





LITERATURE.

LEILA; OR, THE SIEGE OF GRANADA, AND CALIBRON THE COURTIER. By the Author of "EUGENE ARAM." The first story or tale relates to the expulsion of the Moors from the kingdom of Granada, and the period of action is, therefore, contemporary with the reign of our Henry VII. The Spanish Army of Ferdinand and Isabella are besieging the city of Granada, and the Moorish King, with a very odd name, Boabdil, is represented in his Oriental splendours, at one moment enjoying the luxuries of a harem, and at another raving with anxieties upon the fate of his throne and kingdom. Almamen is a Jew, whose father had been killed by the Moors. This Almamen insinuates himself into the good graces and friendship of the Moorish King, and acquires his confidence in order to betray him to Ferdinand. Almamen misleads the Moor into several disastrous actions, and at last, on the eve of a final battle, he persuades him to imprison Muza, on the charge of his having intentions upon the throne. This Muza was the only General that could have saved his army and kingdom. Almamen now hastens to Ferdinand and forms a treaty, by which it is stipulated that he will betray the City of Granada into the hands of the besiegers; and Ferdinand agrees to grant the freedom of the Jews as soon as he acquires the conquest. Almamen's daughter, Leila, is given as a hostage for the treaty, and is taken under the protection of Isabel Queen of Spain, and becomes the object of the improper solicitations of the Prince, her son, and she is eventually induced to enter a convent and turn to the Christian Faith. In the meantime, Almamen's treachery is discovered, and he becomes the victim of both parties, and endeavours to get possession of his daughter, in order to escape to Africa, that he might separate her from the Prince as well as from Muza, with whom she is in love. Almamen escapes the pursuit of both Moors and Christians, and enters the Convent just as Leila is about to take the veil at the altar. Full of horror at her turning renegade and an apostate from the creed of her forefathers, he plunges a dagger into her heart, and Muza arrives just in time to receive her dying in his arms. Granada surrenders, when the Jew is again seen heading the mob.—The King issues from his palace and addresses the people on their error in appearing in arms after the capitulation has been signed, and the crowd being enraged at having been misled the Jew to pieces. The stern character of the Moorish Queen, the mother of Boabdil, is beautifully contrasted with that of the affectionate and gentle Amine, the favourite slave of the Moorish King. There are numerous other characters in the work, but the above is only the outline of this, the longer and better of the two stories. The following is just the close of

the disaster than they turned to fly; the rout was as fatal as it was sudden. The Christian reserve, just brought into the field, poured down upon them with a simultaneous charge. Boabdil, too much engaged to be the first to learn the downfall of the sacred insignia, suddenly saw himself almost alone, with his diminished Ethiopians and a handful of his cavaliers. "Yield thee, Boabdil el Chico," cried Tendrilla, from his rear, "or thou canst not be saved." "By the Prophet, never!" exclaimed the King; and he dashed his barb against the wall of spears behind him; and, with but a score or so of his guard, cut his way through the ranks, that were not unwilling, perhaps, to spare to him. As he cleared the Spanish battalions, the infuriated march checked his horse for a moment, and gazed along the plain; he beheld his army flying in all directions, save in the single spot where yet glimmered the turban of Muza Ben Abil Gazan. As he gazed, he heard the paating nostrils of the chargers behind, and saw the levelled spears of a company dispatched to take him, alive or dead, by the command of Ferdinand; he rears upon his horse's neck, and galloped into the city—three lances quivered against the portals as he disappeared through the shadows of the arch. But while Muza remained, all was not yet lost: he perceived the flight of the infantry and the King, and with his followers galloped across the plain; he came in time to encounter and slay, to a man, the pursuers of Boabdil—he then threw himself before the flying Moors: "Do ye fly in the sight of your wives and daughters? Would ye not rather behold thee die?" A thousand voices answered him—"The banner is in the hands of the infidel—all is lost!" They swept by him, and stopped not till they gained the gates. "Accursed be these spells!" cried Muza. "Here our country our only charm, and the whole Christian army—their weapons encompassed around me, but still a small and devoted remnant of the Moorish cavaliers remained to shed a last glory over defeat itself. With Muza, their soul and centre, they fought every atom of ground: it was, as the chronicler expresses it, as if they grasped the soil with their arms. Twice they charged into the midst of the foe: the slaughter they made doubled their own number; but, gathering on and closing in, squadron upon squadron, came the whole Christian army,—they were encompassed, wearied out, beaten back, as by an ocean. Like wild beasts, driven, at length, to their lair, they retreated with their faces to the foe; and when Muza came, the last,—his cimier shivered to the hilt,—he had scarcely breath to command the gates to be closed and the portcullis lowered, ere he fell from his charger in a sudden and deadly swoon, caused less by his exhaustion than his agony and shame. So ends the last battle fought for the Monarchy of Granada.

