

An assigned servant belonging to Colonel Shadforth was returning from Sydney, where he had been on his master's business, and when near the Orphan School, a man rushed from the side of the road, armed with a pair of pistols, desiring him to stand.

MR. J. LAZAR'S "Benefit."



ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE. J. LAZAR takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the very liberal support he has received from the Patrons of the Drama, and in announcing his Benefit, respectfully solicits a continuance of their Patronage, which it will ever be his most anxious study to merit.

ON Monday next, August 20. The Performances will commence with (for the first time in this Colony) a Grand Romantic Drama, in 3 Acts, translated from the French, and performed at the Adelphi Theatre 100 successive Nights, entitled VALSHA.

THE SLAVE QUEEN. In the course of the Piece, MISS LAZAR will Dance an entire new AMAZONIAN SPEAR DANCE.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE. To which will be added, for the first time these 3 Years, the Favorite Drama called the GAMBLER'S FATE; OR, THE HUT OF THE RED MOUNTAIN.

ONE HOUR; OR, THE CARNIVAL BALL. THE REDDIE DANCE, BY Miss Lazar.

For Particulars See Small Bills. Tickets and Places may be obtained from Mr. Lazar, 43, Castlereagh street, Mr. Fegg, Printer, George street, and Mr. Sines, at the Box Office of the Theatre.

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE, PITT STREET. Thursday Evening, August 16, THE PERFORMANCE will commence with the Face of the HAUNTED INN.

TO MERCHANTS, CAPTAINS, DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY, JOHN HALL, & CO, AUCTIONEERS, &c.

JUST LANDED. AND ON SALE, Ex "John" and "Sultana." At G. Groves's Wholesale and Retail, Tea, Grocery, and Italian Stores, King-street, East.

M. A. WEST, MILLINER, GEORGE-STREET. RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public, that she has made arrangements with a recently arrived Bonnet Maker from London, and that she is enabled to supply Bonnets, Caps, Cloaks, &c.

TO MILLERS, HENRY HOUGH, Millwright, and Builder of French Burr Millstones.

TWO TONS BEST POLAND STARCH, from the celebrated house "J. LESCHNER, Son, & Co. One hundred and fifty cases Oilman's stores of Florence, from the well-known house of WARD & Co.

"Saint Michael" Store Ship, near Green Hills.

WINE & SPIRIT STORE. MR. RICHARD CORNELIUS having purchased the "St. Michael" Store Ship, begs leave to acquaint the Public that he will keep on hand a constant supply of Stores suitable for the Inhabitants of the extensive District of the Hunter.

NEW GOODS. JUST LANDED.

Ex "Ellen," "Maria" and other late Arrivals, AT MRS. HORDERN'S, KING-STREET. THE following new and fashionable Goods, consisting of: Beautiful Plaid Roseline Dresses.

VALUABLE SYDNEY PROPERTY FOR SALE. By Private Contract. Nine Houses in Maitland Place, Parramatta-street, OPPOSITE THE KENT BREWERY, PRODUCING A RENTAL OF £169 per Annum.

VALUABLE SYDNEY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

MR. BLACKMAN respectfully solicits the attention of Gentlemen, who are desirous of completing their collection of superior Engravings by the most esteemed modern Masters. The whole will be carefully assorted, and put up in lots to suit the convenience of private Purchasers and the Trade generally.

SALES BY AUCTION. EVENING SALE OF 3000 splendid Engravings in great variety, amongst which are splendid Cattle Subjects, by Thos. Sydney Cooper, R. A.

MR. BLACKMAN respectfully solicits the attention of Gentlemen, who are desirous of completing their collection of superior Engravings by the most esteemed modern Masters. The whole will be carefully assorted, and put up in lots to suit the convenience of private Purchasers and the Trade generally.

500 VOLUMES OF BOOKS. TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By Mr. Blackman, At his Rooms, on FRIDAY, 17th instant, at 7 o'clock in the Evening.

SALES BY AUCTION. POLACK'S SALES.

