

## DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE VINE.

## No. II.

"A few brief rules are sometimes more beneficial than long disquisitions."

I mentioned my intention of giving a few brief directions on the management of the vine, in addition to my translation of Virgil's hints on the subject, and am now prepared to redeem my promise, previously noticing two typographical errors which occurred in that article, viz., for "*extended smoke*," read "*extended snake*," and for "*unpublished verse*," read "*unpolished verse*."

In choosing a site for a vineyard, a great deal depends on the nature of the soil and the aspect it may have. To reap a successful vintage, the soil must be that between the light sand and stiff clay—either black, brown, or yellow soils, are adapted to the purpose; and the site chosen should be North West, or North, possessing a slight declivity and sheltered from the southerly winds.

There are very few farms in the colony deficient in the requisites necessary for the formation of a vineyard, and such being the case, there seems to me to be good cause of regret to those interested in the welfare of our adopted country, that the vine is not more universally cultivated.

If an eligible spot be fixed on, take care that the slope be rendered equable by filling up carefully every hollow in the ground, in order to prevent the lodgement of water which is very deleterious. I have seen the evil results of this myself, in a vineyard which had been partly trenched, and hollows left here and there; all the vines adjoining these holes became unfruitful and comparatively stunted, and the grape they produced was small and late in ripening.

In endeavouring to find out the cause, I came to the above conclusion, from reasons I am about to give:—The water which lodged in these holes became stagnant, which rotted the roots of the adjoining vines, especially those newly planted; or else they became unfruitful because they could not extend their roots, the intervening spaces having been filled, and consequently they became unhealthy.

Some persons question very much the propriety of trenching Colonial lands, but they form an opinion from the soft and saturated soil of the mother-country, between which and the colonial lands there is very little analogy. Every one who has given the slightest attention to the matter, must be aware that colonial lands (generally speaking) have but a very thin layer of vegetable mould over a stiff sub-soil—very often of iron-stone, which is impervious to moisture. I have seen occasional exceptions, but not extensive ones; for instance, belts of fine deep vegetable mould, running through part of a farm bounded by that described above, which retains but little moisture; consequently when the surface becomes heated and parched, the plants can receive no nourishment from the hard impervious sub-soil; this at a glance will explain the necessity of trenching most colonial lands, at least such as I have seen in the course of my perirrigations.

Horticulturists inform us that no matter how abundant soever the soil may be in the necessary qualifications for the nourishment of plants, they will be of little avail unless presented to the roots through a liquid medium, that is, unless a sufficiency of

moisture be conveyed to the plant. Now during the frying months of December and January, untrenched land rapidly steams off its moisture, because there is so little depth of vegetable surface, and plants become exhausted; but most of all, the vine—for its evaporation exceeds that of any other, and is so considerable, that it requires in the space of twelve hours fifty-two inches of sap to supply the exhalation from its leaves during that period.

From this it is evident that the vine requires a suitable degree of moisture, which can only be obtained by trenching, where the sub-soil is stiff or composed of ironstone.

By this operation, the earth is rendered porous and adapted to imbibe the rain like a sponge, and hold it, as it were, for a time of need; for instead of flowing off the surface as it falls, it readily sinks, and during the dry months, emits its vivifying influence to invigorate the plant. Having now prepared our land we will commence planting. In trenched lands the distance of four or six feet apart will be sufficient for each cutting or root. It may not be amiss here to remark, that trenched land is liable to bake or bind so as to become very hard, which is easily prevented by a coating of any kind of manure; this may be styled troublesome, but it will ensure success.

The southerly winds which generally succeed the hot one from the north-west, are exceedingly injurious to the young fruit, rendering them hard and stunted, and blackened wholly or in part. To prevent this, a north or north-west aspect, as I have before observed, is necessary with a slight declivity in that direction. It has often struck me that the object would be further advanced by a double plantation of Mimosas or other fast-growing trees, to the south of the vineyard. I have two other objects in view by this plantation, in fact three. First, by including within this belt of evergreens a space of twenty-five feet, I would have an agreeable promenade—a thing much wanted in some of our denuded patches of cleared land. Secondly, insuring an equality of temperature to the vineyard. And, lastly, though not the least important, for the sake of the fine gum which I should collect, and for the excellent bark I should be able to supply myself with for the purposes of tanning.

