

other time, so that unless it is wished to sacrifice the quality of the flax to obtain seed, the former must not await the full maturity of the latter.

"Above all things, the rotation of crops must be scrupulously observed; if seven or eight years be allowed to elapse before again sowing flax in the same field, it is certain that there will be a good crop; but the less the interval between the two crops, the less is the second to be calculated on either for quality or weight.

We need not observe how necessary it is to the production of good flax, that the weeding of the fields should be attended to with great care."

[We may here say that the directions respecting the use of the spade, manuring, rotation, and weeding, are more particularly applicable, as regards their rigid observance, to the worn-out lands of Europe than to virgin soils. We would consider two ploughings and a harrowing previous to scattering the seed a sufficient cleansing and pulverisation—three years' interval sufficient between one crop and another of flax on the same soil—manuring wholly unnecessary—and that the weeding, if children are not "convenient," might be performed by turning in sheep or cattle, none of whom will touch the flax, or even injure it (if done while young) by treading.]

"In Belgium, the process of watering is conducted under two different systems. At Courtrai, when pulled, it is allowed to dry on the field, and is kept over all winter before steeping. In this district, as is well known, the flax is steeped in the clear and running waters of the Lys, where it is perfectly pure from any slime or mud.

"In the Flanders district (Pays de Waes) the flax is steeped immediately after pulling, being put in the water while still green, the water used being stagnant. We think that in general the preference must be given to the system employed in Flanders; firstly, because it is difficult to find such a river as the Lys, where the waters are so free from any filth; and, secondly, because the flax when steeped before it dries is softer and more mellow, and the fibre is whiter, not having that yellow tint which is always found in flax that has been dried. The linens which we saw in Germany were of a pure and silvery white, and the system pursued there in steeping, is that of Flanders. It was pointed out to us, that the fibre of flax which had been dried is equally strong, but that it is harder and more yellow. Steeping in the manner followed in Flanders, demands great care and attention, and a particular knowledge of the process. As it is not possible for us to explain all the details, we will confine ourselves to requesting the District Committees to send us from Flanders some persons competent to give all the instructions necessary for performing it with success.

"After the steeping, it is found to improve the quality to keep the flax for a long time in the straw. The older the flax the better it is. If before it had any faults—if, for example, it had been spotted, and a bad colour from being badly exposed, it becomes equalised and uniform by remaining for a long time in the straw heaped together.

"It is good to keep over the flax before spinning it, not only in the straw, but after scutching, and even after hackling. The Germans attach great importance to having a soft and silky fibre. To this end they beat the flax after scutching, they rub it with an iron comb without teeth, and they are espe-

cially careful to let it grow old, either in straw or after it has been scutched."

As it may be sometime before the gentlemen from Flanders may communicate with us, we revert to our friend Giles, whose description of the pulling and steeping process is said to be from his own actual experience.

"While the flax is growing, the husbandman should be preparing his pond for steeping, [by clearing the sides and bottom of weeds, mud, &c.] It must be deep enough of soft fresh water to cover the flax in an upright position, and the outlet for the water after the steeping is accomplished must not conduct it back into the stream, which it would entirely poison, but into a field or dunghheap. [It is evident he is speaking of an interior farm, and his care is to guard the flax against stains from mineral or other admixture in the water, and to turn the putrid refuse to account as manure. We believe that sea water will do equally well, in which case these precautions will be unnecessary.] When the seed is just ripe [or earlier] the flax is to be pulled in small handfuls, which are laid down separately—that is, crossing each other, for the conveniency of the person who is to ripple them, and, after the seed is rippled off, the stalks are tied in bundles or sheaves, placed on end, side by side, in the pond, covered with stones to keep them down, and the water let in upon them. When sufficiently steeped, the flax will remain under water of itself without the weights, and will give forth an intolerable stench. The water is then let out, the sheaves are carried to a sunny slope, opened out and thinly spread on the grass in a regular manner, to dry and bleach. When exposed a sufficient time, which is known by the fibre easily separating from the useless part of the plant, it is taken up, tied in bundles, and sent to the mill. The seed, after being ripped off, is spread thinly out that it may be perfectly dried, [is disengaged from the seed vessels by gentle bruising and winnowing,] and is afterwards crushed to express the oil."

