





CHEAP GROCERY, PROVISION, AND Italian Warehouse, No. 35, YORK-STREET, NEAR THE CORNER OF MARKET-STREET, SYDNEY.

H. PROKHAM RESPECTFULLY begs to inform his numerous friends and the public, that he has opened the above Premises, and hopes to be favored with a share of public patronage and support.

P. H. will invariably have on hand a supply of the very BEST articles that can be procured, and he invites the up-Country Settlers who may occasionally visit Sydney, to honor him with a call, where every article may be had, as GOOD and CHEAP as at any house in Sydney.

PEAS. Green, Black, Mixed, Capers, Souchong, Twankay, Hyson, Gunpowder, and Imperial COFFEE. Raw, Roasted, and Ground SUGARS.

Mauritius Ditto Fine Loaf ditto Rice, Raisins Currants, Barley SALT. Fine, Coarse, Basket English and Colonial SOAP.

Yellow, Windsor and Palm English and Colonial Starch, Stone Blue TOBACCO.

Cavendish, Negrohead, and Brazil Twist and Colonial CIGARS. Manila, Chinsurah, and Havannah PIPES.

English and Colonial BLACKING. Quarts, Pints, and half ditto Paste Blacking CANDLES.

Dips, Mould, and Sperm HAMS. Whole and Cut Irish Pork and Bacon Colonial ditto BUTTER.

Salt and Fresh CHEESE. English and Colonial SUNDRIES.

Pickles, quarts and pints Sauces of all kinds Salad and Florence Oil Mustard Pepper, ground and whole Spices of all kinds Split Peas Scotch and Pearl Barley Nutmegs, Mace Cloves, Cinnamon Allspice, Mixed ditto White and Brown Ginger Sago, Arrow-root Spanish Liquorice, Barcelona Nuts Birch Brooms, Bath Bricks Haxter's English Preserves in fine condition Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley Russell's ditto Epsom Salts, Saltpetre Fine Seed Peas, &c. &c.

JAMES TEGG, LETTER PRESS PRINTER, GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY.

BEGS to inform Merchants, Auctioneers, Tradesmen, and the community generally of Sydney, that he has just received by the Ferguson, the largest and most splendid Printing Press ever imported; as also the completion of his order for all the newest and most approved fancy modern Type from the best Founders in London; also all the fancy Cheques used in Merchants and Bankers Receipts, Bills of Lading, &c. Racing Horses, Conches, Boats for Regattas, Steamers and Queen's Arms to any size (by far the largest in the Colony); and in fact the largest assortment of ornamental and fancy Type of any Office out of London. J. T. invites a visit to his Establishment, where those who have not had an opportunity of visiting a Printing Office, will be enabled to witness all the various branches of the Business on a scale of neatness equal to the first rate Printing Offices in England. April 24, 1838.

ENGLISH ANNUALS, FOR 1838.

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL Heath's Book of Beauty Jenning's Landscape Annual Juvenile Scrap Book Forget Me Not Friendship's Offering Book of Gems Flowers of Loveliness Gems of Beauty Keepsake Oriental Annual A few copies of the above ANNUALS are just received by the "Kinnear."

Byron's Works, 1 vol. The Horse Society's Edition Sheep Moulbray, on the Management of Poultry Mackenzie's 5000 useful Receipts Rydges Veterinary Surgeon's Manual Book of Song; or Minstrel's Companion—a choice collection of 300 esteemed Songs, &c., arranged for the Violin, Flute, and Voice Butler's Hindbras Burder's Village Sermons Cowper's Poetical Works Goldsmith's Citizen of the World Year of Wakefield Poems, Plays, and Essays Jamison's Dictionary of Mechanical Science, Arts, Manufacture, &c. Milton's Poetical Works Phillips' Million of Facts Dictionary of the Arts of Life Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge; or, a complete History of Literature, Science, and Art, 3 vols. JAMES TEGG.

BARKER & HALLEN BEGS to inform the Public, that they have on SALE good SECONDS FLOUR, from Colonial Wheat, at 12s. per 100 lbs. cash, or 13s. credit. Steam Mills, 60, Sussex-street, 16th April, 1838.

