and then, if the mere precaution of adding the acids to the water and the carbonate, slowly, and with occasional pauses, be observed, there would be no more danger in the carriage, and in the use of the acids than in those of the kaboose, or of a common lamp, nor perhaps so much. Strong Pyrolignous acid, or strong vinegar, might however be substituted for any of the above acids, if used with the chalk or whiting. These would be used (undiluted), in the proportions of one pint of the former acid, and of about four pints of the latter acid to each pound of the carbonate. But these acids would be considerably more expensive, and the vinegar would require a greater number of casks, or casks of larger dimensions.

Annexed No. 1, is a vertical section of a vessel fitted with the apparatus, placed on the kelson, without and with the stirring appendage: No. 2, represents the stirring apparatus fitted to one of the casks.

THE LILY OF LIDDISDALE.

The country all about rang with the beauty of Amy Gordon; and although it was not known who first bestowed upon her the appellation, yet now she bore no other than the Lily of Liddisdale. She was the only child of a shepherd, and herself a shepherdess. Never had she been out of the valley in which she was born; but many had come from the neighbouring districts just to look upon her as she rested with her flock on the hill-side, as she issued smiling from her father’s door, or sat in her serener loveliness in the kirk on Sabbath day. Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance; reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

It was thus that all felt who looked upon the Lily of Liddisdale. She had grown up under the dew, and breath, and light of heaven, among the solitary hills; and now, that she had attained to perfect womanhood, nature rejoiced in the beauty that gladdened the stillness of these undisturbed glens. Why should this one maiden have been created lovelier than all others? In what did her surpassing loveliness consist? None could tell; for had the most imaginative poet described this maiden, something that floated around her, an air of felt, but unspeakable grace and lustre, would have been wanting in his picture. Her face was pale, yet tinged with such a faint and leaf-like crimson, that though she well deserved the name of the Lily, yet she was at times also like unto the Rose. When asleep, or in silent thought, she was like the fairest of all the lilled brood; but when gliding along the braes, or singing her songs by the river

box containing the acids to be kislated down to the deck, and ready for immediate use. The funnel might be dispensed with, by means of a slight modification in the form of the upper extremity of the tubes.
side, she might well remind one of that other brighter and more dazzling flower. Amy Gordon knew she was beautiful. She knew it from the eyes that in delight met hers, from the tones of so many gentle voices, from words of affection from the old, and love from the young, from the sudden smile that met her when, in the morning, she tied up at the little mirror her long raven hair, and from the face and figure that looked up to her when she stooped to dip her pitcher in the clear mountain-well. True that she was of lowly birth, and that her manners were formed in a shepherd's hut, and among shepherdesses on the hill. But one week passed in the halls of the highly born would have sufficed to hide the little graceful symptoms of her humble lineage, and to equal her in elegance with those whom in beauty she had so far excelled. The sun and the rain had indeed touched her hands, but nature had shaped them delicate and small. Light were her footsteps upon the verdant turf, and through the birchwood glades and down the rocky dells she glided or bounded along, with a beauty that seemed at once native and alien there, like some creature of another clime that still had kindred with this—an Oriental antelope among the roes of a Scottish forest.

Amy Gordon had reached her nineteenth summer—and as yet she knew of love only as she had read of it in old Border songs and ballads. These ancient ditties were her delight—and her silent soul was filled with wild and beautiful traditions. In them love seemed, for the most part, something sad, and, whether prosperous or unhappy, alike terminating in tears. In them the young maiden was spoken of as dying in her prime, of fever, consumption, or a pining heart; and her lover, a gallant warrior, or a peaceful shepherd, killed in battle, or perishing in some midnight storm. In them, too, were sometimes heard blessed voices whispering affection beneath the greenwood tree, or among the shattered cliffs overgrown with light-waving trees in some long, deep, solitary glen. To Amy Gordon as she chaunted to herself, in the blooming and verdant desert, all these various traditionary lays, love seemed a kind of beautiful superstition—belonging to the memory of the dead. With such tales she felt a sad and pleasant sympathy; but it was as with something far remote—although at times the music of her own voice, as it gave an affecting expression to feelings embodied in such artless words, touched a chord within her heart, that dimly told her that heart might one day have its own peculiar and overwhelming love.

