

THE

SOUTHERN EUPHROSYNE

AND

AUSTRALIAN MISCELLANY,

CONTAINING

ORIENTAL MORAL TALES,

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE, POETRY, AND MUSIC,

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, WITH EXAMPLES OF THE NATIVE

ADOBIGINAL ERSODIES.

PUT INTO MODERN RHYTHM, AND HARMONIZED AS SOLOS, QUARTETTES, &c., TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL OTHER ORIGINAL VOCAL PIECES, ARRANGED TO A PIANO-FORTE . ACCOMPANIMENT BY THE EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR,

I. NATHAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEBREW MELODIES," "THE MUSURGIA VOCALIS," THE SUCCESSFUL MUSIC IN "SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES," "THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER," "THE KING'S FOOL," &c.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

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PREFACE.

The first subject of "The Southern Euphrosyne," Adriel, the diamond merchant, is founded on an excellent moral allegory taken from an old rabbinical work of great merit entitled "The Book of Life." "Natura," and "the costly Schubertz" are illustrations of original oriental tales narrated to us in very early life by one of the best of men and best of parents, whose piety, benevolence, and inestimable worth can only be obliterated from our memory by the extinction of life. It was the delight of our progenitor to behold his children cheerfully seated around him, whilst he endeavoured to expand their young minds by entertaining them with interesting anecdotes and ancient legends, blending at the same time religious discourse, historical references, and philosophical observations, the gleanings of which we have embodied in our notes to "Natura," &c.—We would not however appear to sully the memory of so kind a parent by leading the world to believe, that in our feeble description we have done justice to the erudition of our revered tutor; nor have we the vanity to lay claim to any particular share of merit in the production of this work, beyond that of a desire to do good, by our best efforts to impart that unto others which has afforded us many happy reflections. In the attempt to accomplish this object, our endeavour has been rather to write to the minds than to the ears of men—to warm the heart and reach the conscience, through the medium of simple unvarnished language, rather than to take the fancy captive by a display of high sounding phrases to which we have no pretensions.

Although we have not yet arrived within twelve years of that honorable age allotted to man, the metallic vapour or electric fluid arising from the music-type at which we have ourself been compelled to work for this publication, frequently eighteen and nineteen hours out of every four-and-twenty, has made such sad havoc on our optic nerves, that we have been forced to decorate our countenance with spectacles—yet even with such magnifying aid, we did not discover the few typographical errors

which have crept into our Euphrosyne, until too late for correction.

Printers, they say, are bound to spell well, but our compositor appears to have been spell-bound, for he has plucked an \$\epsilon\$ (i) from both our miniatures.—See "Errata."

Should any of our readers charge us with having levelled our shafts at them individually—we must unhesitatingly affirm that our remarks are general, and for general good; our object being that of endeavouring to encourage virtue by delineating vice in its most hideous form; and with the exception of our reply to a communication from Victim, wherein we have, for the benefit of the rising generation, expressed our opinion of a few public characters, we have refrained from all personal attacks, from the conviction that when depravity becomes glaringly identified with any living character, the very publicity

iv. PREFACE.

of his worthlessness would render him callous to the world's opinion, and consequently check all emulation for change of conduct. It may here be advanced, that we have not strictly adhered to this principle from the unceremonious manner of handling two of our friends—we crave pardon—acquaintance, for "if these be our friends, God keep us from our enemies." It would, perhaps have been more dignified in us to pass them by without notice, and we are willing to admit, that in the moment of indignation we may have suffered our judgment to slumber—men are certainly not infallible, and we, like other erring mortals may have transgressed against the divine law of forbearance, by bending our bow at those who secretly sought our downfal; but, as a palliative for this seeming offence, we desire it to be understood that we have been cruel only to be kind. Men of different dispositions require different treatment: some, like sensitive-minded children, are to be led by a kind word or a slight look of reproach; others, on the contrary, are so self-willed, so hardened, and have so much of the nature of the mule within them, that they must be goaded into reason, and whipped into odedience: painful as the latter alternative may be, we have been thus compelled to speak daggers, but we will not use them; and should our grand object of turning them from worldly debasement to a just reflection of a future state be achieved, we shall consider ourself more than rewarded

for any momentary annoyance which their folly may have occasioned.

There is an old legendary story relating to a Persian Prince, the last descendant of a long line of Kings, and only surviving heir to the throne; who was so great an imbecile, that after every effort on the part of his Royal Father and his Ministers to bring him to reason had failed-it was determined that he should travel into foreign countries, under the impression, that the different customs and manners of different nations might possibly have the effect of expanding his intellect. In his travels he fell into the hands of banditti, who murdered the whole of his suite, and took him captive with a view of extorting a large ransom for his liberation. While he was thus detained, the robbers were one morning surprised and captured-handed over to justice, and to a man, except the Prince, executed. Now what with the experience gained in travelling, coupled with the kicks and bruises, jibes and jeers, received from the banditti during his compulsory sojourn in their cave-the Prince had become sufficiently sagacious to reflect on the probability of bringing disgrace on his father's Court, if he made his rank known to the tribunal before whom he was about to "stand arraigned for his life;" consequently, at his trial, on being questioned as to his name and profession, his replies were so ludicrously incoherent, that he only excited mirth and commiseration—and was sentenced to imprisonment until he should be claimed by his relatives. During his confinement, he wrote repeatedly home to the King, his father, explaining his situation, but he never received a reply. In this delemma, he made a confidant of a fellow prisoner, at whose dictation, several other letters were addressed to his sire, but with no better success. The fact is, that all his letters were, from sinister motives, withheld from the King by the Prime Minister, who being a general favorite with the public, and ambitious to place the Diadem on his own head at the demise of his Royal master, descended to every intrigue and manœuvre to prevent the return of the Prince, who appeared to be the only barrier between himself and the throne. In the mean time the aged monarch overwhelmed with grief at the doubtful fate of his only son, began to despair, and would often retire to his chamber absorbed in melancholy meditation. In this mood, he was one morning aroused from his reverie by a visit from the Premier, who said that he had that moment received a letter from the Prince, but so incoherent in style, and so replete with folly, that he felt unwilling to lay the communication before his Majesty. The King insisted on seeing the letter

PREFACE. V.

and when he read between every two or three words, a shal-la-ba-la and shal-la-ba-lee, he gave an agonizing groan, and fell senseless to the earth. On recovering from the shock, the King placed his son's letter in the hands of the Physician, saying, "This is the lamentable cause of my affliction." The Physician carefully read the letter, from beginning to end, when to the amazement of the King, and to the dismay of the Minister, he exclaimed—"Permit me, my Liege, with due deference to affirm, that this letter, is not only written in language of surpassing elegance—with clearness and discretion, but it also ingeniously unmasks a traitor who is about your Royal Person!" "How," said the Premier, "do you call this the language of discretion," and abruptly snatching the letter from the Physician's grasp, he read as follows:—

"Shal-la-ba-la, Shal-la-ba-lee,"

"Rum-ti-tum-tee—Honored Diddle-dum-dee, Sire, shal-la-ba-la, I am shal-la-ba-lee in shal-la-ba-la prison, rum-ti-tum-tee, for diddle-dum-dee!" "Stop! stop!" exclaimed the Physician, "read that again, if you please, and omit all the shal-la-ba-las and shal-la-ba-lees, and you will find, as I have already stated, a well written letter—those shal-la-ba-las, and shal-la-ba-lees, &c., were not introduced to give pain to his Majesty, but evidently to entrap a traitor"

The letter was accordingly, by command of the King, transcribed, when the real situation of the Prince, and the plot of the Minister were discovered. The latter died the death of a traitor; the Prince improved daily in wisdom, and lived to reign for many years, under the wise council of his Premier, his old confidant and fellow-prisoner, to whose shal-la-ba-las and shal-la-ba-lees he ever acknowledged himself indebted for the

Crown he wore.

Reader, should you be of opinion that we have introduced extraneous matter into the pages of our "Euphrosyne;" do as the Physician advised in reading the letter of the Persian Prince, "Omit all the shal-la-ba-las and shal-la-ba-lees," and you may find something left worth retaining.

I. NATHAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MEN are only known by their works or by their actions. Born under the planets Mars, Venus, and Georgium Sidus, our actions have occasionally struggled under their influence, and if our claim on the government be not honorably adjusted, it will baffle the science of the Great Herschel himself to quel or stifle the planetary evolvings, evolutions, and revolutions of our nativity. With regard to our works, as the bosom friend of Lord Byron, we are not unknown to both the literary and the musical world: we have had the vanity to aim at the sublime as well as the ridiculous, in the production of "Hebrew Melodies," and "Dicky Dolus"—The "History of Music," and "Jabez' Lament"—The "Musurgia Vocalis," and "Billy Lackaday"—"Lectures on the Science of Music," and "Skippity, nippity, whippity, hop"—"When we two parted,' and "Humbug"—"This rose to calm my brother's cares," "Ada," "Tambourgi," "Why are you wandering here I pray?" "Long live our Monarch, King William the Fourth," "Hail to Victoria. all hail to our Queen!" "The Lord's Prayer," and above two hundred other popular works.

We are aware, that our standing in society, renders any proof regarding our veracity needless; but as the origin of many things in private life often becomes obscure from some

trivial circumstance or adventure which escapes the knowledge of mankind, and causes posterity to labour in vain ; searching the sources ; inventing reasons, and forming conjectures to find the beginning, which if ever arrived at, must always be doubted for want of an original land mark or beacon to fix the thing assuredly. So in history, many a fact has been speculated upon, and treated as idle fiction, for want of some fixed authority or voucher to which sceptics may at all times refer. Lest therefore the narration of stubborn facts in our reply to Victim, (page 161) may by those to whom we are unknown, become a subject for animadversion, we here subjoin a few affidavits, from a great number which were filed in our favor in the Court of Chancery in consequence of a silly attempt on the part of Lord Langford "to bite and gnaw our good name," by suborning a discharged menial and worthless drunkard to endeavour to shake our evidence for Lady Langford, in the suit in that Court.

We have no desire to rake up the ashes of the dead: Lord Langford failed in his foolish effort to injure us, which folly we have long since forgiven, but as we cannot call to mind a single action of our life which we would shrink from laying before the world, those who are anxious to be made acquainted with the origin of our disagreement with Lord Langford may peep into all the London Daily Press of the 28th of October, 1835, relative to our honorable acquittal, at the Surrey adjourned Quarter Sessions, for having been compelled to knock his lordship down. We say compelled—for, whatever notions may be entertained to the contrary by some, it is not in our nature to submit to the arrogance of a Lord or Duke any more than to that of a sweep or mountebank—fully concurring in the fact, that the soul which animates the beggar is as pure as that which reigns in the bosom of a monarch.

Chancery:==={
 An abridged Copy of Affidavits Sworn in the Case of the Right Honorable Laughan Baroness Langford, and the Right Honorable Hercules Langford Baron Langford, in support of the Evidence of Isaac Nathan, Esq.

SWORN 15th April, 1836, before J. W. Farrer, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

Basil Montague, of Chancery-lane, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister-at-Law, maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Isaac Nathau for upwards of twenty years, and that during the first ten years of his acquaintance with him, he had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and that he, this deponent, believes that the said Isaac Nathan is entitled to be believed upon his oath.

SWORN 3rd March, 1836, before William Brougham, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

James Traill, of Leuisham, in the County of Kent, Esquire, one of the Magistrates of the Police Office, Union Hall, in the Borough of Southwark, maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan for seven years and upwards now last past, during which time he, this deponent, hath had such opportunities of forming an opinion as to the credibility of the said Isaac Nathan, that he, this deponent would, without the slightest hesitation, firmly believe the truth of any statement made by the said Isaac Nathan on oath.

SWORN 4th March, 1836, before J. E. Dowdeswell, Esq , a Master in Chancery.

Thomas Hall, of No. 3, Bow-street, in the County of Middlesex, Esq., one of the Magistrates of the Police Office, Bow-street, maketh oath and saith, that he hath been acquainted with Mr. Isaac Nathan for the space of three years and upwards; and this deponent further saith that having some time since had occasion to converse with the said Isaac Nathan on the form and nature of the Jewish oath, and the binding obligation of oaths generally, and from the statements then expressed by the said Isaac Nathan, he, this deponent, verily believes that the said Isaac Nathan hath a most sacred respect for an oath, and in the opinion of this deponent, he the said Isaac Nathau is incapable of taking a false oath, and from the knowledge which he, this deponent, has of the veracity of the said Isaac Nathan

CHANCERY. vii.

he, this deponent, would not feel the slightest hesitation in believing the truth of any statement made by the said Isaac Nathan, either on his oath or on his word of honor.

SWORN 1st March, 1836, before G. B. Roupell, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

George Henry Noleken Twickenham, in the County of Middlesex, Esq., a Major in His Majesty's Army, maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan for the last seventeen years, during which time he, this deponent, hath had various and repeated opportunities of forming a correct opinion of the religious and moral habits of the said Isaac Nathan, and from such opportunities he this deponent feels himself fully authorised to state and declare upon his oath, that in the opinion of this deponent, the said Isaac Nathan is a person of religious and moral habits, and this deponent firmly believes that the said Isaac Nathan is incapable of telling an untruth knowing it to be so, and most decidedly incapable of swearing to a deliberate falsehood; and this deponent further saith that in the opinion of this deponent, the said Isaac Nathan has a most proper and sacred respect for the solemnity of an oath, and in the belief and conviction that such is the case, he, this deponent would, without the slightest hesitation, firmly believe the truth of any statement made by the said Isaac Nathan.

SWORN 2nd March, 1836, before W. G. Adam, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

John Gideon Van Millingen, of No. 14, Bedford-street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex, M. D., Surgeon to His Majesty's Forces, maketh oath and saith that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan for nineteen years last past, during which time he hath had various opportunities of forming a correct opinion of the moral and religious habits of the said Isaac Nathan, and from such opportunities he, this deponent, feels himself fully authorised to state and declare upon his oath that in the opinion of this deponent, the habits and moral and religious feelings of the said Isaac Nathan are those which become an honest and upright man; and this deponent firmly believes that the said Isaac Nathan is incapable of telling an untruth knowing it to be so, and most decidedly incapable of swearing to a deliberate falsehood. And this deponent further saith that from his opinion so formed as aforesaid, and in that belief he considers the said Isaac Nathan has a most proper and sacred respect for the solemnity of an oath, and that he, this deponent would, without the slightest hesitation, firmly believe the truth of any statement made by the said Isaac Nathan on oath.

SWORN 13th March, 1836, before G. B. Roupell, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

Edward Andrews, of Bedford-street, Walworth, in the County of Surrey, L. L. D., maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan for the space of four years and upwards, and this deponent further saith that, during the said period of four years, he hath had repeated conversations with the said Isaac Nathan upon religious subjects, and particularly upon the explanation of various passages in the Bible, from which circumstances, and the reasonings of the said Isaac Nathan upon such occasions, and from his general religious expressions and sentiments, he, this deponent, firmly and most conscientiously believes that the said Isaac Nathan is utterly incapable of swearing to a falsehood.

SWORN 1st March, 1836, before G. B. Roupell, Esq., a Master in Chancery,

Vigo Armstrong, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, in the County of Middlesex, Surgeon, &c., maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan for the last twenty-four years, during which time he, this deponent, hath had repeated opportunities of seeing and conversing with the said Isaac Nathan, and from all the opportunities which he, this deponent, hath so had, he feels fully competent to form a correct opinion of the religious sentiments of the said Isaac Nathan; and this deponent saith, that in the opinion of this deponent, the said Isaac Nathan has a most proper and sacred respect for the solemnity of an oath, and in the belief and conviction that such is the case, he, this deponent, would without the slightest hesitation, firmly believe the truth of any statement made by the said Isaac Nathan on oath.

SWORN 17th February, 1826, before D. Laing, Esq., J. P. for the County of Caithness.

Temple Frederick Sinclair, of Lybster, Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant of Caithnesshire, appeared personally before D. Laing, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Caithness, at Thurso, on the 17th day of February, 1836, and made oath that he has been intimately acquainted with Mr. Isaac Nathan, of Vauxhall-street, Lambeth, Music Composer, for nineteen or twenty years, having frequently during that period been under the same roof with the said Isaac Nathan; and constantly dined and breakfasted at the same table with him for about two years. Deponent further maketh oath that he hath had various opportunities of forming the most correct opinion of the moral and religious character of the said Isaac Nathan, and that he believes him to be a man of worth and integrity, incapable of telling an untruth, and still more of swearing to a deliberate falsehood.

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CHANCERY.

SWORN 16th February, 1836, before Henry Martin, Esq., a Master in Chancery.

William Capon Ayton, of Brompton Crescent, Brompton, in the County of Middlesex, Esq., maketh oath and saith, that he hath known Mr. Isaac Nathan, Musical Composer, for the last twenty years, during which time he, this deponent, hath had repeated opportunities of forming a correct opinion of the religious and moral habits of the said Isaac Nathan, and of the veracity of the said Isaac Nathan, and from such opportunities he, this deponent, feels himself fully authorised to state and declare opon his oath that in the opinion of this deponent, the said Isaac Nathan's religious and moral habits are those which become the honest and upright man; and deponent firmly believes that the said Isaac Nathan is incapable of telling an untruth knowing it to be so, and much less capable of swearing a deliberate falsehood.

The original affidavits above written are filed in the Chancery Affidavit Office, Symonds' Inn, Chancery-lane, London.

Attested copies are in the possession of Messrs. Downs and Gamlen, No. 7, Furnival's Inn, London.

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ERRATA.

PAGE. LINE. 2..... lst and 3rd in note, for "tranquility," read tranquility.
7..... 9th, for "tradionary," read traditionary.
22..... lst of last verse, for "will," read wilt.
23..... 4th, 7th, 13th, and 15th, for "ere," read ere.
24..... 3rd of 1st verse in 2nd song, for "precoeding," read 24.... 3rd of 1st verse in 2nd song, for "preceeding," read preceding.

29.....21st, for "sufferers plaints," read sufferer's plaints.

30.....9th, for "excass" read excess

33....14th, for "communda," read commoda.

36....12th, for "decends," read descends.

.....13th, for "third and fourth," read the third and fourth.

38....3rd and 5th, for "athiest," read atheist.

......7th, for "athrovity," read atheist.

......20th, for "tranquility," read tranquility.

.....27th, for "decended," read descended.

30....4th, for "disposition" read dispositioned.

.....17th from bottom, for "exhibilitated," read exhibitated.

40.....Last, for "occasinal," read occasional. Page 132, 3rd and 4th bars tenor and bass of the Quintetto,

PAGE. Like.

41... Last but 3, for "successfull," read successful.

44... 24th, for "denounciation," read denunciation.

45... 6th from bottom, for "expell," read expel.

46... 18th, for "centinels," read sentinels.

47... 22nd and 23rd, for "minature," read miniature.

"... 9th from bottom, for "broach," read brooch.

48... Last but 1, for "strickingly," read strikingly.

49... ". 17, for "trailling," read trailing.

50... 5th, for "Statllest," read stateliest.

"... 19th, for "Vicount," read Viscount.

54... 24th, for "centumlions," read contumelious.

"... Last but 2, for "heroe's," read hero's.

56... 35th, for "expresions," read downfal.

60... 5th, for "instill," read instil.

106... Last but 2, for "aboriginies," read aborigines.

107... 1st, for "disatisfed," read dissatisfied.

111... for "conder," read condor.

and bass of the Quintetto,

Koorin-da Brai-a. FOR Koorin-da Brai-a.

ACOFIN-GA DERI-A.

133.....12th, for "simi-civilization," read semi.

134..... 8th, for "Derwent Convey," read Derwent Conway.

"......18th, for "Yas," read Yass.

".......18th, for "oivlized," read poisoning.

135.....13th, for "civilized," read civilized.

"......16th, for "expence," read expense.

139...... 1st, 5th, 10th, and 14th, for "mama," read mamma.

145..... 5th, for "pure base," read pure bass,

Koorin-da Brai-a. READ Koorin-da Brai-a.

ROOFIN-Qa Bra1-a.
146...... 2nd, for "base," read bass.

" th line from the bottom, for
, "Urreinigt ist der Derg und Stime," read
" Thereinigt is heir Perg und Sinn."

147..... 2nd, for "lanthern," read lantern
,lith, for "acknowledgements," read acknowledgments.

151..... 22nd, for "refered," read referred.

153..... 12th from bottom, for "purile," read puerile.

Nors.—The Editor desires it to be understood, in reference to the above Errata, that the Printer whose name is attached to this work, is not amenable for these inaccuracies, inasmuch as only four sheets were printed by him.

4

THE

SOUTHERN EUPHROSYNE,

AND

LADIES

MAGAZINE.

ADRIEL: THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

A SYRIAC ALLEGORY.

"How shocking must thy summons be, Oh, Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come."—Blair.

Among the princely traders of Damascus none was more distinguished for the splendour of his household, and almost regal munificence and hospitality, than Adriel the Diamond Merchant. Years of successful traffic had enabled him to accumulate an amount of wealth, which, if popular rumour night be credited, was all but exhaustless;—need it be told after this, that Adriel was held in the highest honor among the great ones of his native city, and his name had extended beyond the confines of Assyria and had spread over the neighbouring kingdoms with encreasing renown.

Adriel was no churl of the gold which his own unaided industry and ability had enabled him to amass; in him literature and the arts found a liberal and discerning patron. To every project tending to advance and enlighten his nation, his wealth knew no limits. The fallen and the oppressed reckoned securely upon him for succour and support. The poor knew that against them and their necessities his gates were never closed; and all Damascus looked up to him with reverence and gratitude. All the civic offices of consequence and trust he had repeatedly and beneficially filled, and the renowned Diamond Merchant was not more the idol of his fellow-citizens, than the honored and esteemed of his King.

It was the evening of a triumph; and the friends of Adriel were clustered around the festive board;—for their patron and their host had that day been inducted into a new post of profit and honor. Loud were the acclamations on the occasion; profuse and pointed the universal gratulations; the wine cup circulated freely and gaily, whilst music and festivity enlivened the throng; sounds of joy floated in glowing measures upon the perfumed air. Bright smiles glanced from brighter eyes—the pulse bounded with excess of delight, and all appeared as if the world with its pomps and vanities were immortal.

The sound of wassail rose wild and high; loud panegyrics on the Merchant's virtues stunned the weary ear, and protestations of devotion to his person were eagerly uttered. The excitement was at its height, when, on a sudden, as if by magic, the dancers paused—the music ceased—the

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crystal goblet about to be conveyed to the lip fell from the hand, and the glittering assembly presented a terror-stricken picture.

And whence all this consternation? Had the earth trembled, threatening an impending wreck of men and matter ?-Had flames enveloped the lordly mansion ?-Or stood the invader at the gates, and was Assyria smitten? Terrifying as the supposed impending catastrophe appeared in their anticipations, it was less awful than the frightful visitant which appalled the blanching guests in Adriel's banquet hall.

A dreaded form stood by the Merchant's chair; how he had entered, or whence he came, none could tell. A moment since and the revellers' eyes rested but on their host alone; another, and their gaze was rivetted, in unwilling contemplation, on this terrific stranger, who, with noiseless step and unperceived approach had marred their mirth, driving back the vital stream in terror to the heart.

He who had changed the shout of revelry into the silence of the tomb, stood himself motionless amid the living statues he had bereft of utterance. His form was awful, and the sable panoply, wherein from head to heel he was encased, gave him a spectral appearance. The beaver of his helmet was closed, and the dark plumes wherewith it was surmounted, waved in hearse-like gloom to every passing gust. Mortal eye had never beheld that dreaded vizor unclosed, nor had mortal ear ever drank in the breathings of those mysterious lips. In his left hand he bore a javelin; in his right, a scroll with sable seal, which caught the eye of the terrified carousers. The stranger was chief of the Assyrian Monarch's Guard, and woe to that man to whom this messenger was sent. Upon occasions of mortal extremity only was he encountered, and such, in consequence, was the soulsubduing terror his presence always inspired, that popular imagination had invested his approach with every conceivable attribute of horror and despair.

One by one the guests of Adriel glided hurriedly from the Merchant's side, each speeding in extremity of alarm to his dwelling, leaving but three of his friends hardy enough to abide the result of the Sable Chief's momentous mission. The fatal paquet was silently tendered and silently received. Adriel forthwith broke the gloomy seal, and a few imperative sentences told the dismayed Merchant to prepare to render an account of his conduct before the Chief and Great Tribunal. Overcome as he was by this unexpected summons, the worthy Adriel could call to mind no just grounds whereon even the most malignant enemy could found an accusation. Arming himself, then, with all the self-possession of conscious innocence, he firmly enquired, "When must the Royal mandate be obeyed?"

The Sable Chief struck the paper rapidly with the keen point of his javelin. "Within the hour!" sighed the pious and resigned Adriel. "God's will be done." 'Twere bootless to repine, and I must nerve me to endurance. "All is for the best." "My King's com-

mands, most potent warrior, shall be duly obeyed."

The awful visitant nodded slightly, the gesture sufficing to set in motion the dark plumes which surmounted his casque, and then disappeared with spectral gait from the banquet hall of Adriel, and his three remaining anxious friends.

He read the dread summons, and its probable cause absorbed their whole attention.

All past acts of his life were hastily scanned, but no criminal step was apparent. The scrutiny, notwithstanding the satisfactory result, did not tend to dispel his apprehension. He well knew that his Sovereign, though just and inflexible, was yet merciful and forgiving, and that could he but clear himself of false imputations, he must triumphantly pass through the appalling ordeal, when he would be honored and rewarded for all his sufferings and trials.

Like all just and prudent men, Adriel had long since set his house in order, and his various obligations strictly provided for-the necessities of relations and dependents duly attended to, he was thus better prepared to encounter his fate with the firmness and constancy natural to the good.*

The appointed hour was waning fast, and still found the Merchant embosomed in his sorrowing family, and attended by the three dear and true friends who fondly clung to him.

Resignation, with a firm trust in Providence, produces that tranquility of mind which soothes the spirits to rest and prepares us for the worst that may happen. And, says Cumberland, " By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shallbe sure to contract a tranquility of temper.

"It is well," said Adriel, "to have one's own impressions of conscious-righteousness supported by friends most capable of appreciating them and forming just conclusions. Thou, my first and dearest in my regard," continued the Merchant, turning to one of the three friends who hung over him in inconsolable anguish. "Thou, who hast so many years dipped thy hand in the dish with me,—who hast partaken of my cup,—who hast shared all my joys, and participated my griefs, to whom my hopes and fears have been transparent as the fountain. Thou, the first and chosen of my heart's friends, wilt thou not, in this my hour of tribulation, accompany and plead for me at the Omnipotent Tribunal?"

"Oh Adriel!" sobbed the mourner in anguish, "the depth and the sincerity of my unutterable regard I feel thou wilt not, canst not question. Oh! how unspeakably rejoiced should I be if I could become the object of this terrible summons; I would endure without murmur the heaviest sentence the dread Tribunal might impose; but, alas, it may not be. However eager to avert thy doom, it exceeds my poor ability to pass the palace portals. I will unflinchingly attend

thee to the very threshold; but, alas, beyond that I cannot venture."

Tears streamed in torrents from the speaker's eyes, indicating the intense agony of the affliction that overpowered him. The Merchant beheld him with looks of compassion, and heaving a prolonged sigh at the weakness of poor humanity, turned to the friend next in estimation, soliciting his presence and advocacy on the dreaded occasion. He to whom the application was now addressed

was earnest in protestations of unceasing devotion.

"Throughout thine eminently prosperous career, oh Adriel! I have ever been thy first, thy truest friend. Not one of thy many desires but with active and lavish energy I surely and successfully accomplished. In the court or the camp—in the palace or the hovel, I have ever been thy all-obedient friend; nay, the approved and valued friend of all whom thou would'st that I should serve. Have I, then, clung to thee thus long, to desert thee now? Perish the thought! As far as my ability avails command me still, not to the portals merely, but to the very centre of the palace I am ready to follow thee, but there my power ceases. To appear before the Tribunal whither thou art summoned exceeds my influence; I prithee, then, condemn me not because I cannot undertake an office beyond my power."

The speaker ceased, and again another deep-drawn sigh proclaimed the grief of Adriel over these hapless atomies of a transitory world. Now the Merchant turned to the third, and apparently neglected friend, renewing the request which had hitherto proved ineffectual. The person thus addressed cast upon the supplicant a glance of ineffable affection as he thus tenderly

replied :-

"Oh Adriel! although, perchance, I be the least considered of thy many friends, yet I may now prove myself far from the least deserving. Of thy unquestionable integrity and exalted honesty I am fully aware. Thy numerous virtues and thy just deservings have been familiar to me through life. Empty protestations I will not indulge in; let my testimony before this tribunal, from which others shrink, proclaim me as I am. Thither I will accompany thee—there I will plead thy cause."

The hour of expectation was over; loud wails of feminine grief rent the late festive halls of the princely Adriel. His wife clung to his bosom in convulsive agony; his children, with swollen and weeping eyes, gazed in stupified sorrow at their fated sire. The chosen few still re-

mained near to pray for their friend and benefactor.

An involuntary shudder pervaded the family; an unseen but felt presence was in the midst, and a natural impulse caused them momentarily to shrink from their patron's side, for, again, in

solemn silence, unseen, unmarked of all, the Sable Chief had entered the banquet hall.

All looked aghast at his portentous approach. The shadowy plumes of his close barred helm waved dismally as with noiseless tread he glided to where the Merchant stood. The wife of his bosom—his tender offspring—the recipients of his bounty, all gave way to the terrible presence. Adriel alone retained his fortitude, articulating faintly, "The time is come, and I am ready; may my King have mercy!"

The Sable Chief replied not by word, but slowly raising his vizor, touched the Merchant's breast with the javelin he bore. What the object was which Adriel's eyes encountered, who shall tell? Instantaneous as the lightening's flash through a murky sky was the mysterious action.

Farewells were hushed-wife, children, relations, all were parted from him on the moment, and

left to deplore the husband, the father, and the friend.

The Sable Chief marshalled the gloomy way which Adriel, followed by his three dearest associates, threaded in implicit obedience. The streets were silent and deserted; not a mortal crossed their path, until they reached the portals of the palace. Here the first friend, the heart's chosen of Adriel, again broke silence, venting grief in a flood of tears, and in loud, bitter, but fruitless lamentation.

"Would to God, dear friend," he frantically exclaimed, "that I, not thou, might quaff this bitter cup; joyfully, would I yield myself the sacrifice; but, it cannot be—I may go no further. Oh, be the God of thy fathers thy sure and certain stay, in this thy dreaded hour. Mayest thou pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed, and, oh, Adriel, best and dearest friend, may we speedily and happily meet again never more to be disunited.

Overpowered by his emotions, and excess of anguish, he sank, quailed, and fainting to the earth. Still the Sable Chief moved onwards, passing court-yard and corridor, until they reached a deep, dark narrow vault, steaming with the dank and noisome slimes of age, and teaming with reptiles

of loathsome aspect which made the blood curdle and the flesh creep.

"I have followed thee, dear Adriel, far as nature and my limited powers permit—here must we part; thou hast ever used me kindly, justly, generously, and to the extent of my feeble ability I have zealously and willingly served thee; to thy wife and children I would fain prove no less true; pardon me that in thy peculiar cause I can no further benefit thee. Farewell, and mayest thou

happily overcome all thine enemies."

Thus spoke the second in Adriel's regard and sank exhausted to the earth. The Sable Chief still led on, his shadowy form cleaving the impenetrable darkness with swift unerring steps; at length their dismal journey was over, and the ponderous gates of a capacious hall opposed their further progress. Suddenly the loud notes of a trumpet rang out in clear and startling tones; the iron gates burst in shivers; the Sable Chief was no longer visible. The murky darkness was swallowed in a flood of glorious light, and the delighted Adriel found himself in the presence and before the judgment seat of his Lord the King!

But, say, shall the mere Chronicler essay to pass those bounds which the two dearest friends of Adriel dared not to attempt? Futile and audacious were the endeavour. No! Here we must abandon the allegorical, and expound in simple truthfulness whatever of obscurity lurks in our

recital.

Reader! The Sable Chief is the relentless summoner—DEATH! The two most choice but fainting friends of Adriel are his wife and his wealth. The first, eager and anxious to become his substitute, if her beloved partner may thereby escape, and in the impossibility of such self-substitution, proving her devotion by following him to nature's utmost bourne—the brink of the grave—further she cannot. Into that dread receptacle his gold is willing to follow, but there its power for good or evil ends. The third, and comparatively insignificant friend, which must in a figurative sense be here taken as a noun of multitude, is the Merchant's good deeds. These outlive Death and the Grave, following him to the Judgment Seat, whither we have conducted Adriel. There this best of friends, this infallible advocate, will plead triumphantly with Him before whom no false accuser dare appear, to whom the deeds done in the flesh are truly known, and by whom they will assuredly meet their just and final reward.

In the Rev. Bishop Hall's Remains, or, Shaking of the Olive Tree, (Sermon 1 Pet. 1, 17, p. 226,) there is a remarkable story taken from Bromiard, [Summa Prædicantium] of a certain Lord that had a fool in his house, to whom he gave a staff with strict injunctions to keep it until he should meet with a man that was more fool than himself, and if he met with such an one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years after, this Lord falling sick even unto death, his fool came to see him, and

was by his sick Lord told that he must shortly leave him. "And whither wilt thou go?" asked the fool. "Into another world," said his Lord. "And when wilt thou come again: within a month?" quoth the fool. "No:" replied the Lord. "Within a year?" again asked the fool. "No: replied the Lord." "When then?" exclaimed the fool. "Never! never!" sighed the dying Lord. "And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" asked the fool, "None at all:" replied the Lord. "No!" quoth the fool, "none at all? Here, take my staff! Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order nor care how thou shalt speed in that other world, whence thou shalt never return? Take my staff, for I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

NOTES

NOTE 1-PAGE 2.

"All is for the best," is a pious ejaculation with the Hebrews, and under the severest mental agony or bodily torture it is sure to escape from the lips of that right minded man who puts his trust in the clemency of a just and merciful God, which the following interesting tale from the Talmud will tend to illustrate:—

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock which served him instead of a watch to announce to him

the rising dawn; and an ass on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigue had almost exhausted him—he reached a village, and was delighted to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood.

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave;
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave."—Byron.

"It is hard," ejaculated Rabbi Akiba, "very hard, not to find a hospitable roof to shelter me from the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, 'all is for the best.'" He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter when a violent storm extinguished his light. "What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted

even to pursue my favorite study! But God is just! 'All is for the best.'"

He stretched himself upon the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes when a fierce wolf sprang upon the cock and destroyed it. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astounded Akiba; "my vigilant companion is gone: who will henceforth awaken me to study the law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had he concluded this pious sentence when a terrible lion rushed forth and devoured the ass. "What!" exclaimed the astonished heart-stricken wanderer; "my lamp, my cock, my poor ass, all three gone! But praised be the Lord! 'All is for the best.'" He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning bent his way to the village to ascertain if he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It so happened that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and ejaculated—"Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation; but thou alone art kind, just and merciful. Had not the hard hearted people

NOTE. 7

driven me by their inhospitality from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised be thy name for ever and ever."

This truly pious man, who flourished in the time of Hadrian, was savagely put to death by being torn to pieces with an iron wool-comb for strictly adhering to the faith of his forefathers, and conscientiously refusing belief in matters at variance with his comprehension; Akiba bore the horrible torture with extraordinary fortitude, and shewed himself so attentive to the tradionary ceremonies afterwards recorded in the Talmud, as to repeat the proper prayers in the regular manner while under the hands of the executioner. His biographers have noted the very letter at which he was stopped by death. On the day Rabbi Akiba expired, Rabbi Jehudah, who collected the mishna, was born.

NOTE 2-PAGE 4.

One day after Garrick had made his fortune, and was living in considerable splendour, he happened to be visited by his old friend and tutor Dr. Johnson; during the Doctor's stay, Garrick took occasion to call his attention to the affluence, and otium cum dignitate, in which he was then passing his days, showing him over his elegantly furnished house, his expensive furniture, and his rare and costly collection of Dresden China. Having thus gratified his own vanity, he turned to Johnson and said, "Don't you think, Sam, I ought to be a very happy fellow with all these elegancies and comforts?" Let the great moralist's reply sink deep into all such worldly minds and be a constant incubus upon their passion for accumulating perishable baubles. Patting the little man on the shoulder, Johnson uttered these words with deep solemnity, "David! David! these are the things that make death terrible!"

Cedes coëmptis saltibus, et domo, Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit, Cedes; et exstructis in altum Divitiis potietur heres.

HORACE.

ANTHEM.

PSALM 117.

Revised, corrected, and arranged, with Piano Forte or Organ accompaniment

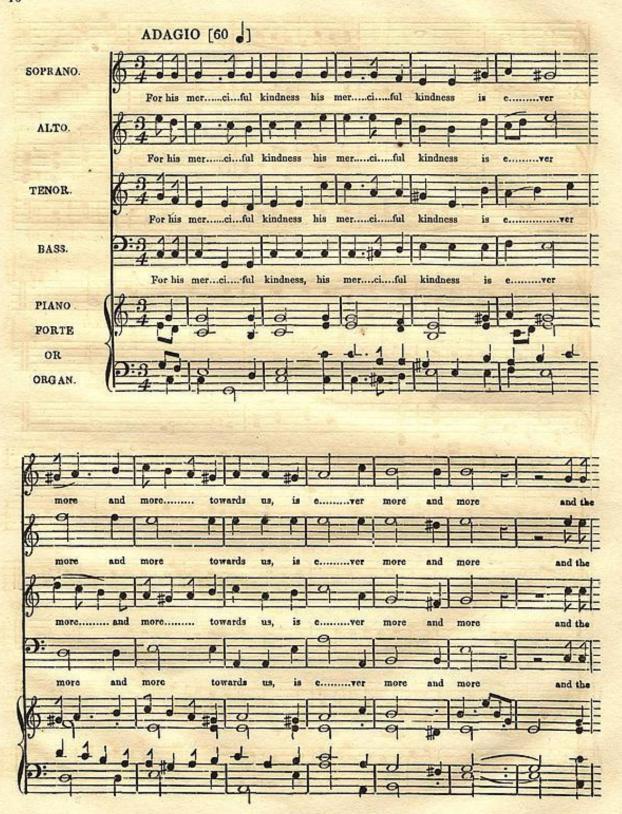
by I. Nathan, Esq.

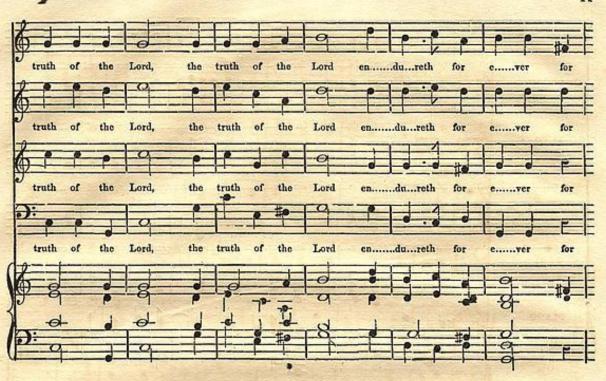
The date of this Anthem is unknown: its publication has been traced to Windmill Court,

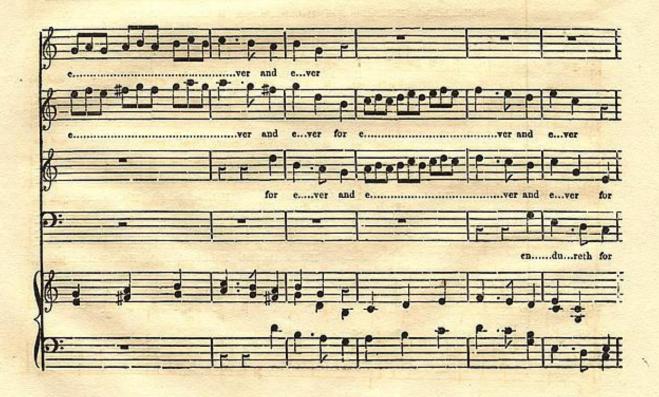
Pye Corner, London, in the year 1745; edited by the Revd. John Chetham.

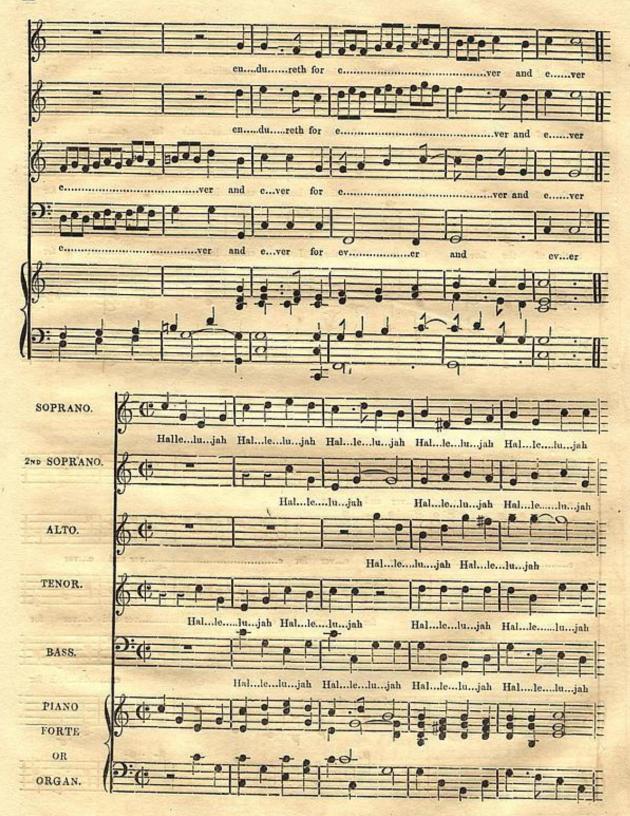






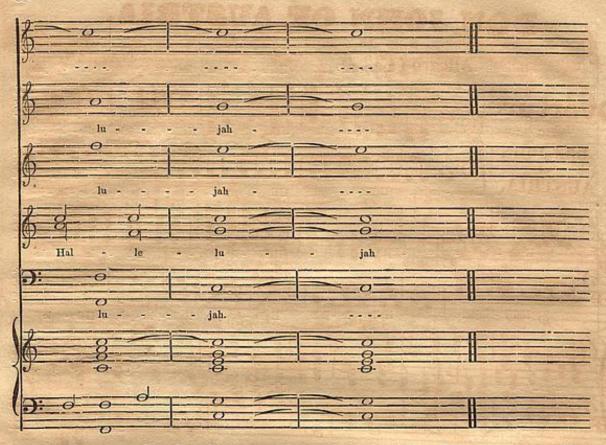






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The singular progression of crude syncopated notes in the fourth bar of the tenor, page 12, has been faithfully transcribed from the original MS.—free from any correction—merely to shew the freaks of a composer in by-gone-days.

THE NEW HISTORICAL OPERA ENTITLED

DONJOHN OF AUSTRIA.

THE LIBRETTO BY J. L. M ... RE, Esq.

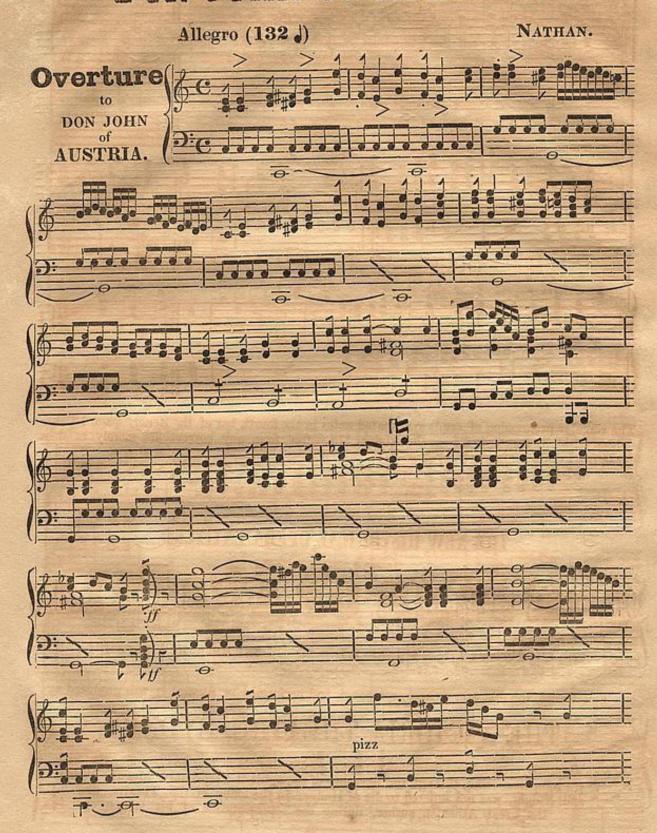
THE MUSIC BY I. NATHAN Esq.

