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AND

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THE CONSCIENTIOUS FULFILMENT OF MINOR DUTIES:

It is exceedingly common to hear well-disposed persons say, that they would willingly do good, if they had but the talents and abilities for doing it; they, however, can only lament that they have them not, and that therefore it is useless for them to attempt what they cannot succeed in. This excuse, with exceedingly few exceptions, though it has a great shew of humility, has nothing more than the shew of it; there is real vanity of heart lurking under it. It is easy to see that the secret motive by which such are actuated is this—they do not choose to improve the one talent, because they have not been honoured with the many; their pride is hurt, because they think that others have been more favoured than themselves; for, in truth, it is not usefulness they aim at, but distinction, if it be not profit.

It must be remembered, that every one has, or is endowed with, some talent, or peculiar ability, committed to his care; and whether it be much or little, he is expected to make a suitable improvement of it. Great talents, while they excite the envy and admiration of mankind, often prove a snare to their possessor; for the very applause which they call forth is calculated to inflate the vanity of the human heart, and consequently it requires no ordinary degree of mental discipline to preserve, under such circumstances, a disposition of humility and thankfulness. Hence it is to be feared, that those duties, which serve to display talent, are sometimes ably performed from motives which would not bear a close inspection. On the other hand, those ordinary, retired, but important duties, which all are bound to discharge, according to their respective spheres, are free from such snares, because, far from attracting general attention, they command no applause, save that of an approving conscience; and for that very reason they are apt to be undervalued and neglected; and for that very reason, too, they are the best tests of value of character, because they are the most likely to be performed solely on the most truly valuable principles.

Some there are who neglect ordinary duties, because they have a conceit that they are destined to greater things; and they confidently anticipate that a time will come when they shall be placed in a situation to display their superior abilities. Vain delusion! as if a change of situation would necessarily produce a change of disposition; as if character were formed in a moment, instead of being the result of slowly acquired habits. Many, who have neglected the duties of a humble situation, have lived to see the fallacy of

their expectations of performing great things in a higher one; for, when at length they have attained it, they have found, that though their circumstances are altered, the state of their mind is the same; and as they formerly neglected to improve the few talents, so now (even if their abilities are not injured by the rust of sloth) do they neglect to improve the many. If any one really feels that he is not as useful as he might be in his present station, how shall he dare to repine at not being placed in a higher station, when it is evident, from his remissness in inferior duties, that he is unfit for it. Rather let him call himself to account for not improving the various opportunities of doing good within his reach: nor let him rest satisfied with simply acknowledging that he has been faulty in this matter, or that he will, at some future time, alter his course; but let him now, at once, in his present situation, however humble it may be, do all the good in his power, and he will soon find his means and opportunities of doing it much greater, and more extensive, than he supposed.

Of the various considerations in favour of the conscientious performance of our ordinary duties, we will adduce, first, the fact that they are most frequent in their recurrence, for they occur every day of our lives. If we wait till we have an opportunity of doing some great action before we care to exert ourselves, we may wait all our life long without a single opportunity offering itself; but if we resolve to attend conscientiously to common duties, not a day will pass, not a circumstance will happen, without presenting innumerable opportunities of doing good. To him who faithfully improves these opportunities, how consolatory will be the reflection, so soothing when all other comforts fail, of having frequently benefitted both himself and others: on the other hand, how heavily will the sense of innumerable sins of omission press upon him who habitually neglects them! We may also add, that it must have a highly dangerous effect upon our moral constitution to be continually resisting the dictates of conscience, which we must do if we despise ordinary duties; for as there can be no doubt that they ought to be performed,—if they are neglected, they must be so against the clearest conviction of their obligatory nature. Thus, to resist conscience, is doing it a most fatal injury; for it will at length totally paralyse its controlling power.

The second inducement is, that ordinary duties are the most urgent in their claims upon us. The duties, for instance, of affectionate attention to our relatives, of benevolent kindness to our fellow-creatures, and of fidelity in the common concerns of life, press in-

cessantly upon us—they make immediate and unremitted calls upon our attention; and though most of these calls may be trifling in themselves, they are considerable and important in the aggregate. It has sometimes happened, that persons engaged in the duties of public life have overlooked those which they owe to their families, their attention has been drawn away from them; in point of fact, they have preferred the more remote to the more immediate duties; and what has been the consequence? Such families have often been a disgrace to the parent, whose public virtues have attracted public admiration. The urgent claim which these duties have upon us is indeed shewn most strikingly by the fact, that if they are neglected, even under the most excusable circumstances, they bring with them their own punishment.

The last consideration we will notice is, these duties are the most conducive to our immediate happiness, for there are no others which so directly carry their own reward with them. That reward, certainly, is not of the splendid and imposing kind, which is usually bestowed upon great actions; but we believe that it is far more productive of lasting satisfaction: the one is a blaze of glory, which suddenly breaks forth, and as suddenly expires; the other is a genial warmth, which continually administers to our comfort: the former, indeed, may be more coveted; but the latter will be more enjoyed. The man who lays himself out, in a benevolent spirit, to do good to those around him, must be a happy man; for happiness, like light, increases by diffusion. Hence, a good man feels his own comforts enhanced by contributing to those of others; for he as it were partakes of them again, in sympathising in the enjoyments of those whom he has made happy.

No one will deny that it is within our own circle, amongst our own families and friends, we first and most naturally seek for happiness; and since this is the case, it follows that a conscientious discharge of our duties towards them is the most certain means of producing it—for kindness begets kindness; and where persons are so closely connected together, opportunities of expressing reciprocal good-will are sure to be numerous, and consequently may be made to contribute, both largely and directly, to the sum of earthly happiness.

Let not, however, these remarks be misconceived. In urging the practice of the minor duties, we have aimed at shewing that no one should despise them; it should be added also that no one ought to confine himself to them. An external morality, and a general benevolence, is not all that is required of us.

But here the present writer brings to remembrance—what he is occasionally apt to forget—that, beyond every due expression of sincere reverence for other more momentous and primary duties, an extended consideration of them would not so consistently, perhaps, agree with the general complexion of the present publication.

PALMYRA.

PERHAPS no sight in the world is so instructive and interesting as the ruins of celebrated cities. By their site and present condition, how much light is shed on the page of history! how much evidence is given of the customs, modes of life, and opulence of those by whom they were inhabited! What a solemn warning voice issues from their mouldering heaps, bidding after-ages beware of the luxury and splendour which tempted the spoiler, and rendered them an easy prey to the

hand of rapine and violence! Often, too, the veracity of the inspired writings may receive farther proof, by the condition in which they are now found. Especially is this the case with the once busy and magnificent cities of the east.

The ruins of Palmyra are among the most wonderful and interesting of these records of past ages. Like a widowed beauty, abandoned in the desert, Palmyra still seems to weep over the memory of her fallen grandeur. Time and conquest have united their efforts to humble her pride, and their trophies are scattered over an expanse of several miles, literally strewn with the mighty yet graceful productions of ancient genius.