GRANT FROM THE CROWN. To Merchants, Brokers, Wharfingers, Whalers, and Others.

A. POLACK, BEGS leave to notify to the Mercantile Community of N.W. South Wales and its Dependencies, that he has received direct instructions from the Proprietors to submit to Public Competition at One o'Clock, precisely, THIS DAY, the 15th of August, on the Ground, all that Splendid and Unrivalled Waterside Premises known to all the world as

Aspinall & Browne's Wharf, Situate in a most secured and protected part of DARLING HARBOUR, Having an extensive frontage thereof of several hundred feet, as well as the same, having an excellent METALLED ROAD leading to Windmill-street, near its junction with Kent-street, North.

THE Warehouse and Stores Also on the Wharf, have been erected with judgment and convenience, and are also some of the most extensive that can be found in Sydney being in fact sufficiently capacious to RECEIVE AND RE-PACK THE WHOLE OF THE ANNUAL PRODUCE OF WOOL in New South Wales, without at all disturbing the parts appropriated for the storage of OIL, PITCH, TAR, IRON, and other descriptions of Stores.

SALES BY AUCTION. POLACK'S SALES.

ONE THOUSAND ACRES WITHIN 1 1/2 MILE OF SYDNEY AT NEW TOWN, IN THE PARISH OF PETERSHAM, BEING THE SECOND PUBLIC SALE OF PART OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SOLOMON LEVEY, DECEASED.

EDWARD LAING'S GRANT. This splendid Property, (which has been cultivated), from its salubrious and commanding Situation, with its Picturesque Views towards Cook's River, Botany Bay, &c., is rendered one of the most delightful spots possible to be imagined, it is bounded on the East by the Properties of Captain J. S. Brown, and John Black, Esq., on the North by Mr. Thomas Rowley's two hundred and forty Acres; on the West by George Johnstone, Esq., and part of the noble Estate of Petersham; and on the South by the remainder of that Princely Property, and surrounded by Families of the highest respectability, named John Lord, David Chambers, Felton Matthew, Adam Wilson, Leslie Duguid, and A. B. Spark, Esqs., the splendid Estate of "Annandale," &c. &c. and within an easy walk of

DAIRY COWS, &c. BY A. POLACK, THE undermentioned Herd of Cattle (now running eight miles from Bathurst), principally of the polled Suffolk, or Marsden's Breed, and consisting of: 100 Quiet Dairy Cows, in calf to superior Bulls, 40 Bulls rising 3 years old, ready for the knife.

EWES AND RAMS, AT BATHURST MAITLAND AND YASS. BY A. POLACK, 530 MAIDEN EWES, to lamb in September 340 4 years old ditto, in lamb 400 5 years old ditto, ditto

PLANO-FORTES, GOLD WATCH, &c. ON SATURDAY next, the 18th instant, BY A. POLACK, At his Rooms, at 11 o'clock precisely, ONE PIANO-FORTE by Broadwood One Musical Box One splendid Gold Watch, Chain, &c. &c. Terms made known at time of Sale.

SALES BY AUCTION. RICE.

ON SATURDAY next, the 18th instant, BY A. POLACK, At his Rooms, at 11 o'clock precisely, NINETY-SIX BAGS RICE, Ex Drummore. Terms made known at time of sale.

ON SATURDAY next, the 18th instant, BY A. POLACK, At his Rooms, at 11 o'clock precisely, to close various Consignments, FORTY-SEVEN CATTYS SOUCHONG TEA, ex "ALICE"

ONE THOUSAND ACRES WITHIN 1 1/2 MILE OF SYDNEY AT NEW TOWN, IN THE PARISH OF PETERSHAM, BEING THE SECOND PUBLIC SALE OF PART OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SOLOMON LEVEY, DECEASED.

THE CHURCH, which is now in rapid progress. The Property is now in the hands of a talented Surveyor, who has instructions to subdivide the same into portions varying from five to ten Acres each, with a view of meeting the wishes of many persons desirous of erecting small Villas, forming Gardens, Orchards, &c. for which the soil is particularly adapted.