This Opera, the first ever written, composed, and performed in Australia, was produced at

THE VICTORIA THEATRE, SYDNEY,

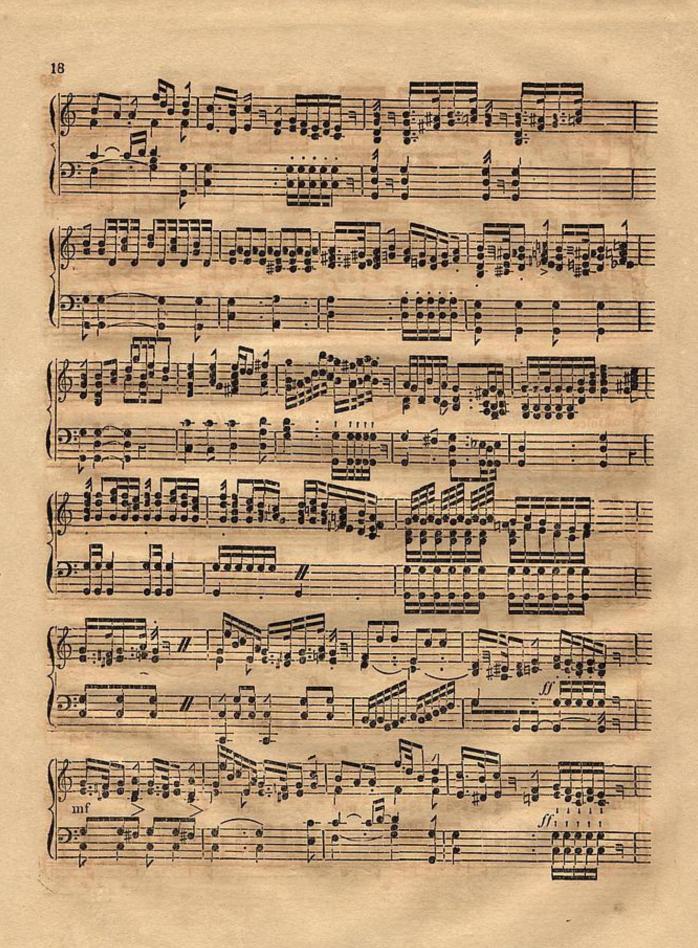
To an elegantly, crowded and delighted audience on Monday, May 7th, 1847, under the direction of the composer—who, through the liberality of the spirited Proprietors, Messrs. Wyatt, and Knight, was not suffered to die of Hunger in the lobby of the Theatre, like the great Athenian author, during the representation of his labors.

Don John of Austria.









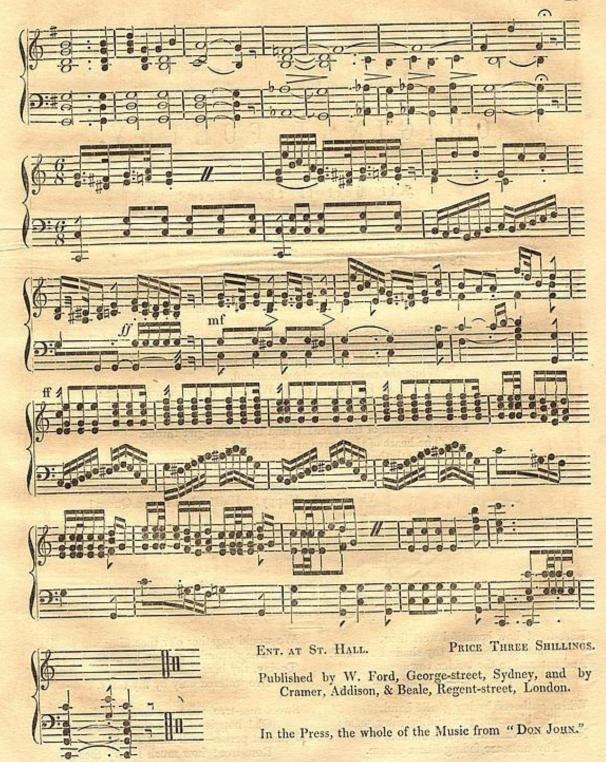
3



7



*



ORIGINAL POETRY.

All Sail to the Queen!

[BY C. BALL, ESQ.]

Thou Pearl of the Ocean, enshrin'd in our hearts,

That thrill at the sound of thy name,

To thee we bring faith, language faintly imparts,

In the glow of pure loyalty's flame!

Exulting, we greet thee!—our Lady serene:

Victoria, the Gracious! All hail to the Queen!

Thou Pride of the Islands—the spring of whose days,
Teems with hope to the millions around!
Well! well, may we proudly exclaim in thy praise,
While the nations re-echo the sound.
Pure Gem of the West—in thy radiance serene:
Victoria, the Honored! All hail to the Queen!

Peerless Queen of the Free! round thy ocean-girt throne,
The heart of the brave are bestrew'd;
And the path that high destiny marks for thine own,
Is with blessings of millions bedew'd!
Be thy reign like thine heart, ever pure and serene:
Victoria, the Happy! Hail!—hail to the Queen!

The Faded Nose-tree.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

Rose-tree! how beautiful wert thou,
When first beneath thy shade I strolled,
And listened to the tender vow,
Which, of a love, indulging told.

When, gathered by her gentle hand,
Thy blossomings would brighter seem;
Now, by no eastern zephyrs fanned,
Thy tints are fading like a dream.

We would together o'er thee fling
The streamlet pure in by-gone years:
To-day, thy branches withering,
Are watered only by my tears.

Sweet rose-tree, thou ere long will die;
Oh! happier far art thou than me;
I cannot perish—still must sigh:
Rose-tree! how much I envy thee!

From a gather to a Son.

Ay! love on, my bright boy, love on while the hour Of youth and the spring time of life are thine own; Inhale, as thou passest, the scent of the flower, 'Ere the scent shall have perished, or flower have gone.

Dream! dream while thou may'st that her form is perfection—
A vision you bright world has granted of bliss;

'Ere waking to find that thy deep felt affection
Has fluttered, and passed, as some shadow of this!

Deem this world is as pure as now to thee seeming,
That love, and its promise, will never grow cold;
That woman's weak heart is as fond as thy dreaming—
That "she" is a being of heavenly mould.

Love on while thou can'st, 'cre thy manhood appearing,
Bids thee learn how the world and its votaries change;
And cherish that dream, 'cre the clouds disappearing,
Betoken how time can the feelings estrange.

Still think this sad world a reflection of Heaven,
Returning, unsullied, the light of its birth;
Though athwart it the cloud for a moment be driven,
Dream on, if thou wilt, 'tis a shadow of Earth.

Oh! would that my power could bid thee ne'er waken
To see the long twilight thy summer will throw;
Ah! would that thy faith might ne'er rudely be shaken,
When anguish and care in their bitterness glow!

But no! thou art mortal—when years have flown o'er thee,
Thou too must experience sorrow and pain;
And those visions will fade to shadows before thee,
Which now thou hast fettered in memory's chain.

And then thou wilt feel all the anguish of sorrow,
Whilst thou mourn'st the change and departure of love;
Thou'lt learn that man owns but one hope for the morrow:
'Tis the hope never changing of Heaven above!

STANZAS.

Hear my plaint, O! passing breeze;
Hear, I prithee!
Bear my sorrows o'er the seas;
Waft them with thee.
See! the ocean's watery bed,
Towards my lover,
Widens with the tears I shed!
Then hasten over.

Stay—but give these kisses, too,
Softly to him:
Let no earthly creature know,
How I woo him!
Give them in night's stillest hour;
Gentle breathe them!
Then, O! bring as many more,
And hasten with them.

J. L. M. Esc.

The above Stanzas were written by Colonel James Delamaine, in the year 1815, and presented to Mrs. Wassa,—a Lady of exquisite murical taste: whose ribem to any melody of my own creation.

1. NATHAM.

BUET. PATTER AND DATCHTER.

[BY THOMAS CURNICK, ESQ.]

[Daughter.]

As calm and sweet, The breezes meet;

Or gently fall the evening rays;

May Mary's smile The hours beguile,

And cheer her Father's wintry days.

[father.]

Should anguish pain, The vocal strain Shall sooth your heart, assuage your sighs.

And Mary's love A solace prove

For ev'ry bliss that age denies.

[father and Daughter.]

Ye Powers Divine, Whose cares combine,

To guard the joys to mortals giv'n;

Long may we know Affections glow-

Pure offspring of your native Heav'n !

Thunder! The

[BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

The thunder! the thunder! I love its bold roar, As it rolls through the sky, as it echoes on shore! Preceeding the storm that refreshes the earth, Revives the parched flowers, calls the blossoms to birth. Like the voice of a God it through air cleaves its way, And filleth the nations of earth with dismay!

The thunder! the thunder! the storm-cloud is riven, When solemnly peals this wild music of Heaven; While blue lightnings, which leave of their beauty no trace, Are mantling in glory the firmament's face: And as song lights the soul, so the atmosphere clears, When the anthem of nature resounds thro' the spheres.

The thunder! the thunder! its vengeance is sped, When its bolt lights in wrath on the infidel's head; But oh! in that hour when the world shall expire, And its tottering bulwarks be sundered by fire, How awfully grand will be heard its last lay, O'er the wreck of creation a requiem play!

SONNET.

A Bee, one morn, flew from his hive, (It was the month of May,) When feathered warblers sweetly sing Their songs from every spray.

He hovered round a bed of flowers, Intent to have his sip; And, after humming out his song, He perched on Dahlia's lip.

The beauteous nymph received the kiss, Not thinking that she'd find, That when the Bee had sipped his fill, He'd leave his sting behind!

NATURA:

AN ILLUSTRATION OF

A N EASTERN TALE.

A FIERCE and exterminating warfare had long raged betwixt the powerful Sultan of Potentia and the comparatively powerless King of Sagas, whose dominions, although continually harrassed and overrun by the innumerable armies of his mightier foe, had, nevertheless, from time to time, been delivered from his trammels by the consummate address and superior wisdom of the Sagasan

Provinces which had submitted reluctantly to the countless legions of Potentia, -cities invested by the same overwhelming soldiery were miraculously recovered or snatched from the grasp of the spoiler, and despite the disparity of men, money, and munitions, the moral resources, the energetic conduct, and skilful enterprise of the feebler sovereign seemed more than a counterpoise to the physical superiority of his overgrown antagonist, enforced as that antagonist's assaults were by lavish expenditure of blood and treasure.

But the fates of kings and of nations are in the hands of an overruling Providence; and, after many brilliant achievements in the sacred cause of his native land, the Champion of Freedom found

himself compelled to peril his all in one mighty conflict.

Although the matchless skill of the accomplished soldier, and the daring courage of the distingushed hero marked every evolution of the King of Sagas: although his generals proved worthy of their renowned leader, and the troops displayed prodigies of valour,-all was vain. A total route ensued, and the struggling patriot became the prisoner of his triumphant foe.

Now was the moment for the Sultan, had he possessed a spark of magnanimity, to cover himself with immortal honor, -by the liberation and exaltation of a fallen rival. But, no; the Sultan of Potentia, like the generality of ambitious worldlings, was a stranger to every generous sentiment, and to render conquest complete by Sagas' death was the engrossing thought of his

little-minded captor.

The Sultan of Potentia had three sons, arrived at the age of maturity. These sons naturally participated in their father's enmity against the King of Sagas, and when the captive's doom of death had been irrevocably pronounced, Barodis, the elder, solicited and obtained his royal father's sanction to a colloquy with the illustrious but unfortunate prisoner.

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The interview proved a brief and unsatisfactory one, for the limited faculties of the rude Barodis could ill appreciate the intellectual qualities of the imprisoned king; and when the captive sought to interest his visitor in his hapless destiny, and urged that he would intercede with his sire to spare a life still dear, the coarse-minded Prince turned upon the discomfited supplicant with fiendish indifference, reviling him bitterly for his long protracted defences, and the gallant efforts

he had made to defeat the progress of the invader.

"Plead for thee, indeed !" exclaimed Barodis, fiercely. "By Heaven, Sir King, but thy audacity amazes me! Plead for thee? For thee, so long the bane of Portentia? For thee, whose devices have wrought confusion to our armies, destruction to our hopes, and desolation to our domestic hearths? Away! dream it not. Thou hast played the grand and final stake, and, having lost, must now abide the forfeit. Count not, Sir, on my good offices: little should I esteem the wisdom of my sire did he weakly spare the prey within his clutch. No, King of Sagas, our best security against thee and thy wiles will be best assured by lopping the head I cordially commend my father's taking."

The fallen sovereign patiently listened to the callous objurgations; and, casting a searching

glance at the departing prince, resigned himself to fate, murmuring faintly-Natura!

Barodis sought his father, and detailed, with scornful lip, his contempt of the great monarch, who, craven-like, had stooped to plead for life, imparting how contumeliously he had rejected the suppliant's boon, and the muttered exclamation that had attended his departure. Whilst the Sultan mused if aught of meaning lurked beneath the whispered word Natura, Bearco, his second son, thus addressed him: "I, too, with your good leave, my father, would fain hold conference with this prodigy whose pre-eminent talent has so long baffled the best and bravest efforts of the mighty empire of Potentia."

"Thou hast free access, my son; see, then, if thy wit can extract aught beneficial from his." The audience was, on the instant, had, but with even less of generosity than the first, for Bearco was less intellectual and more repulsive than his senior. The superior wisdom of Sagas, therefore, fell like seed upon the rock incapable of return. To the captives' renewed supplications for life he turned an impatient ear with rude interruption, and menacing gesture proclaiming-

"King of Sagas, thou hast nought to hope from me. Nay, it argues indifferently for my royal father's prudence that he should thus long have spared a foe so costly. I like not prisoned kings: their sighs breed treason; their griefs attract fatal sympathy. A king once dethroned were best at once decapitated. Be it mine, then, to urge my sacred sire that he spare not, but, in just and terrible retribution, slay the enemy who wasted his empire and diminished his resources. This, sir King, shall be my counsel, and shortly, I trust to glut me with the expiring throes of

Potentia's dangerous foe."

" Natura"-was the word that again reached the startled ear of the retiring prince, who hastened to urge his sanguinary counsel. The repetition struck the Sultan, now importuned by his third son to equal indulgence as his seniors. The savage Bearco eagerly strove to render any further interviews with the illustrious prisoner abortive, by urging his sire to command the instant execution of the powerless victim, -a spectacle every way congenial to Bearco's ruthless disposition, and one from whose exhibition he promised himself unqualified gratification. The entreaties of the younger son, however, prevailed, and the amiable Placido shortly found his way to the troyal dungeons.

The mind of Placido differed widely in its constitution from those of his elder brethren. He was gifted with an intelligence and capacity beyond his years, whilst a liberal and judicious education had refined and ripened every generous quality. In all athletic, manly exercises he was a proficient, and either in the cabinet or the field gave goodly promise of one day becoming the

distinguished leader of a gallant people.

The mind of such a creature received and reflected in spotless brilliance the mental excellencies of the King of Sagas, whose calm and noble bearing in misfortune struck deeply into Placido's sympathising soul. The prince, with a generous emotion, dwelt upon the captive monarch's thrilling details of watchings and wardings in the unequal struggle for the rights of his fatherland and independence of his Throne,—the eloquent blood betraying that not even the conquest of his sire sufficed to extinguish sympathy for the subdued but dauntless patriot. The

holy flame of liberty found congenial fuel in his princely heart, whilst his eyes were suffused as he

pondered on the sufferings and degradation of the discomfited martyr.

"The recital of my misfortunes has moved thee, fair prince," said the dethroned sovereign; "with the loss of royalty, the loss of life would by many, be welcomed. Not so, however, by me. The great God of Nature who breathed into my frame this mysterious intelligence has also implanted an irresistible desire to cherish and preserve it. My people and my country I have served as a sovereign should, and, with God's blessing and your sire's gracious clemency, the world I would benefit as a mortal, I still may. Life was given for nobler purposes than idly to play the monarch withal; and he, who, reft of the regal toy, impiously or carelessly casts his Maker's greatest gift away, proves himself undeserving the sceptre which chance, not merit, assigned his worthless sway. My prince I see many charms in life,-many motives why I should strive to retain its possession. Aid thou my desire. Use thy advocacy with thy sire. Life is the boon I implore. If he doubt my integrity or my fidelity let him fetter the boon with whatsoever conditions he may, his clemency, under any restrictions will still be more than sufficient to demand my ardent gratitude. I implore not this mercy through abject fear of death, but because of more worthy desire of life, and to demonstrate to mankind how the true hero and philosopher may rise superior to the malice of fortune."

"Great King," returned Placido, "great in thy prosperity, but, oh, how much greater in thy adversity; blest indeed am I to be chosen the happy instrument to urge my Royal father to accede to thy prayer. Forbid it, Heaven, that the brightest page of Potentia's annals should be sullied by base, unmanly immolation of her defenceles, most illustrious enemy. Fear it not, O King. Passion and prejudice have for a moment usurped the place of reason and reflection, but I hasten to dispel the illusions of my rash judging sire, and to defeat the base machinations of the cowards who would stain his renown by the crimson tide of a brave but unsuccessful antagonist. Yes, King of Sagas, I will indeed advocate thy suit. I will plead, not for thy life alone, but for my father's glory,-for how can that glory be imperishably stamped, but by granting life, liberty, and honour to an unfortunate monarch whose sole crime has been a persevering devotion to his country and his crown. My father's magnanimity doth but slumber, and it is but a filial office in me to arouse it to a sense of noble activity. The successful best vindicate their own deserts by speeding to the succour of the unsuccessful. Sir, if gifted with aught of eloquence, my father shall proclaim about his own desert by enhancing thine. Thy life shall be respected, thy liberty accorded, and thy crown restored. The once mortal foes shall become immortal friends, and the bitter strife of rival empires of Potentia and of Sagas shall be forgotten in a generous and unexampled amity. This, O King, is the course befitting a truly great Sovereign. I read its approval in your eyes, and I go, I trust, to prove the soul of my father equal to its adoption."

"Natura."-The mysterious expression again burst from the captive's lips as the prince departed on his beneficent mission. Placido half turned at the now well known exclamation, and

perceived the fallen monarch gazing upon him with looks of gratitude and admiration.

"Natura." "That enigmatical word again?" muttered the Sultan, after attentively listening to the animated expositions of his younger son,-" Natura?" "What may the iteration of this

obscure exclamation betoken? Can it be talisman or spell?"

"My Sovereign and my Sire," broke forth Barodis, "may heaven grant thee length of years, but if thou wouldst do justice to thyself and people, thou must not shrink from doing stern and speedy justice on thy wily captive, who, doubtless, strives to coil thee in his sorceries. Recal to mind, dread Sovereign, his incessant, his magical escapes from thy victorious arms, when ruin looked complete and conquest seemed assured! Could aught save sorcery accomplish these? May not the means so potent heretofore destroy thy expectations even now? Beware this demon spell! "Natura?" doubtless a charm wherewith to conjure some dread familiar to his aid. I marked the malignant smile that curled his lip as he thought to blast me with its withering influence. Crush ere its power can work."

The monarch turned a dull eye upon the elder born as though he heard his words but grasped not their import, gazing, at the same time half unconsciously, in the face of the second,

who thus addressed him-"Barodis, sire, says truly. The engines of this subtle sorcerer are indeed at work. The blight of his evil eye is even now upon me.1 The potency of his damnable conjurations see the my

blood-yea I feel his 'Natura,' a charm fatal to my peace if not fraught with peril to my life. May not its cabalistic power suffice to burst his fetters, cast down his dungeon walls, raise up new armies, and re-establish him in more than former greatness? Avert so great a contingency whilst the power is thine. Bring forth the block, and determine forthwith if the Headsman's axe or the sorcerer's " Natura" be the most conclusive spell. After years of pain and peril our repose should be questionless, not subject to anxious doubts and fears."

"Thou hast heard, Placido," said the Sultan, "the interpretations and the counsels of thy

seniors. How readest thou this 'Natura' of the captive, and what wouldst thou commend us do !" "Ill, my Sire, would it become my years to obtrude my feeble counsel when the wise and grave of thy Royal Court have held their peace; but, since thou commandest me to speak, I would simply remark that were there that magical influence, that omnipotence of spell in the three syllables of thy prisoner, he would scarce have stooped to implore thy elemency in salvation of a life himself could command. Superstition, Sire, has excited fear, and would give the rein to wanton cruelty. In this "Natura" of the Sagasan monarch I surmise but some philosophical conclusion at which that accomplished prince has arrived. I beheld not the malignant scowl that blasted the cold heart of Barodis-nor did aught of the evil-eye seethe my blood like that of Bearco. I beheld but a noble nature nobly buffeting the tide of adverse fortune, and when I departed to pray the clemency of my sovereign and sire, methought a smile, the concentration of grateful benevolence irradiated a countenance stamped with intelligence and every manly beauty. But, Sire, this sphynx is in thy custody, command him to thy presence, thereby mayest thou solve a riddle that causes so much perplexity."

The Sultan regarded his youngest born with an approving eye, and issued the mandate to

conduct the prisoner to his presence.

In eastern lands, to hear is to obey, and performance follows command with as much rapidity

as thunder waits the lightning.

"We have summoned thee hither, King of Sagas," said the Sultan, addressing his heavily fettered captive, "that thou mayest solve a mystery of thine own propounding. Listen, and, as thou shalt truly answer our demand, we swear to render thee thy forfeit life. My elder born sought interview and spurned thy prayer for grace, "Natura," thou exclaim'dst. My second, likewise, mocked at thy entreaties; again 'Natura' issued from thy lips. My younger hope next saw thee, listened, and listening, symphathised in all thy griefs, yea zealously undertook thy advocacy; again 'Natura' struck his wondering ear; explain this mystery and live."

"Not so, dread Sultan," replied the captive with respectful firmness. "If to do what God and man require,-defend my crown and country to the last,-merits chains and death, what terrible punishments were mine did I but dare expound the meaning contained in one trivial word

-your pardon, Sire, I may not, dare not obey."

"Think you, then, Sir King," exclaimed the Sultan, his imperial blood chafing his angry veins, "Think you we lack punishments for the refractory or disobedient?"

"Oh, mighty Sovereign, full well I know thy power, but, though tortures may tear my body, mere force can never elucidate the mystery thou dost covet, upon which, in rash eagerness, death

and the tormentors might set the final seal."

The captive's words sunk deep. "Natura" proved a charm of surpassing efficacy; and, in the hands of a magician so proficient as the Sagasan King, it became a spell to conjure withal. Accordingly, he worked the Oracle with right royal tact. Professing sovereign contempt of female curiosity as man and monarch should entertain, though there still existed sufficient of that feminine leaven in the Sultan's heart to render the solution of his prisoner's mystery an object to be purchased, no matter how costly the conditions. Having arrived at this mental decision, he once more addressed the captive.

"We commanded thee hither, King of Sagas, not to threaten but to spare, moved, as we have said, to clemency in thy behalf by the prayers and adjurations of our younger son. Thou hast excited a family controversy by reiteration of a singular and marked expression. This peculiar word I have solicited thee to explain-but, no, thou dost refuse, strengthening thy enemy's belief that it is a word of cabolistic power, importing death or danger to us and ours. Resolve our doubts, Oh King, and be the explanation bitter or sweet, here, in the presence of our sons and

court, we swear that not only shall thy life be held inviolate, but, if such thy wish, thou shalt be

free to depart our kingdom with profit and with honour."

"Thy oath is registered, and I obey—command we be alone—nay, mistrust me not," continued the King of Sagas, perceiving the Sultan regarding him with doubtful eyes, "Did I but dream of treachery, these gives are your security. The riddle must be solved to thy ear only. It befits not that others list to my tale."

The captor and the captive stood alone. For some moments each appeared to be lost in his

own reflections. At last the Sagasan monarch thus broke silence-

"I haste me, Oh, Sultan, to give thee explication of the mystery of my speech. Attend! 'Natura' is indeed a word of power—a spell fraught with much woe to thee. How shall I frame its meaning? How declare its bitter consequence and escape the fury of thy sudden pangs? Nerve thy heart with fortitude, and bear thy anguish as a warrior should. Thou own'st one son worthy his Royal Sire; the other two [patience, Sire,] are not of thy blood! They are but base-born cheats palmed on thy people and thy Royal Couch!"

"Liar!" roared the Sultan, placing his hand upon his scymetar, yet reeling as if the Angel of Death had blighted heart and brain—"Liar! Hopest thou to breathe this calumny and live?"

The King of Sagas stood undismayed; a melancholy shade flitted across his noble and

intellectual countenance, as he bared his bosom to the hesitating stroke.

"The words of truth, Oh Sultan, are but rarely acceptable, yet, however deep they sear, they will still be duly prized by the wise and virtuous. The skilful leech when he perceives a canker corrode the flesh shrinks not from application of the healthful knife, because of the sufferers plaints Nor do I, Oh Sultan, when thy honour bids hesitate to bare thy wound, because the act brings anguish to thy heart, or menaces death to me; no. Thou must outlive such transient pangs to

show the world a bright example of constancy and justice."

The Sultan gave vent to loud expressions of furious passion. The feelings of the man and the monarch were alike bitterly outraged by the captive's interpretation, and the victor quailed before the vanquished, oppressed by intense and agonising sorrow, for the Sultana Zelmira was among the most beautiful of earth's daughters, gifted with accomplishments beyond her sex; a perfect mistress of music, poetry, and love, her chains, however rosy, begirting in adamantine thrall. If, then, we consider this, and reflect how keen the pang of real or alleged infidelity even to the meanest bosom, it seems little short of miracle that the King of Sagas should have breathed the damning imputation and outlive its utterance.

"And so, Sir King," resumed the Saltan, with a strong effort to control his feelings, "upon what brain-sick surmises of thine I know not, thou would'st have me rashly conclude my elder born bastards, and the unswerving friend and dear loved partner of my throne and heart.

inconstant."

"Upon no brain-sick surmises puisant Sultan, would I have thee so conclude, but upon clear, irresistible, irrefragable proof, upon whose unerring truth I have gaged my head. Proof which you shall ere long fully admit."

"Multiplicity of words but mystify the sense. Can the wit that invented this slander reveal

its workings?"

"It can—it shall, so thou be ruled by me; show thy constancy but equal to probe the wound and fear not I excise the gangrene."

"Indicate the manner. Fear not my conduct!"

"Be the Sultana immediate prisoner; keep her aloof from all. Tax her straightway with the accusation of a secret but infallible evidence of her infamy. With iron nerve and marble brow avow thyself convinced and cognizant of her guilt. Permit no weakness to swerve thee from the ordeal. However passionate thy soul, be thy bearing calm and stern, granting her but choice of two alternatives—life and liberty if she avow, the axe if she deny the truth!"

"And if she die asserting her innocence despite thy poisonous tongue, an innocence I know not how to question, how, most sapient monarch, will my doubts be cleared or reconciled, especially

when those doubts have been engendered by a mortal foe ?"

"If I prove liar, my head remains to pay the ransom of my treason, Sire! Fear thou not me, but firmly follow the counsel I have given. Justice to thy true and only son demands it.

Respect to thy outraged honour commands it. Shrink not from the trial, and fear not the result!"

Who may paint the anguish of the Sultan? The fire of hell raged within his soul. His mind became an utter chaos. An ardent love for the idolised partner of more than twenty years. A devoted passion for the sorceress whose charms of mind and form bound him in their witching thrall, thrilled at his heart strings, exciting all the ragings of despair. Now in a transport of fury he felt prompted to drag the foreign traducer to the block,—and, now, the demon jealousy, in apt tormentings, would picture his Zelmira in the embrace of her paramour! Madness was in the thought. Excass of rage threatened privation of reason.

Gradually these frantic outbursts subsided, and taking counsel of his vizier, an old and oft tried servant, the Sultan eventually resolved upon adoption of the measures prescribed by the

King of Sagas.

The astounded Zelmira was unceremoniously dragged before her husband-judge, by whom she was sternly taxed with infidelity to the royal couch, and pawning spurious offspring on the crown. Four and twenty hours were accorded her to avow or disprove her guilt. So long a respite the Sultan granted in fond memorial of his unhappy ill-requited love.

The hour of trial drew nigh; and, attired with a studied negligence which displayed, but could not heighten the faultless beauty of a face and form, from which time had shorn none of its

peerless attractions,-the hitherto all-conquering Sultana prepared for judgment.

Ushered by the royal guards she approached the ante-chamber of the Judgment Hall; but, scarce were its portals unclosed when her eyes encountered a sight that caused her heart to quail.

Her breath came thick and short-her brain reeled, and her knees smote each other.

In the centre of this ominous hall stood a scaffold, hung with black; the light of day began to wane, and around the ghastly walls were stuck innumerable sconces, whose funeral lights flickered fitfully and fearfully on the block, the axe, the swarthy guards, and sable headsman.

Taxing her sinking courage to the uttermost, the shuddering Zelmira hastened to cross the dismal threshold, and, with trembling looks of reproachful love, and irrepressible floods of tears,

confronted her lord and arbiter of doom.

The Sultan's visage lowered dark and ominous as the thunder cloud, and those eyes which hitherto had melted in tender abandonment, flashed with lightning glances of fierce and ill-repressed vengeance. Every love directed effort failed to reach the sovereign's heart. Each most admired charm had lost the power of attraction. The damning accusation pealed in the lady's ear, and to protestations and supplications her judge remained impenetrable. Death or confession the sole retort to all her fervent expostulations.

"Mark me, traitress," exclamed the Sultan, in stern unyielding tones, "had we ever felt disposed to doubt thy infamy thy present degenerate conduct must have removed our every scruple. When the shadow that yet lingers upon yonder window shall have vanished, and thou shalt have avowed or persisted in denial of thy crime: then, according to thy own decision, even so shall ours be. Confession gives thee life and liberty: denial death,—assured death! Be brief

-decide! The shadow wanes—is passing,—now is gone!"

"My Lord, my life, my husband," screamed the Sultana, "and wilt thou credit the malignant assertions of interested traitors before the true and faithful evidence of thy own devoted wife? Thou wilt? Enough! even be it so," said the fascinating Zelmira, smoothing her dishevelled tresses and wiping her fast flowing tears. "Lead on. To the block. Yes, thou unkind one, thou shalt learn if the blood thus foully shed flows not pure and bright from a fond unaltered heart. Yet, hold! one word—one parting word ere life shall be no more. Nay, Sir, in private; for thy ear alone!"

"Madam, we occupy the Judgment Seat; Justice is blind, and I must prove her deaf! You have your choice—death or confession! No more delay—conduct the guilty hence—we wait until our justice be appeased. When the axe falls, let the shrill trump acquaint us. Your duty,

officers. Lead to the scaffold!"

The trembling Sultana was raised from the kneeling attitude into which she had flung herself—supported by the sable mutes, she tottered two or three steps towards the appalling chamber she had so recently traversed; but remembrance of all its terriffic pageantry utterly prostrated her

resolution. Her fortitude gave way beneath the overwhelming struggle, and with a heart-rending scream for mercy, and an unequivocal confession of guilt, she was borne off in a state of insensi-

bility

The despair of the Sultan at this criminal avowal was scarce less frenzied than that which had harrowed him at its first whispered, but doubted, disclosure. He had fondly clung to the belief of the Sultana's innocence, and awaited but for the warning note which should tell her neck was bent upon the block, to speed to snatch her thence and clasp her to his soul : for could she dare death, even at its contact, how could he longer dispute her innocence? Guilty nature, however, shrunk from the terrible ordeal, and the fair one purchased life with shame.

All save the King of Sagas quitted the Royal presence. No sooner were the princely antagonists alone, than, with a cry of agony, the Sultan flung himself upon the bosom of his

captive, exclaiming-

"My injustice to thee, Oh King, has been fearfully avenged. The wrongs of thy people have been washed out with Royal blood-since the holiest affections of the Sultan of Potentia have been the scoff and the sport of the abject. But how, Oh gifted monarch, how didst thou acquire the

damning-the disloyal knowledge?"

"Simply, but infallibly, great Sultan,-no spell of deceptive beauty enslaved my heart-no blandishment of the fair, but false one, blinded my vision, or subdued my sense—I was a calm, a passionless observer-I was, moreover, a captive and a suppliant-a keen and searching investigator of men and their motives. Hope at my heart, and nature for my guide. Nature, to whose shrine the wisest of the wise must yield-for "nature never says that which wisdom will contradict."2 Mark, then, and read my seeming mystery.

"I sate solitary and sad within my dungeon. The elder Prince sought the prisoner's cell to scoff at fallen royalty-aye, and with coarse and brutish mockery derided his prayer for life. I scanned the mind and bearing of my callous inquisitor. The pure blood of Royalty appeared not in him. He took not after the Sultan of Potentia, and he had neither the nature nor the disposition of his mother's brethren.3 It was enough. His origin declared him in his acts, and therefore fell " Natura" from my lips.

"The second Prince succeeded. His speech and thoughts were more grovelling still. What

could I other than utter 'Natura?' "

The Sultan replied not, save by a moan and look of unutterable woe.

"Their grovelling passions, low, debased desires with trumpet tongue bespoke their native breeding. What noble nature tramples the unhappy? What generous mind seeks to aggravate the captive's pangs? Experience teaches—none! I read their characters and gave them utterance. The like infallible indications that taught me to prononnce the elders aliens to thy blood, equally demonstrated the uncontaminated source of the younger scion. Prince shines forth in every lineament. Royalty is impressed on every act and gesture. A lofty and generous expression proclaims the true magnanimity of regal birth. Hence again my ejaculation-' Natura ! For, Sire, plate native meanness with gold,-caparison it with costly robes and gems -bedizen it with whatsoever meretricious frippery you may,- 'Natura!' Nature will break through; even, if with unwearied perseverance, it be coerced through one generation, still it will rankle in the blood to discover itself probably at the most unwished and most disastrous moment. Yes, Sire, sooner or later the observant must detect its workings,-for nature ever to herself is true! This, oh Sultan, has been the unerring guide which pointed to me the truth, which enabled me to tear down the web of treachery that entangled thee. This is the beacon that shows thee the way of justice to the true born-of degradation to the debased and the imposter !"

How strictly accurate the King of Sagas' conclusions has been clearly shown. They were, however, shortly placed beyond all possibility of question by the formally recorded confession of the unfortunate Sultana, its disgraceful authenticity fully established by corroborating testimony from which it appeared that the girlish heart of the frail, though not absolutely abandoned, Zelmira, ere she became the chosen of the Sultan of Potentia, had been won by a rude mercenary whose form outweighed his mind. To this sworder, who followed her from her father's court, she had sacrificed her own and her sovereign's honor-and, ere her paramour had found a soldier's early grave one child, the coarse Barodis, had been born, whilst the brutish Bearco was shortly destined to behold the light. These were the fruits of guilty intercourse, whilst, as the King of Sagas

had averred, the amiable Placido was, indeed, the pure unblemished issue.

To Zelmira life, liberty, and a moderate provision was accorded. Withdrawing to a remote country with her pair of princes, the frail Sultana retired from a world to whose pleasures she had been too long and too ardently devoted. Barodis perished ignobly in a civic brawl, and Bearco by the sword of an enraged husband whose honor he had sought to tarnish.

The King of Sagas was restored to his crown and people, and became no less remarkable for his friendship with his once relentless invader than he had ever been eminent for wisdom and

sagacity.

The accomplished Placido gathers golden lessons from the once captive monarch whose cause he had so enthusiastically advocated, and whose fortunes he had so nobly redeemed. His time was equally divided between the court of his sire and with that of his preceptor and friend; and, when the once hostile sovereigns had been gathered to their fathers he united their sceptres under his own sway, which proved a long and happy one of peace, prudence, and prosperity.

NOTES

NOTE 1-PAGE 27.

" The blight of his Evil-eye is even now upon me."

" Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye."-Proverbs, chap. xxiii, v. 6.

There is scarcely a nation in the known world that has not some superstitious legend relative to the influence of the evil-eye. The Hebrews have curious anecdotes in corroboration of its direful effect; particularly how the St. Battians-a certain race of scholars, skilled in Cabala, by a single glance of the עין רע (evil-eye) levelled an enemy to the earth, and, like the lightning's vivid flash, caused instantaneous death. Even at this era it is not uncommon for parents who have comely children to hang cameos round their necks to protect them against the consequences apprehended from an evil look of an ill disposed person. The ancient Greeks believed that the malignant influence passed by fascination, from the eyes or tongues of envious persons, which infected the ambient air, and through that medium penetrated and corrupted the bodies of animals and other things. The natives of India, like the Hebrews and other eastern nations, also, to counteract the baneful influence of an evil eye place cameos (charmed beads) about the necks of their children after the same fashion, and to complete the spell they ejaculate some unintelligible sentence, form a circle and run three times round the child. Similar superstitions still exist in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, and in Ireland, where cameos and camyos are at a premium, and are worn as an antidote against the fascinations of the eye.

The mountain ash was highly prized by the Scotch as an antidote against witchery: One sprig of that efficacious tree was deemed sufficient to shield its possessor from the calamitous effects of an evil eye. The man who had the good fortune to fortify himself with a sprig of the mountain ash, stuck in his hat-band, or through his button-hole, was sure to escape all the peculiar snares of witchcraft; and a passport to safety was insured to that happy cow which had

a branch of this infallible and invaluable prophylactic folded up in her graceful tail.

The evil eye exerted prodigious influence upon the brute creation—sometimes effecting an instantaneous change of colour, or some such miracle—at other times sudden death. When misfortunes of this nature happened, the animal was said to be "elf-shot"—affected by the "eyebite," or by the "blink of an evil eye." That the ancient Romans were not entirely sceptics on this point we may conclude from the authority of Virgil, (3rd Eclogue), "Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos"—"I know not what evil eye can have bewitched my tender lambs." Horace, again, in his Epistol "ad villicum suum", (Lib. I. XIV.), says,

"Non istic obliquo oculo mea commmoda quisquam Limat; non odio obscuro, morsuque venenat."

"There, no one with envious eye diminishes my goods; nor poisons them with secret malice nor biting slander." On this passage the learned Dr. Anthon remarks, that "it was a common superstition amongst the ancients, that an envious-eye diminished and tainted what it looked upon;" and Sir Francis Bacon on the same subject says, "some have been so curious as to mark the time and seasons when the spoke of an envious eye is most pernicious."

"Fixing on the mind his horrid eye, he stares and shakes and finds it vain to fly."—Dryden.

The fascination of the eye is not confined to the human race. We have on record several interesting accounts of its influence on the lower animals. Squirrels, for instance, become so stupified and panic-striken at the fixed stare of a dog, that they have been known to fall from

the tree into the very jaws of death.

Partridges, at the determined pointing of a dog—regardless of consequences, have quietly suffered the net to be thrown over them. The fascination of grimalkin's eye has induced birds to drop from their perch under her very talons. The direful charm of the rattlesnake is extremely terrific. We are informed by a naturalist of modern date that he has seen a mouse running round a large snake, which stood looking earnestly at it, with its mouth open; still the mouse made less and less circle about it, crying all the while, as if compelled thereto; and at last with much seeming reluctance ran into the gaping mouth, and was instantly devoured.

The following is a faithful copy of ancient Camyos supposed to have been worn by the Syrians, Persians, Egyptians, Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians, Chaldeans and Hebrews, more than three thousand

years ago, as a charm against the evil eye.

اکراروقوس کراروقوس اروقوس اروقوس فوس قوس فوس אקראבוקום קראבוקום דאבוקום אבוקום בוקום יקום קום ום

(1, 2.) The nearest affinity we have to this word which we have traced in an old manuscript cabalistic book [the author unknown] is מקרובוקו (Akrubukus) the name of the angel appointed to afford grace:—his situation is opposite the sacred angel (Gabriel*) who is also one of that class מקרובוקו (angels) appointed to afford grace and mercy. The fourth letter in the camyo is an N (aleph) instead of a \ (vav) this we consider a mere error in the transcript. We have no doubt as to the origin of the word.

(3.) The literal translation of this camyo, in Syriac, Arabic, and Persian, is as follows:-

1st line, ... "Servant of the beneficent."
2d line, ... "Of the beneficent."
3d line, ... "The beneficent."
4th line, ... bears no translation.

5th line. This which is the final letter of the sentence, and which is also employed in Arabic, in a numeral sense, must in its present situation be received only as we use the term final or finale at the end of a book.

4 & 5. These camyos in the Sanscrit character bear the same style of translation as that of No.3. 6, 7, & 8. These camyos have some cabalistic meaning which we are not yet able to fathom.

Serenus Samonicus, Physician to Severus and Caracalla, recommended the Abracadabra [the name of a god worshipped by the Syrians] as a charm or amulet in curing agues, particularly the fever called hemitritæus.

^{*} This is the noted angel of God so often mentioned in Holy Writ. He opposed and frustrated the Persian King's counsels against the Jews, and forwarded the ruin of Persia. Dan. x. 13. 20.—see also Dan. vii. xii. Luke i. Math. i. 11.

The curious who may be desirous of proving the efficacy of the Abracadabra may consult Julius Africanus, Seren. Samon. De Medicina, cap. 52.

Mortiferum magis est quod græcis hemitritæum Vulgatur verbis, hoc nostra dicere, lingua, Non potuere ulli (puto) nec voluere parentes Inscribes chartae, quod dicitur, abracadabra, Sæpius, et subter repetes, sed detrahe summam, Et magis atque; magis desint elementa figuris Singula, quæ semper rapies, et cætera figes, Donec in angustum redigatur littera conum, His lino nexis collum redimire memento.

Thus,
ABRACADABRA
ABRACADAB.
ABRACADAB.
ABRACADA.
ABRACAD.
ABRACA.
ABRACA.
ABRAC.
ABRAC.
ABRA.
ABR.
ABR.

NOTE 2-PAGE 31.

" Nature never says that which wisdom will contradict."

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.- Juvenal.

"Good taste and nature always speak the same,
For wisdom ever echoes nature's voice."—MACDONELL.

NOTE 3—PAGE 31.

" He had neither the nature nor the disposition of his mother's brethern."

The Egyptians and Persians, as well as the Chaldeans and Hebrews, agree in opinion that Boys inherit the disposition of their Mother's Brethern, and Girls follow the nature and disposition of their Mother's Sisters. We have excellent annotations on sacred history to justify this belief where 'tis said אורה אורה אורה אורה של "The generality of Sons follow the disposition of their Mother's Brethern."

Rabbi Schelemoth Jarchi—the first commentator on the Bible—who according to Hebrew license of taking the initials of succeeding words and joining them together, is commonly called [Rashi] likewise observes that "he who desires to take unto himself a wife shall first look into the disposition of her Brethern."

בוי שרוצה לישא אשה יסתכל באחוה

Several "stubborn facts" of recent date tend to corroborate this doctrine—and to fortify our belief that the opinions and philosophical researches of the ancients were not based on an unsolid foundation—what stronger evidence can we adduce in support of this doctrine than the fate of K—II, who after violating every act of honesty and humanity was executed in Sydney, New South Wales, on the 13th of February, 1844, for the fiend-like murder of

Mrs. Jameison. One Brother of this wretched man is at present a convict in Van Diemen's Land. There are several other brothers equally vicious and depraved—all the issue of the same mother, an amiable lady, against whom the tongue of slander could never send forth its venom. These sons therefore inherited not her disposition—nor did they inherit the nature of their noble father, whose descent has been traced to the third and fourth generation—free from blemish; and as a further proof that these viciously minded sons partook not of his own disposition—it may be worthy of record, that he has several children by two former wives—all of them strictly affable, humane, and piously inclined. It is thus clear that the culprits in question took not in disposition after their Father, nor after their Mother, but "after the disposition of their Mother's Brethern," from whence their deformities of mind have been traced.

The quality of the human mind is hereditary—all deficiencies of intellect and natural depravity of disposition descend through the mind, as the gout or king's evil decends through the blood even unto third and fourth generation, and although innate depravity like the scrofula, may lie dormant during one whole generation, it will assuredly develope itself in another and burst forth with volcanic fury when least expected—this is fully demonstrated by the divine wisdom of our Heavenly Father, and in corroboration of the fact we need only refer to the vi. xiv. and xix. chapters of Genesis.

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle, and the impressions received even there, frequently exert their influence through the whole period of life. Principles which take the deepest root are certainly those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood and youth. The young pupil takes lessons from every thing around him; his character and habits are forming before he is conscious of his acquisitions. It is at this period that instead of mildness, humanity and forgiveness-tyranny, malice and revenge are engrafted on the disposition of children, by inconsiderately fond parents and silly old nurseswho invariably, with savage-like grimace and gesture, beat the "wicked table," and "naughty, naughty, naughty chairs, for hurting poor baby's head"-and by way of stamping cruelty into its disposition, an occasional spoonful of liquid is thrown on the floor to show the blood extracted from wood for the insolence offered to the "sweet babe." Thus Ferdinand the VIIth had his cruel nature brutally encouraged by being allowed to glut his delight in wringing the necks of a nest of birds brought to him daily, by sycophantic-toadeating-parasites, cringing and crawling like Nebuchadnezzar on all fours, for an august puff of air from the nostrils of royalty. It is to such folly and wantonness, combined with the coarse jibes and low cunning of servants-the tyrannical conduct and want of patience in teachers, that the disposition of a child often becomes bad; although the nature may be good. Here then comes the great distinction between nature and disposition-the former is instilled into the veins of an infant before its birth-the latter [which may be termed a kind of second nature] is engrafted into its mind after birth. Man, through the means of proper education and firmness, may pluck from his mind all that has been viciously or thoughtlessly engrafted upon his disposition; but God alone can remove that which has been originally implanted in our nature.

That education will do much in preparing the mind for checking and subduing the evil propensities of nature has been fully established by the resolution and perseverance of Marcus Aurelius and the good Socrates, who both possessed powerful redeeming qualities.