Palmyra is generally acknowledged to be identical with the Tadmor, built by Solomon, B.C. 992. The ruins now in existence are not, however, supposed to bear so early a date, as the architecture is referrible to the age of the Seleucidæ. Its locality was well chosen; about one-third of the way between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean; thus affording a convenient halting place for the caravans, conveying to the nations of Europe the rich commodities of India. The situation is peculiarly beautiful. It is built on one of those fair oases, which lift their ever-verdant bosoms above the dead level of the sandy oceans of Arabia and Egypt. As its name indicates, numbers of palm-trees flourished on the spot; pure perennial springs gushed copiously forth in all directions; the air was temperate and salubrious; and the soil richly rewarded culture, by golden harvests and delicious fruits.

We have little or no records of the earlier history of Palmyra, but it is probable that, soon after its foundation, it passed from the Jewish to the Babylonian power, and subsequently submitted to the Persian and Macedonian monarchies.

It is first mentioned by Roman historians, as forming a little free state, and maintaining a strict neutrality between the Romans and Parthians; which, however, did not save it from an attempt at plunder, on the part of M. Antony, B.C. 40. Adrian exhibited a lively interest in Palmyra; conferred many benefits on the people, and erected some stately edifices, imperishable monuments of his magnificence and generosity.

From Adrian to Aurelian, (140 years,) Palmyra steadily advanced in commercial importance, opulence, and luxury; till, on the death of Odenatus, his queen, Zenobia, broke her alliance with Rome, and made herself sole mistress of Syria and Mesopotamia. Her martial and undaunted spirit impelled her to grasp at power which she could not long retain; and after a short siege of the city, which the warlike queen defended with personal prowess, she was captured, together with her secretary, the famous Longinus, and led in triumph through the streets of Rome, at the chariot wheels of Aurelian, A.D. 273. The city was at first preserved from spoliation, but a revolt occurring soon afterwards, it was sacked and partially demolished, and the inhabitants massacred with atrocious cruelty and violence. It was afterwards restored to a certain extent; but was finally destroyed by an army of Saracens, A.D. 744. From that date until the visit of two English travellers, (Dawkins and Wood,) about eighty years since, the existence of Palmyra was unknown to Europe. Many adventurers have since explored its ruins, from whom we learn, that the city presents traces of its former magnificence, even in the wildness of desolation and decay. The size of the oasis is much diminished by the encroachments of sand, which is often scattered by the desert blasts over the verdant palm groves of the deserted capital. Thirty or forty poor Syrian families inhabit the ruins, the possession of which they dispute with all unclean and hateful animals, who seek an abode amidst the remains of fallen greatness. What a mournful contrast does this present to the condition of Palmyra in the third century, as described by Piso, a noble Roman, who visited the place. The vast temple of the sun was

then rearing towards heaven its thousand columns of polished marble, its matchless beauty casting into shade every other work of art of which the world could boast. Even the Parthenon, with all its magnitude and splendour, was eclipsed by the mightier proportions, and yet more perfect grace, of this crown of the eastern capital. The regal palaces were seen around, built of the most costly materials, and richly sculptured, and decorated with all that was indicative of oriental magnificence, corrected by the purer Grecian taste. Beyond, in apparently endless perspective, were lofty arches, obelisks, domes, colonnades, and fountains; and amongst them, at intervals, rose the slender stems of the palm trees; their wide-spreading and feathery tops waving over the lower buildings, and their soft, unfading verdure contrasting pleasingly with the dazzling radiance of the white, or richly-veined marble. Through the streets of the city poured the full tide of a busy, wealthy, population; "her merchants were princes;" and the description of the commercial glory of Tyrus (Ezekiel xxvii.) was equally applicable to Palmyra. Her bazaars displayed the rich stuffs of India; the jewels of Golconda glittered on her fair daughters; the perfumes of Arabia smoked on every altar, and the spices of the far eastern isles were wafted on every breeze. Caravans perpetually wound through her streets, paying toll for their passage, purchasing provisions of the inhabitants, and offering for their choice the most rare and valuable merchandise. There were united in Palmyra, with the wealth and pomp of the east, the refinement, civilization, and arts of the west. A large and well-disciplined army preserved the independence and peace of the state, and furnished the young nobles with a school wherein to make such proficiencies in the art of war, as should prepare them by arms to maintain the independence of their country, and acquire such habits of order and due subordination, as were necessary for the well-being and safety of the state.

Zenobia put the finishing stroke to the proud fabric of Palmyra's glory, which, however, was tottering to its foundation, even while the superstructure was receiving the last polish and highest decoration of which it was susceptible. The presence and influence of Longinus at court had the effect of drawing thither many philosophers, and of bringing science and literature into higher repute among the courtiers; and although the ardent and ambitious spirit of his mistress indisposed her to contemplative study, she was his disciple and companion in many branches of learning.

Such was Palmyra, the gem of the desert; the mart of nations; the seat of power, learning, wealth, and civilisation. But the tide of Roman conquest swept over her; and, in its reflux, left nothing but silence, desolation, and death.—*Ward's Miscellany.*

THE MIDDLE WAY NOT ALWAYS BEST.

THE safety of taking the middle way is evident, when we are assailed by disputants, each violent in his cause—it is the most secure path while we journey through life, where the difficulty lies in steering between extremes that are equally hurtful—and this maxim may be generally applied to morals, philosophy, and even to religion itself: in all which, violence and coolness are equally to be avoided. But in the imitative arts, as they are called, the reverse of this maxim is our rule and guide, as appears by an examination of its effects in painting, music, and poetry.

When we would strike the imagination, which is the end of all the arts, it must be by something that operates instantly, and with precision—this effect cannot be produced by mediocrity.

In a picture, the subject must be told with some

degree of violence to arrest the attention. If it be historical, the figures must be eagerly engaged, or they will not seem to be engaged at all. Strong men must be *very* strong—beautiful women, *supremely* so. In landscape, it is not such an assemblage of objects as we *do* see, but such as we *wish* to see—every thing must have a brilliancy and agitation beyond nature, if we are to think it a representation of nature.

It is this principle which has established fiery instead of warm colouring—that makes the heightening touches of trees red or yellow instead of light green—that makes grey hills, blue—that makes a front and side light in the same picture, and other extravagances. As our endeavour to give a just representation of nature generally fails of effect, we try to impose on the imagination, by substituting an exaggerated resemblance.

Not only in the subject, drawing, and colouring of a picture we consider the middle path as dangerous, but there must also be a boldness in the touch of the pencil, or all our other elevations above mediocrity will be of no avail. The very essence of drawings depends upon effects suddenly produced by broad and full touches.

In music, quick and slow movements are distinctly marked, but what is between both seems uncharacteristic, and though it often has the power to please, it seldom possesses sufficient force to affect us. This remark may be extended to the effect of the piano and forte, and even to the manner of performance.

Poetry, in its very nature, possesses an energy superior to prose—in thought and language it must scorn the safety of the middle path, and find one more elevated, or perish in the attempt! If it be dramatic, the characters must have a degree of extravagance in language and sentiment much beyond common nature. The dresses of the actors, and their painted faces, are equally necessary, for without all these exaggerations upon the sobriety of nature, we should be too feebly touched to be affected.

In epic poetry, the characters must be like the figures in historical painting: the men should be either young and strong, or old and feeble. The middle-aged man, if absolutely necessary for the story, must of course be introduced; but at the time of life when youth is lost, and old-age not attained, the character is unpicturesque and unaffecting. It is so in common portraits: none have a worse effect than those of middle age.

