

8—Sparkes came up with all the will, but seemingly without the wind. Scotchey for any money. To market they went, in character, but Sparkes getting the worst of it from the better hitting and stopping of the Scotchman. Both down fighting.

9 h and last—Both men showing their previous exertions had weakened them. Some sparring took place, and about four blows were exchanged, when Sparkes struck a blow that took effect considerably below the belt, upon which a cry of foul ran all round the ring, and the second of Scotchey claimed the stakes.

Before a decision was given Hough had removed the colors from the stakes, and Sparkes with his second had left the ring. Therefore it merely waits the decision of the umpires before Scotchey gets the money, to which he is clearly entitled, as we will shew in our publication of next week. The fight lasted about three-quarters-of-an-hour's; minute time.

Kate M'Carthy says she has not received a *bullet deuz* these three months, except from her friend *Luc*.

JINKS WANTS TO KNOW

What became of the Turtle made a present to 'Old Squeeze'em'—some people say Ginger became the purchaser—Gill the cook. The skipper says he paid 2s. 6d. for a plate, and took a glass of ale afterwards, as he fancied Turtle did not agree with Peary.

MASTER JINKS SAYS

That it is no use for Captain Peppercole, who sports the terrific moustaches, talking about what he would, could, or should do. Let him do his duty on board, take better care of his word and honor, and endeavor to satisfy his employers of his ability by walking the deck in a sailor-like manner.

The oyster shop opposite the Theatre does as snug a business in the quiet way as any similar establishment in Sydney; notwithstanding Joe Raphael and Jackey the Jew have withdrawn their patronage of late.

The Members of the City Council will be in demand as soon as the cold weather sets in, as they will pass for a splendid lot of *wuffs*.

The Members in the various Banks and Government Offices will be flattered by a lift in the *Omnibus*, if they continue to cut it quite so a long in the tender way. There are very few of them with whom he is not acquainted, and he should look for information, he has merely to ask *Snooks*.

SENE is too hard a name for the fashionable hairdresser who lives opposite the Old Gaol in Lower George-street—it is as bad as *Skarp*—and not half so swellish as *Aspinwall*. "But what's in a name," he is civil, does the thing cheap, and much to the convenience of the sprightly youths in the Government offices—gives it *ck*.

That when White, Brown, and Grey were employed to bring out the paper for Miles' Boy, it was so Black that those who read it were always in the dark for some time after—to know what the Editor alluded to.

Whoever the contractors are that supply the watch-houses with bread, had better use decent materials, and deliver according to their contract, what will be fit for human beings to eat—and not such disgraceful stuff as is at present furnished. If this hint be not attended to, Sir George's attention will be called to the subject.

Sir George's nose is certainly out of order, or he would be able to detect the illicit doings in the vicinity of Phillip street, though the parties were as cunning as Reynier, and as *stily* in their doings. Gin duty paid is seldom muddy, and as rarely bears the smoky twang of *potenz*.

Mr. Myles, the Inspector of the City Police, had better exercise his authority over the constabulary under his charge, and let alone the private watchman who is paid by the inhabitants in the vicinity of the Commercial Bank.

Mrs. Forbes' favorite air is—"O. Charlie is my darling, my own Chevalier,"—to which Riley does the *base* exceedingly well.

The long-haired Adonis of the Bank of New South Wales had better obtain a shilling from the Manager, wherewith to get his hair cut. It is too much a *la Dalle Case*.

Moss, of the Brickfield Hill, had better keep to his legitimate occupation of a barber, and let wool-coming alone; he is equally out of his element in such a capacity, as when he attempts to come it so strong with the carriage and pair. Entering a business of which you know nothing you must naturally expect to pay for learning, and it cannot be supposed that the old woman will continue to put her hand in the old tailor's pocket too often on the sly to meet your losses. By the way, the neighbours say, Maria exhibits rather strong symptoms, for a lady only seven months married. Was the man you imprisoned on a charge of murder, acquitted, or how?—It was rather a queer affair that.

THEATRICALS.

We have much satisfaction in announcing the arrival per "Templar" of Mrs. Burrows—an *artiste* of no mean talent—known to our Editor in the mother country, where she took the leading characters in the metropolis of Ireland and Scotland, and the northern cities of England, and he has no hesitation in saying that in the event of her appearance on our boards she will take the lead as the Star of the South.

