes, of cheerful fire-sides, of family banquets, of festive holidays, of daughterly tenderness, of the protection and defence offered by a son to his mother, of tales told of seers and soothsayers, of ghosts and apparitions, to pass away the last half an hour before bed time; of pleasure-parties, of healthful games and mirthful sports. Of fun and frolic, and of the poetry and sunshine of life, without either its tempests or its clouds. ‘Children!’ There is something talismanic in the influence, harmonious in the sound, cheering in the promise, of that sweet word. Chaucer would make us in love with them when he says—

‘A little scole of Christan folk ther stood
Down at the further end, in which ther were
Children an hepe, comen of Christan blood,
That lerned in that scole yere by yere
Sweete manere doctrine as men used there;
This is to say to singen and to rede
As smale children don in hir childehede.’

‘Bless their charming voices!’ say we. The notes of such a band are worth all the songs of all the feathered songsters of ten thousand groves. Childhood is the laughing month of May; the butterfly’s merriest whirl; the lark’s highest matin ascent and song; the green grass blade looking its variet best; the pretty flower of the gayest dress, and refreshing spring-time odour; the sunshine of a day without night, fatigue without depression, of repose without care, and of bliss without alloy. Childhood! why its very showers are dewdrops, and its passing tears are followed by refreshment and hope. We never think of children without associating with that dear word the sorrow of the patriarch, who exclaimed, in the bitterness of his grief, that without them he was indeed bereft.—Rachael might well weep for her offspring because they were not. Benjamin, the beloved one, excited no excessive or unnatural anxiety. Yes, blessed is the man who had his quiver full of them, for he shall not be ashamed to meet his enemies in the gate; and he who described them as olive branches round about his table had a heart as well as a harp, well tuned to all that was delicate, refined, sensitive, graceful, and yet thrilling.”—*Frazer’s Magazine*.

“WHAT DO YOU ask for this article?” inquired Obadiah of a young Miss. “Fifteen shillings.” “Ain’t you a little dear?” “Why,” she replied, blushing, “all the young men tell me so.”

GENUINE CLOWNISH REGRET.—After passing the afternoon in the wheat field, the children amusing themselves with catching and examining the most curious butterflies and other insects that came under their notice, the whole party, harvest men and all, when the last load of corn had been ricked, sat down to a famous old English supper of beef, pudding, and home-brewed ale, that had been prepared for them in the barn. What a pleasure it was to see the tired, hungry, and red-faced labourers pegging away at their hunks of meat and brown bread! and how they laughed and quizzed each other!—One of the party, a long, bony, old fellow, who had pitched many a sheaf from the cart to the rick, and who had eaten enough to choke a wolf, particularly excited the merriment of his comrades. “Why Jem,” said one, “you pick your morsels *loike* a fine *laady!*—your *stomick* seems delicate to-day.” “Oh! he’s *fmikin*,” said another, “because he’s invited out to supper. He wouldn’t be so *ongen-teel* as to eat in our common way *loike!*” “Its quite pleasant to see him

so *perlite*,” said a third. “And how daintily he sips his liquor!—like a sparrow.” “You shouldn’t wipe your mouth with the back of your hand afore *coompany*, Jem!” “Where’s your thing-um-bob—your *napkin?*” “I say—old fellow—you’ll never be able to do a day’s work if you play at knife and fork in that ‘ere dandy way;—why you’ll never keep life and soul together. See there!—there’s a little bit to put into a gentleman’s mouth!—it aint so big as my fist.” The only answer Jem made to their jibes, (for he was to busy to talk much), were, “I’ll tell you what, young chaps!—eat as I may, I know you’d rather keep me a week than a fortnight. I don’t get such a supper as this seven days in the week; and its my maxim to make hay while the sun shines!” As they were clearing the board of the provisions, a lubberly young lad at the further end, who had sat for some time quite silent, and with his mouth wide open, suddenly burst into tears. “Hal-lo! what’s the matter with you, Giles, what are you howling arter?” “Why—why,” said he, sobbing, “aint it enough to make any one roar to see all that nice pudding going away, and I *can’t eat no more!*”—*Adam the Gardener*.

“A-LASS! A-lass!” as the old bachelor exclaimed, when he felt a desire to marry. He made the same exclamation after marriage, but spelt it differently.—*New York Paper*.