Extracts.

THE MISER'S GRAVE.—"Hans Pfenning," said the old tailor, "lived in the town of Cuxhaven. He had been a merchant in his younger time, and had returned from a far land to die in his first home. He was so old, no man remembered him a child. He lived, solitary as a raven—and like the raven, was shunned as an evil omen. He was known to have the wealth of a king, and yet he wore the rags and ate the scraps of a beggar. He was a man to make men shudder as they looked upon him—mothers would catch their children up from his path, and flee away with them as from a fasting wolf; and so he lived with the hate of his neighbours breathing upon him. Days, and weeks, and months passed, and no man had seen Hans Pfenning. The priest and some of the townsfolk bent their way to the lonely hovel of the miser. There they paused, and looked in the face of one another; for the door of the hut was closed, and lung grass waved before it. The door, by order of the priest, was broken in, and Hans Pfenning was found seated in his chair, dead and withered. The hut was ransacked, and oh! the gold and jewels dug into the light of day. The shed stood upon a mine of buried wealth. Well, a distant heir was found; and the bell was tolled, and the grave was dug for Hans Pfenning. The day of burial came, and the dead might be made to more the body of Hans Pfenning had sat in his coffin, tortured back to life, by the gold he loved upon its dust.—Never since man returned to clay, had simple citizen been so attended! The bearers brought the body to the grave, and the coffin was slung within the ropes, and every eye was bent upon the hier descending to the bottom. The ropes were found too short, and staringly and silently the diggers tied more rope to either end; they lowered, and lowered, and again the ropes were cut; they cried, 'The grey-haired sexton, and shook his pained hands, and the people at the grave, as if death-struck, and the priest made the holy sign and the cross was raised. 'The bell, the bell,' cried the sexton, and two men ran to the church and brought back a coil of rope, anew provided for the bells. Again they give more rope, and the body of the miser sinks and sinks. 'Pull up the corpse,' exclaimed the priest; and twenty men tug at the rope, but cannot lift the dead; they passed, they hear a clanking at the bottom of the shaft, with smothered shrieks of laughter. 'Agust, they quit the rope, when the coffin rushes—rushes it down as into the unfathomable abyss! 'Who dug the grave?' 'I—ten feet deep,' cried the sexton. 'Not you, sexton, not you,' said an old monk. 'Last night I walked here, and I saw things not of this world digging on this spot. There was moonlight, and I saw the glittering of their golden spades! 'Golden spades, cried the young sexton; they make the miser's last bed; for he who hoards the treasures of this world, and looks unmoved at the world's misery, has just this reward—his grave is dug by devils with a golden spade!—Men of Character.

THE LAST BATTLE BETWEEN THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS.