Mr. Jinks is told that Dr. W.—, the sapient Teetotaler, said at the School of Arts one night lately, he could show the meeting that a bottle of ginger beer contained a *serpent*—Jinks would like to know if he meant that kind of ginger beer which the *Widder* sold when he made her Mrs. W.— the first for sake of the *Lush*?

Why does a certain medical gentleman's cab remind one of a sick room? Why, cause when Mr. John drives it looks so very like a *commode*—*Odious machine*.

Would Dr. Stewart favour Mr. Jinks by interpreting the meaning of his new-angled name for Soda Water, viz., Caloric Soda Water? Query—Does it have a *cinder* in it? if so, it comes under the Licensing Act.

Jinks would advise young Fen—to leave and Paul in King-street, or he will be obliged to inform the skipper of his naughty tricks, and then what a row.

Alas! poor Yorrick.—HAMLET! hem.

If two-pence farthing, the better half of four-pence halfpenny of Brickfield-hill, cuts it so fat at the Theatre with the *young man*, what a *Waiting* she will get when the old 'un finds it out.

Jinks would recommend a certain medical gentleman not to be seen driving *Susan* about in his gig, or he must tell the young lady in street to beware.

Dr. May-kill-hes says that he likes the landlady too well to kill her, and that he would much rather *kill* her at any time. Oh! fie, Doctor—Mr. Jinks must call on you.

If Barney, the drunken discarded *Penny* medical assistant, who wrote the silly paragrahs in the *Hoppositon*, does not reform and become a Teetotaler, Mr. Jinks will be obliged to take him a hand.—Take a hint in time, *Barney*.

Hiring a Man to commit Murder!

PARRAMATTA.

A most extraordinary case of the above nature, was brought before Gilbert Wright, Esq., P. M., on Thursday last, and which he is still employed in unravelling. The parties, though in noble circumstances, are well known in this neighbourhood, which the report has thrown into a great state of alarm and ferment, and (should the accusation really be established,) not without reason, as in the remote districts of this colony, where population is but thinly scattered, and the number of the police by no means commensurate with the wide districts in which they are placed, murder may be committed almost with impunity, and the dark days of the bravo and stiletto again revived in all their withering and relentless force. The circumstances, as collected from the evidence at present taken, are as follow:—

A man by the name of O'Shaughnessy, free by servitude, living on the Liverpool Road, called upon Hugh Hawkey, a labouring man in Sydney, some few weeks since, and said that he "wanted him to do a job for him, which would turn out well." After some preliminary conversation, he told him that it was to murder an old man by the name of Begley, a small settler residing a short distance from Liverpool, who was very well off, and that if he was dead, *things would be all right, as he had made a will in favour of his wife, by which all the property would come into O'Shaughnessy's hands at last.* Hawkey hesitated at that time, and several other meetings were held between them, at the last of which, on Friday, the 3rd of February, he told O'Shaughnessy that he would do it, and asked him the extent of his reward. O'Shaughnessy replied, "£14 down, and £30 when the next half-year's rent comes due." They accordingly left Sydney on Friday morning, in O'Shaughnessy's cart, who proposed that Hawkey should take the old man in some vehicle, and upset it over a steep bank in the road. To this Hawkey objected, not only from the danger which might occur to himself, being placed in the same cart, but also, that having been last seen with Begley, suspicion would naturally alight upon him (Hawkey) when Begley should be missed. It was ultimately agreed between them that Begley should be made intoxicated and led into the bush, and there murdered by Hawkey. On reaching some, Begley was lured by some false plea from his house, and Hawkey was despatched to Mrs. Stone's public-house, on the Liverpool Road, to procure a pint of rum, to be used as the incipient instrument of the forthcoming tragedy. Hawkey, however, (who by his own statement never seem to have entertained any intention of committing the fearful deed,) mentioned the whole circumstance to Mrs. Stone, who, with great promptness, sent for Police Constable Ingram, an active and intelligent officer, to whom Hawkey repeats his extraordinary statement. Ingram instructed him to return to O'Shaughnessy, and tell him that the deed had been completed, and induce

