

have produced disturbing effects on the Nilotic phenomena, and on the weather generally. We supposed a transposition and displacement of the dry and rainy seasons, and a pernicious blast blowing only occasionally and with a partial influence. We thought of the rotatory theory of winds, and the alternate motion and friction of currents oppositely directed, till we thought our brains would jump out of our skull. At length it occurred to us, that the sons of Heth and of Jacob, though they said nothing about it, might have had some method of preserving their honey, turpentine, balsams, and nuts, and Jordan almonds, from one year to another, and that, after all, what they brought down to Egypt, in the second year of the dearth, as a present, might be only a small quantity remaining from the fruitful seasons that had preceded that great calamity.

It was *dignus vindice nodus* to save the world by extraordinary precautions from the fatal effects of so general a scarcity, for all countries came into Egypt to buy corn, that is, *at least* all countries then known on only the east side of the deserts, for St. Stephen speaks of Egypt and Chanaan, as experiencing the great affliction. But at that early stage of the world the human being had scarcely appeared in Europe. The race was concentrated round the original habitat westward of the deserts, or in those two countries above-mentioned. In these circumstances it was also *nodus vindice dignus* to rescue the lands of Egypt, the cradle of the arts, and afterwards the granary of the world, from an ignorant, selfish, private system of management, and introduce good engineering with reference to the annual overflow. Who can tell that most calamities have not like purposes? A purpose of improvement not yet apparent may have occasioned the drought which prevailed here from 1838 to 1840. That it has improved individual hearts we are certain—even that is enough—but we think time will enable us to trace a purpose more general. Time may also convince us, indocile as we are, in a severe manner, that unless we are willing to carry out the purposes of our benign Creator, new calamities will arise obedient to his will. Our greed, our obstinacy, our contempt of the dictates of nature, benevolence and justice, are obstacles to his designs, which he will not fail, however long he may endure them, finally and signally to remove.

GAFFER GRAY.

## CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

CONTINUATION OF VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY—ON GUMS.

It is the opinion of many persons in this country, that the various gums found here might be an available article of commerce. The gum of the mimosa tree is eaten by the natives, and the taste approved by the English, and though of a different nature to that sent to England from New Zealand, might prove to possess either medicinal or chemical properties. The common bush gum tree might, if experimented upon, also prove to have the property of the tannic acid. The caoutchouc, found in every flower-garden around us, and shown at the floral show in great perfection, might have a separate ground for their exclusive cultivation and be a source of traffic even to those parts from whence it originally proceeded to us, in as much as through the agency of the English and French, the variety of useful purposes to which it can be applied has been so multiplied and enlarged,

that in many instances their own elastic gum would, when exhibited to them, not be recognized. The Indian rubber tree was first known to us as an East Indian and South American tree. This curious vegetable product exudes from the tree in the form of a whitmilky juice. When it is required by the natives they make incisions in the bark, when it issues out plentifully; a mould of sand is placed to receive it as it trickles down; the mould is then removed that the first layer may dry, after which another is allowed to fall on it; this process is continued until its substance is become sufficiently thick for the purposes required. It becomes darker as it dries, but is frequently blackened with smoke by the natives who use it for shoes and bottles. It is very easily dissolved in turpentine, and then it has the appearance of melted glue. Of late years it has been used as a paste to rub over cloth or leather to render them waterproof. Dissolved caoutchouc is the substance used by the celebrated M'Intosh for rendering his coats and cloaks impervious to the air or moisture. It is also used for inflated cushions, and at the suggestion of Dr. Arnott, this material is sometimes filled with water and used as a bed for invalids.

Since the discovery of the manifold uses to which the caoutchouc can be applied, the juice of the plant has been extensively imported. It is of a pale yellow colour, of the consistence of cream, but passes through many chemical processes before it becomes in a condition for its numerous and useful applications and contrivances. The bottles are however still used on most occasions, as they are easily dissolved, and then cut into extremely thin threads. Bands, garters, braces, shoe ties, indeed every thing where elasticity is required, it is used for, and has entirely superseded the wormed wire formerly used for the same purposes.

One of the gums most in use in all countries, is gum Arabic. This flows from the acacia tree, hitherto found only in Arabia, and on the banks of the Nile. It is used in medicine to form emulsions, it is used also to give lustre to crapes and other silk stuffs, and as a cement.

There are other varieties of gums in nature, some flowing from the branches and trunks of trees, others from fruits in the form of mucilage which dries and hardens in the air, and some from seeds and roots.