The battle had now gathered to a vortex; Muza and his cavalry had joined Boabdil and the Moorish infantry, and the Christian army had been reinforced by detachments, that, in almost every other quarter of the field had routed the foe. The Moors had been driven back, though inch by inch; they were now in the broad space before the very walls of the city, which were crowded with the pale and anxious faces of the aged and the women; and, at every pause in the artillery, the voices that spoke of home were borne by that lurid air to the ears of the leaders. The shout went on through the Christian force, as Ferdinand now joined it, struck like a death knell upon the last hope of Boabdil. But the blood of his fierce ancestry burned in his veins, and the cheering voice of Almamen, whom nothing daunted, inspired him with a kind of supernatural frenzy. "King against king—so be it! Let Allah decide between us!" cried the Moorish monarch. "Bind up this wound—'tis well. A steel for the sword! Now, my prophet! and my friend, mount by the side of thy king—let us at least, fall together, Leilias! leilias!" Throughout the brave Christian ranks, went a thrill of reluctant admiration, as they beheld the Paynim king, conspicuous by his fair beard and the jewels of his harness, lead the scanty guard yet left to him once more into the thickest of their lines. Simultaneously, Muza and his zergis made their fierce charge, and the Moorish infantry, excited by the example of their leaders, followed with unslackened and dugged zeal. The Christians gave way—they were beaten back; Ferdinand spurred forward; and ere either party were well aware of it, both kings had met in the same moment: all order and discipline, for the moment, lost, general and monarch were, as common soldiers, fighting hand to hand. It was then that Ferdinand, after hearing down before his lance Naim Redoun, second in rank to Muza in the ranks of Granada, beheld opposed to him a stranger form that seemed to that Royal Christian rider fiercer than man: his raven hair and beard, clothed with blood, hung like snakes against a countenance, whose features, naturally formed to give expression to the darkest passions, were distorted with the madness of despairing rage. Wounded in many places, the blood dabbled his mail; while over his head, he waved the banner wrought with mystic characters, while Ferdinand had already been taught to believe the workmanship of demons. "Now, beloved King of the Nazarenes!" shouted this formidable champion, "we meet at last!—no longer host and guest, monarch and dervise, but man to man! I am a Mahmmen! Die!" He spoke; and his sword descended so fiercely on that animated head, that Ferdinand bent to his saddle bow. But the King quickly recovered his seat, and gallantly met the encounter; it was one that might have tasked the utmost prowess of his bravest knight. Passions which in their number, their nature, and their excess, animated no other champion on either side, gave to the arm of Almamen, the Israelite, a preternatural strength; his blows fell like rain upon the harness of the King; and the fiery eyes, the gleaming banner, of the mysterious sorcerer, who had eluded the tortures of his Inquisition,—who walked unscathed through the midst of his army—whose single hand had consumed the encampment of a hostified the stout heart of the King with a belief that he encountered no earthly foe. Fortunately, perhaps, for Ferdinand and Spain, the contest did not last long. Twenty horsemen spurred into the melee to the rescue of the plumed diadem. Tendrilla arrived the first; with a stroke of his two-handed sword the white banner was cleft from his staff, and fell to the earth. At that sight, the Moors around broke forth into a wild and despairing cry; that cry spread from rank to rank, from horse to foot; the Moorish infantry, sorely pressed on all sides, no sooner learned

Penitentiary on all concerned in giving or receiving a challenge; and from three to seven years' imprisonment for assaulting, abusing, or defaming, the referee of a challenge.—This Bill has been read a second time, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

ESSENTIALS FOR FOOH FOR HORSES. Doos, &c.—When the duty on sugar was two guineas per cwt. and the important price from two to six guineas in addition, it was merely used as a decoy, and as food for invalids. Of late the duty having been reduced to one shilling per cwt. and the import price from ten to seventeen shillings, it costs only half the price of Carolina rice, good weight for the grand sir,—a superior substitute for milk feeding calves it is found very valuable: the method of using it is to sprinkle one pint of pearl sago into three quarts of boiling water on the fire, keep stirring, and in less than ten minutes you have a strong jelly, which, mixed with the same quantity of milk, is found to be a saving of half the milk, and the calves a better with it. Several gentlemen are now feeding their greyhounds upon it, boiled as above, then poured over biscuit or bread, instead of broth or jelly made from meat, and find it very superior, saving three-fourths of both expense and trouble, at the same time keeping their greyhounds in much better condition. To those who keep packs of hounds this will be found a most important discovery. One of the largest horse proprietors in the kingdom is using it as food for them with great satisfaction.

QUICKSILVER TREE.—In the valley of Laney, which runs between the mountains of Turin, there grows a plant called *dominicum*, in the roots of which pure mercury is found, and may be separated by a very simple process. The writer tells us, that if a quantity of the juice be extracted from the roots, and evaporated slowly, there will be found as much mercury in the remainder as there has been liquid matter evaporated; but this must be done in the night, and when the air is clear.

TOSSING PANCAKES.—A custom exists here at St. Peter's College, Westminster, in the school, on Shrove Tuesday, coming into the school, and from a silver frying-pan endeavouring to toss a pancake over a bar erected at the height of six feet. If he succeeds he receives the grand prize; if he fails he has only his labour for his pains. In either case the pancake constitutes a scramble for the boys.—The origin of this singular custom is lost in its antiquity.