The *Penny Cyclopædia* says:—"Flax is everywhere in Flanders a most important crop, for it much exceeds all other crops in value." And again—"The soil best adapted to the growth of flax is a deep rich loam, in which much humus or vegetable mould is contained. It should be mellow and loose to a considerable depth, with a sound bottom neither too dry nor too moist—either extreme infallibly destroys the flax [so we reasoned]. It is not suited, therefore, either to hot gravelly soils, or to cold wet clays, but any other soil may be so prepared and tilled as to produce good flax. It thrives well in the rich alluvial land of Zealand and the Polders. But it is also raised with great success on the light sands of Flanders, but much more careful tillage and manuring are required."

GAFFER GRAY.

CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

INVESTIGATION OF THE STRUCTURE, LAWS, AND COMBINATIONS OF VEGETABLES.

THE production and growth of plants and leaves, though apparently less interesting to us, on account of their constant appearance and our familiarity with their numerous beauties and uses, is however a higher branch of knowledge than that of the solid parts of the earth, in as much as it involves in it a portion of that mystery called *life*, and manifests to us a design-

ing providence. The flourishing of trees and plants has connexion with, and resemblance to, the principle of life or vitality in animals. We see in the mineral kingdom a natural and unceasing course of cause and effect, but in the vegetable kingdom we behold an unerring design upheld by an unknown principle, but which is subjected to destruction by the slightest blast of the commotions of the atmosphere, or the destructive agency of man.

Vegetables are called *organised bodies*, because they are constructed with an arrangement of system which enables them not only to carry on the necessary process of enduring, but also of transmitting life. Again, the constituents of vegetable and animal life are very similar; their elementary principles are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; besides which they always contain phosphorus, sulphur, iron, silicic acid, potash, lime, and some other ingredients. Some few contain also nitrogen. If all the ingredients mentioned were brought together and chemically combined by man in their due proportions, a plant would not be produced, for as has been said, in plants, as in the animal races, structure and form must be induced by the transmission of the divine and energetic principle called *life*.

The circumstances requisite for the germination of a seed, which it must be remembered already holds the transmitted life of its predecessor, are moistened earth, warmth, and air, the oxygen of which is slowly converted into carbonic acid. The basis of life in plants, as far as we can discern, is *water*, for in the earliest stage of vegetation, a seed will grow if immersed in water, or even if it is put on wet paper, stone or cloth, its after growth depends upon the seed itself, and varies according to kind and quality. The ingredients of plants are so much alike in all, that one plant will easily grow if grafted into another, nevertheless their varieties are very numerous and much influenced by climate, the proportions also of their constituents are dissimilar in themselves, and greatly so in comparison with the animal races. (The mixture of plants by grafting is greatly reprehended by some persons, it being written, "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed." "And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good." Upon the same grounds the intermarriage with nations might be objected to, as manifested by the Jewish people, seeing God himself divided mankind by the confusion of tongues. But we live under the liberty of a Christian dispensation, and the same God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.) When the seed sown softens and expands, it takes up nourishment from the moistened earth, imbibing into its respective parts the earthy materials. Sir Humphrey Davy discerned that the cuticle of plants and the epidermis of trees, absorb chiefly the silica or flinty earths, which as he observes, "serves as a support, protects the bark from the action of insects, and seems to perform a part similar to the shells of fish." The water of the moistened earth, holding in its solution the ingredients of earth, also forms the sap, which circulates as well through the wild flowers of the bush, the butter cup of the meadows, and the cedar trees and oaks of the forest, and may well be termed the juice of life.—When there is an excess of this sap, it thickens and takes the form of gum, or as it is chemically called *resins*. This sap which enters the roots and ascends

through the stem, and from thence is diffused through all its branches and leaves, contains the vital nourishment; when it has reached the leaves it is passed into the atmosphere by evaporation. The evaporation of plants is an important function, for during this process, they attract the carbonic acid from the air which becomes incorporated in the plant, while the oxygen returns back to the atmosphere. This action is however only carried on under the influence of light, for when the shades of night appear, even plants and vegetables do partially rest from their labours and become inactive.

