

COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL

AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

"NON TUA TE MOVEANT, SED PUBLICA VOTA."

VOL. II. No. 34.] SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1845. [PRICE 4d.

CONTENTMENT.

"Content can only be purchased by a virtuous life."

MORAL MAXIM.

To preserve contentment under all circumstances, and in every variety of fortune, is the attribute of one who must be influenced differently from those who constitute the great mass of society; and he must be a shallow observer of human life who has not been able to discover that such a frame and temper of spirit is very seldom realized. Perhaps, of all the infirmities and failings of human nature, there is not one which stands out so prominently to the view of the observer of life and manners as discontent. It has furnished one of the most frequent and favourite themes of the satirist both in ancient and modern times. And it is only repeating a sentiment of classic antiquity, to say, that the most hopeless mission on which an individual could be sent would be to find out a man in all respects contented with his lot in life. Did he visit the abodes of want and obscurity, he would not perhaps be surprised at its absence. The various privations and hardships incident to the humble walks of life might, perhaps, naturally lead him to expect such a result. But he might indulge the hope, that as he emerged from this low and depressed condition, into the sphere of comfort and competency, the influence of discontent would be proportionably lessened. Such, however is not the case. On the contrary, it would seem to be on the increase. New sources of disquietude have opened. New cares, anxieties, and troubles have arisen. He would still find men comparing their condition in life with that of those above them. And as long as others are in the advance of them in the race of life, the fever of emulation and rivalry is kept alive and fed. So that where every want is provided for, where there is enough and to spare, there is still the inward repining at the more brilliant fortune of an envied rival. The heart of man cannot be at rest. It fixes eagerly upon the attainment of some one object, and till that is gained, all other blessings are ungratefully forgotten. And thus it is that we find upon the sunny heights of prosperity, and amidst the crimson, the gold, and the splendid mansion, and all that can seemingly minister to human enjoyment—we find, in the midst of all this, the brow furrowed with deeper lines, and the bosom heaved with deeper sighs, than even amidst the lowest and most depressed valleys of adversity.

We may safely assert, then, that it is not in the power of any individual to name the lot, the attainment of which would make him perfectly happy, and

with nothing more to wish for. Every man, of course, forms to himself an ideal picture of earthly bliss, the realizing of which, he imagines would be the completion of his happiness; but experience proves such an imagination to be, in the cases even of the most sagacious, as idle as a schoolboy's day-dream. When the object is attained; the individual finds himself as far removed as ever from the desired end. In fact, there is an aching void in every breast; and whether we note those of our fellow-creatures whose sanguine hopes in life have been disappointed, whose plans of power, or of opulence, have been defeated; or those who are impatient of obscurity, who fancy they possess gifts which should qualify them for other and better situations than those they hold, or those who think they have mistaken their profession, or whose talents and exertions have not been rewarded as they deserve,—the general prevalence of discontent is indeed striking; and upon a calm and deliberate view of it, we cannot but stand amazed at the fertility of the human mind in creating for itself sources of discontent; or, in short, at its proficiency in the art of self-torment.

There are, indeed, instances which are occasionally quoted as exceptions apparently to this general rule. Our admiration is often challenged for men who seem to be almost raised above the force or influence of external circumstances; who preserve an equilibrium of mind in all the vicissitudes of fortune, and, in reverses the most sudden and unforeseen, never give vent to the murmur of complaint. In regard to such cases, we shall only say, to what degree the heart may be torn with anguish, while pride forbids any expression of it, it is not easy to determine. There are persons apparently possessed of much outward cheerfulness, owing to their being actively engaged in some employment, and all-engrossed in a temporary excitement arising from outward causes—such as the circumstance of being enlisted in a good cause; the sympathy and approbation of those who are looked up to and respected; the very alacrity of spirits flowing as a natural consequence from active exertion, and from various other causes. There are, also, instances, no doubt, of those who, while in the possession of the object of their fondest hopes, and when they have realized their best desires, do feel an inward contentment; but their tenure of it is dependent upon the possession of the cherished idol; and an unforeseen calamity, a stroke of adverse fortune, may dash to pieces the fabric of their happiness. And thus the man who, while in possession of the idolized object, whatever it may be, seems to be shut up in measure-

less content, is, on its removal, plunged into inconso-
lable misery.

A contented spirit, therefore, may he safely pro-
nounced a blessing not to be attained by the thought-
less worldling. It is reserved for one who does not
forget that, while his mortal nature may indeed be
overwhelmed with sorrows and privations, he is still
possessed of that immortal part, that latent spark of
divinity, which can never be satisfied with all the
joys this world can offer;—it is reserved for him to
realize the blessing of contentment in all its perfec-
tion: and whether his lot be dark or bright, elevated
or depressed, to preserve a spirit ever calm, serene
and cheerful. This marked distinction may, without
doubt, mainly be attributed to the different views
and sentiments entertained by the practical Christian.
The light in which he regards the world differs ma-
terially from that in which it is viewed by others.
His life he views as a scene of moral discipline,
intended to fit him for another and higher stage of
existence. And this conviction greatly serves to
reduce within proper dimensions the real value
and importance of earthly interests. The interests
of life, its riches, honours, pleasures, its cares and
rivalries, appear of so paltry a nature to him, that
he regards them with an indifference which is quite
inconceivable to the man who follows in the track
of the world. And, in truth, the man who can
realise a near eternity, an unseen world, must, in the
nature of things, acquire, from the circumstances, a
dignity of mind, and an independence upon earthly
things, to which no other can aspire. He may be
inconvenienced by them; but it is only as the trav-
eller on his way to a happy home is inconvenienced
by the toils and privations of his journey. He may
even seem to feel acutely the trials of life; but his
grief can never merge him, as it does the worldling,
into gloomy discontent or sullen misanthropy.

An additional motive for contentment to the con-
siderate Christian is, his strong persuasion and trust
in an over-ruling Providence. He from the heart
believes, what some deny, and what so many profess
to believe, but do not—the particular providence of
God. The fickle power of chance holds no place in
his creed. So that in whatever situation he may be
placed, he learns therewith to be content; and there-
fore the thousand daily benefits which are received as
a matter of course by others, are noted down by him
for grateful remembrance. If he is blessed with the
enjoyment of health, of reason, of competence, of
friends and relatives; the comforts of domestic life—
the social circle, and the numberless sources of plea-
sure and recreation, they are all found inscribed in
terms of the deepest gratitude. He, unlike the heart-
less sensualist, who turns from such blessings as
tasteless and insipid, and flies to the haunts of vicious
excess for stimulants to minister to his vitiated taste—
he can derive from the temperate use of God's creatures
an enjoyment a thousand times richer than that which
is to be found by the votaries of sinful pleasure in
any of their pursuits.