The delicacy and morality of Cibber's Lady Easy were shocked in having an inconstant husband; but she displayed no austere frown, no petulence—she allured him back into the paths of virtue by decking virtue in her loveliest garb. Patient suffering, meek tenderness, and cheerful conversation were her arms, and the most powerful ones, against a froward mistress, who was the object of his pursuit, but not of his esteem. Teachers should take a lesson from this finely drawn moral character, and bear in mind that it is far better insensibly to lead the human mind than violently to force it. Force should only become the impelling power and mainspring to induce the youthful mind to submit to a prescribed rule of conduct, when every other effort to gain the desired object has failed. This no doubt was Lord Bacon's view, when he expressed his opinion, that inclination and turn of mind might be changed by violently bending them the contrary way like a crooked stick, which if bent in an opposite direction becomes straight again. Woe to that parent who in

the last extremity is compelled to rule with a rod of iron. But let weak indulgent parents, and all connivers at sin, take heed from the fate of Eli 1 Sam. iv. xiv. 3. xxii. 1 Kings ii.—least they bring upon themselves and their posterity everlasting torment, for it is certain the Lord is righteous in all his ways, and it is certain that Parents are punished in the misery of their posterity; to wit, observe how the Canaanites were terribly enslaved by the posterity of Shem and of Japhet, accord-

ing to the tenor of Noah's curse.

Although we may not "find meekness in a creature so armed for battle and assault, as the lion," we may train that noble animal to obey our commands, even to crouch at our feet with the affection and segacity of a Newfoundland dog. We may train the majestic elephant to carry in its trunk with care and tenderness an infant; but we can neither tame the hyena nor the tiger--that innate treachery so co-eval with their nature, will induce the one to "smile, and devour while it smiles;" and the other, cat-like, suddenly to spring upon us and plunge its talons into our vital parts, at the very moment we may be offering them food for their existence. Thus it is also with the human species—we may by kindness and by well timed reasoning, entirely root out all propensities from that individual, who by nature has only one redeeming quality—but no human power can make that being virtuous who is radically victous. Southey, to the same effect, correctly remarks that deformities of mind, as of the body, will sometimes occur—some voluntary cast-aways there will always be, whom no fostering kindness and no parental care can preserve from self destruction.

As uncleanliness breeds deseases of the body, so impurity of blood engenders depravity and every degradation of the mind—such as will break through the bonds of friendship, trample on humanity, violate every sacred tie of blood and filial affection, and scoff at the wonderful and mighty works of our Heavenly Father. Thus Absolem, whose mother (Maachah) was the issue of a race of idolators—from whom, he could only have inherited his impious nature, notwithstanding the refinement of Court, Princely education and all the brilliant examples of piety and righteousness before him in his Royal Father, the man after God's own heart, rebelled against that parent, and sought both his life and crown. Thus Commodus, regardless of philosophers, and of the decencies of nature, corrupted his own sisters, and indulged in every other depravity. Thus Nero, who inherited the cruel and degraded mind of his mother, employed assassins to destroy her, to whom laying her bosom bare, she with just reason exclaimed, "strike first the breast which gave nourish-

ment to such a monster."

Innumerable instances might be quoted which only tend to corroborate the opinion of the

Sagasan Monarch on the infallible rule for tracing corrupt and ignoble births.

We have isolated instances, in opposition to this generally established opinion, on record, which must only be considered as raræ aves and one of these isolated instances, we have before quoted in Socrates; but that great man had in his disposition a powerful redeeming quality—to counterpoise the vices of his nature—firmness of mind, and that guide of life—an extensive predominating reasoning faculty (a) which by education and his belief [altho' a heathen] in the immortality of the soul, acted more than an equipoise to the deformities of his nature, and he consequently became that just and upright man which his biographers have proclaimed him.

That the mere outward garb and profession of religion without sincere devotion and purity of belief in the wisdom, mercy, and goodness of the most high and great geometrician of the universe will not eradicate the virulence of a deep and depraved heart is fully established in the criminal catalogue of culprits—who with the advantage of superior education and the true path of piety and virtue before them as ministers of the gospel, have been guilty of the most malignant, revengeful, abandoned and irreligious acts of atrocity ever committed by human depravity.—In corroboration of this fact—amongst the many too well authenticated records—we will mention the Revel. Thomas Hunter of Fife, in Scotland, who was executed on the 22nd of August 1700 for the premeditated revengeful murder of two innocent boys, his own pupils, and sons of his kind benevo-

⁽a) "Ratio quasi quædam lux lumenque vitæ." -- Cicero.

lent benefactor, Mr. Gordon. This wretched murderer, horrid to relate, closed his ignominious life with the following delaration. "There is no God—I do not believe there is any, or, if there is, I hold him in defiance."—This abandoned athiest further averred, while under the hands of his executioner, that he only regretted not having murdered Mr. Gordon's daughter as well as his two sons. The athiestic disposition of this impious hypocrite proved to be the hereditary nature of his maternal uncle, who had, some years before, himself died the death of ignominy for similar acts of attrocity.

The fate of this wretched being fully justified Southey's argument, that intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by sincere religious principles; without a just view of heaven's mercy and goodness, the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous if he be ill-disposed, if well disposed, only more happy. Berkeley to the same effect observes, there are two parts in our nature. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason;

which if not aided by religion, would be almost universally vanquished.

The proud Alexander [who delighted in enterprises in proportion as the contemporary of the co

The proud Alexander [who delighted in enterprises in proportion as they were difficult who rashly jumped into the river Cydnus while his blood was heated—leaped over the wall of Oxydracæ, and exposed himself singly to the attack of the enemy] conceived that he could overcome nature—whilst Hannibal succeeded in surmounting every obstacle which she opposed to him

-- by prowess and perseverance.

Education, blended with pious humility, will engender in the mind that tranquility which soothes the spirits to rest, and in the season of devotion, contribute essentially to produce a suitable degree of religious fervour, which must tend to curb, if not totally to root out, every evil propensity originally engrafted on our nature: we have the authority of holy writ that in heaven there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine that need no repentance; what then must the joy of heaven be over that sinner who by his humility and sincere penitence not only cleanses his own heart from all impurities, but by the fervency of his devotion totally eradicates and blots from earth's memory those hereditary vices which have decended from Father to Son even unto the third and fourth generation.

With a mind inspired by the surest hope of a future state:—a mind bursting from the trammels of mortality, in idea, partaking of beatitude:—a mind which has subdued the natural love of existence, waiting with humble resignation to be freed from "this muddy vesture of decay," to seek the realms of peace and love; a mind tempered with that firm trust in providence which extends its views to futurity, and diffuses into the heart a glorious light of religious joy—a cheerfulness, which as Addison says, "banishes all anxious care and discoutent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in perpetual calm," with a mind so rightfully and so gloriously bent and cultivated, what may not be achieved? The deaf may be made to hear—the blind to see—the cripple to walk—the dumb to speak—and every deformity of the body made straight even unto comeliness.

"God assists us in the virtuous conflict, and will crown the conqueror with eternal reward."-Blair.

Most philosophers, as well as many of the learned faculty, have decided that the nature and disposition of children are more or less affected by the influence of the mother's mind during her pregnancy. The Chinese are also of this opinion, and therefore when their ladies are in that state, musicians are employed to entertain them at night with agreeable songs, that the infant before its birth may receive good and harmonious impressions, and come into the world sweetly disposed in mind.

It is narrated by Wraxal, in his "Tour through France," that Henry D'Albert, father of Jane Queen of Navarre—consented to gratify her anxiety to see his will, which he kept in a golden box, on condition that during the pains of her travail she would, in his hearing, sing a song in the

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Bearnois language. Jane had courage to perform this singular request: the King being called in on the first intimation of her illness, she immediately sung a Bearnois song, beginning "Notre Dame du bout Du pont aidez moi en cette heure;" as she concluded the melody, Henry the IV. was born—certainly one of the best disposition monarchs the world ever produced. The King instantly performed his promise by giving her the box, together with a golden chain, which he tied about her neck.

Macrobius [Lib. ii. in Somnium Scipionis] says "the soul brings into the body with it the memory of that music with which it was entertained in heaven," and he adds, "there are certain nations that attend the dead to their burial with singing, because they believe the soul returns to heaven, the fountain and origin of music."

THE BARK HUT.

It was late one evening, in the days of yore, when sages and scholars gathered together m vallies and in fields, remote from human habitation, to study the law, and like the Persian magi, to hold their learned discussions and controversies in quiet, free from all intrusions, that an intellectual foreigner, dressed in the Polish gaberdine, with a long beard of snowy whiteness, the symbol of extreme old age, majestically hanging from his chin down his breast, who had journeyed from a distant country, became benighted in a forest several leagues in extent, through which he had to pass. The night was dark and dreary—the wind blew a hurricane, such as is often experienced in the Eastern hemisphere, and the heavy rain poured down in torrents. Oppressed by cold and hunger, drenched to the skin and overcome by fatigue from the inclemency of the weather, and protracted wandering about the forest, the poor old man feebly tottered from tree to tree and from bush to bush, in hopes of finding some shelter where he might, in safety, rest his weary limbs, and with firm trust in Providence that he might soon extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he seemed entangled.

In this dilemma, nearly fainting from exhaustion—his mental energies became suddenly exhililirated and his animal strength newly invigorated at the appearance of a distant glimmering light! His heart bounded with delight, and fixing his eyes on the grateful sight, he with cheerful steps advanced to it, when to his unspeakable joy he discovered a temporary hut erected with bark, and covered with leaves, through which the beams of light-had so opportunely attracted his notice,

and had acted as a beacon to guide him in safety to where he now stood.

Hearing voices from within the hut, the poor old man eagerly craved admittance. The only inmates, three scholars who, according to Eastern custom, had assembled there to study the law—alarmed at so strange a demand, at so late an hour, at so great a distance from the city, and on such an awfully dark and raining night, rushed spontaneously together in terror to the entrance, where to their confusion and dismay they stumbled over the apparent lifeless form of a human being! It was the body of the stranger—yes, reader, they stumbled over the inanimate body of the poor old man, a stranger in a strange land—who from the infirmities of old age, overcome by weakness and excess of joy, fell senseless on the threshold. He was instantly removed into the hut, where after a short lapse of time animation being restored, he quenched his thirst with a draught of water, and allayed his hunger with a scanty portion of bread and salt—the only provision with which the three scholars were provided, and he soon after sank into a sound sleep on some dry leaves in the bark hut.

The three scholars now resumed their studies-giving various interpretations on certain passages in Holy Writ, when references were necessarily made to the comments of Rashi, whose work had just about this period been published. His comments were read by the three scholars with great deference and admiration. They at length entered into an argument on the true mode of writing his name, and all came to one conclusion, that the publisher made a mistake in writing Rashi instead of Rash; that in their opinion he had evidently published a letter too much, which letter they agreed among themselves, for the benefit of the public, to erase, and with this determination one of the three scholars took from his pocket a knife, which he applied to the final letter of Rashi, to erase it. At that moment a deep drawn sigh and lamentable moan was heard in the hut—the knife fell from the hand of the scholar, and they all three started from their seats to look at the old man, thinking he was ill; but no, the old man's countenance was unruffled, and he appeared to be in a calm sleep. "He is dreaming," said one of the scholars. "Yes," replied the other, and taking no farther notice of the affair, sate themselves quietly down to do that which they had left undone. The knife was again placed on the final letter of Rashi for the erasement, and it again abruptly fell from the scholar's hand at the sound of another deep drawn sigh and piteous moan in the hut, more solemn and awful than the first. "Tis strange," ejaculated one of the three. "Yes," said another—there was a sepulchral like tone in that moan so harrowing that I fear the poor old man is near his dissolution." They again looked at him, but to their astonishment there was a benevolent smile on his countenance which bore the aspect of pious serenity, and he breathed the breathings of a person in perfect health. "Do not disturb the old man," said another of the party. "Sleep will refresh him—he seems happy, and is probably dreaming of his wanderings in the forest." "True, true," exclaimed the others, and treating the alarm as groundless, they deliberately sate themselves at the table to perform what they considered an act of public duty-to correct an error of the press. The knife, as on the two former occasions, was placed on the final letter of Rashi, ready for the erasure, when a moan of excruciating torture stronger than ever saluted the three scholars, who darted from their seats with horror at beholding the fierce gaze of two human eye-balls a few inches above the notations of Rashi. Marvel not, reader, at this seeming piece of hocus pocus-the eyes were those of the poor old man, who had unperceived by the party risen on his knees from his bed of leaves, and rested his chin upon the table! As soon as the panic-stricken scholars had recovered from their fright they kindly asked the old man if he felt indisposed—"no," replied the stranger. "Then why," respectfully enquired the scholars, "did you moan so bitterly." "And can you ask that question," retorted the old man. "How could I otherwise than moan when you were about to plunge your knife." into me."

Reader need it be told that the poor old man was Rashi, whose eye (i) the scholars were about to pluck out. The delight of the three scholars in having given shelter to such a guest as Rashi can be better imagined than described. And for several years after this extraordinary coincidence, every scholar felt himself honored by an occasinal visit to the Bark Hut.

ALI AND AMINE.

Amid the countless lights of a Chivalry that reflected imperishable lustre on the dazzling Court of the famous Haroun Al Raschid, no warrior was more distinguished for martial enterprise, or political ability, than Ali Al Ben Issachaar, the commander of that illustrious Monarch's Koordish Horse.

From comparative obscurity, by the energy of a superior and enlightened understanding, Ali had elevated himself to a place of the highest estimation in the camp and councils of his Sovereign. His conduct in the field was, if possible, surpassed by his ability in the divan; and, whether to Ali's hand or head an appeal were made, the result sufficed to illustrate how richly he merited the

popular soubriquet,-The Caliph's right hand!

In the lists of Saracenic jousters what lance was more certain than Ali's ?—what scymetar flashed more bright ?—none eclipsed him in courage, and few could cope with him in activity or address. Numberless were his trophies—but amid the proudest and dearest was the heart of the peerless Amine. The devotion of the pair was mutually ardent—no adverse barrier interposed to check their proud idolatry—fortune smiled propitious—delighted parents yielded a prompt and gratified assent to their nuptials, and an indulgent prince approved and honoured them. Their marriage was celebrated with a magnificence and pomp befitting the state of the mightiest Monarch of the East.

Ali and Amine were the happiest of mortals: day after day gleamed on their fond endearments. Ali, in the first bloom of manhood, was a model of manly beauty—and, of her sex and clime, none

was more witching than the incomparable Amine.

Love's moon had scarce yet waned, when an unexpected outbreak summoned Ali from the silken joys of dalliance to the rugged toils of war. Sad and bitter were the pangs of parting, and keen the grief that throbb'd at the heart of the mourning bride. Ali gently whispered encouraging words of hope and comfort, but, alas! they fell on a dull ear and stricken soul. The wife of his bosom had fainted through excess of emotion. Confiding her to the care of tender friends and kindred, Ali imprinted a deep, impassioned kiss on her ashy lips; then, hasting from the chamber, vaulted into his lofty war-saddle, and, giving his gallant charger the rein, placed himself at the head of the chosen bands, whom he had ever marshalled to victory.

Nor was Ali less successful now than heretofore; wherever his standard waved, the terrified insurgents fled—if any fool-hardy wight dared the fortunes of the field, it was but to cumber earth with carrion, and furnish a repast for the eagle. Brief space sufficed to stifle the revolt. The sword and bowstring effectually silenced the refractory. Order restored, the victorious Ali hastened

to declare his successful mission to his prince, and clasp to his enraptured heart his adored Amine.

During Ali's campaign, Amine had retired from Bagdad to a pleasant kiosk on the banks of

the Tigris, to pass in seclusion the weary hours of her husband's absence.

The sun had sometime kissed the western wave—the early moon already began to silver tree and fountain—the locusts chirped their shrill vespers—silence enwrapped the lonely mansion, when suddenly the sharp ring of a courser's hoof struck the listening ear of the disconsolate Amine. The tramp grew louder and louder, approached the dwelling, her heart throbbed tumultuously, a strange, a sickening, a soul subduing shudder pervaded her writhing frame, and the beautiful Amine must have fallen, had not Ali, who entered at the instant, caught her to his heart, covering her

cheek with a shower of rapturous caresses.

But, ah, wondrous change, faintly and feebly did Amine respond to the passionate endearments of Ali. There was a chill on her lip—a cloud upon her brow, and a constrained warmth in her kindest caress that struck surprise and gloom to her husband's soul. Quickly she perceived the doubt and anguish that racked him; for an instant her eyes were rivetted on his with a gaze of absorbing, and, as it seemed, despairing tenderness—in the next they were dissolved in tears, as with wild and frantic exclamations she clasped him in an excess of transport in her arms; in vain the lover husband strove to penetrate the terrible mystery—to every oft repeated adjuration, tears and sighs were her sole response. But in her very coldness there was a conflicting and touching

affection that wound the doating Ali to the wildest pitch of fondness.

In safety had the devoted husband reached his wished-for home, and again, in safety, had folded the idol of his dearest affections to his heart. There was a change and there was no change in the tender bearing of Amine—fondly and fervently rendered she Ali's kiss for kiss—passionately did she return caress for caress, nay there was a deep, an intense under current of feeling—of marked but mournful feeling, that characterised her every act and look, telling of love, of truth, of devotion unutterable! Her speaking eyes grew as it were to Ali's countenance, perusing each lineament with a passionate earnestness which ever and anon found relief in tears. Now would she embrace him in rapturous adoration; then, suddenly, anguish would convulse her frame, her cheek would turn pale, her eye grow dull, her pulse become faint, and a paroxysm of agony would prostrate soul and sense.

It seemed as though Ali and Amine had been struck with a blight of the heart, for, albeit her tender regard augmented with each new day, her hidden sorrows increased likewise. No longer the nuptial couch was shared—each night bedewed a lonely pillow with unavailing tears; but even at the moment they suffered this cruel divorce, their spirits would unite with an all-engrossing passion that inflamed, whilst it consumed their life's blood.

To Allah and to Ali were the devotion of Amine addressed, and Ali came to the conclusion that in rigid obedience to some self-prescribed penance, the mysterious conduct of his Amine was

attributable; and, that his infant once born, he again might be restored to happiness.

The hour of travail and peril came, and Ali lingered anxiously with all the apprehensions of a doating husband-all the indescribable longings of an expectant father. A beautiful male child was given to the world, but it speedily became evident that the birth of the son must cause death Yes, her hours were indeed numbered. Azrael already hovered over her fatal couch, to the mother. and Ali, in uncontrollable anguish, hung over the worshipped being upon whose clammy cheek the dews of death were fast settling. Hapless Ali !-- who shall depict the tortures that rung thy lacerated bosom ?--who describe the conflicting pangs that rent the fluttering heart of the fainting Amine ? Fond but feeble were her efforts to clasp the beloved of her soul in her passing embrace. Aye, "the golden bowl" was well nigh "broken at the fountain," the last knot of life's "silver cord" was about to be "loosed." The flickering ray that illumined her large, tender, but glazed eye, was fading into darkness-the brightness of truth beamed in the pallid light yet flickering in the wasted socket—the atmosphere breathed but of death and doom to the young and beautiful. It was a moment when the mourner dies a thousand deaths! The parting mother regarded not the wail of her first born. Her gaze was fixed upon Ali !- upon him her distracted thoughts were fixed, when a dervise, summoned to fit the departing spirit for its portentous change, soon entered the melancholy chamber.

What was the nature of their converse-what were the lady's disclosures, (if any,) remained

for that time within the bosom of the holy man.

After a brief space, Ali returned to the chamber, life's taper yet gleamed fitfully as he approached. The eyes he worshipped shed their expiring glance on his; the snowy arms which had oftentimes rapturously pressed him, were now for the last time wound around his neck. The quivering lip sought to drain the dew from his—a low deep drawn sigh, told of happiness even in death—a faint rattle—a suspiration never more to be repeated—a nervous fluttering—a relaxing gasp—a glazed eye—a convulsive sob—and the beauteous Amine sank into the valley of death.

Pass we hastily over the mournful obsequies—lightly be touched a sorrow we cannot paint—now let us follow the heart stricken husband, to note how devotion to the memory of his loved and

lost Amine becomes developed in the all-engrossing regard of his offspring.

As yet, in infancy, the youth Ali proved a creature of dazzling beauty, and, with growing years, he became even yet more fair,—but, in his earliest years there was a precocious indication of a savage disposition, as foreign from the gentle nature of his mother, as opposite to the frank and generous character of his chivalrous sire. To torture the lesser and feebler of God's creatures was his chosen pastime—to inflict pain afforded him gratification; and, to such an unwonted pitch were his savage appetites secretly indulged, that he gloated with fearful and unconquerable relish on blood. His daily food he relished not as other youths; nay, there were those who actually detected him gnawing the maimed limb of a child, killed by an accidental fall. This, however, was universally disbelieved—an accusation so monstrous being attributed to the malice of a discarded domestic, celebrated for a prediliction to the marvellous.

The fondness of the elder Ali for his beautiful son was wholly unexampled. In his child, and for his child he seemed alone to live. Every source of instruction was carefully imparted. In each exercise in which he himself excelled, he essayed to render the youth proficient: nor did the lad prove an inapt pupil, for, with his years, grew his intelligence and grace, and if he had not actually overcome that ferocity of his nature which his father strove to eradicate, yet had he at least sufficient

fortitude to cloak it.

The only son of the "Caliphs right hand" was not likely to droop in the shade of Court favor. The light of the Sovereign's countenance beamed upon the youth, who, before he had well attained the first bloom of manhood, filled a military post of eminence and distinction. The martial genius of the father seemed to have descended to the son, and repeated acts of bravery, and successful daring, had ensured the royal regard, and his fellow-soldiers' esteem.

In the sweep of the headlong charge, what sabre outstript that of the impetuous Ali? What steel fell more fiercely on the foemen's crest? Already amid the Koordish horse had he been designated THE THUNDERBOLT—for dire and deadly were the ravages his fatal arm committed. His resistless valour rendered him the terror of the foe; and his delighted father listened to the recital of his

bold achievements with that fond enthusiasm which only doating parent can experience.

If the boyhood of Ali was sanguinary, his manhood waxed much more so. The enemy that confessed his prowess had fearful cause to denounce his inhumanity—proving, as he did, a demon of butchery, revelling in the ranks of slaughter. For the vanquished, he had no compassion—for

the captive, no clemency.

Certain of his acts had recently excited the curiosity of his fellow-soldiers, who became suspiciously curious to divine why, upon the evening of a battle, Ali should stealthily leave the camp alone, and in silence. His amorous disposition was well known, and therefore, for some time, his stolen absence were accordingly accounted for; but rumours of an abhorrent, an appalling nature, began to be shudderingly whispered, causing the hearer's eye to dilate with terror—his soul to sicken with horror and disgust.

A terrible conflict had taken place, and, as usual, the sword of Ali had carved out many a repast for the jackall and the vulture. The shades of evening were falling upon the ensanguined plain, when, with stealthy steps and watchful prowl, the mysterious Ali bent his way to the dread

scene of carnage.

But not unmarked did Ali quit the camp this time. The apprehensions of his comrades had been wildly excited, and, with silent tread, they followed his course. The gory plain was attained.

Ali traversed it amid its heaps of slain. He flung himself to the earth. Was it a corse he half upreared? Or, was it a wounded suppliant, whose moans had attracted his pity? His pity? Yes, it must be so, for, lo! he stoops to breathe some words of comfort in the sufferer's ear!-So utterly engrossed was Ali with deeds of charity, he perceived not the spies who dogged him closely! Charity, said we? No!-surely his purpose is plunder: at least he strips the dead man's covering? Oh, no! The clay-cold lips are pressed to his. Horror of horrors! his own are dripping gore! and, by the faint glimmer of the stars, the affrighted watchers discern the white teeth of the living man tearing and crunching the corrupting flesh of the dead! The mystery is fearfully solved :-THE THUNDERBOLT stands revealed: a man-eater—a robber of the worm!

Terror stiffens the palsied limbs of the shuddering beholders, whilst Ali, unconscious of their presence, casts down the desecrated carcase to cull a fresher and a choicer morsel. Again another corse is reared to glut his horrible appetite. The uncarthly banquet has recalled the spirit of the dead! A scream of appalling anguish rends the ear of night. The butchered gripes the butcher by the throat. A brief struggle ensues. The hitherto concealed spectators haste to the spot, and, as they gain it, the momentary glitter of steel, and a deep groan, tells them what death is doing. The wounded had passed away, expiring with the act of sheathing his poignard in Ali's bosom,

who, bleeding and a prisoner, was ignominiously dragged to his camp.

The consternation of that stupified camp was more awful than had ten thousand legions stolen a triumphant march, and put its conquering occupants to inglorious route. Men who, but the hour before, would have exulted in following the pennon of Ali, now cowered aghast as they caught a sickening glimpse of the revolting plunderer who defrauded the worm of its prey. Wild commentaries sped from lip to lip. Acts that heretofore had endeared this human tiger to the soldiery, now served but to overwhelm him with detestation and disgust. Half-remembered slanders were eagerly revived, and questionable facts were resuscitated, or invented, in denounciation of atrocity

so revolting.

The frightful tidings flew on the wings of the wind, filling the horrified city with dismay and The shock to the elder Ali was appalling. The half-closed wounds of early grief burst out anew, and, with a poignancy that description cannot picture, he buried himself from the observation of all-weeping, in uncontrollable anguish, his own misery and son's shame. The soothing consolations of friends and relatives—the sympathy of his sovereign—the respectful attentions of fellow-citizens-all failed to mitigate the harrowing grief that rent his soul. Despair possessed him wholly, and he mourned as one to whom comfort must evermore be a stranger. "Oh, Allah," he exclaimed, in a transport of agony,-"Oh, Allah, can it be that thy servant stands so accurst in thy regard that thou punishest his offences by making him sire of a ghoul-a human vulture-a spoiler of the grave? Have all my anxious cares-my unwearied precepts, and active examples of honour and of virtue, been lavished on a wolf? Oh, Amine, Amine, creature of gentleness and truth, thrice blessed thou to have escaped this anguish!"

The miserable Ali cast himself upon the floor, rending his beard and garments in a paroxysm of woe, from which he was shortly aroused by the entrance of the holy dervise, the ghostly comforter

of the dying Amine, and indefatigable preceptor of the youthful man-eater.

"Arise, oh Ali," said the dervise,-" Arise, and listen to the words of comfort our holy prophet

vouchsafes thee."

Ali looked despairingly in the face of the speaker, whose commands he mechanically obeyed. "Mark me well, oh Ali! It is my office to disclose to thee a secret that will impart peace and comfort to thy soul. I need not remind thee of thy own zealous endeavours to quench the indomitable propensities of this wretched youth, nor is it requisite I should recall my own untiring efforts, to eradicate weeds, and generate goodly fruits and flowers instead. Vain attempt! Alas, it could not The thriftless seed fell where the soil was parched and sterile. No skill can permanently engraft good upon an evil stock.(a) As vainly might we strive to coerce the waters of the Tigris: to pen and turn them aside for a space, we possibly might. Ultimately, however, the current must resume its own confineless sway; and, if in madness we sought to stay its torrent, what else than victims could we hope to be? Nature disdains all idle impediments to her laws-and, in the loathsome actions of this disgusting youth, Nature but asserts her own might. Fool, to dream that my feeble hand, or bookish maxims could control his destiny! Strive as you will-inculcate morality as you may-if Nature reject your lessons, she will cast them to the winds, and show herself as she is. Even thus she speaks through this degraded wretch, whose dreadful acts proclaim his origin. Nay, start not Ali-THE MONSTER IS NOT THINE!"

Ali uttered a piercing shriek of surprise and sorrow, but continued silent in breathless expect-

ation of the dervise's explanation.

"Thou canst not, oh Ali, have ceased to remember the passionate but sorrowful greeting wherewith thy Amine hailed thee on thy return from the frontier campaign. Too well I know the undying anguish which that love and mysterious grief entailed. Yet, Ali, when thy noble nature did but justice to her spotless truth and changeless love, thou wert little aware of the maddening pangs that oppressed a heart unalterably thine. Yes, Ali, never for a moment, -no, not even in thought, did Amine wrong thee; and yet, rejoice at the discovery :- The child she bore is none of thine !-It is the fruit of lustful violence. A wandering giaour stole on the lone one's solitude, and, with brutal force achieved his desires. 'Twas this on thy return, that barred the husband's bliss. This, Ali, is the mystery of her passionate grief: a grief that bore the fated victim to her tomb. Thy honour, which she sealed with her life, now demands the public disclosure, which, but for the cannibal son approving his cannibal and violating sire, might have been permitted to descend in silence to the grave. Arise, then, Ali ;-nerve thy noble and thy constant soul; -vindicate thy own integrity, and absolve the reputation of thy fond, thy faithful, thy murdered Amine. Free her memory from the horror of having wilfully given to the world a monster more fell than ever yet encumbered the earth. In thee he claims no part nor portion. Of thine adored Amine, he has proved the blight and doom! Arouse thee then—to the Caliph—thither will I attend thee. To his unerring justice confide the rest!

Like a spirit arisen from the grave of murdered hope, Ali hastened to the divan of the illustrious The Caliph heard the harrowing tale; and, whilst pondering on the course it behoved his justice to adopt, a messenger entered the royal presence. He was there to impart that the insatiate man-eater was no more. The steel of the battle-wounded victim had been true to its aim. Ali, the demon Ali had himself become food for the worms he had so frequently despoiled.

This unexpected catastrophe relieved the Caliph from all further anxiety. Ali's, the true Ali's noble name, unspotted by a blight that quelled his dauntless spirit, shone forth in all its pristine brilliancy.—The pollution of Amine, and her unparalleled miseries, furnished exhaustless theme, for the fertile Romances of the East; and the destiny of the horrible offspring of force and infamy, served yet further to illustrate the well-established truth that, -- seek to convert, control, or amend as enthusiastically as you may, Nature will not effectually be subdued; but in the end assert itself:-demonstrating, that no education, no refinement, no intellectual culture can turn the current of the blood, which, sooner or later, will break through all factitious barriers, in the developement of ineffaceable characters-that, be it good or evil, its power laughs at restraint, defies sophistry, and hurries the mortal in whose veins it circulates, to honour and fame, or to infamy

True, very true is the old incontrovertable saying, from the Hebrew :- " What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh !": or, to the same effect from the Greek :-

Latin	"Eules αγκυλος συδιατος ορθος."
n	"Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem." A crooked tree never grows straight. The wolf changes his hair, but not his nature. "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret" Strive to expell strong nature, 'tis in vain,
German Persian	"Der apfet fallt nicht weit von baume"
Chaldee Egyptian	"The Devil will show his cloven foot."
Arabic	"Doves are not hatched in the eggs of a vulture." "Look not for wholesome food into the mouth of an adder."
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OBSERVATIONS.

It has been judiciously remarked by a learned prelate that God (whose wisdom in his creation will always the more appear, the more we examine it,) hath furnished us with certain appetites, and passions, which act of themselves, independent even of the will, yet always under the control, of reason. Thus, for instance, the preservation of life requires daily supplies of food: but, if this business were left wholly to reason, it is probable this abstract principle might not always be ready to attend its charge. As a remedy against this inconvenience, God hath implanted in us strong appetites of hunger and thirst; which, by their assiduous importunity, sufficiently keep us attentive to this necessary care: but it is by no means intended that the business should be left entirely to the appetite. It hath done its duty when it hath drawn the animal to its food: reason should then direct how far the appetite should be indulged, or restrained.—It is thus with the passion of anger. In our intercourse with the world, we must probably sometimes meet with cases which threaten us with danger, and make opposition necessary. Now, were reason our only conductor on every emergency of this kind-were a man, for instance, when assaulted by his enemy, not to lift up his hand in his own defence, till he had maturely weighed the cause—the nature, and the different circumstances of the offered injury; together with the proper resentment that is necessary to be shown; it is evident that such delay might be attended with great danger. God hath, therefore implanted in us the passions of fear and anger; which, before reason hath time to weigh things at once take the alarm. They may be called the centinels, or outposts, of reason, and provide against the first onset of danger. Fear exerts itself, when the danger, on a sudden view, appears formidable to the imagination; anger, when it appears within our abilities to oppose. But there seems to be another end pointed out in this passion; which is, to give a strong expression of our indignation at what is wrong: here, too, anger seems to assume the same office, as before. It is an honest principle of nature, and steps forth as the prompt guard of virtue.-When the common swearer profanes the name of God-when the profligate boasts of his debaucheries-or the infidel scoffs at religion, an indignation will naturally rise in an honest mind, as the first impulse of nature to check the impudence of vice. We may thus take it for granted, that whatever passion is implanted in us by our great and wonderful Creator, is no doubt intended to serve some wise end—which our limited knowledge will not suffer us to fathom. It should, therefore, be an object not vainly to attempt to root out from our nature such passions; but, to act agreeably to the designs of Providence in using every effort to govern them by the influence of reason. .

The foregoing argument may prepare our readers to believe, that whatever the Almighty has in his wisdom created and implanted in us, is for some good end; nor can we question his mercy and justice, however remote from our limited comprehension the true administration of that mercy

and justice may appear.

The just vengeance of Heaven, which fell upon the King of Sagas for his ambition, pride, and tyranny—the visitation of shame and degradation on the Sultana, for her infidelity; and, the downfall of the cruel and worthless Bearco, and Barodis, are all clear to our imagination, as regards punishment for debased and immoral conduct. But, as it would be impious in us to dive into the hidden mysteries of heaven, and question the propriety of matters beyond our comprehension, we must leave the hard fate and cause of the severe affliction with which the good Ali, and the virtuous

Amine were visited, for the present, in obscurity, and allow the reader to come to his own conclu-

sion on the subject, after reading the following beautiful Hebrew tradition:-

"The prophet Moses was called up by a voice from Heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in conference with the Supreme Being, he was admitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place, and, finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this, came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling; and, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse, returned to search for it, and demanded it of the old man, who affirmed he had not seen it, and appealed to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, killed him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement; when, the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulation:—'Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to pass. The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but, know that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.'"

THE FATHER'S HOPE.

A DOATING Father, tenderly watching the rising progress of youth in his only son, about ten years of age, questioned him relative to his scholastic and other mental studies. The boy repeated his lessons with fluency, and gave such promising replies to every question, which excited so much joy in his Father's breast, that he spontaneously took from his own person a handsome gold chain, to which was suspended a minature—and which, with emotions of affection known only to parents, he placed round the boy's neck, saying,—"This precious gift, my son, of thy mother's minature, I intended to bequeath you, with all my valuable jewels, at my death; but your improvement in science and literature has afforded me so much satisfaction, that I cannot refrain from now presenting you this testimonial of the delight I have experienced."

The boy's heart bounded with joy on receiving the chain, and, without giving himself time to reflect that he had not thanked his father for the gift, eagerly exclaimed,—"Oh, Pa—and shall I have your watch when you die!" "Yes, my son," replied the father. "And that beautiful ring on your finger—and that diamond broach?" "Yes, my son,—these, and all I possess, shall be yours at my death." The boy's delight knew no bounds—he clap't his hands, and looking his father

full in the face, exclaimed with ecstasy-"Oh, Pa-when will you die?"

THE PREACHER AND THE IDIOT.

A LEARNED Rabbi of imposing aspect, passing through a small village, a few leagues from Warsaw, was intercepted by the leading members of the Hebrew faith, and earnestly entreated to preach a sermon in their Tabernacle. The Rabbi, with becoming humility, yielded to their solicitation.

Every Hebrew in the village, young and old, rich and poor, flocked to the Tabernacle to listen to the pious exhortation of this highly gifted reverend gentleman. The text was well chosen—the

language simple and impressive, and delivered with dignity, eloquence, energy and effect. Every look and gesture of the preacher was watched with vigilent scrutiny-every word devoured with greedy ears. So attentive were the congregation to his excellent discourse, that their very breathings appeared respectfully suppressed, to prevent the smallest sound from disturbing the solemn silence which prevailed.

At this critical juncture, when every sound, save those which vibrated from the lips of the preacher, seemed reverentially stifled into solemn stillness—an abrupt agonising groan—followed by convulsive sobs of anguish, was heard to arise from an individual who stood opposite the preacher, gazing intently upon him with swollen eyes, streaming in tears, and woeful countenance indicative

of excruciating mental suffering.

The sermon finished, and the service ended, the Rabbi was congratulated by the congregation for the excellency of his sermon, with the assurance it had wrought a miracle on the mind of the unfortunate individual just noticed; who was an uncouth, ill-visaged, raggedly dressed young man, about nineteen years of age :- his coarse habits of life, joined to his total disregard of all moral instruction, rendered him despicable to all who knew him; and he was looked upon by every inhabitant of the village as an idiot. He was prevailed upon to enter the Tabernacle on the present occasion, to hear the pious discourse of the learned Rabbi-as the last effort to lead him to religious reflections. Our readers may therefore easily imagine what satisfaction the congregation experienced at his seeming conversion.

The learned Rabbi took him by the hand, and endeavoured to sooth his apparent affliction by expressions of kindness; observing how happy he felt that his discourse had excited his attention, and encouraged him to become truly penitent for past offences, and to sin no more-which

would secure to him the sunshine of heavenly grace.

The idiot rung his hands in the bitterness of indubitable grief, and wept aloud, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, I cannot help weeping-I have reason to weep!" "Of what crime, young man," earnestly enquired the good Rabbi, "have you been guilty, which so fills your breast with torment."
"My breast is not filled with torment—I have not committed any crime!" vociferated the idiot, again bursting into torrents of tears. "Why then do you weep" retorted the Rabbi, mildly. "Why do I weep," blubbered the idiot—"I'll tell you! About three months ago, I lost a darling nannygoat—the only creature on earth that loved me : we both loved each other—we ate out of the same dish together-drank out of the same cup-and slept together in the same bed : we were only happy in each other's society. I have never had any tidings of my poor goat from the day it left up to the present time-and had almost forgotten my loss-but, when you were preaching, I looked in your face, which so resembled that of my poor goat, that I could not refrain from crying-and so strickingly like to my goat are your eyes, and long grey beard, that I shall never cease weeping while you stand before me!"

THE COSTLY SCHUBERTZ."

SINCE the days when Israel, the beloved of the Lord, fell by disobedience from her high estate; since the forewarned moment when her Princes became peddlars; the degenerated chivalry sank to grasping money-changers, and her high and mighty ones dwindled into serfs and bondsmen of the stranger. Since that terrible epoch, amid all their weary wanderings; amid all their perils and privations, amid the trials and tortures of the dark ages, amid the gibes and contumely of latter times, though despised among every clime and colour, and split into miniature fragments of a nation-still the children of Israel have ever been a strange peculiar people.

In no part of Europe, however, has their standing been higher than in Germany and Poland; where, in point of numbers, wealth, influence, and intelligence, they are probably nowhere else to be equalled. In those great commercial emporiums, Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and Dresden, the tribes of Judah have voices of no small weight. On the Börsenhalle their words and opinions carry weight, if not conviction, since there, "where merchants most do congregate," they are looked upon as patterns of patient prudence—as oracles of worldly wisdom.

Though they no longer boast their mighty men of war-though their lance be shivered-their bow unstrung-their quiver empty; though their buckler be bruised, their crest trampled under foot, and their banner trailling in the dust-still their golden cornucopia is full to overflowing, and there are few nations who own not the omnipotent purse of the tribe of Israel-ever open to

the necessities of their Christian brethren. Eleazer Ben Avroham was the wealthiest of the wealthy Jews of Hamburg, with whose honest burgers he stood in deserved estimation. His word was his bond; and in all business matters, certain as the flow and ebb of the tide: never was he known to violate a promise-never by quibble or chicane to evade a verbal and unwitnessed agreement however its performance might entail disadvantage to himself. He was a hard but a sure man; yet there was no sugarbaker in all Hamburg with whom the merchants would more readily transact business to any

The ample patrimony left him by his father, had, by Eleazer's activity and industry, combined with a perfect knowledge of his trade, been augmented to a magnificent fortune, and as the intelligent Israelite complacently threaded the avenues of change, his ears were frequently fed with the agreeable, half-whispered remark,-"Ay, that is Eleazer Ben Avroham, the rich sugar baker, good for half a million ducats any day in the week!"

Eleazer was a happy husband and a happy father: his yet blooming Rachael having blest him with two daughters-the one in the full blow of womanhood, the other still lingering on the thresh-

⁽a) Schubertz: a gaberdine, generally worn by the Polish Jews.

hold of maturity. The followers of both true and the false faith equally offered incense at the maidens' shrine. Of the lovely ones of Hamburg there were few like the dark-eyed children of Eleazer.

Eleazer's hospitality, or rather his ostentation, was unbounded; and those privileged with the entree of his salle a manger, declared that his cuisine was only equalled by his cellar. His town residence was a perfect palace; being one of the statliest of that splendid row of edifices which overlook the delighful Jungfernsteig-that enchanting resort, whose umbrageous promenades flank the waters of the glittering Alster. And who, that has seen this enchanting lake by moonlight, will ever forget the tiny sylph-like bark gliding along its silvery surface, while swans exhibit their snowy crests, and music in melting numbers float on the ambient air. In this chosen locale stood Eleazer's establissment en chef. He also possessed a country seat at the picturesque village of Blankenese, where trellaced cottages laid out in terraces, over-hanging the rapid Elhe, present a scene of remance and dread to the traveller-more particularly as he views the sublime scenery in the vicinity of die Teufel's Brücke. [The Devil's bridge.]

Such was Eleazer at the moment our narrative commences: a man basking in the sunniest smiles of prosperity. Happy in his wealth !- happy in his choice of a wife !- happy in his graceful,

gentle girls !- and, happy above all in his own undisputed consequence.

It was a moment of unwonted gaiety, even to the gay city of Hamburg-whose senate and great ones were engaged in a series of fetes given in honor of the greatest naval hero the world ever produced, or probably again will see. Horatio Lord Vicount Nelson-the idol of his country, the terror and scourge of her foes, was there after the sanguinary conflict of Copenhagen, on a visit to the Hanseatic city, from whose citizens he experienced a reception more befitting a god than a poor erring mortal. He was then in mid career of a course of unexampled greatness-a meteor whose corruscations dazzled earth's orb from pole to pole.

But England's favorite son was not the only remarkable visitor. There was another, who, in

certain quarters, was regarded with equal curiosity and admiration.

This was a handsome, intelligent stranger, of perhaps two and forty years, whose peculiar physiognomy and richly embroidered schubertz proclaimed his Israelitish origin. This stranger's equipage and appointments were all of the most magnificent description. He occupied the choicest apartments of the princely Hotel de Russic, (the first in the city,) and his appearance in the synagogue created great sensation. His name and pursuits were equally unknown; but what mattered that ?- the outward, palpable, indications of immense wealth spoke in favour of his opulence; and Eleazer, who prided himself on the distinction always evinced towards himself in public, was the first to court an introduction with the stranger.

The unknown listened to many obsequious civilities on the part of the rich sugar-baker with a calm, courteous mien, whilst a lurking smile played around the corners of his expressive mouth. "I am called Eleazer," said the self-introduced, "I am a sugar-baker of some eminence; and, without presumption, I think I may venture to add, a citizen of fair consideration in this busy city. Hospitality to the stranger and to the traveller, you know, is a virtue inculcated upon our people since the days of the Patriarchs of old-of that virtue I trust I have never been neglectful, and much, therefore, will it rejoice me to be permitted to proffer it to the distinguished person of

yourself."

The stranger's lip slightly curled, yet with graceful acknowledgement of Eleazer's attention, and a frank acceptance of the civility tendered, he clasped the sugar-baker by the palm and retired.

Eleazer with heart full of the reception he had just met with from the illustrious stranger,

hastened to his home to make glad his wife and his offspring with the pleasing tidings.

The stranger's air and bearing, his quiet dignity, his intellectual aspect, his gorgeous vestments, his costly equipage, and his evident riches, were exhaustless topics whereon the gratified sugar-

baker and his smiling family complacently dilated.

"Was he married or single?" marvelled the speculative mother. The father had proclaimed him wealthy, handsome, and intelligent- But, sighed Leah, the younger, he is announced to be about forty !-what a sad pity he had not been some twelve or eighteen summers less!" But again, it suddenly occurred to the maiden's recollection, that some men are decidedly and unequivocally younger at forty, than many others at twenty. That, handsome, intelligent, and rich, he must be gifted with many advantages and attractions dehied the common herd: and, with this decision, the fair one withdrew to consult her mirror as to the actual and effective portraiture of her own charms.

When in the first instance Eleazer introduced himself to the stranger, he made a request that the latter would accept of his house as his home. This offer he of the costly schubertz blandly declined, contenting himself with naming only one day on which he could participate in his hospitality.

The galas in honor of the British naval hero meanwhile proceeded. A military spectacle—one so agreeable to the general taste, was about to take place; and he who had almost continuously mingled in the fiercest war, in its most terrific form, upon the mighty deep, was now to be amused

with its mimic display upon the field of peace.

The review, however, was to be preceded by a sumptuous dejeuner a la fourchette, prepared by the Hanseatic merchants in compliment to the illustrious admiral, whose residence in the centre of the Herrn Graaben, was beset at an early hour by the anxious multitude. Triumphal garlands were wreathed from limb to limb of the umbrageous limes which shaded the houses on either side. Groups of sailors of various friendly states paraded the beaming streets, with banners and with bands. Women and children, in their holiday attire, flocked to catch a glimpse of the matchless warrior. The bells of St. Micharli, St. Nicolai, St. Katrine, and other sacred fanes, rung aloud in their glee! Martial music swelled upon the perfumed breezes of the tranquil morn, and every thing proclaimed delighted carnival.