The summer that was now shining had been calm and sunny beyond the memory of the oldest shepherd. Never had nature seemed so delightful to Amy's eyes and to Amy's heart; and never had she seemed so delightful to the eyes and the hearts of all who beheld her with her flock. Often would she wreathe the sprigs of heather round her raven ringlets, till her dark hair was brightened with a galaxy of richest blossoms. Or dishevellng her tresses, and letting fall from them that shower of glowing and balmy pearls, she would bind them up again in simpler braiding, and fix on the silken folds two or three water lilies, large, massy, and whiter than the
snow. Necklaces did she wear in her playful glee, of the purple fruit that feeds the small birds in the moors, and beautiful was the gentle stain then visible over the blue veins of her milk-white breast. So were floating by the days of her nineteenth summer among the hills. The evenings she spent by the side of her grey-headed father—and the old man was blest. Her nights passed in a world of gentle dreams.

But, though Amy Gordon knew not yet what it was to love, she was herself the object of as deep, true, tender, and passionate love, as ever swelled and kindled within a human breast. Her own cousin, Walter Harden, now lived, and would have died for her; but he had not hitherto ventured to tell his passion. He was a few years older than her, and had long loved her with the gentle purity of a brother's affection. Amy had no brother of her own, and always called Walter Harden by that endearing name. That very name of brother had probably so familiarized her heart towards him, that never had she thought of him, even for a single moment, in any other light. But, although he too called Amy sister, his heart burned with other feelings, and he must win her to be his bride, and possess her as his wife, or die. When she was a mere child he had led her by the hand—when a fair girl he had in his arms lifted her across the swollen burns, and over the snow-drifts—now that she was a woman he had looked on her in silence, but with a soul overcharged with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and desires, which he feared to speak of to her ear; for he knew, and saw, and felt, in sorrow, that she loved him but as a brother. He knew, however, that she loved none else; and in that—and that alone—was his hope,—so he at last determined to woo the Lily of Liddisdale, and win her, in her beauty and fragrance, to bloom within his house.

The Lily was sitting alone in a deep hollow among the hills, with her sheep and lambs pasturing or playing around her, while over that little secluded circle a single hawk was hanging far up in the sky. She was glad, but not surprised, to see her brother standing beside her; and when he sat down by her side, and took her hand into his, she looked upon him with a gentle smile, and asked him if he was going upon business farther on among the hills. Walter Harden instantly poured forth, in a torrent, the passion of his soul, beseeched her not to shut up her sweet bosom against him, but to promise to become, before summer was over, his wedded wife. He spoke with fervour—but trepidation—kissed her cheek—and then awaited, with a fast throbbing and palpitating heart his Amy's reply.

There was no guile—no art—no hypocrisy, in the pure and happy heart of the Lily of Liddisdale. She took not her hand away from that of him who pressed it—she rose not up from the turf, although her gentle side just touched his heart—she turned not away her face so beautiful—nor changed the silvery sweetness of her speech. Walter Harden was such a man, as in a war of freemen defending their mountains against a tyrant, would have advanced his plume,
every scene of danger, and have been chosen a leader among his pastoral compers. Amy turned her large beaming hazel eyes upon his face, and saw that it was overshadowed. There was something in its expression too sad and solemn, mingling with the flush of hope and passion, to suffer her, with playful or careless words, to turn away from herself the meaning of what she had heard. Her lover saw in her kind, but unagitated silence, that to him she was but a sister; and rising to go, he said, "Blessed be thou all the days of thy life—farewell—my sweet Amy—farewell."

