

and that was lying at several different wharfs, we do not think this quotation can be depended upon as showing the market price. About thirty tons of Seal Oil fetched from £20 to £31 10s 4d per ton, but there does not appear to have been much demand for it, as there was a large quantity remained unsold.

At the sale on the 24th the prices were rather higher. One hundred and twenty-seven tons of Southern Oil, per *Glenberrie*, from Hobart Town, sold at £25 10s @ £27 4d per ton. Three tons Southern Oil, per *Katherine Stewart Forbes*, from Hobart Town, sold in two lots at £25 6s and £26 10s 4d per ton. Two tons Southern Oil, per *Hera*, from Swan River, fetched £26 5s 4d per ton. Two tons Whalebone, per *Lord William Bentinck*, from Sydney, sold at £136 per ton, being the lowest quotation at the previous sale.

THE NEW POOR LAW & THE INTENDED EXECUTIONS AT CHESTER, FOR INFANTICIDE.

We direct the attention of the *Globe* to the following extract from the Stockport petition for sparing the life of Ann Byrom, late of that place:—

"Your petitioners humbly state to the Queen their belief that the present state of the law, which throws on the mother the entire expense of maintaining a bastard child, and thereby exonerating the father, adds greatly to the temptation to commit infanticide.

"That your petitioners desire most respectfully to state to the Queen their conviction that it is becoming a general belief, that we have no right to take away the lives of our fellow-creatures, and thus place them beyond the reach of all reform, which the punishment of death does; but that the right of taking human life belongs only to Him who gave it."

Signed by the Rev. the Rector of Stockport, and six other clergy and ministers, as already mentioned, as well as the Mayor, two county Magistrates, &c.

On this subject, the *Courier* of last night had the following observations:—

"The feeling against capital punishments has become so powerful that it is only in cases of the blackest crimes perpetrated by criminals hardened in guilt, that public sympathy for the last sufferings of a fellow-being does not overpower the sense of vindictive outrage on society for which that punishment is awarded. It therefore becomes imperative on those who have the awful responsibility of deciding when such a sacrifice of human life to offended justice is required, to consider not only the influence which such an execution has upon the public mind, but whether, in the present state of the public mind, sympathy with the sufferer may not excite indignation at his crimes. These remarks apply with additional force, when the criminals doomed to suffer are females; for, in such cases, be their crimes however black, the idea of dragging a woman to public exhibition, and the sensation of horror which such a spectacle excites. To make the female criminal expiate her offence on the scaffold, only excites the sympathy of the public for the sufferer; the guiltiest wretch is looked upon with an eye of pity, and her crime is considered at such a moment only as a misfortune.

We regret to perceive that we are now threatened with an exhibition of this revolting character; but we trust that the recommendation of the jury for mercy will be not lost upon Lord John Russell, and that, as in the recent case of the boy Kirby, the expression of public opinion through the press, will be the means of saving the lives of two human beings, and of preventing the outrage on public feeling."—*London Paper.*

MILITARY OPERATIONS.—A trial of Col. Bland's pontoons, or buoys, took place last week at Cuxton, nearly three miles above Rochester bridge. The pontoon equipment having been landed on the Marsh, a bridge consisting of twenty pontoons at open order, extending 250 feet, was laid across the Medway in twenty minutes. Eight companies of Royal Marines then marched over six deep, and returned at "double quick" four deep. A detachment of cavalry, consisting of one officer and twelve privates, passed over in files and returned in single ranks. Part of the bridge was then dismantled, and two rafts were formed of three pontoons each, and prepared for field pieces to fire from them. The remainder of the bridge was then broken into rafts, on board which about 130 marines were conveyed down the river, and co-operated with an artillery and musketry fire in an attack made by a party of marines on shore upon another party posted at the Cuxton lime-kiln, but the tide having fallen considerably, the troops and guns did not land from the rafts, but proceeded to the Gun-wharf.—*Ibid.*

STEAM-FREED LEGISLATION.—On Aug. 16, Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, drew up an act of Parliament, writing the same on his knee!—The House being in a state of "darkness visible"—endorsed it, presented it, moved its first reading, gave notice of its second reading next day, and a further notice for the suspension of the standing orders, so as to enable its passing its remaining stages forthwith, in the short space of five minutes! The object of the bill is to amend that clause in the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, which enacts that only 3s. shall be payable on advertising insolvents' schedules in country newspapers by increasing the amount.—*Ibid.*

VARIATION OF THE COMPASS.—An Iron steam boat has been brought into Deptford basin, for the purpose of trying the effect of attraction on the compass in her; which, on the compass being moved fore and aft, was found to cause a variation of four or five points.—*Ibid.*

We have this morning an express from Fal-mouth, announcing the arrival of the brig *Scylla*, Scott, master, from Buenos Ayres, whence she sailed on the 24th of June. The representative of the province had approved of the conduct of the government in its arrangements regarding foreigners, and in the course pursued with respect to the vice-consul of France. The French blockading squadron received a reinforcement on the 3rd of June, and formidable preparations have been made for a bombardment. The following ships of war consist of the *Pedro*, 22 guns; *brig Danaus*, 22 guns; *Alert*, 22 guns; *Bordelaise*, 19 guns; schooner *Plyant*, 10 guns. The British ships were the *Samarang*, 28 guns, Captain Broughton; and the *Electra*, 18 guns, Captain Preston.—*Morning Chronicle, August 25th.*

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of blue and white quadrille gros de Naples; it is highly figured and is trimmed with ruffles of the same material, high, and formed en cœur by a ruche. The sleeves full at the lower part, and tight at top, are also ornamented with ruche