COFFEE.—The discovery of coffee was not made until the latter part of the thirteenth century, and like many other great discoveries, it was the result of chance, and adopted by necessity. An Arab, the Sheikh Omar, led under persecution in his own country; he and his followers fled to a mountain in the province of the Yemen, where, in the desert, all usual food failed him; a coffee berry there grew wild, and the distressed refugee, and it was too hard to masticate, tried it himself in boiling; he drank the liquor, found himself revived, and made immortal. Yet, recommended as it was by its refreshing properties, its spontaneous growth, and still more, by the example of one who called himself a saint, coffee, in now less than two centuries to make its way in the world.

How to get a Lift.—"Pray," said Mr. — to the Hon. — "will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?" "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?" "O, very easily," replied the modest applicant; "I shall remain in it."

A Yankee pedlar is making his fortune in the valley of the Mississippi by selling purple vegetable pills for the cure of fever and ague, and other diseases. The pills are poisonous in a solution of liquorice!

An improvement has just been made in the pianoforte, which consists in the application of pedals similar to those of the organ, and used in the same manner; by means of which an additional part, played by the feet, is added to the harmony produced by the hands. The pedals are applied to every note of the scale, to the extent of two octaves in the bass, and music composed for the purpose is now being written, and the pianoforte which hitherto could be performed only upon the organ.

It is affirmed that King Louis Philippe possesses such a considerable quantity of Five per Cent Stock, that a reduction of 1 per cent. would make a difference of £20,000 sterling in his yearly income!

The Exeter Post says—There is now in the possession of Mr. Daniel Harvey, of Exminster, an angle which was caught by St. Stevens in the year 1787. It was presented by the father of the possessor to his grandson on his christening in the May following. It was grown in a bottle—the bottle being fastened to the branch, and closely sealed as soon as it was cut, and it is now as fresh as ever.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE.—One of the greatest equestrian performances on record took place last Friday afternoon, on Sudbury Common, in the presence of several sporting gentlemen of distinction, although the attendance was not so considerable as the merits of the undertaking would have warranted. There had evidently been a desire on the part of some of the persons connected with the match, not to give it too much publicity, and many were the rumours as to the precise day on which it would come off. The undertaking was to perform in saddle twenty miles in one hour; and it will be necessary to state that the same mare did the distance on Saturday fortnight, carrying about 98 lbs., but only won on that occasion by eight seconds. Much doubt was expressed as to the probability of the performance, whether she could ever do it again, and the question of her carrying a man of much greater weight was agitated. Mr. Whitfield, the proprietor of the mare, undertook that he would back her to do it if Mr. Savage a twelve stone man, would ride her. The latter consented, and time was backed to an immense extent 6 to 4, although the actual money down was only £50 aside. The affair was arranged fortnight ago, and Mr. Savage immediately went to the stud, and what is termed sweating training, in order to reduce his weight as much as possible. No specific day had been named in the articles, although there was an understanding that the match should take place within the year (1837), and this circumstance accounts for the attendance not being immense. Several were of opinion that it would take place on Tuesday, and there was a pretty tolerable muster on that day; others believed it to be on Saturday, and some few were fortunate enough to know it was Friday, on which day, at a little before one, she started.—The mare, which is a bay, fifteen hands high, had been very admirably trained at Smithabottom, and was brought to Hampton by Mr. Pearce, who had charge of her, on Thursday night. She was put up at Lawrence's, the Red Lion, and when brought out the next morning looked beautifully. The effect of training was equally apparent in Mr. Savage; he had increased his weight to 108 lbs. in the short interval which had elapsed from the time of making the match, and the whole of the weight she had to carry, including saddle, &c., was 115 lbs. The first five miles were done in fourteen minutes and thirty seconds, and the second at about the rate of thirteen minutes fifty seconds, as near as could be judged; but an accident occurred when within a quarter of a mile of the starting post, which created much consternation, the stirrup-leather broke, and from the immediate change in the position of her rider the mare became alarmed, and but for the splendid horsemanship shown must have lost the match; two to one against her was being fiercely offered. The mare was checked for about a minute, and another stirrup put on, and then went off at full speed. She did the last five miles in about thirteen minutes, and won by two minutes and twenty seconds, having performed the distance, exclusive of the delay, in fifty-six minutes and forty seconds.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The Boston Mercantile Journal, gives the following remarkable case of murder, and conviction of an innocent person, as illustrating the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. The journal also employs it as an argument against capital punishment.—"A Negro who had run away from his master in North Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. The poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers; and it was said that she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his wretched design. Accordingly, he climbed to the top of the chimney, slipped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew, in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings, but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who being a very powerful man, a rough match intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him, when by the light of the moon which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom, having seldom seen a negro, he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had suddenly flown into the air and disappeared. The negro in the course of the struggle had been fired the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim, and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight victim, which appeared not to impart any degree of belief to the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with little booty; but after a wretched existence of 10 years, on his death bed, confessed the murder and related the particulars attending it."