SALES BY AUCTION. COUNTRY INN, STORE, &c.

BY A. POLACK, ON MONDAY, the 3rd September, at his Rooms at Twelve o'Clock precisely, A VERY neat stuccoed Verandah House, containing eight rooms, entirely new, and built expressly for

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD, about three miles from the Township of Bungonia with the many advantages attached to

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD, about three miles from the Township of Bungonia with the many advantages attached to

A. POLACK BEGS to remark that the whole of the above GRANT'S FROM THE CROWN, will be sold without the least Reservation, and the remaining portions of the Extensive and unrivalled Property, will be brought into Market, as soon as the Plans can possibly be prepared for that purpose.

ONE very superior SAILING BOAT, "THE CURRENCY LASS," Built about six months since by Mr. Faris, well and sufficiently found with Sails and Ash Oars, complete, 18 feet Keel, 6 feet Beam. ALSO, That well known Sailing Boat, "MARY ANN," With Sails and Oars complete. This Boat will yield to nothing of her size as a Second-rater for Sailing.

SALES BY AUCTION. COUNTRY INN, STORE, &c.

BY A. POLACK, ON MONDAY, the 3rd September, at his Rooms at Twelve o'Clock precisely, A VERY neat stuccoed Verandah House, containing eight rooms, entirely new, and built expressly for

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD, about three miles from the Township of Bungonia with the many advantages attached to

A. POLACK BEGS to remark that the whole of the above GRANT'S FROM THE CROWN, will be sold without the least Reservation, and the remaining portions of the Extensive and unrivalled Property, will be brought into Market, as soon as the Plans can possibly be prepared for that purpose.

SALES BY AUCTION. THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SOLOMON LEVEY, ESQ.,

ON an early day, of which due notice will be given in future advertisements, BY DIRECTION OF THE TRUSTEES, RICHARD ROBERTS, THOMAS GORE AND RANULPH DACRE, ESQS. Under the authority of the Commissioners of the High Court of Chancery of England

A. POLACK BEGS to remark that the whole of the above GRANT'S FROM THE CROWN, will be sold without the least Reservation, and the remaining portions of the Extensive and unrivalled Property, will be brought into Market, as soon as the Plans can possibly be prepared for that purpose.

ONE very superior SAILING BOAT, "THE CURRENCY LASS," Built about six months since by Mr. Faris, well and sufficiently found with Sails and Ash Oars, complete, 18 feet Keel, 6 feet Beam. ALSO, That well known Sailing Boat, "MARY ANN," With Sails and Oars complete. This Boat will yield to nothing of her size as a Second-rater for Sailing.

FOR SALE, A HERD of MIXED CATTLE, consisting of from 800 to 1,000 head, depasturing on the Hunter. Further information may be had on application to Samuel Ashmore, No. 48, Castlereagh-street. Sydney, 7th August, 1883.

VOTES AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

TUESDAY, 7 AUGUST, 1838. 1. Council met, pursuant to adjournment; His Excellency the Governor took the Chair, and laid upon the Table, (1) "The Estimates of Expenditure for the year 1839," together with "A Minute explanatory of the several Heads of Charge, and of Ways and Means to meet the same."

Original Correspondence. "A GLANCE AT BAD HABITS."

To the Editor of the Commercial Journal Sir, Influenced by the best of motives, I have presumed to offer a few remarks respecting the "Customs of Society," in this rising metropolis, for the guidance of those who have had no opportunity of knowing "what is proper," or who are ignorant of the usages of good society, to teach such the observance of certain established rules, indispensable to the well-being of society; and without which, indeed it would inevitably fall to pieces, and be destroyed.