We owe much to Mr. Grayling for putting us in possession of the knowledge of the latent riches of these lands around us, and had he taken up and worked but one of the metals, minerals, earths or plants, that he has discovered, he might have become a prosperous man; and if he had only gathered his specimens and displayed them to the public, they would have made him popular, and many would have taken an interest in them and him. Such is not now the case.

B.

## MR. AND MRS. DOBKINS.

A ROMANCE OF THE CITY.

Our street is an extremely handsome one; in fact, an excellent street, though it does not at all possess anything more peculiar in its characteristics than the general run of the streets in the City of the South; that is to say, that it has the usual complement of trim verandah cottages, weather-boarded, green-shuttered dwellings, with here and there a few three-storied brick houses, raising their bold bullying fronts as if in contempt, high over the roofs of their humble

neighbours; a reasonable share of fruit-stands, chandlers' shops, and wood-yards, with a public-house, accompanied by a solitary gas-lamp at the corner. But it is not to exterior pomp or architectural decoration that our street owes any of that deep and romantic interest, which time and its own inhabitants have gradually thrown around it; sources of far higher character have lent their aid to give our good old avenue that strong claim upon its denizens that it possesses. The memories of the past, and the associations of the present, are ever independent of the power exercised by outward circumstances.

Exactly in the centre of our street, there stands a small dwelling, of very handsome appearance—small indeed, and yet quite large enough for love and joy to dwell in, without the company of sorrow, and free from the troublesome visits of want. It is of brick, yet plastered to a hue of whiteness almost dazzling, while its façade consists of a verandah with a green top, and slender white columns prettily festooned with English ivy and clematis, into which, two French-lights, beaming with the radiancy of plate-glass and crimson hangings, and a hall-door stained in imitation of beesh, and adorned with a black knocker and a bright brass-plate, afford egress. In this verandah are placed, at opposites sides, two rustic benches composed of the limbs of some unknown trees, which are twisted into the most fantastic and unnatural shapes it is possible to conceive; their effect being heightened by a coat of green paint, and a scroll bearing the owner's name. In front of the cottage itself, there are two thickly-grown loquat-trees, and a tall acacia, which, with the addition of some half-dozen rose-bushes, give it an inexpressibly quiet and rural air, while they act as excellent preservatives from the hot garish beams of the noonday sun. Then there are the flower-plots laid out in squares and ovals and diamonds, with a pretty liberal sprinkling of light-brown loam, and a miscellaneous collection of flowers, the whole being enclosed and protected by a light wooden railing, mounted on a stone wall of rather unusual height, but which is by no means unnecessary, in consequence of the declivities occasioned in our street by the town-improvements and cuttings-down in the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six. This really charming domicile, my good reader, is the retreat of Mr. and Mrs. Dobkins, the happy home of an amiable and affectionate couple, and the scene of some of the brightest of those pure and quiet enjoyments which conjugal love can alone confer upon our lives, illuminating from the lamp of peace the dull solitary paths of existence.

Mr. Dobkins is a middle-aged gentleman, which, according to Byron, is equivalent to "no age at all;" but be that as it may, Mr. Dobkins is a steady creditable man, generally speaking: one who knows perfectly what the world is about, can unlade a ship, make out a bill of sales, close a consignment, or smoke a cigar and sip a "nobbler of hot" as well as any man in the territory. The two most remarkable traits in Mr. Dobkins' character, are a wild devil-may-care notion of rambling, that will now and then intrude itself into the sensorium of his brain, and keep its hold with a species of tenacity near akin to monomania; and it is in this state that my excellent friend has committed vagaries, which, to say the least of them, are as strange and extraordinary as unlooked-for in an individual of his personal appearance and generally sedate and settled characteristics. The

other point in the worthy man's composition is one equally honourable to his feelings as a man and his duties as a Christian: it is a deep, a pure, an earnest, and a devoted passion for the partner of his heart and home—a tender and manly affection for his wife, devoid of uxoriousness on the one hand and indifference on the other. Mrs. Dobkins, a sweet dark-eyed creature, all liveliness and elasticity, cherishes in return an affection the most lively for her lord, and her only weakness, for folly it cannot be called, is rather an overweening partiality for satin bonnets and China parasols, balzarine dresses, and flounces *a la Turque*, evening parties, and drives in the phaeton. If ever man loved his wife as husband should do, it is my excellent neighbour;—if ever woman fulfilled the sacred treaty ratified at the altar, as woman should do, loving, honouring, and obeying, that woman is Arabella Dobkins.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was just eleven in the morning, the time when traffic begins to spread her mighty wings over the busy city, and Mr. Dobkins arrayed in his blouse, and the various et ceteras of his summer costume, with his white hat on his head, and his gold chain dangling from the pockets of his black velvet waistcoat, was taking his way with slow and dignified steps towards his place of business, that I accosted him with the usual salutations of time and place, and our road laying in precisely the same direction, these greetings assumed a more conversational cast, running somewhat in the following strain:—

"Good morning Mr. Dobkins."