Queen Victoria's Birth Day.

THE Undersigned respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Sydney, that he will be happy to receive Orders to illuminate their Houses on the Night of the Queen's Birth Day on very moderate terms. It being the general opinion that all LOYAL SUBJECTS will illuminate on that AUSPICIOUS OCCASION, the undersigned earnestly requests all those disposed to patronise him, will give their Orders immediately, which will be strictly attended to.

God save the Queen!

THOS. WOOD, Government Lamp Contractor, King and George-streets. May 1, 1838.

Ex "Captain Cook."

A SPLENDID Collection of FURS, by the above vessel, consisting of

Chinchilla Ermine Real Sable Squirrel Lynx Fox Fitch Swansdown, &c. Also, a variety of Fur Trimmings on sale at W. H. TYRER'S, 81, George-street. 25th April, 1838.

Ex "Siam" "Cockermouth Castle" and "Earl Harewood."

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF ENGLISH FURNITURE.

M. HEBBLEWHITE begs to apprise the Public that the remainder of the above valuable Investment is now unpacked and open to view, at his extensive Stores, Lower George-street.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.

Comprising almost every variety of article in the Furniture department, of the best description, both for make and durability, having been shipped to this Colony expressly to meet the views of the numerous lately arrived and daily expected Emigrants. The furniture consists of—Mahogany Chests Drawers Secretary and Book-case, very superior Colours and every description of Dining Tables Solid Top Loo Tables Pembroke Tables Four-post Bedsteads, Mahogany carved posts French and "Pain" ditto Horse and Doe Hair Mattresses Mahogany Sideboards Mahogany Chairs, hair and Leather Seats Shield Flock ditto Rosewood and Mahogany Music Stands Ditto ditto Stools Ottomans and Foot Stools Pole Fire Screens Butler's Trays and Stands Mahogany Bidelets Ditto Bed-steps, with night convenience Wardrobe Children's Table Chairs Paper Hangings, of every description Chimney, Pier, and Toilet Glasses With a great variety of Colonial Furniture, too numerous to particularize.

Negro-head Tobacco, ex Kinnear

ON SALE, at the Counting house of the Undersigned, Eight small Tierses of beautiful small Fig Negro head Tobacco. ALFRED SAUNDERS. Near the Post Office.

EX KINNEAR, FROM LONDON.

RECEIVED BY THE ABOVE SHIP AND ON SALE, BY INVOICE OR PACKAGE, By the Undersigned,—

THE FOLLOWING GOODS; viz Broadcloths Cassimeres Valenciens, Ribbons, Shawls, Bandannas, Velvets, Silks, Satins, Sealing Wax, Hosiery, Boots and Shoes Gloves, Flannels, Blankets, Sponges, Druggets, Blacking HERRINGS and Salmon Coopers' Tools. ALFRED SAUNDERS.

Grocery & Provision Warehouse, NO. 14, HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

ALEXANDER MONTEITH BEGS most respectfully to inform his Friends, and the Public generally, that he has Commenced Business, as above. Where he has on Hand

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GOODS IN THE TRADE, Of the first Quality, and at as reasonable Prices as any House in Sydney.

Finest Hyson Tea, Twankay Hyson ditto, Hyson Skin Tea, in chests, halves, & quarters, Mauritius Sugar, Refined Leaf Sugar, Pickles and Sauces, Gorgonia Anchovies, Salad Oil, Mustard, in pound and half-pound bottles, Black and White Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, Jamaica Ginger, Caraway Seeds, Currants, Raisins, Jordan Almonds, Valencia ditto, York Hams, English and Colonial Cheese, Finest Table Butter, Kyongee and Manila Cigars, Negrohead Tobacco, Lucifer Matches, Finest Pickling Vinegar, English Starch, Basket Salt, Groats, English and Colonial Soap, Moulded and Dip Candles, Palma Rice, Oatmeal, Blacking, &c. &c. N. B.—Town and Country Orders punctually attended to. 4th May, 1838.