A MATCH.—It is Betty’s “Sunday out.” Betty is a good g’rl, and, what’s more, good-looking, and moreover dresses well, and further, is well shaped, eke respectable; and, in addition, is beloved by every body, especially by the handsome butcher in her street, who is single, and, in a moment when butchers are as tender as their meat, popped the question whether she had any prejudice against butchers; and Betty, like the tender creature she is, answered that “She had no prejudice against any one;” when Crump, for that’s his name, taking heart, asked her “If she would dislike being a butcher’s wife?” and Betty, turning red, and then pale, and then red again, replied that “She would as lief be a butcher’s wife as a baker’s for that, with the *purvisor* that she liked the butcher better than the baker;” so that the thing is as good as settled that she is to be Mrs. Crump. And this is the reason why she looks so red, broiling, and fluttered to-day. She has a dozen friends to whom she must tell the important secret; they live at all corners of the town, and miles apart; but she means to visit them all:—if she does, she will make a circuit which would tire an horse. I foresee that she will knock up at the second or third stage, and be glad of a dish of tea, a happy shedding of tears with some female friend at the turn in her fortunes, and an omnibus back, that she may get home in good time, as *missus* is mighty particular about servants coming home early. Betty’s heart is full—too full, and so are her pockets, crammed with apples, oranges, cakes, a top, two whistles, and three balls, which came over her master’s wall heaven knows how, mysteriously—presents these for her “*nieves* and *nieces*, bless their dear little hearts!” Some of her mistress’s cast-off things, a large lump of dripping, some tea and sugar, (mind of her own purchasing), and an extensive miscellany of broken victuals, are all done up in a bundle for the poor widow who was like a mother to her when she was a little motherless girl. She deserves to be Mrs. Crump, especially as Crump is doing well, and is a worthy, honest fellow. Why, there he is! he has met her “quite *promiskus*,” as he says, but any one may read in his eyes that that is a trick of love; he puts her arm in his, insists upon carrying her bundle, and away they go—Betty blushing and embarrassed, but happy—Crump proud of his dear little Betty, and not wholly unconscious of the untarnished merit of his boot-tops. It is a match.—*Cornelius Webbe’s Glances at Life*.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—Instead of saying to a young lady “please to take my arm,” you should say in this polite age, “will you condescend so far to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, as to insert the five digitals, and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm, through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my animal frame.”

A YOUNG gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they were wanting to make a *butt* of him. “No, my good sir,” said Mr. Colman, “we only want to get a *stave* out of you.”

Notice to Correspondents.

“Gaffer Gray.”—We can furnish diagrams, if the exact size be intimated.

We acknowledge, with thanks, Articles from “Gaffer Gray,”

“Æneas,” “Frederick,” and “B.”

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

December 18.—The steamer *Maitland*, 103 tons, Captain Parsons, from Port Macquarie the 16th instant, with sawn timber, &c.
 December 20.—The schooner *William*, 62 tons, Captain Freeman, from Moreton Bay, the 13th instant.
 December 23.—The steamer *Sovereign*, 119 tons, Captain Cape, from Moreton Bay, the 19th instant.
 December 23.—The brig *Christina*, 129 tons, Captain Saunders, from Port Phillip, the 18th instant.

DEPARTURES.

December 19.—The brig *Martha*, 121 tons, Captain Boustead, for Launceston, in ballast.
 December 19.—The schooner *Mariner*, Captain Ford, for Melbourne via Port Albert.
 December 19.—The barque *Clarendon*, Captain Grant, for Batavia.
 December 19.—The brig *William*, Captain Thom, for Launceston.
 December 20.—The barque *Agincourt*, Captain Neatby, for Norfolk Island, with government stores.
 December 20.—The brig *Calypto*, Captain Harold, for Port Philip and Launceston.
 December 22.—The brig *Giraffe*, Captain Harvey, for Manila.
 December 22.—The schooner *Edward*, Captain Tallan, for Boyd Town, Twofold Bay.
 December 22.—The brig *Dorset*, Captain Walsh, for Port Adelaide.
 December 23.—The schooner *Wanderer*, Captain Burns, for the Mauritius.

Births.

On the 12th instant, at Ebenezer, Lake Macquarie, Mrs. Norris, of a son.
 On the 18th instant, Mrs. Dawes, Hunter-street, of a daughter.

Marriages.