"Good morning to you, sir."

"Extremely fine weather, sir—anything new?"

"Why, no—save you would accord that designation to something connected with myself;—I've a job in the discharging of the 'Bristol,' and what I anticipate to be a troublesome piece of business with that little New Zealand trader—the 'Tartar.'"

Mr. Dobkins was getting prosy, so without more ado, I allowed him to run on as he pleased, and the reader shall see how I was enlightened for my patience.

"Do you know my good friend that I've formed half a resolution already to take a trip to New Zealand—just by way of a bit of fun you know"—and here Mr. Dobkins winked knowingly, and pulling out his handkerchief, blew his nose twice or thrice, then proceeded—"It *would* be a capital joke indeed, sir, a bachelor trip to New Zealand and nobody being the wiser of it—a little rustivating among the cannibal islands, eh!—just a pic-nic for variety sake at Ianaivakara—and come back with a cargo of spars and *linum usitatissimum*—why, it would be capital!"

I perfectly acquiesced with Mr. Dobkins in the humorous manner in which his plan might be carried out, and in the perfect originality of his idea, at the same time congratulating him upon the happy and uncommon powers of facetiæ with which nature had endowed him; he went on—

"I've often had a waggish trick of this nature in my head, but I'll be hanged, sir, if I can keep the imp of mischief down for the last few days,—I should like to know if a man *could* carry his head safe on his shoulders, that is to say, without getting it knocked off with a tomahawk, for his pains, for about the space of a month, in those savage islands."

"My dear sir," I replied, "if you are in earnest, consider, pray consider what would possibly become

of Mrs. Dobkins if you should carry any such plan into execution—imagine, sir, the state of painful excitement both of body and mind that your amiable spouse would actually suffer in the interim if you—excuse me, sir,—of your foolish jaunt.”

“Why, look ye sir, I’ll settle that in half a minute—I believe that it is known to you that no man bears a deeper regard for his wife than I do, from one end of New South Wales to the other —” he replied.

I bowed affirmatively.

“Well then—I shall take measures for quieting any uneasiness that might be felt upon that score—and as for managing that business shan’t go to the dogs during my absence, leave that to me;—a colonist of eight and twenty years standing to take care of *number one*, against the whole world.”

“Very good,—very good indeed, sir,” I ejaculated looking at my watch.

“If anything should turn out,” said Mr. Dobkins, turning down Market-street, “you’ll have the goodness to keep silent on the subject.”

I bowed and we parted;—he to settle the business concerning the New Zealand vessel, and I to attend to the duties of my calling, where immersed in business, and transactions of the most multifarious nature, I soon forgot Mr. Dobkins and his wild and senseless projects of enjoyments. Probably I should never afterwards have recalled them to my memory, was it not for the circumstance of Mrs. Dobkins calling on me early next morning in a state of evident perturbation, in order to learn from me some tidings of her beloved husband, whose presence she had not beheld since the previous day. It was most natural that the conversation which passed between that gentleman and myself on the morning in question should rush immediately into my memory, but little dreaming of the truth of my surmises I detailed it to the suffering lady, who uttering a loud cry of grief and horror sunk down to all appearance lifeless at my feet.

It was a considerable time ere she regained self-possession, and then it was but to express her utter despair of ever again embracing him.. “She knew,” she said, “it was one of those wild frolics which formed so foolish a part of his character, but it was impossible to see to what circumstances it might ultimately lead.”

The week passed, and nothing further was heard of Mr. Dobkins, save the announcement of his name in the public prints as a passenger on board the ‘Tartar’ for New Zealand, and after it came another week, and then another, and another, with precisely the same results. It was not until three long and weary months had passed away, and the gossips in our street became tired of chatting over so extraordinary an occurrence, that the grief of the bereaved wife commenced to settle down into calm but anxious hope. Alas! poor mortals that we are, we hope when we expect not, and we grieve the deeper when that sickly hope becomes sad reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late,—the night was dark and gloomy, and the rain poured down in torrents, sweeping the filth and dust into masses of moving slime and mud; and the broad fiery flashes of lightning played almost terrifically in the lurid skies, revealing at intervals with the exactitude of daylight, the dark rows of houses and the shrinking passengers in the nearly deserted thoroughfares of the city, and ever and anon tingling the dark woods of the opposite shore of