It is thus that contentment may in reality be found.
He who feels the humblest lot in which he can be
placed to be better than he deserves, has that within
him which must check the murmurs of discontent,
(be his lot what it may,) and which must therefore
make him content with that which Providence has
allotted him. Calm, cheerful and serene—what, com-
pared to the peaceful satisfaction of the virtuous

Christian, is the pretended philosophy of the gloomy
Cynic, or the proud Stoic? More indifferent to the
world than the former pretended to be—more raised
above the power of outward circumstances than the
latter ever boasted of, he has a better, because a
purer relish for all that is best in enjoyment in this
sublunary scene; while his fondest hopes and wishes
are bended towards that land where universal con-
tentment reigns in truth, more pure than ever hope
dared seek for, or fancy picture.

Biography.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

[CONCLUDED.]

WILKIE'S next journey was to Scotland in 1817. After re-
newing his old associations in Edinburgh, he visited Glasgow,
and, accompanied for a part of the way by Dr. Chalmers, and
a *Quakeress*, (in a return chaise) proceeded to the Isle of
Bute, Inverary, and finally to Abbotsford, taking his native
place in his way. Although his stay in Cupar was short, his
presence amongst his old friends was commemorated by a
public breakfast, which was attended by the principal gentry
of the district. While staying at Abbotsford with Sir Walter
Scott, he was introduced to the Ettrick Shepherd by Laidlaw
the poet and manager of Sir Walter's estate. Here is an ac-
count of the meeting:—"The cottage (says Laidlaw) which
Hogg at that time inhabited had been the *but* and *ben* of the
former tenant, and he dwelt in the kitchen, for it was the pre-
ferable part; but the kitchen was large and roomy, and better
lighted than such abodes used to be then, and was, moreover,
wonderfully clean. The kettle was hanging over a cheerful
peat-fire, and soon began to simmer; and James, then a
bachelor, despatched a shepherdess to borrow some loaf-bread,
to which she added some kneaded cake. I felt pleased at the
comfort the poet, as he was commonly called, had around
him; and having several times accompanied Wilkie among
the cottages of Gattonside and Darnick in search of the pic-
turesque, I began to point out what I thought might amuse him
while Hogg busied himself preparing breakfast. The poet on
this began to look and listen. I had not introduced Wilkie
as an artist; and it is probable he had taken him, as he did a
great poet, for a horse-couper. He, however, turned sud-
denly to me, 'Laidlaw! this is no the great Mr. Wilkie?' 'It's
just the great Mr. Wilkie, Hogg,' I replied. 'Mr. Wilkie,'
exclaimed the shepherd, seizing him by the hand, 'I cannot
tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I
am to see you are so young a man.'" When this expression
was repeated to Sir Walter, he exclaimed, 'The fellow! it was
the finest compliment ever paid to man'

On returning to London, he found that the civic authorities
of Cupar had forwarded him the freedom of the burgh; an
honour which had been neglected, or which there was not
sufficient time to confer when Wilkie was on the spot. His
health was slowly re-established, and he worked at various pic-
tures with his usual industry and zeal up to the end of 1819.
In this year, Wilkie received a commission from the King of
Bavaria, and the subject chosen was, "The reading of a
Will." The picture was exhibited in 1820 at the Royal Aca-
demy, and from the too great admiration which it excited,
cost the painter some embarrassment. His majesty, George
IV., took so great a fancy to it, that he commissioned Sir
Thomas Lawrence to ask Wilkie whether he might have the
picture, and whether a duplicate of it could not be sent to the
King of Bavaria? This, of course, was impossible, and the
affair assumed a diplomatic aspect; the official pens of the
ambassadors to both courts were set in motion; but happily
for the peace of the nation, the matter finished amicably.

George IV., put up with his disappointment, and the King of Bavaria handsomely sent Wilkie one hundred pounds more than the price originally agreed upon for the picture.

In 1822, Wilkie accompanied George IV., on his visit to Edinburgh. From this resulted a royal commission for a view of the king entering Holyrood—a picture of pomp and circumstance, which did not add much to the painter's fame. Next year his majesty's limner for Scotland, Sir Henry Reburn, died, and Wilkie was appointed to the office. By 1827, Wilkie's health had suffered alarmingly from a nervous affection of the brain, partly brought on by close application to his easel, and partly by misfortunes of a serious character, thus summed up in a letter from Sir Robert Liston to a mutual friend:—"A young gentleman, betrothed to his sister, and on the point of being married, died in his house; soon after, his mother, who resided in his house, also died; a brother died, nearly at the same time, in the East Indies; another brother came home to him from Canada, afflicted with a fatal distemper, and likewise died; a younger brother, established in commercial business in London, with the most flattering prospects, was affected by the crisis which took place two years ago, and became insolvent. He himself remains liable to the Board of Ordnance for the amount of a security bond of one thousand pounds, in consequence of a deficiency in his brother's accounts in Canada, which occurred during his last illness; while he has lost, by the failure of Hurst and Robinson, the sum of seventeen hundred pounds, contracted to be paid to him for engravings of his pictures." To lessen the weight of these severe trials, Wilkie made another journey to the continent, visiting Rome and various other seats of Italian art, Germany, and Spain.

After long absence from England, Wilkie returned. He had not been idle abroad, for the exhibition of 1829, contained several pictures from his hand. These created some surprise; for it was observed that the painter had completely changed not only the style of his subjects, but his manner of painting. His fame hitherto rested upon delineations of scenes in humble life, executed with untiring carefulness of detail, down to the most minute lineament; but the results of his residence in other lands were mostly sketches rather than pictures, of the scenes and characters he had observed in his travels. It is intimated by Mr. Cunningham, that these changes arose from a wish to reap larger pecuniary rewards than he had hitherto received. The length of time Wilkie devoted to each of his former pictures, may be estimated by the really Flemish patience with which he touched and retouched their least important parts. If such a desire really originated the change, it seems to have been satisfied. Three of the Spanish scenes he now exhibited, found a purchaser in George IV., for two thousand guineas.

On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie became a candidate for the office of president of the Royal Academy; but was disappointed. From this period no event more important than visits to various parts of England and to Ireland took place in Wilkie's life, till the 15th June 1836, when the painter had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by William IV. On the accession of Queen Victoria, Wilkie was commanded to paint her majesty's first portrait. In 1839, he revisited the scenes of his nativity and early career.

In the autumn of 1840, Wilkie set out suddenly on a journey to the East. He went by way of the Hague, Cologne, Munich, and Vienna, to Constantinople. Here he had the honour of painting, from the life, two portraits of the Sultan of Turkey—one for his highness himself, and one for her majesty of England; the war in Syria having detained him at Pera (the Frank quarter of the Turkish capital) till the close of the year; but in February 1841, the roads were clear, and Wilkie started for Jerusalem, taking Smyrna, Beyrout, and Jaffa, in his way. Having satisfied his curiosity by seeing all that is interesting in the Holy Land, he turned his face homeward, and reached Alexandria in May 1841. Here the painter was detained to make a portrait of the renowned pacha of Egypt, Mahommed Ali, which he accomplished in three long sittings.