Perhaps it may be urged against the truth of the maxim I would establish; that there are in music, many movements in moderate time; that there are many landscapes of simple nature, and many characters in dramatic, and other poetry, which are excellent, although of that middle class which I seem to reprobate.

I can only answer, that there is nothing beyond the power of genius; and it is never so evident, as in producing effect where circumstances are unfavorable.

Perhaps it is the consciousness of this difficulty being vanquished, that adds to the pleasure we receive from such instances, and raises our feelings so far above mediocrity, that the sensation is as much elevated as if produced by violence. For one musician who can make a simple tune, there are five hundred who can compose a noisy symphony. There is no subject so easy for a landscape-painter as a warm evening—it requires but little skill to *imitate* Claude, it is the first effort of the smatterer in landscape-

painting; but no one ventures on Ruysdale's green banks, roads and puddles of water. There will be a thousand successful imitations of Raffaele before another Hogarth will arise. Our present historical painters are much nearer their prototype, than any of the burlesque caricature designers are to their great original.—*Jackson of Exeter.*

A BUSH STORY.

[FOR THE COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.]

IN ONE of the northern counties of New South Wales there lived a respectable family, consisting of parents with two sons and a daughter. They had arrived in the Colony at a period when it was said that people lived, not that they simply existed in the place; when land was bestowed and cultured, and money was thought to be plentiful, and credit substantial. This family of whom I shall speak were upright, noble characters. They claimed not nobility from ancestral dignity, but from honourable minds and pure principles. The capital brought out was wisely employed, flocks and herds were purchased, wool was sold, and this family though living in comparative solitude were not completely shut out from beholding the human face divine.

Mr. Egerton was an erudite man, and both his sons and his daughter had received the education of true gentility, a decorum, a *savoir faire*, a courtesy, a philanthropy, and added to all these, they were devotedly attached to each other. Several miles divided them from the next settler, who was also in a flourishing state in reference to monetary aggrandisement. This family, whose name was Westmeath, consisted of three daughters and a son, at whose fire side the following colloquy took place on the morning our story commences.

"Charles, where have you been ever since yesterday morning, out all night, and we wondering if bushrangers had murdered you, or blacks had kidnaped and eaten you?"

"Why, Mary, you do not look as if you had been very sad," said Charles, "and there are evidences of joy or at least of pleasure and amusement in the best room, you must have had visitors to a late hour; there are cards and music books lying about, and the piano open. You were too tired, at least, to arrange even the chairs before you went to rest, you must have been merry."

"Come brother," said Susan, "now do tell us what kept you, for you never stopt at the Egerton's before."

"I stayed because I was cordially invited, and had been hospitably received, and as soon as I had settled father's business with Mr. Egerton, and was thinking of my return, his two sons entered, and were introduced to me. Mother, they are the finest youths I have seen in the colony, and Mrs. Egerton is quite a lady."

"Well my dear," said the good natured Mrs. Westmeath, "you have seen so few ladies amongst our female society lately, that I am glad you availed yourself of the opportunity of indulging your fancy for an evening."

"And I think," said his father, "that you found Mr. Egerton a man of business, aye, and a man of the world too."

"I found him to be a gentleman, who knew how to transact business with punctuality, but as I know very little of the colonial world, I cannot answer for him in that particular, but if the English world alone possesses such characters as are represented in him, then shall England be my dwelling place and my home, when I have wherewith to make it so. I have been so confined to this spot that I have almost forgotten good-breeding, until I saw it so resplendently exhibited at Lovegrace cottage."

"But, my dear Charles," said his mother, "why does not your correct opinion of this good family, for I know them well, produce in your mind more pleasing sensations than you are at present manifesting? You appear irritable and displeased with us."

"Mother, I am never displeased with you, for you are all kindness, all courtesies, and all that I can wish in my mother, you only lack one thing in my eyes, namely, that you do not teach, or you do not make my sisters to be like you."

"My dear son, true gentility is not to be taught, true goodness is gentility. There is no need to go to polished courts to learn good manners, where the heart is set to do well and kindly; where self is at least sometimes forgotten, in the wish to please others, it is an evidence of good sense and urbane principle, which example cannot give, and precept cannot impart, it is not confined to place or to circumstance, it rises spontaneously and it flows freely."

"Dear, dearest mother, you have pourtrayed yourself and the whole family from whence I have returned."

"Then, dear Charles, if my sentiments are echoed in your breast, the root of them must also be there, nourish the seed and it will bring forth good fruit."

"La, mama," said the little Ann, "now twelve years of age, you speak like poetry, how I love to hear you talk when it is not about house business."

"Mary," said Susan, "you and I had better look for some occupation, and leave these sentimental people to themselves."

"Father," said Charles, "Mr. Egerton is coming over this morning to sign the papers with you."

"Indeed! then girls we must have all the nonsense put away in the best room."

"Oh yes, Mr. Charles," said Mary, "I suppose your very genteel friend must not see our drawing-room in dishabille though it is so very early."

"Mary, there was not any thing in dishabille at Mr. Egerton's, and although I was there by ten o'clock in the morning, both Mrs. and Miss Egerton were as neat and well dressed as if they expected company."

"Oh, oh! Charles," she answered, "I have found you out, a lady in the case, a young lady, heart-smitten, Charles, how I will tease you."

These parties now separated each to their own avocations, and we will return to the family first mentioned.

"I am sorry" said Mr. Egerton, "that I could not accompany young Westmeath, I am rather pleased with him, he seems to possess talent for business, and politeness of manners; indeed I think he is altogether a superior youth."

"A youth! papa," said Miss Egerton, "I think he is a full grown man, and much older than either of my brothers, although he seems to enter into all their pastimes with so much glee. Mama and I were also much taken with him, and from the high estimation in which he regards and speaks of his own mother, she must also be a very superior person; and, if after you have seen the family, and do not disapprove, it is our intention to make them a neighbourly visit; he has three sisters, and we might form a nice *coterie*."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Egerton, "we shall see, I must now away, you know business first, amusement afterwards, I will tell you all about them on my return."

Upon the arrival of Mr. Egerton at Mr. Westmeath's cottage, he was ushered into the *best room*, where was seated Mrs. Westmeath and her daughter Anne, the two elder sisters not being sufficiently arranged for so early a visitor. After the customary salutations, and a slight refreshment, Mr. Egerton walked and rode over the settlement with Mr. Westmeath; it consisted of many thousand acres, numerous flocks and herds, several dairies, numerous bark huts, and several pretty cottages. All appeared well preserved, corn and fruit were in abundance, and the hand of diligence was manifested around. The whole of the land was examined, nothing was unobserved, and Mr. Egerton was of opinion, that to himself it would be a lucrative bargain if he purchased the station, and as he had a good offer from another colonist for his own, which was considerably smaller, he might venture to sell his own, and with the cash united to the bank stock in hand, take immediate possession of Grey-lands, as Westmeath's settlement was called.

"And so you are going to turn operative," said Mr. Egerton, as they rode into the grounds surrounding the dwelling."

"Yes sir, yes sir," answered Mr. Westmeath, "but that is for your private ear, for if it were known that the land I speak of contains the precious metal, I might be forestalled you see, I must go quietly to work, I have a partner in the affair, and we mean to bind our labourers under oath, and pay them high wages to secure their secrecy."

"Well, Mr. Westmeath, the old adage, 'a bird in the hand you know.'"