Balmain with a flame-coloured and phosphorescent appearance, when a man of stout and athletic proportions, enveloped in a shaggy great coat and bearing a thick cudgel in his hand, stepped from the deck of a small schooner, upon one of the wharves of Darling Harbour. This personage paused for a moment on the wharf, as if to secure his pocket-book, or some valuable of the like nature in one of the capacious receptacles that adorned each side of his over-all, then wringing the wet from his opossum cap, he grasped his cudgel more tightly, and walked onwards at a smart pace, regardless alike of the pelting rain or the blazing lightning which threatened at every step almost literally to blind him. At length after threading various dark streets and narrow lanes he arrived in our street, opposite the small rail-gate of the residence of Mrs. Dobkins. Here he stopped, and looked up earnestly at the house,—there were wax-candles in the drawing-room, and the reflection of their rays through the heavy curtains of the French-windows, fell in a flood of purple light on the dark miry street, while musical sounds—those of a piano forte or some sweet-toned instrument emitting a sad and plaintive melody, might now and then be distinguished amidst the monotonous pattering of the rain—the notes went to the heart of that mysterious man. He advanced, and with a slight effort opened the gate, and, ascending the steps, stood at the door. He knocked, but no answer was returned; again he knocked, and the door forthwith opened by a servant whom the lady of the house had but that day hired. Without a word, he passed into the house—there was a dead silence, the pianoforte had ceased its music, but suddenly there came forth a shriek—but not of fear, nor of horror, nor of grief, but decidedly and undoubtedly of joy. What it betokened I know not, but this I do know,—that Mr. Dobkins made as sudden a re-appearance in the verandah of his residence the next morning, as he had mysteriously vanished three months before.

More the chronicler sayeth not!

D. D.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE NIGHT WATCHMAN’S MUSINGS.

##### No. IV.

If, as Doctors have propounded,  
Earth and every thing’s surrounded  
By a thin ethereal fluid,  
Polariséd and endué  
With the powers, we see let off  
From curious jar and pile and trough,  
Or creeping in the sailor’s compass,  
Or flashing in the weathery rumpus,—

If this hypothesis be true,  
Mark the result to me and you.  
Polarity (as you perceive)  
Is positive and negative.  
The north and south ends of our globe  
Are each, as ’twere, a separate lobe:  
Hence in the air, that like a robe  
Close clings to antient boreal ground,  
The positive atoms most abound.  
But here, in callow New South Wales,  
Nestling in Terra’s skirts and tails,  
Magnetic influence prevails.

Electro-magnetism explains  
Things that have puzzled wisest brains.  
We, in middle life transplanted,  
Who broad seas have cross’d undaunted,  
And in burning zones have panted,  
Could exist but little time

In this sultry thirsty clime,  
Habits free and gross preserving,  
Still from temp'rance-precepts swerving,  
But that skyey powers display  
A more mitigated sway,  
And by this electric fluid  
Limbs are lengthen'd, strength renew'd,  
In parts far downward from the brain,  
Which doth conditions cool maintain.

An anthropologist will find  
Good features in th' Australian mind  
So far as yet can be observ'd  
They are not quarrelsome, nor fervid,  
Zealous, nor generous, nor rash,  
Nor given to hack, hash, smash and dash.  
If flexible and apathetic,  
Not wholly is the cause magnetic :  
The fluid here indeed is minus,  
And northern burners hence outshine us,  
But teach us what is just and true,  
Place noble objects in our view,  
Which hitherto we have not known,  
And speedily there shall be shown  
Well-govern'd zeal and staunch adherence  
And gentle force of perseverance.

Nought sweetens more this vale of trial  
Than habits form'd of self denial.  
By them the blessing is possess'd  
Of mercy,—they are double bless'd.  
They are the root and nutriment  
Of all most lov'd and excellent,  
In him whose grave ambition springs  
From just account of passing things.  
To him, in his continual fight,  
In happy or in evil plight,  
They yield a lasting pure delight ;  
They smooth his path till duty grows  
The only pleasure that he knows.  
A second true delight they prove  
To those to whom he gives his love :  
In easy unaffected guise  
He every pleasing effort plies ;  
In trifling and great gen'rous acts  
He pays a punctual willing tax.  
Through this world, its changes, chances,  
Sorrows, adverse circumstances,  
He with even step proceeds  
As the line of duty leads.  
Faith and reason vigour gaining,  
Training, reigning, and restraining,  
Prize ineffable obtaining,—  
This, in high or mean condition,  
Is a great and grave ambition.

Sometimes, slowly as I go,  
I count each cross street, lane, and row,  
Corner tavern, grocer's shop,  
Stall for greens, or steak and chop,  
Craft in iron, wood, or leather,  
Draper bland, and surgeon clever.  
Would the Council me consult,  
Man, and woman, child, adult,  
All that dwell I could record,  
In cottage old of weatherboard,  
Storied house of brick or stone,  
With verandah or with none,  
I the length and width could tell  
And the annual worth right well.