him to follow into the bush for the purpose of seeing the body, while Ingram would place himself in such a situation as would enable him to overhear their conversation. Hawkey acting upon this suggestion, went to O'Shaughnessy's and made the communication, who immediately cried out, "Good God, is it possible? Then you had better leave this part of the country directly." He, however, refused to quit his house, nor could all Hawkey's solicitations induce him to do this. Hawkey then returned to Ingram, who immediately came out and took the prisoner in charge. The Police Constable's statement corroborated the latter part of Hawkey's, and that the prisoner seemed very much frightened on being apprehended. The wife of Begley was called on Saturday last to give her evidence, but was found in such a beastly state of intoxication as to be incapable of doing so; the case was therefore remanded till Monday. This woman, it appears is a dreadful character, and there is little doubt but that she has been living in a state of adultery with the prisoner.

FRIENDSHIP.—The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them, except where that observation is the branch or branches of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor are we sure that, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship as that one man may pour out his bosom—his very thoughts and floating fancy—his inmost soul—with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing that respect which man deserves from man, or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence. If it were possible for this noble sentiment to flourish uncontaminated it would be, indeed, one of the highest productions of the human soul, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys, the source equally of animation and repose. He who is entirely destitute of this blessing amidst the greatest crowd is doomed to solitude, and however surrounded by flatterers and admirers—however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place. The most elevated station affords no exemption from those agitations and inquietudes, which only can be aid to rest on the bosom of a friend.

A coffin maker in Albany advertises that he is selling off at cost price, in consequence of the times—and he adds, "he hopes that will be some inducement to his customers to die, as they can have them cheaper now than they ever can again!"

PECULIARITIES OF THE PIG IN NEW YORK.

We are going to cross here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly sows are trotting up behind this carriage, and a select party of half-a-dozen gentlemen-hogs have just now turned the corner. Here is a solitary swine, lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it, and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our clubmen at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through the day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house, again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own; which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing; for every one makes way when he appears and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved unless by the dogs before mentioned. Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eyes twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose carcase garnishes a butcher's door-post; but he grunts out, "Such is life; all flesh is pork!" buries his nose in the mire again, and waddles down the gutter; comforting himself with the reflection that there is one snout the less to anticipate stray cabbage-stalks, at any rate. They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having, for the most part, scanty brown backs, like the lids of old horse-bait-trunks, spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become supernaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives, much better than any body could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in, you will see them roaming in ards bed by scores, eating their way to the last occasionally, some youth among them, who have ver-eaten himself, or has been much worried by dogs, trots shrunkly homeward, like a prodigal; but this is a rare case; perfect self-possession and self-reliance, and immovable composure being their foremost attributes.—*Dickens's American Notes.*

THE GREEN ROOM.—A handsome apartment, surrounded by ottomans, embellished with splendid mirrors, and lighted up by a magnificent lustre, is appropriated for the reception of the performers. Seated on their luxurious couches may be seen the laughing haydon in grave debate with the sceptered monarch, and the jolly tar doling out his personal griefs into the ear of a singing match-girl; and all done with a gravity and ceremony little to be expected in such a place, filled with such company. In fact, nothing can be more striking than to hear a lady who has just been figuring on the stage as *ecquette*, or a romp, explaining to some friend the distress she is labouring under, in consequence of the serious illness of her mother or aunt; or to see a gentleman, fresh from the boards, upon which he has been amusing the audience, as *aleb Quitem* or *Jeremy Diddler*, with tears in his eyes and a low comedy wig on his head, giving an account of the melancholy state, of his wife and three children, all dying of scarletina. But such is too often the case; too often while the player is tortured with physical pain, or sinking under moral distress, he is obliged, in his vocation, to wear the face of mirth, and distort his features into the extremes of grimace. The actress, writhing under the pangs of ingratitude in man or insult from woman, is similarly driven to strain her lungs to charm the ears of an audience, or exhibit her graceful figure to the best advantage in the animated dance for the amusement of the half-price company of a one-shilling gallery, while her heart is bursting with sorrow; add to all these inevitable ills the constant labour of practice and rehearsal, the caprices of the public, the tyranny of managers, the rarity of excellence, the misery of defeat, and the uncertainty of health and capability, and then one might ask what person would be an actor who could be any thing else?