During the latter part of Sir David's wanderings, his health—which even from the beginning of his prosperous career had never been continuously good—suffered occasionally; but

nothing evinced itself to alarm his friend and travelling companion Mr. Woodburn. They took a passage at Alexandria in the Oriental steam-ship for England, and arrived at Malta, with nothing to foreshadow the closing scene, except occasional complaints from Sir David of internal ailments, that were temporarily removed by the surgeon of the ship. That officer (Mr. William Getty) gives the following statement, which is the more graphic for its briefness:—

"Sir David Wilkie, aged fifty-six years, and apparently greatly impaired in constitution, came on board at Alexandria. On the voyage to Malta, he suffered occasionally from affections of the stomach, but took no medicine, and appeared and expressed himself as having improved in his general health on the voyage. Whilst at Malta, he indulged imprudently in drinking iced lemonade, and in eating fruit, and complained afterwards of uneasiness at stomach, with deranged bowels; by the aid of an emetic and aperient medicine, he gradually began to get rid of these ailments; was yesterday evening on deck, and appeared to have almost quite shaken off his illness. On going to his cabin this morning, (1st June 1841) to pay him my usual visit, I found him incoherent in his manner of expressing himself; he became shortly afterwards nearly comatose; apprehended imperfectly what was said to him, and could not give distinct answers to questions put to him; the pulse was rapid, indistinct, and easily compressible; the breathing stertorous; the eyes suffused, and apparently insensible to strong light: a blister was applied to the nape of the neck; diffusible stimuli was administered, but without relief. In this state he continued, but gradually sinking, till about eleven o'clock, when he expired without a struggle."

The captain of the vessel immediately put back to ask permission to land the body, which was refused. We learn, therefore, from the log-book of the Oriental, that at half-past eight in the evening, in latitude 36. 20., and longitude 6. 42., the captain "stopped engines, and committed to the deep the body of Sir David Wilkie. Burial service performed by the Rev James Vaughan, rector of Wroxhall, near Bath."

Sir David Wilkie, an industrious and careful man, died rich, in spite of the pecuniary losses and burdens he had sustained. It appears, by a list appended to Mr. Cunningham's work, that from 1803 to 1841, he painted 153 pictures (a great many of them portraits), his gross receipts for which amounted to nearly £40,000. Several were sold after his demise, and produced £1800 more. Of his reputation it would be useless to speak, for that is too extensive to need anything but mere allusion. It is chiefly founded upon his truthful delineations of Scottish manners, especially those of humble life; though, apart from these subjects, his "Letter of Introduction," "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," and his "Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tipoo Saib," are masterpieces of art sufficiently beautiful and meritorious to form the foundation of a great name. A statue is in progress to the memory of Sir David Wilkie, from the chisel of Mr. Jacobs, which is to be placed in the inner hall of the National Gallery.—*Chambers' Journal*.

ON THE PARTICLE "BUT."

HORNE TOOKE, in his "Diversions of Purley," etymologises this word as *be out*; as if, in the sentence, "I would do it, *but* I cannot," it means, "I would do it, *be out* (or, put out) of the way this fact, that I cannot." Be this as it may, there is not a more disappointing, contradicting, chilling, vexatious, tantalising word in our language; as a few instances will show.

1. A. B. is generous, prompt, and even kind, in doing a favor; *but*, he reminds you of it, and reproaches you for it, on every, even the slightest provocation.

2. C. D. writes, to an applicant for a loan, "I shall at all times, be happy to oblige you with a loan; *but*, I have not a single shilling in the house."

3. E. F. is clever, and witty, and brilliant; *but*, he is conceited, and sarcastic, and proud.

4. "Naaman was a great man, and honourable: he was also a mighty man in valour; *but*, he was a leper."

The result of some observation shews, that

EVERY "AND" HAS ITS "BUT."

INORDINATE EXPECTATIONS IN LIFE.

[SIR EGERTON BRYDGES]

"—See how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!"

GRAY.

PERHAPS there is no rule in the art of life more conducive to happiness than *not to form inordinate expectations*. There is but little in what is called the world, to gratify a poetic imagination, and to realise the flattering pictures of Hope. In his happier hours of solitude the inexperienced visionary is too apt to believe that mankind are indeed his brethren; that in crowded assemblies he will meet with sympathy; and that, amid the "hum and shock of men," he will feel himself moving pleasantly in a congenial sphere of comfort, light, and elegance. Alas, how must he be disappointed! Amid the great and the little vulgar, the tribes that "have the body without the mind," he will feel himself equally a prey to disgust, indignation, and uncontrollable irritability; till, unless he has fortitude to resist the cruel impressions left by the spectre forms of dull reality; unless he has fortitude to withstand the innumerable difficulties, the "phials of wrath," the inexhaustible springs of misery, that assail him from every quarter, he must inevitably sink into insanity and incurable despair.

The gift of superior sensibility and taste almost always implies the curse of superior misery. Their possessor is alone in the world; or rather he is far worse than alone. Nothing is more injurious to the mind than anything approaching to, or resembling intimacy, or friendship, with an uncongenial character; and by what but uncongenial characters can such an individual be surrounded?

It is only when sufficient good fortune and sufficient *stamina* of resistance and opposition enable him to break his fetters in sunder, to frame for himself a sphere of his own, full of light and elegance, that the bard's is indeed a happy lot.

While I write, the castled cliffs, the aerial towers of this romantic city, [Edinburgh,] are seen "like a scene of enchantment," enveloped in the white mists and tinged with the purple rays of a wintry morning. It is indeed a scene of enchantment! But oh, when the eye turns from the sublime scenery of nature to the crowded pavement, to countenances furrowed with base and ignoble passions, stamped with the lineaments of meanness and vice, or to visages round and sleek and jolly, on which the eye searches in vain for a trace of sensibility, are we not tempted to exclaim, "where is the *mind* that must enable such inhabitants to reflect its own light on the scenery?" The very atmosphere in which so many uncongenial characters exist is polluted and infectious. A new sphere must be sought for; one's own independent energies must be fostered, or the consequences must be inevitable destruction, or a gradual lapse into the same state of apathy and contented stupidity with which ordinary characters continue to move in their own narrow circle.

But, imagine a youth of powerful fancy and inordinate sensibility; such a one, for example, as the hero of Mr. Crabbe's admirable tale, "the Patron;" or rather a character such as Lord Byron probably once was, when in early years he trod the wild heaths of Lochinvar,—imagine him framing in solitude dreams

of happiness and distinction, and brilliance and fascination; imagine such a one for the first time brought out of the regions of fairy land into those of dismal reality; imagine him for the first time listening to a college lecture, or making a maiden speech at the bar, and what must be his agony of disappointment and despair.

Life is a theatre of arduous exertion and strenuous contention, and *one of the best rules for obtaining happiness is, to avoid forming inordinate expectations.*

ELIAS WILSON.