GEORGE KING, DYER AND SCOURER,

NO. 31, ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY, Between Park and Market-streets.

RESPECTFULLY returns his best thanks to the inhabitants of Sydney, and the Colony generally, for the Patronage he has already received since he commenced in the above line. From the arrangements he has made, he intimates to those who may favor him with their Orders, that they will be attended to with punctuality and despatch, besides being finished in a superior manner.

Every article of Wearing Apparel, Furniture, or Piece Goods, whether silk, cotton, or woollen, will be dyed, re-dyed, or cleaned, on the most moderate terms; and Orders from the Country strictly attended to.

N. B.—Feathers and Shawls, of every description, dyed and cleaned on the most approved style, and Blacks changed into other colors. GEORGE KING. Sydney, 1st May, 1838.

French and English Merinos.

W. H. TYRER has just received a splendid Assortment of Merinos, of the choicest colors, and on sale at 81, George-street. 25th April, 1838.

JUST PUBLISHED, TEGG'S improved double check GENTLEMAN'S WASHING BOOK, complete for one year, price 1s. 6d.

Tegg's improved double-check Family Washing Book, complete for one year, price 1s. 6d. Tegg's Melodist and Universal Songster for 1838, price 1s. Tegg's New South Wales Pocket Almanack and Remembrancer for 1838, price 3s. Tegg's New South Wales Sheet Almanack for 1838, price 2s. Sydney Building Act, price 2s. JAMES TEGG, Bookseller and Printer. Next door to the Bank of New South Wales, George-street.

STUFFED BIRDS.

A VERY large Collection of BIRD SKINS and other Curiosities, all just arrived from the Interior in the finest state of preservation, and on SALE at H. DELION'S, Hair Dresser and Peruquier, George-street, directly opposite Messrs. T. & M. Woolley's Establishment. Captains and others wishing to get a choice assortment of the above will find this an excellent opportunity of procuring some good specimens, there being a great assortment constantly on hand. Birds, Beasts and Reptiles preserved and stuffed. Birds and other Curiosities bought in any quantity.

"ITS MY LUCK."

AN IRISH SKETCH, BY MRS. C. HALL. "Some call it Providence, and others fate."

"Well ma'am dear, I never thought that ye'r going into foreign parts, would make a headthen of ye entirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that could'n't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears."

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for—" "I ax ye'r pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about a para—I can't twist my tongue round the word," continued Moyna; adding, with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call Luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes." Moyna looked puzzled—exceedingly puzzled: she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either made or hung; and, stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, she returned it to her pocket, clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within their palms and leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of "Tim a vourneen!"

"Tim," or to speak correctly Timothy Brady, made his conge from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortable sheeling—a cottage that would have looked delightful in a painted landscape—a matter essentially different from a delightful cottage in reality. Nothing could be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery; wood and water—hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch of common, on which seven or eight huts similar in appearance to my poor friend's dwelling, were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him, that the peasantry in the neighbourhood of his park were "the finest and happiest peasantry on the face of the earth." But neither the one nor the other had any thing to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise, Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discreetly. Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was "better learned," for he could read and write, and, when a lad, was in great esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a

careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Boyno to sarve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant rarely forgets in the presence of a female. After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

"The lady's at me again about the luck; and now, may be, she'll have the goodness to sap what she said a while ago."

"I told your wife that predestination is what she calls luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks." "The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honor, I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country! Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kill at the same time by that very fever that kill her husband? Was I like a Turk when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock of straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die decent and easy, in consideration of the high family that owned him? Was I like a Turk then?"

"Moyna, will ye whist, woman dear!—you have no understanding; the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Wans' that it?" "I bowed and smiled. "Was that it? Och bother?—to be sure we have different names. I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks?"