Cambric collar, embroidered in feathered stitch; Italian Straw hat, trimmed with plaided ribbon, and black lace.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—India muslin robe, trimmed with three founces, which are bordered with Valenciennes lace, each looped on one side by a knot of pink ribbon; one is also placed near the extremity of the skirt, the corsage high and close to the shape, is nearly covered by a pelérine fichu, very profusely trimmed with lace and pink ribbon. Wide sleeves, confined at the wrist by a band, and bow of ribbon. Rice-straw hat, an open skirt, adorned with a single rose over each temple. The crown is decorated with the figure ribbon, and a bouquet of exotics, arranged in a very novel manner.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Printed muslin tablier. It is a white ground with blue ribbon, which turns back round the bottom of the skirt. Half-high corsage, the front disposed in nervures, and trimmed with a fall pelérine of point lace. Sleeves demi large, the upper part arranged in bouillons, terminated by a founce. Driven bonnet of white poodle, the brim of the usual kind, but the crown, which is of a very novel form, is trimmed with blond lace, and rose ribbon.

MORNING DRESS.—Striped muslin robe, corsage and sleeves of the demi blonde kind. The border is trimmed with three founces edged with Valenciennes lace. Mantelot of organdy, trimmed with lace. French peasant's cap of tulle, trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbon.—(From the *New Monthly Belle Assemblee*.)

Original Correspondence.

A Word of Advice.

[From a Correspondent.]

"Oh would that Heaven's gift would give us To see ourselves as others see us!"

And is it possible such fools exist; So blind, so fatuous, so devoid of sense, As thus to spawn their trash— Their ribald nursery trash upon the world, And unabash'd proclaim it as the work of man?"

Well—it has been one lot to witness many instances of egregiously folly, and indeed self-conceit; but never did we before meet with so lamentable an exposure of ignorant folly and inordinate vanity, as are blended in the production now before us,—"The Poems of Beverley Suttor"—words cannot express our amazement—we are absolutely lost in confusion to think that a being so called man could give vent to such execrable nonsense, and with unashamed frontery woo the risings of indignation that follow the abortive attempt to read his "most villainous compound" of trash—if a school-boy ten years of age, in his metrical exercises had been guilty of one tithe of the absurdities contained in this rare specimen of adult perfection, he would have received as his desert a sound censure at the hands of his justly incensed master. O tempora! O mores! We will not put the patience of the public to such a trial as to intrude upon them any more quotations from this useful rigmorale, as from the specimens that have already been furnished by the various Journals of the day, they must be thoroughly satiated and disgusted. It is not to the public we address ourselves, but more particularly to the benighted and clouded mind of the lost young man, whose boundless vanity he must ever have cause to deplore; for, as if to proclaim how utterly blind he is to his glaring absurdities, he modestly announces to the world, "he has much pleasure in informing it, that his poems are now ready for inspection, with a faithful portrait of his own most interesting countenance"—thus, in addressing ourselves, he implies, that ignorance and presumption are only to be met with in lusty, able-bodied fellows (capable of work but too idle to attempt it), with hairy baboonish faces.

We are informed that this degraded young man possesses property only requiring active personal superintendence to render it considerably value; and that he has friends of respectability, who would be happy to support him in any laudable undertaking. How much more profitable and honourable would it be, if, instead of wasting his time, and disturbing the peace of his intellect, he abandoned his disgraceful system of beggary, and flying from the scene of his exposure and folly, endeavored by an altered course to reclaim his past offences, and seek his pardon in society by the sincerity of his reformation.

Ironical satire is lost upon him—it exceeds his comprehension—nothing but the undisguised and naked truth can have any chance to recall him to his senses; and though the medicine may prove unpalatable, yet I trust it will have every beneficial effect. To convince the young man that we advance nothing but what we are well supported in, we beg to offer him a little advice, couched in all the variety of his own ridiculous metre, which, perhaps, will aid him in perceiving how greatly he has been led away by the sin of conceit and idleness.

Mister Beverley Suttor, This is meant as a putter. Forth, for your inspection, To draw you up your folly, To show you up your folly, Which is most manifestly, And which indeed might urge, A child to give you the scourge.

We'll change the metre now; And don't you, Mister Suttor, Begin to feel somehow, A queerish sort of flutter; To feel as though you had, Which is most manifestly, Acting indeed too bad, And very like a fool.

Once more the varying air, Man with the dark black muzzle, We change to make you stare, And still your brains to puzzle.

You thought yourself of poetry A downright God; We know you did—confess you must—but let it pass— No more you will be noisy; But at our nod, Go quietly from this, and write yourself an ass.

This will be no convincing, if anything can persuade him, of his ludicrous attempts at the sublime—and as these strictures are governed by the pure motive of wishing to save a young man tottering on the brink of destruction, and to prevent his becoming a laughing stock and bye-word with the inhabitants of the Australian world; so we trust they will be received in the spirit with which they were penned; and in this hope we will subscribe ourselves as

TRUE FRIENDS. Dec. 14, 1838.

To the Editor of the Commercial Journal. Sir,—Several complaints are loud, busy, and urgent in this district, relative to the holding inquests on individuals who have come to a natural death, in consequence of the prevailing catarrh or influenza; where the parties have been ill some time, together with the extensive surgical survey or anatomization of the bodies—this complaint embracing certain improper motives for doing, on the part of the Coroner, conjointly with the usually Attending-Surgeon. It is to be hoped, that, for the credit of the parties, the above rumour may be explained.

J. W. FULTON. Perth, 13th Dec., 1838.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday last, by Special Licenses, at St. Laurence Church, Sydney, James St. John Russell, Esq., eldest son of the late Captain Russell, of the 56th Regt., to Miss Eliza Wood, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Wood, of Macquarie street, Academy, Sydney.

DEATH.—On the 9th instant, Mrs. Jane Sims, late of Sydney, aged 93 years, who, until three days of her death, had enjoyed tolerable health, when she fell a victim to the prevailing influenza; an old and much respected Colonnist.