Hush—a noise,—and snuff—a smell,—  
Yes—I know them both full well—  
'Tis the working still, no doubt,  
Which I never can find out.

NOCTIVAGUS.

## AUSTRALIAN FABLES.

### No. IV.

#### THE EMU.

NATURE thy works are wondrous! they abound  
In all philosophy and fancy wed ;  
Thou City of the South art fruitful ground,  
Whence should be reaped the produce of the seed,  
Sown by the great Creator, in that land,  
O'er which thy spires and towers uplifted rise ;

Creatures of life! trees! flowers! rocks! shelly strand!—  
Treasures of earth's cold womb! star spangled skies!  
All cry aloud; and with one voice exclaim, Australians rise!

Where from Hiero Cæsarea's towers,  
Albion's banner proudly smote the wind,  
While from the neighbouring height sprung lusty roars  
Of flame disgorging cannon, which, confined  
By the surrounding woods, return'd again  
Whence they had issued, looking on the crowd  
Whose hearty shout renewed the fiery strain,  
One of thy children, Nature, look'd and look'd with pain!

Held prisoner within the boundary  
Of the vice-regal palace, wh' erst had known  
What were the sweets of sweetest liberty ;  
Who where no foot of man e'er trod, had flown,  
An Emu stood unheeded, and alone,  
With neck outstretch'd and gazing on the throng,  
She ponder'd to herself in Nature's tone ;  
Yet to herself she did not ponder long,  
But sung aloud, and this the burden of her song!

Great are thy works O man! most wonderful ;  
Thy power extends alike o'er land and sea ;  
On this, thy fleets and navies hold the rule ;  
On that, thy towers assert thy majesty :  
In thy rejoicings here, thy power is shown,  
The cannon's roar! the self propelling barque!  
Strains of sweet minstrelsy! yet these alone  
Are surely not thy joy! hark mortals, hark!  
And from the fire of Nature's altar snatch a spark!

A spark will sometimes lighten when the blaze  
Of the full fire would dazzle, and prevent  
Perception else complete; a spark may raise  
A flame shall strengthen power else impotent ;  
So Nature hails you, men rejoicing here,  
She who might speak with thunder-crushing voice,  
That should each heart press down with guilty fear,  
Makes of a meaner, milder, means her choice :  
Listen O men! then say if thus ye should rejoice!

Free once I wander'd where acacias bloom ;  
' Neath Eucalyptus' and mimosa's shade,  
Or in cool streams I dared the burning noon.  
O'er boundless plains at eventide I strayed ;  
Nor feared the boomerang nor spear; there first I learn'd  
That Nature could rejoice! floods, hill, and dale ;  
Forest and herb, beast, bird, and fish return'd  
Daily their thanks to Him ; His power they hail'd  
Who called them into being, who o'er all other powers hath  
prevail'd.

There first I learned that man walk'd not alone,  
That other beings held him company.  
Some gay and light, in dazzling beauty shone,  
Some terrible and dark, would force him down  
To death and darkness with themselves to dwell.  
These hold him prisoner, these make nature groan—  
These make of man their servant to fulfil  
Their dark designs; and man, by nature black, make blacker  
still.

Surely O man! to us hath Nature given  
To see things wondrous, hidden from thy sight ;  
The lightning flash! the thunder crash from heaven—  
God's voice in this, in that an angel bright,  
Are plainly evident to Nature's eyes ;  
E'en now a shield, to guard, a sword, to strike,  
Are waving o'er your heads in yonder skies ;  
Headless ye move of shield and sword alike,  
Rouse men! nor wait until the sword of vengeance strike.

Had I a soul like you to lift above,  
Not with the cannon roar would I rejoice.  
I would deplore the anger, seek the love,  
Of Him, who in the thunder lifts his voice.  
Then haply would the sword from o'er your head,  
Depart, no more to threaten; while the shield  
Of His protection should be there instead ;  
And He who did the sword of vengeance wield,  
Should to your waiting hearts peace and abundance yield!

A WORD TO CHARLES HARPUR.

(From a Correspondent.)