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing! you believe in luck, and so do they." Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter. "There's no denying luck, nor no going against it, lady dear, that's the short and the long of it. It's my luck never to make as much by anything as another. Why the bonnec we reared from the size o' my hand, that Dorney Cobb offered me my money for at Candelmas, caught cold and died at Easter—sorra a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?" "Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used poor thing! to sleep in the cabin with ourselves, as the sty had no roof; but a neighbour's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners, to give up his bed and sleep in the sty, which, as it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mournful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning; and to see him turn his back to the pick of the mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement. I do not see either good or bad luck in the case; for it is clear that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been accustomed to cottage warmth, and consequently could not have caught cold." "Well, lady; listen—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofing the sty. I'll tell ye all about it. Did ye know Tom Dooly?—sorra a hand's turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the light of mischief. Ye didn't know Tom?—well, ma'am, I'm sure ye mind his brother Micky—One-eyed Micky," he was called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the spree, do you mean, Timothy?" "No, ma'am, I mean no justice for his eye; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them. The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough old fellow, with a cruck-stick skull that nothing could harm. So Mick knowed that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins, which he broke as complete as any thing you ever saw. So the magistrate set the old boy's shins against Micky's eye, and bid them make it up. Ah! there's no law for the poor at all, at all!"

"But, Timothy, let us get back to where we set out—the pig-sty." "Troth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject. Tom Dooly says to me, says he, 'Tim, ye're in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the pig-sty.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it, just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye and good luck to you and your's, Mister Tom,' says I, 'good luck to you and your's for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when'll ye look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow, by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'am dear, mind the luck! something or other hindered Moyna from taking my brogues to be mended to the brogue-maker's that night. So I couldn't go the next day, and that very evening a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spade-handle."

"I may mention, by the way, a striking instance of this characteristic. Some friends of mine were on a boating excursion, a few years ago, in Bantry Bay, and a lady was filling to cich of the boatmen a glass of whiskey. Observing that one of them was looking in an opposite direction, she slyly dipped the glass into the water and handed it to him in lieu of the more agreeable beverage. The man took it, bowed, and—while the eyes of the whole party were upon him, expecting a "splutter," or, perhaps, an oath—drank it off, returned the glass, with a "thank ye kindly, ma'am," and without the slightest change of countenance. "Why Pat," exclaimed the lady in astonishment, "do ye like salt-water?" "No, ma'am, I do not like salt-water; but if ye had given me a glass of poison I would have drank it."

"Stop, my good friend, if the spade-handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?" "Ma'am, dear, that was a way you have, ever and always tripping a body up in their story. Sure I did mend—that is, I eased it with a bit of a cord. But my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was just a week before I could go for the straw. Well, the black boy himself put it into my head to borrow Matthew Maccan's white mare. 'Take her and welcome,' says Matty; but mind, if you put yourself or any thing else on her, she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body, though she'll draw a creel or a cart till the day of judgment, as easy as May butter.' 'Thank ye kindly, Matthew,' says I, 'I'll mind fast enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as great as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck, like any gentleman. 'To be sure the luck of the people! 'Good evening kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No farther than this,' says I, 'until I go home again.' 'I'm always glad to see an old friend,' says he, 'but why didn't you come, says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are!' says he, opening his great grey eyes, at me like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye then, as would build a sparrow's nest,' says the traitor: 'If ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head. I gave the straw to Jenny Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof, and a good one too, to his sty, and his neat clean barn. 'It's ill done of you,' says I, as cool as a cabbage-leaf, though my blood was boiling at the ill luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill-blood out of the old I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your fault, not mine.' 'Well, I didn't value the straw a tradeen, ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I did not like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jenny Hatchet; so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that, I says, swearing a great while of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both ye'r words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what's more, ye dar'n't; an't I the priest's nephew?' 'Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-quest, for it was cowardly-like; and, as my luck would have it, I hit him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into; for I had the world and all of penance, to say nothing of being had up, and he swearing he gave no provocation. For sartin I didn't mean to have struck so hard, and didn't think his bones were so soft. But that wasn't all of it—going home, the trouble of what I had done uppenmost, I forgot what Mat said about the horse, and got on the horse's back, who made no more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three halfpence for the young that was killed in the scurragunge. And well I know it's long after such luck would have followed any other boy in the par'sh but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?" "It just is, ma'am, darling; that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better, too, to show you what ill luck I have." "There is no luck, ill or well, that I can see from beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arise out of your want of punctuality: had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still, their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you would call 'luck,' fell into the mouth of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Looney,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'"