Also, on Wednesday evening last, at 11 o'clock, at the house of his parents, in Castlereagh-street, the infant son of Bridget and Thomas Stretton, aged 12 months and 8 days.

Land, &c., for Sale.

TWO thousand five hundred and sixty acres near Maitland. Nine hundred acres near Maitland. One thousand acres Nepean River, near Penrith. Eighty acres House and Improvements in Illawarra, near Wollongong. Three hundred acres rich Land in Illawarra, near Kiama. Four hundred acres near Windsor. One hundred acres ditto ditto. Twelve hundred and eighty to be selected as Additional Grants.

Two thousand five hundred and sixty acres, ditto. Portions of Land, in quantities of from one to one hundred and fifty acres, at Woolloomooloo, Darling Point, Double Bay, 'Tivoli', South Head Road, Surry Hills, Botany, Newtown, and Cook's River, Liverpool-road, Barrowood, and North Shore.

Town Allotments, waterside and otherwise eligible situated in Melbourne, Sydney, Parramatta, Raymond Terrace, Clarence Town, Yass, Goulburn, Mudgee, &c. ALSO, Farms to let in various parts of the Colony. Likewise four thousand Acres of the best description.

W. BARTON, Land Agent, &c. Hunter-street, Dec. 14, 1838.

WANTED. A FEMALE Servant, as Housemaid. Apply to Mr. S. Brown, M'Donalds Buildings, George street, or to the Office of this Paper.

Derwent Potatoes.

NINE SHILLINGS PER CWT.

THE Undersigned having received a large supply of Brown's River Potatoes, from Maria Watson and Co., of Hobart Town, is enabled to sell them at his Grocery and Provision Warehouse, 35, York street, near the corner of Market-street, at the moderate price of Nine Shillings per Cwt., or picked at Ten Shillings per Cwt. not to be equalled in Sydney.

HENRY PECKHAM.

DERWENT Seed Potatoes.

Seven Shillings per Cwt.

THE Undersigned has on Sale at his Grocery and Provision Warehouse, 35, York street, DERWENT SEED POTATOES of the following kinds:—BLACK POTATOE, PINK EYE Ditto, APPLE Ditto, WHITE ROUGH Ditto.

AT SEVEN SHILLINGS Per Cwt. HENRY PECKHAM. All kinds of Groceries, Butter, Cheese, Bacon, &c. &c. at his usual moderate prices.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Editor of the Sydney Herald. Sir.—If my father, in notifying to the Public, through your columns, that he would not be responsible for debts that I may contract, or pay any further orders of mine, had had the candour to state the reason of his refusal, I might probably have taken no notice of such an announcement; but as he has sought to exalt himself at the expense of my reputation, I conceive that no feeling of consideration for his advanced years, or mental infirmities, should preclude me from defending myself from the injurious suspicions that his notice is calculated to produce upon the mind of the Public. With regard to the accounts that I have contracted, I have to say they are but few, and of very inconsiderable amount, and have been in his possession some time past for liquidation, and I am greatly disappointed that he has not yet paid them. And such orders as I have heretofore drawn are in perfect accordance with his letter to me of the 29th October last, wherein he engages to pay all them out, and to a certain sum independently thereof—the full amount of which I have not yet drawn.

I now beg to apprise my Father, notwithstanding his Notice, that I shall continue to draw upon him for the full amount of the rent of my house in George-street, which he is under engagement to pay over to me (save only the expense of alteration.) And I likewise request of him, the favor of furnishing me with an account of the proceeds of my share of certain horned cattle, that he has invested in his business during the last fifteen years, and on account of which I have never received one penny, although on a moderate calculation they would be worth about £800, provided he has received the full number.

It will be proper to state that I have received a number of horned stock, that were promised me by my father ten years ago, but I cannot consider them as an equivalent for my own, which he never had any claim upon, nor any authority to appropriate.

W. P. WILSHIRE. Wilshireurst, Kurrajong, } December 11, 1838.

Now Unloading

From the "CITY OF EDINBURGH" and "MEDUSA,"

CIDER—Bottled Stationery, assorted Pickles Slops Brooms and Shoes, from four different makers Millinery Calico Prints Shawls Stocks Lucifers Seeds Medicine and Instruments Perfumery Glass and Blue Paper Hanging Oil Casks, from Chippendale's Guns and Fancy Sticks.

At the STORES of ALFRED SAUNDERS, George street, Sydney, December 1, 1838.

NEGROHEAD TOBACCO.

THE Undersigned is now selling the very best small square-cut American Negro-head, at Four Shillings per Pound.

J. DOLE, Opposite Druitt-street, Sydney.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By W. Hebblewhite, On Account of whom it may concern.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, At his Rooms, Lower George-street, on MONDAY next, 17th instant, at Eleven o'clock precisely, ex *Abel Gower*, Henderson, Master, from London.

J.P.C. in diamond FORTY yards 20 inch \$2 outside Hair Seating Eighty-one ditto 19 ditto ditto Eighty ditto 18 ditto ditto One hundred and twenty 17 ditto ditto Eighty ditto 16 ditto ditto, slightly damaged. TERMS—CASH.

Old Copper.—On account of the Underwriter's or whom it may concern.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, By W. Hebblewhite, On MONDAY, the 17th instant, at his Rooms, Lower George-street, at Twelve o'clock precisely.

ABOUT two tons of twenty-two ounce Copper, ex *Isabella*, Sampson, master. Terms—Purchasers under £30, Cash; above that sum, approved Bills at three months.

MR SAMUEL SOLOMON is instructed to sell by Auction, on MONDAY the 22nd December, instant, at Crampton's Hotel, Pitt-street, the following articles, the Property of Mr. Richard Crampton, having purchased the good-will of the "Rose Inn," Penrith, whither he is about to remove.