He can speak well that can never hold his tongue. It is one thing to speak much, and another to speak pertinently; much tongue and much judgment seldom go together, for talking and thinking are too different faculties, and there is commonly more depth where there is less noise.

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse; a very few pounds a-year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice. History tells us of illustrious villains; but there never an illustrious miser in nature.

One of the most amusing sights in the world, if it were not so distressing, is to see a large family of rather respectable appearance, landed by the steamer in Albany. It is their first step inland; and with all the confidence of those who are accustomed to countries where a man's person and property are outwardly respected, they yield their children and baggage to the persuasive gentleman who assures them that all is right; and if a passing wonder crosses the mind of the sufferer that his route should be so immediately comprehended by a perfect stranger, it is chased away the next moment by his surprise at the scene of bustle and confusion. At the end of five minutes the crowd thins a little, and he looks about for his family and effects. A stage coach is dashing off at the top speed in one direction with his eldest daughter hanging out of the window, and crying in vain there is some mistake; his two youngest are on board a steam-boat, just off from the pier, and bound eight miles farther up the river; the respectable part of his baggage has entirely disappeared, and nothing but a decapitated grandmother and the paternal bedstead (both indebted for their escape to being deaf and not portable) remain of his family and chattels. For his comfort the gentry around inform him that his children may be got back in a day or two, and he may find his baggage somewhere on his route to the west—offering, for a consideration not very trifling, to send off an express for either one or the other.

SUBMITTING TO BE CUT.—I was recommended by a friend to "a treasure in the shape of a hairdresser," and accordingly placed myself under this *artiste's* scientific fingers. He waited on me, but, before he commenced operations, begged to "call my attention to a preparation, which was the result of many years' application, and that now he had brought it to perfection, he could safely assert, without fear of contradiction, that the Macassar and other inventions would cease the opposition of their fruitless competition; he had, by the advice of some classical friends of his, gentlemen from Oxford, called his composition the 'Oleum Pasense;' Oleum, he was led to believe, being Latin for oil, and Pasense, signifying for strengthening the hair, and clearing the head from dandruff." Thus strongly recommended, I could not do less than purchase a bottle of this wonder-working grease; the inventor, with a graceful bow, pocketed the three or four shillings, which he modestly charged, and then began to pass his comb through my somewhat thick hair. After sundry arrangements of the locks, he demanded, in a tone which indicated the interest he felt in his vocation—"Do you wish, Sir, to have it dressed Halley phrase?" "Pon my word, I have not the advantage of knowing what you mean." "Dear me, Sir! I thought you spoke French! beg pardon, out I mean in the same way that the Prussian Alliance wear their heads." The recollection of the happy days passed with the noble fellows, to whom the *friseur* alluded, was quite enough to set my comment that he should exercise his calling after the fashion he named—*Benson Hill's Home Service.*

While art exhausts herself in vain and fruitless efforts, nature has sometimes influence enough to touch the wounds of the heart. Those breezes that invigorate the frame, penetrate with baneful influence to the soul.

COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.—BANKERS' CLERKS.

We hasten to lay before our readers some extracts from the recent report of the Committee for Inquiry into the state of the Banking Districts; the disclosures made—while calculated to transfix the heart of shuddering humanity—throw much light on the subject of the No-hours-and-as few-minutes-as-possible Bill now before the house.

Examination of A. Boguy, Esq.

By the Chairman.—Are you acquainted with the manners and treatment of the people employed in the banking districts? A. B.—I am. The greater part of the labour is done by men called in that part of the country "clerks," but the more fitting name would be "slaves."

Q.—Why do you apply the term "slaves?" A. B.—Their situation, restraint, and the coercion of their task masters, make that a fitting term.

By Mr. Brute.—Do they not become "clerks" of their own accord? A. B.—I should say not.

Mr. Brute.—Give the reasons for this belief. A. B.—The occupation is very generally disliked. They are entrapped into it at an early age by parents and guardians. Few would choose it for themselves.

By the Chairman.—What occupation would have been generally chosen? Many would have preferred being independent gentlemen.