But they did not thus part. They walked together on the lonely hill-side—down the banks of the little wimpling burn,—and then out of one small glen into another, and their talk was affectionate and kind. Amy heard him speak of feelings to her unknown, and almost wondered that she could be so dear to him, so necessary to his life, as he passionately vowed. Nor could such vows be unpleasant to her ear, uttered by that manly voice, and enforced by the silent speech of those bold but gentle eyes. She concealed nothing from him, but frankly confessed, that hitherto she had looked upon him even as her own father's son. "Let us be happy, Walter, as we have been so long. I cannot marry you—oh—no—no, but since you say it would kill you if I married another, then I swear to you by all that is sacred,—yes, by the Bible in which we have often read together, and by yonder sun setting over the Windhead, that you never will see that day." Walter Harden was satisfied; he spoke of love and marriage no more; and in the sweet, fresh, airy, and dewy quiet of evening, they walked together down into the inhabited vale, and parted, almost like brother and sister, as they had been used to do for so many happy years.

Soon after this, Amy was sent by her father to the Priory, the ancient seat of the Elliots, with some wicker baskets which they had made for the young ladies there. A small plantation of willows was in the corner of the meadow in which their cottage stood, and from them the old shepherd and his daughter formed many little articles of such elegance and ingenuity, that they did not seem out of place even in the splendid rooms of the Priory. Amy had slung some of these pieces of rural workmanship round her waist, while some were hanging on her arms, and thus she was gliding along a footpath through the old elm woods that shelter the Priory, when she met young George Elliot, the heir of that ancient family, going out with his angle to the river side. The youth, who had but a short time before returned from England, where he had been for several years, knew at the first glance that the fair creature before him could be no other than the Lily of Liddissdale. With the utmost gentleness and benignity he called her by that name, and after a few words of courtesy, he smilingly asked her for one small flower-basket to keep for her sake. He unloosened one from her graceful waist, and with that liberty which superior rank justified, but, at the same time, with that tenderness which an amiable mind prompted, he kissed her fair forehead, and they parted—she to the Priory, and he down to the Linn at the Cushat-wood.
Never had the boy beheld a creature so perfectly beautiful. The silence and the songs of morning were upon the dewy woods, when that vision rose before him—his soul was full of the joy of youth—and when Amy disappeared, he wondered how he could have parted so soon—in a few moments—from that bright and beaming Dryad. Smiles had been in her eyes and round her pearly teeth while they spoke together, and he remembered the soft and fragrant lock of hair that touched his lips as he gently kissed her forehead. The beauty of that living creature sank into his soul along with all the sweet influences of nature now rejoicing in the full, ripe, rich spirit of summer, and in fancy he saw that Lily springing up in every glade through which he was now roaming, and when he had reached the Linn, on the bank too of every romantic nook or bay where the waters either eddied or slept. "She must recross the bridge on her way home," said the enamoured boy to himself; and, fearing that Amy Gordon might be already returning from the Priory, he clambered up the face of the shrubby precipice, and, bounding over the large green mossy stones, and through the entangling briars and brushwood, he soon was at the bridge, and sat down on a high bank, under a cliff, commanding a view of the path by which the fair maideu must approach on her homeward journey.

The heart of the innocent Amy had fluttered, too, as the tall, slim, graceful stripling had kissed her brow. No rudeness—no insult—no pride—no haughty freedom had been in his demeanour towards her; but she felt gladly conscious in her mind, that he had been delighted with her looks, and would, perhaps, think now and then afterwards, as he walked through the woods, of the shepherd's daughter, with whom he had not disdained to speak. Amy thought, while she half looked back, as he disappeared among the trees, that he was just such a youth as the old minstrels sang of in their war or love ballads,—and that he was well worthy some rich and noble bride, whom he might bring to his hall on a snow-white palfrey with silken reins, and silver bells on its mane. And she began to recite to herself, as she walked along, one of these old Border tales.

[To be continued.]

RIGMAROLE.