Two splendid Billiard Tables, by Thurston, India rubber cushions, with apparatus complete Spirit Fountains and Beer Engines Bar Fixtures Household Furniture of every description Plate, &c. Wines, Ale, Porter, &c. Two bullock Drays, Horses, &c. And a variety of other valuable property. The terms are liberal, and will be made known at time of Sale.

AFTER WHICH, About 240,000 of superior BRICKS, a fair sample of which will be produced at the time of Sale.

The Terms are liberal, and will be made known at time of Sale.

POSTPONEMENT OF SALE.

To Merchants and Owners of Small Crafts in General.

JOHN HALL, Will sell by Public Auction, at the Queen's Wharf, on MONDAY, the 17th day of December, at 11 o'clock precisely,

THAT Beautiful well known Schooner "FELIX," about 30 tons burthen, well found in all her Stores, with two sets of sails, and may be got ready for sea at 12 hours notice.

The above Vessel has not been off the Stocks, more than 18 months, consequently does not require any repairs. The cause for sale is in consequence of a Dissolution of Partnership.

WILSON'S.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF PLATE, JEWELLERY, &c. BY J. T. WILSON

At his established Sale Rooms, 74, George-street, at half-past 10 for 11 o'clock, ON WEDNESDAY, 19th DECEMBER,

An extensive assortment of the most fashionable London-made Jewellery ever sent to the Colony:—Ladies' Ring Brooches, Ditto ditto Lockets, Gold, Coral, and Cornelian Ear-rings, Amulet Necklaces, Beautifully-chased Gold Sials, Keys, Rings, various Standard Gold Wedding Rings, A great variety of very valuable Watches, from first-rate London Houses, And, at Twelve o'clock, the undermentioned Plate and Plated Ware, being the property of a gentleman leaving this metropolis for the interior.

A splendid Tea Set, with Spoons, Ladles, Fish Slice, Tea-Pot, Candlesticks, and Cruets, to match;—and for workmanship and beauty, these articles stand unrivalled in the colony. Also, a very rare collection of ancient Greek, Roman, and English Silver Coins, well worthy the attention of Antiquarians and those who are fond of the marvellous, as a guide to the studies of these Coins will be sold with them, the latest edition of the "Pneumatic Journal."

Terms—Under £20, Cash, above that sum an approved bill at 3 months.

POSTPONEMENT OF SALE.

MR. J. T. WILSON, Announces that the Sale of the undermentioned Stanhopes, Gigs, &c., advertised for Sale for Saturday, the 8th instant, is unavoidably postponed until THIS DAY, the 15th December, at the Premises of Mr. W. McLauchlin, Coach builder, Pitt-street, at half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely.

STANHOPE GIGS, with patent and turned axle, handsomely lined, and perfectly new. Two Gigs. One exceedingly tasty Phinton, patent axles, richly lined, complete, and on elliptic springs. One second-hand ditto. One Carriage, newly new, adapted to the convenience of nine persons, or it might be used for breaking in young horses. One set English Stage Coach Wheels. One four-wheeled Carriage, little used, and fit for immediate service. One covered Cart, on springs. Three second-hand Stanhopes, in first-rate condition, fit for hard service. Terms at sale.

DERWENT & OATEN HAY.

J. HALL, about TWENTY TONS OF PRIME HAY, at 74, George street. December 1, 1838.

SALES BY AUCTION.

SPLENDID Landed Properties

TO THE Aristocracy of Australia, the Speculators in Land, the Lovers of Interest, the Admirers of Scenery and the Fathers of Families,

J. T. WILSON

Announces, that he has been instructed by the Proprietor to dispose of by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the 8th day of January, 1839, at his extensive Rooms, No. 74, George-street, at half-past 11 for 12 o'clock,

THE undermentioned Valuable Landed Properties, the first parcel of which is situated at

New Town,

and is laid out in six valuable Allotments, in Plan No. 1, as follows:—

LOT I.—Contains 2 acres, 0 rods, 10 perches; has a frontage of 160 feet to the Cook's River Road, and bounded on one side by the splendid property of the Hon. R. Campbell, M. C. which is now being completed.

LOT II.—Contains 2 acres, 1 rod, 29 perches, is bounded also on one side by the splendid property of the Hon. R. Campbell, M. C., and has a frontage of 160 feet to the Government Road, which is now being completed.

LOT III.—Contains 2 acres, 1 rod, 29 perches, has a frontage of 160 feet to the Government Road mentioned in last Lot, and bounded on either sides by Lots 2 and 6.

LOT IV.—Contains 2 acres, 0 rods, 12 perches and has a frontage of 160 feet to the Cook's River Road, and is bounded on either side by Lots 1 and 5.

LOT V.—Contains 2 acres, 0 rods, 14 perches, has a frontage of 160 feet to the Cook's River Road, and is bounded on either side by the Property of Mr. H. Mace and Lot 4.

LOT VI.—Contains 2 acres, 0 rods, 14 perches, has a frontage of 160 feet to the Government Road mentioned in Lot 2, and on either side by the Property of Mr. H. Mace and Lot 5.

The above described property, on Plan No. 1, is almost needless to say, is situated in the

Most Wealthy District

of New South Wales: it is bounded on all sides by the Lands of gentlemen whose spirit and enterprise are proverbial through the colony, and the rapid improvements they are making is a sufficient guarantee that the Allotments now offered will double in value by the expiration of the year 1869.

The old residents 'tis not necessary to point out that New Town has long been selected by the ELITE of SYDNEY as the spot where they may abide in peace, and seek repose apart from the din of this busy city, where they might steal to the quiet cot, and renew their wearied frames—they might inhale

The purest Air,

that Nature ever gave—where they might ensure the health of themselves, their consorts, and their children.