EVERY man at all acquainted with what has been done for the cause of Australian literature, is familiar with the writings of Charles Harpur; while at the same time every individual so circumstanced must feel no ordinary gratification in perceiving that he has come forward, a mighty phalanx in himself, to join the ranks of the *Colonial Literary Journal*. The name of Charles Harpur is as a magic-word to those of his countrymen who have aught of communion with the graceful and the beautiful in intellect. And well indeed may the sons of Australia be proud of him—the native bard of the southern isle, he whose genius has expanded amid the wilds of his own rude, but well-beloved land, has struck its lyre to strains of beauty and melody that might adorn more classic regions, and throw even a brighter halo of poesy and imagination on localities already glorious and sacred in the songs of the gifted. His conceptions open forth a world of richness and originality, and there is to be found beneath each and all of his effusions a mine of pure and chastened beauty.

It is universally admitted that Australia is now fast approaching that climacteric, when nothing short of a wide and universal step in intellectual culture will serve to supply wants which are deeply and generally understood. Yes! thanks to that benevolent and omniscient Providence, which has so ordered it, the day is coming when despite of all the adamantine barriers that prejudice and ignorance may oppose to their progress, genius and taste, the hand-maids of knowledge and civilization, shall put on their robes of ethereal light and pass throughout the land: when the darling hopes, the day-dreams, and the spirit-haunting thoughts of those enlightened men, who in every period of our short existence as a community delighted to indulge, will be realized to a degree never thought of in the wildest flights of the imaginations that gave them birth. We are not expatiating on fantastic theories, nor are we digressing on subjects that the wise and considerate may call absurd and meaningless—our opinions but echo the sentiments of the many. Our beautiful land has already brought forth men of sterling talent, and shall not the thought perish that men of equal, if not superior ability, may not rise up in it for the future time!

Let Charles Harpur then come forward! God has blessed him with rich and rare powers, and has, we sincerely believe, implanted in his bosom a pure and generous love of country,—a patriotism which animates and gives force and brilliance to his effusions. Let him come forward and occupy that place to which his exalted abilities entitle him—as the guiding-star of his countrymen in the glorious and soul-elevating paths of literature,—of a literature NATIONAL and Australian, for if it be worthy the land of its origin, the terms are synonymous!

In the name of our common country we call upon him! the field is an open and splendid one, it is redolent of all that is rare and exquisite on the wide face of this beautiful earth, and its abundance has as yet experienced not the sickle of the reaper. Be it the task of her sons to garner in the harvest that lays before them. In the name of Australia we call upon him! not to the sacrifice of his necessary avocations in life, not to the neglect of those duties which society has imposed on him, nor to aught that may derange the order of affairs which the circumstances of life have rendered imperative; but simply and emphatically to assist in a cause, which we are sensible no man values more highly, or has more deeply at heart, than himself. Let Charles Harpur come forward, and by his own example, give a blow to that listlessness and disgraceful lethargy—disgraceful to us individually as Australians, and collectively as a community, which has so long enfeathered the genius of the land—the baleful aconite which impregnates its brightest and fairest springs, and the Delilah of every thing great and good among us. By such means may he lead the strains of his country, (and by patience and perseverance on our own part,) to that wished-for degree, so well exemplified in his own ardent and impassioned address to the Lyre of Australia—

“ And ever thy lays to her sons and her daughters,  
Should breathe of the land where the evergreen grows—  
To men's souls like a strong wind that stirreth the waters,  
To the heart like a spring-breeze that opens the rose.”

A SON OF THE SOIL.

[We are happy to state that we are in possession of additional contributions from Mr. Harpur, which will receive our prompt attention.—ED. C. L. J.]

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

March 20.—The brig *Britomart*, Keld, from Singapore the 16th January, and *Adelaide* the 10th instant.—The schooner *Wave*, Birkinshaw, from Port Phillip the 12th instant.—The steamer *Thistle*, Mulhall, from Moreton Bay the 16th instant.—The steamer *Maitland*, Parsons, from Port Macquarie.—The schooner *Vanguard*, Pifold, from Port Nicholson the 22nd instant.

March 21.—The brig *Louisa*, Tucker, from Hobart Town the 16th instant.—The brig *William*, Thom, from Launceston, the 14th instant.—The barque *Sarah Scott*, Bains, from Port Albert the 15th instant.—The schooner *Agenoria*, Bently, from Port Albert the 15th instant.

March 22.—The brig *Spy*, Paine, from Hongkong the 10th January.—The schooner *Success*, M'Coy, from a Whaling Voyage, via Twofold Bay, the 20th instant.—The steamer *William the Fourth*, Wiseman, from the Clarence River, the 19th inst.—The brig *Challenger*, Archibald, from Hongkong, the 19th January.

March 23.—The Government schooner *Mary*, Price, from Hobart Town, the 17th instant.

March 24.—The cutter *Black Swan*, Marsden, from Hobart Town the 17th instant.—The schooner *Mary Ann*, Amner, from Launceston the 10th instant.