[A SKETCH: BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

ON a summer morning, in the year of grace 1676, a man was seen making his way towards a lonely cottage in the vale of Dalveen, at the head of Nithsdale: a glimpse, indeed, of the traveller could only now and then be obtained, for he seemed desirous of concealment, and his presence was chiefly indicated by the rustling of the bushes of hazel and of holly, among which he forced his way, or by the startled birds—for the sun had not yet wholly risen, and the lark had but newly ascended with his song. He passed a small stream, and coming to the door of a cottage, by the side of which a cheese-press was standing dripping with new whey, cried, "Marion, Marion!"—the door was quickly opened, and a young woman threw herself into his bosom, saying, "Elias! bless thee—bless thee!"—"And bless thee too!" said he, returning his wife's embrace: "but this, my love, is no time for vain and worldly affections. Put on thy mantle, take thy little one in thy arms, and follow me. I have escaped almost alone, from a bloody field; and here we may no more abide." She went into the cottage and returned with a child of six months old or so in her arm, milk in a flask, with some bread and honey, and said, "Elias, I am ready: but let us unloose the cow and turn her to the pasture, and open the door of the fold, so that the sheep may go to the hills,—for they are God's creatures, and must not perish." And he said, "Surely: for so it is written." And he did as she spake, and then left the cottage, accompanied by his wife and child.

Now Elias and his wife were both young, and this was the second year of their marriage. They turned their faces towards that wild and wooded linn, which unites itself with the deep glen of Dalveen; and as they went Marion looked back on her home and said, "It is a sweet place, and loath am I to leave the hearth where we first kindled our bridal fire, and seek a refuge in the glens and caverns of the earth. Elias it is bitter; but, oh! eternal life is sweet." And she clasped her child closer to her breast, and lulled it with a little song of her own making. All the while Elias spoke not; he wound his gray plaid closer round his body, leaving both his arms free—examined the edge and point of a sword which hung at his side, and which seemed to have been lately used—threw a long Spanish musket over his left arm, trimmed the flint and looked into the lock, loaded it—and then, having felt the handle of a small dagger which he carried beside his sword, resumed his former rapidity of pace. They soon entered the ravine—sought their way along a path fit only for a wild cat, and having reached a sort of cavern or recess in the rocks, they paused and sat down on a rude bench of stone, with a table of the same kind before them, upon which Elias turned to

his wife, took the child into his bosom, and said, "See how green the trees are—how pure that falling water is—how rich the wild flowers blossom—and how bright the sunshine is, seeking to find us out amid the thick boughs which encircle our den of refuge. Look ye down the vale of Nith, and look ye up to heaven. He who rules above spread out this beauteous land beneath our feet, and hung yon marvellous canopy over our heads; and gave unto us the fowls of the air, the fish of the stream, and the beasts of the field for our inheritance. But the wickedness of man mars the bounty of God. We are deprived of our patrimony; we are hunted to the desert place, and are forbidden to sing the praises of Him who dwells on high, under penalty of limb and life. But be not therefore cast down, my love, nor disquieted; when the doors of the earth are closed, those of heaven will be opened: let us retire farther into this wild and seldom trodden glen, and then lift up our voices, freely and without fear to God, for assuredly he is wrath with us because of our fears. Last night I heard his voice, saying, "My saints are fearful and my people deny me; and I shall give them, for a time, to the power of the strong and the cruel, that men may know I am wroth with the faint heart and the feeble in spirit." And Marion answered, and said, "So be it, Elias." And they arose, and continued their journey along the rude path which the accidental foot of man and beast had fashioned in that wild ravine. Sometimes the way scaled a steep and fearful crag—sometimes it crept among the fantastic roots of the oak and the beech, and sometimes it went to the very margin of the linn, where the rock, cleft as it were in two, disclosed the foaming stream at the perpendicular depth of fifty, and sometimes an hundred fathoms. Elias often had to use all his skill and strength in conducting his wife and child along this dangerous way.

At length, however, they reached what was to be their abiding place. This was a rude but not ungraceful sort of a temple, formed by the earlier labours of the brook, out of the massy freestone rock, in the rude pillars of which, and ruder capitals, an ingenious artist might almost perceive the dawn of the Tuscan order. The entrance was wide, and overhung with honeysuckle! and the interior was recessed, and presented what, to anchorites, might appear both seats and couches. "Now, my love," said Elias, "this is the place where our Scottish warriors of old found refuge when they warred for the independence of their country; and in this place shall I, one of their descendants, fight the good fight without fainting. Might and cruelty must prevail in this land for a time; the nobles and great ones of the earth have united against us, and we are driven for a season, to the heaths and desert places, to be wounded with the shafts of the hunter."—"Alas! my Elias," said his wife, looking earnestly in his face, "and is our dream of wedded happiness come to this? Our hearth is clean—our cottage fire burns bright—the fruits of the season are in our fields—our flocks are not few on the hills—this little one hath come smiling into my bosom, and we have much, much in this little world of ours to cling to and to love."—"Peace, woman," said Elias, sternly; "think ye that I have shut my eyes on that domestic picture with which ye seek to lure me? Am I blind as the slow worm and the mole? No; those blessings which ye raise in array against my faith, I prize not lightly. It is not

for the shape of the garment I wear, nor the fashion of the dish whence I drink, that I thus peril thee and thy babe. It is for freedom to these limbs—it is for freedom to my soul—it is for freedom to worship God according to conscience, that I am thus hunted from rock to rock, and from cleugh to cavern, Woe to him on the great day, who hath preferred a warm home and a sweet wife to the cause of liberty and the word of God. And woe to him, who seeks us for harm in this place of refuge: this hollow tube, won in a sore sea-fight with the Spanish Armada, has never, in my hand, missed its aim; and this sword was never by my strength thrust in vain; so be not alarmed, my love, but lull thy babe whilst I keep watch, for the sons of Belial are ever busy against the broken remnant of God's church." So saying, Elias stood within the porch of the place, and lent an ear to every sound, and an eye to every bird that fitted from bough to bough.

Now it happened on that very morning that Captain Greer, with some fifty mounted troopers, was on his way from Edinburgh to Dumfries, to avenge the defeat and capture of General Turner (called the Tippling Apostle of Prelacy, inasmuch as he was a hard drinker,) and had reached the entrance of the upper gorge of the deep defile where Elias and his wife sought refuge, when he was met by a messenger in the disguise of a shepherd, who said that a sore battle had been fought, in which victory had blessed the arms of King Charles, but that Elias Wilson, one of the chief leaders, had escaped from the field, and was believed to be concealed in one of the wild glens in the neighbourhood of his cottage. "His house," said the messenger, "is but newly forsaken; the fire is scarcely extinguished on the hearth; I have traced his footsteps through the dew into the lower gorge of this wild ravine, where I dared not seek him single-handed, for he is eminently skilful with the sword, and when he has a musket in his hand an eagle cannot escape him."—"What man!" exclaimed Greer, "and is Elias Wilson—he who can preach as well as fight, and fight better than the fighting laird of Bonshaw—lurking in Enterken-glen? then, if we meet, and I fail to feed the ravens—there's a pair of them looking at me now—with his Cameronian carcass, may the fiend make my ribs into a gridiron for my soul!"—"Whisht, captain—Godsake whisht," said a veteran trooper, "no that ye frighten me with such wild words: but the deil have me, if I like the presence of these hooded-crows; they look at us as they look at a sheep that's doomed to die on the mountains. An I were you, I would e'en take their counsel, and keep out of the dark glen—it lies nae in our line of march—and—" The captain silenced him with a motion of his hand, and said, "Corporal Borthwick, take ten men, and station them privily in the ruins of the old hunting-tower of Dalveen—there they stand, gray and lonely. They command from the upper windows the entrance of the Friar's Cell, where this fighting Cameronian has no doubt taken refuge—it is a long shot, but you are skilful. The rest of the men will enter the ravine at both ends—the moment you have a full view of him at the entrance, take a deliberate aim—if he falls, here is my purse, and you are a sergeant." Borthwick stationed himself and his men according to orders, whilst his captain went into the ravine on the desperate service of dislodging a practised warrior, whose place of refuge no one could approach without peril of his life.