One continued Stream,

The scenery from these Allotments is beyond description, magnificent—and the Auctioneer feels, that although he has viewed the unbounded Landscape from the spot, that 'tis not in his power to do justice with his pen, still there are some beauties which nevertheless 'tis his duty to endeavour to pourtray—first then, it must be born in mind, that this Land having the highest elevation of the Neighbourhood, commands an immense extent of the Colony:—

LANDSCAPE SCENERY;

in the front is seen winding its sinuous course in gentle ripples the

Calm Waters

of Cook's River, while further in the distance is the wide expanse of

BOTANY BAY,

as the eye roves farther from its home, the bold Headlands are seen lowering aloft, and looking down in frowning Majesty on the

Bosom of the Mighty Deep,

while ever and anon the attention is arrested by the passing of the little Vessels from this Wealthy Mart to the Districts of Illawarra and Bateman's Bay.

On the one side is the beautiful Villa and Pleasure Grounds of A. B. Spark, Esq., in the unbounded views of Hill and Dale, forming one of the finest Landscapes nature ever painted; on the other

The Church,

the Gardens, the Cots of residents laid out with scenery, whilst in the rear the Estuary of Peter-sham and Annandale, with an unlimited extent of country, may be looked upon with never-ending joy.

To gentlemen desirous of establishing themselves in respectable society, an opportunity is now offered to them. To Guardians requiring to invest the capital entrusted to their care, 'tis a most desirable chance, and to Speculators in land nothing requires to be said.

Plan No. 2, consists of 6 Allotments, beautifully situated on the North Shore of the

Harbour of Port Jackson.

LOT 1 contains 1 acre road and 0 perches; is bounded on one side by the valuable property of T. Barker, Esq., on another by the Government Road, and has a frontage thereto of 600 feet, and a very extensive frontage to Port Jackson, looking into "Crescent Bay."

SALES BY AUCTION,

LOT 3 contains 1 acre 1 rood 20 perches; is bounded on one side by the property of Mr. Brown, and on the other sides by Neutral Harbour, the reserved road, and Lot 2.

LOT 4 is bounded on three sides as last lot, and on the fourth by Lot 5, and contains 1 acre 1 rood and 20 perches.

LOT 5 contains 1 acre 1 rood 0 perches; has a frontage at each end to Neutral Harbour and the Government Road, and on either sides by Lots 4 and 6.

LOT 6 contains 1 acre 1 rood 0 perches; is bounded on three sides by the Government Road, the property of J. Weller, Esq., and Neutral Harbour, and on the fourth side by Lot 5.

Plan No. 3 contains 6 Allotments delightfully situated on the margin of

Little Sirius Cove

and is bounded in front by little Sirius Cove, on the right by the property of James Holt, Esq., in the rear by that of Ambrose Hallen, Esq., and on the left by that of Messrs. Millard and Lindley.

Table with 3 columns: Lot numbers and measurements. Lot 1 contains 1 0 30, Lot 2 " 1 0 23, Lot 3 " 1 0 16, Lot 4 " 1 0 25, Lot 5 " 1 0 30, Lot 6 " 1 0 36.

In endeavouring to offer a few remarks upon this Land J. T. Wilson, would preface by saying that he has never been entrusted with a Sale of Property so well deserving the attention of Capitalists, Merchants, and others connected with shipping interests, as is the one now brought under their notice; it is, as will be seen by the Plans, form'd chiefly of the headlands, jutting forth into the very centre of

Port Jackson Harbour.

The Allotments of Plan No. 3 have deep water, say 10 fathoms alongside, and were originally purchased for Private Wharfs.

For the Establishment of Ship Builders' yards, Whaling, Coopering, or other Premises, these Allotments offer an opportunity at a trifling expense, which never can occur again, as all the Land in the vicinity of Sydney Cove having water frontage is actually disposed of.

This spot is also peculiarly adapted for the erection of Marine Villas, and as the Town of St. Leonard is fast progressing, its value must daily be on the increase; the road thereto passes through the heart of the Land, and is, in fact, the only passable road to it; the ground is of first rate quality, and the Allotments are arranged of sufficient extent for gardens, pleasure grounds, &c., the purity of the air is not surpassed in the world, and the scenery has been justly said to rival in beauty the most admired

Harbour of Rio de Janeiro.

On the north is overlooked a richly wooded country, studded thickly with the residences of the private Gentlemen of Sydney; on the east the Bays, Inlets, and Islands of Port Jackson, in all their endless variety, on the south the Town of Sydney, with its costly and majestic Buildings, and the basin of the Cove laden with the wealth of various nations, whilst to west the Parramatta River, with her many host of trading Craft, and an extent of

Wood and Water Scenery

English News.

(Continued from our 2nd page.)

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT. On Thursday, Aug. 16, Parliament was prorogued by Her Majesty in person, with the usual ceremonials. Her Majesty proceeded to the House of Lords in state, but from the suddenness of the notice, the assemblage within and without the House was neither so brilliant nor so numerous as has been observed on former occasions. After some conversation in the House of Commons, which ended in nothing, the Members were summoned to the bar of the Lords, to hear her Majesty's Speech. On the arrival of the Speaker, he delivered the following address, which may be considered as a summary of the business transacted during the session.

addition you have made to the income of my beloved mother. "I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary expenses rendered necessary by the state of our Canadian possessions. "My Lords and Gentlemen:—

THE PARLIAMENT.—The session which has just closed has been more protracted and occupied a greater number of hours than any previous or subsequent to the one in which the Reform bill passed. The House sat no less than 173 days, during which 1,134 hours were occupied with public business.

The Voluptuary Cured.