From the summit of Madame Bruce's mansion, (the temporary abode of the hero,) proudly floated the spotless ensign of St. George—the redoubted red cross banner under which Nelson ever fought and conquered.

The deafening roar of cannon announced that the procession was in motion, and, wending its slow way through the dense crowd by Admiralität Strasse to a splendid marquee of capacious dimen-

sions, and gorgeous decorations, erected on the beauteous banks of the Alster.

The Jungfernsteig resembled a mighty fair. Happy crowds thronged its leafy avenues. The day was a heavenly one, and the bright and glittering Alster seemed literally alive with boats of every form, construction and capacity—from the frail-built gilded shallop of the citizen-sailor, to the long, heavy, and iron-shod market barque of the patient and industrious Friezlander. Countless pennons floated gaily on the healthful breeze, but, conspicuous over all, waved the white, blue, and red ensigns of Albion, their heavy folds interlacing affectionately with the graceful emblems of Hamburg—a silver castle on a crimson ground, or a sanguine castle on a snowy white field.—Beautiful banner of the noble and the brave! Oft has our heart warmed—oft have our eyes moistened as thy cherished folds have gladdened our vision on the wide watery wastes of ocean!—worthy art thou to be ever blent as then: and, oh! may "the meteor flag" never wave except in love and amity beside thee!

The morning festival on the Alster was as sumptuous as can possibly be described.—The procession to the review ground now resumed its imposing state; crossing the Gänse markt, and issuing, amid a sea of human beings, through the Dam Thor. Hamburg and Altona poured forth their thousands. Haarburg was left nearly tenantless; and, from the numerous surrounding villages a dense mortal stream flowed in tumultuary currents towards the Heiliger Geistfeld. There the bürger guard [some twelve thousand strong] were brigaded, with that select corps the Hanseatic Legion. The bulk of the force was infantry, the cavalry being scarce more numerous than

sufficed to keep the ground.

We lack adequate military knowledge to describe the various evolutions that followed; but they were extremely brilliant. The music of the regiment bands, full, ably and artistically trained, was such as to take captive the hearts and ears of all susceptible of those emotions that spring from a sensitive appreciation of the concord of sweet sounds; and, when the mighty column [some 16,000 men] combined in chanting one grand and spirit-stirring battle hymn, the souls of the listeners appeared wafted as it were from earth to heaven!

Amongst the spectators of this grand and striking scene, our friend Eleazer and his family

were conspicuous. He was gazing intently upon the victor of the Nile, when a splendidly mounted cavalier approached the English admiral. Nelson, however, was unconscious of his presence, until a whisper from the arbitress of his doom [Lady Hamilton] aroused his attention. The cavalier bent low, and, in return to his graceful salute, was greeted with a balmy smile from the fascinating Lady Emma, and a hearty shake of the hero's only remaining hand.

Eleazer gaped in petrified amasement, for in the cavalier he already recognised the owner of

the costly schubertz, his own invited guest, and wished-for husband of his darling Rebecca.

Eleazer turned his great eyes on his wondering wife: the wife, half stupified, cast a glance at her admiring daughters—who, in turn, looked proud and pleased, and proceeded forthwith to discant on the witcheries of Lady Hamilton—the peculiarities of the British hero—the contour of the Israelitish stranger's intelligent countenance, and the rich caparisons of his spirited palfrey: in fact, this remarkable little episode converted the stühl wagen of the ostentatious sugar baker into a

busy world of conjecture and surmise!

How comes he to be upon so free and easy a footing with the illustrious warrior whom it had equally delighted Christians and pagans to honor, mentally revolved Eleazer! He can be no common member of the persecuted people to win such a smile from the proud Anglo-Neapolitan enslaver, argued his wife. The graceful Leah cast a timid, side-long glance at the stranger and sighed: whilst Rebecca, in her own mind, determined that she must be beyond doubt a happy woman who should become the wife of one so distinguished, so wealthy, and so handsome. In fine, every conclusion of Eleazer's stuhl wagen was largely in favor of their longed-for guest.

The company were at length assembled in the gorgeous saloon of the rich sugar-baker, where the élite of his wealthiest friends and kindred had gathered together to do justice to the magnificent

banquet, and honor to the highly distinguished stranger.

How sycophantically did Eleazer's guests flock around the smiling he, the cause of all these extravagant preparations! What an endless infinity of lip reverence they breathed into his politely attentive ear! How crawling the adulation of the men!—how cringing the fawning, barefaced solicitude of practised matrons, who hoped to mark him either as the solacer of their own premature widowhood, or the victim of some dowdy daughter's charms! Leah's eye occasionally stole a furtive glance, which, if it hit the mark whereat it was shot, was followed by a long and not-to-be-repressed sigh! Rebecca said, and did, and looked an infinitude of intelligible nothings—and, in a word, our acquaintance of the costly schubertz was the living target for all the follies of that

calculating assemblage.

Dinner was announced in due form. With scrupulous care the respective couples passed in proper precedence from the saloon to the banquet hall; each in their regulated degree assuming the prescribed seat: the post of honor being assigned to him the object of the unwearied assiduity of all. The table ground beneath the costly magnificence of the luxurious banquet. The momentous matter of gratifying the palate commenced. The most exquisite soups were served. The stranger raised his spoon: inquisitive eyes followed his every motion. The spoon was raised, not to his mouth—it remained suspended over his left arm, until a small portion of the greasy fluid had been reverentially poured upon the beautiful sleeve of his costly schubertz—over which he bent his head with marked respect! Was this some precautionary charm?—we may not tell! Some superstitious rites, perchance acquired by the wearer in his Eastern wanderings. Some libation it might be in propitiation—of what? Such were the thoughts that chased each other through the brains of the astonished feasters!

The soups were removed, and savoury steams of rich juicy viands tickled the olfactory nerves of many a gourmand. The stranger's plate smoked with the choicest morsel of the choicest dish. He assumed his knife and fork. Did he wield those needful implements like his fellow-men?—surely not, did we judge by the fair and watchful eyes scanning his every motion. The most racy part of the inviting food was carefully divided, and with finger and thumb religiously offered on the cherished vestment, to which the wearer bent again with increasing reverence and respect!

A half start, half exclamation, burst from the wondering circle, utterly confounded by such mysterious proceedings. The stranger, however, either did not or would not perceive the surprise he caused, but, his singular observance paid, addressed himself with excellent appetite, and good

effect, to the delicacies before him. The host challenged him to drain the wine cup. The produce of Schiraz, Burgundy, Champagne, the Rhine, Tokay, and all the richest vineyards of the earth were offered. The sparkling juice mantled the brilliant crystal, but, ere it had reached the stranger's lip, a third and even more reverential libation was first poured upon the cherished sleeve of the honored schubertz.

Curiosity that tended to break through all recognised forms of courtesy and good breeding, tortured the guests of the rich sugar baker; who, with difficulty, restrained their impatient longings.

The dinner proceeded in solemn state—course after course appeared and disappeared—but, of no new dish, or no different liqueur did the stranger partake, without propitiatory offering first made to his extraordinary gaberdine.

Banquets, however recherche, have their end, as well as their beginning, and that of Eleazer's was over. Still no one rose to depart; for every eye, ear, and heart burned with an eager desire "to pluck out the mystery" of the remarkable stranger, who, approaching his host with a bland and smiling aspect, tendered his adieus and acknowledgements for his courteous entertainment.

"I depart," he continued, "for Berlin, and Warsaw, to-morrow, and, if I can do aught in either city, or at any time, to serve you or your interesting family, (bowing to the ladies,) I pray

command me."

"I thank you," responded Eleazer, "but my correspondents suffice for all mere matters of business, and I have no private or personal intercourse with either city."

"Is there no way in which I may be useful ?-can I in no shape return the obligation where-

under you have placed me?"

"Name not obligation," said Eleazer"-we have been but too happy to be permitted to evince

our consideration of one so every way deserving."

An explicable smile flitted across the speaking countenance of the handsome stranger, who, bowing slightly, replied—" I fear me, sir, you greatly overate my humble deserts, and sincerely lament that I can in no way oblige you. There is no possible way at which an over delicacy stumbles?"

" Why ?"

"Ah, then I see there is: quick, apprise me of it, and believe I shall be no less eager to comply than you to prefer your request."

"I know not that," responded Eleazer, "for the matter whereon I would entreat to be gratified

may, perchance, be deemed impertinent intrusion—"

• Eleazer hesitated. The stranger hastened to encourage him. "Be under no difficulty," he said, "your good breeding can make no demand from whose gratification mine could shrink. I pause to learn thy wish."

"Pardon, then, should my boldness offend. The request I venture to prefer is to be enlightened of the cause that induced thee this day to sully the sleeve of thy schubertz by mysterious offerings of food and wine, ere thy own lips had tasted thereof. Is it, I pry'thee, a mystic symbol, or peculiar rite amidst our brethren of distant lands which we of the frozen north wot not of?"

"Is this, then, oh Eleazer, the mighty favor whereat thou so greviously stumbled?—Happy am I at once to unfold the riddle; but, like the Rabbi's of old, my exposition must be preached

by a parable."

The auxious circle in breathless expectancy gathered around the smiling narrator, who thus

began :-

"There once dwelt in Warsaw, a poor Israelitish youth, whose uncertain industry was the sole support of an aged and infirm mother. He was her only child, and had been delicately and carefully matured, although bereft of the protection of a sire—having been ushered into a cold world subsequent to the decease of that parent.

"The humble, sorrowing widow was unremitting in her toil to rear her child in the paths of honor and of virtue; and, in her partial eyes the lad already rewarded her maternal solicitude by

a precocious exhibition of ability and industry.

"If their platter was homely, their frugal meal boasted guests frequently unknown to the gorgeous banquet—love and happiness! The youth's education was costly, for no acquirement the

widow's purse could compass was withheld. The son improved in understanding and in years,

filling, with credit and repute, a mercantile trust in his native city.

"Time glided smoothly by; but, when the young man had attained his twentieth year, the poor aged widow was gathered unto her fathers. I will not pause to paint the filial grief of the bereaved and affectionate son—but dearly did he love that mother, and sad and sorrowful were the grievings over her clay-cold ashes." (1)

The stranger brushed away the silent tear as he spoke.

"Warsaw became hateful in his eyes: the world was before him—so, packing up his little all—and little indeed was that all—he turned his back upon Poland to combat fortune elsewhere.

"Provided with letters of recommendation, and furnished with a platt, (2) (with which, you know, our race humanely furnish their less wealthy brethren,) Jacob Benyoman passed through

Germany, arriving at this goodly city of Hamburg on his way to Syracuse.

"Jacob was generally accounted a good looking, accomplished, intelligent, young man: with no inconsiderable powers both natural and acquired. He had a retentive memory—had read much—was gifted with a fund of anecdote, and no despicable powers of conversation: yet all these were lost upon the wealthy Hamburg citizen to whom the poverty-stricken Jacob's platt was

addressed. It opened indeed the merchant's door, but his heart was closed!

"At the family board no eye cheered his with a sunny smile!—no cordial palm clutched his in gracious welcome!—no seat of honor was ever tendered to the lone, unwelcome, stranger. The host disdained to make essay of his inward qualities. The hostess never soothed his weary heart by words of woman's kindness! No, ah, no! His wit, if he possessed any, like the wit of other poor men, was not heeded, but left to fret against itself.⁽³⁾ The words he heard were few, constrained, and kindless. He was huddled into a neglected corner! His grudged food was sordidly thrust upon the cold and contumlious plate of charity! All around him were happy! Each occupied some recognised position! To each some semblance of humanity was vouchsafed!—but, what kindred or what common tie could subsist between the wretched bearer of a wretched platt and the most prosperous citizen of Hamburg? The world owned none.—Hours of misery flew by, and, with his departure, Jacob Benyoman passed from memory—'like the wind that hath died on the hill!'

"Years of prosperity yet more largely swelled that merchant's hoards: wealth flowed in upon him in an uninterrupted stream; and, of his native city, few were held in greater consideration or

higher esteem!

"One day, a stranger past life's meredian, but basking in the warm sunshine of fortune, and honoured with the courtly smiles of greatness, arrived. Our merchant, in a fever of excitation, eagerly sought the new comer's acquaintance—heaping courtesy on courtesy upon him. The wife of the merchant vied with her husband in exuberant demonstration of servile court: his daughters lavished their most winning smiles: his pettiest acts were scanned with an observation bordering upon homage! The almost regal banquet was spread—the place of distinction assigned to him. The merchant and his family hung upon the strangers look. The guests participated the ignoble enthusiasm, and their wealthy idol was all but deified! And, wherefore—since thou, Eleazer, art that prosperous merchant—and I, thine unremembered guest, am Jacob Benyoman, the poor, contemned platt-bearer!!"

The speaker paused to observe the effect of the somewhat disagreeable denouncement—then resumed:—

"In what am I changed, oh Eleazer, that I should now merit this excess of attention? The hoary head, it is said, is a crown of honour, and my raven locks, it is true, have waxed grey. Time, which may have tempered the fire of youth, has not augmented the intellect; which, two-and-twenty years since, was not less strong than now. Surely a man of my condition could acquire no factitious distinction by merely stooping to another wealthy worm! Was it the venal smile of an Emma Hamilton, or the prized and honored clasp of a Nelson's palm that raised me in thine esteem? Thou marvellest at the British heroe's condescension to one so lowly: but mine was the happy fortune to give him sure intelligence of the enemy he annihilated at the Nile—a service he more than well rewarded. But thou!—thou knew not this: and, alas! it is clear that not my own

deserts, but those of circumstances, conspired to raise me! (4)

"Thou hast demanded wherefore my schubertz received such reverence from the wearer ?what would I less than imitate the universal precedent? Jacob Benyoman, in the pride and bloom of manhood sat despised, unheeded, at thy frigid board: his worn and threadbare gaberdine attracted no dainties to his neglected platter-aroused no devotion to his desolate person! But, this goodly vestment-this gaudy robe, has enchained the gaze, and evoked the homage of all! It has converted the contemned Jacob Benyoman, to an object of worship! It has refined his breeding! It has enlarged his understanding! It has given piquancy to his wit! It has enobled his birthelevating him from the dregs to the highest ranks of the community!

"Shall I, then, oh clear-sighted Eleazer, be the sole individual ungrateful enough to abstain from doing it reverence? Be the thought far from me as from thee! It was this that caused offering of each choicest morsel! It was this that poured libation upon its omnipotent alter!

"Honor to whom honor is due-an adage of olden date; and thou, oh Eleazer, hast been but one more worldly illustration of an incontrovertible truth-nay, blush not; thou art far from being the first exemplar, that with mankind, the ruling principle is, 'to honor the coat, not the person!" "(5)

NOTES.

NOTE 1-PAGE 54.

"Sad and sorrowful were the grievings over her clay-cold ashes."

Natural affection towards parents is an instinct in brutes, and in the lowest of the lower animals: we have the authority from Pliny, that even rats nourish their aged parents with extraordinary affection; and Olaus Magnus observes of cranes, that, when through age they become stripped of their feathers, their offspring cherish them under their wings, and provide them food.

The Athenian laws compelled children to provide for their parents, when reduced to poverty: this was likewise the law of England in the reign of Elizabeth *; but there is now no compulsory law beyond that of nature-duty, and filial affection; -which is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Hebrews of every country, that they will deprive themselves of every luxury, and even necessary comforts, to enable themselves the better to nourish their aged parents. We have known sons of limited means refuse to marry during the lifetime of a dependant parent, from the dread of incurring the consequent expense of a probable increasing family, which might tend to deprive them of the means of giving the necessary comforts and succour to their aged parents. Yes, we have indeed seen, with wonder and admiration, this, and other proofs of worldly deprivations and voluntary

^{*} Elizabeth : c. 2 .- See also Blackstone's Con., vol. i., p. 453.

sacrifices of earthly enjoyments, cheerfully made by the Hebrews, for the furtherance of the laudable object of honoring and supporting their aged parents with that tenderness, respect, and filial anxiety, which can only be the true test of holy affection wrought in the soul as a spirit of adoption,

whereby it is inclined and disposed piously to regard the laws of God.

"Honour thy father and thy mother," is a precept so firmly inculcated by the Hebrews into the minds of their offspring, the moment the first dawn of reason developes itself, that the very chair which is generally occupied in any particular situation at the table, or in the room, by a parent, is in his absence held sacred; and no child would take possession of it, although he might be sinking to the earth from fatigue. This mark of respect is so strictly observed by the Polish Jews, that if any branch of the family should forget the honor due to an absent parent, by accidentally seating themselves in the vacated chair, the offender would instantly be brought to reflection of the indignity offered, by the children's exclamation, in a tone of horror and dismay, of "My father's seat—father's seat!"

Young persons, it has been wisely said, by perpetuating the practice of filial piety, support that which may ultimately be necessary to their own comfort; and, in no instance has the retributions of Providence been more apparent. The son who was himself exemplary for filial duty, seldom has to mourn an incorrigible offspring—for, "he that honoreth his father shall have joy in his own children."—In profane history we read of an aged father confined in prison to die of hunger, and was kept alive by the filial affection of his daughter, who nourished and sustained him with her breast. This old man, who received so much comfort from his daughter, had been a voluntary prisoner himself in his younger days for his father.

In sacred writ we find, that when Abraham was about to offer his son Isaac for a burnt offering, Isaac murmured not, nor did he evince the slightest resistance—on the contrary, he carried the wood

himself to the altar for burning his body.

What can be more beautiful than the history of Joseph; particularly his last visit to his dying father: nothing can be more solemn or sublime, more interesting, or replete with filial affection, than this interview: nothing more honorable or consoling to old age; or more impressive of

the dignified piety of the best of sons, and the greatest of men.*

The bereavement of a parent is, even at this period, looked upon by the Hebrews as a most awful visitation. For the first clear twelve months after the death of either father or mother, the sons attend their synagogue or religious assembly, morning, noon, and night; and, in a loud audible voice, offer up a prayer for the departed soul—to which the whole congregation with reverence respond "Amen:" and, until the full expiration of the twelve months, the children are prohibited from attending theatres, festivities, and all places of public or private entertainments—from cardplaying and every kind of gaming: any deviation from this established law would call forth expresions of horror and contempt from the beholder. Filial love, and honor to the memory of the deceased parents, does not end here, but lasts until the extinction of life; for, on every succeeding anniversary of the day on which the parent died, the children fast, burn a wax taper or oil lamp, and offer up the same prayer to which we have above alluded.

The commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," is indeed most rigidly observed by the Hebrew nation. It is a glorous sight to see children, and their children's children, bend their heads reverentially to their fathers and grandfathers—to their mothers and grandmothers, every Friday night on the commencement of the Sabbath, with eagerness, to receive their blessing. The parents perform the ceremony by placing their hands upon the heads of their sons, and, with uplifted eyes, invoke heaven to endow them with righteousness, and grant that they may in goodness take after Ephraim and Manassheh; and, that their daughters may in virtue take after Sarah, Rebecca, Rachael, and Leah. After a lapse of 3000 years, these words still form the benediction with which every parent in Israel blesses his child.† It is impossible to describe with what satisfaction and delight this blessing is offered and received. Wretched indeed does that child feel, who, having offended his parent, shrinks from seeking this anxiously looked-for blessing.

The Chinese are by no means inferior to any nation in the known world for unfeigned venera-

^{*} See Paley's ix, sermon on this subject.

[†] See Genesis, chap. xlviii., verse 20.

tion for their parents; which neither harshness of treatment, the impertinence of old age, nor meanness of situation can obliterate. There is no submission or point of obedience which the parent cannot command; nor can the emperor himself interfere with, or reject such authority,

without incurring universal detestation.

Filial piety is by the Chinese considered one of the most important points of religion: it is the first part of education strongly inculcated in all the public schools—not only to secure and to preserve harmony and felicity in private families, but that all subjects should conduct themselves towards their prince as dutiful children, that he should cherish and protect them as the common father of the nation. Filial piety is thus made the main support of the government, and is a virtue so strictly observed, that on the first day of every year acknowledgments of duty and respect are renewed in the emperor's family, as well as in the family of every citizen and villager. The emperor, on this occasion, pays his respects to his mother; and he is obliged to visit her every fifth day during her life. No newly proclaimed emperor can receive the homage of his grandees till he has first paid his respects to his mother—for, like the Hebrews, it is their opinion that filial piety in their prince augments all the virtues of his subjects; that all wickedness commences with disobedience to parents; that every virtue is in danger when filial piety is wanting; that everything which tends to promote this duty is a pillar to the state, and that everything which militates against it is a public calamity.

"The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us."—Addison.

Filial duty is so generally honored and upheld by the Chinese, that a son who is charged by his father, before a magistrate, with violating its laws, is at once pronounced guilty; and, if the offence be capital he must lose his life, without any other evidence. * The reasoning of the Chinese upon this point of law is as follows: "Who is better acquainted with a son's merits or demerits than his father who has brought him up, and has consequently observed all his actions? Can any person have a greater love or a more sincere affection for him? If, therefore, he is condemned by him who knows his case so exactly and loves him so tenderly, how can a judge pronounce him innocent?" If it should be hinted to them that some persons have an innate dislike to others, and that even parents have sometimes such antipathies against their own offspring, the answer is: "Men are not more unnatural than savage beasts, the most cruel of which never destroy their young through mere caprice; but even supposing there were such monsters among men, it is the part of children to tame and soften them by a modest deportment, and a constant sweetness of temper. In short," say they, "the love of children is so deeply imprinted in the hearts of parents, that neither antipathy nor dislike can possibly eradicate it, unless provoked by undutifulness, ingratitude, or disorderly conduct, in which case the children are not fit to live." We must here agree with Addison, that "for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children."

Ye vain, ungracious, narrow-minded, heartless things of a day, who thirst for glittering baubles, anxiously waiting your parent's dissolution to inherit his wealth and title—remember that neither wealth nor power can screen you from the chilling grasp of death; reflect, that to-day you are in health, to-morrow you may be wrapped in your shroud, lodged in your tomb, and become food for loathsome worms, which pay no respect to empty titles, nor evince the slightest relish for

tinselled garments.

תוום בכאן-פותר בקבר "To-day we are in this world—to-morrow in the grave."

"Your days upon earth are like the shadow that declineth—like grass which in the morning flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening is cut down and withereth." Recollect you must die, and change your costly robes for a winding sheet—your gaudy mansion for a coffin—your friends for worms—and your bed of down for a cold grave.

Life indeed is but a span; it has been compared to an earthen vessel-mere brittle ware,

^{*} For authority in holy writ for stoning to death rebellious children—see Exodus, c. xxi., verses 15 and 17. Leviticus, c. xx, v. 9. Deut. xxvii., v. 16. Proverbs, c. xx., v. 20.; also, c. xxx. v. 17. Matthew, c. xv., v. 4 Mark, c. vii. v., 10.

which, by a sudden knock or fall, may crack and break. The learned and pious John Wade * on this subject remarks, that if you go into a potter's shop and ask which of the earthen pots would break first? the reply would be "not that which was first made, but that which first got a fall." The jug made fifty years ago may be kept in constant use for fifty years longer perfectly sound, whilst another vessel, fresh from the potter's hand to-day may be instantly broken. To the same effect, some fruit may hang on the tree till it becomes so ripe that it falls of itself to the earth; whilst other fruit shall be suddenly plucked from the stem or shaken down when raw and green. Thus it is with life: neither old age nor extreme youth can for one second feel secure against the visitation of death. Every pore in our body is a door at which it may enter, and if we had as many hands as hair on our head, they could not stop up all those passages at which grim death may creep in; we know not how soon a vein may break, and let out our blood and vital spark; how soon an ague may shake us to death, as it did Tamerlane, in the midst of his great hopes and greatest power, when he was preparing for the utter rooting out of the Othoman family, and the conquest and overthrow of the Greek empire. + We know not how soon a dropsy may drown us; how soon a fever may burn us up; how soon a quinsey may stop our breath; how soon an apoplexy may bereave us of our senses and of our lives; how soon we may groan under the deadly cholera; how soon the pestilence may smite us, and cleave unto us till it has quite consumed us.

Fabius, surnamed the painter, was choked by a hair in drinking milk; † Adrian the fourth was choked by a fly; Drusus Pompeius by a pear; Casimir, the second king of Polonia, by a small glass of wine; Tarquinius Priscus by a fish bone; Dominico Corri, of recent date, by a small crust of bread. Lucia, sister of the emperor Aurelius, died from the scratch of a needle on her breast. Baldus, the greatest lawyer of his day, from the bite of a dog on his lip, grew mad, and perished. Æmilius Lepidus died from a slight bruise on the toe. A certain nobleman in the great Mogul's court, died in consequence of having a hair plucked from his breast. The author § who narrates this anecdote tells us that the dying lord remarked, "that God needs no bigger a lance than a hair to kill an atheist." Sophocles died at Athens, in the 91st year of his age, from excess of joy, at having obtained a poetical prize at the Olympic games. Montani, the great violinist of his day, died of grief and mortification at being excelled in talent by a youth, the favourite pupil of Tartini Pasqualina Bini. Harmonides, a flute player at the Olympic games, in order to elevate and surprise the audience, began his solo with so violent a blast that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died upon the spot. Many have died from sudden fright—excessive and violent passion.—Some have fallen by an Ehud's dagger, a Ravilliack or a Felton's knife. A poisoned torch served to light the Cardinal of Lorrain to his grave.

Pale death comes thus unexpectedly in every situation, form or shape, without any respect to person—be he young or old—feeble or strong—silly or wise—rich or poor—comely or deformed—prince or beggar:—no matter, he advances, as beautifully expressed by Horace, with an even step, and knocks with as little ceremony at the portals of the palace as at the cottage of the peasant; || he pursues the man who flies from him, nor does he spare the trembling knees of the feeble youth. ¶

Who knows whether God will add another day to the one we now enjoy, ** yet we daily build castles in the air and paint to our vain imagination pleasures for the morrow, which we may never live to behold.

"Remember you must die."

The Egyptians, in the midst of their festivities, introduced a sarcophagus—a memento mori—to check the exhuberance of mirth, and to chasten pleasures by reflection.

^{*} Redemption of Time, page 146. † Bishop Taylor's Great Examplar, pp. 557, 558. Doctor Patrick's Div. Arithm., pp. 16, 27.

Pallida mors sequo pulsat pede Pauperam tabernas, regumque turres.

O beate Sexti,

Vitæ summa brevis, spem nos vetat inchoare longam.-Horace.

^{**} Quis scit an adjeciant hodiernæ crastina summæ Tempora Dii superi,—Horace,

[†] Knolles' History of the Turks, page 235—Jan. 17, 1402. † Edward Terry's Voyage to the East Indies, anno christi, 1615.

Edward Terry's Voyage to the East Indies, anno christi, 1615 Purchas' Pilgrims, vol. 2.

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum Nec parcit imbellis juventæ Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.—Horace.

Ye rash calumniators and hardened sinners—ye hideously crooked, ill-shaped shadows of human deformity, who, heedless and blind to wisdom's light, wander in darkness through the polluted mazes of guilt and recklessly spread open sinks of impurity-who scoff with the scoffer and laugh with the infidel-reviling your parents for attempting to lead you into the path of virtue and for shielding you from public scorn and censure-wantonly charging them with having acted towards you unlike parents, for exerting their best efforts to save you from the scaffold. Repent, while there is yet time for repentance, take counsel of the wise son of Sirach, -take warning, and listen to the gracious voice of Heaven, while ye are suffered to breathe this world's atmosphere, that you may avoid the consequences of that awful voice to which you must listen in the world to come, and which, if you obstinately persist in your disobedience, you may convert from the voice of kind admonition into a sentence of condemnation. Remember the fate of Elymas! + Be not stubbornly deaf and foolishly blind: if you will shut both your eyes and your ears, and will neither see nor hear-it is possible you may feel! Bear in mind that the voice of conscience made Felix tremble; and struck horror into the breast of Judas Iscariot. You can neither baffle, nor stifle, nor stop the mouth of conscience: it is an awful spy and register in the breast of the evil doer-but a wise and faithful monitor in the breast of the penitent. Repent, therefore, whilst the power to do so is still left you. If you have violated the laws of filial duty, or committed any other offence repugnant to the feelings of every right-minded man, ask pardon with sincerity from your God; and, with becoming humility, seek a reconciliation from those you have injured, and you will, nay you must be happy-for you have for authority holy writ that there is joy in heaven for one sinner that repenteth: and be assured there is no earthly being who fervently craves from his God, forgiveness as he himself forgives, who would reject the olive branch from the hands of a penitent-especially when the meek and sincere mode of presenting that emblem of peace becomes a security against the hypocritical concealment of any viper. Humble yourselves, therefore, before your Creator, seek forgiveness with becoming humility before destruction comes like a whirlwind-and sin no more! Do this before it may be too late, and suffer not the pride of your hearts to get the better of reason-or your days will pass in sorrow—your death in despair! 1

Among all the sins of mankind, pride is the most contemptible : it is the foundation of ignorance and littleness-of self-debasement-of untameable vanity-implacable rancour, and every degraded feeling: it is the origin of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness: it is not a human vice, it is an infernal one-it is a vicious distortion of nature. "Every vice sits ill upon man, but no vice worse than pride;" it fills the breast with haughtiness and self-conceit-with

foolish disdain of man, and impious contempt of God. |

Pride was the downfall of Pharach, of Haman, of Alexander, of Charles XII., of Buonaparte; and has been the overthrow of millions. Who can portray the direful calamity and heart-rending affliction which the arrogance of pride has created in families; it has broken asunder, and for ever severed the dearest and nearest ties of blood: its devastation has produced hunger, sorrow, agony, despair, ignominy, premature old age, sudden and lingering death, and every possible earthly suffering; it has occasioned the beautiful freshness and bloom of youth to shrivel and wither into frightfulness-the smiling babe, for want of nourishment, to die in its mother's arms: it has turned the young man's hair grey-broken the mother's heart, and driven the father into madness: it has enslaved and enthralled both body and soul-it has furnished victims for the hands of the assassin, and for the axe of the executioner :- to this effect we have before us the trial of John Gowland, the son of a highly respectable family, who was executed at Tyburn, in December, 1700, for the murder

I. Sam. chap. xvii, verse 28

Psalm xxvi, verse 2 Hosea chap v. verse 5

Isaiah chap. xxiii. verse 9 Jeremiah chap, xiii. verse 9 Zephaniah chap, iii, verse xi.

Zachariah chap, xi. verse 3.

^{*} See Reclesiastes.-The whole of this book is written in a deep religious tone, abounding in excellent practical rules of life—which is not only venerated by the Hebrews, but is also admitted into the canon of the Catholic church, and is ranked among the apocryphal books in the Church of England.

† Acts, chap. xiii, verse v.

† See Proverbs, chap. i., verse 7, 8, 9, 10; 23, 24, 25, &c.

See also Blunt's Lecture 5—p. 116.

† On this subject see Vicar Gilpin, sermon xxix.

of Sir Andrew Slenning.* This wretched culprit, from the day of his imprisonment, to the hour of his death, became truly contrite and penitent, and professed the most unfeigned sorrow for his sins, making the following confession. Pride, he declared, was his ruin—that his parents, not only by early instructions and the best advice, but also by pious and consistent example, used every endeavour to instill virtue into his impious nature: that the excellency of their example induced him for a time to become sober and religious; but, from want of firmness, his deep-rooted pride conquered his reason, and he became an easy prey to his own intemperate passions—ensnaring into his web of infamy his younger brother—calumniating his distressed and injured parents; charging the one with neglect, and the other with having acted unlike a parent towards him—using every art and duplicity under the mask of religion, and an assumed taste for psalm-singing, to excite commiseration, and to gain the confidence and countenance of the community to the prejudice of his afflicted parents. He thus proceeded from one degree of vice to another, till at length he committed the horrid crime for which he was justly doomed to fall a sacrifice to the violated laws of his God and his country.

We shall conclude this note with the following excellent quotation from Dr. Watts:—
"To subdue pride, consider what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption, and common earth again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, not from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures; and as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering distinctions: none of these shall attend you to the judgement seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither and hang down its head." †

NOTE 2—PAGE 54.

"And, furnished with a platt"-

A platt is something similar to a soldier's billet.

It is an universally recognised practice among the Jews throughout Germany, to furnish every poor Hebrew student with a platt—which entitles him to demand quarters and hospitality from all to whom he presents it. The person to whom the platt may be addressed, is liable to a severe fine, if he refuses to receive the platt-bearer into his house: he is likewise compelled so give him a seat at his own table, and entertain him as one of his family during the whole sabbath—that is, from sun-set on Friday evening, until the stars appear on Saturday night. This consideration for the comfort and convenience of the poor platt-bearing student, is intended to afford him every facility of keeping the sabbath day with becoming decency and righteousness.

^{*} This unfortunate man was tried at the Old Bailey, on the 5th December, 1700.

† Bishop Taylor, in his "Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying," (c. i., § 2,) speaks of a handsome, young German gentleman, who, while living, refused to have himself pictured; but, on the frequent importunity of his friends desire to possess his likeness—he said, that after a few days burial, they might send a painter to his vault; when, if they saw cause for it, he might draw the image of his death unto life. They did so, and found his face eaten, and his midriff and back bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors.

NOTE 3-PAGE 54.

"Like the wit of other poor men-was not heeded-but left to fret against itseif." *

A poor man is, by the cold-hearted, spurned and treated as a vagrant; and to be seen in his society would be thought a disgrace of the meanest degradation. His proffered services are held in contempt; his observations or opinions considered insolent intrusions; and his wisdom laughed into scorn. Every little accident is magnified into a heinous offence; every trifling fault punished as an awful crime; every attempt at remonstrance or justification of conduct looked upon as presumption; and for him to be scated in the presence of his superiors, or to stand erect before their patronising gaze without doffing his beaver, would be an abomination of the most revolting nature. In fact, a poor man is avoided, shunned, despised, loathed and persecuted throughout the world.

Paupertas fugitur, tutoque arcessitur orbe.-Lucan.

NOTE 4-PAGE 55.

" But those of circumstances conspired to raise me."

The noble and brave champion of the British navy did not publicly give his hand of greeting to Jacob Benyoman, in honour to his costly gaberdine, nor did he withhold it in contempt of his faith. Lord Nelson was too generous-minded to spurn an honest Hebrew, whose only crime was that of not being inspired with the faculty of seeing through another man's eyes.—Lord Byron, who exhibited a peculiar feeling of commiseration towards the Jews, and who was entirely free from the prevalent prejudices against that oppressed race of men, has frequently remarked to us that he deemed the existence of the Jews, as a distinct race of men, the most wonderful instance of the ill effects of persecution. Had they been kindly or even honestly dealt by in the early ages of their dispersion, they might, in his lordship's opinion, have amalgamated with society, in the same manner as all other parties have done.

That a period of eighteen hundred years should have elapsed, and that these people should still preserve their religion, their laws, and their customs, in defiance of ecclesiastical and civil oppression, does indeed seem astonishing; but less so, when the effect of his lordship's observations is sufficiently understood.

This liberality of sentiment of Lord Byron, was not confined to the Jews alone, but his lord-ship often regretted the truly distressed state of Ireland. "Two-thirds of that unhappy country," he observed, "had laboured for ages to obtain that liberty which was only extended to one-third part of its population, and he hoped a time would arrive when religious distinctions in political matters would not prove a barrier to preferment in that country—till which period Ireland could never cordially coalesce with Great Britain, but continue, as it had been, the scene of bloodshed, anarchy and confusion."

^{*} See Ecclesiastes, chap. ix., verse 16.

NOTE 5-PAGE 55.

" To honor the coat, not the person."

Gold "makes the man—the want of it the fellow : All the rest is leather and prunello." *

It is, alas! but too true, that in the eyes of a worldling, the wealthy blockhead possesses every qualification; grace, fluency of speech, personal attraction, and the highest intellectual endowments: whilst the poor scholar, has neither wit, manner, eloquence, talent, nor any earthly capability.

Let those shallow-pated, graceless things, in human form, who strut about the drawing-room, [with the vanity of an insignificant widely-spreading tailed peacock] priding themselves on their noble descent from a hero, or a Nero, who distinguished or extinguished himself on the plains of Marathon, in the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Forum, or the Arena at Athens; or who perchance descended from some fanatic crushed beneath that patent Hindoo mangling machine-the Juggernaut to from some martyr swamped in the Ganges-broiled and roasted in the Auto da fe, at Spain-grilled on the stake at Smithfield-or baked in the scorching embrace of Molech §-or from the imperial blood of Cushan-rishathaim, the first oppressor of the Hebrews; or from some renowned Jobbernowl in the train of Fergus the first king of Scotland, William the conqueror, the Black Prince, or from any other fancifully coloured prince beyond the boundary stone of the Tartarean Palace :- aye, let those ludicrously lack-brained epicures, who, with the cravings of a gourmond, surpassing the exquisite palate of Antigonides, || thirst for high-seasoned Antiquarian blood, and seek to devour the very fumes of ancient breeding reflect, how the Chinese, the Egyptians, Persians and Medes, distinguished the individual by the refinement of his intellect only; and, that the Hebrews, as we know from the best authority, (the Bible,) rendered themselves illustrious by no other means than by their piety and learning, which descended to posterity as the glorious monuments of virtue and wisdom.

* Divitize virum facient .- Riches make the man.

"The credit and consequence of every man is co-equal with the money he holds stored up in his chest."

"Provided he is rich, how uncouth seever he may be, he will be caressed."

"All men now contend for gold, true piety being banished from the world."

"All powerful money gives both birth and beauty."

"With a man in prosperity everything succeeds."

"Gold delights in corrupting the fidelity of guards, and in breaking through stone walls, more power-ful than the shock of thunder."

Quantum quisque sua nummorum condit in arca Tantum habet et fidei .- Juvenal. Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ille placet.

Aurum omnes, victà jam pietate, volunt .- Propertius.

Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.-Horace. In beato omnia beata .-- Horace. Aurum per medios ire satellites Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius Ictu fulmineo.-Horace.

† Ecclesiastes, chap. ix., verses 17 and 18; chap. x., verse 2-12. † Juggernaut or Jaganath—(the Lord of the world) one of the names given to Vishnu the preserver of the world. The Juggernaut is an idol carved in wood, magnificently dressed—with a hideous face painted black, and a distended mouth of blood red. On festive days this gentleman, with two relative idols-his white brother Balaram, and his yellow sister Shubudra, all three scated on separate thrones—are placed on a tower of stone standing 60 feet high; the walls and the sides of this shapeless temple is covered with obscene images in large durable sculpture—ropes are attached to it by which means it is drawn along by the multitude—and as it moves along, some of the very devout worshippers throw themselves on the ground in order to be crushed by the wheels—when the spectators instantly shout in approbation of the act as a glorious acrifice to the idol. Every mark of respect is afterwards shewn to the descendants of those who thus voluntarily sacrifice.

Malech the chief black of the country of the cou

Molech, the chief Idol of the Ammonites. This dissolver of human bones and baker of live victims, had the face of an ox; his hands were stretched out as if ready to receive presents. He was hollow within, and there the fire was placed for heat to burn the offerings. There were seven different apartments for receiving the different oblations of meal, turtles, ewes, rams, calves, oxen, and children. The unhappy parent who offered his child to Molech, put him into the burning arms of the idol, where it expired amidst terrible pain—while drums were beat to drown his cries. The sucrificed child was thus inhumanly burnt, in order to obtain a blessing on the rest of the family. In Leviticus, chap. xx. verses 2, 3, and 4, we find God prohibited this monstrous practice.

Antigonides' jesture to Dionysius the tyrant, was so great an epicure that he wished for a throat as long as a crane, and all palate, in order to prolong the delicious morsels he swallowed.

We are by no means inclined to question the rectitude and purity of the better part of modern nobility-nor are we disposed to scoff at their honorable line of ancestry; but we cannot too strongly express our contempt for those grovelling souls, devoid of every celestial endowment-

> -souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found, Flat minds, and ever grov'lling on the ground .- Dryden.

Those brainless deformities of rank and quality who sully their honorable titles by their vices, * and who heartlessly trample on the scholar's prospect-shun genius and spurn talent :- talent who could perhaps exhibit as fair a genealogical tree, and as high a pedigree as the highest of the would-be great amongst these crawling piles of putrefaction; though we doubt whether, in their researches as to their real origin and parentage they would not have to encounter as much filth, as Hercules in the Den of Cacus, or in the Stable of Augeas. Nor can they, in the language of Ovid, plead in excuse-

"Nam genus, et proavos, et que non fecimus ipsi, Vix ea nostra voco."

"For our pedigree and ancestors, and what we have not ourselves done, we can hardly call our own;" since, in too many instances, there is scarcely one transaction of their lives, either of a public or of a private nature, which will not prove, however filthy their ancestry may have been, that it must have been pre-eminently glorious, in comparison with the disgrace and meanness with which they have contrived to overcloud even it. Therefore, when these miserable clods of clay-puffed up with that vanity and pride peculiar to fools-attempt to revile and spurn one who can produce the Lion of Judah for his arms, and trace his descent through many generations, they are much like the monkey, who having lost (or perhaps never having had) a tail, wish to curtail others in like manner.

We have observed, in the midst of these "vain dwellers in the dust," a little-minded overgrown, uncharitable thing-who, no doubt from the praiseworthy desire only of keeping up the worldly fashion of returning evil for good, has slandered us in the true backsliding style. We regret that we are not qualified to salute him in the language of an Oriental wag, who, on hearing himself abused by a stranger, said to him "Why, sir, do you injure me? -I never did you any No: we cannot consistently do this, because he has received much good at our hands: he has basked in the sunshine of our favours-drank out of our cup-steeped his fingers into our dish, and rather deeply into our pockets; but he is now at our feet, and we must forgive him.

We have observed, also, in the midst of these things of a day—a poor-minded wealthy defamer-whose coffers have been filled with ill-begotten spoils derived from that horrid bloodmoney system, which has proved but too baneful an encouragement to the despicable idolater of gold—who, like Gay's "Peacham and Locket," avariciously devoured lucre in the shape of information fees, after first ensnaring innocent victims to offend against the law-by smuggling-for the object of securing half the forfeited goods, and then bringing them to the gallows by five and six at a time, for the extra fee of £40 per head: allowed in those days under the title of blood-money. This creature's motive for slandering us is self-evident; it arises only from the pusillanimous fear of an expose: aware, as he is, that we know, he knows, we know him and the origin of his wealth. He may, however, be assured that we never had the slightest desire to mention any circumstance connected with his name : but we caution the gentleman to bridle his tongue, lest we be provoked to drag forth his infamy to open day, and exhibit him, as he really is, more foul than Caliban, and more morally hideous than the arch-fiend himself. +

^{*} Nomina honesta prætenduntur vitiis.—Tacitus.

Nobilitatis virtus, non stemma, character.—Virtue, not pedigree, should characterize nobility. + We are indebted for the discovery of these slanderers-from coincidences resulting from a letter sent by us to Sir George Gipps, on the 5th of April, 1845: the following is a faithful quotation, which we here give as it was written in the first person singular :-

[&]quot;Sir,-Glaring coincidences having forced me to the conviction, that even the judgement of your Excellency is not invulnerable to the baneful influence of misrepresentations, to the pain and prejudice of the unoffending-it may not be considered against the law of good order to draw your attention to the following-&c., &c.

If we were disposed to act uncharitably, we should thus take leave of him with the same feeling of nausea, as the traveller takes leave of carrion, which he has chanced to encounter in his path, trusting that the one will be treated as the other-viz., removed from annoying the community, and consigned to the proper depository of filth and odour: but we harbour no such unchristian-like feeling-on the contrary, we would willingly forget the past; and sincerely hope his heart may be purified so that his virtues may at least balance the weight of his wealth.

It may be some consolation to the pride of this foolish man to learn, that however gross the provocation, so treacherously and so cunningly levelled at us by him, has been, we have never as yet devulged to any person breathing our acquaintance with the facts to which we have alluded. We make this voluntary declaration that it may act as a stimulant on the better part of his nature, so as to induce him to mend his ways-to think less of worldly trash, and more of the glorious treasures to come; and, above all, to reflect,-that a man's origin will surely be traced by his acts :- "Natura" to wit.

Erasmus avers, that St. Austin had a certain distich, or two verses, written on his table, or hung at it, forbidding those who partook of his hospitality, and who fed at his table, to gnaw the good names of others, and fasten their teeth in them by backbiting of them, by detracting from or speaking ill of absent persons.*

The following moral quotations, from the writings of heathen philosophers, have been extolled

and referred to by some of our most pious and learned Christian prelates:—
"Thou very madman, what will it profit thee to have no other conscious of thy crime, so long as thou dost carry a conscience. What doest thou do? what doest thou devise? what doest thou go about to conceal?—thy keeper closely follows thee. One is absent from thee by reason of a voyage, and cannot observe thee: another is removed by death, that looked narrowly towards thee: another is kept away from thee by sickness: but conscience sticks at all times to thee: you can never shake off, nor get rid of that."—Lactantius, de vero cultu, 1, § 6, 24.

"When thou art about to do any vile and vicious thing, be afraid of thyself, though nobody

else be near thee to be witness of thy wickedness."-Ausonius.

"If the things thou doest be unseemly and uncomely, what does it avail thee that none in the world knows it, when thou thyself knowest it! O! miserable man, if thou contemnest this witness within thee."-Seneca, ep. 43.