"I think, my lads," said the corporal, "our captain has shaped out a garment for himself he will find some danger in sewing."—"And I think," said a soldier, "that our corporal talks more like a tailor than a warrior—I dinna like to be packed up in this auld tower, when there's game in hand; but nae doubt the captain thought we were all tailors, and that our courage was but small."—"I will show my face, Moran, where yours dare not be seen," exclaimed the corporal, standing full in the window, and holding the musket, with which all troopers were in those days armed, right towards the Friar's Cell. The wife of Elias, wearied in body, and overcome in mind with the miseries of that sad morning, had fallen into a slumber: but even in slumber there was no repose; she dreamed that her house was beset with enemies, and that carbines were levelled to destroy her husband: and shrieked out, "O Elias!" On looking up, she saw him peering warily through the screen of honeysuckle which covered the entrance of the cavern, and cocking his musket as he looked, he motioned her back—presented his piece and fired; the ravine echoed loudly to the report; and Corporal Borthwick dropped forward from the window, and his helmet was seen glittering for a moment, as he dropped dead into the fearful chasm below. "We are beset all around, my love," said Elias, reloading his musket; "I have slain one son of Belial, in the act of presenting his engine of death at thee and me; but fear not: God will work out our deliverance—so compose thyself, and keep out of the way of harm. They know not the Friar's Cell; it commands both the upper and lower approaches—but peace, peace." He presented his musket as he spoke; the serjeant that conducted the party who were to penetrate from the lower gorge, received the ball in his brain as he gained the summit of the rock, and fell over the cliff; it fared no better with a second adventurer; and the rest, daunted, and believing that the fugitives were in force, desisted, and were undecided.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed Captain Greer, "the game has began—the old tower is sending shot after shot; and there will be nought left for us to do, but to march to the Friar's Cell, and report on the dead body." So saying, he descended into the ravine, and wound his difficult and adventurous way warily with foot and hand. "Captain," said the veteran who formerly addressed him, laying his hand on his arm, and pointing upwards, "there's our black forerunners; that man never had luck that they took a fancy to yet; but I'll follow you to the red hot doors of perdition afore I'll flinch; only I have nae faith in things if these blood-crows don't believe they are to feast atween your breast-banes and mine." It is said that the captain changed colour as he looked on those dark companions of his march; still he went forward; one of them uttered a croak, and looked into the chasm below, where the stream was invisible for mist and spray, and seemed as if it saw something. At that moment Greer took off his helmet, waved the plume to scare them away, and at the same time moved his head too and fro, and continued to advance. At that moment a ball from the Friar's Cell grazed his temple, and struck the veteran who followed him on the forehead; the latter in the death pang, clutched hard the arm on which his palm was laid, and dropping heavily back, the living and the dead were precipitated some thirty fathoms. The rest of the troopers were struck with dismay—their leaders

were slain—no one volunteered to advance; and as they stood irresolute, they heard a shot ring again from the same fatal place, and saw the body of one of their comrades sink down on the window-sill of the tower, while his musket, dropping from his relaxed hands, went rattling down the rocky ravine. "All the whigs are come from hell," said one, "to defend this cursed glen—let us march out; place sentinels at the passes; despatch two of our fleetest horses for an officer to command us, and for foot soldiers accustomed to such warfare—for my part I can only fight on horseback." This sentiment, as it promised security, was embraced by all. They retired to the extremities of the ravine—placed sentinels; sent two troopers to Dumfries for assistance; and when the day dawned, penetrated unmolested to the Friar's Cell:—but Elias Wilson and his wife and child were gone; they escaped at nightfall, by scaling the almost perpendicular side of the ravine; sought shelter in a distant glen, and foiling their enemies, lived till times of peace came, when they returned to their cottage, and lived and died in good old age. Yet, once a year, as the day of their deliverance returned, they went with their children and servants to the Friar's Cell, and sung a psalm, and prayed a prayer—and the same was till lately done by their descendants.

Varieties.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—I have heard it said by many that friendship is a cold feeling when compared to love. It may be so with us men, but not I think with women. Men love each other on more selfish principles than women do. The passions, the politics, the mutual services of men, make them friends; but women become such from the pure impulse of their own hearts, when neither passion, nor opinion, nor obligation knits the bond. In conformity with this, they delight more than we do in the outward marks and signs of affection—the sympathies of gentle words, kind looks, and ardent expressions; whilst we demand the more essential proofs of friendship, not merely in profession, but in acts often of the sternest character. A woman's delicacy and strength of feeling rests more satisfied with the will to serve, and in the unspeakable joy of finding another existence in the heart of a beloved friend.—*Mrs. Bray.*

BABIES.—It strikes us that more fibs are told about babies than about anything else in the world. We all say they are sweet, yet everybody knows they are sour; we all say they are lovely, yet nine out of ten have no more beauty than a pug-dog; we all praise their expressive eyes, yet all babies squint; we call them little doves, though one of them makes more noise than a colony of screech-owls; we vow they are no trouble, yet they must be attended to night and day; we insist that they repay us for all our anxiety, though they take every opportunity of scratching our faces or poking their fingers in our eyes; in short, we make it our business to tell the most palpable falsehoods about them every hour of the day.—*American Paper.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch ever issued was sent by Caesar to the Horse Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" and perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word, "*Peccavi,*" "I have Scinde" (*sinned.*)—*Punch.*

INDUSTRY WITHOUT REWARD.—The saddest aspect the decay of civil society can exhibit has always appeared to me to be this, when honourable, honour-loving, conscientious diligence cannot, by the utmost efforts of toil, obtain the necessities of life; or when the working man cannot even find work, but must stand with folded arms lamenting his forced idleness, through which himself and his family are verging to starvation, or, it may be, actually suffering the pain of hunger.—*T. Colgate.*

The Moralist.

HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of morning to the lark, as the shade of evening to the owl, as honey to the bee, or as the carcass to the vulture ; even such is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not ; though obscure, it displeaseth not ; though sweet, it cloyeth not ; though corrupt, it forbiddeth not ; yet who is he that knoweth its true value ?

