

district, and suspicion began to be excited that foul deeds had occurred.

In the Paramatta Police district, several natives who receive pay as constables, are armed with muskets, and prove themselves invaluable auxiliaries in pursuing and detecting the run-away convicts. One of these aborigines, named —, was sent to search Fisher's residence, or to trace him if he were concealed any where in the bush, and was accompanied by the settlers of the Nepean and other districts, from curiosity and intense interest. On arriving at the spot which the farmer pointed out as being the place where he saw Fisher sitting on the Saturday night, the Black examined the rude split-timber, and after scraping a part which appeared brown from a stain, he declared it was "white man's blood," and after the manner of a regular blood-hound he immediately set off in full run towards a pond, a short distance from Fisher's house; on arriving there he took up a little dark scum which was floating on the surface, smelt and tasted it, and cried out, "white man's fat;" then proceeding several times round the pond, starting off to a little copse close by, covered with autumnal leaves, where, with the ram-rod of his gun he poked the earth in several places, each time smelling the point of the iron, until at last he shouted, "white man here!" Spades were immediately procured, and after digging a few feet, the body of Fisher was found in a state of rapid decomposition with the skull fractured, and apparently several weeks interred. The assistant of Fisher was instantly seized, forwarded to Sydney, tried on mere circumstantial evidence for the murder, and altho' he maintained the most cool self-possession from first to last, was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Anterior to his earthly career being closed, the wretched man felt the full agony of a seared conscience; he confessed having murdered Fisher, that he killed him on the very rail on which he was seen sitting on Saturday night by the settler, upwards of six weeks before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition—that he dragged his body to the pond to which the black constable had traced it—immersed it therein for several days, but fearing discovery, he drew it out and buried it in the copse unknown to any human being!

Avarice was the real motive for this diabolical crime, and the wonderful history above detailed, which is on the records of his Majesty's Supreme Court at Sydney, in 1823, is another irrefragable proof that murder never lies long concealed, and that the mysterious ways of providence are variously brought into operation for its discovery.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.—The late gallant Sir Joseph York's summary mode of dealing with a refractory crew is thus instanced by his biographer:—"At a subsequent period, in the — line-of-battle ship a very alarming disposition prevailed among a great part of the ship's company; and the old mutineer's toast of 'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket,' had been revived among the men. About six bells of the first watch, the lieutenant flew into the cabin and announced to Yorke, that the men had formed two lines on the main deck, that some of them were even brandishing their knives as ready for action. Yorke, with the natural intrepidity of his character, flew to the scene of danger, and I never shall forget his large figure boldly and rapidly advancing, and seen only dimly by the two or three lanterns that were burning. Coming totally unarmed to the double line of ruffians, he uttered, with his sonorous full voice, a few of his imperative and almost wild sentences, and instantly knocked two men down on the right and the left with his double fists. Seizing the two next, (men of very large stature,) he drove their, as he called them, 'lubberly heads' together with a force that rolled them stunted on the deck. He then collared two others, and passed them aft to the officers, who by this time were assembled with side arms, and, having thus secured about a dozen, he walked fearlessly through the long line of the remainder, abusing them with every epithet, and ending his abuse by exclaiming—'Have you the impudence to suppose that I would hang such a lubberly set of — as you are? No, by —; I'll flog every ringleader like —, and not put the fleet to the disgrace of a court-martial to try such a set of —.' The men were awed by the mastery of his manner; and in two or three cases, where one, the bravest of the brave,

showed a desire to impede his steps, he knocked him down, and in one or two instances, kicked him soundly as he lay on the deck. Thus did he pass forward between the line of sanguinary lawless ruffians; and, by dint of his physical powers, his presence of mind, and dauntless intrepidity, quelled, at the expense of a few dozen at the gang-way, a mutiny which might have occasioned many executions and floggings round the fleet. The mutiny existed only among a large body of Irish pressed men, and several of the old seamen, when they saw the success of suppressing it, enjoyed most heartily the numerous heroism of the captain. This humour, of which no idea can be conveyed, except by a knowledge of the individual, never forsook him." The gallant officer, perhaps, with less tact than good temper, carried it into parliament with him, as we all know. His last sally, that we remember, was with our Preston M. P. Mr Hunt, who, being congratulated by the weather-beaten veteran on his good looks, replied with characteristic readiness, and amid the laughter of the whole house, that he was sorry he could not return the compliment.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine pins set, like systems, up,
To be knocked down the following minute.

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tototums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That fast as heart can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoever the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then,—as we with traitors do,—
To Knavery's shop, next door, we'll send you.

THE PRESS.