nut and try him out. Why, says the Colonel, you should with all my heart try him up and down this street as long as you please, but the lady of next door neighbour lies dangerously ill, and it would be most ungentlemanly in me to allow any noise, even the trampling of hooves, at such a time; therefore you must buy from your own judgment, or leave the bargain to the chance of others—the horses must be sold, and one word is the price for that beautiful chestnut—we only want 90 guineas. Dang my buttons, thought the gentleman, if he's as good as he looks, he'll be worth £300 anywhere; so he agrees that the groom is to show him out a short distance off, and certainly his paces and everything about him seemed all over right; so down went the ninety guineas, and away came the gentleman with his hos. Well, the next morning he thinks he'll take a bit of a breather along Rotten-row, in Hyde Park; so he orders out the hos, and for the first ten minutes he never rode a pleasanter; but, by the bye, after a bit of a gallop—O my eye! such a roarer! you might have heard him from Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Dang my buttons, says the gentleman, if I aint done. So he turned short round, and made the best of his way back to the Colonel's stable; and never was such a roaring piece-of-work all along Piccadilly. But what made it more gallin was, that the hos was known at every livery-stable that he passed, and all the stable boys came out and burst their sides a laugh at the man as they said, what had bought the bellows-meander. He pulled up at last, at the stable where he had bought the hos, but 'twas all locked up, and lookin as cold and dreary as a churchyard, not even a bit of clean yellow sand could be discovered under the door. Well, thinks the gentleman from the country, I've done a clever thing, however; and have sacrificed £60 at least. However, he goes off to Tattersall's with the hos, and when he rides in the groom seems glad to see his old friend. Ay, said he, I thought he'd soon be back; why we've lost him this fortnight. What! says the gentleman did you ever see this brute before? Bless you, yes, and behind, too, says the groom. Why there are three on em in town that have had more masters than any ten slaves in the West Indies. One on em's a roarer, the other a piper, and tother's got a speedy toe; but his old master will be sure to have him again. So accordingly when he was put up he was knocked down to the Colonel for £35, who had taken another set of stables in another part of the town, and was once more advertising his "Well-known Hunters," and, perhaps, may be doing so now, unless what is very probable has taken place, and "he's gone abroad."

The Lisbonese.

It is many years ago, yet the recollection is in my mind as fresh as the occurrences of yesterday, I was standing on the terrace in front of Greenwich Hospital, looking at the wrecks of the gallant fellows who had, for so many years, borne their country's flag through "the battle and the breeze," now hobbling about with such limbs as fate had left or the doctor supplied them; and exercising all my ingenuity to trace, through their quaint sober uniforms and venerable grey hairs, the fiery heroes of a thousand combats. The struggle in the Peninsula was then at its height, and a vessel with Portuguese colours was passing up the river. I made some remark on the subject to an old pensioner who was standing by me. He was a very old man, with a quiet expression of benevolence on his face, and something in his manner that seemed to stamp him a shade above the common sailor. "Ah, Sir!" said he, "I have seen strange things in the country since comes from! I was at Lisbon in the great earthquake in fifty-five." "Indeed," said I, "That was an event not to be forgotten."