"Aye, but Mr. Egerton, mine will be gold in my hand, and I leave the bush to you."

"You are facetious, Mr. Westmeath."

"Why sir, when I think of the money I am like to make, I am naturally pleased you know."

They entered the house where dinner was prepared, and Mr. Westmeath said, as he entered, "now take your time, Mr. Egerton, we will do nothing to night, you must sleep upon it, I give you the first offer, because I know the land is worth the sum I ask, and you are a neighbour, besides which it saves money and time and trouble to make the matter a private one. My wife was for having it advertised, but then you see, I must give my reason, and I might lose as I told you before."

Dinner was now served, and the daughters being introduced, they sat down without ceremony. Mrs. Westmeath, who was a sensible and lady-like woman, was the only one of the party who

conversed, she expressed her regret at leaving the station, she spoke with deep melancholy, she loved not change, she feared the natives, in fact she felt a solemn sadness which she could not shake off, and she felt exceedingly for her son, who was also much grieved at leaving the station. Mr. Egerton said little, but he was not unobservant, he pondered over the circumstances, the characters and the manners of all, he thought them a most singular family. They retired early, and on the morrow after the breakfast the two settlers sat down in private, when after having placed the writing materials and some papers on the table, Mr. Westmeath remarked, "you will commend my prudence Mr. Egerton, I have caused my lawyer to send me down the copy of my purchase of these lands, rather than the original, fearing that serious loss might be sustained if they were lost or stolen."

"I have seen the deed itself," said Mr. Egerton, "for I am well acquainted with the party who passed the station to you, and that part of the matter is all right, and I presume there is no mortgage."

"Mortgage, Mr. Egerton, sure you are too near a neighbour not to have seen the products of my farm and wool, there is not a tradesman in Sydney nor a labourer on my grounds, to whom I owe a shilling."

"Excuse me, Mr. Westmeath, this also I have examined into, and I am perfectly satisfied on that point likewise."

"Well then," said Mr. Westmeath, "all other things are duly prepared, I worked very hard when I was last in Sydney to hasten my preparations for the great affair I have in view. Every day is immense loss to me, and whilst you are reading these preliminaries, I will call in my overseer to witness."

"Do so," said Mr. Egerton, "and I will take your son for mine if he will be so kind," and he rose as he spoke, saying, "I see him advancing."

Mr. Westmeath had left the room, and as Charles entered, Mr. Egerton said, "Well Mr. Charles, will you sign a paper for the delivery of your father's lands into my care?"

"Surely I will" said Charles, "and fortunate do I consider my father in having such a tenant as yourself, sir: may I enquire for what period you are to be encumbered with it?"

"Encumbered, why for ever and ever, that is as long as I live. Do you not think it will be a profitable undertaking?"

Charles answered hastily, "Oh, 'tis an excellent station, my father has made much by it, I am only surprised, and indeed so are we all, at his letting it to you or to any other person."

Before Mr. Egerton could explain, Mr. Westmeath and his chief man entered.

"Can you read?" said Mr. Egerton to the man.

"I can sir," he answered.

"Read the paper before you sign it."

After he had looked it over from beginning to end, he signed his name very legibly, and the paper was passed to Charles for his signature, which he immediately affixed. The duplicates were then signed and the affair was thus far concluded.

Upon Mr. Egerton's arrival at home, the eyes of all his family were asking questions.

"I have bought the station" said he, "and the overseer and labourers remain."

"Where are the family going to reside," said Miss Egerton, "and how do you like them? I hope they will live near to us."

"Come in, come in, father," said the boys, "and tell us" said Henry the eldest, "of all the advantages we are to derive that may compensate us for leaving this happy home."

Mr. Egerton was not long in disencumbering himself of his travelling dress, and soon appeared in his loose robe and slippers, and all were comfortably seated before a substantial *thé à la fourchette*, as the dinner hour was long passed, though none had dined. The meal was soon ended, and the affectionate little party prepared to listen to their father's detail of events; who thus commenced.

"Laura, your nice coterie will not be established, the Westmeath family leave the place directly, and we take possession."

"Then, my dear, you have really purchased the estate," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes, I really have, Martha, and I am sure you will be delighted with it, and we shall all find it an advantageous bargain. I am fully aware my dear boys, how your toil has been rewarded in this small portion of land which we now inhabit, but it has not been like our own since we contemplated selling it; and we were ever subject to a removal, and it seemed as if we were always working for others. Now you will be sure of the reward of your labours, we shall all feel our own interest in the concern, and as soon as I am in possession I shall divide each their portion, for it is a very large station, and then I shall do what I have long considered a neglected duty, make a will and divide it among you. Do not look sad Martha, I

shall not die the sooner for making a will, but I shall be happier. It is scarcely necessary to say anything of the family, as they leave directly, whither bound is at present unknown, Westmeath thinks he has found the philosopher's stone, or something very near to it. Himself as a companion you know I never liked, but he is exceedingly acute after business. The whole settlement in every department is cleverly arranged and nicely ordered. The labourers are all married, it is his rule, he thinks it renders them more stationary, they are paid in money, and when the wool is sent to Sydney, each gives a written list of articles which are bought accordingly, and a written document from every trader as to the amount paid. It is to this principle, and to the scarcity of single men, that the work has hitherto been so flourishing, and I am sure that nothing but the prospect of greater gain could induce him to leave the place. Mrs. Westmeath, my dear Martha, is a character I cannot at all understand, she appears more like a desolated, bereaved, heart-broken woman, than the wife of so jolly a being as her husband, not that I think he is unkind to her, but I cannot express myself; her melancholy is of a most peculiar cast, beyond my ability to fathom, and her amiable son is in some degree touched with the same complaint, if complaint it may be called, the youngest daughter Anne is a lovely child, the image of her mother in all but her sadness. It would pain me to describe the two grown-up daughters, they are any thing but agreeable, any thing but amiable, any thing but comely."

"But papa," said Laura, "you were much pleased with young Mr. Westmeath when he was here, I hope he has not fallen in your estimation."

"No, no, indeed he has not, but in his own house I can find no sentiment for either him or his mother but pity, they have, I am sure, one common sorrow."

Many minute enquiries were now made by the sons of Mr. Egerton, Henry and James, concerning the farm, its productions, its discipline, its locality, its neighbourhood, &c., &c., and the conversation thus lasted until bed time.