"What will it avail you to hide anything from man-there is nothing concealed and kept close from God: He looks into our breasts, and is present in our very minds and hearts."-

Seneca, Ep. 83.

One of Pythagoras's golden precepts was, "Never to close your eyes to sleep at night until you have thrice examined the particulars of the day's actions, and put to yourself the following questions :- 'Where have I transgressed? what have I done? what have I left undone, which it became me to have done?"

> Πη παρβην; τί δ'ημξα; דו אים לובי בעצ ודואולה.

Πυθαγορας.

In conclusion, we shall quote what Tully has so appositely expressed :- "If a wise man," says he, "had Gyges' ring, which [according to Plato's fable] would render him invisible; he should not reckon that he had gotton the least license to sin the more by it: for good men seek to act with honesty, not with secrecy." +

* See Dr. Bernard's life of Bishop Usher, p. 57-58. † See Cicero de Offic., lib. 3. Pers., Sat. 4. Sen. de Ira, lib. 3, c. 36. Suctonius, In vita vesp. § 8. Thomas A. Kempus, l. 1, 2, c. 5, n. 2.; also, c. 23, n. 4. St. Jerom., Apolog., Hieron., advers., Russinum., l. 3. Bernard de interiori domo, c. 63.

THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

IN WHICH IS INTRODUCED,

AS AN OBLIGATO ACCOMPANIMENT,

The celebrated Air from "Sweethearts and Wives,"

"WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE I PRAY;"

SUNG BY

MR. F. HOWSON,

At the Ronal Victoria Cheatre, Sydney,

IN THE OPERA OF

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

(The first Opera ever written and produced in the Colony of New South Wales.)

COMPOSED BY

e. marman.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

[Price 3s.]









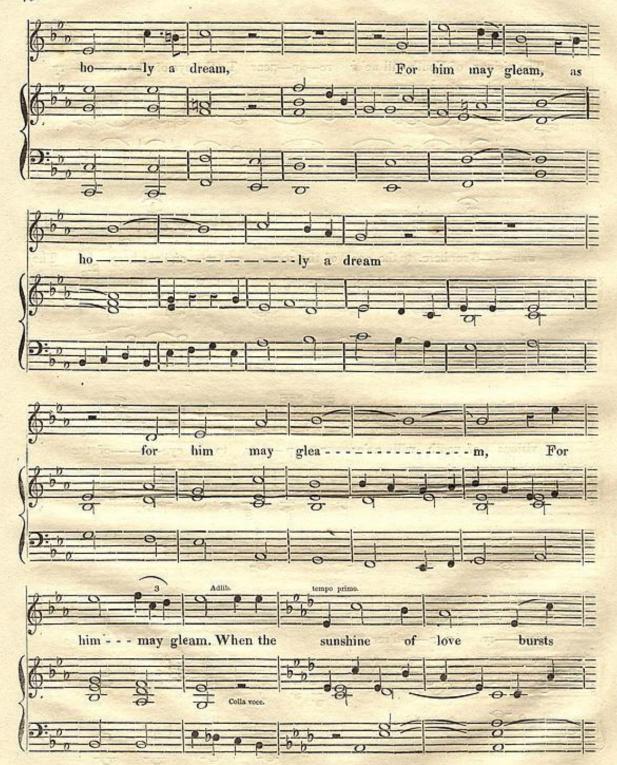














ELEGY.

On the Death of Ring William the Sourth.

[BY WILLIAM LAW GANE, ESQ.]

Our monarch sleeps the sleep of death, Our royal sire is low! And Britain's harp is only heard In notes of wail and woe.

And, o'er the Royal William's bier,
Britannia hangs and weeps;
He was her own—her true-born son,
And well the sailor sleeps.

Ye waves that rocked him in his youth,
When Britain's lion roar'd,
Your gentle voice will join to mourn
Your child—our king ador'd!

The glories of his peaceful reign,
Shall distant ages sing;
And, William's name, to furthest time,
Shall honor'd mention bring!

The Moral of the Past.

[BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

The songs of the loved ones that faded of yore,
The beauty which life in its spring-season wore,
On the wings of remembrance return to delight,
Like a bright star dispelling the darkness of night:
Oh! the mem'ry of joys which departed too soon,
Gives enchantment to earth—makes existence a boon!

They are gone!—the allurements, the pleasures of youth! But we feel that the past bears the impress of truth; That its bliss was, though transient, no fanciful dream, But an emblem of glory, which round us shall stream, In that region of love, where our tenderest ties, We shall meet, robed in light, the redeemed of the skies!

Gentle Ocean, Cease to Nave!

[BY WILLIAM LAW GANE, ESQ.]

Gentle Ocean, cease to rave,
Summer winds are blowing,
Check each froward, rising wave,
Curb their swell and flowing!
O'er the golden sands roll light,
As fairy feet in summer night;
When, gliding from the flow'ry caves,
They dance the music of thy waves!

Gentle Ocean, softly flow—
To the moon a pillow;
On thy breast she loves to glow,
To sport upon the billow;
And on thee reflect their light
A thousand stars with glory bright.
All is fair around thee, ocean,
Flow with music's softest motion!

^{*. *} These, and all other Stanzas in this work, were written expressly for Music, and are Mr. Nathan's exclusive property.

"I DARE NOT SAY HOW MUCH I LOVE."

SUNG BY

MR. J. NOWSON,

At the Ronal Dictoria Cheatre, Sydnen,

IN THE OPERA OF

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

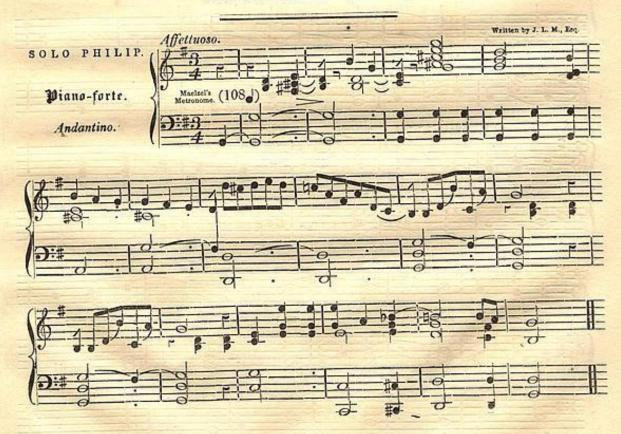
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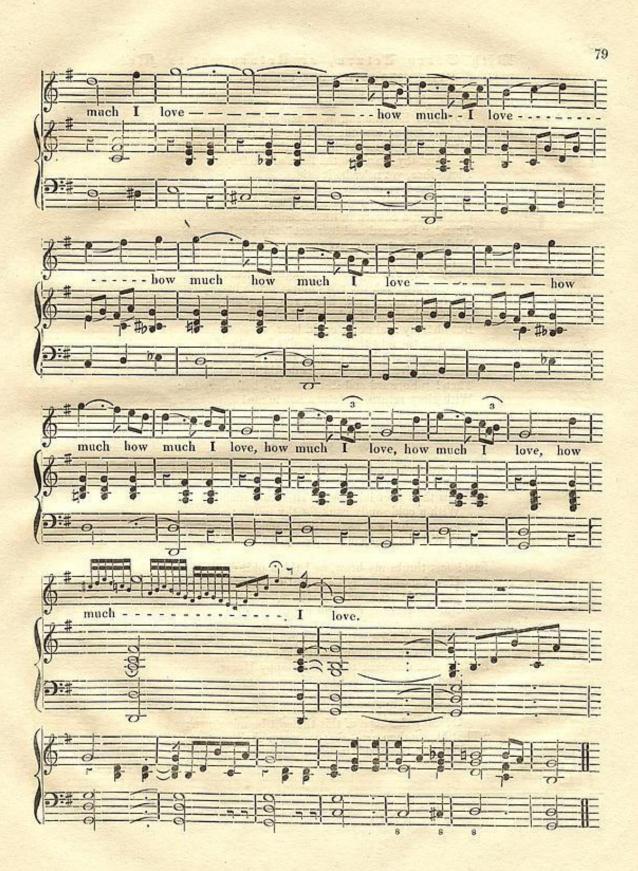












With Glory Return, or Neturn not to Me!

BATTLE SONG OF A GREEK SOLDIER'S MISTRESS.

[BY HERNRICH REIMER.]

Go forth! like the sun in his might;
Go forth! like the dawning of day;
May the plume on thy helm be the star of the fight,
And thy brand be the flash of the fray!
I love thee, yet ne'er be it said,
That love did thy spirit restrain:
I had rather behold thee a hero, and dead,
Than a coward in life to remain!
Then! "Forward and fear not" thy battle-cry be:
With glory return, or return not to me!

I would joy o'er thy corse, though my tears
Should wash the red wounds death had made;
For each crimson gash, like a ruby appears,
On the front if it be but displayed.
But oh! my soul never could bear
The thought that thou fled'st from the foe:
One scar on thy back would awaken despair,
And give to my heart its death-blow!
Then! "Forward and fear not" thy battle-cry be:
With glory return, or return not to me!

ELECV.

[Written on the Ninth Anniversary of the Death of a Christian Mother-by her Affestionate First-born.]

Oh! low thou wert laid, in the still leafy shade,*
With a cold sandy bank for thy pillow;
But sweet is thy rest, for in Heav'n thou art blest,
Whilst thy requiem is sung by the billow!

Fast! fast throbs my brow, as I think of it now,
How I gazed at thy form on the morrow:
Oh! hard to believe, and my senses deceive—
But the truth it was told by my sorrow.

How fondly I wish'd, as the burning tears gush'd,
That I could back unto life thee restore:
But thy soul was gone to its own happy Home,
And thy lov'd voice I would never hear more!

When speech is nigh hush'd, and my life-spark near crush'd,
O! may the hope of this thought be mine own:
"That happy thou art—that we never shall part—
But join the praise in thy now peaceful Home!"

Princes'-street, Sydney, N.S.W. November 19th, 1887.

WILLIAM CRAIGIE

The burial-ground of the Quarantine Station, Spring Cove, Port Jackson.

"CANST THOU BID THE HAND ITS CUNNING FORGET."

SUNG BY

MRS. GUERIN,

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Love! Mighty Sove Endures for Ever!

[BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

The sun will sink to endless night,
The moon withdraw her silv'ry light,
The stars desert the azure vault,
Spheres rolling in their course will halt;
And, mid'st avenging flames and thunder,
The sinful world be rent asunder:
But love's existence nought can sever,
Love! mighty love endures for ever!

Works which the hand of Time defy,
May in oblivion's bosom lie;
Time, death, and sin, an end will see,
And parched the boundless wave shall be:
Like streamlet winding through the vale,
Whose life the summer beams inhale:
But love's pure flame departeth never,
Love! mighty love endures for ever!

Oh! think not when Cime shall have Silvered the Brow.

[BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

Oh! think not when time shall have silvered thy brow, I shall love thee, dear Bessy, less fondly than now! Nor believe that my ardent affection can fly, With the rose of thy cheek, or the light of thine eye; For in age, as in youth, thou a blessing will prove: Beauty never departs from the woman we love!

Nay, dearest! say not 'twixt a sigh and a smile,
That my love like thy youth will but flourish a while;
Oh! when wrinkles shall steal o'er thy beautiful face,
And the mind shall alone thy past loveliness trace:
I shall treasure thee more, for in thee I shall see,
An angel that stoops to be mortal to me!

Chy Promises are Broken.

[BY MAURICE HARCOURT, ESQ.]

Thy promises are broken,

Thy faith is cast aside,

The fatal words are spoken—

Thou art another's bride!

Too soon hast thou forsaken

One who prized thee more than life;

And, with constancy unshaken,

Would have loved thee as a wife.

But I will not reprove thee,

Thy falsehood I forgive;

For I cannot cease to love thee

Until I cease to live!

We are for ever parted,
And oh! may'st thou be gay,
Forget the stricken-hearted,
Whom sorrow wastes away.
May he to whom is plighted
Thy vow, thou faithless one!
Love thee, as would the blighted,
In happiness have done.
But I will not reprove thee,
Thy falsehood I forgive;
For I cannot cease to love thee
Until I cease to live!

I'LL CO TO SLEEP.

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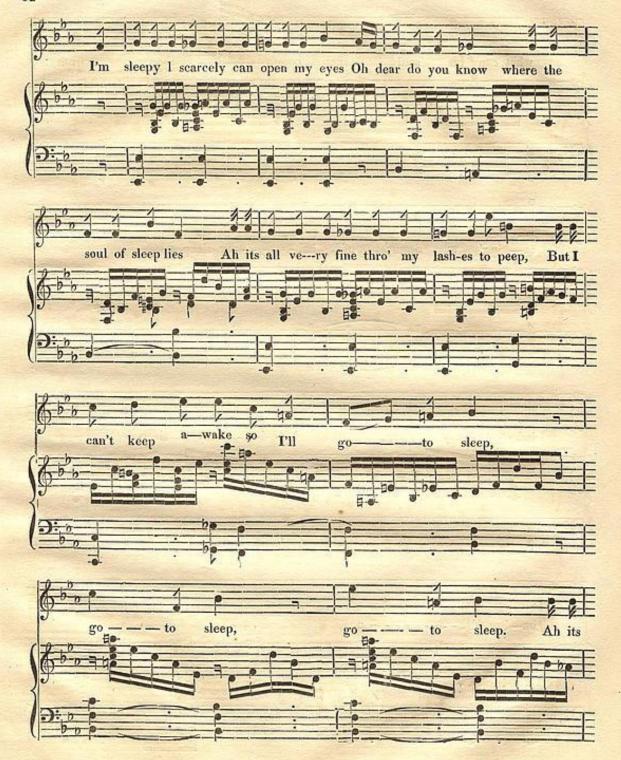
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Plalla Wollows:

The poetry by Mrs. E. H. Dunlop-inscribed to William Hamilton Maxwell, Esq., author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c

Our home is the gibher-gunyah, Where hill joins hill on high: There berramboo and boomerang Like sleeping serpents lie! There our lubras can look on the battwan clear, That the track of a white man hath never been near.

Ours are the wascera gliding-Deep in the shady creek; Where bright gerool and cooperra tell How sure the prey we seek: While the rushing of wings, as the wangas pass, Sweeps the wallaby's print from the glist'ning grass.

Ours is the coole-man flowing, With fragrant contiyon stored : For fleet the foot, and keen the eye, That seeks the conindin's hoard! But dearer the glance, and the footsteps to me, Of the lubra who laughs by the kurrijong tree!

* THE POETRY OR LANGUAGE OF WOLLOMBI.

Gibber-gunyah : cave-of-the-rock.

Berramboo : the waddy or war-club, similar to those of New Zealand.

Boomerang : striking-weapon-from boomallee, to strike.

Lubra : female or daughter-young females of a tribe.

Battwan : spring water.

Wascerra: fish.

Gerrool, and Cooperra : the mullet and cel.

Wanga-wanga: a wild pigeon of the largest kind, of most exquisite plumage.

Wallaby: a small species of the kangaroo, which is also called barwan, and billoo-they are yet found in thin

herds in the mountanous ranges of the Wollombi.

The coole-man is a bowl, hollowed with great ingenuity by the aborigines, from an excrescent substance of a semi-circular form, found growing on the iron-bark, apple, and other gumiferous trees; the inner wood is rather more porous and fibrous than that on which it grows; but the bark (which is the cooleman) is hard and smooth, one or two inches in thickness, and containing from a pint to two gallons. On a first examination I was inclined to the opinion of an author (Professor Rennie,) on "Insect Architecture," who believes that "such growths may be caused by the juncture of the lynips," but admitting, with that authority, that these excresences are "pseudo-galls," I rather infer them to be like wens on animals, "produced by too much nourishment." Contiyon : honey.

Conindin: the small native honey-bee easily tracked through the air by a white down adhering to it; which is strewed by the natives on the sweet yams, on which the insect loves to feed.

Kurrijong: a tree, from the inner rind of which nets are woven.

TRAITS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Of come this mer, there of Anti-, there have encourse that ejacomium reversi times, in maintain main and me and me and me and the maintain of a companies of the contract with an anthoritative and memoring voi e, accompanies with an anthoritative and memorial wave of the one and drop reportations are -- Citagot Boomistare.

It is plaint to words, from my distant position, were connectines has in the passing let the reamering my election. I samilarly approached him—eager to catch each word. The invalidation is not along of his language embarraced me much, but I make the disough to comprehens the backet automog of his discourse. The was on one have, which his land accessionally exerted on the past

Or the Aboriginal tribes of Australia, notwithstanding considerably more than half a century has elapsed since it became a British province, it is surprising how comparatively little is known. An apathy, if not a disgust, may almost be said to pervade the general mind, as far as these children of the forest are concerned. Their manners attract but little curiosity. Their customs are unnoticed, save by a few; and, to their superstitions no interest or importance is attached. They are stigmatised as the lowest of God's creatures; and, by many, are held to be of scarce superior intelligence to the beasts whereon they prey. But, is this sweeping denounciation fact? Have they no moral, redeeming attributes?—and, are they utterly unworthy of all care and culture? We think not—for we have beheld their children, at Adelaide, (the most recent settlement,) in the same schools with the offspring of Europeans, and on the same forms—with whom they competed in proud and prominent comparison, whether in reading, writing, arithmetic, or skilful practice of the sempstress' art!

To enter into philological or statistical examination of this interesting portion of the world, were task foreign to the character and complexion of our Euphrosyne; but, being in possession of many interesting anecdotes, we shall furnish a few graphic and spirited delineations, to show that the contemned Black has pursuits and practices, which even the refined White may feel amusement in knowing.

ABORIGINAL OPÍNION OF THE DEITY.

OFTEN has the thought struck me, whilst plodding my weary way through the solitary wilds of Australia—"If the children of Nature that roam carelessly over its extensive tracts of forests mountain and plain, had ever thought of a Supreme Being—naturally, and before the appearance of the white man was made on their shores, or in their particular districts;" but, to be satisfied on, this point, there appeared considerable difficulty—as I passed but few, and they not the most intelligent or communicative of their race: nor had I the opportunity of actual observation until far on the Australia Felix side of the Murray. There, amongst the almost inaccessible crags and impenetrable dells of the romantic Goulburn river, I accidentally enjoyed the opportunity so long looked for in vain, viz., seeing one of the almost untameable sons of the forest offer up his heartfelt praise to the "God of all living!"

I came upon the spot suddenly, and unperceived or the treat I had so eagerly longed for would have been ungratified, perhaps for ever.

He was a tall robust young savage of about twenty years, of a fine intellectual countenance; and, if you had chosen amongst a whole tribe, you could not have selected one more likely to adhere steadfastly to the customs of his forefathers, despite the mercenary influence of the white settler. Thus, he had wandered far into the gloomy valley—retired from the noise and

confusion of the camp, and from the impertinent gaze of all, to ask for forgiveness-to entreat for a further continuance of benefits; and to be eech the Evil One not to come near him. His plaintive words, from my distant position, were sometimes lost in the passing breeze; but, altering my situation, I stealthily approached him-eager to catch each word. The insufficient knowledge of his language embarrassed me much, but I understood enough to comprehend the leading tendency of his discourse. He was on one knee, with his head occasionally rested on an aged gum that grew on the precipice beneath me; and as he turned his dark eyes upward bedewed with tears, I was sometimes apprehensive that some little accident would arouse his suspicions of a person being in the immediate vicinity, and thus prematurely put an end to his devotions. After the first section of his thanksgiving was ended, his prayer ran slowly and distinctly nearly as follows :- "Cumbâlie, Maamayung !- cumbâlie Maamayung !"-(O! come this way, Good Spirit : O! come this way, Giver of All!) After he had repeated this ejaculation several times, in the most pathetic and beseeching manner, he exclaimed, with an authoritative and menacing voice, accompanied with an horizontal wave of the arm and deep superstitious air—"Géego! Boojel-carney! géego, Boojel-carney!"-(Go away! Evil Spirit-hence! Depart! Come not here, Satan!) Then followed in rapid succession, while mechanically bobbing his head at each subject, his intercession for numerous articles of both necessaries and luxuries; which, for the ready comprehension of my readers, I will give in detail, in the broken language generally used by the tribes in conversation with the settlers :--

"Oh! Maamayung! give-it plenty 'possum, plenty kangaroo, plenty duck, plenty fish, plenty bread--white bread; plenty tea, plenty sugar, plenty' bacco (tobacco), plenty sugar-'possum, plenty flyin'-squirrel, plenty pideon (pigeon), p-l-e-n-ty turkey, (Australian bustard); plenty little-bird (quail, and other small game), plenty grass-tree--make fire; plenty bark--make canoe; plenty fishin-bok, plenty fish-b-i-g fish! plenty beef, (all the meats of the Europeans generally receive instable carefully receive instable approximately stated and the stated are received by just this single expressive word); plenty kettle-cook; plenty trowser, plenty coat, plenty gun-shoot; plenty powder, plenty hat, plenty shot-duck; plenty like-it-round-about (waistcoat), plenty 'chief (handkerchief); plenty shirt, plenty blue-shirt :- géego! Boojel-carney! g-é-e-g-o-!--plenty fishin'line, plenty egg, plenty yam, (native yam); plenty tatae (potatoe); plenty tomahawk, plenty knife, plenty white-money, (silver); plent-y-p-l-c-n-t-y-"

Here, in spite of his native and broken-English language-in defiance of an extensive and extending memory, and still greater increasing appetite—his plenty's failed him; and, after reminding "Maamayung" of his unbounded goodness to him, and his tribe—still praying a further continuance!—then, giving his Arch-enemy, "Boojel-carney," some expressive and threatening "géego's!" he slowly rose; and, wrapping his 'possum-cloak about him, with a prince-like air, he moodily retraced his steps, far as my eye could follow, in the direction of-"the camp of his tribe!"-"Wanderings in Australia"-by W. C.: an unpublished MS.

NATIVE MANNER OF NAMING CHILDREN.

It was with no small feeling of astonishment we one morning beheld Margum hovering about our doorway, his countenance wearing a distant approach to a smile-a trait so unusual amongst the members of his tribe.

"What do you want, Margum?" said we: "What makes you look so pleased?"

"Bidda got piccaniny, (infant), M——," returned he, calling us familiarly by our surname. "Ay, ay," we rejoined," and where is Bidda?"

"She sit down Dundalama," (this was a station about four miles from ours). "Got piccaniny dinner time"-(meaning about 10 o'clock).

"Indeed ? I hope she is quite well : we must send something for her. Will you bake her some wigay ?" (bread).

"Wirrai (where will) you send it?" asked our sable friend in some surprise. "She come up here to-night."

"What!" exclaimed we, surprised in turn—"What, going to walk here this evening, and with the child, too?"

" Awa !" (yes).

"Why she must be mad, Margum!"
"No—always that way, M——"

Sure enough in the evening, when we visited the camp, mother and child were both there; the former, with two or three of her sable relatives, very busy in making preparations for naming the young gentleman. The ceremony of nomenclature being rather curious, we shall describe it :-A hole is dug in the ground, about one foot in depth, and of a diameter of three feet; in this a large fire is made; then, as soon as the sticks are well ignited, and charred, the flames are smothered with green leaves: of course this raises a dense, heavy smoke, through which the new-born infant is repeatedly passed. We inquired the reason of this strange procedure-when the father informed us, it was in order that the child might be made "boodjeree black!" (good black.) "Come," thought we, "there is reason in his madness: if hot rooms and swathing cloths will help a fair complexion, this aboriginal vanity may be pardoned; and, after all, the absurdity of both is nearly on a par—with this only difference that he prefers the sable, his more civilized brethren the ermine. Indeed, the rationale of the ceremony became the more evident, when, on looking at the newly-born babe, we ascertained that it would have been a moral impossibility, from the hue of its own complexion to have determined with accuracy that of his parents. Perhaps, too, the system was the invention of some aboriginal Malthus-not more than one out of three surviving this smoky fount!

THE NATIVE CORROBORY (DANCE)

Has often been described, and if we adventure our ideas of the matter, it is not that we expect to surpass previous illustrations, but merely to render our aboriginal scraps as lively and entertaining as possible. It was our fortune to witness this spectacle on the banks of the beautiful M'Leay. In the bright moonlight of a glorious evening we were attracted toward the black's camp—having scraped acquaintance with the tribe that morning, and had bought "golden opinions" from them all, at the expense of a few figs of tobacco, and two or three pipes. We had scarcely approached the bivouack ere we were recognised as the "Boojery (good) fellow dat give-it smoke de ngorokán, (morning)!" and again importuned for the further means of indulgence. A few inches of "the soothing weed" distributed here and there amongst the great men, satisfied—for the time being.*

The tribe might muster from thirty to thirty-five individuals, men, women and children. We found the young men, like so many strolling players, bedizening themselves for their respective roles. Their tiring room was of ample size. A small, clear spot served for a stage, and the forest thickets were their natural wings and flats, for entrances and exits; whilst the flickering and lurid flame of a large dead-wood fire, shed a picturesque and romantic glare on the surrounding tree-tops, and did the duty of foot-lights, side-burners, and chandeliers, in the approaching entertainment. The adornments consisted chiefly in smearing the visage with red ochre, and streaking their limbs and bodies in quaint devices, fashioned by white clay—some twisted and knotted their hair like the females of Europe, whilst one warrior had his locks elaborately interwoven with cockatoo feathers.

Acquisitiveness is one of the leading features of this unfortunate race in all their transactions; but they are not
misers, like the Bedouins; on the contrary, they generally lay out any small donations they receive to the best advantage—
but ideas of possessing numerous articles of clothing and unknown luxaries continually haunt them: an illustration of
which will be found in the succeeding article.

Every thing being prepared, a warrior commenced chanting, and, as it seemed to us, constantly reiterated the same words, keeping time to the monotonous drawl by banging a short stick against his shield.* The performers meanwhile had ensconced amid the brakes, whence at a given cue, a couple issued; at stated intervals others followed, until the entire dramatis personæ were on the scene, and then—"the fun grew fast and furious:" violent bodily exertion, and incessant grimace were accompanied by wild and suppressed gutteral intonations, resembling the short,

angry grunts of an infuriated boar.

Of their different pas, some were especially light and easy; whilst, as the spirit of the dance excited an emulation, the limbs quivered nervously, and their knees clashed together in a singularly forcible and energetic manner—their voices bearing chorus, as, in rapid transition, they performed a species of saltatory movement, which we cannot better describe than by comparing it with some of the peculiar gambols of the grotesque artistes of Saddler's Wells, and Astley's Amphitheatre. We merely delineate that which we have beheld, but they exhibit a variety of characteristic and emblematical dances applicable to various times and seasons.

NATIVE AVARICE.

Acquisitiveness in the Australian Aboriginal knows no bounds—and is invariably the leading propensity through all the numerous tribes of this immense island. The importunate "give-it" vibrates in the traveller's ears from morning till night—and new donations give rise to further demands, the wily savage well knowing that his more intellectual brother partakes of comforts and delicacies to which he is an utter stranger. In illustration of which, a settler once wishing a favor from one of the Goulburn river tribe, (Australia Felix,) the following colloquy ensued:—

"Well, Tommy! you geego (go away) up along-it river, an' look out for three (holding up three fingers) yarriman (horses): make-it miâ-miâ (a shelter hastily constructed with bushes) for night—then, look-out along-it river; when sun hot then yarriman drink—you see?" The dingy brother nodded an affirmative. "Then," continued the settler, "drive yarriman cumbâlie (this way) down the river—you see!" "What give-it?" rejoined Tommy, cautiously watching the features of the settler. "Give-it plenty patter (bread), plenty 'bacco—if you bring yarriman:" the settler well knowing that if anything but promises were given beforehand, the horses might run where they were. "Merrijig!" (very good!) exclaimed the black; whilst, looking down at what once were inexpressibles, he whined beseechingly, "An' plenty trowser?" "Yes, Tommy!" Then, gently laying his hand on his shoulder, which the scorching sun had blistered, owing to a large tear in his regatta—for, be it understood, he was a luxurious fellow, and always wore linen when he could get it, this accounting for his skin being burnt—he murmured "Give-it shirt?" "Oh! yes, Tommy, I'll give you shirt!" "Co-bon! (excellent!)" exclaimed the delighted aboriginal.

Now, finding that the settler was very anxious to obtain his stray horses, and having all his requests for necessaries so unhesitatingly complied with—the grasping disease of acquiring luxuries which his less fortunate countrymen knew not of, seized him with avidity: "You give-it coat—old coat?" Previous to this juncture the settler actually meant to perform his promises to the letter; but, watching the increasing covetousness of his sable friend, he now determined to enjoy a little amusement at the expense of his credulity—"Oh! yes, give-it coat!" "Ah, ha! co-bon merrijig (glorious) fellow you!" giving a peculiar cluck with his tongue, expressive of great admiration. And

^{*} The native name of which is generally Koreil, or Hillimung—a curious instrument of defence, about two feet six inches or three feet long, five inches broad across the middle, and tapering towards each end to one inch—a parallel line running down the middle, slanting off in an oblique direction. They are made of the hardest wood that can be obtained, having a hollow and loop in the centre of the back for the hand, are finely carved with various devices, some coloured—and are twirled in their corroborys and fights with amazing dexterity—throwing off the spears in the latter on all directions

so they proceeded with their mutual amusement: the black gradually asking for "plenty" of every article of comfort or rarity that he could think or dream of being on the farm-and the settler as readily complying with the usual affirmative! At last, wearied with his numerous solicitations, and his reason once more returning, he looked archly at the highly amused settler, and exclaimed "Plenty gammon you, I believe!" The effect was such, that the whole company then present burst into an uncontrolled fit of merriment, at the expense of-the credulity and avarice of the Australian Aborigine !- " Wanderings in Australia:" in M.S. by W. C.

A NATIVE GIRL'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

The love of the Aborigines for smoking is an all-engrossing passion. Apt pupils have they been in acquiring this filthy practice, as well as other debasing European tastes and habits. lady, attempting to impress the joys of Heaven upon the mind of a young native girl domesticated under her roof, had her homily cut ridiculously short by the naive enquiry-"Eh, Missus, plenti smoke dere?'

Due explanation having been rendered, the forest child turned a cold and contemptuous ear to all the glowing representations of celestial bliss—Heaven being no Heaven to her imagination without "Plenti boodjeree (good) smoke!"

A SABLE ROMEO.

This poor girl supplies us with another anecdote. She was of the King River tribe; and, being wooed in the customary Australian fashion-that is to say, being felled to the earth by a blow from her lover, which would have fractured any European skull, she was flung, like a sack across his shoulder, and borne in a state of insensibility to his fire. Here she was unceremoniously cast upon the ground. Recovering slowly, she observed her adorer deeply absorbed in star-gazing. A large sheet of bark lay near. Seizing her opportunity she crawled and lay prostrate beneath it. Her sable Romeo sought her everywhere but the right place. When he was sufficiently remote, she crept from her friendly shelter-started to her feet-fled-and escaped !

This girl was one of the very few who preferred service with the whites to the savage life of the open bush; and for several years she occupied a happy and contented station in the establishment of a kind and humane gentlewoman. But eventually, despite her own and the family's entreaties, her tribe compelled her to rejoin them; and, alas! in one of their capricious and ruthless moods, she became their victim !! And yet of such outrages no notice is taken.

THE KIBBARAH.

A description of the Kibbarah has already been published by several authors who have admirably written on the customs of the aborigines, but notwithstanding the difficulty under which we consequently must labour, in our endeavour to avoid the decorations of borrowed plumes, we cannot suffer so interesting a subject to escape the pages of our EUPHROSYNE; and therefore, without claim to originality, submit the following to our readers :-

A SCENE IN THE DISTRICT OF PORT MACQUARIE.

Among the numerous ceremonies peculiar to the Aborigines of this vast Island, perhaps there are none more really imposing than that of the Kirbaran; and, as it rarely falls to the lot of a white man to witness its orgics in detail

the following attempt at describing them, (the writer having been an eye-witness on more than one occasion,) may not prove uninteresting. It must be premised that the Kibbarah is an initiatory rite, taking place at the age of puberty, and is entirely confined to the masculine portion of the tribes; in short, it is a trial by which the courage and forbearance of the youths are exquisitely wrought upon—and on its results their place in society is determined, whether by admission into the tribe as entitled to wear the toga virilis, and join in the hunting and other predatory excursions of their bretheren, or by consignment to the inglorious occupation of women, their pretensions to the privileges and employments of the warrior be for ever annihilated.

It was on a beautiful summer morning when the annual convocation of the tribes, belonging to the surrounding country, assembled on the distant hills in the district above mentioned, to celebrate the misterious rites of the "Kibbarah." Hostile tribes meet on those solemn occasions in peace—all animosity existing between them being buried in oblivion during the performance of these ceremonics. When the "Koo-6e," or "Koo-wuck" is sounded, the women, in haste, make their way to the ravines and gullies. The tribe to which the youths belong, who are to undergo the ordeal of initiation, commence the ceremony by uttering a long drawn dismal yell, which causes the adjacent forests to ring with its uproar: this is answered by the different tribes present, in rotation. This prelude over, silence is restored for a space of ten minutes, during which time not a sound is heard, saving the twitter of the feathered warblers, or the lugubrious howl of the "dingo" or wild dog.

The oldest men of the different tribes then retire to hold a pretended council among themselves, when the younger ones grasp their tomahawks, and in a moment the trees are stripped of their bark half-way up the barrel. Another discordant yell is again heard, and a ring is formed by the whole of the tribes then present: the "wakin," with its horrible whirring noise is heard in the distance—enormous fires blaze around, making the scene wild and savage in the extreme. There are generally mustered on such occasions from five to six hundred savages, armed in "all the pomp and panoply of war," looking more like demons than human beings, their naked bodies being adorned with the most grotesque and fanciful figures, done in artistical style, with a species of pipe-clay found in the mountains, and their heads profusely powdered with the down of the "benquin" or wild swan.

The "Witarpan," an old man, intended to represent the Deity, is stationed in a tree, making the most furious gestures, and, whirling the wakin, (similar to what children call the "bull-roar," but on a larger scale,) a flat piece of wood, about a foot long, notehed all over, with a hole in one end, through which passes a piece of currijong bark as a laniard: this he takes in his hand, whirling it round with great velocity, the rotary movement causes an awful burr in the air—this, with other accompaniments, forms a tout ensemble, which may be imagined by those who have witnessed the incantation scene in "Der Freischütz." The youths who are to undergo the ordeal are now brought forward, and placed in the ring by their fathers or nearest relatives. The kibbarah song then commences, describing to the candidates in the strongest language the tortures they are about to undergo.

The first ordeal is that of knocking out one of the front teeth, which is done in a truly scientific manner, by boring a hole in a tree, and inserting therein a small, hard twig: against this the tooth is brought in contact; one individual holds the candidates head in a firm position, whilst another, exerting all his strength, pushes the head forcibly forward; by this rude concussion, the tooth, with frequently a portion of the gum, will fall out. In addition to this dental operation, some actors of this strange drama, made more frightfully hideous, if possible, than their companions, stand over the neophyte, brandishing the " marie" or waddy, with which they menace instant death; others have sharp pieces of flint or stone, and, with these they cut two longitudinal stripes on the sufferer's back, and one on each shoulder. While these tortures are being inflicted, if the victim of superstition should happen to let the slightest groan, or indication of suffering escape his lips, or should he at all shrink from his tormentors-three yells, long and loud, emanate from the operators—the event being thus proclaimed to the "Maharra" or encampment. The unfortunate is then esteemed not worthy to be enrolled as a warrior, or mix with the men of his tribe. The women are summoned with a loud knowuck, and, when they make their appearance, the youth is handed over to them with ignominy, being branded a coward, fit only from thenceforward for the companionship of children. If, on the contrary, he endures the trial, without wincing, he takes his stand as a warrior, admitted to participate in the hunting excursions of his companions, and eligible to fight in the battles of his tribe. After he has honorably gone through all these trials, another ring is formed, consisting of the aged men, when he is again placed in the centre, and the "mundie" is given to him. † They then try every persuasive art to induce him to return the precious deposit. If either threats or entreaties have the effect of making him resign it, he is still considered unfit to be a warrior, as he can be talked over; but, if he retains it notwithstanding all their plausible endeavours, the war song commences, and a sham fight ensues. In this he is placed in the van, to demonstrate his courage

^{*} The Bush-call, all prevalent in Australia-which will be fully explained in the following pages.

† The Mundie is a kind of chrystal stone believed by the Aborigines to be an excrement issuing from the Deity, and held by them in great estimation.

and dexterity in the mode with which he handles his weapons. This final rite duly accomplished, a loud koo-ee rings out its warning note for the women to return to the encampment. Sufficient time having elapsed, the tribes follow singing the "koorinda-braia," (the song of peace,) as they return in procession.

Every thing finished, they separate to their own respective encampments. All becomes animation and bustle, the woman busy themselves in roasting the "wanbun," (kangaroo,) or whatever food chance may have thrown in their way. The cravings of appetite appeased, these children of Nature quietly seek repose. In the morning, not a vestage is descernible of the panorama of yesterday, to point out to the passing traveller, the locale of the kibbarah, save the stripped barrels of the forest giants, or the yet smouldering ashes, which the winds of Heaven are rapidly dispersing through the forest!

NATIVE BURIALS.

Their mode of interment in some districts, assimilates itself more to ours—for, black or white, what is it, at last, but earth to earth, and dust to dust. We witnessed the ceremony but once, yet it always recalled sad reminiscences. "Billy!"—such was his English appelative, was one of our earliest bush acquaintances. Many a weary mile have we ridden together—many an hour has he beguiled with strange details of his people's customs; little deeming that he himself was destined

to afford us the most interesting.

He visited Sydney in company with a friend of ours, and thereupon had doffed the graceful opossum-skin cloak, to don the less picturesque attire of social life. He was absent about six weeks; and as may be readily conceived, he with no little joy on his return, threw "off the vile lendings" to resume his own natural costume. So rashly however was this effected, that a severe cold was the consequence; and this settled to inflammation on the lungs. In hot climates the progress of disease is invariably rapid; and, as though to accelerate the approach of death, one evening during the time he was labouring under the effects of a powerful sudorific, his tribe removed him forcibly from our dwelling to the open camp, asserting that, as he was sure to die, his death ought to take place among his friends and relatives. He did not survive the removal

three hours; and in two days thereafter we witnessed his interment.

The ceremony took place about mid-day. The river Macquarie wound gracefully around the green knoll which, tufted with the waving accacia, was to serve for Billy's last earthly home With their small spades, which are generally used for the purpose of scooping out the grubs from the soil, his friends rapidly dug a grave, the depth of which was about ten feet, with an average diameter of nearly a yard. Green leaves and the fresh gathered flower of the mimosa, were strewn upon the bottom of the pit, the deceased meanwhile having been tied up in his blanket and opossum-skin cloak, in the smallest possible compass, so that, when seated, his knees touched his nose. In this attitude the body was gently lowered to its final resting place, and covered with leaves. A vacant space of about six feet still remained: this was left unfilled; for the natives will never cast the mould upon their dead. A sheet of bark was next rolled over the top of the grave, above which they piled a huge mound of earth. The bark, in progress of time, decays, and the pit naturally fills in from the weight of the superincumbent mole. A fence was placed around the solitary spot. The name, or rather mark, of the departed, (of writing they have no idea,) was carved on all the surrounding trees-the wood being pierced to the depth of two inches at least, serving as a living and almost imperishable memento mori. This done, the men assembled together, (for women are never permitted to be present at such ceremonies,) and gave utterance to a long, mournful ejaculation in praise of the deceased, terminating in a terrific howl. They then departed and the women drew near. These poor creatures, their bodies lacerated with the sharp edge of the muscle-shell, and the blood streaming from their wounds, marched weeping and wailing in sad procession about the mound, terminating their lamentations in an appalling shrick. This concluded the ceremony.

This mode of burial is only practised for the men. In some districts, when a woman dies, a

hole is dug, into which the body is thrust, and no more is done on the occasion; but, amongst a few of the southern tribes, this duty is solemnly performed by the girls and adult females of the district—songs are composed suitable to the occasion, and chanted amid the tears of the assembly even twelve months after the occurrence of the solemn event! In general, the natives will not mention the name of any one deceased; and rarely can they be brought to make them the subject of conversation or reference.

The only superstition they have regarding resurrection is certainly most natural—"Tumble down black-fellow, jump up white-fellow!"—meaning, that dying black they will hereafter be white. This idea has arisen from the fact, that the body of a black, if buried for many weeks, will be found on disinterment to have lost the colouring matter of the skin, which will have become perfectly white.

We returned from Billy's obsequies pensive and melancholy. At a subsequent date the accacias and mimosas formed a grove of loveliness around his narrow couch, whilst the purling stream poured its wailing music, as it bore on its waters the murmuring requiem of—the white man's triend!

THE KOO-EE

Koo-ee is an Australian expression equivalent to our English hallo, and in the like manner used by the aborigines and natives to call any person from afar; but from the acuteness of tone which its correct enunciation affords, its sound can be carried to much greater distance than our hallo.

The koo-ze is peculiar to all the Australian Colonies, and appears to be a term unknown in every other part of the world. It is really suprising to observe a sailor at sea, draw attention for several miles off, by the remarkable shrill sound of his koo-ze; and it is equally astonishing to hear at what great distance the koo-ze travels on land.

The mode of giving the koo-ee is simple enough—which is by merely pausing for a considerable time a la crescondo, on some acute note in the falsetto, and then letting the voice sink or rather glide to its octave below.

Example.

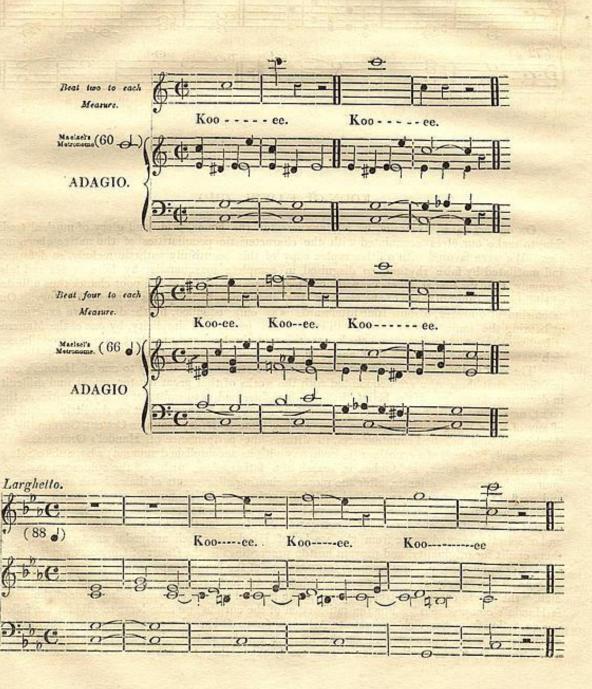
Altho' the koc-ee as already noticed is known throughout Australia, yet the manner of its ntonation varies in different districts—the natives of Port Philip, for instance, commence on isome grave note in the voce di petto, and then glidingly raise the voice into the falsetto, one or two octaves and often a seventeenth above.

We have thus far, to the best of our ability, explained the general mode of producing the kor-ee, but there is a more delicate soul-stirring koo-ee, to describe which, the sensitive mind—and the heart that can feel for the sorrows of a fellow being cannot fail to understand: it is the wailing koo-ee of distress—the agonizing cry for help, to the heart-rending, plaintive, melancholy tones of which we have listened until we became as children over excited by the bitterness of grief.

Hence it is clear that the melody of the koo-ee, varies with the different passions which excite

We have indeed traced the melody of the koo-ee, nearly through every progression of the diatonic and chromatic scales.

The following illustration may give some faint idea of the various koo-ees we have heard, which for the entertainment of the curious we have put into rhythm to a Piano Forte accompaniment, so that Ladies who have no bills to look after, may pass a few leisure moments in kooing, after the fashion of the antipodes.





KOON-GI KAWEL GHO.

On our arrival in Australia, we felt anxious for the honor, pride and glory of musical tradition, to make ourselves acquainted with the characteristic peculiarities of the native aboriginal airs. We were favored with a lithographic copy of this beautifully pathetic melody, so deformed and mutilated by false rhythm, so disguised in complete masquerade, by false basses and false harmony, that we cast it from us with no small share of regret at the poor chance thus afforded of adding any thing in favor of the claim of the aborigines, to the pages of musical history. Our astonishment however, a short time afterwards was only equalled, by the delight we experienced at hearing the same melody sung in all its genuine purity and simplicity, by one of the Maneroo tribe: we thus at once discovered the key to its latent rhythm, and excellent scope for good basses, rich transitions, and progressions of harmony.

There is in the first four bars of this melody, so striking an affinity to one of Handel's compositions, that those who are acquainted with the works of that great master, might find difficulty in divesting themselves of the belief, that the aborigines had been guilty of piracy: sceptics on that point, may however, remove all doubts from their minds, when they reflect on the little probability of any of these sable-faced gentlemen ever having graced Drury Lane or Covent Garden, by the sunshine of their polished countenances, to witness the performance of Handel's Oratorios. We have in early life read of a gruntling (in company with its accomplished mamma) who, unlike Selwyn in search of a daughter, or Japhet in search of a father, flew, with all the epicurean taste of a gourmand, across the atlantic, after the more fascinating allurements of the calipash and calipee,—and we have all been made acquainted with full particulars of Mohammed's very interesting journey to Heaven on his ass (Al. Borák.) but as we have no authenticated record of either the lubras (girls) or gins (wives) of the aborigines taking flight to England for the purpose of engaging composers, and of selecting sacred music from the works of Handel for their antipodal words, we must give them credit for originality, and prevent hostile proceedings in the Court of Chancery against them, by way of injunction for their seeming infringement of the laws of copy-right.