There is no part of the mechanism of nature that we turn to and investigate, of which we cannot say, How marvellous the design! but when we can trace the infinitude of variety observable in the form and combination of colour in plants, and discern by analysis that the ingredients of all are alike, differing only in their proportions and arrangement, we may well say with the poet,

"We are lost in wonder, love and praise."

The various purposes to which the vegetable productions are applied through the agency of chemistry and mechanism, is also a theme for admiration. Every house, from the palace to the bark hut; every vessel that floats upon the boundless ocean, from the gallant man-of-war to the ferry boat; has its origin from seeds that were sown by art, or nature, in the earth. We have also our chief nourishment and palatable indulgencies from the produce of vegetation. Bread, beer, wine, fruit, sugar, oil, &c., &c., also, medicines, gums, starch, dyes and clothing, for our convenience. The productions of plants, are in fact, so numerous and so constantly applied to the service of both mankind and the brute creation, that it must prove a useful and interesting study to examine some of their productions relative to their respective preparations for our use and comfort. B.

A LADY WHISTLED INTO REASON.

Four months had flowed swiftly away since Edward Somerton married Rosa Bland. One summer evening, towards sunset, as they sat together at a window opening on to a garden, enjoying the welcome coolness, and talking over various matters with that interest in each other which people generally evince four months after marriage, Rose, for the first time, began to pout. Edward had, she said, flirted shamefully with Mrs. Harding on the preceding evening. He had spoken to her in a low tone several times, and had been heard publicly to declare, that Harding was a fortunate fellow. If this were the way he meant to go on, she would be wretched, and no longer place any confidence in his affection.

"My pretty dear," said Edward, placing his arm around the waist of his wife, and accompanying this action with another trifling performance, "don't be jealous. Believe me there is no cause. On one of the occasions when I addressed Mrs. Harding in so low a tone, I remarked that the room was very warm; and, on another, if I remember rightly, that the last new novel was rather dull: so, you will perceive, our conversation was of a most innocent description. And, Rose, because I said Harding was a fortunate fellow, it is not to be inferred that I must endeavour to render him an unfortunate fellow."

This mild answer failed to turn away the wrath of Rose. She consequently refused to be convinced—

became every instant more and more unreasonable, and, finally, retired precipitately from the room, with her handkerchief applied to her eyes.

Edward quietly put up his feet on the chair she had left vacant, and leaned back in meditation.

Here was the decisive moment which would most likely determine whether they were to dwell together for the future happily or miserably. Rose was a dear girl—a sweet girl; but she had black eyes, and they are dangerous. She had been an only daughter, too, and perhaps a little spoiled; but, with fewer faults, might she not have been less charming? It is worth studying how to live lovingly with such a creature, especially when you know that she mars, by her capriciousness, her own happiness as much as yours.

Edward felt that the charge of his wife was totally unfounded, and he half suspected she believed so herself, but had resolved to be, or seem to be, out of humour, without any particular cause. One thing was evident, that she would not hear reason. Something else must, therefore, be tried, in order to allay any future storm, for this was, probably, the first of a series. Edward resolved to try music.

He was an amateur of some pretension, and he set himself immediately to call over in his memory the melodies most likely to calm the passions and exert a soothing effect on the temper. He made choice of three, which he arranged in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the occasion; gentle, more gentle, most gentle—as the outbreak was or became violent, more violent, most violent. The scale contained only three degrees. As the heat rose, this conjugal thermometer fell; but below the third and lowest degree, it was zero and undefined mystery. Patience acted the part of mercury reversed.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following order:—"In my Cottage, near a Wood," "*Sul margine d'un rio*," and "Home sweet Home!" They were all of a pleasing, touching character; the last, purely domestic, and under the circumstances, conveyed a delicate satire, likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute, but he now proposed to execute them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle. Not such a whistle as may be heard in the streets, proceeding from the lips of coarse-minded butcher boys, but a superior sort of thing, such as no gentleman need be ashamed of: in fact, the original wild production cultivated and improved, as the crab is changed into the pippin.