Q.—What would have been the object of the rest if left to their own inclinations? A. B.—Some would have been leading tragedians, some authors of celebrity, while many would have devoted themselves to the practical sciences, under Professor Waterford, M. A., R. Q. U., I. S.

By Mr. Brute.—Cannot they leave the employment if they do not like it? A. B.—Not generally.

Q.—How do you mean? A. B.—It depends on circumstances.

By the Chairman.—Have you known of an instance of a clerk making his escape from his employer? A. B.—Yes, several.

Q.—Name one. A. B.—James Thompson escaped from his employers. He went off in such a hurry that he forgot to balance his books, and the cash was either over or short, I forget which.

Mr. Brute.—Was he retaken? Yes, he was found by a Bow-street officer at Boulogne disguised as a gentleman. He had undergone great hardships during 12 hours in the steamer, and had lost the use of his whiskers through fear of recognition.

Q.—Do you know what became of him? A. B.—He was transported for 14 years.

Examination of Dr. Treblex.

Q.—Are you a medical man? Dr. T.—Yes, I'm a medical gentleman.

Q.—Have you seen the working places or "houses" where banking is conducted? Dr. T.—I have not.

Q.—Are you ready to give evidence on the present matter of inquiry? Dr. T.—I am. * * * I have examined carefully a pint bottle of air which has been worked in for six hours. I found that a mouse would not live in the bottle 20 minutes unless you prevented him running out at the neck.

By the Chairman.—Pray attend to this question. Is the air there as healthy as on Hampstead-heath? Dr. T.—I do not know—I never tested the latter—I should say not.

Q.—Or as that of the Cigar Divan? Dr. T.—Decidedly not.

By the Chairman.—Where these unfortunate have been compelled to work till 5 p. m., what appearance do they offer the next morning. Dr. T.—Frequently a very seedy one. The skin is often hot and feverish—a slight nausea is felt—a heavy pain presses over the eyes, which are dull and swollen; in severe cases one or both eyes may be observed to be puffed up and discolored—violent fits of yawning cannot be resisted—the pulse, in these cases, is often high, the pocket invariably low.

We are prevented from extracting more, from want of room, and respect for the feelings of our readers. We trust that we have given enough to raise the warmest sympathy for the hardest-worked, the worst paid, and the most polite body of men in the metropolis.—Punch.

ENVY.—The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him!

A regulated habit of looking beyond our immediate situations is justly considered the parent of all laudable enterprises. But the habit must be regulated, and strictly regulated, or it will become the source of miseries and crime. The secret for its regulation may be shortly expressed. He who pursues a future happiness, prosperity, or honor, by the right path, does not cast away the good in his possession, nor neglect the duties which lie before him; but he endeavours to shape them by slow degrees to that model of perfection which his feelings or his reason have set up. On the other hand, he who views some distant object of desire, without connecting it with his immediate obligations, neither obtains the blessings within his reach, nor approaches a single step to the ideal good; he has cast away the link which connects the present with the future.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