As to the affinity of the four bars alluded to, to Handel's song, we must exclaim with Bowdich, "that there can be no stronger proof of the musical powers of these beings nor of the nature of Handel's compositions." For the satisfaction of the curious, we take leave to subjoin the following quotation from Bowdich's mission to Ashantee (page 451); who after giving an account of the musical powers of a white negro, from the interior country of Imbeckee, describing his person, his harp, &c., says, "The negro sat on a low stool, supporting his harp on his knee and shoulder,

when he proceeded to tune it with great nicety: his hands appeared to wander among the strings, until he performed a running accompaniment, to extraordinary vociforations. At times one deep and hollow note burst forth, and became broken; presently he looked up, pursuing all the actions of a maniac; and whilst the one hand continued playing, he rung forth a peal, which vibrated on the ear, long after it was produced. He became silent, the running accompaniment revived again, as a prelude to loud recitative, uttered with the greatest volubility, and ending with one word, on which he ascended and descended divisions far beyond the extent (in pitch) of his harp, with the most beautiful precision. Sometimes he became more collected, and a mournful air succeeded the recitative without the least connection, and he would again burst out with the whole force of his powerful voice, in the notes of the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel. To meet with this chorus in the wilds of Africa, and from such a being, had an effect I can scarcely describe; I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence: there could not be a stronger proof of the nature of Handel, nor of the powers of the negro. I naturally enquired if this man were in his senses, and the reply was, he was always rational, but when he played, at which time he invariably used the same gestures, and evinced the same incoherency."

The plaintive wild aboriginal merody before mentioned, was sung by the Maneroo tribe to the

following native words:

"Koon-gi koon-gi kawel-gho yuerce, koon-gi kawel-gho yuerce, Kooma-gi ko ko kawel-gho koomagi ka-ba kooma-gi ko ko— Kooma-gi ko ko kawel-gho koomagi ka-ba kooma-gi yue-rce."

Which we forwarded to Mrs. Dunlop, the talented writer of several elegant poems. This Lady kindly favoured us with the subjoined characteristic stanzas—versified from the original words.

THE ABORIGINAL FATHER.

The shadow on thy brow, my child, Like a mist o'er the clear Lagoon: Steals on with presage dim and wild— Of the death-clouds * direful gloom.

Our tribes, droop by each native stream, Where the founts that have fed them lie; And white man's fire sends forth its gleam, O'er the Batwan † where they die. And thou my boy! the last—the first Green leaf of a smouldering tree! A stranger's eye will crush the burst Of a Warrior's lament o'er thee.

We regret that our Euphrosyne's appearance cannot now be delayed for a new edition of this melody, which we published a few years ago, but we look forward to the time—when, if it should please the great geometrician of the universe to permit us to visit some land of civilization, where science and literature may hold a small portion of conversation in the drawing room, as well as lambs wool and mutton fat, to re-publish this beautiful native air, with several other extraordinary musical relics—which, but for our timely arrival in this Colony, might for ever have sunk into oblivion.

We shall not here enter into any lengthened definition of the term Music,—whether it was originally formed from musæ, Movoac the muses, who it is said were the inventors thereof, nor whether it derives its name as Kircher would have it, from an Egyptian word; supposing its restoration after the flood to have commenced in Egypt, by reason of the reeds &c., on the banks of the Nile: nor is it our intention to hold any controversy with Hesychius and others, who maintain that

Batwan-mian + - The water of the Creek.

Death Clouds. - The unseen power has many names and forms; and is a spirit of evil only, living in the Wheeguon-cura
Pire Clouds.

the Athenians gave the name of music μουσική to every art-nor are we disposed to question the right of Hermes Trismegistus-the Pythagoreans and the Platonists-for defining music to be the knowledge of the order of all things; and that every thing in the universe is harmony ; -on the contrary we admire such doctrine, especially the sublime idea of the harmony of the spheres comprehending the order and proportions in the magnitudes, distances, and motions of the heavenly bodies, and the harmony of the sounds resulting from those motions; nor can we but admire Plato's reasoning, that divine music exists in the divine mind, viz., those archetypal ideas of order and symmetry, according to which God formed all things. However splendidly grand and exaltedly great the ancients have defined music really to be, we shall here only consider it as Malcolm and others have defined it, a science that teaches how to produce sounds, under certain measures of tune and time-so ordered and disposed, as that either in consonance, or succession, or both, they may raise agreeable sensations. Now according to this definition of music, the native aborigines of Australia are by nature musicians, for their measure of tune and time are perfect, and so correctly produced, ordered and disposed, that to our taste they do raise most agreeable sensations, and how can this be otherwise? It is the power of instinct which prompts them to sing :- and what is instinct? It is that wonderful gift of Omnipotence which leads every beast of the earth to its food, to shelter itself from the inclemency of the weather, to fly from danger, to protect and nourish its young: it is that which causes the bee to sting its oppressor, to punish and spurn the indolent drone; and, to erect its combs or honey cells with that uniformity and beauty which has never been surpassed, if equalled, by human architecture: it is that which has endowed the ant with the power of communicating to its kind, the result of its search after food and thus obtain the co-operation of many, where the strength of one would be insufficient: it is that which prompts them carefully to convey their larvæ to the surface of the earth, for the benefit of the sun's heat, and as attentively to carry them to a place of safety, when either bad weather is threatened, or the ant-hill disturbed: it is that which prompts the fowl to sit for a certain number of days on her eggs, and then to peck the shells to liberate her chickens:-it is that same merciful gift of heaven, instinct, which prompts the warbling birds of the air to proclaim their joy in melody of delicious sweetness; and every savage in the known world to give vent to his over excited feelings in song.

These poor children of the forest had not a Scarlatti, a Leo, a Vinci, a Sarro, a Hasse, a Porpora, a Feo, an Abos, or a Pergolese to lay a foundation for composing music to express words—with an Apostolo, a Zeno, and a Metastasio at their elbows, to furnish poems replete with purity and eloquence, to inspire them with corresponding energetic or pathetic melodies—nor had they the equally celebrated professors who succeeded those geniuses, to improve on their style of composition, such as Jomelli, Piccini, Sacchini, Guglielmi, Traetta, Anfossi, Terradellas, Paisiello, Cimarosa and others, no, they had not the benefit of such exquisite polish of art—but they had, and they still have, their composers or inventors of songs, possessing that glorious gift of God, instinct, which enables them to express their passions of joy and sorrow in melody, founded on sounds laid down in the divine law of nature, making those sounds as it were an echo of the

sense of their words.

We here allude to those true sounds given to us by the laws of nature, such as major and minor tones, with other intervals and minute portions of sound, the intonation of which cannot possibly be produced on our present imperfect the beautifully constructed Organ and Piano Forte, (a) but which may be produced to perfection on the Violin, in the hands of that profound musician, who possesses the gift of expression with masterly execution. This was the charm of Paganini's performance; whose execution, expression, and intonation on the Violin were all so exquisitely perfect, that when listening to his magic sounds: we seemed as if we were elevated from the earth, into an elysium of bliss. But to return to the aborignies.

We can easily imagine how the ear that has been cultivated to the temperament of our arti-

See our "Musurgia Vocalis," on intonation, page 129.

ficial tones of an Organ or Piano Forte, may be disatisfied with the true and perfect sound of nature—and consequently make every allowance for the abuse that has been lavished on the vocal capabilities of these sable characters. But we are a little skilled in the science of acoustics, and with that little, have by comparing the mathematical proportions of sound of the ancient Greeks in the days of Aristoxenus, Pythagoras, and others; with the intonation of the aborigines of Australia, discovered beauties, which in some of their native airs are worthy of our strictest attention: and which we shall for the glory of musical tradition transmit as relics to the British Museum.

We regret that our limited fount of music type, and the little time left us for publication—will deprive us of the satisfaction we should have experienced, in laying all the beautiful native melodies we have collected before our readers, in the present work;—but we do trust at some future period to send them forth to the musical world, where it is hoped for the honor of the

intellectual race of the creation, they will be appreciated.

KOORINDA-BRAIA.

THE Koorinda-braia is a song of rejoicing, held in great estimation by the aborigines, and sung by them at their Corrobories and Kibbarahs; their mode of singing this and all their native strains, whether the subject be plaintive or cheerful is somewhat singular: the following description

may not prove uninteresting.

Before they commence the Koorin/1-braia which is in 2, time, they first [by stricking two peices of stick against each other] beat two or three bars in perfect measure to triple-time, seemingly as if trying to excite inspiration; they then continue beating and marking the time and rhythm, with accuracy not to be surpassed by the best musicians at the Italian Opera, of the melody which is sung with equal correctness, repeating the song several times; each repetition with increased energy and animated gestures—until the singers become completely exhausted by their enthusiasm.

It is perfectly ludicrous to see, as we have seen, one of these wild aboriginal music directors or time keepers, with all the grimace, gestures, and consequence of a connoisseur, stop his sable-faced singers, and compel them to re-commence their song—at the slightest innovation or defect of time, rhythm, or accent.

Shortly after our arrival in Sydney, we published this Koorinda-braia. as sung by the Man-

eroo tribe; which we shall at some future period re-print.

Maneroo is by the aborigines pronounced "Minaroo," which signifies an open space or

plain; hence the Maneroo tribe-literally means the "Tribe of the Plains."

What "Koorinda-braia" really imports, we could never satisfactorily ascertain: many persons whom we have consulted, are of opinion, that it is the name of one of their cheifs, whose memory they venerate, and always culogise in song. We have questioned the aborigines on the subject, but, either from some superstitious motive, or a desire to prevent us from becoming as wise as themselves, no two of them give the same translation. One of them who alternately laughed and wept from excessive joy, at hearing his own native melody, sung and accompanied by us on our Piano Forte, most positively affirmed, that "Koorinda-braia," meant nothing more nor less than the red and white chalk with which they paint their faces on days of festivity.

WAR-GOON-DA MIN-YA-RAH.

War-goon-da Min-ya-rah is another genuine aboriginal song of the Maneroo tribe, in great request among our antipodal brethren, and is sung by them after the fashion of the Koorinda-braia, at the "Corrobories" and "Kibbarahs." The melody which is short and simple, comprehending only four measures, but capable of producing great variety of effect, from the animated mode of the natives singing: was kindly presented to us by the Rev^d. Henry Tincombe, together with the Koorinda-braia; a gentleman who resided for several years at Maneroo, where he had frequent opportunities of hearing it sung by the aborigines of that district.

Altho' the whole of the melody of Wargoonda min-ya-rah, as sung by the Maneroo tribe, is contained within the first four bars of the music subjoined to this article by way of illustration; we have added several phrases to the original melody, with a coda in immitation of the several varieties of styles we have heard from the Goulburn tribe, the Wellington, and other tribes, each tribe having

its own peculiar melody.

It may be here necessary to remark, that the aborigines throughout Australia have no musical instrument of any description, not even that instrument of concussion, the drum, so generally used by every other uncivilized nation in the known world: our Piano Forte accompaniment, therefore, must be considered as an effort on our part, to convey to the unskilled some faint notion of the energetic style of the aboriginal music:—and altho' we have been favored by some characteristic stanzas [an impromptu] from the pen of the talented author of "Merry Freaks in troublous times," " well adapted to the melody; the true character and expression of the music, cannot be properly appreciated without the original words, we therefore submit the best literal translation we can command, for the accommodation of those—who desire to try the effect, a la "black fellow."

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

War-goon-da or Wear-goon-da—What is the matter?

Min is an abbreviation of Mina-winda—Where were you? What did you do?

Ya is an abbreviation of Yaninda—How is this?

Min-ya—What have you been doing?

Kol-ba or Koll-ba—On the Rocky Mountains.

Wandere, perhaps from Wandago-dere—Did white man give bread?

THE PRONUNCIATION.

War-goon-da.—The a in both syllables war and da has the same broad open-mouthed sound, as the a in the cry of the lambs ba: g in the middle syllable goon is hard, and is pronounced like goo in good.

Min-ya-rah.—The first syllable has the intonation of Mint, without the t: yah has the same sound as the first two letters in Yarmouth: the a in rah has the same broad sound as noticed in War-goon-da, but the final h requires a particular aspiration, leaving off with a sudden jerk.

Kol-ba pronounced Koll-ba, to make this word particularly characteristic of the aboriginal style of singing, the ba must be produced by snapping the lips asunder, with a strong expulsion of breath, and then keeping the mouth well open on the broad-sounding a, so as to vie in expression with the ba of a whole flock of sheep.

Wandere.—The a in wan cannot be too broad: the e in de has the sound of our English a in David; and re has the sound of ra in raven.

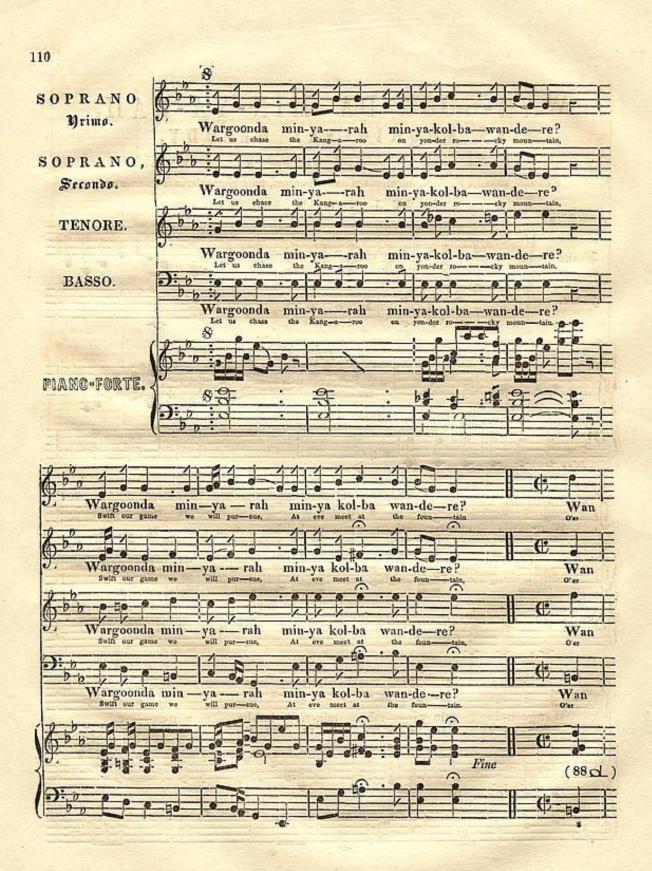
a "Merry Freaks in Troublous Times" is an Historical Dramatic Opera, written expressly for us, by our highly accomplished friend Captain Nagel, to which we have composed the whole of the music: and anticipate the pleasure of soon witnessing its performance in England.

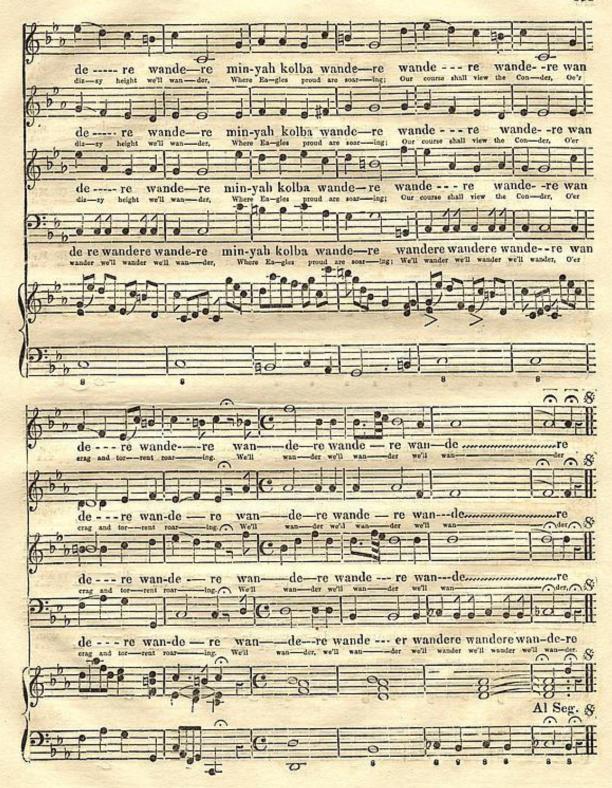
WAR-GOON-DA MIN-YA-RAH, AN ABORIGINAL MELODY,

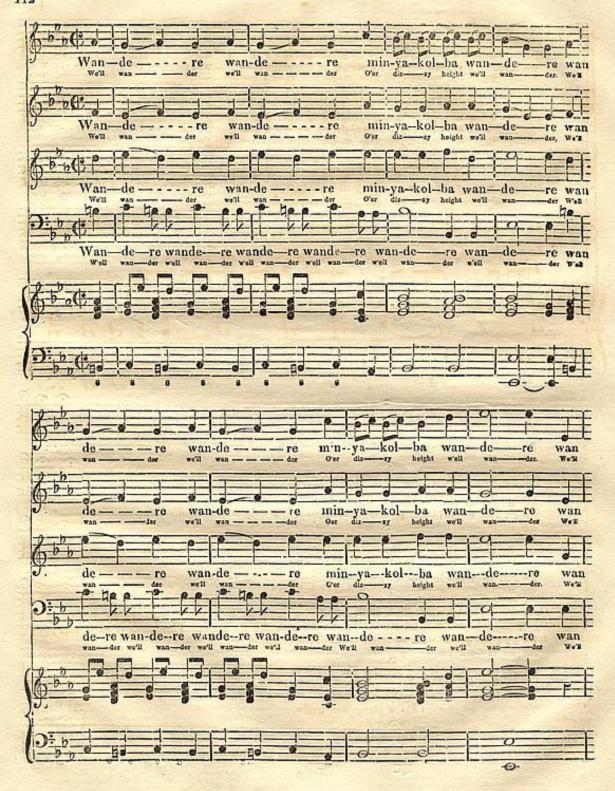
SUNC BY THE MANEROO TRIBES OF AUSTRALIA.

Put into modern rhythm, harmonized and arranged, with characteristic additions,











DITAL DITAL BA-LOO-NAI.

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THE BATTLE SONG,

DITAL BA-LOO-NAI is a bold energetic martial air, sung with great emotions of excitement, by the Wellington Valley Tribe, on their march to battle. The ideas it expresses may be freely rendered thus, and with nearly parallel accentuation.

> Brothers, brothers, on we go, To meet the foe,— To meet the foe,—
> Altho' we know,
> Dark strife will grow,
> On our path,
> Yet shall wrath Nerve our arms to meet the foc.

AH! WARIN-EE AH! WARIN-E is a sweetly flowing melancholy strain, supposed to be a song of lamentation, sung over the body or grave of a departed relative. It is the custom of the aborigines, occasionally to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of their relatives and distinguished Chiefs, periodically for several days after their interment.

The melody admits of exquisite pathos—great variety of harmony, and free scope for fanciful accompaniments,—which our limited fount of music type, will not at present allow us to lay

before the public.

TURTLE SONG.

AH! WY-A-BOO-KA.

"Wy-a-воо-ка," in the aboriginal language of the Wellington Valley tribe, signifies a species of turtle—and never did the late Sir William Curtis, of turtle-devouring memory, yearn more for this Aldermanic dainty, than does a Wellington Valley native for the oily wy-â-boo-kâ-. The

following scene is related by a gentleman who was a spectator:-

"Having occasion to perform a journey on horseback through the district of Wellington Valley, my progress was arrested on reaching the bank of a river I had to cross, by finding its waters swollen, and a rapid current flowing. The water being discoloured, and ignorant of its depth, I hesitated to venture in with a tired horse. Anxious to pursue my way, I began to consider what was to be done, as the shades of evening began to descend, and looking around, could see but a vast forest of tall gum and eucalyptus trees. On a sudden, I heard the hum of voices, which I knew to be those of natives. I approached the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and came upon a tribe of aboriginals, who were ranged along the bank of the river. I perceived one of them to point at the stream, and sing out lustily 'Ah! ah! Wy-a-boo-ka-!' then jump and dance about grotesquely. A second one then took up the same strain, and so on each in succession. On looking into the river to try and discern the cause of their excitement, I saw a description of turtle carried past by the stream now and then. On its appearance, the strain ah!ah! wy-a-boo-ka-! was immediately raised, and from the gestures of the natives, it was evident that one was trying to induce the other to plunge in and make a prize of this tit bit. The river flowing rapidly, their mutual power of persuasiviness seemed unavailing, and thus were they doomed, in the sadness of their hearts and epicurian cravings of their stomachs, to view those precious objects ' like fairy gifts fleeting away.'

On questioning one of the tribe, who spoke a little English, he pointed to a turtle that just swept by, and exclaimed with a heavy sigh and watering mouth, 'I say, you fellow, by G—d dat budgeree, budgeree patter (beautiful, beautiful food). Bail black fellow, jump in; get it.' Having ascertained from him that the river was impassible, by his direction I made my way to a cattle station in the vicinity for the purpose of obtaining shelter for the night, but ever and anon, as I proceeded on my way, the sound 'ah! ah! wy-a-boo-ka!' was wafted to my ears on the evening air." The notes of the last three bars of the strain, are pathetically expressive of the loss of the turtle.

Strange as the ta'e may appear yet it is not the less true that we have frequently seen the aborigines dive after the fresh water turtle, or tortoise, and by out swimming fairly catch him in his own element. The native never ventures upon this feat unless the sky is perfectly clear, and the water as transparent as glass. At the distance of a quarter of a mile perhaps he sees the wy-a-boo-ka basking on a snag one half of which rises from the water and leans upon the acclivity of the bank, the diver warily creeps behind trees until he reaches the shelter of some broad flooded gum close to his unsuspecting game, he then ceases to hide, for he knows that the sense of sight and hearing are so acute in the turtle that the crushing of a branch would startle it, but makes one bold plunge, and pursuer and pursued dash into the water together, we have often witnessed the chase which rarely lasts a minute, and nine times out of ten the human being is the victor.

AH! WY-A-BOO-KA,

THE TURTLE SONG,

AN ABORIGINAL MELODY

SUNG BY THE WELLINGTON VALLEY TRIBE OF AUSTRALIA,

Put into modern rhythm, harmonized and arranged, with a Piano Forte accompaniment,

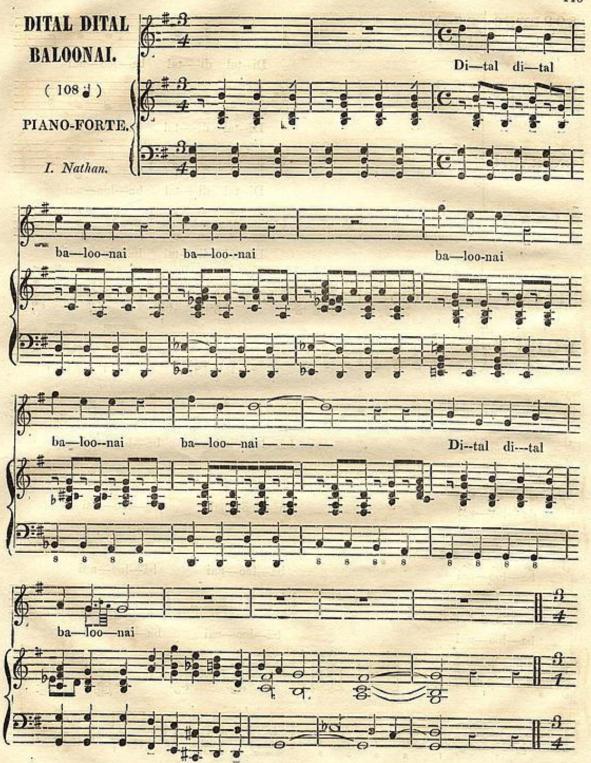
by 0. Nathan.

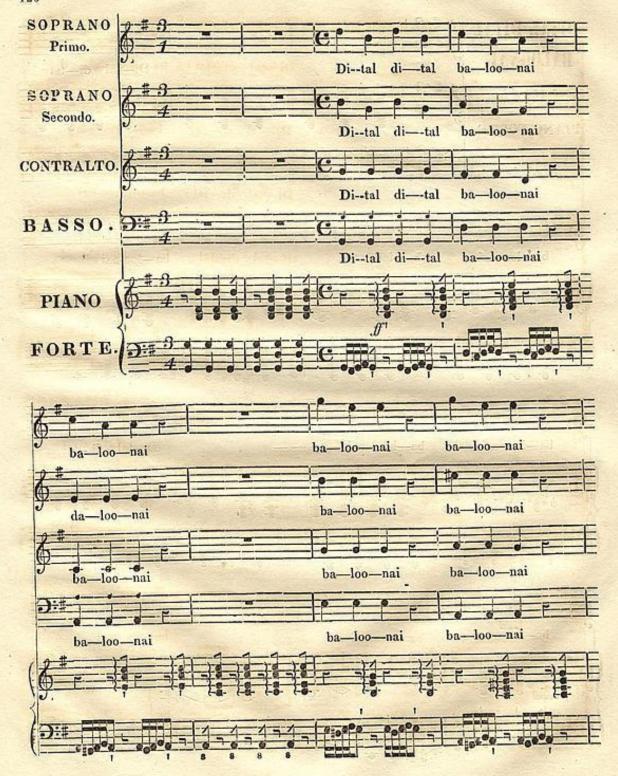












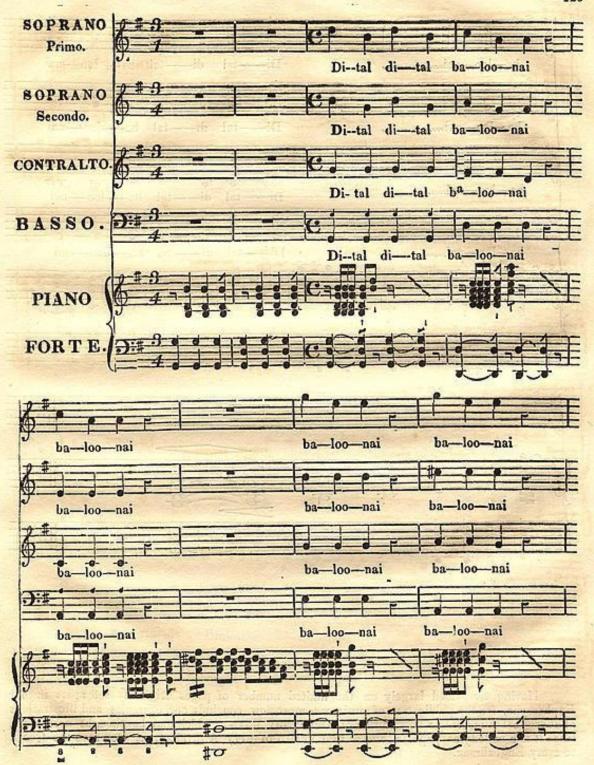


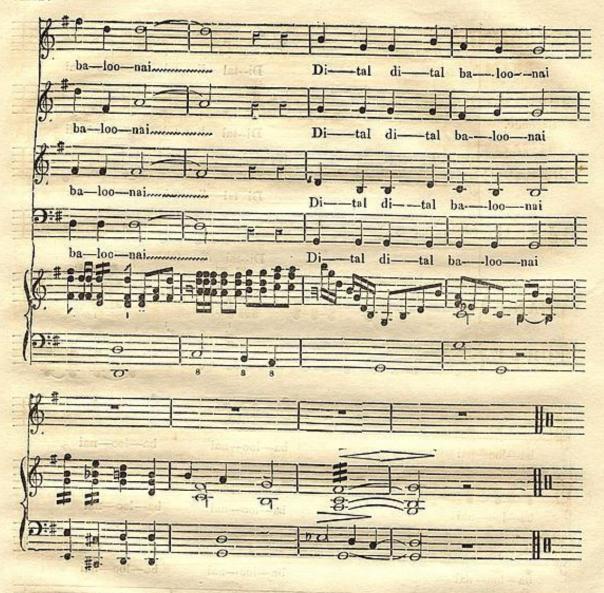




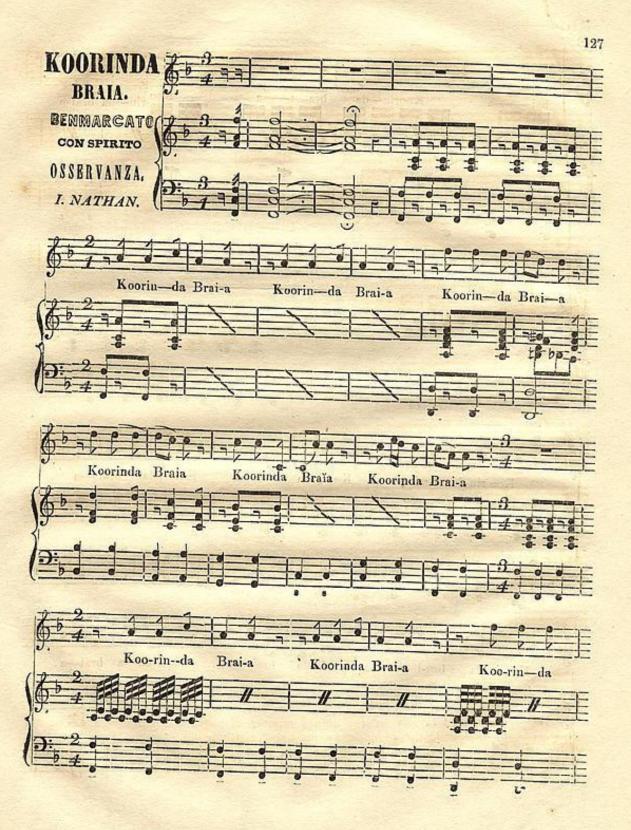








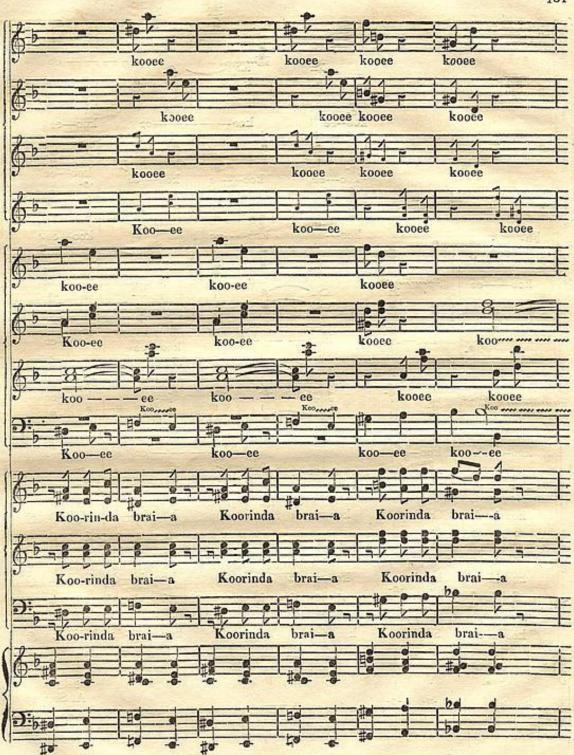
Having trespassed largely on the limited number of pages originally set apart in our Euphrosyne, for the publication of music, we must now conclude our examples and illustrations of aboriginal airs, with a new edition of Koo-RIN-DA BRAI-A; which may be thought acceptable, since it is a melody as popular and as well known to every Australian, as God save the Queen to every Englishman.













AN ABORIGINAL DEVIL.

FERRISH DICT MOSCO 16 VENEGO 4

It is odd enough that the aborigines of Australia should, in the category of their fancies, have enrolled a belief in a spirit of evil, and according to their own accounts, the awful demon is by no means famed for his beauty. All the spiritual agents whom they acknowledge are remarkable for their size, but this ugly old gentleman seems to be the most gigantic—horns, wings, and a garment of chains, are but slight adjuncts to the fire emitted from his nostrils, or the crimson tongue that lolls from his mouth; and the untutored savage gives a shudder when the Debbit Debbit gives token of his vicinity. All this we have heard, but we are really much disposed to doubt whether the native tribes of Australia entertained any idea of the existence of a devil, before their credulous brother of the north instructed them in the belief. We have had many opportunities of corroborating this opinion, but the following instance we may adduce as one among the many to evince that if superstition is found to hold its sway over the igrorant and untutored, this fault is more to be attributed to the ignorance of a simi-civilization, in encouraging, through its own weakness and want of knowledge, the errors of the untutored

races of humanity with whom it is brought in contact.

We have been permitted to transcribe the following incident from some rough notes which have been with much taste collected in the interior, by a gentleman now residing in Sydney :- "I halted at B.'s station-he was exactly one that I should have termed of the yeomanry class in England, a component portion of society of which Australia is so wofully dificient. B. was not without intelligence, but he was only a half read man. Our conversation in the evening turned upon the habits and manners of the aborigines, and I was not a little surprised when he assured me that they believed in the existence of a demon of evil- We had some little argument on the matter, and B. grew a little evasive upon the subject, but I thought my laughter would have had no end when he assured me that he also believed that there was a naughty fiend who played "puck-little tricks" upon the poor children of the soil. "I tell you it's a fact sir-why, it's not a month ago since a black fellow, called 'black John,' came to the hut and asked me for some flour: I told him he was a lazy vagabond, and that I should not give him any flour unless he would work for it: he said he was sick and not able to work : I gave him a piece of damper and away he trudged. Now sir do you know, that on that very night the cock never ceased crowing. I was certain there was something, up and I felt very uneasy, and the very first thing the next morning, all the gins of the camp came up in a body, and declared that gentleman John was dead 'The devil!' exclaimed I; "and sure enough sir it was he"they all vociforated; and then told me that the devil had come down upon them during the night, and had struck poor John several times across the

chest until he died, and that the gins had followed the tracks of the fiend, which had actually scorched the grass. Talk of the devil sir! (and B. struck the table with his clenched fist,) I do believe sir, that he exists, and think he walked off with John that night; and I say that whoever says it's not a fact'—" stop there said I—I'll believe anything you like, but don't let us quarrel."

We think we may ask, after this specimen, who is the most likely to have coined a faith in the Prince of Darkness? the civilized man or the savage? The belief in the existence of a demon would appear, from all analogy, to be foreign to the Australian aboriginal. Derwent Convey remarks, "the superstitions of one country differ from another, according to the peculiar character of its scenery and productions, the latitude in which it lies, and its proximity to or distance from the sea;" and pursuing this enquiry through the primary races of the world, we shall find reason to conclude that Australia was not favored by the visits of any walking gasometer, or gas-vomiter, in the opinion of its carliest inhabitants.

Among the many superstitions of the aboriginal natives of Australia may be noticed, that no inducement whatever, not even extreme sufferings of hunger, will tempt them to eat a particular small fish which they use for bait, from the belief that if they did so all future success would for-sake them; that the fish in the sea would, as a punishment for such ingratitude, all swim far away

from their reach.

The Wollongong or Five Island tribes, like those of Yas Plains, before going into the water, where they swim like ducks, first wet their ears; and before taking water from a pond or river, they invariably throw in a stone or pebble. No precise reason for this custom or superstition has hitherto been ascertained. These natives, as well as all the other tribes of Australia, are, without exception, the most abominable liars under the sun: lying seems almost consentaneous with their natures, for they will actually lie for lying's sake; and it is only by the greatest perseverance and severe questioning that any true explanation of their manners and customs can be extracted from them.

It is a singular fact, that there is as much difference in the language of the various tribes of the aborigines, as there is between that of the French, Italian, German and English. We here subjoin a few words which we have collected from the Wollongong or Five Island Tribe:—

In reading these Aboriginal words let every vowel and every consonant be distinctly pronounced observing throughout the true intonation of the Italian u and French a.

Duckan Thunder.	Näbung Mother.	Mĕāgh Eyes.
Nārrāgā Lightening.	Coudjägäh Child.	Tānuē Feet.
Bunha Rain.	Culliagh Good.	Wāllāh Chin.
Nāwāh Sun.	Weirah Bad.	Görārāh Hair.
Cürrendelellä Stars.	Göyngäh Ghost.	Wāllārāh Head.
Müllä-Müllä Pleiades.	Gërrŏmăh Devil.	Yiyrrah Teeth.
Pärräwärry Morning.	Nādjūng Water.	Tullegan Dead tree.
Bűrrāi Night.	Täygne Fish.	Cudgea Green Tree.
Kian Big-large.	Göundah Tree.	Weagh Fire.
Bëngăh Old man.	Weyahgany Spear.	Canby do. (Shoal-
Möulěthă Old woman.	Ourraih Camp.	haven tribe.
Murrăgângân Small.	Wärrängäl Native dog.	Karmung To Speak.
Bündowrie Tall-high.	Wüllöäh Tree — for	Eātāmōgōh I must, or I'm
Bunbarree Young man.	poisening fish.	going to drink.

Thaumogoh going to eat.	Pollyogoli going to die.	Prurramul Hand.
Pālmögöh, do. to fight.	Jöwähgöh do. to run.	Nūgŏră Nose.
Năngāyōgŏi do. to sleep.	Yandahgoh go away.	Gelling Mouth.
Göuloùgăn Short.	Cānāngāhnto burn myself.	Pāndēirē To see.
Göurögömäh West.	Ajājā Brother.	Eiribie To hear.
(länängän East.	Nārňogŭl Woman.	Courourah Opossum.
Bālēng North.	Baba	Nūrrōwry Shells.
Wärrängäng South.	Couledgiih Broken.	Bāngŏ Squirrel.
		The state of the s

Although the unfortunate aborigines of Australia cannot justly be termed the most intellectual race of known savages that are scattered over earth's surface, they are, by no means, by nature so viciously disposed as they have been portrayed: the origin of many of their propensities, their insatiable cravings after tobacco, ardent spirits, &c., may, without difficulty, be traced to those who are designated their civilized brethren: certainly not to their present hospitable and intelligent race of currancy brethren, but to some of those heartless and depraved emigrants, mere adventurers, whose idol is gold, and who land on these shores for the sole object of enriching their coffers at the expence of every feeling of honor and humanity.

It is, no doubt, to such worthless men that our friend G. J. M., (one of those raræ aves we by

chance find in Australia-a gentleman,) has addressed the following severe lines :

SONNET.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A sordid spirit rules this barren land! Nor love of art, nor worship of the wise, Nor moral virtues, nor domestic ties, Nor any sense of greatness doth expand The sterile minds that seek this distant strand! E'en at the festal board, when warmed with wine, Our talk is still of flocks and fatted kine, Wool, tallow, oil, and stations weakly mann'd. Methinks that mammon here hath rear'd his throne, That all men walk within his willing yoke, All self-involved, and wrapt as with a cloak In selfishness and sensual thoughts, that own No law of moral life, no high desire, Nor any touch of love that self doth not inspire. G. J. M.

The following letter addressed to us, together with the accompanying pathetic stanzas on the lamented death of the amiable Lady Mary Fitzroy, do credit to the heart and talent of Mrs. Dunlop; and though we cannot, at this crisis, avail ourselves of her kind permission to unite the stanzas to our music, we feel a melancholy satisfaction in thus laying them before our readers.

Mullavilla Wollombi, December 20, 1847.

Dear Mr. Nathan,

You could create a melancholy melody to embody the sad thoughts I offer you. The subject is one of universal sympathy; and you, who could so well value the amiable qualities of the illustrious departed, will, I feel convinced, love to honor her memory.

Ever Yours, obliged and gratefully,

ELIZA HAMILTON DUNLOP.

I. Nathan, Esq. Domeston

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. LADY MARY FITZROY.

Trembling in agony! faint with amaze! Not tear drops but terror is blinding his gaze : He sits by the loved one, supporting her head-The spirit-bond 's broken-he kneels by the dead.

All his heart's treasury, hallowed by time, Passing from earth as he kneels by her there, Stern in the strength of his silent despair.

Dirge-notes roll solemuly thrilling through all, Hearts heave in the hamlet, tears gush in the hall; Yes! tears for that loved one, our noblest and best, Oh! call her not back from the home of the blest.

Fount of deep tenderness, feebly the tone Love changeless and cherished in many a clime, Flow'd with thy life's current naming thine own; Breathing his name with thy heart's parting swell, Winning from death an undying farewell.

E. H. DUNLOP.

We who have drank deeply of the bitter cup of sorrow, can indeed sympathise in the affliction of others-but we must all submit to heaven's decree.

It has been justly said by Bishop Conybeare, "to grieve may be laudable; to be loud and querulous is childish, and to carry matters so far as to refuse comfort is inexcuseable. It is impious towards God," whose will must be done, whose wisdom we dare not dispute, and whose infinite

In Captain Carlton's memoir we find the following affecting incident which occured during the seige of Barcelona.

An old officer with his only son about 20 years of age, entered into their tent to dine, whilst they were at dinner a cannon ball from the Bastion of St. Antonio, took off the head of the son. The father started from his seat and for a few moments gazed in the agony of silent despair on his headless child, he then uplifted his eyes to heaven, while tears of anguish streamed down his checks, and calmly ejaculated "thy will be done."

PHENOMENA.

The following most magnificent and truly wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the Australian hemisphere, was seen by some hundreds of the inhabitants of Sydney and its vicinity.

At ten minutes and a quarter past nine o'clock on Wednesday, December 30, 1847, our attention was arrested by a most brilliant light in the south west, which proceeded apparently very slowly towards the east; it shone like a ball of white heat followed by a small train of fire; it then threw out before it several particles similar to stars, which disappeared as the ball itself approached; its transit occupied about twelve seconds of time, and it became extinguished seemingly without any explosion, a little to the south east of the stars which represent the southern cross. Whilst lost in wonder, gazing on the space just occupied by this most beautiful appearance, a narrow stream of fire rose high in the south east and disappeared at the greatest apparent altitude.

ENIGMA.

I own not a soul, I breathe not the air, And yet am existent everywhere: When the snow covered crags are towering on high, As pillars supporting the vaulted sky: When the valley bespangled with flow'rets is seen, In its mantle be-decked of emerald green, In each and in all I love to dwell, And to find my lonely and hermit like cell : I am heard in the storm, I ride on the wind, And the Thunder's voice with my own is entwined, Which yet can as soft and as gentle be, As the murmuring heave of the rippling sea. To the lover I speak with a comforting word, And with music my innermost soul is stirred. In the crowds of the cities 'mongst thousands am I. And oft' in the woodlands is heard my sigh, And where never the foot of man hath trod, And nature is speaking to nature's Gop. While paying obeisance with offering meet 'Tis there that I oftentimes make my retreat,
I live, yet I cat not, I breathe not, yet sigh,

IMPROMPTUS.

Why is an Alchymist in search of the Philosopher's stone like Neptune?

That man is neither a sluggard nor drone
Who 's in search of the Philosopher's stone;
But like unto Neptune he is, that's poz;
Because he 's a SEA KING [seeking] what never was.

Why is a man who walks in a shower of rain for pleasure, like a drunkard?

He who delights in showers of rain to stand,

Must be sneered and scoffed at throughout the land;

For held be proclaimed (a round sum I'll bet,)

A drunkard, because he likes heavy wet.

A RETORT.

The truth is not in thee quoth lying Miles

To honest old Giles, who said he'd the gout;

The truth is in thee, retorted old Giles,

Since from thee 'twas never known to pop out.

An Impromptu on leaving our Snuff Box on the table of the Ex-commissioner of Police.

This snuff box you left on my table,
The loss may occasion a groan,
At your concert, rely if I'm able,
I'll there have a box of my own.

W. A. MILES. *

Why is there no difference between the occupation of a Park-keeper, and that of a Billiard table marker? Do you give it up? Because they are both on the qui vive for game.

A gentleman in removing his cloak rather suddenly from the table, dragged his friend's violin with it, which in falling was smashed to pieces—his friend uttered impromptu

"Mantua væ misera_nimium vicina Cremonæ."

At an evening party at Paris, an Englishman meeting a beautiful young lady to whom he felt anxious to make himself exquisitely agreeable, after giving her "one of them there melting looks" so ludicrously described by Billy Lackaday, he vehemently exclaimed, "Vous êtes un ange," the lady instantly retorted "vous ete un ange sans—g."

^{* &}quot;From my abode, in the London Read !" "The dainty animal will feed on fair but leave the noxious weed" &c. addressed by W. A. Miles to his highly esteemed friend Nathan, cannot under any circumstances be introduced into the pages of our Euphrosyne,—

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Alice was in disgrace for not attending to her mother's commands—" Do not be angry mama," said Fredrick, "I do not think you told Alice to do it—I think you told me to do it—but I don't think I heard you.

A fine boy three years of age, awaking from a dream, exclaimed "Mamma do send that naughty Margaret out of the house:" "why my sweet child?" enquired the mother: "because, mama, she threw salt in my eyes." The mother who could not explain to the comprehension of her darling boy that he had been dreaming, merely remarked that Margaret did not do so wilfully: "Oh yes," replied the infant, "she did it on purpose, I know she did it on purpose, because I heard her." This explanation was conclusive, and the following dialogue then took place:—

"Mama! let me go into the other room, I want to play with Henry."

"No my pet, you will disturb your brother."

"He told me, mama, that I was to go into his room."
You must not go yet my love, Henry is fast asleep."

"But, mama, he called me when he was fast asleep, so I must go."