March 25.—The barque *Lindsays*, Williamson, from the Whaling Grounds.

DEPARTURES.

March 20.—The ship *Persian*, Mallard, for London.—The schooner *Edward*, Gray, for Boyd Town, Twofold Bay.

March 21.—The barque *Raymond*, M'Kay for London.

March 23.—The ship *Margaret*, Courtney, for the Whaling Grounds.

March 25.—The brig *Caroline*, Passmore, for London.

Town Clerk's Office,  
Sydney, 20th March, 1845.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Assessment Lists of the valuation of all the property in MACQUARIE and BOURKE Wards are now open at this office, for the inspection of the citizens of Sydney, and will so remain for thirty days from this date; and that any citizen who may feel himself aggrieved by the valuation put upon his premises, must lodge his complaint in writing with the Town Clerk, before the expiration of the said thirty days, to be submitted to the City Council for their consideration; but that after the expiration of thirty days from this date, no complaint from any citizen shall be received by the Town Clerk, or attended to by the Council.

By order of the Council,  
JOHN RAE,  
Town Clerk.

BONNETS.

JUST OPENED, four cases of new and fashionable BONNETS, consisting of a complete assortment of Ladies', children's, and maids' Tuscan, Florence Tuscan, Dunstable, Rutland, rice-straw, and fancy Bonnets, boys' and infants' Hats, &c. &c.

These Goods will be found well worthy of attention, and will be offered at such prices as cannot fail to convince purchasers of their being the cheapest in Sydney.

ALSO,

One case containing a general assortment of

BRUSHES.

Hair, tooth, nail and shaving brushes

Flesh brushes

Patent metal shaving boxes

Dressing and small tooth combs

Ladies' side, neck and braid combs

White and all colours in seed beads for fancy work, with a complete assortment of French and English PERFUMERY, Eau de Cologne, &c. &c. &c., at

PITE & PRESTON'S  
Emporium, 263, Pitt-street.

WALKER'S FARINACEOUS FOOD

IS particularly adapted for sick children, and recommended by the faculty in cases of dysentery. Sold by all the Druggists and Grocers.

February 8th, 1845.

**NEW STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,  
476, GEORGE-STREET.**

THE undersigned having this day opened, in connexion with their present Engraving, Copperplate, and Letter-press Printing Office, a Shop for the sale of every description of fancy and useful Stationery, beg the favour of a visit from their friends and patrons, and assure the ladies, gentry, and tradespeople of Sydney, with regard to the present addition to their Establishment, that their expectations will be fully realised if the same portion of public favour is shown upon the Stationery, as upon the Printing Department, which they have enjoyed for the last two years.

- Double and single demy paper  
Grocers' and wrapping paper  
Every description of Gillott's genuine steel pens  
Wedding cards Bill heads  
Visiting ditto Bank cheques  
Business ditto Promissory notes  
Invitation ditto Imports  
Address ditto Exports  
Bills of lading Invoices  
Bills of Exchange Cargo books

Together with every description of printed forms.  
N.B.—A few numbers of Norie's Epitome yet for sale.  
Country orders punctually attended to.

J. T. & A. GROCOTT,  
Engravers, Printers, and Stationers.

Phoenix Printing Office,  
476, George-street, Sydney.

**FUNERALS FURNISHED,  
BY JOHN HILL, JUN.,  
AT HIS FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT,  
No. —, King-street, Sydney.**

To the Mechanics and Poorer Class of people of the City of Sydney.

JOHN HILL, JUN., begs to inform the above-mentioned body of people, that in consequence of the reduced state of times, he will conduct FUNERALS at the following low rates, where every attention will respectfully be paid.

- Full-mounted Coffin, with use of Hearse ..... £ 2 0 0  
Child's Coffin, with use of Mourning Coach .... 1 10 0

**TO THE LADIES.**

CHRISTOPHER NEWTON AND BROTHER beg most respectfully to apprise the ladies of this city and its environs, that, owing to the advanced period of the season, they have re-marked the whole of their

**STOCK OF PARASOLS,**

at a reduction of from twenty-five to thirty per cent., a correct list of which is annexed:—

- 47 Brown Silk Parasols, marked at 2s. 6d., reduced to 1s. 10½d.  
39 Ditto, marked 2s. 11d. reduced to 2s. 6d.  
44 " 3s. 9d. " 3s. 3d.  
57 " 4s. 6d. " 3s. 8d.  
19 " 4s. 9d. " 4s. 0d.  
78 " 5s. 3d. " 4s. 6d.  
18 " 5s. 6d. " 4s. 9d.  
29 " 5s. 9d. " 4s. 6d.  
33 " 5s. 10d. " 5s. 3d.  
56 " 6s. 11d. " 6s. 0d.  
90 " 7s. 9d. " 6s. 11d.  
28 " 8s. 6d. " 7s. 6d.  
69 " 8s. 11d. " 7s. 11d.  
84 " 10s. 6d. " 9s. 3d.  
59 " 9s. 6d. " 8s. 6d.  
14 " 11s. 6d. " 10s. 0d.  
13 " 12s. 9d. " 11s. 6d.  
39 " 14s. 6d. " 12s. 6d.