His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind easy, and he awaited the appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratifying consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time came coffee. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of its late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a delightful evening, made up of conversation, the pianoforte, and chess.

But the next morning—the very next morning—Rose favoured her dear Edward with number two of the series. She wanted him to walk out with her, but he declared that, unfortunately, he should be too busy to go out all day. This was quite sufficient raw material for a girl of high spirit to work upon.

"I'm sure you don't want to go, Edward," said

she, pouting in exact imitation of fit number one—"at least, you don't want to go with *me*."

Edward plunged both hands into the pocket of his dressing gown, threw himself indolently on a sofa, gazed abstractedly at a bronze bust of Shakspeare on the mantelpiece, and began whistling, in a low tone, a plaintive melody: it was—"In my Cottage near a Wood."

"If it were any one but your *wife*," continued Mrs. Somerton, with pointed emphasis, "you would be ready enough to come, but the wives are always neglected."

Mr. Somerton continued whistling.

"I beg Mr. Somerton," exclaimed Mrs. Somerton, with a withering look, "that you will not whistle in that very disagreeable manner while I am speaking. If I am not worthy of your love, I trust that I am worthy of common attention."

Edward plunged his hands deeper into his pockets, removed his eyes from the bust of Shakspeare, and fixed them with intense regard on a bust of Milton. He paused suddenly in the air he was whistling, and commenced another: it was—"*Sul margine d'un rio*."

Mrs. Somerton retired hastily, with her pretty face buried in a white cambric pocket handkerchief.

For five whole days, after this scene, all was halcyon weather. Doves might have beheld and envied. Honey was still to be found in the moon, and no impolitic reference to either of the two foolish quarrels gave any—the slightest—dash of bitter.

But, on the sixth day, there appeared clouds. Edward had been into town, and had promised to bring a pair of new bracelets for Rose. He arrived home punctually at dinner time, but without the bracelets; he had forgotten them. I put it to you whether this was not enough to try the temper of a saint! They were going the next evening to a large party, and Rose had intended to inspect the important ornaments on this evening, and take Edward's opinion, so that there might be time to change them if not approved of. Now she could not do so, and all from his horrid forgetfulness; She must either go in stupid—old fashioned things, or put on new ones in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. It was most annoying—that it was!

Edward made many apologies. He was sincerely sorry to have disappointed her, and even offered to return to town after dinner and repair his neglect. Oh, no! she would not hear of his taking so much trouble for *her*! What did he care whether *she* were disappointed or not? His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system; for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some light chagrin. However, she became so perverse, that but one course was left for him to pursue: he left off talking, and took to whistling.

I tremble for the future peace of Rose, while I relate that he considered himself justified in descending at once to the second degree of the scale. He commenced—"*Adante ma non troppo*," "*Sul margine d'un rio*."

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had so set my heart on those bracelets! It is very—very unkind, Edward."

Edward appeared wrapped in meditation and music. He whistled with great taste and feeling, accenting the first note of each bar as it should be accentuated.

But, on another still more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her, and began "Sweet Home!"

Heavens! what was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else was at random. Should this fail, the case was, indeed, hopeless. Shadowy demons hovered around, holding forth, temptingly, deeds of separation. The bright gold wedding ring on the lady's finger grew dull and brassy.

Edward Somerton stood in the centre of the room with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of his wife, who, under the strange fascination, could not turn away her head. With a clear and tremulous whistle he recited the whole of that beautiful Sicilian melody, from the first note to the last; then, revolving on his heel, without saying a word, he left the room, shutting the door punctiliously after him. Mrs. Somerton sank overpowered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly. She saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and, like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it, merely because she had begun it. Bad temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous, instead of interesting, and that was not altogether the effect desired.

In half an hour the husband and wife met at the dinner table. Mrs. Somerton sat, smilingly, at its head, and was very attentive in helping Mr. Somerton to the choicest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy small party could scarcely be met with.

From that day, which was ten years ago, to the present time, Mrs. Somerton had never found fault without a cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to look serious about nothing; but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle, in a low tone, as if unconsciously, the first bars of "In my Cottage, near a Wood."

Original Poetry.

AUSTRALIAN FABLES.