Learn to esteem life as it ought to be esteemed ; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable : nor believe with the pretended wise, that thou oughtest to condemn it. Love it not for itself, but for the good it may be to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost of it. Employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not, that it were best not to have been born ; or if born, that it had been best to die early : neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, Where had been the evil if I had not existed ?

Good is in thy power ; the want of good is evil ; and if the question be just, lo ! he condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hidden therein ? would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him ? so neither, were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live ; neither would a merciful God have created him : know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird is enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against its sides ; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou art in ; but know it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though its ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyself to all ; and where there is the least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security ; but when thou stretchest thyself on roses beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life : strive, therefore, to live as long as thou oughtest ; while thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool of the shortness of thy time : remember with thy days thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it, and what remaineth ? take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness : and even at the fulness of years, how few seasons hast thou truly numbered.

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life have served thee ? wishest thou to have had an opportunity of more vices ? as to the good, will not he who limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it ?

MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. 34.

- CLOUDY mornings often bring clear evenings.
- Clowns are fit company only for their fellows.
- Combat vice in its first attacks, and you will come off conqueror.
- Command yourself, and you may command the world.
- Command your temper lest it command you.
- Commendation is as much the duty of a friend, as reprehension.
- Commend nor discommend any one hastily.
- Commend nothing so much as strict virtue.
- Commit not that to another which you can better do yourself.
- Common as flattery is in courts, yet it is the very insolence of rudeness.
- Common consent is the only legitimate basis of government.
- Common fame is often a common liar.

DISCONTENT.—The nervous excitement prevalent in the present age, seems to affect all classes, and the tones of discontent are, I fear, too often sounded. The young expect more than they find, their tastes get more refined, even amongst the lower walks of life ; this, in itself breeds dissatisfaction, where the means are not equal to the demand, and leads too often, in the sequel, to sin and sorrow.—*Memoriter.*

TRUTH, UNITY, AND CONCORD.—Truth without unity is weak and troublesome ; unity without truth is dangerous and mischievous ; and both without charity are insignificant, and cannot last long.—*Comber.*

Select Poetry.

LINES

Suggested by reading Stanzas by Miss Camilla Toulmin, entitled "What dost thou Whisper, Murmuring Shell ?"

AND dost thou ask me, maiden fair,
The secrets of the deep to tell ?
And can thy gentle spirit hear
The whispers of the murmuring shell ?
Well, if thou wilt, I could reveal
Things wonderful and sad to hear ;
Causing each trembling heart to feel
The throbs of sympathetic fear.

'Tis mine to tell of treasures bright
Hid in the ocean's coral caves—
Of radiant gems concealed from sight
Beneath the everlasting waves.
'Tis mine to whisper of the things
Which swarm the waters where I sleep,
Of wild and fearful birds, whose wings
Flit o'er the bosom of the deep.

'Tis mine to tell of countless troops
Of living creatures, great and small,
Skimming the mighty waves in groups,
Formed by the hand that maketh all.
Here is that great Leviathan,
Who takes his pastime in the waves ;
And here, beyond the ken of man,
The tiniest tenant of these caves.

'Tis mine to pour in Fancy's ear
The fabled secrets of my home ;
To tell of Mermaid's voice so clear,
And water-nymphs who love to roam ;
Of spirits of the air and main,
Who ocean's gorgeous revels lead,
And breathe each sweet enchanted strain,
Through curtains of the rich sea-weed.

'Tis mine to tell of fearful nights,
When tempests toss the billows high,
Of minute guns and beacon lights,
For sailor's anxious ear and eye ;
Of lightnings that with vivid flash
Illume the sea with horrid glare,
And waves that with tumultuous dash
Fill the poor crew with dire despair.

And oh ! 'tis mine to tell of rocks
Hid from the mariner's keen eye ;
Of dread and unexpected shocks,
The shriek—the prayer—the dying cry.
'Tis mine to tell of gallant bark,
Riding the waters in her pride,
Sinking like lead 'mid caverns dark,
Wrecked by the treacherous ocean tide.

And still 'tis mine to tell of those
Whose sepulchres the deep waves are ;
Of hearts that broke with crushing woes.
When tidings reached their homes afar.
Then dost thou ask me, maiden fair,
The secrets of the deep to tell ?
And can thy gentle spirit hear
The whispers of the murmuring shell ?

JOSEPH FLARN.

DEVOTION OF TRUE GENIUS.

O GENIUS !—undisputed gift of heaven,
From thee what feelings flow ! the passions own
Thy sway, and waken at thy quickening power,
Like flowers expanding to the breath of morn :—
Then bind his temples with a fadeless wreath,
Give him the proudest seat, the princely rank,
And all the deeper homage of the mind,
Who like a god among mankind is felt,
And, from the purest sunshine of his soul,
Sends forth the rays that glorify the world !

MONTGOMERY.

Notice.

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

Notice to Correspondents.

We have received communications from Frederick, T. L. D., P. P., H., and Gaffer Gray.

H.'s letters are so lengthy that we scarcely know how to insert them, unless they are abridged, especially as they are by no means equal to former efforts.

Notice to Country Agents.

OUR COUNTRY AGENTS are requested to inform us, at their earliest convenience, of the result of their labours in our behalf during the past half-year.

CATALLACTICS.

IN our last paper we discoursed in the word of Liebig regarding the connexion between the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature, between plants and animals, between the ultimate constituents of organic matter, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen; we stated in what consisted the chief differences between the three chief classes of vegetable compounds; and then we proceeded more particularly to inquire whether the nutriment of plants was drawn from the soil, or manures, or the atmosphere, Our only object being to communicate sound and useful knowledge, in that branch, or collected branches of science, Catalactics, which treat of the changes, exchanges, decompositions, absorptions, assimilations, conversions, reproductions, transformations, and reciprocal influences, and interchanges, of all the things of nature, we make no apology for copying where we can, and until we have brought before our readers all that we think valuable and applicable; and any remarks therefore of our own which we may intersperse, will have in view merely to relieve their tension of thought. When we consider the vastness of nature, the variety of functions performed, phenomena displayed, and mutual influences exercised, and the simplicity of the ultimate molecules and of their laws of combination, we are surprised that six thousand years (during which a high perfection of arts and a sharp activity of mind have been attained) should have elapsed before any approach was made to chemical truth. Let any one compare the chemical writings of fifty years ago with those of recent years, the articles (for example) in the third edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica with those of the seventh, let him think how much he has himself casually acquired since he was at school, which he could not have acquired there, let him enumerate if he can merely the simple substances, as iodine, bromine, morphine, theine, chlorine, which were till lately wholly unknown as such, though in constant use, and the still greater number of substances daily handled, whose nature and affinities were understood imperfectly, let him consider how much at sea we are as yet in our knowledge of meteorology alone, a branch of science so practically important,—he must in deep humility acknowledge that his own education and that of his race are but beginning. And he must feel deeply ashamed and abased if he has been accustomed, on the strength of his own poor attainments, of his limited local experience, of his beggarly empirical processes, to fix a bound to the productiveness of