Also imported in the Captain Cook, in March last by the Proprietor. HERCULES stands sixteen hands high, and rising five years old, is a Dappled Grey Champion Horse, bred by Richard Thomson, Esq., at Staggon, in Derbyshire, got by Chancer out of a celebrated Mare called Kit, the property of Mr. Thomson, that won the prize at Ashbourne, in the Peak Fair, two years successively. TERMS—Four Pounds and Ten Shillings—Groomage included.

THE NORFOLK PHENOMENON was got by the Norfolk Cob, (the Dam of the Norfolk Cob was got by Old Marshland Sholes) late the property of Mr. Wright Rougham, Norfolk, now in the possession of John Theobald, Stockwell, Surrey, and named by him the Norfolk Phenomenon, and was out of Pretender Mare by Old Fireaway, his grand sire, and the property of Mr. Burgess' Well Fen Norfolk, and for whose performances see the Sporting Magazine, March 1822; great Grand sire Old Fireaway, the property of Mr. R. West, Gaywood, Norfolk, great Grand sire Pretender, from whose stock the original Fireaway descended. (Pretender was a chestnut foaled in 1771, by Muske, the sire of Eclipse—his Dam by Bajazet, a son of the Godolphin Arabian.) Young Fireaway challenged all England, in July 1819, and beat a celebrated Black Mare, the property of Mr. Slade, on Sunbury Common, for Four Hundred Guinea, besides bye matches—challenged all England again, and no takers. Young Fireaway was a roan chestnut, nearly sixteen hands high, and equal to twenty stone.

THE NORFOLK PHENOMENON is a roan Horse, bred in 1825, by Mr. Bond of Cawston, Norfolk, whose property he still remains; his dam was a very fast trotter, and never was beaten—she bred Mr. Bond many valuable Horses, (eight of which he has sold for £1000) exclusive of the Phenomenon, which now stands first on the list as a Norfolk Trotter, allowed by all competent judges to be one of the best and fastest trotters ever shown in any public market, from his superiority of muscular strength, reach, and rapidity of action, it is doubted whether there be a Horse in England that can go with him.

THE ABOVE IS EXTRACTED FROM THE 10TH VOLUME OF THE 2ND SERIES OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, page 103; and accompanied by a Splendid Engraving of Bond's Norfolk Phenomenon. (Signed) P. LAURENTZ CAMPBELL Parrauntia, 27th April, 1831.

TERMS—Five Guineas—Groomage included.

ALSO, The truly Valuable Imported Yorkshire Champion Horse,

SELBY is six years old, stands sixteen hands and a half high, color bright bay, with black legs—was bred by Sir Robert Smith, near Selby, Yorkshire; got by Necromancy out of a Scriveron

Mare—He is well calculated for getting good Hunters or Roadsters, Masters of Thirteen Stone, his action and bone being very superior.

TERMS—Four Pounds Ten Shillings—Groomage included.

N. B.—Emigrant, Hercules, and the Suffolk, Herts will travel during the season to Mr. Joseph Smith's, Roan Horse Inn, Windsor Road, at the Junction of Seven Hills, Bankham Hills and Dural Roads.

An allowance will be made to persons sending any quantity of Mares that may be divided among the four Horses.

The Proprietor (Mr. Charles Smith of George-street, Sydney) in informing the Public that every attention shall be paid to Mares left in his charge, begs to request that all payments be made on or before January, 1839.