FROM PADDY WHACK, TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,—Having to Sydney come down
From my hut in the bush, to spend Christmas in town,
It's myself, truth, my dear, was o'joyed to have seen
Number 1, of your excellent, New Magazine,
Like my own native land, clothed in emerald green.
And having myself been a member—d'ye see,
When in Dublin, at home, of the club T. C. D.,
Whence sprung "Paddy Kelly's" famed "Budget of Fun"—
Rattling blades, who when primed with the right Innishowen
(The pure "mountain dew," that true nectarine 'lush!')
Would put even Waterford's self to the blush,
And Waldgrave, however renowned he may be
Was never their equal, at raising a speer,
At "flooring a bulky," or smashing police,
Or any such innocent breach of the peace!
And faith, it's themselves that would cause you to stare
Could you see them in glory, at Donnybrook Fair,
Whether "welkin' the fure"† with the pretty "colleens"‡
Or, "clearing the tents"§ with their trusty "alpens;"||
Their hearts full of fun, and their heads full of whiskey.
True Irishmen all, "great, glorious, and frisky!"
—But enough of digression, to come to the point,
For sadly my letter has got out of joint.
It struck me, while carefully scanning each page
Of your new Magazine, that a word of the Stage
Would have not been amiss. So determined that I,
My hand at a small contribution, would try;
So, postponing departure till end of the week,
I waited the night of the Lord Mayor's bespeak,
And last Thursday evening, with critical face,
Assumed in the Pit of the Theatre, place;
And gazing round, with enraptured delight
On the bright blaze of beauty that beam'd in my sight,
My heart fondly throb'd with true national pride
At the brilliant display, which appear'd on each side,
Of charms so transcendent, that Britain alone
Of all nations on earth, could such loneliness own;
And Mahomet, could he to Sydney repair
Might well have imagined his paradise there.
The play "William Tell"—what emotions will still
Through the patriot bosom with ecstasy thrill,
When the scene's mimic action recalls to his mind,
Freedom bursting the fetters a nation confined;
And who to the poet the bays will refuse,
Where Liberty forms the theme of his muse?
The hero was Nesbitt, the star of our stage,
Whatever department his talents engage;
True to nature in all—from her fountain he draws
Inspiration, which wins brightest meed of applause—
Alike in the heroes of England, or Rome,
In Richard, Macbeth, or in Brutus—at home,
While the patriot, Tell, claims enthusiastic cheer,
Yield Virginia the tribute of sympathy's tear;
And hail in the actor, the first in the land
Who has waved with success the Shakespearian wand!
The acting of Knowles well deserves at our hands,
The tribute which Genius of Justice demands
For versatile talent, for spirit and grace,
He must claim in our notice a prominent place.

* A convivial society, Tinker's Club, Dublin, established by the renowned proprietor of "Paddy Kelly's Budget."
† That is, dancing a reel on a door, supported horizontally by bricks, or turf.
‡ Young girls. § Turning all intruders out of the drinking booths. || Sticks or clubs.
And while to his efforts, e'en Tragedy's muse
A glance of encouragement will not refuse;
Still, bright smiling Thalia claims him her own
And binds him in roseate bands to her throne.

Nor let us pass o'er in the course of our rhymes,
That true son of Momus, the quaint, lively, Sime,
Who cheats us of sorrow, who sadness beguiles,
And changes the sighs of dull care into smiles;
Wherever he roams, 'tis our wish, that success,
His pathway with Fortune's bright halo may bless.

In such varied departments he's destined to rove
No peculiar position assign we to Grove,
Yet useful in all, whether frolicksome tar,
Gentle lover—or tyrant—or proud man of war.
Though imperfect at times, if the truth must be known,
For the text of the author he gives you his own.

To the merit the old man of Fenton display,
Applause is the tribute which justice must pay;
Although in his acting, too much may we trace
Of the old school, where nature succumbs to grimace.
While swinging his arms, he seems to our view,
A windmill, transported from Woolloomooloo.

And last, though not least, on our list appears Lee,
The man of utilities, truly he,
An Irishman, Scotchman, brigand, or corsair,
In smuggler, or negro, "at home to a hair,"
While sage canine followers aid his edict.
And his dogs, like our horses, are certain to draw.