Every one has surely felt that that there have been moments in his existence, not moments of peculiarly important events, but, on the contrary, of comparative insignificance, which have left very strong impressions on the mind, such were the impressions left on the mind of Mr. Egerton as he brought to his recollection again and again, the words of Mr. Westmeath, "Mine will be gold in my hand, I leave the bush to you," these words were last on his mind when he went to rest, and the first on the moment of his awakening. As soon as they had breakfasted, he desired his two sons to ride over to Greyland farm, to view the place, and examine into the proceedings with young Westmeath. An hour's ride brought them there, when they found that Mr. Westmeath, the elder, was gone out early to some distance, and was not expected to return for several days. He had, however, left orders that part of the house should be prepared for the entire use of the Egerton family, and that the packing of his family goods should commence immediately, that they might be ready to follow him at a very early notice. Mr. Charles then went with the young men over the farms, and introduced them to the shepherds, stock-keepers, &c. The overseer was gone with Mr. Westmeath, but was to return on due notice if Mr. Egerton desired it, many hands both male and female were assisting the household packing, which was to consist only of necessary wearing apparel and light articles, the whole of the furniture might be sold by Charles, or reserved for his own private use, as it was his father's wish that he should remain at Greyland for a time to give the Egertons a complete insight into all the peculiarities and customs of the place. However, as there appeared so much bustle, the young men looked lightly over the farm, and returned to Lovegrace Cottage in the evening. On their arrival they found their father had received a letter from Mr. Westmeath, requesting that the cash left due to him on the bargain, which was not to be paid until Mr. Egerton had received the same from the party who was in treaty for Lovegrace Cottage, should be passed into the hands of a certain money dealer, whose address he gave, and who had advanced him the same on the well known and well credited signature of Mr. Egerton. The next morning Mr. Egerton wrote to the gentleman on treaty with him, and informed him of his readiness to conclude the bargain and give him up possession. At the same time all now became bustle and motion, Mr. Egerton being very desirous to close with Westmeath. At length all was concluded, and the family soon became settled and at home at Greyland farm. Mrs. Westmeath and family, had left for Sydney, where they were to take lodgings for a time, and Charles remained with the Egertons. A settled quietude was soon established and a perfect unity appeared to reign around,

and all but Charles seemed to be content with their occupation, and happy in each other. In vain did each and all seek his confidence, or offer companionship; he would walk over the grounds, he would see that all were working in the several departments, each in their own avocation; but he himself neither laboured, nor sought amusement in any way, neither was a book ever seen in his hands. One day, when the hour of noon had passed, and some grand massive clouds, heavy and detached in the broad expanse of blue, were floating over the sun, and gave a coolness to the air, Charles was to be seen lying on his back, his face partially concealed and shrouded with his broad brimmed straw hat; conscious that no human ear was nigh, he gave utterance to the following ejaculations: "I have seen the smile of love, in a lovely creature, but not for me, I have seen the acts of love in the character of a daughter and a sister; what would I not reject for such a sister, such a friend to contemplate and listen to. I think of her incessantly, but with what feelings of anxiety and agitation. I cannot explain them. Yes, yes, here is my evil destiny, I love her, but she will never love me, there is no similarity between her and me, she is all happiness and smiles, I am dejected, sad, and shall henceforth be miserable; true, she is to me all frankness, easy, unruffled, unembarrassed, ah, it is therefore that she convinces me she sees not my love, her open conduct towards me manifests that she does not even suspect it. But, my sister Mary is gone, she said she would tease me, she would indeed have made my deep-wrought passion as the folly of an idiot, she would have laughed when I sighed, she would have ridiculed me when silent, and though I am spared the introduction of such an angel to such a father, and such sisters as mine; yet I cannot rejoice at their absence, for my mother, my dear mother, and sweet little Ann, are gone too, gone, and I only left, knowing naught of the affairs, gone to Sydney, from thence to England! 'keep it to yourself!' Is this the confidence my father puts in his only son? It may be, I am left to keep watch over these lands of my father, but why not tell me so. It may be I may never see my mother again, and I have taken no leave of her, received no favourable blessing. Oh! how my thoughts wander, how they are divided between my family and — Laura; but I am not yet a captive, I will feel my ground, I will not be refused, she will, she must with her penetration discern my love, and she is too tender, too upright, to treat it lightly. I will try and hope, but I cannot smile, I cannot feel happy, I cannot dissemble, I am wretched. Laura, thy loveliness is surpassing, thy manners soft and easy, gay without being noisy, serious without being sad, and thy presence is to me like the light of the sun. Strange and fearful presentiments are, however, hovering around me, and I feel that her destiny is some way linked with mine, while at the same time, in my own mind, her portion is in our common lot as unhappiness." Then, as if he had for the first time given a thought to the subject, he started on his feet, exclaiming, "Why should my mother and sisters go to England when my father is to work mines of gold here?"

"Ha, ha," said a voice, which, on turning, Charles found to be Henry Egerton's, "you have asked a question Mr. Charles of some airy inhabitant I presume, seeing you are alone, and I am not the light-winged, but the heavy-shod Mercury to bring you an answer; here is a letter from Sydney for you, and I have been over hill and dale, and literally beating about the bush to find out the cause of your desertion, you will make me believe for the future in guardian angels as well as swift winged messengers, I have come so apropos for your question. I am going to call at Hensons hut, and when you have read your letter, you can overtake me, and we will ride home together, your horse is feeding very quietly here, just by yon bee hive."

Charles walked slowly on, reading his letter and meditating on its contents, until he again joined Henry Egerton.

"Good news, Mr. Charles, all right; mine sprung?"

"Your questions follow too closely, and I am not very loquacious, but will you tell me who brought the letter?"

"A gentleman who sent in his card as Mr. Wilson, I did not see him as my father rather hurried me in search of you. He waits to see you, and perhaps will dine if he does not stay longer. We will now make our best speed home again."

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client, "I did, your honour." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why, then I came to you."

ETIQUETTE.—The improvement which has of late years taken place in the tone of general society is fast abolishing mere etiquette. What is now aimed at is a pervading politeness founded on benevolence, and which persons of normally constituted feelings readily acquire amongst well-bred friends. It is something materially different from mere etiquette, and in many instances opposed to it. It enables us to perform the little courtesies of life easily and naturally, without that kind of flourish and formality which a strict adherence to the rules of etiquette produces. Byron's dictum is more efficacious than all the rules and regulations that ever were imposed; it is, that those persons only are truly agreeable and popular in society, who are

" ————— at ease,
And being natural, naturally please."

It is that effort and hypocrisy exhibited by individuals who aim at manners which are not the result of general habit, which is real vulgarity. A clown in the most refined society is not really vulgar, he is ever so clownish; it is only when he tries to become genteel that he is so.

HOW MANY WIVES DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN?—This question has been settled by a chieftain of one of the African tribes, who, on being asked to take some interest in the Colony of Liberia, could not, he said, for the reason that he was not a gentleman. Why not a gentleman, he was asked. Because, he said, I have only two wives. How many wives does it take to make a gentleman? Six, was the answer; with six wives the chieftain could have enjoyed a perfect *otium cum dignitate*. With two he was only one-third a gentleman. Heretofore it has been a disputed point, who is a gentleman, but the problem is now solved, and with us, of course, there are no gentlemen,

NORMAN BEGGARS.—The beggar-lad seeks himself a lass of his own caste, and merely asks if she is willing to be his helpmate. If she consents, the business is settled, and they proceed to the solemn ceremony of marriage. A fowl, the produce of their fishery, is put into an earthen pot and boiled. As soon as it is done, the bridegroom takes up his stick and strikes the pot with it. The marriage is valid for so many years as there are pieces.—*Excursions in Normandy*

EARLY TUITION.—It is astonishing how much the nature and disposition of a child may be altered by early tuition. Let a child be always with its nurse, even under the guidance of a mother, regularly brought up as children usually are, it will continue to be a child, and even childish after childhood is gone. But take the same child, put it by degrees in situations of peril, requiring thought and observation beyond its years, accustom it to nightly vigils, and to watching, and to hold its tongue, and it is astonishing how the mind of that child, however much its body may suffer, will develop itself so as to meet the demand upon it.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.—Love seizes on us suddenly without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise. One look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming; it is of slow growth through many trials and months of familiarity. How much wit, good nature, indulgence, how many good offices and civilities are required among friends to accomplish in some years what a lovely face does in a minute!