"STUPENDOUS PRESS! device of heaven
To purge the earth of crime,
Noblest though latest born of time.
Like the last day of seven,
Destined to bring the sabbath of man's rest,
To shed truth's light upon our darken'd clime
And realize the visions of the blest!
Organ of thought divine!
To thee it is that all our weal we owe—
Yea, all these mighty wonder-works are thine!
Thou art a furnace to the gold of truth;
Thy trial 'tis that makes the passions glow
Irradiate with all holiness; the tooth
Of calumny against itself is turn'd
By thee; and by thy sifting power discern'd
Mantled hypocrisy. By thy vast strength
A thousand thoughts merge into one at length.
Thy breath is life—a wind before whose laugh
Prejudice is a cobweb, folly chaff.
Oh! but for thee what had the nations been,
That from the wreck of ancient empire rose,
But short-lived horrors of convulsive throes,
The dismal phantoms of a fever scene!
And but for thee, oh! what were Britain now—
Let all her grateful sons avow—
Sport of a storm to which the Island oak must bow!"

MENTAL LABOURERS.—It was an ignorant fashion amongst the mental labourers of other days to despise your class, the physical labourers. They have learnt to know your value; and you should learn to know theirs. Both classes are working-classes. No one can say that the mental labourers are not workers.

They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community. No one ever reached eminence in these pursuits without unwearied industry; the most eminent have been universally despisers of ease and sloth, and have felt their highest pleasures in the absorbing devotion of their entire minds to the duties of their high calling. They have wooed knowledge as a mistress that could not be won without years of unwearied assiduity. The most eminent, too, have been practical men, despising no inquiry, however trifling it might appear to common eyes, and shrinking from no occupation, however tedious, as long as it was connected with their higher duties. The positive influence even of the labours of the poets and the artists, upon the advance of other labour, might be easily shown. In their productions, especially, supply goes before demand, and creates demand. It has been calculated, by an American writer, that the number of workmen who have been set in action—paper-makers, printers, binders—by the writings of Sir Walter Scott alone, in all countries, would, if gathered together form a community that would fill a large town. The potteries of Etruria, in Staffordshire, could not have existed unless Mr Wedgwood had introduced into our manufacture of china the forms of Grecian art, bequeathed to us by the taste of two thousand years ago, and thus created a demand, which has furnished profitable labour to thousands. But this, as we have already shown you, is not the principal way of viewing the influence of science, and literature, and art, upon all other industry. To reduce every labour in art or literature, or science, to the same standard of value by which manual labour is measured, would be as absurd as the tasteless ignorance of the Spaniards, who applied a rare and valuable antique bust to serve as the weight to a church clock. Any attempt to put the mental labourers upon the same footing of value as the labourers without skill, would be as impossible as it would be mischievous, if it were possible; for in that case, production would decline, and ultimately cease altogether, for the fountains of labour would be dried up. Capital must go forward working with accumulation of knowledge; and, fortunately, if you, the working-men, adapt yourselves to this natural energy of capital you will yourselves become the accumulators of knowledge. Manual labour is only the highest degree required in the early settlement of a country. When a dense population succeeds to a scattered one, labour with skill is called into action. Your counter-controul to the absorbing power of capital is the equally absorbing power of skill—for that also is capital. Knowledge is power, because knowledge is property. — *The Rights of Industry.*

FRENCH RETREAT FROM NAPLES, IN 1799.—On the first appearance of Dawn, the Russian and Austrian troops saw, with secret joy, the enemy, whose obstinate contention for every inch of ground they had so long experienced, retreating by the two roads of the Apennines. But the old tatar, who commanded them, instantly resolved to pursue the French. He mounted upon horseback, assembled a few hundred of Cossacks, and dashed into the plain with all the ardour of a young inexperienced veteran. His army, fatigued and intimidated by the the inflexible resistance and bravery of the troops commanded by Macdonald, refused to follow; at this moment the spectacle of the despair of Souwarroff became grotesque. He threw away his epaulets, he tore the grey bristles from his head and breast, and this ape-like figure was seen weeping, and kneeling, invoking all the saints in the calendar to his aid, and lastly, in the excess of his grief, or rather his rage, he ordered his Cossacks to make a pit in the front line of the 1st regiment, and there laying himself down, as if in a grave, he insisted on their covering him with earth, that he and his command might die together. This trait of northern eloquence had the desired effect; the robust nerves of his soldiers relaxed; they lifted up this tiger-cat in boots, and promised to obey him, and marched forthwith. The rear guard of the French was thus every day harassed by the activity of Souwarroff, and the effects of his eternal word of command, "Stuparibe," "Forward and strike." The retreat, however, was not cut off, nor the march of the troops delayed.

Few women, indeed, think, but most feel; now Lady Alicia did neither. — *Miss London.*