(Concluded from our No. of Dec. 8.) One morning, Mr. John Johnson was seated at the breakfast-table, on which was placed a quantity of material sufficient to make a considerable company contented.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you," said he, "but, upon my honour, I—I am quite drained at present. If a few days would answer—

"No, sir—'twould not answer," the man replied gruffly, "who ever heard of a cow being cured for a few days running?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Johnson, "if you send your man to the office he would there find a letter for me?"

"Long ago," said his morning, sir, my man was at the office, and there's nothing for you. I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Johnson, but I'm afraid it's humbugging me you are, sir."

"Humbugging, fellow!" "Fellow!" the landlord shouted out, glad of a quarrel. "No fellow for a rogue or a sponge, Mr. John Johnson."

"Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate."

"I mean to insinuate that I have my doubts if you're any thing better. "That's what I mean to insinuate. And I'll tell you what's more, again; I mean to insinuate that there's company coming here to the races, and that I'd be obliged to you if you'd make yourself scarce in these rooms; there's the long and the short of it now."

"Stay, my good fellow," said Lord Ulla, conscious that he was likely to profit little in a contest of this nature, "the fact is, I have written twice to my banker, and by some mischance, I have not yet been able to obtain an answer."

"Poh! that's the old story always. I declare, look—it sickens me to hear you talking of yourself and your banker. I believe he might put all you over lodged with him into his waistcoat pocket in small change. You have as much bankers as I have of prime ministers,—and that isn't one."

"You are an impudent rascal!" "Cut out of my house now this moment, since you call me an impudent rascal. There's the door open for you."

"Why, you inhospitable fellow, you would not turn me out alone, now, and the country in such a state!"

"Country in a state! And what state is it in, Mr. Johnson? How mighty genteel you are, indeed! Why then you may go from this to Cork, and if you'll meet a greater rogue than yourself on the way, I'll give you leave to call me another for company. Pack away with yourself now, if you please."

"Very well! I tell you I can make you repent this."

"You're welcome, as soon as you like. That's what vexes me entirely, now, is the airs you take upon yourself. If it was Lord Ulla himself was there, he couldn't speak prouder, nor give more trouble."

though you didn't behave so well, still I declare you have a touch of a gentleman with you that I like. Here's a paper of sandwiches, and put 'em in your pocket against the road.

Without descending to return any other reply than was conveyed in a look of fierce anger, Mr. John Johnson left the door of the hotel, and took his way across the mountains, towards the residence of his own agent, which was about fifteen miles from the spot where he stood.

Necessity taught him the art of walking upon the ground, in which, until now, his education had been very deficient. He discovered, also, that he was capable of standing upright in the face of a tolerable gale, by the mere force of gravitation; and actually sustained two severe showers of rain without melting away. Fifteen miles in one day, however, for a person who had not practiced walking, was a little too much; and it was with dismay that Mr. Johnson saw the sun go down behind him, while he was yet pacing wearily along the side of a lonely mountain, over which a few wretched cabins were scattered at long intervals.

The night threatened to be stormy, and its threats did not prove vain, like those of a bully. His long abstinence had induced him to bestow more reflection on the rejected paper of sandwiches than his pride would have willingly permitted; and the fear of not being able to procure some equivalent, formed no small part of his anxiety. Indeed, it was unreasonable to suppose that he could procure any thing fit to be laid even before Mr. John Johnson, in such a wilderness as this.

The night advanced, and his apprehensions increased with the darkness. He would not venture to ask for a lodging in one of the mountain huts, for how did he know but it was there the Whiteboys lived. And yet was it so safe to be out on such a night? Who knew but he might run full butt up against a rebel, in the darkness? Horrible! And even if he were fortunate enough to escape, what a terrible thing it was to pass the night out in such a place, with a thorough draught running from the east to the west, enough to give a man his death of cold. He thought of passing the night, like Julius Cæsar, under the shelter of one of the cabin walls; but after lingering at that position for a few minutes, he discovered that he and Julius Cæsar were different men. While he was deliberating, he found himself staggering through a sink of stagnant water, which lay unseen on his path, and arrived with a pint of the liquid in each boot on the opposite side. This made him jump to a conclusion.

The slough in question formed a sort of ornamental lake, in front of one of those mountain villas before-mentioned. No other course was now left him than to apply for assistance at the cottage; and, reversing the principle of Hamlet, he chose rather to fly to ills he knew not of, than to bear those ills he had.

The door was opened by a disagreeable-looking man, in wretched attire, who held a rushlight in his hand, and looked with an expression of surprise and half-forgotten sorrow on the stranger. The squalidness of his appearance caused a coldness to fall on the heart of the young nobleman, who would have preferred damp feet to the changes of a night's lodging beneath the same roof with so ill-looking an individual.

"'Twould not be worth our while to refuse you a lodging," said the man, in answer to his request, "in a house that won't be our own to-morrow. Walk in, and welcome."

Mr. Johnson entered, and, gazed by his countenance, as he stared around the apartment, that he did not think there could be much hardship in being ejected from such a dwelling as this. A few crazy hay-bottomed chairs, and a small table, constituted nearly all the furniture; and the floor, which was of clay, was moistened into a puddle in most places, from the dropping of the roof.

"Pat down the rest of the faggots, Mary," honey," said the man, "let us have the benefit of them for this night, at any rate, since it is to be the last, and there's no use in sparing them, when we can't take them with us."

Two little girls, as pale and squalid as their father, proceeded to rekindle the expiring embers, by heaping on fresh fuel, and stooping forward on their little hands to illuminate it with their breath. This picture, coupled with the surrounding misery, reminded him of the lines in the magnificent poem of "Darkness."

"They raked up And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath blew fire a little life—and made a flame Which was a mockery; then they lit up Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld Each others aspect!"

The man bade them put down their supper, a small pot of potatoes which lay near, saying, that he supposed "the gentleman had no objection to eat a little, any more than themselves."