"Agli, ma'm hoomey! I wonder how you have the heart to tell such stories against your own country; letting the foreigners laugh at us this way." "Listen, Timothy; how would your own case read? Timothy Brady was indicted for an assault upon Mr. Thomas Dooly, who swore that he told the aforesaid Timothy Dooly, that if he came to him on the evening of the first of May, he would make him a present of a load of straw to thatch his pig-sty; that Brady promised to come, but never came until the seventh of May; and, in the meantime, he, Thomas Dooly, thinking that Brady did not wish to thatch his pig-sty, had given the load of straw to an industrious man, who did thatch his pig-sty; that, when Timothy Brady found the straw had been given, he, without any provocation—" "Oh, easy, ma'am dear!—you forget the laugh." "And who could help laughing?—without any provocation did assault the said Thomas Dooly." Now is it not so, worthy Timotheus?"

"I wished them both a kind good-morrow, and had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when panting and breathless, Moyna overtook me. "What's the matter, Moyna?" "Oh, the man has the toothach so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good." "What, has he not a pipe?"

"He had, ma'am, but he lent it to Bri-

ney Moore."

"But I saw you put a pipe in your pocket not twenty minutes ago."

"So you might, ma'am dear that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in any body else's pocket, but there was a hole in mine, so it walked out, and broke, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"Why did you not mend the hole?" "Faith, ma'am, honey, if I did it would break out again," said Moyna, with some impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of any thing, when we've no luck?"

Poor Moyna! she would have been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will 'have no luck!'—Anulet for 1833.

VARIETIES.

Milliner's Apprentices.—Many is the milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night labour can accomplish. To the question, "When must it be done?" "Immediately," is the readiest answer; though it is an answer which would, perhaps, be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatives have come to a premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates. Nor does the evil stop there. The dressmakers' apprentices, in a great city, have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed sufficient, without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the streets. Upon them "the fatal gift of beauty" has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratic fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or for concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy; whilst constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions, which will, at any moment, place them in a situation of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last; a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend; whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress, (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers), and a destruction of health and bloom, which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might feel disposed to forego the gratification.—Quarterly Review.

Pilgrimage to Mecca.—The manner of performing the pilgrimage is as follows:—On arriving near Mecca, or while still on board, it is necessary to put on the ehram, (or pilgrim's habit.) On the day on which the pilgrim intends adopting this new dress, he bathes himself, reads two rukat prayers, and puts on the two wrappers—without seam, which constitute the sacred dress. One is wrapped round the waist; the other thrown loosely over the shoulders and body, the head being kept uncovered. Khurranwan (or wooden pattens) may also be worn. These are not to be dispensed with until he has sacrificed the victim at Meena Bazar, and shaved and bathed himself. Nor is he, in the interim, to commit any of the following acts:—to anoint his head with oil, ghee (or clarified butter,) perfume his clothes, shave any part of his body, pare his nails, put on clothes that are sewed, wear boots, (because they are sewed,) hunt, quarrel, speak or do evil, for, by so doing, he makes himself liable to death; and as an atonement, must sacrifice a sheep, and distribute it among the poor but on no account he is to eat any part of that meat himself. "There are five noxious animals, however, which there is no harm in killing, viz., a kite, a crow, a scorpion, a mouse, and a mad dog."—Qanoon-e-Islam, a Translation from the Oriental.

Life of a Wit.—"Nothing is so fascinating," said Mrs. Thrale, as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know, for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others." "David, Madam," said the Doctor, "looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's; it is never at rest. When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life; and such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time."—Conversations between Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson.

Terms of Advertisements.—For eight lines and under 2s. 6d. and One Penny for every line above eight, for each insertion. —Orders with Advertisements must state how often they are to be inserted, or they will be continued until countermanded and charged accordingly.—All Letters must be Post Paid to the Office, No. 7, Colonnade, Bridge street.

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