No. II.

THE HONEY SUCKER AND THE BEE.

WHERE Wolloomooloo water laves,
With puny yet pellucid waves,
The rocks of our domain;
'Mid lofty gum and scrubby tea,
And flowers to tempt the humming bee,
An honey suckle plain

Rears its rough trunk and curved stems,
Supporting saw-leaf'd diadems,
Each with its beauteous flower;
Whose orange-colour'd petals twin'd,
Each over each, hold sweets as shrin'd,
Meet for a summer bow!

Thither the bees with busy hum,
From morn till even, go and come,
Their labour to fulfil;
There too, a speckled-breasted bird,
On golden wing, the flowers disturb'd
With honey-sucking bill.

A bee, with thighs well cover'd o'er
With its ambrosial, flowery store,
In angry tone addressed
The honey sucker, who had come
'To seek a dinner, far from home,
Who here had found a feast.

"What right have you to live so well,
Of honey drops to take your fill,
And never work a day;
While I must labour hard, and take
All that I gather, home to make
My wax without delay?"

Quoth Honey Sucker, "Mrs. Bee,
There's quite enough for you and me,
Why should you then complain?
If I with ease my share enjoy,
While you to profit your's employ,
While summer days remain;

"Then should the summer sun withdraw,
Or the bright heavens with tempest lower,
You have no cause to mourn;
While I must starve—you in your hive,
Will on your labour live and thrive,
Till brighter days return."

Let the poor labourer be content,
And not dissatisfied lament
His neighbour's greater ease;
When there is little left for all,
The happiest he whose wishes small,
That little then will please.

A THOUGHT.

WHAT is a thought? A changing thing,
Which fancy doth control.
It genders in the early spring
Of blossoms in the soul.
What is a thought? A darting ray,
Which glitters to apprise
The mind of secrets, which convey
Deception to the eyes.
What is a thought? A sudden gleam,
That flashes on the brain;
It sparkles in the poet's theme,
And on the bed of pain:
It tends to make the future glow;
It lingers to pourtray
The present ills, the past of woe,
Which time hath swept away.
What is a thought? 'Tis wisdom's child,
Her fondest, brightest star,
That guides to see, through deserts wild,
Eternity afar.

W. P.

BENJEE CREEK.

"The shady brook, i' the solitary dell."

I MIND some happy days, long time ago,
When hope was warm and bright,
Ere infant heart had dreamt of aged woe,
Or visioned aught of earthly blight:
Mid forest flowers, beneath bright summer skies,
Were wont our early joys to seek,
All bound by spells of love, and natal ties,
Our own dear Benjee Creek!

Earth hath not purer gifts than thine,
O Memory! ever blessed maid!
Sweet feelings of the soul, upon thy shrine
In Eden seem arrayed;
Nor all that time, with ruthless hand,
Upon this heart shall wreak,
Will e'er unclose affection's silken band
For thee, fair Benjee Creek!

A. Z.

GOING ROUND.—An Irish clerk was seen supporting himself by the iron railings of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a passer-by, observing that he was in liquor, advised him to go home, when he answered—"Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square:—isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy."

EXTRACTS.