INDEX VERBORUM VITANDORUM.

Or, a list of Words, Phrases, &c., to be avoided by all correct Readers, Spellers, Speakers, and Writers.

No. IV.

APOCOPE.

Apocope cuts off the final letter,
Or syllable, from what, before, was better.

<i>Error.</i>	<i>Correction.</i>
a humble,	an humble.
brimston,	brimstone.
endiff,	endive.
fift,	fifth.
gi' me,	give me.
Gil Blas.	Gil Blas.
girt,	girth.
near upset,	nearly upset.
po' chai,	post chaise.
scarce ever,	scarcely ever.
sixt,	sixth.
twelft,	twelfth.
whicstun,	wheatstone.

The Moralist.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF KNOWLEDGE.

If there is any thing lovely, if there is any thing desirable, if there is any thing within the reach of man worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it; but findeth the subject that he possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man; neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted under the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wise, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! one crime authorized by thee, is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous, when thy sons increase about thy table; sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will have it? surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the criminal, that he may confess his guilt; art not thou unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the less, because he cannot punish it?

When thou commandest to the torture him who is but suspected of ill, darest thou to remember that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession; pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easy as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without a cause, thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise! know when thy Judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne first bow thyself at her footstool: if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully: the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports. But weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it; and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of man beareth not its splendor.

MORAL MAXIMS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

No. 39.

CONTEMPT of a man is the sharpest reproof.

Contempt of injurious words stifles them; resentment receives them.

Contend not with thy friend, lest thou make him an enemy.

Content can only be purchased by a virtuous life.

Content, in the humblest dwelling, is better than care in the most splendid palace.

Contention comes by pride, and is supported by envy.

Content is the true philosopher's stone.

Contentment is of so great value that it can never be dearly purchased.

Contentment is only to be found within ourselves.

Contentment is to the mind as light to the eye.

Contracts should never be undertaken unless they can be strictly performed.

Contracts, to be binding, should be mutually advantageous.

Select Poetry.

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arms and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find!

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right goodwill thy simple token!

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself
And new-cropp'd daisies, are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly life,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumping!

Well; let it be! through weal or woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.

IN the dreamy hour of night I'll hie,
When the hum is hushed of the weary fly,
When the lamps are lit, and the curtains drawn,
And sport on my wings till the morning dawn,
In the festive hall where all is joy,
In the chamber hushed where the sleepers lie;
In the garden bower where the primrose smiles,
And the chirping cricket the hour beguiles:
In these I'll sport through the summer night,
And mortals to vex, I'll bite, I'll bite.

There's one I view with an evil eye;
A flame of pride in his breast I spy:
He breathes in a lute with a master's skill,
And listening souls the rich strains fill
With the rapturous thrill of melody;
But he carries his head so haughtily,
I'll play him a trick—in his happiest swell,
When the lingering trill, with a magic spell,
Holds all entranced, I'll wing my flight,
And pop on his nose, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

There's a poet, I know—in the still midnight
He plies the pen by the taper's light,
And wearied of earth, in a world all his own,
With fancy he rambles, where flowers are strewn
Of fadeless hue, and he images there
A creation of beauty in the pure still air.
With the world around from his sense shut out,
He heeds not the buzz of my round-about;
But when a new image has broke on his sight,
Ere he gives it existence, I'll bite, I'll bite.

And the long-courted vision shall vanish—while I,
In a snug little corner, shall watch him, so shy,
As he thumps his brow in a burning rage,
And dashes his pen o'er the well-filled page.
I see a young maid in her chamber napping,
And I know that love at her heart is tapping;
She dreams of a youth, and smiles in bliss,
As she pouts out her lips to receive a kiss.
But she shall not taste the gentle delight,
For I'll light on her lips, and I'll bite, I'll bite.

—From a Newspaper.

To our Subscribers.

The Subscribers to the Colonial Literary Journal are respectfully informed, that, the present low rate of subscription being found inadequate for the defraying of the actual necessary expenses of the publication of the work, it is the intention of the Publishers, at the end of the present quarter, to make a slight addition to the amount of the quarterly subscription; which will, they trust, enable them still to continue their endeavours to the satisfaction, and for the gratification, of the numerous body of their friends and supporters. The rate of quarterly subscription, therefore, after the present quarter, will be—to Subscribers in Sydney, 4s. 6d.—to Country Subscribers, 5s.

This notice is given thus early to allow those Subscribers, who do not wish to continue their subscription, to send a written notice to that effect to the Office, accompanied with the amount of arrears, before the 31st instant.

CATALLACTICS.

Before in unclear'd land to work you go,
With cross-cut saw, and ax, and break-up hoe,
The nature of the place turn in your mind,
The site, the aspect, the prevailing wind.
This clime in vines, and that in cereal grasses,
A third in trees, miscarries or surpasses.
Each district doth its own by-law obey—
A part of nature's fixed enduring sway.

[Virg. Geo. I. 50.]—G. G.'s TRANSLATION.

WE trust that we have by our free quotations familiarised the attentive reader with the four great elements—not fire, air, earth and water, as the ancients taught—but carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, which form the bulk of the substance of every organic structure. We have copied out a good deal respecting the last named element, nitrogen, but it will precede more naturally what we have to extract relative to the inorganic constituents which are contained in soils and manures, and which distinguish by minuter but important differences the various kinds of crops adapted to different soils, promoted by different manures, and occupying different places in a judicious rotation. Our present observations shall be confined in a great measure to the former three, which are derived in certain varying proportions from the atmosphere, according to the nature of the climate. The climate of this colony of New South Wales, so far as yet settled, is noted for its aridity. This year indeed has been not only rainy, but the air has been saturated with moisture, when there was no rain actually falling; and at different former intervals (which do not seem to have occurred so regularly as to warrant us in conceiving a meteorological cycle) there have occurred seasons of still greater humidity. Of these, and of the heavy rains which occasionally occur in ordinary seasons, we may feelingly say, "Pity 'tis so much good water should be lost! Can nothing be done to prevent it running at once into the sea where certainly it is not much wanted?" But to return, the climate is decidedly arid—in respect that generally there are no particles of moisture diffused amongst the atoms of the atmospheric fluid. Personal feeling convinces us of this—that the air is remarkably pure—and so do philosophical observations. The watery mists refuse to mix with the common air—the clouds soar above us defined in their outlines, and rarely exhibit any sympathy with our thirsty earth. Yet in particular months and hours, heavy dews are shed upon the leaves and pour down about the stalks to the roots of plants, and are greedily absorbed if these superterranean and underground organs have been developed. Still the general rule is aridity,—that nobody can deny.