Henry, who at this period was not quite four years of age, was seated at the dinner table, and whilst all present were partaking of the luxuries before them, little Henry was observed earnestly staring alternately at one and then at the other round the table. The mother surprized at the repeated gaze of the child said, "Henry, my dear, why do you not eat? the boy looked at his mother with a seraphic smile, and with a mellifluous intonation rejoined, "I cannot cat my plate." Reader, laugh at us if you please when we declare that a tear of pleasing pain started in our eyes at the fascinating smile and heavenly look of this child on beholding his empty plate. The poor child had not been helped to a morsel of dinner: the whole family in deep conversation had forgotten little Henry.

The foregoing anecdote brings to our recollection a parallel instance of Infantine self control. About the year 1814, spending the season at Brighton, we met the celebrated Joe Munden, who was as accomplished a gentleman as he was inimitable as a comedian. He gave us the pleasure of his company to dinner, and this being his first introduction to our family table, we were the more anxious to pay him marked attention. Our only son, not four years of age, according to custom, said grace before dinner, and whilst we endeavoured to entertain our guest with becoming hospitality, to amuse the child we gave him two or three chicken bones to pick; dinner ended the boy was desired to say grace, which he did in the following style—"thank God for what we have received," adding with a sarcastic smile, "I've received nothing but bones." We had actually forgotten to give him any thing else.

"Tunder and turf, can't you be asy now—sure and is'nt it myself that will be after telling you how to cure the head ache in no time at all at all," vociforated a mellow toned voice in the Tipperary brogue, issuing from a mouth of no small dimensions, which seemed considerably widened by the contrast of two sparkling eyes screwed up to the size of pease, occasioned by the animated contraction of muscles on the broad grinned good humoured countenance of a genuine Hibernian youth, whose head did not appear more than two inches above the table.

"And how will you do that my darling," exclaimed one of the party, whose conversation had been thus unceremoniously and abruptly interrupted.

"Och! then wait a while ago," replied the delighted boy, giving one of his peculiar looks of native shrewdness, "and I'm after telling you: just scratch the back of your head with your front tooth, and sure enough 'tis done."

RENCOUNTER.

Comfortably seated in a snug box at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, witnessing for the fifth or sixth time, the excellent dramatic representation of "This House to BE Sold, THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE," we were, on the fall of the curtain, thrown into a pleasing melancholy reverie, reflecting on by-gone days-on what we have seen and on what we shall never again behold—on events which have made a great epoch in the history of nations and of the whole human race—on extraordinary characters, and on men of exalted genius, such as, "take them for all in all, we shall not look upon their like again," whose bones have for ages mouldered into dust. We were roused from our reverie by some scientific remarks made by a party in an adjoining box to ours, on the beautiful intonation, flexibility, and quality, of Frank Howson's barytone voice, and a few other observations, relative to the elegance and simplicity of some national airs. Being rather fond of music, we involuntarily turned our head, when we were greeted by a warm shake of the hand, and an exclamation of "Permit me to introduce you to my friend, who is enthusiastically fond of music, inheriting all that taste for the science which his great grandfather, Dr. Aldrich, was so celebrated." What, we enquired, is that gentleman indeed a descendant of the talented composer of "Hark, the bonny Christ Church Bells," the "Smoking Catch," and "Good, good, indeed," so justly admired by the musical world: the first for its pleasing melody and general effect, and the second for its humour and masterly contrivance? "Yes," was the rejoinder, "and I have several uncles living, who are not only passionately fond of music as a science, but who are also excellent amateur performers." Our melancholy reflections of the by-gone days of Shakspeare were now turned to the grateful recollections of harmonious sounds still vibrating on our ears from the compositions of Doctor Aldrich.

The Rev. Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1689, who so highly distinguished himself as a profound scholar and critic, as a theologian and polemical writer, as an architect, and a man of sound judgment and exquisite taste in the arts, science and literature, in general,—was also an elegant and accomplished theoretical and practical musician, whose compositions for the Church are equal in number and excellence to those of other great masters of his day. The reverend gentleman greatly enriched our cathedrals with many admirable compositions, by re-setting them to English words from the Psalms or Liturgy, to anthems and motets of Tallis, Bird, Palistrini, Carissini, Graziani, Bassani, &c., which were chiefly set to Latin words, originally for the Roman Catholic service. Besides these productions, we find preserved in the third volume of Dr. Tudway's collection in the British Museum, nearly forty services and anthems, all composed by himself. Without neglecting more important duties this learned Divine patronised and personally exerted his influence and best efforts to cultivate the proper use of music, and in every way interested himself in its prosperity with as much zeal and diligence as if his studies and pursuits had been circumscribed to that alone. He established choral societies, which were in the perfect purity of his object-free from that diabolical, knavish, and impious mockery of righteousness assumed by the heartless hypocrite under the semblance of religious fervour, he did not attempt to exclude from a full participation in this heavenly enjoyment, those who could not conscientiously profess to read the Scriptures with his eyes, and believe with his understanding, but he piously opened the doors to all who knocked, and promoted the views of those who anxiously sought to join in the choir,-under the charitable impression that he was justified in affording every facility to all who were desirous to offer up their prayers to heaven in harmonious sounds.

The admirable choral discipline Dr. Aldrich preserved at his College at Oxford, for more than twenty years, is still respected. He bequeathed to his College at his decease in 1710, a splendid collection of church music, which is sung at Oxford at this day.

UNITED HERE ARE HEART AND VOICE:

A TRID,

for two sopronos and a base,

BY MOZART

REVISED AND ARRANGED WITH SYMPHONIES AND PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

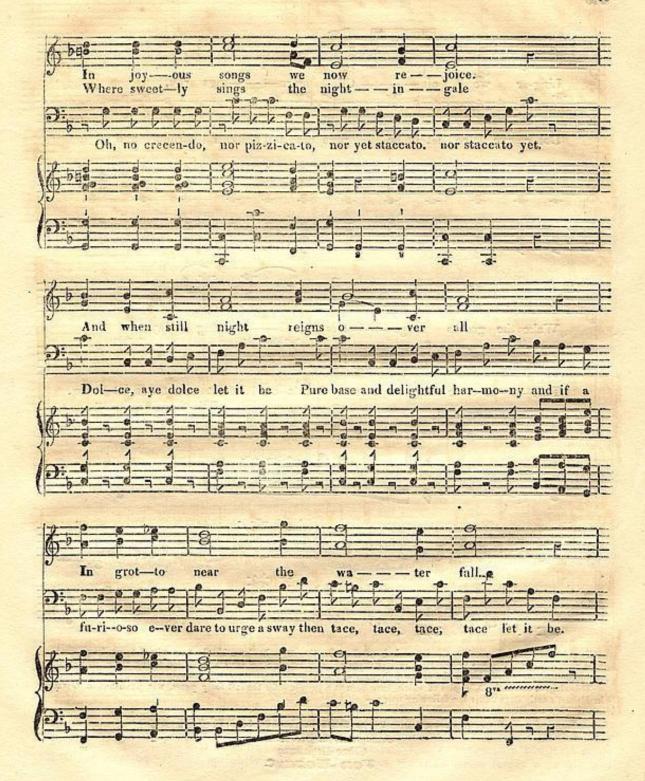


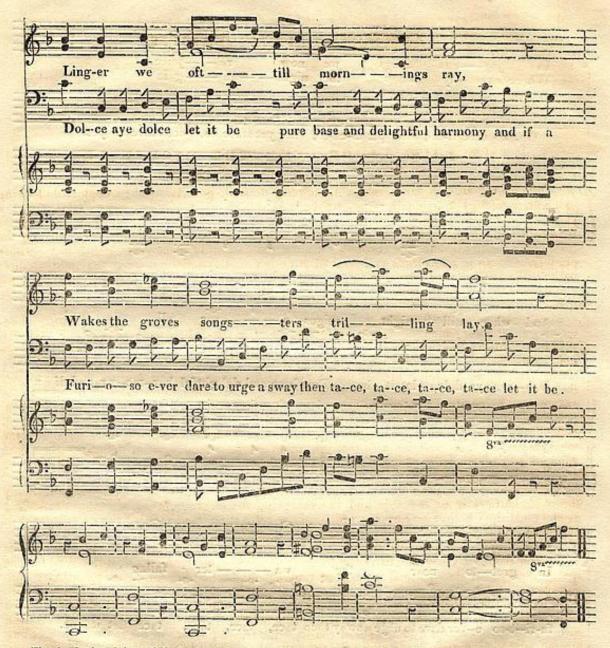












The simple though beautifully flowing melody of the foregoing Trio has been kindly transmitted to us from memory, by Captain Nagel, who has frequently heard it executed in Hamburg; we are also indebted to the same gentleman for the accompanying translation of the original German words.

This elegant composition, copies of which have been at a premium for the last forty years, was published in Germany in Mozart's early days under the following title:—

DEREINIGE IST DEN WERE WAD STIME Geoangstuck, für Prei Stimmen Dhne Begleitung Von Mozere.

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES

THE POOR LIVER, AND THE RICH LIVER.

Two grimly-visaged, lanthern-jaw'd, raggedly-dressed, poverty-stricken, deplorable looking indigent, wretched individuals, who, by the refined laws of civilization, come under that very peculiar classification and cognomination of creatures called "beggars"—in their wauderings from street to street, in search of charitable donations wherewith to procure means to allay the cravings of nature, chanced to encounter in their path a highly respectable gentleman—whose prodigious bump of benevolence excited their attention, and encouraged them to importune most pathetically and submissively for relief. The gentleman, moved by their [by no means enviable] appearance, as well as by their earnest appeal to his humanity, generously presented to each, half a crown.

Most acute consideration for the feelings of our readers, prevents us from the cruelty of describing the delight which these poor men experienced, at the sight of so large an amount as half a crown at one time, in their possession; nor can we, at this delicate juncture, command language sufficiently nervous to express their grateful acknowledgements to the prince-like donor. We must, therefore, at once follow them to the door of an eating-house-by the learned, yelept a "cookshop." The two now merry beggars, after snuffing up and gulping down free of any charge the evaporating exhalations and fumes which gratefully ascended through the gratings of the kitchen, entered the savoury smelling shop: one of them, with becoming frugality, made a hearty meal off some broken pieces of stale bread and musty meat, for which he paid two pence: but not so the other dainty beggar-no! he, with true epicurean palate, enquired what delicacies the house The landlady, annoyed at his seeming presumption, sneeringly said-"Oh! sir, you may have roast fowl and oyster sauce, if you choose to lay me down two shillings and six-pence." Observing the lady's doubt as to his means of defraying the expense of such a dinner, he instantly threw his half-crown on the table, and, in a short time fed most sumptuously:-thus swallowing at one meal the whole of his fortune; which, in our estimation, far exceeded the extravagance of Cleopatra's entertainment to Mark Antony.

Now, it so happened, and strange things do often happen when least expected, that just one week after this happy day, the two beggars, in their professional strollings, had the good fortune again to encounter the identical benevolent gentleman, who had, for a time, so bountifully sup-

plied their wants.

The extravagant beggar, for so we must distinguish him after his roasted fowl and oyster-sauce dinner, stopped to receive a donation from a good Christian, whose hands were groping about the corners of his pockets for a small coin of charity—the frugal beggar, in the mean time, availing himself of this advantage, made all possible speed to be the first to bend his head respectfully to his benefactor. The humane gentleman kindly enquired how he had fared since their last interview. "Oh, sir!" exclaimed the unfortunate, "your gracious bounty enabled me to live in comparative comfort and luxury up to this day." The cunning vagrant did not here forget to endeavour to exalt himself in his benefactor's estimation, at the expense of his brother mendicant, by narrating in partial detail, how and off what they had both dined. At this moment the extravagant beggar arrived to make his bow. The gentleman, with mildness peculiar to the truly benevolent, questioned him as he had done the other claimant, as to his earthly comforts since their last meeting. "Sir," sprightly replied the luxurious, "I shall never forget your glorious



ANECDOTES OF BRAHAM.

The following anecdotes of our friend Braham, the greatest tenor singer England has hitherto produced, whose name must ever be familiar with our household hearths and identified with our pleasant and happy recollections of the past, are written free from prejudice, without glossing over his defects or suppressing his virtues; indeed we so highly admired his unrivalled vocal powers that we feel more pleasure in giving an insulated trait of his benevolence than in narrating his foibles. We withhold for the present our memoirs and biographic attempt of Braham, which we have prepared for the press, under the anxious hope that the report in New South Wales of his death may be without just foundation.

Braham would improvise wit, and that of the keenest and most delicate nature. On one occasion, dining at a public dinner, he subscribed twenty pounds to that charity which the entertainment was intended to commemorate. Abraham Goldsmid, the rich financier, who was present gave twenty guineas. On the removal of the cloth Braham was called on for a song, he complied, and the performance excited such general admiration that his health was proposed and complimentary allusions were made to his splendid powers of song. He returned thanks, and in conclusion remarked that however highly he felt gratified at their encomiums he must yield the palm to Abraham Goldsmid, who had that day gone a note above him. The company requested an explanation of this paradox, which he solved by observing that he had given twenty pounds to the charity, whereas Abraham Goldsmid's donation of twenty guineas exceeded his by one note.

Stephen Kemble was supping one night with Braham, who had entertained a very large party—
"I am glad to see," exclaimed the vocalist, "that our great friend Stephen is losing flesh—he must give over playing Jack Falstaff without stuffing;" * a complimentory titter commenced when Braham swelled it up to a perfect roar by adding "poor fellow! see how he's pine—ing," pointing to a luscious pineapple, some ample slices of which lay on the plate of the mighty actor.

One morning we were on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre during the rehearsal of Artaxerxes; Braham was reading the part of Arbaces and on throwing the poisoned chalice from him, it glanced close to a gentleman's head, slightly brushing his coat; he immediately walked up to his friend, and, after apologizing, politely remarked, that "if the cup had struck him he could not have been injured, for his head, unlike the heel of Achilles, was invulnerable." "Do you mean to infer from that that you have the advantage of me in softness," was his friend's rejoinder. "Oh no," he replied, "I consider you invulnerable, because you wear the helmet of discretion, over which waves the plume of wit that no person could injure."

Joe Munden came into Drury Lane green-room one morning with his nose as red as Bardolph's and as inflated as the Royal Vauxhall Balloon; a severe cold affected his breathing through the nostrils, in which there was as decided a stoppage as ever Fleet-street presented to try the patience of its equestrian and pedestian pacers. Joseph was inclined to be very piano on his enlarged organ, invoking the sympathy of all his fellow comedians for the invalided "snub." He appealed to Braham for his commiseration, at the same time entering into a snuffling detail of the miseries which his nasal promoutory had endured during the progress of his indisposition. Completely worn out by Joey's ludicrous dolour he hastily and euphoniously exclaimed "blow your nose." Whether he supplied Munden with the means of following this excellent advice is not known.

[•] It must be in the recollection of every person that Stephen Kemble was so stout a man that he always personated Jack Falstaff without stuffing, which ordinary sized men cannot do.

On our first visit to Braham's residence at the Grange, he appeared more than usually amiable, and after taking us into every room in the house, we walked over the lawn, from whence we entered into an elegant and spacious drawing room. On taking our leave, not observing a large window framed casement had been closed on our entrance, one of the party was about passing through the glass, when Braham suddenly caught him by the arm, exclaiming at the same time, "stop, my friend, I'm sure you'll feel no pleasure in relieving me of those pains," pointing to the glass casement, "besides, I would not have the world say you were cut on your first visit to the Grange."

We generally see most glaringly in others those very defects which are most prominent in ourselves, but which, from the influence on our judgment of that abominable bump called self esteem,

we cannot believe we really possess.

Conversing with Braham one morning on various subjects, some allusions were made relative to the quarrelsome disposition of the late Hon. Douglas Kinniard; Braham, who never walked or talked without a peculiar patronizing turn up of one of his eye-brows, with a dignified elevation of his lip and nostril, as if something offensive was near to him, observed, "yes, Kinniard was a snarling fellow, there was something very peculiar in his manner, he always appeared to be curling up his nose as if every thing stank under it."

As a public character there never was a more temperate man than Braham, and his great power

of voice was equalled by his bodily strength.

Mr. Johnstone, the highly talented favorite of the public, who, from his inimitable performance of Irish characters was designated "the Irish Johnstone," it may be remembered, was a tall, stout, well built man. One evening when the opera of the "Travellers" was performed at Drury Lane, Braham arrived at the Theatre a little elevated by taking more than his accustomed quantity of wine; Johnstone, who had often boxed with Braham, and generally came off second best, now jokingly put himself into an attitude of defence, and addressing Braham said, "I think I could master you now my little warbler;" "are you sure of that," retorted Braham, accompanying his words with a blow in Johnstone's ribs, which came so unexpectedly and with such force that the Hibernian gentleman was actually thrown off his legs, flying from one side of the stage to the other with the velocity of an aérial carriage.

On the opera of the "Cabinet" being originally produced at Covent Garden Theatre, Braham sustained the principal character, that of Prince Orlando. He had just returned from the continent, where he had been a resident for many years, and among the anglicisms to his foreign ear was the word enthusiasm. Unluckily for him, in the new part he had to support, he had in one instance to introduce emphatically the obnoxious polysyllable; this was the passage in which it occurred-"Their victory was honorable, for they fought for peace-they followed me to the field with enthusiasm." It is customary at the last rehersal, for all performers to close their books in token of their being perfect in their respective characters. Braham, retaining his book in his hand, strutted about the stage and proceeded thus, "They followed me to the field with, with," looking into his book for the puzzler, he then boldly exclaimed "enthusiasm;" this frequently repeated, the prompter at length requested the vocalist to close his book, observing that it was the last rehearsal; Braham did so, and when it came to his turn to reply to his step-mother's satire, he went forth with much confidence, but stopped short at the perplexing substantive; turning to the prompter with his wonted indifference, with his nose turned up aspiring to sublimity, and his finger pointing to the ground, he said, "I'll thank you for the word;" "enthusiasm" was the reply; "thank you, thank you," snuffled Braham, "I shall not forget it now," and pointing his forefinger to the ground, in the most patronizing style said, "we'll just go through this scene once

more;" this was done, and Braham resumed, "their victory was honorable, for they fought for peace—they followed me to the field with, with, with"—he could not recall the jaw-breaker to his memory, and vexed at his own seeming dullness, he vociforated with "towzy mowzy."

This anecdote was communicated to us by Edmund Kean in the presence of Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, Cam Hobhouse, and the honorable Douglas Kinniard, which afforded us so much mirth that thenceforth toway moway became the cant term in our circle for enthusiasm.

Diffidence is always the accompaniment of great talent; genius and conceit do not amalgamate. This was exemplified in Braham, who, notwithstanding his extraordinary powers of song, felt considerable timidity on appearing before a host of admirers. During the time of the great popularity of the opera of the "Travellers" at Drury Lane Theatre, we have seen Braham behind the scenes actually "screwing up his courage to the sticking point," and make two or three ineffectual attempts to advance on the stage to sing "He was famed for deeds of arms," till at length, with the courage of desperation, he has rushed on the boards with all the apparent boldness of a hero.

Braham was sarcastic and quick in his retorts. In the early part of his engagements at Covent Garden, the manager of that theatre wrote to him, offering certain terms which were accepted. The necessary stamped agreement was accordingly drawn up and duly signed; but a particular clause which the manager's letter contained in Braham's favor, relative to his benefit night, was in the hurry of executing the deed, omitted. Braham went through his engagement, perfectly well satisfied, until his benefit was about to take place, he then desired the fulfilment of the privilege as stated in the manager's letter; the manager refered him to the articles which he had signed, observing that "he did not consider his letter in any way binding." Braham felt much chagrined and rejected all overtures for a reappearance at that theatre. Some years had elapsed, when the manager who had made this remark on his own letter, by accident dined at the same table with Braham. The manager looked ill, and complained of long indisposition arising from indigestion, and refused to partake of many delicacies at table, under the apprehension that they might injure his digestive organs; the manager at length, over his wine and under the natural though sudden influence of that imperative goddess Cloacina, was about to leave the room, when Braham guessing the cause, took from his pocket-book the identical letter just alluded to, and presenting it to the manager said, "you had better take this with you since there is nothing binding in its composition.

Kean's imitation of Braham's acting was inimitable, and so true to nature that it would have been impossible for any person in an adjoining room to have distinguished it from the original. Kean personated Braham in a scene from the Cabinet one evening at the house of the Hon. Douglas Kinniard in Clargy-street, in the presence of Lord Byron, and his lordship then declared, that with his eyes open, he could scarcely believe that Braham was not before him. Braham who had heard of this additional accomplishment of the talented actor, one evening at his own house in Tavistock-square prevailed upon Kean to give the imitation which had so highly delighted Lord Byron; Kean complied; his personification of Braham's voice, look, and manner was so exquisite that the whole company expressed their approbation with as much enthusiasm as if Kean had been representing one of his best scenes in Richard III. Braham, who could not help seeing himself thus reflected as in a mirror, and who appeared to enjoy the joke as much as others, now stepped forward in the very style, carriage, tone, and manner in which Kean had just concluded his imitation, and to the amusement and nearly convulsed mirth of the whole party, he exclaimed "good, very good, excellent, only a little over drawn."

Braham felt highly indignant at the imitation of himself given by Yates at the Adelphi Theatre. Some years ago, walking down Piccadilly one morning with a friend, he requested to

know if he had seen Yates' personification of himself at the Adelphi. His friend replied in the negative. "'Tis as well," said Braham, "you've lost a disgusting sight—'tis a beastly attempt from a mere brute." He made this remark with feelings of strong excitement. His friend only observed that he considered imitations, even when good, unworthy attention, but when bad they were unsufferable. "Yes," continued the indignant Braham, "and from such a monster in particular; I wonder the public suffer such a thing to crawl about the stage; he's not human; he has the head of a toad and the shoulders of a rhinoceros." Braham's resentment against Yates was not of long duration, for shortly after this event they became friends, and joined in a speculation at the Colossium.

Davidge, the late proprietor and manager of the Coburgh Theatre, engaged Braham, at a salary of fifty pounds, to sing only one night at his theatre. Wax candles in silver candlesticks, splendid swing glasses, and every necessary comfort were prepared for him in the best dressing-room the house afforded. The doors were opened, and as might be expected, the theatre crowded nearly to suffocation. The performers, "eager for the fray," were all dressed: Braham, however, had not yet made his appearance—it was now late—the audience became clamorous—"music strike up," was the cry from the gods above, whilst the critics below were hemming and coughing and expressing every other restless symptoms of discontent. The signal for the overture was at length given: Braham still did not appear in the dressing room: the overture finished, but no appearance of Braham. Poor Davidge was on the tenter-hook of expectation, anxiously running alternately from the stage to the dressing-room, and from the dressing-room to the stage door, vociferating in the most lamentable tone "I am undone—I shall be ruined—he will never arrive in time to dress for the character-what's to be done? my house will be pulled down-I am a ruined man." Braham's carriage at this awfully critical moment drew up to the stage door. Davidge in breathless haste ran into the house, ordered the signal bell to be rung for the opera to commence, and clearing every obstacle before him that might possibly tend to impede Braham's progress to the dressing-rooms, but the great vocalist did not follow. The manager's alarm may now be better imagined than described; he ran back to ascertain the cause, exclaiming "good heavens! what can all this mean? some accident has surely befallen him-the audience will never put up with an apology at this late hour." He had now reached the carriage, and eagerly thrusting his head through the carriage window, to his astonishment he beheld Braham in one corner quietly seated. "I hope you are not ill, sir," exclaimed I avidge, then without waiting for an answer he continued, "for God's sake, sir, tell me what is the matter—the curtain is drawn up, and I shall have the house pulled about my ears." "Nonsense," ejaculated Braham coolly, looking at his watch, "there is plenty of time; you know I am an old stager." "So am I," rejoined Davidge, "and unless you intend to appear on the stage in the dress you are now in, you will never be ready for the character." Braham cooly replied, "that's exactly my intention," throwing open his coat, "you see I am already dressed for the part." Davidge's joy was unbounded, but the cause of Braham retaining his seat in the carriage was at once unravelled by his bringing to the manager's recollection the fifty pounds salary, accompanied by " which amount you may as well hand over to me here, as I may not have time to receive it from you after the opera." Davidge took the hint and paid Braham the fifty pounds, who instantly alighted from his carriage, and in return distributed his notes in the Coburgh Theatre to the great satisfaction and delight of a crowded audienc.

George Stansbury, who was engaged to lead the band at Braham's Theatre, during the rehearsal of an opera, was entertaining himself with a few flourishes on his violin, when Braham turning to Mr. Sloman, his deputy leader, sarcastically remarked. "that fellow, with the brains of a donkey and the vanity of a peacock, has the imitative powers of a monkey."

REPLIES TO COMMUNICATIONS.

PENETRATOR.

PENETRATOR has evidently drank but a shallow draught of the Pierean spring, and is by no means skilled in all the cunnings of the Egyptians. His remarks on the human mind are truly ludicrous, and when he quotes Locke for his authority, we can only arrive at the conclusion that he has been reading some spurious edition of that giant's writings on the subject; or he has been speculating on some loose observations, made by an individual who saw a lady that knew a family, who were acquainted with a gentleman, who was told of a person, that had an intellectual little boy, who recited from memory, a few incomplete sentences, from Locke, which he had only once heard read by his grand mama's butler's servant. Locke certainly compares every infant mind to a blank sheet of paper, tabula rasa, which may become disfigured or adorned according to the impressions made thereon; but it does not follow that every infant mind is alike capable of receiving those impressions, any more than that every sort of wax, good, bad, or indifferent, will, with equal advantage, receive a scal impression. Penetrator, who seems to carry his fancy beyond reason, should reflect that one and the same good or bad impressions may be made upon any coloured paper, whether white, black, pink, yellow, green, scarlet, sky blue, or dirty brown; and it is the particular texture and colour of paper (like a well selected back ground to a portrait) which can fairly throw out the impression, whatever that impression may be. Thus it is also with the human mind; the natural disposition and intellectual capacity of children vary as their faces. Leaving profane history out of the question, we have holy writ for authority, that we are not all created alike with the same intellectual powers.

Penetrator, however, has taken upon himself to advance, from what authority must be left to conjecture (undoubtedly not from Locke, for that great theorist never held or dreamt of such absurd and supremely purile doctrines,) that all infants not only come into the world with minds equally free from blemish, and equally capable of being directed by that sort of education, which will lead them either into the paths of virtue and greatness, or into habits of vice and depravity. But, that the minds of all may be expanded by one and the same treatment, to qualify them alike with equal ability, judgment, valour, discretion, and piety, for great statesmen, warriors, priests, advocates, or poets. This position is as ludicrous as it is erroneous, for every doatingly fond mother, according to such argument, would be on the tenter hook of expectation, to see her darling idiot, or imbecile babe, with its dear little tongue, hanging over its pretty dimpled chin, and its beautiful eyes, languishingly expressive, sentimentally squinting at the tip of its nose, vie, sooner or later, with the genius of a Homer, a Shakspeare, a Dryden, or a

Byron-with a Fox, a Pitt, or a Talleyrand.

Whatever notions Penetrator may entertain relative to the equalization of intellectual endowments in newly born infants, no attempt has been made to prove that they all make their debût into this world with one and the same complexion, features, and expression of countenance-with one and the same symmetrically shaped Roman or Grecian nose, tapered fingers, and equally well proportioned limbs-with large saucer, or small gimlet eyes, all of one and the same colour; although we are most gravely assured that these sweet little darlings all make their first appearance in public without any naughty bump or destructive organ, that by good or bad impressions first made on their innocent minds, the muscles of their faces become frightfully distorted or beautifully animated; that the organs of self approbation, revenge, envy, hatred, and malice, plunder and murder, with every other bump of abomination, shoot from behind their ears and from every other part of their heads like cabbage sprouts; or disappear and leave their tender skulls free from blemish, round and smooth as an apple dumpling.

The mind of a bull, a toad, or a lizard, of a donkey, a whig minister, or a pig, may on first entrée into life, be compared to a blank sheet of paper tabula rasa-but we are by no means inclined to believe that any sort of education will qualify such things to rank in wisdom with the Seven Sages of Greece, or move in the drawing-room with the grace of a Taglioni. Nor do we conceive it probable that the brightest example would induce them to pour one drop of the oil of comfort, after the fashion of the good Samaratan, into the sufferers bleeding wound.

We now take leave of Mr. Penetrator, and refer him to our notes to "natura," pages 35, 36, 37, &c., &c.*

SPENDTHRIFT.

If Spendthrift, who has so thoughtlessly squandered away that which has reduced his family to penury and want, and who does not possess sufficient firmness to curb his insatiable prodigality, is really about to lead the amiable Miss ***** to the altar, he would be lost to every sense of delicacy, principle, and honor, if he did not insist on the lady's property being settled on herself in her maiden name before the marriage takes place; and should selfishness or pride prevent him from taking such precaution against the temptation for indulging in his squandering propensity, at the risk of entailing misery on a beautiful young creature, whatever notions may be entertained by the heartless to the contrary, we should consider his parents equally culpable and wanting in honesty and humanity, if they did not use every means to enforce it.

RECTITUDE.

We feel highly flattered by the communication from Rectitude, but having to the best of our feeble efforts already expressed our sentiments on the subject of his elegantly written article, we cannot at this juncture avail ourself of his suggestions, to wit our notes to "Natura," and to "the costly Schubertz," pages 35, 36, 37 -- 55, 56, 57, and 58, We have, like others, endeavoured to prove that the great and wonderful creator of all things has, in his wisdom, implanted in the smallest insect that crawls, in the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, in every beast of the earth, and in the lowest animal up to the whole human race under the sun, affections between parents and their offspring which enables the one to look up tenderly for support, and which the other as tenderly affords.

When a child attains the use of reason, and reflects on the many attentions he has received at the hands of his parents, to whom he has applied when in want of food-

^{*} The most complete and best edition of Locke is that published in ten volumes, 8vo. London, 1801 and 1802. † See Gen. xlvit., verse 18 and 19. Prov. xxi., verse 20. xxix., verse 3. Matt. chap. 25, verse 3 and 4.

when in want of rest-when he expected pleasure, or the removal of pain; and when he is thoroughly informed of the nature of his situation in this world, and finds he has wants which his parents cannot satisfy, and in fact that they are frail like himself, and equally stand in need of support, and though his duty to them always continues, yet he finds that they cannot now be the protectors of his age, as he conceived them to have been of his youth; he must then consider the Almighty in the room of his parents; and if he have a true sense of religion, he will look up to that God for the supply of all his wants, and consider him as the source of all the happiness he enjoys or expects, and of all the real misery that he dreads. On this great parent he now casts all his care, knowing that he careth for him.* The child who can piously incline his heart and mind to these reflections, will never be unmindful of his obligations to his earthly parents. He, as an elegant writer observes, will understand how slight a cause will teach them self-mistrust in the decline of life. Parents are, often, made to feel too keenly sensible that they are no longer wanted on earth—and children deem them useless, who no longer seek, nor desire their advice! Ye live but in the present; ye are wedded to it by your passions, and all that belongs not to that present, appears to you superannuated—ye are so much occupied by your young hearts and minds, that, making your own day your point of history, the eternal resemblances between men and their times, escape your attention. The authority of experience seems but a vain thing, formed for the credulity of age, as the last enjoyment of self love. What an error.

It has been correctly said this vast theatre, the world, changes not its actors; man always appears there though he varies; all his changes depend on some great movement, whose circle hath long and oft been trod, it would be strange if, in the little combinations of private life, experience, the science of the past, were not the plenteous source of useful instruction. Honor thy father and mother and respect them, if but for the sake of their bygone reign, the time in which they were your only rulers-if but for the years for ever lost, whose reverend seal is imprinted on their brows. Know your duty, presumptuous children, impatient to walk alone in the path of life. They will leave you, do not fear it, though so tardy in yielding you place. That father, whose discourses are still tainted by unwelcome severity-that mother whose age imposes on you such tedious cares, they will go, these watchful guardians of your childhood, these zealous protectors of your youth, will depart. In vain you will seek for better friends; when they are lost, they will wear a new aspect. For time, which makes the living old before your eyes, renews their youth when death has torn them away. Time then lends them a might unknown before; we see them in our visions of eternity, wherein there is no age, as there are no gradations; and if they have left virtuous memories behind, we adorn them with a ray from Heaven; our thoughts follow them to the home of the elect; we see them in scenes of felicity, and beside the bright beams of which we form their glory, the light of our own best days, our own most dazzling triumph is extinguished.†

It has been wisely said, that we go through life surrounded by snares, and with unsteady steps; our senses are seduced by deceptive allurements; our imaginations misled by false glare; our reason itself each day receives, but from experience, the degree of light and confidence for that day required. So many days for so much weakness, so many varied interests with such limited foresight and capacity, in sooth, so many things unknown and so short a life, show us the high rank we should give to indulgence among the social virtues. Alas! where is the man exempt from foibles, who can look back on his

^{* 1} Peter, chap. v., verse 7. Paalm Iv., verse 22.
† On this subject, see the Rev. William Gilpin's Sermon XLIV. Archdescon Paley's Sermon, XI. M. Necker, on the Duty of Children to Parents. Plutarch's Discourse on the Breeding and Conduct of Children.

life without regret and remorse? He must be a stranger to the agitations of timidity, and never can have examined his own heart in the solitude of conscience.

SHARP-SIGHT.

We cannot subscribe to the opinion of Sharp-sight, that pride and folly can only be seen "in a fine lofty carriage;" on the contrary, we have with repugnance observed every species of cunning arrogance and presumption, in a dirty low car.

SATIRE.

In reply to Satire's question, "Why the pride and vain glory of that young man bay-leaf neck-stretcher, exceeds the elevated notions of Jack Ketch or the High Sheriff of London," we can only bring to his recollection the insignificance of Æsop's fly, which when seated on the axle-tree of a carriage, exclaimed as the wheels went round, "What a dust do I raise."

PARKER NOODLE AND BILLY DOODLE.

The antics of Parker-Noodle and Billy-Doodle are ludicrous enough, and would, without doubt, excite considerable mirth in a low Comedy; but they are too insignificant for the notice of our Euphrosyne.

LITTLE COCK-SPARROW.

The little gentleman who thought it derogatory to his imaginary greatness to acknowledge his father because he was only a respectable country attorney, deserves to be pumped upon.

"Riddle-me Riddle-me Riddle-me re Perhaps you can guess who this thing may be,"

Is too personal for our Euphrosyne, besides we hate riddles, especially vulgar riddles.

PRIDE-LASHER.

The communication from Pride-Lasher, relative to the egregious folly of green and brown skippers, self-dubbed and legal captains, &c., arrived too late for publication; we must therefore without offence to their dignity, heap them together en masse under the cognomen of All-body, who any-body and every-body may take for some-body, for this body or that body who nobody cares for.

We have, in our notes to the "costly Schubertz," page 59, already expressed our abhorrence at that detestable, pestilential, inordinate and unreasonable self-esteemed thing called pride; the subject has also been eloquently handled by Bishop Mant, and by many celebrated moralists. It has been correctly maintained that pride is uniformly subversive of piety towards God and charity towards man, as well as injurious in every respect to the happiness of him who is actuated by it; this is manifestly shewn in the ambitious pride of Absalom, who burst asunder the ties of religion, and trampled on filial duty, for which he was cut off in the flower of youth. Again, Jezebel, in the pride of arbitrary power, usurped the vineyard of Naboth by perjury and murder, for which "her carcass was eaten by dogs." Nebuchadnezzar for his presumption, was driven from men to dwell with beasts of the fields. Pharaoh, in the pride of despotic authority, was severely afflicted and tormented. Saul, in the pride of conquest, rejected the word of God, and

fell on his own sword. Haman, in his insatiable ambition and pride for royal favor, "was hanged on the gallows." Herod, in the pride of popular applause and eagerness to obtain divine honors, "was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost." Rehoboam, in the pride of youth, threatened to "chastise his subjects with scorpions," was deprived of hereditary authority. Goliah, in the pride of bodily strength, "defied the armies of the living God," was slain by the hand of a stripling. Abimelech, the son of Gideon, in his aspiring wickedness and deeds of blood, was foiled by a woman, who, with a piece of millstone, broke his skull. Salome, the daughter of Herodias, in the pride of female beauty, hardened into the commission of wanton barbarity, demanded the head of John the Baptist; the crime was recompensed by the degradation and banishment of her partners in guilt, and by her own untimely destruction.

All-body, who in the full enjoyment of self importance, appears to carry his nose so high that one might fancy it possible to take an horizontal peep at the minute particles which clod up his brain, might do well here to contemplate on the probable fate which

awaits him

Ye who are exalted by worldly rank into public office or public favor, from circum. stances which owe their origin to chance, have no right to triumph over, nor to depreciate those, over whom your only advantage has been, the better fortune, not intrinsic merit; but if even the latter, the retrospect may be pleasing, but it offers no just grounds for exultation, for contemptuous remarks or sarcasms on the situation of your imaginary inferiors. Nothing can be more revolting to the reasoning faculty than a splenetic censoriousness on the capability, manner, character, or situation of our less fortunate brethren. Let the weak-minded, haughty, purse-proud, vapour-grasper reflect that honors and specious titles may be effaced by time; fashion, like wind, passeth away; grandeur moulders to decay; riches are by the hand of the spoiler torn from us; the tenderest ties of kindred blood and friendship have their end; extravagant pleasures and amusements leave us in sorrow and bitter repentance; vain glory and ambitious reputation (in the language of Archbishop Flechier,) "lose themselves in the abyss of eternal oblivion." But above all, we advise All-body to consider, (if he would condescend to think at all), that he is but mortal, and to reflect that were he ten hundred thousand million times larger in statue than the Colossus of Rhodes, and possessing all the animation, vigour, and wisdom of the wisest of earth's creation, his insignificance in the sight of the deity would, by comparison, be ten hundred thousand million times smaller than the smallest speck on the egg of an animalcule, created in one of those imaginary millions of worlds floating in a tear shed from the eye of a mite.

TIMOTHY SCRUPLE.

We are not disposed to coincide in opinion with the uncharitable notions of Timothy Scruple; we see no reason for desiring the death or overthrow of any man in power, be he ever so heartless or worthless—on the contrary, we should rather pray for him as the old lady did for Dionysius the tyrant. The whimsical cause of this old lady's prayer,

which may not be in the recollection of all our readers, ran thus :--

Dionysius having been informed that a very aged woman prayed to the Gods every day for his preservation, and wondering that any of his subjects should be so interested for his safety, enquired of this woman respecting the motive of her conduct, to which she replied, "In my infancy I lived under an abominable tyrant, whose death I desired; but when he perished, he was succeeded by a detestable tyrant, worse than himself; I offered up my vows for his death also, which were in the like manner answered; but we have since had a worse tyrant than he; this execrable monster is yourself, whose life I

have prayed for, lest if it be possible, you should be succeeded by one even more wicked.

SCRUTATOR.

We feel obliged by Scrutator's well written article on morality, but we have no inclination to pick a hole in any man's garment for scandal to widen. How Squander became possessed of his freehold, and when All-puff married his Creole, is no affair of ours—nor have we the slightest desire to ascertain

"When the one was not worth a straw, And t'other proclaimed an outlaw."

We however coincide in opinion with Scrutator, that men whose legal possessions might be questioned, and whose integrity and veracity could not stand the test of investigation, should be the last of all slanderers to insinuate aught against the characters of their neighbours. It is an unfortunate propensity of the human mind to retain, more perfectly, tales of scandal, than such as merit approbation, so beautifully expressed by Horace:—

Diseit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud Quod quis deridit quam quod probat.

And as elegantly paraphrased by the Earl of Cork :-

"There is a lust in man no power can tame, Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame; On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly, Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die."

We certainly have heard it blazoned abroad how a bright young spark introduced his flame to the brilliant throng at Government House, as his wife, who turned out to be no wife; and how the enlightened world allowed the affair to end in smoke; but as these are not every day occurrences, there can be no reason for mooting Scrutator's question. In our estimation, it would be hard upon the fair sex, be they Kamtschatkarians, Carnicobarians, or Demararians—Greenlanders or New Zealanders, Vovaoos or Cockatoos; nay, it would be cruel in the extreme to compel them to produce their marriage diplomas—the date of such documents might involve some husbands' integrity. No no, we uphold the good old saying, "Tell me what I now am, not what I have been."

Oh! wherefore, while delineating our neighbours' imperfections, untilt he acid becomes too predominant, does not mercy descend and infuse a little honey, to soften the acrimony of the human heart. An evil speaker, indeed, differs only from an evil doer in opportunity.

Maledieus á malefico non distat nisi occasione.

Scrutator is correct in his assertion that slander can only emanate from the bitter galled tongue of a grovelling minded low born, who has been thwarted in his ambitious views—but we set our veto against any attempt on the part of Scrutator to implicate the delicately minded dignified spinster in such an outrage on decency as insinuated in the following quotation:—

"Tho' born in fashion's gayest sphere, To scandal o'er her tea, Maria no'er inclined an ear, For very deaf was she," This is a gross libel on the refined maiden lady; nay, we cannot nor will not believe it possible that they could or would uplift the tympanum of their plump little ears to listen to scandal, or disfigure their prettily formed mouths to give utterance to it.

Ye sweet enslavers of the mind, from the age of five-and-thirty to three-score and ten, whose eyes are load stars and whose tongue sweet air, sweeter far than the new blown rose and Arabia's spicy groves, whose complexion for clearness, freshness, and bloom, according to poets, connoisseurs, and epicures of old, surpasses that of peaches and plums, raspberries and cream, carnation and alabaster, roses and lillies, milk and cherries, buttercups and daffydowndillies-" sugar and spice and all that's nice"-ye dear fascinatinglybewitching, endearingly-charming martyrs of single blessedness, who from the horribly depraved taste, ill breeding, and cruel neglect of the heartless lords of the creation, are doomed (much against your inclination, no doubt), to lend your ears to tea table gossip, your graceful laps to lapping puppies, and your elegantly tapered filbert-nailed fingers and ruby lips to caress and fondle little tabbies and every other coloured descendant of the grimalkin race—ye angelic creatures of the best manured superfine hot house mould, who wisely prefer a pilgrimage across the Styx to lead apes in the Tartarean palace, rather than chance having nine brats at one birth,* believe us when we assert, from the very bottom of our palpitating hearts now violently thumping and bumping against our scorching breasts, sorely inflamed with admiration of your unsophisticated virtues, that from the unsullied purity of your discreetly delicate tempered natures, we do not imagine it possible for you to give a frail glance of pathetic tenderness at a pretty man who is calumniating his virtuous wife, nor breathe to your neighbours the unhallowed breathings of a high-minded son against his injured parent-no, no, we publicly pronounce you free from such diabolical doings, and totally unqualified to retail slander at any price.

There is no secret in the deepest recesses of a vicious heart, that actions will not at times disclose; he may by craft, cunning, and knavery, delude the sight and understanding of the most vigilant, glut his insatiable thirst for calumny and slander, and triumph for a day, but there is an eye that always sees and a hand that ever marks the detestable sinner; and let him fancy himself ever so secure in his own vain imagination from detection, the hour of retribution will o'ertake him, and when least expected he will be dragged forth to scorn and universal contempt.

DIGNITY.

Dignity is eloquently sarcastic; we certainly have heard of a learned pig, but we know nothing of the elegance of his penmanship nor of his wisdom in the art of letter writing; indeed, we believe these accomplished grunters never answer letters, it is against their breeding to do so, which is not to be wondered at, if what we have heard be true, viz, that they received their political education in a whig-shop, joining Brocket hall, under the superintendence of one of Lord Melbourne's early tutors.

It is generally admitted that the man who does not at the first convenient opportunity reply to a letter, is guilty of an ungentlemanly act; but he who positively shirks from answering an important letter of business, is either a knave, a groveller, or a dastard:

epithets, we never had occasion to apply, even in thought, to a true born Tory.

We have, in our time, had the honor to address three reigning Kings of England-George III., George IV., and William IV., most of the August members of the Royal Family, and that glorious warrior and colossus of Ministers, His Grace the Duke of

^{*} Lucinda, in the Opera of Love in a Village, is very indecorously made to say that she would "rather have nine brats at a birth-than in hell be a leader of apes." There is no accounting for taste.

Wellington, from all of whom we are proud to say, we received replies within four and twenty hours. It may be worthy of notice, that on one occasion, not being honored with an early reply to a letter which we addressed to King George III., soliciting permission to inscribe our History of Music to his Majesty, and from the many marks of kindness we experienced at his hands, both in private and in public, we felt confident that no slight was intended to our application, we therefore frankly wrote a second letter, which we enclosed to the King's Librarian, Richard Sumner, Esq., now Bishop of Winchester, from whom we were honored with the following:—

SIR,—I have delayed replying to your letter of the 8th Instant, until I could communicate to you something which would be satisfactory. I have ventured, contrary to the usual custom, to bring before His Majesty a second time, the subject of your dedication, and it gives me real pleasure to be authorised to announce to you that the King is pleased to accede to your request. You are consequently at liberty to dedicate your intended work on the History and Theory of Music to His Majesty.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient and faithful Servant,

CHARLES R. SUMNER.

Carlton House, April 14, 1823.