make my way somewhere, any where indeed where there was fresh air and no houses I ran against a lady with a child in her arms. She was young, and as beautiful a creature as ever I set my eyes on. She hurried past me, and the next moment, the earth gave a shudder, and I heard a scream louder than all the uproar. I thought it must be she, and turned round; when I found the earth had split in a great chasm between us, even on the very spot where, a moment before, we had both been standing; and there she was, balancing upon the brink of it, with the child held up above her head. The ground was crumbling under her, but where I stood it was still firm. I held out my arms—she said something to me in Portuguese which I did not understand, but I knew she was asking me to take the care of the child; and I told her I would—I swore it! Nature, you know, Sir, is alike in all languages—so she understood me, and giving one wild kiss to the little one's lips, with desperate strength she threw it across the chasm. She saw the child was caught in my arms, and she clasped her hands and threw up her beautiful eyes to heaven, when a fresh shake of the earth tumbled down a large building behind her, and she rolled with it into the yawning gulf—never to rise again in this world. Perhaps you will imagine what I felt—what I did I do not know; but after an hour of wandering and escapes, more than I could count, I found myself in the open country, and, for the present at least, safe. I went on my knees to thank God, and bade the little creature do the same; but she did not stir, and as I laid her on the grass, I found a deep wound on her head, and the blood clotting her long beautiful black hair; but she still breathed. To make short of a long story, we got at last on board the ship again, and the doctor, after examining the wound, said there was no harm done, and that she would soon be as well as ever. She was a lovely little girl, of about six years old, and as we were to sail directly, they wanted to send her ashore again, to try if any of her family could be found. But I thought of the vow I had made to her poor mother, which I am sure she understood; and I determined not to part with the sick wounded little thing, that I loved now as if she had been my sister; so I spoke to the captain, who was a very good man, and, moreover, had children of his own, and he agreed to let me take her to England with us. Well, Sir, home we got, and it was astonishing how soon the little darling began to speak English. You could see she liked it, bless her! And now, as she was a young lady—for she said her father, who had died about a year before, was Don somebody or other—it was such a long name we never any of us could speak it, so we told her to call herself Jackson, which is my name; but, somehow, she always likes her long Portuguese name best, so you see, Sir, how early prejudices grow—in foreigners that is to say. Well, as I said, seeing she was a young lady, and we had undertaken her education, I thought we ought to do it as genteelly as we could, so I took her to a cousin of mine, who kept a public house in Wapping, a very nice motherly woman—poor Sally! she's dead and gone too, long ago. Well, Sir, she treated her as if she had been her own child; and because she thought the company of the house was too rough and rude for her, she sent her to a very genteel boarding-school in Mile-end, and it was wonderful how the little thing took to her learning; so that when I came back from my next voyage, she could not only speak English quite well, but read that book she saw. And there I found that with her little pocket money she had bought Portuguese books, and at all her spare time used to be poring over them, instead of playing like other children. Poor thing! it was the only tie that was left between her and her native land; for it is a strange thing, Sir, but I've often found foreigners, even Frenchmen, love their own country just as well as if it had been old England! Well, Sir, years passed away, and she was sixteen, and a sweeter or more beautiful creature you never set eyes on. She was as kind and gentle as an angel, and so fond of me! and I am sure I loved her better than my own life—sure in the way of sweetheating, for though I was a pretty looking fellow enough then, nobody could forget for a moment that she was a young lady. But then I had saved her life, you know, Sir—and we used to talk about her poor mother that was gone; and then she made me learn a little Portuguese that she might speak in her own tongue to me; for her father's hand seemed always uppermost in her thoughts. At last I joined a merchant vessel that was to sail for Lisbon, and then the long nursed wish of her heart came out, and she begged so hard to go with me, that I could not find courage to refuse her, but got her a passage in the vessel. And oh, Sir! the grief that their was among the women when she went! You know, Sir, they are kind, soft-hearted creatures, and I thought they never would have done crying. However, we did, and a very pretty voyage we had. When we came in sight of Lisbon, I shall never forget how the poor dear looked. She was as pale as a ghost, and trembled all over; and while her eyes seemed to devour the shore, her lips were white and quivering, murmuring Portuguese words, that I could not catch the meaning of, except now and then her mother's name. Well, Sir, to make short of it, we landed, and I got leave to go with her over the town, to see if we could find anybody we knew. Poor dear, I thought she would have fainted when she set her foot on the land, she trembled so; for she was a weak delicate little creature. But oh—what a change we found since we left there! Where the earthquake had been, there was the grand Black Horse square, and all the straight regular streets that the Marquis of Pombal had built, and we did not know where we were. However, she soon began to ask, and found that her uncle, Don —, confound his long name, I never could think of it, and I am sure it is