We have shown that there are three great classes

(quoad their prime constituent elements) of plants: those in which the oxygen is in greater proportion than water, or in equal, or in less. This general division indicates, acid, neutral, and inflammable vegetables. The first, where the acids prevail, comprises those products in which the characteristic is acetic, oxalic, citric, tartaric, tannic, benzoic, camphoric, gallic, malic, succinic, kinic and the like acids, in considerable proportion. Those products are such as rhubarb, tamarinds, grapes, mulberries, oranges, lemons, onions, apples, cherries, oaks, elms, balsamic trees, laurel-leaves, peach-blossoms and kernels, barley, oats, and so on. As these thrive best where the oxygen may be most readily absorbed and assimilated, and require but a moderate portion of hydrogen, their acidiferous characteristics are most abundantly evolved in cold dry climates, or in the colder altitudes of the temperate zones. Thus they will grow luxuriantly in climates where they will not ripen. But very few of these productions are desired merely on account of the acids generated in them—the oak is perhaps the only exception—man requires for his purposes that a certain portion of saccharine matter should arise—that they should sweeten and ripen. To attain this end a favourable exposure to the sun is required at the latter stages of growth, and a freer absorption and more abundant supply of hydrogen. In effect they then come under either of the classes in which the oxygen is in less proportion than in water, or in equal. The second class, the neutral products, those in which the oxygen exists in equal proportion as in water, are such as are chiefly composed of woody fibre, sugar, starch, gum. Of these, woody fibre requires least, and sugar most, hydrogen; but all require for their prosperous nurture and development more hydrogen than the first class, the acidiferous. Wheat, both straw and grain, various woods, as acacias and eucalypti, our favourite flax, as regards stalk, potatoes, which ought to be starchy, maize, and most of those which we have enumerated in the first class, grow, in proper situations in temperate or warm and dry climates, to great advantage. Whatever failure takes place, (and we do not deny that 15 bushels of wheat to the acre, or grapes that will not convert into a keeping wine, are a failure,) is owing not to the aridity of the climate, but to the unsuitableness of the soil. If the same acres are cropped for several seasons with wheat and maize, receiving no manure except from the burning of the stubble or an occasional inundation, the alkalies and phosphates requisite for the sustenance of wheat grain become deficient, and though good wheat straw and good maize grain may be had, the quantity of wheat grain will yearly diminish. In like manner good eating grapes, or grapes fitted for the making of certain luscious wines, may grow abundantly on many soils, unadapted for producing a keeping wine, a wine that will undergo the processes of deposition and decomposition in a satisfactory manner. To attain the latter a soil naturally calcareous, or a supply of calcareous manure must be had. But of soils and manures we do not now treat. The third class of vegetables is those in which hydrogen is in excess. All the plants valued for their oleaginous and resinous qualities are ranged here. And therefore it is we fear that the olive, if grown in this country, may not be found very abundant in oil, and possibly many other plants lately recommended for culture on account of their unctuous and inflammable

principles may not succeed. Our scepticism is however by no means indomitable, because we are sure a good choice of situation, irrigation and the heavy dews we spoke of, are sufficient materially to compensate for general dryness.

It is obvious then that so far as climate is concerned, the colony of New South Wales possesses many advantages, is capable of growing many plants of value either for the internal consumption of the colonists, or for mercantile exchange. That it will grow the sugar cane cheap, we have no hope unless we go farther north, where we may enjoy some of the hydrogenic luxuries of the tropicks—at the same time cane sugar requires less of this than the oily plants do. In considering these matters theoretically we have a difficulty in combining all the circumstances of temperature, and moisture, which influence the growth of plants, until by actual experiment, and with due regard to the soil and inorganic constituents thence derived, (as also of the nitrogen or azotised ingredients,) the results are brought distinctly and indisputably before our observation. For example a large leaved plant, the superior and external organs of which had been nourished and enlarged by a wet spring, may thrive in a dry summer, while a small leaved plant, or the same plant developed later, would starve. Thus also we may have good grain and little straw, or the contrary,—much and good linseed oil and but little flaxen fibre or the reverse, according as the early or the latter stage of its growth wanted, or received moisture—many vine twigs and foliage and a light vintage, by similar causes. Perhaps we have pursued these illustrations too far. The sum of the matter is, “Let us choose our plant by an examination of its primary constituents—for high situations and cold exposures let it be of the first class where oxygen predominates—for warmer situations of the second—and only try the third in peculiar circumstances and seasons—then let us adapt these to such soils, or such conveniences for manure, as will furnish the nitrogen and other ingredients.

Nitrogen will be our next subject from Liebig by and bye.

GAFFER GRAY.

CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

CONTINUATION OF VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY—ON DYEING.

THE colours afforded by plants and vegetables, as used for dyeing, is by no means their least important property. Dyeing is a most decided chemical process, for there is no probable cause by which any colouring matter can adhere to cloth except an attraction subsisting between the two substances. Although the colours in the meadows and the gardens of nature, appear to us various as beautiful, it is a well known fact, that the colours red, yellow, blue, and green, are found to be the sources of them all. It is these colours alone, varied by shades, which constitute the body, as is seen in the rainbows. The art of dyeing was known in the earliest ages, Moses speaks of raiment dyed blue, and purple, and scarlet, and sheep skins dyed red.

The colouring matter is found in the plants mixed with mucilage and resinous substances, the presence of which render the parts more soluble and therefore easily extracted by the application of hot water. As this colouring matter is easily decomposed by the sun's rays or moisture, it is essential to a dyer that he should be acquainted with such ingredients as

will establish his tints permanently. Alkalies and acids will change many colours, and by their combinations new ones are frequently formed. An attraction is found to exist between metallic oxides and colouring matter, which when combined are considered permanent and fixed. These colours thus fixed are called *mordants*. The mordants most in use, are alum, and sulphate of iron. The article to be dyed is sometimes plunged into a solution of alum, or the alum may be dissolved with the colouring matter. There is generally no security for a permanent dye without a mordant.

The number of plants from which we derive our colours for dyeing is so numerous that a few instances must suffice for general information. A plant called madder, cultivated in Holland, supplies a red, as also the safflower of Spain from which orange is made. The Brazil wood gives tints of pink and red, logwood gives a purple red. Chica red is used by the American Indians to colour their skin. Turmeric root affords yellow, it is used in cookery to give yellow tints, and is an ingredient of curry powder. The fustic imparts a beautiful amber colour, it is much esteemed, and may be found in some abundance in parts of this colony. The most important blue colour is obtained from the substance called indigo. This invaluable blue dye, for which no substitute has ever yet been found of equal value, first came into use in modern times in Italy. It comes to market in cakes or in cubes of three inches. It is extracted from the plant, either by the fermentation of the fresh leaves and stems, or the maceration of the dried leaves. It is cultivated in Bengal, Malabar, East and West Indies, America, Madagascar, and the Mauritius, and why not in this colony? It requires a soil neither too hot nor too dry, a light mould, and occasional clear sunshine with light showers.

Every material used in dyeing is necessarily prepared by chemical laws, from the known properties and combinations of the mineral and vegetable colouring. Before any article is dyed, it is first well cleaned and freed from all colour by bleaching: if the absence of colour cannot be obtained by that process, then the material is only subjected to the colour which will amalgamate with that already existing. The bleaching is performed by the operation of chlorine, or if that is not required, it is subjected only to the influence of air, light, and water. There are two reasons for these preparatives, first to render the article as clean as possible, that the fluid dye when applied may find an entrance into the minutest parts of its fibres. The second is, that the whiter the object, the more capable it is of reflecting light, and consequently the colouring matter exhibits more brilliant tints. It is also necessary that the dye shall be very clear and limpid, for if we were, for instance, to attempt to dye a piece of cotton black by immersing it in ink, the colour would be neither good nor durable, the particles would be too gross to enter the cotton or to adhere to it with any tenacity.