boon nature, to settle unalterably the rules of any art, to condemn a beautiful country, possessed of rich soils and climates personally the most agreeable in the world, to perpetual sterility, solitude and rude profligacy, and in effect to say to the goodness of God, which is daily seen developing itself in stirring mens' minds to new inventions and discoveries and improved methods of communication, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy bounteous waves be stayed."—Yet this blind and obstinate presumption is common. The strictest intellectual reasonings, and all final considerations of moral advancement, are disregarded, until those of pounds, shillings and pence, and an actual experiment profitable and successful, interpose their powerful aid to the discouraged thinker. These observations are particularly true in this colony. The old soldier, or shopkeeper who has been cropping wheat and maize from alluvial soils thirty feet deep, now and then (contrary to his wish but much to his advantage) replenished by nitrogen and salts by floods, burnt stubble, &c., and who knows not one ingredient of the soil or plant—calls himself a practical farmer, and though he and his fields are equally untried, declares that nothing but wheat and maize will do. A single unsuccessful experiment is to such a one a signal triumph—no matter if the ill-success can be rationally accounted for by bad seed, or any other accident. "It will never do," is his infallible sentence. In like manner the raw apprentice or ancient skipper becomes by a few years' huxtering in Sydney, capable in his own eyes of setting aside the law merchant, which has grown out of the European experience of centuries, and the decisions of the most learned judges. Ye powers of eloquence and song, they plead the usage of Sydney! In grave simplicity and sincerity of heart, when you are thinking of Venice, and Genoa, the Hanse-towns, London, Paris and Vienna, the ordinances of Oleron, the dicta of Abbott and Stowell, the Acts of 6 Geo. IV. cap. 105 and 114, and their subsequent amendments, the practices of bankers, brokers, and wharfingers from time immemorial,—they thrust in your face the usages of Sydney—mushroom in growth, base in origin, vicious in practice! who can stand that? who can gravely talk of these and of the dictates of common sense in the same breath? In like manner also the impetuous squatter denounces as a monomania the suggestions and closet schemes of any one who thinks of introducing a regard to the laws of nature into his recesses of single blessedness and savage enjoyment. Honesty, sobriety, local attachments, domestic ties, which ensure care and content in the performance of his servants' duties, are nothing to the extra ration. All at once he discovers, what we told him three years' ago would happen, that his single men are dying rapidly, and that his diseased black gins are not reproductive. Does he then endeavour to devise some plan, enter into some negotiation, by which at the joint and fairly proportioned expense of the mother country and the colony, a transfer of reputable persons of all ages and sexes may be effected? No, his cry, his insane demand, is "more criminals!" A measure was introduced for equalizing the income tax—did he consent to the equalizing, and set calmly to work to get the rate reduced from £10 to £5 or to £3? He moved heaven and earth, and a little also of the inferior world, about this wretched ten pounds, yet he will not move a peg to get rid of the enor-

mous commercial taxation to which he is yearly subject, owing to the unnatural state of our internal prosperity. And when any one attempts to show him that the encouragement of agriculture and the furnishing of a natural population to the colony is necessary, practicable and cheap, that money for the purpose may be had in abundance and at a low rate, that any amount of labour might be employed, that his muttons need not be boiled down but roasted, that his fleece would escape the banker's unavoidable exactions, that his shepherds would be more faithful, watchful, and satisfied,—he opens his own ugly mouth and swears the country is only fit for sheep, and shepherds are much the same "after they are branded as before." All these men; farmers, merchants and squatters, are diligent to stifle and sneer down novelties, but incapable of uniting in any thing useful,—they might have lived over a century and their adversaries before they would have thought of importing a Saxon ewe or a vine-cutting. *Stare vias antiquas*—Stick to the old tracks—is the rule of these M'Larties.

It is by considerations like these, that we have been induced to go to the root of things, and make our liberal extracts from Leibig. Some of our readers may think them dry, others more accustomed to the language of physical science will probably find them deeply interesting. We trust we shall in the end be able to satisfy both classes of readers, that their introduction into our lectures, though it may greatly prolong them, was a necessary part of our design. The connexion of subject in our several papers, or rather the connexion of purpose in our separate subjects, is sometimes so little obvious, that it may be proper occasionally to remind our readers that a design does exist, though the necessary compression of our matter may prevent its exhibition beforehand, and though the transitions may appear sudden and capricious. One part of that design is to vindicate the laws of nature, in whose great laboratory are in constant operation processes which the alembics, presses, prisms, batteries and palettes of human creatures can but faintly and rudely imitate. Another part is to apply these laws to our local melioration. *Stare vias antiquas*, is also our maxim, but in another sense, for we know that the old established laws will not overlook any degree of ignorance, nor bend to any degree of self-will, nor be long concealed by circumstances however peculiar. We go by the old rules, not of men, however, and our spirit carries us to speak of new products arising out of changed applications of these ancient rules. One of the earliest of these general laws formally promulgated, is "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it unto you," and the immediate conclusion or corollary thereto, flowing out of the extracts we have already given and are further about to give from Leibig, is, "that the relations between animal and vegetable organism are such that an increase in the number of human and other animals necessarily occasions an increased fertility of vegetation, and vegetable products adapted for their use." Of which more hereafter—as well as of another proposition which we mean to maintain, "that the peculiarities of this continent and hemisphere are just such as render its discovery at the present stage of the world of the greatest importance to the advancement of the human race."

GAFFER GRAY.

PHRENOLOGY.

THE development of the brute creation is a department of the science of Phrenology, into which but little investigation has hitherto been made, and in which there is no doubt many interesting discoveries await future inquirers. When the science shall have been brought to perfection, by its aid we shall be able to know how far the mind of man is pre-eminent over the mind, (if I may be allowed to use the expression,) of the lower animals, and also to determine exactly in what particular developments, those of one species differ from those of another. When considered in reference to such questions, Phrenology assumes a more important aspect than what it is commonly allowed to have, though in its present infant state, we can have no adequate idea of the all-important results which it will be applied, when the labour and research of scientific men shall have brought it to that state of perfection, in which we hope ere long to view it. In considering the craniological development of the lower animals, enough may be gathered from general observation, limited as it must necessarily be, to furnish additional proof to that already adduced in former papers, upon how strong a foundation Phrenology rests.