—But enough! as the "devil" for "copy" demands
This is all you, at present, can have at my hands;
Next month, if you please, we'll return to the charge,
And present you the ladies, (dear creatures!) at large.
I then may be able, perhaps, too, to show
The merits of Griffiths, James, Deering, and Co.
Performers imported from Britain, who came,
Like comets, not stars, to set Sydney in flame;
So I'm off for the present, next month I'll be back,
When again you may hear from

Your Friend,

PADDY WHACK.

MUSIC.

No. II.

In our last notice of this subject, we felt it necessary to descant,
in a strain which some may have considered ingenuous upon our pre-
sent status as regards Musical taste, and Musical performances, we
also briefly adverted to the circumstances which militated against our
improvement in either, and we ventured to suggest a course by which
both might, in the language of a judicious local writer, attain "a healthy
state."

It is not our usual habit, nor indeed is it consistent with our phi-
sique to indulge in sombre contemplations, and we should rather, particularly in our first number, have adopted a more exhilarating tone, or allowed "soft concealment" to prevail in a maiden effort, but the representations received from many quarters, and the conviction arrived at in our own mind after a review of the circumstances connected with the state of music, in the colony, all combined to impress us with the assurance that the sooner public attention was directed to the true state of things, however unpalatable the relation, the sooner would a remedy be provided.

We have been since gratified to learn that our observations have been regarded in the spirit in which they were offered, and that the positions we advanced have met a recognition that augurs well for the origination of some measure that will give a new impetus to an Art in whose train so many virtues are associated.

If it be true, as has been said by an eminent English writer, that the character of a nation is influenced in no small degree by its Amusements, and that, in the present age, Music ranks next to literature itself, amongst the National pursuits; viewing it also, as occupying so prominent a feature amongst the pleasures of domestic life, we cannot surely be accused of extra sensibility in regarding with anxiety any symptoms of its decadence amongst ourselves, or of attaching too much importance to a subject in which all who value our improvement in an elegant science, must feel a deep interest.

Although there may be some who will demur to the truth of the position set forth in our first paper, that music has retrograded within the last two years, we think, few will assert that it has advanced. Is it manifested in the number or quality of our public concerts, the prevalence of musical reunions in private life, the excellence of the choirs in our places of worship, the publication of original compositions, or in fact by any of those usual indications of "a healthy state" as regards either science or taste? To be sure a Nathan may throw a halo over our gloom, by a secretion from his versatile brain in honor of a Mayor or a Mayoress, to be hiccupped at a Civic Banquet. He may dress an Aboriginal melody, in harmonies as meretricious and appropriate as the costume which Sir George Gipps, or Messrs. Pite and Preston, have designed to grace the court of Queen Pomare, still this is no indication of musical science, still less of advancement in musical taste—it is not worthy of the fame which claims a Byron, as his Lyrist, nor of a genius that can still do better things. Some may say oh! but you have forgotten our Theatrical Orchestra, superior talent and good music are surely to be found there. We are ready to admit that the former exists, but it appears by no means coincident with the prevalence of the latter, looking however to the present direction and organization of this department of the Theatre, we feel it would not become us to use it as an illustration of our argument under existing circumstances, but we shall not fail to recur to the subject on a more fitting opportunity.

If according to the scriptural maxim, "in the multitude of council- lors there is wisdom," so some will say, in the multitude of teachers,
music should flourish. We do not deny that Professors of Music abound in New South Wales, many of them no less distinguished for knowledge of their art than aptitude in its inculcation, the knowledge of music to whatever extent, may therefore be said to be pretty generally cultivated and diffused, but in the absence of professional combination in public performances, it will be obvious to every unbiased mind that both teacher and pupil must retrograde in taste. Taste, says Burke, is “that faculty or those faculties of the mind which form a judgment of the works of imagination, and the elegant Arts.” How then can such a judgment be formed if those works which exhibit the highest order of musical genius, and the most sublime of which are dependant upon combined effect, are never heard amongst us.