I. NATHAN, Esq.

Dignity's spirited letter could not be answered by "blustering railers" on the established principle that "barking dogs seldom bite." It must be admitted that there are to be found on this wonderful earth a degenerated race of nature's disfigurement, in the shape and form of men, with hearts and minds so repugnantly debased and execrable, so detestably pusillanimous and contemptible, that they have been known to thrust woman forward in battle to face an enemy they had not themselves the courage to confront; and, as history informs us, have been known to sneak, crouch, crawl, and hide in the hour of peril, under the very garments of women for protection, and that too when ladies' hoops were not in fashion.* We must not, therefore, be surprised now-a-days to find such abortions of earth's creation selfishly tampering with the reputation of a woman, and exposing her in the sheets of the daily press, for the gratification of their vicious desire of getting that said which they have not the courage to utter. To such very ugly things we can have nothing to say, but to the more elevated grade of the human species, the renowned chivalrous race of Cervantes creation, those gallant knights of the rueful countenance, whose modesty is so self-evident, and whose brilliancy of wit surpasses that of the celebrated buffoon Pico Genola, of the 15th Century, who having laid a wager that his ass (lean, weak, and aged), should jump higher than that of his master's, made the poor donkey leap from the top of a balcony, and broke his neck. To these, and all noble minded high flying, Dulcinea del Taboso-stricken gentlemen, we must say that according to the laws of Chivalry, a reply to Dignity's letter, which appeared in * * * * , was looked for by every right-minded individual. It seems, however, from the shirking silence of these chivalrous gentlemen, that they knew its contents were unanswerable, and therefore under the invulnerable helmet of Mambrino, the wise shield of Minerva and armed cloak of discretion, they hid their diminished heads.

^{*} There is a curious article, bearing some analogy to this subject, in Plutarch, " On the Virtue of the Persian Women,"

VICTIM.

Victim's desired object would not be achieved by the insertion into our "Euphrosyne of his heart-rending appeal to public sympathy: it would, without doubt, call forth indignation, disgust, and horror from the breast of every right-minded man, but that would not command justice at the hands of those relentless whigs in office, who, elevated by worldly rank, high authority, and under the assumed shelter of Royal Sanction have dared to violate every principle of faith by which the natural ties of Society are upheld, and the blessings and bounties of the Most High are distributed among his creatures—who tacitly have dared to proclaim religion a lie, and its existence a mockery, by using its most sacred obligations as a mask for fraud and cruelty, at the very time they were basking in the sunshine of its honors and emoluments, and with shameless effrontery, were undermining its constitution, while promulgating its august ordinances to confiding Victims throughout the civilised world. Such unfeeling tyrants in power, by withholding just grievances and honest facts from the ear of Royalty, cause the sufferer to exclaim, "Put not your trust in Princes." Ainsworth had just reason for saying "The throne is surrounded by a baneful circle, whose business is to prevent the approach of truth."

When men can bring themselves to render their fellow men assistance, free from sinister views of gain, or self-advancement, to do that which is good, from a principle of good, and that which is just, from a principle of justice—when they can curb their desire to enrich themselves at the expense of others—check their cravings after their neighbour's possessions—quench their thirst for worldly bawbles—repel their lust of power and dominion for self-love—abstain from violence, fraud, and cruelty, to obtain opulence and empty fame—subdue all brutish affections of the soul—remove all perturbations of the mind—indulge in pleasures attended with wisdom—and, above all, feel grateful to the munificent and wonderful geometrician of the universe for the blessings they hourly enjoy, and rest satisfied with the bountiful necessaries of life, without coveting the inheritance of others—then, and then only, may Victim expect retribution, or any thing like an equitable adjustment of his claim for his loyal services to the Crown and State.

We sincerely sympathize in the cruel oppression of Victim, for we, like him, have been Victimized by the overbearing heartless darings of the Melbournitish Ministry, and unequivocally affirm that we would, under any circumstance, prefer a tory minister's bare word of honor to a legally signed, sealed and delivered whig minister's bond. We say this without any dread of the secret dungeon, the poisoned chalice, the assassin's knife, or the hireling's axe; or even that most awfully terrifying abomination of all human tortures, the slight and frown of those cringing place-hunting snake-swallowing gentlemen in office, who would undertake any dirty work at a whig minister's bidding.

We have, indeed, great reason to enter into Victim's distressing case, with powerful sympathetic emotions of excitement, when we reflect on the reckless duplicity and unchristian-like treatment we experienced in Downing-street, at our frequent interviews with the Premier's Secretaries, Messrs. Anson, Howard, and Cowper* on the subject of the following gracious mandate from our late revered King William the 4th, in reply to our letter preceding it.

To His most Gracious Majesty William the 4th, &c., &c., &c.

SIRE,—Since I had the honor of submitting to the notice of your Gracious Majesty * * * * and

We here gave a faithful detail of particulars, which from motives too pure

my observations relative to * * *

^{*} We must here do the Honorable William Cowper the justice to admit that he felt disposed to act honestly by us, and he would have done so but for the carwigging whigs about him.

for whigs to appreciate, we refrain from inserting in this publication, and then concluded with the following paragraph.

"SIRE,—I most respectfully presume to submit to your Majesty that although it is possible * * * * and that their evil tendency might be thwarted by the wisdom and vigour of your Majesty's Councils, yet to save dissension in the Empire, and to prevent a recurrence of those turbulent ebullitions of popular feeling that stained the pages of English history, in the years 1820 and 1821, and caused disunion in almost every domestic circle throughout the country, it would be advisable to * * * * and if I can be made instrumental to so necessary a purpose, as I doubt not I may be, by * * * * I shall, having your Majesty's sanction to that effect, be proud to use my zealous endeavours, seeking only your Majesty's Royal promise of protection and indemnity from expense, and the high honor of being permitted so to testify my Loyalty to my Sovereign and his august family.

" Sire, I have the honor, with profound respect,

" to subscribe myself,

"Your Majesty's most devoted and loyal subject,

"4, Smith's Square, Westminster Abbey, 9th March, 1837." " ISAAC NATHAN."

St. James's Palace, March 13th, 1837.

"Mr. Nathan's letter of the 9th Instant, does credit to his honorable feelings, and has been laid before the King * * * Mr. Nathan's suggestions are considered praiseworthy, and should he be successful in * * * * he may rely upon receiving every consideration, protection, and indemnity from his Majesty's Ministers.

" I. Nathan, Esq.,

Encouraged by this letter from our Gracious Sovereign, and the cheering hopes of indemnity and protection held out to stimulate our exertions, we used the most unwearied assiduity in the pursuit of our object, which was crowned with success far beyond our most sanguine expectations, in effecting which, we not only incurred the loss of much valuable time, but became also involved in a ruinous liability of £2326.

On the lamented demise of our beloved Monarch, the success of our labours in behalf of the Crown and State, were placed by us in the hands of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, free from sinister views, or any unworthy object, as the following receipt (still in our possession) from the Private Secretary of the Duke of Sussex will attest.

"I have this day received from Mr. Nathan * * * * voluntarily, and without any stipulation or request of remuneration, delivered to me for His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Mr. Nathan stating his decided feeling, that such documents might, in improper hands, (such as they have been in hithertofore) be the cause of much mischief, and, therefore, it is, that he voluntarily places them in the hands of his Royal Highness.

'Kensington Palace, November 29th 1837."

"WILLIAM WHITE."

How has our Loyalty and disinterestedness been requited?—On our first visit in Downing-street, after briefly stating our case, and laying the King's letter before Mr. Anson, at the same time refusing any remuneration or consideration beyond that of actual liabilities and expenses out of pocket.—The honorable Mr. Anson, with that nonchalance peculiar to such gentlemen whigs in office—said (after examining the above receipt) "I see you have handed the documents over to the Duke of Sussex, so you must look to him for your liabilities."

After several fruitless interviews with the Honorable William Cowper, Mr. Anson, and Mr. Howard—the latter, one morning, with the cunning of a fox (we, of course, mean

a four-legged fox) threw out insinuating doubts as to the authenticity of the King's letter which we had just placed into his hands for the sixteenth or seventeenth time. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon—but, reader, 'tis true, aye, "'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that this great whig officer's shadow of the great representative of the Crown of England, was meanly using his best effort to destroy the seal, by trying to dig his two thumb nails into the wax during his attempt to persuade us that the letter might have been written by some unauthorised person. His words only excited our contempt, but at his disloyal attempt to disfigure the impression of the King, our indignant blood rushed into the knuckles of our clenched fist, and raising our arm (the better part of valour, discretion, did not forsake us) we coolly pulled the letter from the honorable gentleman's grasp—merely with the rebuke of "Mr. Howard, you will injure the seal," we then as coolly walked off without the formality of leave-taking, and wrote a long letter on the subject of this interview to Mr. White, from which we here subjoin a paragraph.

WILLIAM WHITE, Esq.

"I can easily imagine how in the lower rank of life the depraced may advance any subterfuge to evade the fulfilment of a just claim; but, I had yet to learn that it was possible, in the higher sphere of society, to find individuals so lost to common honesty and humanity; and I must remark that it is to me rather a novel mode of awarding consideration, protection, and indemnity from His Majesty's Ministers; if, after two years' trifling and evasion, when no other mode of procrastination can be resorted to, an accusation of forging the King's letter and seal is adopted. I would not have any party connected in this new attempt to stiffe a just claim "lay the flattering unction to their soul," that I am to be amused from my purpose by these continuous and disgraceful impediments thrown in my path.

I beg to repeat that my steps will be entirely guided by the attention which this letter will receive from you,

Sir, I have the honor to remain,

Your's very obediently,

32, Alfred-place, Bedford Square. August 29, 1839.

I. NATHAN."

This letter had the desired effect: Mr. White declared that there must be some mistake; he had not, nor could not, deny the hand writing of Sir Herbert Taylor, and other vouchers from the king, which he had seen in our possession, and that if we would call again in Downing-street, he felt satisfied our claim would be honorably met. We accordingly waited on Mr. Howard, who took us into the office of the Treasury, where we received a cheque, on Coutts the banker, for £326 by order of Lord Melbourne, and signed by Mr. Leadbeater. After the receipt of this cheque, Mr. Howard requested to know if we had the King's letter about our person, we replied in the affirmative, and taking it from our pocket, once more put it into his hands; he looked at it with satisfaction, and mildly asked if we had any objection to allow him the possession of it for the inspection of Lord Melbourne, smiling at the same time most graciously-yes, he smiled -these gentlemen can indeed "smile and smile," and do many odd things while they smile! We consented without the smallest hesitation; we at the same time distinctly told Mr. Howard that we fully relied on his honor, as a gentleman, to remind Lord Melbourne of the £2000 we had yet to receive at his hands, without any reference to "consideration" for our valuable services and lost time. He assured us that he would not be unmindful of our just claim. This interview was our last; we never saw Mr. Howard again; we repeatedly called in Downing-street to see Lord Melbourne, The Honorable William Cowper, Mr. Anson, or Mr. Howard, and at every visit, early or late, we were greeted with the well-known debtor's exclamation of "not at home," we were thus compelled to write the following letters to Mr. Howard.

Howard, Esq., Downing-street.

SIR,—My ready compliance with Lord Melbourne's request, by delivering into your hands the King's letter, promising consideration, protection, and indemnity, coupled with all the circumstances connected with my long and patient sufferings, must at once exonorate me from even the appearance of a desire to trespass on the funds of the treasury for the services to which my patriotic zeal urged me, nor can I be accused of any wish to bring my case before the public, but my creditors are so harrassing me * * * * who have been put off, from day to day, under the impression that the King's promise of every consideration, protection, and indemnity, by His Majesty's Ministers, would not be a mockery and delusion.

To adhere to the frankness I have throughout endeavoured to observe, it may be proper to annex a list of

the creditors above alluded to.*

By justice, the tranquillity of society, and security of the individual are insured, it is an immutable law to which we are bound to conform, making it the rule of our decision; it assigns to every one his own, it forbids us doing wrong to any one, and requires reparation for every injury. Its obligations are imperative and inflexible, following one invariable rule, which can never be set aside consistently with the general good. It is the equitable administration of justice by those high in power that secures the faith of nations, and cements the bonds of civilization, it is that which gives us the consciousness of right and wrong, and ensures to us the right of humanity. Hence under the peculiar circumstances of my case, ustice would indeed be violated, and entirely frustrated, were my wrongs to remain unredressed.

Hitherto my case seems to have been construed as a mere claim for reward, but it is far otherwise. The pecuniary grant I have received, was exclusively as a reimbursement for the bare amount of actual expenditure.† At the time of my surrendering up the King's letter, it will be in your recollection that I distinctly stated having sustained a loss of at least £2000, arising from the detriment to my professional avocations, whilst my time was engaged in prosecuting the arduous task devolved on me by His Majesty's command. Relying on this statement having been communicated to Lord Melbourne, I have felt assured that his Lordship's high sense of honor and justice, would influence his conduct towards me in consonance with the promise guaranteed by the express terms of the Royal Mandate, by reimbursing me for my actual loss (£2000), which will enable me to satisfy the demands of my creditors, and place me in the situation I was in when I first embarked on His Majesty's service in the performance of an important national and patriotic duty.

Sir, I have the houor to remain,

Your very obliged humble servant,

32, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, October 30th, 1839. I. NATHAN.

Howard, Esq., Downing-street.

SIR,—Again I submit my case to your consideration. It has strong claims on your attention, and redress must no longer be withheld. My claim is either with or without foundation; the former has been admitted by the cheque from the treasury, given me by order of Lord Melbourne, by numerous admissions, and a thousand corroborative circumstances; why then consign me to ruin, leaving me in endless struggle with debts incurred in the service of my late revered Sovereign—services which you have admitted I should never have engaged in but for the promises held out to me in the King's letter which I placed in your hands. I cannot believe that under Lord Melbourne's sanction, any unfair advantage will be attempted in consequence of my having parted with that letter, nor can you imagine for a moment that I should myself submit to a proceeding so unjustifiable. I still hold the packet from Sir Herbert Taylor, with the seals unbroken, which you saw in my possession, and papers of still stronger collateral evidence; under these circumstances, let me urge your immediate attention to my letter of the 30th of October last, and should I not within fourteen days hear from you satisfactorily, however repugnant it may be to my politics, and painful to my feelings in the present troubled state of the country—I shall be compelled to bring my case before the Queen and people by petitioning the Legislature for redress.

Sir, yours obdiently,

22, Alfred Place, Bedford Square. January 3rd, 1840. I. NATHAN.

^{*} We here enclosed a clear and faithful list of our creditors, with their address, and the amount due to each, with dates, proving thereby that those debts were all incurred since our embarking in His Majesty's service, according to His gracious Mandate.

† The printer's bill paid by us, and the receipt handed over to the Duke of Sussex, with other vouchers, as admitted in Mr. White's acknowledgment to us of the 29th of November, 1857.—(See page 162.)

Not receiving any kind of reply to the two preceding letters, we consulted our solicitors, Messrs. Downes and Gamlen, of Furneval's Inn, gentlemen of the highest professional standing, and of strict loyalty and integrity. Mr. Downes waited on Mr. Howard, and at that interview he very properly asked Mr Howard if the King's letter which Mr. Nathan had placed in his (Mr. Howard's) hands for Lord Melbourne, offering every consideration, protection and indemnity, had been acted up to by merely re-paying the printer's bill, £326, to which Mr. Howard ungraciously replied that he did not believe Lord Melbourne would do any more.

On the 18th of May, 1840, we again wrote to Lord Melbourne, enclosing our letters to Mr. Howard, and after patiently waiting until the 24th of July for a reply, with which his lordship did not think proper to honor us, we addressed him through the Sunday

Times, and sent him the paper, as follows :-

To the Right Honorable LORD VISCOUNT MELBOURNE,

MY LORD,—You cannot, after my reiterated applications to your Lordship, and numerous interviews in Downing-street, be unacquainted with the important services I had the honor to render the Crown and State, by command of my late revered Sovereign, William the Fourth, whose encouraging letter to me, offering every consideration protection and indemnity, has been admitted and placed into the hands of your lordship. It had been clearly shewn to your lordship, that those loyal services have involved me and my large dependent family, in ruinous embarrassments. I have used every exertion privately to obtain a just and honorable settlement, which, according to the common law of civilized nations, is due from man to man, and which the meanest subject has an equal right to claim with a monarch; but with the exception of the trifling amount I received by your Lordship's order, from the Treasury, an amount barely sufficient to defray the actual expenditure out of pocket, I have only been fed on airy promises and empty expectations. My petitions to the Lords of the Treasury, soliciting permission to lay my claim before the House of Commons, was withheld from their Lordships, and privately conveyed to you, in Downing-street. My recent application to the Lord Chamberlain, for permission to present a memorial to her Gracious Majesty, has, I fear, shared the like treatment. My letter to your Lordship, dated the 18th of May last, a copy of which, with full particulars, I also forwarded to your Lordship's nephew, the Honorable William Cowper, M. P., remains unnoticed; and since every effort I have made for an equitable adjustment of affairs connected with the Royal Mandate has been treated with apathy; every attempt to lay my claim before the House of Commons frustrated; and that strict propriety of conduct which in early life secured me the countenance and friendship of almost every branch of your Lordship's noble family, appears now no longer to possess any claim upon your Lordship's attention: and as I am not in the least disp

My Lord, I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's very obedient humble servant,

ISAAC NATHAN,

July 24, 1840.

Author of the Musurgae Vocalis.

After this letter appeared in print, we became so annoyed and harrassed by our creditors that we sacrificed what little property we possessed—discharged as many claims as possible, and quitted England for Sydney, where we have resided for nearly eight years, the Victim of Loyalty, prosecuting our profession among a depressed people, and in consequence, without that success which our professional standing would otherwise have commanded. About eighteen months after our arrival in Australia, we drew up a Memorial of our aggravated case, and had five hundred copies privately printed by Messrs. Kemp and Fairfax, of the Morning Herald, which we sent off by the ship William Fulcher, to England, for both Houses of Parliament, in case the Tory administration then in power, with all their justly acknowledged integrity, should, from

secret misrepresentations to shield dishonesty, refrain from doing us that justice which the Whigs had so meanly left undone; but through the influence of some mysterious agency—some hobgoblin or hocus pocus freak, the whole Five Hundred Copies vanished from the Custom House!!! Our friends, to whom they were directed, never

received them! Alas, "'Tis fate directs our course, and fate we must obey."

We have heard of such prodigies as a humane butcher; a hangman with pity in his breast; and of a red-haired man faithfully disposed:* And is it possible we may find an old whig capable of doing a just and noble action; such a rara avis may exist at this very crises; and, if we mistake not, we may point him out in the person of Lord John Russell, who bears the degraded epithet of a whig from his long intercourse and connexion with such things, but he is decidedly a tory at heart, whose legitimacy Levana herself could not dispute. We feel called upon to make this exception, from conviction that his Lordship's irreproachable consistency of character, demands it at our hands; and we might, with equal justice, name a few others, aye, a very limited few, who merit the same consideration from us. Let those gentlemen only, thrust their round-headed skulls, into the cap and bells, with all its suitable decorations, who cannot with our immortal bard honestly exclaim "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

We must here also confess that we consider it an imperative duty we owe to the incorruptible integrity of that talented author, honest statesman, and undoubted loyalist, Disraeli, one of England's brightest ornaments of the present era, to acknowledge that he stands paramount above all censure for his manly, unflinching, and brilliant speech, reviewing the proceedings of the ministry during the last Session of Parliament: and whilst we admire the sentiments which do credit to his honorable feelings, we are strongly inclined to believe that he will himself admit the justice of Lord John Russell's admirable reply touching the important administrative duties which devolved on the Government during the preceding year, and which necessarily involved and protracted the immediate furtherance of measures which his Lordship had, and, no doubt, still has in contemplation for the welfare of England. We make this avowal as free from any unworthy desire to win his Lordship's interest, as we have, free from pusillanimous dread of

incurring displeasure, already expressed our centempt for others.

The difference, in our opinion, between a modernly fashioned whig and a genuine tory is far more infinite than between hypocrisy and true devotion: they are in principles a thousand times more remote from each other than the Southern Pole is from Davis's Straits; and it cannot be questioned that a whig is far more vicious than a radical, for the latter only errs in judgment, but the former is radically vicious at heart. This fact cannot be questioned, when it is remembered that the antiquity of his badly-mannered, ill-favoured breeding, has been traced, to that great spiritual enemy of mankind, Beelzebub himself: to this effect, Doctor Samuel Johnson has, from the best authority no doubt, declared that the first whig was the Devil, because he rebelled against good order.

Should any high-minded tory or intermediate statesman consider our remarks too caustic on the degraded characters we have delineated; or should any tender-whigged gentleman fancy his whiggish dignity insulted by this declaration, we invite him to

^{*} Lavater's projudice against red-haired men was not singular, for we find that the ancients prohibited them from becoming prinsts:—what Maimonides, "The Great Engle—the Glory of the West," and "Light of the East," as he is termed, has said upon this subject, we know not, but there is an old legendary work in which is mentioned the red-haired Sambatiaus who are famed for their wisdom, piety, and learning, and who never sworve from the strict fulfilment of the Ten Commandments. These just and upright men are described to be all red-haired without a single exception.

Shakspeare appears to have attached a vast importance to red hair-as we find in the witches' incantation scene in Macbeth. We have no prejudices of this nature, for we have several red-haired friends who are very amiable, for whom we entertain great esteem, and in whom we place every confidence.

demand from Lord Melbourne a perusal of our petition "To the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury," dated June 28th, 1839, containing our correspondence, in full, with King William 4th; Sir Herbert Taylor, &c., &c. We likewise urge him to demand a sight of our letter of May the 18th, 1840, addressed by us to Lord Viscount Melbourne, together with those subsequently addressed by us to his subordinate officers in Downing-street. Should the profound Ansonian and Howardonian ear-wigging wisdom influence the memory of the Right Honorable Lord Viscount on such a demand, we will, on proper application, furnish copies with every proof of delivery.

ORIGIN OF WHIGS AND TORIES.

Bishop Burnet [Memoirs of his own Times, vol. I., p. 43.] takes the word whig from whiggam, a term used by the western Scotchmen in driving their horses; the drivers were called wiggamores. In 1648, those who supported the court interest were called whiggamores, and those who opposed it were contemptuously called whiggs; the epithet was afterwards given as a nickname to those who were against the court interest in the

time of Charles and James the Second.

The term whig was originally applied to those in Scotland who held their meetings in fields to debate on their imaginary wrongs,-not, as some might erroneously fancy, to view the via lactea, called by us the milky-way, and by the Greeks galaxy, which poets and even philosophers of old, speak of as the road or way, by which heroes went to heaven. No, no! we rather suspect they met for deeds of darkness, which has, long ere this, led them into a path of an opposite direction, where many of their namesakes are likely to follow. We are not disposed to enter into any historical dissertation on these rural meetings, nor are we prepared to say that these gentlemen crawled about on all-fours munching grass, for we are assured by Baily and other antiquarians, that their common food was sour milk. To this fact may be traced the origin of the epithet applied to them, for whig or wigg, according to Defoe, signified whey. Hence their acrimoneous disposition-hence the acrimony still flowing through their veins which corrodes, dissolves, and destroys every particle of good feeling which should adorn the human breast. Should any of these whigs, in their envenomed bitterness of splenetic fury, attempt to revile the exalted character of a true loyalist by tracing the term tory to an Irish word equivalent to savage, or, as it has by a round-headed author been derived, from toruighim (to pursue for purposes of violence)-a term in the reign of Elizabeth, applied by the protestants of Ireland against common robbers and assassins, who were outlawed for such crimes; a term applied to those who in 1641 assisted in the Irish massacre, and in every thing that was bloody and villainous; butchering brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, dearest friends and nearest relations; a term which afterwards became a nickname for those who called themselves high Churchmen, or the partisans of the Chevalier de St. George :- in reply to pitiful observations of this nature, which narrow-minded men are likely to make, we have only to refer to the writings of an honest author, who has remarked that during the unhappy war, which brought King Charles to the scaffold. the adherents to that King were first called Cavaliers, and those of the Parliament roundheads, which two names were afterwards changed into those of Tories and Whigs on the following occasion.

"A kind of robbers, or banditti in Ireland, who kept on the Mountains, or in the Islands formed by the vast bogs of that country, being called tories; a name they still

bear indifferently with that of rapparees; the King's enemies accusing him of favoring the rebellion in Ireland, which broke out about that time, gave his partizans the name of tories, and on the other hand, the Cavaliers to be even with their enemies, who were closely leagued with the Scots, gave them the name of whigs."* A true Loyalist could not descend to use scurrilous epithets, or Blockheads would have been more appropriate for the Roundheads.

The Cavaliers, having with one uniform strict propriety of conduct, ever had in view the political interest of the King, Church, and State, consequently the safety and welfare of the people, submitted with indifference to the scurrility of the roundheads, and have retained the appellation of tory to this day; under the firm conviction that no epithet, however execrable, could change their natures, and turn them from their deeply rooted principles of Loyalty.†

THE END.

Norm 70 THE READER.—Although "The End" is affixed to the last page of this volume, it is by no means to be understood that the Author has finished his work. This book, nevertheless, is complete in itself, as will be its successors, which will appear in due time—Dee volents.

SYDNEY:-FORSTER, PRINTER, 334, PITT-STREET, NORTH.

^{*} M. De Cize avers that it was in the year 1678 that the whole nation was first observed to be divided into Whigs and Tories; and on occasion of the famous deposition of Titus Oates, who accused the Catholics of having conspired against the King and State, the appellation whig was given to such as believed the plot, and tory to those who held it fictitious.

[†] For further information on the subject of Whigs and Tories, see M. De Cize History of Whiggism and Toryism, printed at Leipsic, Anno. 1717; M. Rapin's Dissertation sur les Weighs and les Tory, printed in the Hague, 1717; Wnipole's Memoirs of the last ten years of the Reign of George 2nd, 2 vols., 4to, 1822; Cox's Memoirs of the Pelham Administration, 2 vols., 4to.; Edinburg Review, vol. xxxvii, pages 21 and 25; Bolingbrook's Dissertation upon Parties, &c., &c., &c.

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ON THE

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MUSIC,

DELIVERED BY HIM,

AT THE SYDNEY COLLEGE, NEW SOUTH WALES.

FORD, GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY.

PRICE-FIVE SHILLINGS.

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Just Published, by Ford, George-street, Sydney, and Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street, London,

LEICHHARDT'S GRAVE,

AN ELEGIAC ODE,

On the once doubtful fate of the amiable and talented Naturalist, LEIGHMARDT, whose life, there was reason to fear, had been sacrificed in the cause of Science, whilst endeavouring to find an overland route to Port Essington.

OPINIONS OF THE PRFSS:—

A possibility, though scarcely a hope, exists that Dr. Leichhardt may still be alive. In this case, should the Doctor return to Sydney, he will have the satisfaction of hearing his own requiem, chaunted in a style too, which as regards both the poetry and the music, would not be unworthy any of the famed poets and musicians of his own country. Every stanza has its own music, at once displaying variety of effect and unity of design."—Weekly Register, Sydney, September 6, 1845.

Leichhard's Grave.—This exquisitely plaintive dirge is now within reach of all lovers of true harmony. Mr. Lynd has sung the requiem of the gentle Naturalist with a delicate pathos worthy the pen of the poet and the friend; whilst Mr. Nathan's investiture of the elegiac verse is rife with the rarest inspirations of that genius which rendered him so long a proud and all-prominent favorite amid the distinguished composers of the metropolis of the world. Whatever is touched by a man of genius is certain to be imbued with a portion of his brilliance, and in the present work, Mr. Nathan, it is evident, has given full scope to the riches of his luxuriant fancy. The harmony is enchanting, and, as if the composer were thoroughly imbued with the poet's fond imaginings, the melody is marked by deep and powerful tenderness, its plaintive strains varying with the varying character of the words, gliding, almost imperceptibly, from the sepulchral to the gentle wails of sorrow, whilst the accompaniment describes as it were the birds, the flower, and other features of the imaginary bourne of the lost traveller's repose. This monody will, we doubt not, be classed with Nathan's proudest triumphs, and attain a circulation commensurate with its author's deservings. We trust, speedily, to hear it adequately performed.—Australian Journal, Sydney, Sentember 9, 1845.

hear it adequately performed.—Australian Journal, Sydney, September 9, 1845.

LEICHHARDT'S GRAVE.—Our readers will most of them remember some beautiful lines on the probable fate of poor Leichhardt, which appeared in the Herald some weeks since; they have been set to music by Mr. Nathan in his best style, which we conceive to be saying no little of the composition. The melody, of course, in keeping with the words, is not lively, but pleasing—it consists of various movements, according with the spirit of the lines; and the effects are throughout enriched with most scientific and splendid combinations of harmony. The composition should certainly be placed in the libeauty of every layer of coad spirits.

placed in the library of every lover of good music —Herald, Sydney, September 4, 1845.

Very appropriately has the composer illustrated the pathetic theme of the poet's muse. The first movement, Recitante con dolore, is a fine introduction to the subject, and prepares the ear for the sweet obligato accompaniment of the second movement, which breathes of flowing streams, and the feathered tribes of Northern Australia, whilst the melody, in the vocal part, expresses its feelings in a plaintive strain of melancholy. The composer has summoned all the resources of his art, in order to do full justice to his theme, and were we to attempt a description of each movement, our notice would swell into a treatise. We cannot however, refrain from noticing his very scientific mode of treating the fourth and fifth movements. In the former, which is in 6-4 time, lejatissimo gust.so, the whole of the harmony is a thorough-bass arrangement, and classical dispersion of every variety of chords, but so disposed, that they may be performed by any piano-forte player, who has received six months good instruction. This movement, commencing in C minor, by skilful modulations, and by scientific and natural transitions, closes, by means of the extreme sharp sixth, in six sharps. In the latter movement allegro non tanto, in D, the composer has endeavoured to impart a more cheerful tone to the subject, to illustrate, as it were, Hope smiling through tears. There is a singular passage in the melody which, commencing in D two sharps, changes at the end of the eighth bar into E flat, an effect produced by what is termed the Enharmonic Diesis. We particularly recommend the mode of effecting this change to the study of young musicians. They need not be told, perhaps, that it is deemed irregular for an author to wander very far from his original key. In the present case he begins in C minor, which has three flats, its relative major E flat has three-flats also; therefore in this passage, Nathan, instead of going into D sharp which has nine sharps

We have here a manly but feeling heart outpouring its grief in strains at once simple and affecting. Whilst, however, we fully sympathise with those who mourn the supposed fate of Leichhardt, we yet entertain a hope that their grief is premature, and that he may yet survive and enjoy the very unusual privilege of hearing his own funeral dirge.

Every one who peruses this Ode, will acknowledge that the lines possess a more than ordinary degree of merit; and the musician will as readily admit that every shade of sentiment expressed by the poet, has been adequately embodied (so to speak) by the composer. The practised eye will discover proofs of this in almost every line of the music. Witness the sombre character of the opening passage, "Ye who prepare,"—witness the harrowing effect produced on the word "murdered," at the end of the first line, second page—witness the sweetness of the andantino movement, "It shall be by a stream." And near the conclusion of the succeeding page, the musical student will find one of the finest passages in the entire composition, "When ye have made his narrow bed." The fine moving bass in this passape, played in a marcato style, gives it an air of grandeur, whilst the legato kept up in the right hand at the same time, preserves its mournful character. Those who seek for isolated beauties, will do well to look at the imitation on the fifth

page, at the words, "But ye shall heed," and likewise the passage on the sixth page. at the words, "To sit at eve, &c." where the extreme parts proceed by semitones in contrary motion. Indeed, we speak within bounds when we say, that Nathan has not written anything in this Colony equal to "Leichhardt's Grave;" and it is very doubtful whether any of his earlier productions excel it. We are aware that it would require Nathan's self to criticise Nathan's compositions as they deserve; but we could not refrain from thus briefly alluding to some of the many beauties in this composition. And we now dismiss the subject, on the express condition that every one of our readers, with the slightest pretensions to be considered musical, will immediately obtain a copy of this Ode, and test the accuracy of our observations. -

Australian Journal, September 20, 1845.

LEIGHHARDT'S GRAVE.—We take some blame to ourselves for not having noticed this very classical production—as regards both the poetry and the music-long ere this. When Mr. Lynd's very elegant and touching lines first made their appearance, they deservedly attracted very general admiration, and the lovers of genius may look upon it as a singular piece of good fortune, that the setting of them to music fell into the hands of so distinguished a composer as Nathan. Both the poet and the musician were, we believe, intimate friends of Leichhardt, and to this circumstance, are we, in all probability, indebted in some measure for the great ability which they have both evinced. Their heart was in their work, and hence arose the excellence of their performances. Of the music it is scarcely necessary that we should say anything, seeing that its reputation is already established. It is undoubtedly the finest piece of composition ever produced in the Colony, and we believe that Mr. Nathan himself values it higher than any thing he has done since the Hebrew Melodies. In scientific arrangement and adaptation to its subject, it equally excels, and yet its simplicity is so great that a very moderate share of musical knowledge is adequate to its performance. In these days of difficult and impossible Music, we look upon this as a high recommendation, and we feel no hesitation in saying, that this Ode is destined to enjoy an extensive and lasting reputation in the music and literature of the country .- Atlas, Sept. 27, 1845.

CREARING HOME ACARNO

A PEAN, ON LEICHHARDT'S RETURN FROM PORT ESSINGTON.

MR. NATHAN'S NEW SONG .- We are happy to see Mr. Sylvester's beautiful lyric poem on the return of the Austral-German traveller, aided in its fame by the musical powers of such a man as Nathan, a gentleman who acquired a solid reputation as a votary of Apollo, in the great Metropolis of the world. The ideas of Sylvester required no aid, necessarily, from sound; yet they are enriched by the sentimental melody of the kind-hearted veteran of music who ornaments the society of Sydney as a first-rate man in the science of music. It is true we enjoy only his autumnal labours, which are not plentiful, like blossoms; but the fruit is delicious and wholesome. The words of Sylvester glowed with right feeling—the notes of Nathan are in delightful unison as the two sons of the Muses march together conversing on the incidents of the voyage. As long as poetry and music shall sway the sons and daughters of Australia, the glories of Leichhardt,

as sung by Sylvester and Nathan, will excite and delight.—Australian, June 30, 1846.

Links to Leichhardt on its Return, by E. K. S.—This beautiful effusion has been set to music by Mr. Nathan, and we have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its excellence. The sentiments of the poet are faithfully and touchingly represented by the musician. The composition is, as it were, a perfect landscape—all the objects, in their appropriate light and shadow, are duly reflected. For ourselves, we view this effort of Mr. Nathan to be the most successful he has made since his sojourn among us. In England this composition would meet a cordial reception, We trust that the

Australian community will not show less taste of the beautiful, nor less desire to encourage it.—Atlas, June 20, 1846.
"Thy Greeting Home Again."—The beautiful poem by E. K. S., which appeared in our columns some time since, is the subject of Mr. Nathan's music—and we do not know how in few words to convey to our readers a more correct idea of the composition than by expressing our feeling, that never were poetry and music more worthy of each other. The harmonies, and their adaptation, are rich and masterly. The composer has likewise displayed much management and skill in the effects produced by changes of key and time. We strongly recommend it to the notice of our readers.— Herald, June 27.

PRATER. BORDIS

Composed for one or four Voices, and respectfully inscribed to the Right Rev. WILLIAM GRANT BROUGHTON, D. D., Lord Bishop of Australia.

This is by far the best of Nathan's colonial productions, and will live with the Hebrew Melodies, even if all the rest should be forgotten. The piece is arranged so that it may be sung either as a solo or quartetto. The melody is simple

and appropriate, and the harmony faultless.— Weekly Register, Sydney, October 18, 1845.

Probably amid the infinity of the indefatigable Nathan's creations, there is none to surpass this, the latest offspring of his teeming brain, "The Lord's Prayer." The mind half recoils as if there were profanity and impiety in the daring attempt to set to music the inspired language of our Saviour and our Guide-and yet whilst listening to the tender, solemn strains of this grand, this soul-subduing Anthem, we feel not only impressed by the beauty of its holiness, but amazed that the light which inspired Mr. Nathan should never have illumined the minds of any of his great predecessors. Had Mr. Nathan never before have written one note, this magnificent Anthem alone were sufficient to have handed down his name

to immortal fame. It is a brilliant gem of pure ecclesiastical music, and we have no doubt his spirit-moving harmonies will thrill through the sacred aisles, not only of Australia, but the venerable Cathedral fanes of our " Parent Land."-

Australian, Sydney, October 23, 1845.

THE LORD'S PRAYER -Mr. Nathan's beautiful arrangement of this prayer has reconciled many scruples which we had to its being set to music at all; and we feel bound to confess that we have gone through it with considerable gratification. There is much plaintive and expressive melody in it, blended with harmonies of the first order; and we hesitate not to say, that we cannot call to recollection a sacred piece of modern composition that has pleased us more.-Berald, Oct 13, 1845.

SIR WILFRED HE MOUNTED HIS WAR STEED TRUE,

(From the admired Play of "THE QUEEN'S LOVE.")

SIR WILFRED HE MOUNTED HIS WAR STEED TRUE,-This graceful Romance, set to music by Mr. Nathan. is a delightful composition in A 6-8 time, and the Composer has given to the simple and characteristic melody such harmony as was in general use in the Elizabethan day. For this historic reason he for example at the end of the eleventh bar of the melody, gives the sixth as it was accompanied in those days, and not the extreme sharp sixth, which is of comparatively modern invention. The whole of the modulations and progressions are in perfect keeping with the style which, as an historical musician, Mr. Nathan deemed appropriate to the trouveres of Queen Anne's Court, and we must highly compliment him on the taste evinced in its treatment.— Examiner, Sydney, October 4, 1845.

The little romance sung by Mrs. Ximenes in the early part of the "Queen's Love," ought to become a great favorite,

and we would seriously recommend the composer, in the midst of his many publications, to favor the public with "Sir Wilfred he mounted his War Steed True."—Register, Sydney, October 4, 1845.

Mrs. Ximenes gave delightful effect to Mr. Nathan's music in the pretty romance, "Sir Wilfred"-Australian Sydney, October, 1845.

CRITIQUES ON NATHAN'S MUSURGIA VOCALIS.

"To his very excellent instructions in music Mr. Nathan has added on equally amusing and well written essay on that delightful science. Of the practical part we shall only say, few lessons will be more beneficial to the young scholar; but from the theoretical part we take the liberty to select a few quotations, which we trust will be entertaining as a cento of musical anecdote. The commencement in given to statements of the love and influence of music among the ancients, which is followed by like instances of its effect on the moderns. Music is now but an elegant science, an accomplishment for young ladies, inseparably connected in the higher and middling ciscles, with rival and singing misses, frowning mammas (if a squalling shake is interrupted by a whisper) of affected taste, enner, and guinea tickets of solemn Germans and cringing Italians, who grow fat on the spoils of folly, and laugh at their feeders. It is not among the most skilled that we are to look for the intense feeling of music; it is among those with whom it is remembered with the dreams of their youth, whose song of their childhood is cherished in their heart of hearts, that we shall find its most potent effects. Mr. Nathan is, however, at once a master and an enthusiast in his heart : he records every instance of its power, believing 'each strange tale devontly true:' he is the very man to have exclaimed, on hearing a Handel or a Mozart, 'and I too am a musician.'"-Literary Gazette, Sept. 6, 1823.

"We will take the liberty of adding that we have been much gratified with many of Mr. Nathan's compositions, and

that his recent work on music is one of the most skilful we have seen."-Literary Gazette, July 26.

"Mr. Nathan has introduced some facts respecting the Hebrew chanting, and the melodies of the Jewish nation, which may be thought curious by those who are unacquainted with their customs,

"Chapter IV., 'Of the human voice and its attributes,' appears to us to contain some very valuable matter.

"There seems to be an air of truth about the following sentences (alluding to the cultivation of youthful voices), which are of so much importance in the science of teaching that it is to be wished some experiments could be made to

verify Mr. Nathan's theory.

"In his section concerning the 'Swelling and dying of the voice,' there is an application of an expedient which Mr. Nathan has much enlarged, and which deserves to be ranked among the most useful discoveries of modern art. This is how to demonstrate visually, by variations of the common signs for crescendo diminuendo, with some new modifications, the precise mode of singing any given passage. Handel's song, 'Holy, holy Lord,' is printed with the directions placed over nearly all the notes of the song; and a more perfect direction and illustration cannot, we venture to presume, be given vied coce, as to quantity, and therefore, in some sort, quality of sound. By this expedient Mr. Nathan has gone far to remove one of the greatest impediments hitherto experienced in conveying precise notions of expression; and he has done more than any one in forming a philosophic language, as it were, in which such ideas may be imparted.
"The directions as to the mouth are sensible, and particularly as Mr. Nathan adheres to moderation.

extravagances are, he says, absurd. The same remark applies to his section on articulation.

"Mr. Nathan commences his examples by an ascending and descending scale conjoined, in all the clefs, and in thirteen major and thirteen minor keys. The exercises are claborate and well contrived; they convey the rudiments of every possible combination of time, intervals and divisions. The student who will sedulously practise them will never be embarrassed by any passage he may meet "—Quarterly Musical Review, No. XIX.

"It is to be regretted that Mr. Nathan should have published his work as an Essay, that title not being calculated to give the musical world an adequate idea of its importance; for, however just its application to those parts of the work relating to the history and theory of music, it does not convey to the public mind that it contains (as is the case) a complete course of study, instructions, and lessons, sufficiently comprehensive to enable the student to bring his voice to

the most finished state of cultivation.

" Possessing a just conception of the legitimate object of music, Mr. Nathan has written freely on the agreement of accent and emphasis, which should subsist in the adaptation of music to poetry. In treating on this part of the subject one of our first composers furnishes him with sufficient proof that his remarks are as necessary as judicious; while at the same time the justice of them is so self-evident that the composer alluded to must himself read them with every conviction of their propriety.

"Some of the remarks contained in the essay are severe; and we at first felt disposed to condemn the apparent harshness exhibited towards those whom Mr. Nathan calls the 'lacqueys of music:' but we fear his remarks are too well supported by fact to justify our censure; at any rate, they can only apply to those who, conscious of the deficiency of

their pretensions, identify themselves with the picture he has drawn.

"Mr. Nathan professes that he has endeavoured to divest his language of all superfluous technicality; and so far has he succeeded, that, while he has rendered his essay an invaluable assistant to the professor, the general interspersion of anecdote is so judicious that it is no less calculated for the perusal of juvenile students, and must be read, even by those unacquainted with the science, with interest and delight."—La Belle Assemblée.

"Mr. Nathan has just published a work highly creditable to his taste and talents. It is 'An Essay on the History Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice. It is a most crudite and instructive production, well deserving the patronage which we understand it experiences from his Majesty, and, we

will add, the general attention of the public, which it will not fail to receive. - Morning Post, June 7, 1823.
"Many able expositions of the origin and progress of music have been submitted to the public by men universally allowed to possess the greatest talents in the peculiar branch of literature which they have discussed; but a work comprehending a general history of the science, and a dissertation on the individual accomplishment of singing, has long been a desideratum in the musical world. Mr. Nathan, the author of the work before us, has long been a successful aspirant to public notice as a composer, and his merit (as admitted even by that fearful tribunal, the members of his own profession) is too well known to require any culogium from us. An attentive consideration of the work has confirmed us in the favorable impression which the copious table of contents, and the modest and unassuming preface, had left upon our minds; and the judicious remarks on the effect produced by an impressive delivery of the words appear to us highly deserving of attention. Mr. Nathan has the peculiar advantage of communicating his instructions under a n agreeable form; his book, while it improves, amuses, and induces us to subscribe to the opinion of Horace, that it is often allowable 'ridentum dicere verum.' The amusing anecdotes and historical relations with which it abounds give an agreeable character to the work, and render it highly interesting even to those who are unacquainted with music; while the important instructions and excellent observations contained in its pages, make it doubly valuable to the youthful professional student, or the amateur."-The Sun, May 24, 1823.

"On the 10th of September we extracted several musical anecdotes from Mr. Nathan's entertaining and ingenious * Essay on the History and Theory of Music. * * acceptable to our readers."—New Times, Oct. 23, 1823. * from the same source, will, we doubt not, be

"Music.—The well known author of the 'Hebrew Melodies,' Mr. I. Nathan, has just published a very scientific, and, in our opinion, highly valuable work, entitled, 'An Essay on the History and Theory of Music, and on the Qualities, Capabilities, and Management of the Human Voice.' The volume abounds with interesting matter, in exemplification of the various subjects on which it treats; but as we wish rather to call the attention of the musical world to the work itself, than to injure it by giving a solitary extract or two, we shall merely observe that his observations are often novel, always judicious, and frequently as entertaining as they are instructive. In short, Mr. Nathan appears to be completely master of the task he has undertaken, and there are few amateurs, or even professors. we venture to affirm, but what may glean from his essay some valuable hints."-Bell's Life in London, May 18. 1823.

See also Revue Encyclopédique, 156, October, 1823.

"Barbitos, excidium Gentis Bellique ruina, Eheu! quam quondam depulit arce sacrâ Mellifluis resonans fibris tua carmina, Nathan, Suspendit templo, ut serta decora, Dei Te citharæ vatum jamjam recinente supersunt Nec tua jam tacuit Musa vetusta, Salem ! - Diario di Roma. MUS N JAF M 780.994 . N 274

N copy

The whole of the Southern Suphrospne was printed nearly two months before any intelligence of Lord Melbourne's death reached Sydney. The make this declaration because, although we would not retract a single expression we have used in connexion with that Joblem n's name when living, we have no desire to attack the dead.

"I. HATWAS."