One trunk—being more or less slightly damaged—all have been reduced to 4s. 6d.; some previously marked as high as 16s. 6d.

An inspection of the above will justify the highest recommendation.

Bee Hive, Pitt-street, March 10.

**A CARD.**

A PERSON of steady habits, who has four or five hours to spare daily, wants employment as Office-keeper, Messenger, or light Porter: he can also keep plain accounts.  
Apply at the Office of this Paper.

**316, PITT STREET.**

**THE GENERAL PRINTING OFFICE  
AND**

**Office of the "Colonial Literary Journal."**

BOOK-WORK and PAMPHLETS to any extent; also, Posting-bills, Hand-bills, Circulars, Cards, Orders, Receipts, Invoice Heads, Labels, Law Forms, Nautical Forms, and any other description of Letter-press Printing, executed on the shortest notice, and at reasonable charges, by

J. READING.

**TO CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, AND OTHERS.**

RECEIVED ex General Hewett, and other late arrivals, a general assortment of GENUINE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, consisting of—FINE TURKEY GUM ARABIC, Epsom Salts, Senna, Calcined Magnesia, Sweet Spirits of Nitre, Essence of Bergamotte, Carbonate of Soda, Opium, Poppy Heads, Sarsaparilla, FINEST OLIVE OIL IN JARS AND HALF JARS, superior COLD-DRAWN CASTOR OIL, HYDRIOATE of POTASH, Acetate and Muriate of Morphia, CALOMEL, BALSAM CAPAIBA, Bucha Leaves, Turkey and East India Rhubarb, Camomile Flowers, Cubebs, CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE, BLUE STONE, ARSENIC, Turpentine, &c., &c., &c.

A superior assortment of HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, SHAVING, FLESH, and Clothes Brushes

VIOLET POWDER, Powder Boxes and Puffs  
IVORY and TORTOISESHELL COMBS  
White and brown Windsor Soap, in packets  
Cold Cream, Bears' Grease, &c., &c.

ALSO,

HENRY'S CALCINED MAGNESIA, American Soothing Syrups  
BEATSON'S RING-WORM LOTION, Butler's and Hocking's Seidlitz

Cockle's and Dixon's Pills, and Murray's Fluid Magnesia, in pint bottles, 2s. each, &c.

A. FOSS,

313, Pitt-street North,  
And corner of George and Pitt-streets.

**HOW TO POSSESS A REAL GOOD HAT!!!**

**GO TO SMITH AND WHITEHEAD'S,  
258, PITT-STREET.**

THEY having been regularly bred to the trade, it is only reasonable to infer that every article passing through their hands will be of the very best quality, and of first-rate workmanship.

Smith and Whitehead were employed for EIGHT years in the celebrated houses of "Andre" and "Griffith's," both of Bond-street, London, a sufficient guarantee as to their competency for executing, correctly, all orders entrusted to them, in a workmanlike manner, as to shaping and finishing.

Messrs. S. and W. beg to return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public generally, for the very liberal support they have enjoyed during the short period they have been in business as HAT MANUFACTURERS, and beg leave to offer their superior and first-rate Hats, not only of the very best quality, but at a lower figure than any *Haverdasher*, or mere *Hat Vender* (not *Maker*,) can possibly do, notwithstanding they may boast of their knowledge of a trade, which, like every other, except that of *humbug*, requires a regular apprenticeship.

**Agents for this Journal.**

- COLLECTOR FOR SYDNEY . . . . . Mr. Francis Wye  
Sydney, Mr. W. Jones, Circulating Library, Brickfield-hill.  
Parramatta . . . . . Mr. Hugh Taylor.  
Windsor . . . . . Mr. Walker.  
Bathurst . . . . . Mr. Tress.  
West Maitland . . . . . Mr. Galloway.  
Camden, Campbelltown, Penrith, and  
Liverpool . . . . . Mr. C. Lester.  
Gunning . . . . . Mr. Hawthorne.  
Berrima . . . . . Mr. Edwards,  
Post Office.

Printed and Published by JAMES READING and FRANCIS SANDOE, at the General Printing Office, 316, Pitt-street, Sydney, New South Wales.