LADIES' DRESS.—Only a few out of the great number of ladies one chances to see in the street, seem to dress with any regard to a correct standard of taste. First, as to the colours of their attire, they appear to have no idea of a harmony or agreeable assemblage of tints. You will observe a lady, for example, dressed in a blue silk bonnet, garnished with a red flower, a scarlet shawl, daubed with green spots, and a gown of some neutral tint, but marked strongly with green and purple streaks. The object in dressing in this guise would seem to be the bringing together as many staring colours as possible—a bit of blue, red, green, yellow, pink, orange, or any thing else which will make a dash and look pretty. Pretty is the only standard; a pretty bonnet, a pretty shawl, a pretty gown, &c.; let it be only pretty, and that is quite enough. Thus, when things are bought separately, although each may look tolerably well by itself, the whole will probably make up a most fantastic assemblage of colours, and really render the wearer ridiculous. If we should be permitted to offer an advice upon the very delicate matter of a lady's dress, we should, by all means, recommend the adoption of simple, not flashy colour. A high-toned colour is always dangerous: it may be quite at variance with the complexion, and at least cannot easily be suited to other parts of the attire. Ladies of a swarthy complexion should, on no account, attempt blues, lavenders, or any other violent colours; the most suitable or becoming for them are whites, or any of the broken light tints. Sky-blue and pea green are the most trying colours which can be worn. We have been told by manufacturers that they prepare dresses of certain colours for certain towns. In one place there is a demand for high coloured goods, and in another these goods could scarcely find a purchaser, but the demand would be nearly all for neutral tints; in other words, the ladies, in one, exercise a coarse indiscriminate taste, and, in the other, they are more refined in judgment. The next point worth hinting at, though, after all, it is not of the least use, is the very small degree of taste exercised in making the dress suitable to the figure. The standard followed in this department is mere fashion. It is quite amusing to see how this ideal standard of perfection is worshipped, and how it drags its poor worshippers after it. Be a lady tall or short, lean or dumpy, she must dress herself exactly like her neighbours, no matter what be their stature or figure. A short woman of course, should dress in such a manner as would seem to add to her height, and not wear flounces, which only help to make her look more short. But if it be fashionable to surround the gown with flounces, then flounces the poor little dumpy woman must, of course, put on in all their plenitude. If, on the other hand, the lady be somewhat too tall, and would wish to shorten her appearance, she finds her case equally irremediable, in consequence of a peculiarity in the fashion for the time being. The lady who is already too broad across the shoulders, must make herself still more broad, by means of a pair of huge sleeves, which project like a pair of balloons. But if the fashion suddenly change, and a narrow-shouldered lady wish to keep up the reign of broad sleeves, she is compelled to retrench their exuberance, and submit to the new order of things. Again, a leader of fashion, with a view of covering a pair of bad ankles, sets the fashion of long gowns trailing in the mud, and all ladies at once lengthen their skirts, and trail their gowns in the mud also. No matter how absurd is the taste set by this ideal being, the leader of fashion; it is sure to be followed with all convenient speed. One or two cunning London milliners, in conjunction with a lady of fashion—generally a young lady of consequence just come out—have it in their power, by a magic whisk of their needle, to set any fashion they please. To the command of these nameless and mercenary female traders, the lady population of the United Kingdom yield a ready and expensive obedience. Whether the order be to lengthen or to shorten, to widen or to narrow, the attire, it is punctually obeyed. A few may grumble at the change, but the change is made. Oh, ladies, ladies, how much your fate is to be commiserated!

NO ONE'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—No one's enemy but his own happens, generally, to be the enemy of every body with whom he is in relation. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means; calls in a friendly way on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities; involves his nearest kin; leaves his wife a beggar; quarrels his orphans upon the public; and, after having enjoyed himself to his last guinea, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odour of that ill understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes.

HAPPINESS.—There is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness, or indeed to judge with any precision of the happiness of others from the knowledge of external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of light within the mind, which turns every thing to real joy and gladness.

Obstinate men make the very worst friends and the best of enemies, for they will never allow they were wrong, and will scarcely admit their enemies to have been ever right. Thus friendship is rendered a dead letter, and animosity is looked upon as a kind of martyrdom suffering for the errors of others. Defend us from the obstinate, say we!

AMERICAN INQUISITIVENESS.—There was a man on board this boat with a light fresh-colored face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned up nose and chin, at least half-a-dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed partly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said, "Eh? What's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?" He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking, and never finding. There never was such a curious man. I wore a fur coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what that cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it; every night or every morning, and whether ever I forgot to wind it all, and if I did, what then? Where I had been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that; and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Eh? Lor now! Do tell! Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the name of the fur whereof the coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards; he usually kept close behind me as I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back, and rubbing it the wrong way.—Dickens.

THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

Oh, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing— A wave on the ocean—a bird on the wing! A riderless steed, o'er the desert plain bounding— A peal of the storm, o'er the valley resounding; It spurns at all bounds, and it mocks the decree Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free. Oh, the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone From the lip and the eyes of a beautiful one; But the frown and the force, with its impulse contending, Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending; It may break—it may burst—but its tyrants will see That, even in ruins, it dares to be free.

FONTAINE'S, THE MESMERIZER'S, INVITATION TO JOHN BULL.