On the 20th July, by special license, at St. Pancras Church, Robert Hills, Esq., son of J. Hills, banker, Gravesend, to Anne, eldest daughter of W. Nash, Esq., late of Sydney.
 On the 18th instant, by Mr. J. Isaacs, Reader of the Jewish Synagogue, Mr. D. Davis, of King-street East, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Mr. Elias Ellis, of the same place.
 On the 16th instant, by the Rev. N. J. Coffey, Arnoldus Henry Rudd, Esq., of Parramatta, to Miss Sarah Anne Marks, of the same place.
 On the 18th instant, by license, at St. Lawrence's Church, by the Rev. W. H. Walsh, Mr. Edwin Braim, Vicar of West Wittering, Sussex, and Perpetual Curate of Bailby, near Selby, Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Bluck, of the Surry Hills.

Deaths.

On the 18th instant, at his residence, East Maitland, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Alfred Skinner, formerly of Witney, in the county of Oxford.

Colonial Literary Journal,

AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION to this Journal are, THREE SHILLINGS per Quarter, in Town; Country, THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE; payable, in every case, in advance.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS:—For one inch, and under Three Shillings; and One Shilling for every additional inch, each insertion. Advertisements will be received until Two o'Clock on Wednesday afternoon; but cannot be withdrawn later than Nine o'Clock on Wednesday morning. Advertisements must specify on the face of them the number of times they are to be inserted, or they will be continued till countermanded, and charged accordingly.

All communications must be addressed to "The Editor of the Colonial Literary Journal, General Printing Office, 316, Pitt-street," (post paid.)

COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.
 BINDING.

THE Publishers have been requested by several subscribers to make arrangements for the binding of the first Vol. of the *Colonial Literary Journal*, which will be completed with the TWENTY-SEVENTH NUMBER. Subscribers are informed that the Publishers will be ready to receive copies to be bound to order, by which, from the number already engaged for, a considerable saving will be effected to each individual.

CHRISTMAS BALL.

A BALL will be held at A. Gray's, Lighthouse Hotel, Bathurst-street, TO-MORROW EVENING, (Friday, 27th instant.) Tickets to be had at Mr. Gray's, or from any of the Stewards.

Dancing to commence at 9 o'clock, p. m.
 N.B. Quadrille parties held on Thursday evenings as usual.

COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES !!

49, HUNTER STREET,

(Two doors from O'Connell-street.)

MR. G. B. GOODMAN has great pleasure to announce to the public, that he has just received from the Patentee in England, the new process, lately discovered, of colouring the Daguerreotype Portraits, and having already executed some very beautiful likenesses in this style, he will be happy to submit them to the inspection of those who will favour him with a visit.

It may be as well for general information to observe, that these Portraits are taken almost instantaneously, and produce as faithful a representation of the face and figure as is presented by standing opposite a mirror, being in fact the reflection itself fixed permanently in the glass or polished surface, thus producing in effect a "Second Self."

The pictures effected by this art are superior to the finest engravings for delicacy of shadowing and minuteness of delineation, and have hitherto only wanted colour to make them perfect, which grand desideratum has been at length achieved, and Mr. G. B. Goodman hastens to apprise the public of this most important addition.

On account of the depression of the times the price will still be limited to one guinea for the coloured likeness, including a handsome gilt and morocco case.

Specimens to be seen at Mr. Isaac Levey's, Draper, George-street, and Mr. Aldis's, Tobacconist; the Bank of Australia; and at the Photographic Gallery, 49, Hunter-street.

Sydney, November 25.

WANTED, a Situation as Gardener, or a Garden, in the vicinity of Sydney, by a professed and experienced Gardener. Apply at this Office.

TO LET.

APARTMENTS suitable for Offices, together with Stable and Gig House, if required, situate in a central part of Pitt-street, near King-street, for particulars apply at the Office of this Journal.

Colonial Literary Journal.

COLLECTOR FOR SYDNEY Mr. Francis Wye.

Our Subscribers are requested to observe that the Quarterly Subscription to the Journal is made payable in advance. The present heavy expenses require this. Those therefore who have omitted to pay their last quarter's subscription, together with the present one in advance, are requested to forward the same to the nearest Agent at their earliest convenience.

Agents for this Journal.

- Sydney, Mr. W. Jones, Circulating Library, Brickfield-hill.
- Parramatta Mr. Hugh Taylor.
- Windsor Mr. Walker.
- Bathurst Mr. Tress.
- West Maitland Mr. Galloway.
- Camden, Campbelltown, Penrith, and Liverpool Mr. C. Lester.
- Gunning Mr. Hawthorne.

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