In a former article we adverted to the want of proper union amongst the Professors of Music, and also to the necessity of concentrating such Amateur and Professional ability, as Sydney could afford, with a view to the production of performances, which, without such combination, it is now impossible to accomplish effectually.

That the Profession itself does not comprise numerical strength sufficient to give due effect, instrumental or vocal, to the finer compositions of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, or Sphor, all who know anything of our resources will admit. In order therefore to accomplish such performances, Amateur assistance must be enlisted and the means by which this end may be attained is a subject for consideration.

We are ourselves of opinion, that the movement for this purpose should commence with those who are non-professional, be they amateurs or dilettanti. That any private objections could prevail against such association we cannot for a moment imagine. As a body the Professors of Music in this Colony, can rank in morals and propriety of conduct with any of the same class at home; amongst such of them as are teachers, the maintenance of such a character may be supposed to be indispensable, and instances have not been wanting to show that its absence in this community; which has been so much trampled, cannot be compensated by talents however brilliant and in themselves estimated, or by acquirements however varied.

The considerations at which we have hinted, are not however, on any occasion found to prevail at home. In the numerous musical societies for which Great Britain and Ireland are distinguished, private relations are temporarily forgotten in the desire to give effect to those sublime emanations of genius which breathe through the works of the great Masters of the Art, and the only distinction regarded, is the efficiency with which each performs his part. We have ourselves seen in a Musical Society, a Duke playing a Double Bass part from the same book with a poor performer, who received thirty shillings a week in the theatrical orchestra, and we have also witnessed an officer in Staff uniform, disdain Chesterfield’s Advice to his Son, and “stick a fiddle under his chiu” to contribute to the performance of one of Weber’s Overtures.
We feel assured therefore that no fastidious feeling will oppose itself to such an arrangement as we have suggested, and which we hope to see matured before our next publication. In the meantime we shall be happy to receive communications from those who may feel disposed to favor the object.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. II.—THE DOCTOR.

We have specimens among us of all the different varieties of this interesting black biped. First, the man of education—the scholar—the gentleman—who is as frank, as honest, as sincere, at your bedside, as at your dinner table, and who would be disinterestedly sorry if, in spite of his efforts to detain you here, you were determined to pass on to another and a better world. Experience has sharpened and refined his natural sagacity into an instinct; and all that skill and knowledge can compass he will do for you, however desperate your case. He is no numble of mysterious monosyllables—no hum-drum head-shaker—no appalling mute, with one fearful forefinger on your pulse—two horrid eyes fixed upon your face—and the accursed chronometer ticking in your ear—until your very heart sinks within you—your brain swims—and you behold visions of the undertaker, and his assistants, a hearse and mourning coach. A deep hole, much shovelling, the sudden taking off and putting on of hats, and the breaking up, of a party, the very converse of convivial, industriously engaged in discussing your character, and speculating as to whether you died rich or poor. Every smile on the face of the true physician is worth a fee, and you incontinently set death at defiance, when he rallies you on your local politics, and draws you into an animated discussion upon the merits of the new municipal law, and the power and splendour of the first magistrate of your native city.

The second sort of doctor is the old woman. An air of contented imbecility presides over her face and figure,—her speech is a trefoil of simper, stutter, and lisp, and she smiles and speaks with such sweet assurance, that you pluck up courage to believe, that you cannot possibly be in extremes. Her great anxiety is about your bowels. She beseeches you to keep quiet, administers a pill, and advises the pediluvium—tells you not to allow yourself to be flurried,—and as she trips bustling away, and keeps talking to herself, and your housekeeper, all the way down stairs, and out at the door, you begin cautiously to put, first one leg out of bed, and then another, and having found your breeches secreted in your drawers, you apparel yourself in warm woollen clothing, and the cordial having worked a cure, you order dinner, and an hour afterwards, when sitting bask-