TO COVER THIS SEASON, And will Stand at Mr. REEVE'S Livery Stables West Meildand,

THE celebrated Clydesdale Stallion, imported in the ship "Ellen," in October 1834,

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

This Stallion is rising six years old, stands sixteen hands high, is a rich dark brown with black points—has great bone and fine temper—his symmetry is perfect and his paces fast—he was got by Briton, which gained the first prizes as a Draught Horse in the Scotch Counties of Perth, Lanark, and Peebles. His Dam, got by Sir John H. Maxwell, of Springkell, gained the first prize for three years successively as a Draught Mare, with the foal at her foot, at Peebles Annual Cattle Show.

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George-street, Sydney, 23rd August, 1838.



BLOOD, BONE, AND ACTION.

TO COVER THIS SEASON, And will Stand at BUNGARRABEE and CLIFTON

THAT truly valuable thorough-bred Horse, (imported by the Honorable Captain Rouse, R. N.)

EMIGRANT,

Stands sixteen hands high, was bred by G. Rush Esq., and was got by Pioneer out of Ringtail (sister to Deceiver) by Buzzard, grand dam by Trentham (sister to Drone) by Herod, Lilly by Blank, Peggy by Cade (sister to Widdington) Mare by Turner, Bay "Bloody Buttocks, by Bloody Buttocks, by Greyhound, Makeless, Brimmer Places, White Turk, Dohworth.—The Layton Barb Mare, Pioneer, by Whiskey, out of the Duke of Grafton's celebrated Mare Prunella by Highflyer.

Comments on this Horse is unnecessary, for the public must be perfectly satisfied that his Stock have turned out the best in the Colony—he is the sire of Lady Godiva, Lady Cordelia, and others that have celebrated themselves in racing.

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THE SUFFOLK HERO,

Also imported in the Captain Cook, in March last by the Proprietor, stands sixteen hands high, and rising five years old, is a roan color, was bred by Mr. Philip Parker, of Bridewell Ash, near Bury St. Edmunds, his sire Mr. Bond's (of Cawstone) Norfolk Phenomenon.

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George-street, Sydney, 23rd August, 1838.

WILLIAMS' STAND, THIS SEASON, at Petersham.

Terms—For single Mares, £10; for Mares exceeding two in number, the property of the same individual, £8, groomage 5s. No Mares received, except the Groom brings a written authority from his Master. Payments to be made on or before the 1st of January, 1839.

Edipus, just arrived per ship John McEllan was bred in 1829, by the Duke of Grafton; he is of the most celebrated and purest blood in England.

Pedigree—Edipus by Emilius (a winner of the Derby), out of Pastille, by Reubens (a winner of the Oaks).

This costly Horse stands sixteen hands high, of a dark brown color, without any white marks, possesses an excellent constitution; and a most docile temper, is probably the most powerful blood Horse ever imported to this Colony, and from his size, combining the greatest strength, with the most perfect symmetry, will do for breeding Carriage as well as Race Horses. Edipus may be seen at exercise in a Field at Petersham, adjoining the Parramatta Road, at the hours of seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and four and five in the afternoon.

NOTICE.

JOHN RICHARDS, Mail Contractor, with reference to the Advertisement of 1st October, begs to inform the Public, that all Parcels sent by the Mail must be paid for at the Booking Office.

Berrima, 2nd October, 1838.

CHEAP SUPERFINE BLACK CLOTHS, at Cecil House, King-street.

E. WEBB & CO.

CENTEEL FURNISHED APARTMENTS, at Mr. Butler's, 14, Bridge-street, Sydney.

ON SALE AT THE UNDERSIGNED,

PORT, SHERRY, CLARET and very superior Company's Cape Wine. Also, Taylor's Porter in wood and bottled; likewise, Ind & Smith's Ale at small profits, for Cash.

T. COSTIN, No. 4, Pitt-street, opposite Bussey's.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF GOODS.

Table with multiple columns listing various goods and their prices, including spirits, wine, and other commodities.

EXPORTS.

Timber, Blue Gum, per load... Cedar per foot... Teak per foot... Hides, salted, and tanned... Hides, raw... Tallow rendered...

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