Mr. Johnson made as cheerful a reply as he could under the circumstances, and after making an unnecessary apology, was preparing to draw off his wet boots, when a faint moan from an inside room struck on his ear.

"Is it anything that you'd want, Mary, darling?" said the man, pausing, and holding in his hand the boot which he was about to place in a corner near the fire.

"Nothing, only the rushlight, Ned, until I'll hear little Milly her lesson."

The man asked Mr. Johnson's pardon for leaving him in the dark, saying that his wife was lying sick in the room. When he entered, the young nobleman overheard, with some misgiving, a half-whispered and broken conversation, in the course of which the sick woman, he perceived, was endeavoring to prevail on her husband to grant her some request, which he was unwilling to concede.

"But listen, here, Ned—can't you, now?"

—what good is it for you!—can't you be said by me?"

"Ah! hold your tongue, woman, you'll drive me crazy."

"But I see by you, now, that you're harbouring something in your mind against me; Ned, don't add to my sickness—don't bring down more sorrow on my head."

Mr. Johnson felt very uneasy. "You poor foolish woman," the man replied; "I don't know what to say to you. The world wouldn't make you murmur. What chance have we at all of any thing but starvation now, and you don't look as if you thought it."

"I don't think it, I tell you—and if I did, what good would it do us to have such thoughts? You say yourself, that the rich people have a great deal to answer for, that feast and drink all their days, and fly the face of all suffering; but what would be said of us when the Almighty sends the means of salvation to our hands, if we refuse to use them? We can't help being poor; if we were to harbour all the revenge, and spite, and envy in the world—if we were to murmur and be sick of discontent, it would not make us one penny richer—it might be a hard thing, and sore against nature to tie us selves to sorrow, but when we are bound to it by the Almighty's will, surely it is easy to be contented with what he ordains. The rich man has a better excuse for not inflicting self-denial, than we have for not enduring it—I declare there's nothing so surprising in the world, as that poor people should murmur at all, when it is so easy for them to earn a great reward just by being silent. Now, if you ever loved me, Edward, show that you loved me with a right heart and intention, by bearing every thing to-morrow with patience."

"Listen to me, what I tell you, Mary; I'll do what I can, and what can I do more, if I was the Pope itself? Ah! you poor soul, it isn't there you ought to be lying this night, I wish, Mary, I left you where I found you first, in your father's house, and never asked you to suffer such misery as this."

"That's the unkindest word you ever said to me yet," said the woman; "I never repented it yet, and why should you? I had rather be sorrowful and patient with you, than gay and thoughtless with another. Do this for me, and I am satisfied."

The husband re-entered the outer apartment, and took his seat with a pleased though troubled aspect, by the now blazing fire. He seemed totally forgetful of the stranger's presence, and continued to turn the roots in the simmering water, while his thoughts were evidently bent on another subject. The sick woman, in the mean time instructed the child in her lesson, which consisted of that beautiful and consoling passage from the Sermon on the Mount, which is distinguished by the name of the Eight Beatitudes. The lesson was so appropriate in this scene of tears and affliction, that a deep sympathy of mingled hope and pain fell upon the heart of the young lord, while he glanced from face to face of the silent group, and heard the lips of the innocent child echo the cheering promise, that "they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted!"

"The Lord relieve you, poor woman," the husband said, at intervals, as he listened, "and direct them that brought you to that pass, and teach them better. The Lord forgive you Lord Ulla, this day! Five pounds couldn't be so much to him that he turned a poor famishing family out on the road in weather like this on account of it. Come, Mary, child, lay the table, and throw out the potatoes before the gentleman."

Mr. Johnson endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on them to sit down with him, but the peasant was resolute in keeping what he thought his distance. In the course of the entertainment, he made his guest acquainted with the story of their distresses, which threw a considerable share of blame upon the shoulders of the young nobleman's agent, the little holding being situated on his estate. The grievances and oppressions detailed, though common even to staleness, were new and shocking to the ear of the sensitive and not ungenerous voluptuary.

"Indeed he has laid a hard and heavy hand on our house," the man added in conclusion; "and as the woman within says, there's no knowing what compulsion might be on him to do as he is doing, and we have no right to judge."

The delicate Mr. Johnson was astonished to find that he, whom the refinements of a scientific repast frequently failed in tempting to a cheerful meal, was able without an effort, to dine heartily on a plate of plain potatoes sweetened with a grain of salt.—"They tasted more sweetly, he thought than any delicacy he had ever before partaken of. To his great surprise, moreover, he found an armful of dry straw placed at some little distance from the fire, a more luxurious resting-place than all the upholsterers in the empire could have afforded him.

He was awakened, late on the following morning, by the sound of loud and angry voices in the house. On looking out from behind the projecting partition that separated him from the fire-place, he perceived that the work of spoliation had already commenced. The scene which met his eyes was touching in the extreme. Near the door stood a fat red-faced man, with a shot-belt round his shoulder, and a notebook in his hand, in which he was making some memoranda.

"Come, come, bundle away, Hanrahan, as quick as you can. There's no use in your keeping us all day, since you are to quit, and I want to have some cooking in the wood as I go home."

The man was standing at a little distance from the door, the early sunshine falling on his features. His wife, a pale and sickly, but calm-eyed and handsome young woman, hung with both her hands upon

his shoulder, while their children, unconscious of the mournful consequences of their ejection, gazed with innocent wonder on the stranger and his attendants. The man exchanged glances with his wife at the speech above written. His look was one of smothered passion; hers was one of affectionate entreaty. He tossed his head; resigned his indignation; and smiled a mournful acquiescence.

"Ho! ho! what have we here?" exclaimed the agent, stirring something that glittered on the floor. "A silver cigar-box! How came you by this, Ned?" "I don't know," replied the man, "if it doesn't belong to the strange gentleman that was benighted with us last night."