"THERE is a story extant of Sheridan, the lessee, and Holland, the architect, much too good to be omitted. The latter could by no means prevail upon the former to *settle*, that is, in plain English, to pay up his little bill; and after hanging about Sherry's house, and hovering over the theatre day after day, at last caught him one fine morning attending a rehearsal. As soon as Sheridan saw him, he went up to the architect, exclaiming, 'My dear Holland, how d'ye do? You are the very man I wanted to see; I have a thousand apologies to make to you, and fully intended to call upon you as soon as the rehearsal was over.' Holland thanked him, and entered immediately upon the subject of their accounts, upon which Sheridan replied, 'My dear Holland they shall all be settled in the course of the morning; but do you know, although for my part I am one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the beauty of this theatre, which I think will remain for years a splendid monument of your taste and genius, yet they tell me that the people in the one shilling gallery can scarcely hear a word that the performers utter?' Mr. Holland expressing his surprise at this remark, Sheridan said, 'Now, I will go up into the gallery, and you shall stay on the stage. I will address you, and you shall ascertain the truth of the observation yourself. Sheridan, accordingly mounted up into the lofty region allotted to the gods, from whence he affected, in dumb show, and with much apparent emphasis, to address the architect, who stood in amazement below, repeatedly calling out, 'Speak louder, I can't hear!' After some time spent in this manner, Sheridan descended, asking Holland if he heard him tolerably well? the latter declaring that he must confess that he had not heard a word Mr. Sheridan had uttered; whereupon the latter exclaimed, 'Why, Holland, I really know not how to believe you. Why, I have been bawling till I thought my lungs would have burst. Surely you have a cold this morning, that has prevented you from hearing me. Now, do *you* ascend the gallery, and speak to *me*.' With this proposal Holland immediately complied, and when after considerable fatigue he had reached that elevated spot, and had walked down to the front seat to address Sheridan from that tremendous height, he found *no one on the stage!* Sheridan had availed himself of the interval of their separation to leave the theatre, and poor Mr. Holland, who speedily discovered the hoax, had to encounter a thousand shifts and stratagems of the manager, before he could obtain another successful interview."

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.—Our readers are acquainted with the singular freak of the young man who made a lottery of himself. The following has been the *dénouement* of this ingenious speculation, for the truth of which a provincial journal refers to the civil registry of Lyons:—The drawing took place in the fairest manner possible, in the presence of a notary and several witnesses. Mdlle. Euphrase B., a young lady of fortune, at Lyons, won the young man. A singular incident occurred after the drawing had been decided. The young lady was still unaware of her own good fortune, when, one morning, a lady waited upon her, in a state of the most painful excitement. "Save my life, Mademoiselle!" "How?" "Cede your ticket to me." "What ticket?" "The lottery ticket—the ticket for the young man." "Oh, I had quite forgotten it." "Then know, Mademoiselle, that I

love, that I adore him. I had taken thirty tickets; it was as much as my means would allow of my doing. My tickets are all blanks. Yours is the only prize. Cede it to me, or you will cause my death." "Madame," replied Mademoiselle Euphrase, "there is a written clause on the tickets, that, if the young man should not please me, or if I should not please the young man, we are to divide the 200,000 francs, and not to marry one another. This chance remains for you; as for my ticket, I shall keep it." An hour afterwards, the prize young man presented himself to Euphrase; they were mutually satisfied, and lost no time in binding the conjugal knot. The lady who had been so anxious to obtain Euphrase's ticket was a widow, of Carcassonne, who is said to have destroyed herself. The young couple united by lottery are spending their honeymoon at Narbonne.—*Constitutionnel*.

MESMERISM IN CHINA.—Something of every discovery under the sun has been in a rudimental state among the Chinese, and here we have another miraculous example.—"It would appear from a recent work, that the Chinese barbers mesmerise, for the purpose of rendering the operation of shaving less disagreeable, and, perhaps, in some instances, where the sensibility is required to be blunted. 'I observed,' says the author, 'that the greater number of the patients slept while they were being shaved, and could not account for this singularity. But one morning I observed a man seat himself a little apart from the rest. I began my task of sketching, when the barber, instead of commencing his operations, placed himself before his customer, and first of all took hold of his hand, then passed his hand several times over the shoulders, and before the face of the sitter, who shortly fell into a state of quiet drowsiness, if he did not actually go to sleep. He then moved his customer's head about in every direction, to facilitate the operation of shaving. When he had finished, he shook the sleeper gently, and awoke him. I frequently saw the same thing practised afterwards.'"—*Lee's Animal Magnetism*.

THE King of Hanover civilizes his subjects by prohibiting the smoking of tobacco. Whoever is discovered smoking in the streets is obliged to pay a considerable fine, especially if he smokes passing one of the numerous guards of the capital.

GEOGRAPHY.—A butcher's boy in New York, it is said, says he has often heard of the **FORE** quarters of the globe, but never heard anything about the **HIND** quarters.

Marriage.

On the 7th instant, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Sydney, Richard O'Connor, Esq., to Mary, daughter of William Harnett, Esq., of Newcastle, county of Limerick.

Births.