not worth remembering—but he was living in a grand house they pointed out to us—so there we went. Well, Sir, we found him with a parcel of free servants round him, but we did not care for that, and we told him who he were, and—would you think it, Sir?—he would not believe us! The fact was, it did not suit him to believe us; for, supposing her dead, he had seized on all her property, and was enjoying it. So the old scoundrel called us impostors—called me and his own brother's beautiful child impostors, and threatened to send for a constable! You may guess my blood began to rise, and at her, poor thing, she stood speechless and trembling; for, in her innocence, she had never dreamt of this, nor, to tell the truth, had I either. Well, just at this moment a great old mastiff dog came into the room. "Oh, Basto!" cried she, bursting for the first time into a flood of tears, "I am sure you don't forget me!" Will you believe it, Sir?—the old brute looked at her and growled—did not know his old master's child! No English dog would have done that, Sir! However, she was so overcome at the sight of her father's old dog, that she threw her beautiful body on the ground, and clasping her white arms round the beast, hugged him to her heart. He bit her, Sir! I can hardly speak it—but he bit her. I saw his teeth enter her soft flesh—I saw the blood trickle down! I can't tell you, Sir, what I felt at that moment. Even after all these years my blood is in a boil talking of it. I flew at the beast, and before you could count two dashed his brains out. The old Don swore in Portuguese—I stormed in English. It was well some of the servants got between me and him. I believe I knocked down two or three of them, but I don't know. I caught the darling up in my arms, for she had fainted, and I carried her to the ship. We put her to bed, but nothing could recover her from the shock. There was all her little dream of ten years gone in a moment—and so cruelly gone too! She was struck to the heart. She lay quite still, and noticed nothing. She never cried, nor spoke, nor ate, nor slept. I watched her by day and night, and every day she got weaker and weaker—hang it, Sir!—she can't talk about it—she died! At first I said that the earth of that rascally country never should hold her. But then I thought how she had loved it, and that, perhaps she would not be happy any where else—so, as the priests would not let her be buried in consecrated ground, because we had made a regular built Christian of her, I and some of my shipmates (for they all loved her) clubbed together and bought leave of a farmer to bury her on the side of a hill by his garden. So we laid her in the ground with her face towards England; for I thought she would like, poor thing! to be turned to that land that had been a home to her, and would have been again when her own refused her; and we said a prayer over her—a person might have said a better, perhaps, but not an honest, I am certain—and we planted the sweetest flowers we could find round her grave; and giving the farmer money, made him swear a solemn oath never to neglect it, or let it go to ruin—and I believe he kept his promise. Talk of consecrated ground, Sir—that girl's body would have consecrated Constantinople.

her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she covered also the older child, thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered when the rubbish was cleared away. A Manager in Chancery—At the period when a certain metropolitan theatre was in Chancery, one of the managers was pretty constantly in Court. On one occasion an advocate rose upon a petition respecting a party whose name was the same as the manager's. "In re —," said the lawyer. "That's me! that's me!" exclaimed the proprietor, bustling forward. "My Lord," continued the Counsel, without noticing the interruption "this — is a poor lunatic." "That's not me," cried the manager; and hastily retired amidst much laughter. Conflicting Creeds.—Most persons are aware that if a Protestant wishes to insult a Catholic, in Ireland, he attains his object by using the epithet "Roman." Call a Catholic a "Papist," and he heeds you not; call him a "Roman," and his blood is up in an instant. Two old ladies of the "conflicting creeds"—a term well known in Ireland—were recently engaged in a controversy, which was on the eve of terminating in favour of Protestantism, when the advocate of Catholicism exclaimed, "Don't you take the blessed Testament as authority?" "I do." "Wasn't Saint Paul inspired, my darling?" "That's true, sure enough." "Don't you know, jewel, that he wrote an epistle, to the Romans?" "Sure enough he did, mavourneen." "Now, can you just waken your memory, and tell me if he ever took the trouble to write to the Protestants?" This was a home stroke, and the Protestant "gave in."

Table with columns for goods (Wholesale Prices of Goods), prices, and units. Includes items like Brandy, Rum, Gin, etc.

Table with columns for goods (Varieties), prices, and units. Includes items like Arrowroot, Butter, Coffee, etc.

Table with columns for goods (Exports), prices, and units. Includes items like Timber, Sugar, etc.

Rates of Insurance. London and Liverpool... 2 1/2 to 3 per Cent Hobart Town... 1 per Cent