Much depends on the nature of substances in their reception of a good dye, wool appears to have the greatest attraction for colouring matter, silk comes next to wool, and leather also, as being an animal substance; then cotton, and lastly flax. Very few colours will remain as a permanent dye, without the base or mordant. Salts of iron, salts of lead, and alum are generally used. There has not hitherto been found any thing in plants that will form a black

dye; it is still made from the same ingredients as the writing ink, which consists of oxides of iron dissolved by sulphuric acid, and then brought into combination with an infusion of gallic acid. This forms the black dye and the black ink in common use. Gum arabic is added for ink, to prevent too great fluidity in the writing, as well as to preserve it from decomposition. Bad paper, made from inferior rags, and bleached by an excess of chlorine, will cause the best ink to become discoloured.

The ink used for marking linen is composed of nitrate of silver mixed with gum arabic, Indian ink and distilled water.

Indian ink is composed of lamp black and animal glue, to which is added a peculiar Indian perfume, not essential to its quality as an ink.

Printing ink is a very different material to other inks. It is an oily composition of the consistence of an ointment. For its composition, linseed oil must be boiled in an iron or copper vessel: when it boils strongly, and emits a black smoke, the oil should be set on fire with a piece of paper and the vessel taken off the fire. The oil must burn only for a minute, and be extinguished by covering the vessel; when it is partially cooled, black rosin and hard soap cut in slices is added. This mixture is again set on the fire, and when the ingredients are thus thoroughly melted, lamp black well strained through a lawn sieve must be stirred into the mixture. If a small portion of white wine, not sufficient to lessen its consistency, is added, the ink will have a greater blackness; sometimes vinegar is used for this purpose, as in common writing ink.

The above is not the only method of making printer's ink, but is decidedly considered the best, by modern chemists and artizans. B.

A FRAGMENT.

[From the Memoirs of Abdallah el Aretz, the Dervish of Bussora.]

[FOR THE COLONIAL LITERARY JOURNAL.]

"BETWEEN Bagdad and Bussora, a traffick is driven in gums and spices, and silks and damasks, and all that is calculated to administer to the gratification of taste, and to throw a charm over the seeming enjoyments of social and domestic life. Bussora stands midway between the Persian Gulf and the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates—rivers as old as the Garden of Eden; and is well fitted, by its position, for being the mart of the commerce of the Eastern World. Bagdad, the romantic city of fiction, which is situate several degrees to the north, differs much from that city of palaces which is conjured up by the imagination, when revelling amidst the splendid descriptions of eastern story. Portions, indeed, of the city are at the same time magnificent and substantial; and one division of it is inhabited in a style of much chasteness and grandeur, by the tribes and kindred—the countless cousins of the ancient Caliphs of the land. But it is best known by the truckster habits of the jews and pedlars who have appropriated the remains of the ancient city to themselves. Caravans of these are incessantly passing between Bagdad and Bussora, and conveying to the former city the varied productions of the world.

"Bagdad was the scene of some of my youthful adventures; and may, for aught I know to the contrary, have many more claims to my regard than I care now-a-days to acknowledge: for some of my kindred used to pride themselves upon tracing their descent to a certain family of strolling pedlars, who at one time settled among the crowded habitations of the southern division of that far-famed city; and I have heard it insinuated by some of the duennas who were the guardians of my motions in infancy and early life, that there was more of the restless blood of Bagdad in my veins than my puny and peevish frame was ever likely to indicate. For myself, I cared not a straw about the composition of my blood, and far less about the dignified alliance which was thus at my

adoption. In as far as those immediately around me were concerned in the comparison, I laboured under an aberration of mind. And as the mind has a wonderful influence over the body, I hence became, in early life, a sort of locomotive machine. The particular spot where I happened first to vegetate had no peculiar charms in my estimation; and I therefore set out on the voyage of life, trusting altogether to circumstances to determine the locality of my final position. The scenes which, in consequence, passed under my review, were as varied as could well fall to the lot of humanity. Nevertheless, I profited little from the variety. The doings of men attracted not my regard. My mind was a sort of vacancy—filled, to be sure, with its own imaginings, but empty, in as far as a knowledge of human life was concerned; and I roamed about, in consequence, with the undefined anticipation of intellectual enjoyment. Visions of perfection were ever flitting before my eyes—ever to be chased away by the cruel realities of ordinary intercourse: till my mind became at length imbued with the belief that all perfection is unattainable on earth, and in the agony of incessant disappointment, I was at times driven to the verge of resolves which I now shudder to reflect on.

"Experience had been for years endeavouring to fix his secure chain round my heart, when it was my fortune to sojourn for a season at Bussora. My position led me to mingle but little with the people of the city, being myself placed in retirement, and my avocations, moreover, being more of a domestic and studious nature than connected with the business of the world. Yet was I occasionally led to see a little of society—if such it might be called which consisted in the formal meetings of a few Dervishes, who were more eager to discuss the merits of the viands they partook of, than to talk over matters connected with the general interests of society; or which was more frequently made up of the chattering of children; for such may they be esteemed who talk without thought, or who magnify into matter of endless astonishment every little incident which happens not to square with their preconceived notions of things, simply because the experience from which these notions are derived has been limited, or encountered in vain. In the course of this occasional association with the people of Bussora, I frequently came in contact with the natives of Bagdad; and from the fame of their city, and the note which their habits of enterprize had acquired—more perhaps than from the relationship of my earlier days—I have suffered myself to form an estimate of their character as a people. From partial knowledge of individuals, it is by no means fair to pass judgment on the mass: yet the truth, in cases of this kind, can be obtained only by a comparison of individual statements. For this reason, I think it right that every traveller, like myself, should put on record his opinion of the people he chances to meet with in the course of his pilgrimage, however partial his experience may be, and however erroneous in the end his opinion may turn out to be.

"Like all the offspring of our father Adam, evil is largely mingled with good in the composition of the denizens of Bagdad. Yet are they comparatively a blameless race. They are humble and lowly, and diffident and meek, where pride or self-confidence is not called into exercise. Innocent are they as new-born babes; unless, indeed, the wiles of the heart be allowed to lurk in some corner of the countenance. Bold are they, withal, as bulls of Bashan, save in cases where success may be doubtful. The feeling, moreover, which predominates in all their actions is love. Love is the mainspring of all their movements—pure extatic love. Ceasless, indeed, are their efforts to gratify the darling of their fondest affections. Each is a lover of himself alone: and sooner than lose sight of the object which is dearest to his heart, he will patiently suffer insult and indignity—the loss of reputation, and the risk of life. Yet is the pedlar of Bagdad high-minded to a fault. The honour of his country is the cynosure to which the compass of his conversation ever points. Patriotism is in his bosom a living and abiding principle: and sooner than allow a slur to be cast, in his hearing, on the feats or features of his beloved father-land, he will stand stoutly forth as the defender of what he well knows to be indefensible. With the most amiable and edifying partiality, he will expatiate on the matchless comforts of his native dwelling, and will enumerate among its inmates the pelican of the wilderness, and the wild ass of the desert. His praises of the beauties of Bagdad are long and redolent, like the beard of Aboul-Housan. Its narrowest streets, and least frequented alleys, are ever fragrant with the unctuous odour of [rank incense and myrrh], and its parades may be traversed, in daylight, without danger from those loathsome annoyances which are the pest of less perfect