At Morpeth, on the 23rd December, Mrs. Dr. John Stewart, of a son.

At Orton Park, Bathurst, on Sunday the 29th December, 1844, the lady of Mr. John T. Lane, of a son.

At Brookfield, Williams River, on Sunday last, Mrs. Robert Murray, of a son.

On Wednesday, 1st. January, 1845, Mrs. J. M. Illidge, of George-street, Sydney, of a daughter.

At Chippendale, on the 1st instant, the lady of Mr. T. Phillips, surgeon, of a son.

Deaths.

At Macquarie Plains, Bathurst, on Friday, the 20th ultimo, Charles Samuel, the youngest son of William Lawson, jun. Esq.

At her residence, Fort-street, on the 31st December, Mrs. Elizabeth Bolger, aged 76 years.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

January 4.—The schooner *Martha and Elizabeth*, 81 tons, Captain Devlin, from Port Phillip, the 29th ultimo.

January 5.—The schooner *Mary Ann*, 51 tons, Captain Amner, from Port Phillip, the 29th ultimo.

January 6.—The barque *Columbian*, 275 tons, Captain Wakem, from Liverpool the 20th September.

January 6.—The barque *Agincourt*, 669 tons, Captain Neathy, from Norfolk Island the 30th ultimo.

January 6.—The brig *William*, 149 tons, Captain Thom, from Launceston the 2nd instant.

January 5.—The barque *Victor*, 338 tons, Captain Morgan, from Gravesend, the 18th September.

January 7.—The steamer *Maitland*, 103 tons, Captain Parsons, from Port Macquarie.

DEPARTURES.

January 2.—The brig *Emma*, Captain Fox, for Port Adelaide.

January 2.—The barque *Lanchester*, Captain Purchase, for London.

January 4.—The schooner *Vanguard*, Captain Pilford, for Port Phillip.

January 4.—The schooner *Waterlily*, Captain Hayle, for Hobart Town.

January 5.—The ship *St. George*, Captain Norie, for London.

January 5.—The ship *Templar*, Captain Brown, for London.

January 5.—The brig *Christina*, Captain Saunders, for Port Phillip.

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AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

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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.)

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.

ALBERT HOUSE, PITT-STREET.

JAMES M'EVOY, in returning thanks to his friends and patrons for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, hastens to inform them that he has just opened, *ex Parrock Hall*, a splendid description of goods, consisting of—

First-rate West of England blue and black cloths.

Buckskins, black and white check cassimeres.

The most splendid description of shawl-pattern vestings.

Washing satins, and silk velvets.

Figured and plain satins, for scarfs or waistcoats.

Corded silk ditto, buff cassimeres.

An immense assortment of ducks and drills, unequalled in the colony for strength and durability.

And a most splendid assortment of cloths and trimmings for ladies' riding habits.

J. M. also begs to inform the aristocracy and gentry of Australia, that he has in his possession a collection of

LIVERY BUTTONS,

With crests belonging to the leading families in New South Wales; and being the only holder of the above in Sydney, he feels proud in asserting that no other house can furnish them. He also respectfully offers his services in procuring from England any crest button which may be attached to a family, at a very trifling expense.

January 1.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE YEAR 1845.

FORGERY.

H. C. JERVIS, General and Practical Engraver, and Copper-Plate Printer, grateful for the support he has received during the past year, begs to announce the arrival, per *Sarah Scott*, of a very extensive assortment of plain, fancy and enamelled Cards, which will enable him to execute orders much lower than heretofore; also, the arrival of a unique machine; being the latest and most improved invention for the suppression of FORGERY.

H. C. J. therefore, in offering his services to the Public generally, states with great confidence that he is now prepared to execute every description of Ornamental Ground-work and Bordering, in a manner never yet attempted in the Colony.

Every description of Engraving and Copper-Plate Printing executed on the premises.

Observe, 332, Pitt-street North, opposite Dr. Bland's.

N. B. No connexion with any other person or persons whatever.

TO LET,

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS, in a convenient and quiet neighbourhood, in the City. Rent moderate. For cards of address apply at the Office of the *Colonial Literary Journal*, 316, Pitt-street.

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.

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