Mr. Johnson here advanced, and claimed his property, mentioning at the same time, in brief and polite terms, the circumstances which compelled him to seek the shelter of so humble a roof as this. While he and the agent were interchanging mutual civilities, a dreadful shower of rain fell outside.

"I'll tell you what, Sir," said the poor man, as he bent an anxious eye on his wife, "leave us in the house for a few days, or for this day itself, until we try to get some sort of a lodging. My poor Mary, here, can never stand the weather."

"I can't do it, Hanrahan. I have Lord Ulla's positive directions not to let it go beyond this day; and I have no choice left."

"The Lord forgive that young man," said this husband. "If he is as hard on you as you are on us, you are to be pitied with him. I'll tell you what it is, Sir," he added, after a pause and with a totally altered tone, "I'd consider it nothing less than murdering my wife to go out to-day; and neither for Lord Ulla, nor for you, nor for any other man, will I stir one step until I have provided a lodging for her, at any rate."

"Come, drag them out an once, now," said the agent, snatching his gun. The man, springing from his wife, who shrieked in terror, caught up a pitchfork that lay on the floor.

"Leave the house!" cried the man of power, cocking his piece.

"Never, while I live," shouted the peasant, "you'll take me out on a door first! Stand back, woman, I say you shall not go!"

"But I am able! I am well able!" cried the woman, walking across the room. But the effort disordered her words. She staggered from weakness, and would have fallen, but that her husband caught her in his arms. He looked with a smile of bitter reproach on the agent, while he held her forward, as if by way of appeal to the spectators. The agent understood the action.

"I can't help it," he said, "come, turn them out!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. John Johnson. They all held their hands accordingly, obeying they knew not what of authority in his voice that charmed them.

He requested a word apart with the agent, who followed him into the room in some surprise. The rest gazed on one another in silence. In a few seconds, Mr. Johnson returned with the step of a Lord, and the agent followed him pale and agitated.

"Hanrahan," said the latter, "I have changed my mind about this business, you can remain here for the present, and here is some money for your present use. This gentleman has brought no word, that Lord Ulla—that—there was some mistake about his wishes."

The man darted a shrewd glance at Lord Ulla, but perceiving some reproving expression on his features, continued silent, bowing his head down in unaffected reverence, and almost trembling with the agitation of joy and gratitude. Not a word was spoken, until the cabriolet of the baffled deputy drove to the door, and its owner, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, took his seat in the vehicle.

Both sat for some time,—the one in embarrassment, the other in meditative silence. At length, Lord Ulla asked, in an indifferent tone, whether there were not a certain mineral water in the neighbourhood, much resorted to by valetudinary ears.

No such thing had ever reached the ears of the obsequious gentleman who sat beside him. The young nobleman remembered the sharp looks and secret smiles of the landlord, the words and character of his medical friend, and a strange suspicion darted into his mind. The whole had been a scheme concerted between the physician and the innkeeper. The latter had never forwarded the cheques on Lord Ulla's banker, and probably knew more of the abstraction of the pocket-book than he had pretended.

"I hope," the agent assumed, in some trepidation, "your lordship will not attribute the fault—"

"I attribute it where it was due, sir," replied the nobleman. "The fault was mine."

"Yours, my Lord? I think the very last—"

"You drive too slow, sir. Imagine that grey mare to be one of Lord Ulla's tenants, and, if I mistake not, she will be driven faster. You know you want to have some shooting in the wood."

The agent coloured, and discharged his vexation on the sides of the animal. When they arrived at the "great house," Lord Ulla called for ink and paper, and penned the following note to his physician:—

"I have found the spring of which you spoke and derived so much benefit from the draught. I have already taken, that I stand in no need of the code of directions you were kind enough to promise me. It is my intention to remain on my estate during the summer, for the purpose of completely establishing the beneficial alteration, which has been already effected. Yours, &c., ULLA. P.S.—The English do not know how to dress potatoes. They should be boiled in the rind, and eaten with salt."

restore the pocket-book, with all its contents, and the two letters which, as Lord Ulla had conjectured never had been forwarded.

"Please your lordship's honour," said the landlord, with many obeisances, "if your lordship blames any body in the business, 'tis the doctor you'll blame, and not me, for 'tis his bidding I was doing. He wrote me word a few days before you came to do all that I did after, and I made no work about doing it, for I knew that I was safe as long as I was said by the doctor. And this much I'll say for my house, please your lordship's honor, that if ever your lordship comes the way again, you'll have the best of all good treatment—tay—tay, and coffee-tay, and green tay too, and yellow, if there's such a thing to be had, high or low; for 'twas only by the doctor's orders we gave your lordship such poor usage the last time. And as for the chimney, it never puffed before nor after (which is saying a deal), only that once I just slipped a weepee piece of a tile upon the chimney above, thinking to please the doctor. Indeed it went sore against my heart to see you cutting away with yourself that morning, please your lordship; and 'tis what the wife I have said to me and you going out the doors, was, that you'd get your death by it. But as I said to her,—'hold your tongue, you foolish woman, says I, do you think you know better than the doctor? Indeed, I'll tell your lordship no lie, 'tis the word the doctor wrote me, was to do something to make Lord Ulla feel what poverty was; is that the way of it? says I to myself; why then let me alone for giving him a taste of it,—as I did, I'm sure, please your lordship, and my blame to those that put me up to it."

The history informs, that Lord Ulla prolonged his residence beyond the summer, and discovered, by personal experiment, that the only way to enjoy the real comforts of life, is by bestowing them wherever they are needed.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF GOODS.

Table listing prices for various commodities including spirits, oils, and goods from different regions like London, Cork, and Dublin. Columns include item names, quantities, and prices.

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