Come, Monsieur Bull, I'll magnetize— You're blind, I'll give you back your eyes. Goot Monsieur Bull, why you no come, I'll make you speak, although you're dumb. Ah, coquin, Bull, one English brute, If you can speak, I make you mute; And if you're deaf as Old King Priam, I'll make you hear, for know that I am One conjuror—can raise the dead, And take the senses out your head— Pull noses, or take eyes from sockets, And quickly empty all your pockets, Do ten times more, as sure as gun, Or English Doctor Elliotson. Aa, fool, Jean Bull, got d—n your eyes! Why you no come fer magnetize! Your cash I'll take, but not for gain, Your humble servant, LA FONTAINE.

OLD KING FAME.

King Fame sits high on his pompous Throne, Mankind's his slave, and the world's his own. He calls—and Princes hear his voice, Kneel at his footstool and rejoice Warriors come from the East and West To crave a star from his gem—on breast. Bards to his mighty sway will bow To gain a bay-leaf from his brow. Statesmen into finances probe To lay but their hands on his purple robe. Priests and Pilgrims—all the same, Beg hard for a blessing from "Old King Fame" The young and the aged, the Monarch and clown, Bend to his sceptre, and worship his crown. Numberless votaries crowd the road That leads to the gates of his bright abode. He is sought by all in many a clime And his glory shall last till the end of time. Where—then where is a King like he— So universal or so free? He does as he will with the "child of dust," Love him he shall, and obey him he must, Hark! to his heralds—they all proclaim The might and dominion of "Old King Fame." J. H. R. BAYLEY.

WE MET AND WE PARTED

Farewell, we have met But to mourn that we part, I ne'er shall forget how lovely thou art, Thy smiles, oh! how fleeting Their brightness appears, Yet the smiles of our meeting are sadder than tears. In vain on the vision Fond memory dwells, Sweet dream of delusion For ever farewell! We met, we have parted, The pang is now o'er, Yet I feel broken hearted To meet thee no more.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

They kneel round the altar, the organ has ceased, The hands of the lovers are joined by the Priest— That bond which Death only can sever again, Which proves ever after life's blessing or bane! A bridal like this is a sorrowful sight— See, the pale girl is bride to the feeble old knight! Her hand on her husband's arm passively lies, And closely she draws her rich veil o'er her eyes, Her friends throng around her with accents of love,— She speaks not, her pale lips inaudibly move— Her equipage waits; she is placed by the side Of her aged companion a sorrowing bride. Again the bells ring, and the moment is come For the young heart's worst trial—the last look of home! They pass from the village,—how eagerly still, She turns and looks back from the brow of the hill, She sees the white cottage, the garden she made, And she thinks of her lover abandoned—betrayed! But who, with arms folded, hath lingered so long To watch the procession, apart from the throng? 'Tis he, the forsaken,—the false one is gone, He turns to his desolate dwelling alone, But happier there than the doom that awaits, The bride who must smile on the being she hates.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Oft have young guileless hearts been riven By cold neglect, or to madness driven, When their only hope and their only care Have doom'd them once in silence to dark despair. Hearts which once beat joyous and free, As the dancing waves of a summer sea, Have faded like flowers when the summer sun Is fled, and the blasts of winter come on, For the heart, though light, in secret may nurse A deadly pang and a deadly curse! Though gay and light it may seem to be As the wild bird that roams the heaven free: Yet still may be seen by the sunken eye, And the sudden glow, and the half-breathed sigh, And the hectic flush that mantles the brow, Which but lights up the ruin that lurks below; And the wild brilliant eye, too, sometimes tells, By the radiant lustre that in it dwells, Wild as the fancies who nightly sail Over land and sea on the midnight gale, Singing their wild and deadly song As swiftly they sail on the air along. As the ivy still clings, though the trunk be riven In twain by the rolling thunder of heaven, So the fond heart clings faster, and still loves on, When the vision is fled, and when hope is gone: The young fond heart, though in silence it weeps, Still nurses a pang that never sleeps— A pang that for ever its joys shall close, Till it sleeps in its last and sunny repose: For the slighted heart never tastes of peace Till its cares and its sorrows together cease— It still fondly lingers and hopes for death, When beauty may twine the funeral wreath: Whilst the heart that causes its cares is light, And the laughs with the gay, for its smile is bright, Nor thinks, by its gay and sunny smile, Of the ruin it makes by its lightness the while In the desolate heart, till oblivion's gloom Shrouds its cares and its woes in the silent tomb!

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