Most of us must at times have been struck with the remarkable difference in the formation of the heads of the carnivorous and the graminivorous animals. If we take notice of a dog and a sheep, for instance, they will be found to contrast as much in their cerebral development as in their actual dispositions. When we find that the head of the dog is as remarkable for its width between the ears, or in other words for its development of Destructiveness, as the head of the sheep is remarkable for its narrowness in that region, and also how much the sheep excels the dog, and still more so the wolf, in the development of the organ of Benevolence—and when we notice how remarkably this agrees with the character and disposition of each of these animals, can any, can even the most sceptical refrain from being struck with the coincidence? but when we ascertain that the same characteristic difference distinguishes the two species from one another, according exactly with the habits and dispositions of each, how conclusive the overwhelming evidence! The heads of the lion and tiger, and those of the dog and wolf, may be contrasted to illustrate a difference equally striking, but less palpable than the one already noticed. Although in the head of the lion the organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness are very largely developed, yet they are tempered by a moderate development of Benevolence; while in the case of the tiger, the former faculties rage uncontrolled by the latter one, and it is well known that while the lion though fierce and terrible is nevertheless magnanimous and merciful, killing only to satisfy its hunger; the tiger is invariably ferocious and blood-thirsty, savage without provocation, and destructive without reference to appetite. In the dog and wolf the same difference is observed, corresponding with the difference of cerebral development in each. In game-fowls and mettlesome horses the organ of Combativeness is more largely developed than in the common individuals of the species. Among animals that are gregarious, or of the social kind, forming little communities among themselves, united by the feeling or impulse of attachment, such as the crow, the rook, the wild-horse, &c., and in dogs which manifest great attachment to

their masters, we find the organ of Adhesiveness prominently developed. Cats are not so remarkable for the development of this organ as of the organ of Inhabitiveness, or attachment to places, and these animals although they show no great affection for their owners, are well known to have a most remarkable attachment to the house in which they have been brought up, so much so, that in the case of a removal from one house to another, it is always difficult, sometimes impossible, to reconcile puss to her new habitation. The organ of Constructiveness is found to be very largely developed in such animals as show great skill in building dwellings of any kind. In the beaver, as may have been expected, this development is particularly striking. In the field-mouse, some birds, and many other animals, whose ingenuity in forming habitations to themselves excites our utmost admiration, this organ is found largely developed. Birds very remarkable for their musical powers, such as the American mocking-bird, have a very large organ of Tune, though in the instance alluded to, Imitation has a large share in its performance, this remarkable bird being endowed with the power of mimicry to such an extent as to be able to imitate every wild note of the forest with the most amazing correctness, and sometimes, with truly ludicrous effect. Numerous instances have been recorded of the surprising manner in which horses and dogs, after having been lost have returned to their home, and of the perfect knowledge they have of a place in which they have been, or a road by which they have travelled before. This remarkable instinct is the result of a very large development of the organ of Locality, the faculty which takes cognizance of places, and with which most animals are gifted in a high degree. If a person travelling on horse-back have the misfortune to lose himself on his journey, he will find it the best plan to trust to the natural instinct of his horse, which is almost sure to prove the best guide, and to bring him sooner on the right track than if he trusted to his own judgement, even assisted by his reflective faculties.

ÆNEAS.

Original Poetry.

[HAVING been in the bush during the last two or three weeks, I have not till now seen your ingenious correspondent "Joinwell's" parody on the Latin verses I ventured to send as an exercise to your youthful readers. If such squibs as this could meet the eye of the French prince, it might be of some service as an indication of the light in which his *fan-faronnade* and *brusquerie* are held on this side of the globe. Louis Phillipe would add a wreath to his laurels by taking De Joinville to school again, and imbuing the mind of the "cruel boy" with those enlightened sentiments of international amity which are well known to be cherished, on principle, by that able monarch. My sole object in sending you the Latin verses was, to try the taste of those among your youthful readers who are engaged in classical studies: and should you deem it likely to promote that object, you are at liberty to use the accompanying translation of the verses in question, in what way you choose.

Allow me, by the bye, to correct an error (probably in my own MS.) which occurs in your "Translation" of the Greek ode in No. 30, p. 45, namely:—instead of "the ghost of thy mother," read—"the curse of thy mother."]

TRANSLATION

Of the Latin verses published in No. 30, p. 45.

Fired with the ardour martial themes inspire,
To martial themes I strung my ready lyre.
Heroes were chosen,—all that could combine
To grace the grandeur of the ten-foot line.
But Cupid, restless, meddling elf,
Seized the well-strung lyre himself,

And, with arch derisive pleasure,
Laughed to scorn my pompous measure;
Swept the chords with careless haste,
And in rapid strains expressed
The troubled feelings of the love-sick breast.

Who, little Imp, gave thee a right to sway
The meting sceptre o'er the poet's lay?
The sighs of love, the virgin heart, are thine:
Ours is Parnassus, and we serve the Nine.

Would the garb of dazzling Pallas
Well befit the laughing Queen?
Or the flippancy of Venus
Suit Minerva's haughty mien?

Could we wish the car of Ceres
'Mid the distant thickets wheeled?
Whilst the quivered Virgin, near us,
Scampered in the open field?

Bustling amid battle-cars,
Would we Phœbus' grace admire?
Or the murderous hand of Mars
Moving o'er the peaceful lyre?

Love's sway is extensive.—Where is Love not adored?
The homage of love and love's empire are thine.

What then could suggest

The wild thought in thy breast,—

That the vale of the Muses should own thee as lord,
And Apollo to thee should his province resign?

P. P.

AUSTRALIAN FABLES.

No. III.

THE BOY, THE BUTTERFLY, AND THE SNAKE.

THE week's over, the very last lesson is said,
And Saturday afternoon's come,
I can rove in the bush now, without any dread
Of my father's or schoolmaster's frown.

Thus said little Tom, as he saunter'd along,
O'er the Race-course, as careless and free
As the grasshopper leaping and chirping his song,
Or the locust above in the tree.

On he went, down one hill, up another, ah then
Dust and sand were no hindrance to him,
Passing Rushcutter's Bay, and the mill in the glen,
Only stopping to drink at the spring.

Double Bay lay before him; he stopp'd and admir'd
The gardens, the houses, the sea,
He'd return, for by then he got home he'd be tir'd,
And his father expects him to tea.

Just then a gay butterfly, large as his hand!
On her beautiful wings sail'd along,
Her colours set off by the glistening sand,
And she staid on a neighb'ring geobong.

With his cap in his hand, he the insect pursued,
For his very first step made her fly
From her perch on the branch where so tempting she stood,
Tempting both to his hand and his eye!

On, onward she flies now from geebong to gum,
To wild cotton, epacris, and rose,
Till a five-corner bush put an end to his run,
And his cap did the victim enclose.

There he stood, quite exhausted, nor dreaming of harm,
With his treasure secure in his hand,
When a sting on his foot made him look with alarm,—
A brown snake lay coil'd up in the sand.

Tommy scream'd, but in vain! his poor brain reel'd around
His breath it came heavy and fast,
And he thought, as he fell giddy on to the ground,
That his life and its pleasures were past.

Some one spoke: he look'd up, the snake raising its head
From the midst of its coils, met his gaze,
Dancing this way, and that, while his forky tongue play'd,
And he told Tom his spirits to raise.

"I have bitten, 'tis true, and my poison is found
In your veins, but once more you are free—
If you squeeze the wild cotton milk into the wound,
It will cure you. Now listen to me:—

"Never more follow pleasure, while duty's undone,
If you do, you'll assuredly find
That pleasure will leave, when its course you have run.
A sting far more fatal behind!"