T. L. D.

## THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

MATTHEWS, in his "*Trip to America*," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old fashioned speculation of "*seeking his fortune*."—and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes—but the Indians rejected his proffered service, "*The poor ignorant craytures*," as he himself says "*just because he did not understand their language*." We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself. I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the "*precedent*," which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author*, as well

as the *sutor*, and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he termed his "travels" and in whom, a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "troth you won't Sir:" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childer," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying seige to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throoth I do, Sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was" cried my host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plase your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet, "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throoth then, they're not, sir;" interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic," says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a reason he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, Sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Collen dhas* (ihat was her name,) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

Well, sure enough, the masts went be the boord at last, the pumps was choak'd, (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put

out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thriffe o' rum aboard, and any other little mathers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, *Collen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

Well, we drifted away all that night and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, becase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

Well away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean. And then, soon enough troth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits and the wather, and the rum—troth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—Oh murther, murther captain darlint, says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish and troth it's myself wishes the same."

"Oh," says I, "that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bid and a sup."

"Whisth, whisth, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he, "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddent," says he.

"Thru for you, captain darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him you see, becase distress makes us all equal. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautifully out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshtal; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minuit, and "thunder an turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'m near, (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,) and looks out, and sure enough it was.

"Hurra!" says he, "we're all right now; pull away boys," says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "may be its only a fog-bank, captain, darlint," says I.

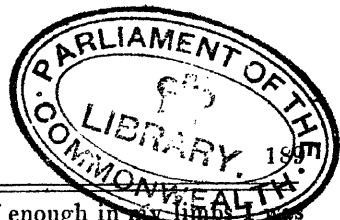
"Oh no," says he, "its the land in airnest."

"Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?" says I, "may be it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or in the Garman Ocean," says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer than any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's *France*," says he.

"Tare an ouns," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know its France it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.



"Throth, I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heard av it in regard o' the same; and troth the likes of it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help of God, never will!"

Well with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, "captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then, thundher and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a pelican o' the wildherness," says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throth I'm not sitch a gommoch all out as that, any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak," says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?" says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff pork," says I.

"By gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain.

"You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughing.

"Oh, there's many a throe word said in joke," says I.

"Throe for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant," (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) "and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I.

"Oh, by gor the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnest now," says he, "you gommoch," says he, "sure I towld you before that's France, and sure they're all furriners there," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?"

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim."

"Make me sensible," says he.

"By dad, may be that's more nor me, or greater than me, could do," says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the German Oecant.

"Leave aff your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all?"

"Parley voo Frongsay," says I.

"Oh, your humble servant," says he. "Why, by gor you're a scholar, Paddy."

"Troth, you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no."

"Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain; "and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?"

"Parley voo Frongsay," says I.

"By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil; I never met the likes o' you Paddy," says he; "pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and may be we wont get a good belly-full before long."

So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful little creek it was with a lovely white sstrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—

and out I got, and its stiff enough in my limbs I was after bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke, curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

"By the powdher's o' war, I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there"—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women and children, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heard the French was mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was.

So I took aff me hat and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here."

Well to be sure they all stopt ating at wanst and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that in regard to wantin' the gridiron, "and so," says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," say I, "I'd be entirely obleeged to ye."

By gor, they all started at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) "indeed it's throe for you," says I; "I'm bathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm," says I, "which dhruv us a shore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

So then they began to look at each other again; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, "Oh! not at all," says I, "by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it," says I, "if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow.

Well, sir, with that, troth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that may be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, "I beg pardon, sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, "maybe I'm undher a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?" says I. "Parley voo Frongsay!"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plase?"

Oh, it was thin that they stared at me, as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy, and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape again, "I know its a liberty I take, sir," says I, "but its only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir," says I, "Parley voo Frongsay?"

"We munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll obleege me!"

Well, sir, the old chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and troth my blood began to rise, and says I, "By my sowl, if it was you in disthress," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not

only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*."

Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand, "*Parley—voo—Frongsay, munseer?*"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scram to you."

Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin' and said something or other about a long tongs.

"Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I, "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I—"Parley voo Frongsay?"

"We munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of the gridiron," says I, "and howld your prate."

Well, what would you think, but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throif if you wor in my country it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner," says I, "the devil a longer I'll darken your door."

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, "Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christhian at all at all? are you a furriner?" says I, "that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—Parley voo Frongsay," say, I.

"We munseer," says he.

"Then thundher and turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

Well sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, the "curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian," says I; "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet," says I; "and where-ever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth its often sence, that I thought it was remarkable.—*Stories of Ireland.*

THE CLUBS.—"Will your lordship take coffee before you go out?" inquired Sandford, when he had received the order. "No, I'm going to the Athenæum, I'll get some there; let the carriage come round directly." What hot-beds of masculine selfishness these said clubs are! No wonder the homes for which it is neither convenient nor agreeable to provide the bare necessaries of life should be deserted for luxuries that are to be had at a cheaper rate; and even to those whose ample means secure the same style of living at home. Yet, to nine Englishmen out of ten, who detest ladies' society, and never desire to see a woman's face, unless it be those belonging to ladies of a certain description, the luxury of hats and dirty boots is irresistible, to say nothing of "the Club" and "the House of Commons," being always unquestionable places to note in the conjugal log-book. It would save a great deal of trouble to inquiring foreigners, if, for the future, lexicographers would insert opposite the word "home"—a place for keeping wives and children, "mutton chops,"—food for ditto.—*Lady Bulwer's Cheveluy.*

## Original Poetry.

EXTRACT FROM "SCENES IN MANEROO," N.S.W.

TAKEN FROM THE SPOT: BY A SHEPHERD.

[An unpublished Work.]

Then lives there then that being who would dare  
Doubt the existence of a living God;  
Or viewing Earth; magnificently fair,  
Or starred skies, th' Creator's blest abode!  
Alas, the wily serpent yet does cling  
Round human hearts in frailty, perishing.

Look on the sunshine streaming from above,  
Waking with beauty's blush the new-blown flower,  
And trembling boughs whose blossoms bright of love  
Welcome with balmy sweets the halcyon hour!  
See how the leaves in Cupid's roseate cell  
Enfold the heart where love and beauty dwell.

There's not a blossom budding on the bough  
But thrills with gladness 'neath the vernal breeze,  
And whispering, sighs full many an artless vow  
To its frail partner—blushing 'mid the leaves!  
And when the moon on earth her light o'erspreads  
With smiles to Heaven, they droop o'er crimson beds.

There's not a flower but meekly blushing tells  
The Master hand that pencilled its fair form;  
There's not a tree, whose blooming foliage swells,  
But proudly speaks His grandeur in the storm—  
His the bright drapery of the noon-day sky,  
And His the night's star-spangled canopy.

There's not a bird amid the forest wild,  
When morn with rosy lip laughs night away,  
But carols loud, with spirit undefied,  
To bless the dawning of each glorious day;  
And when sweet eve reflects her widowed light,  
How sweet their vesper hymn—their last good night.

There's not a stream whose crystal water flows,  
But murmuring breathes sweet music to His praise,  
And on its mirror clear reflecting shews  
Heaven's sunny image—lit with sunbeam's rays;  
And flowerets wild their incense showering fling  
Back unto heaven—fair Nature's offering.

There's not a wave, that bounding sweeps along,  
But in its hollow moan warns sinful man—  
God's wondrous power—when from among  
The depths of ocean's storm, with fearful span—  
It grasps its ocean toy, the buoyant brave,  
And hurls it shivering to its yawning grave.

Borne on the tempest—sweeping the dark waves—  
His sleepless spirit soars both day and night:  
Tho' wrath in ire—in mercy yet He saves  
His sinful creatures, trembling with affright:  
On the mild face of ocean's slumbering sea  
It calmly rests—in heavenly majesty.

There's not a cloud, that wings its flight on high,  
But from its fleecy breast gives gladsome birth  
To dewy tears of heavenly sympathy  
To cheer the offspring of its sister earth;  
And, when to other worlds they wend their way,  
Heaven still smiles on thro' many a summer's day.

There's not a star, amid the countless throng  
Of dazzling fair ones gemming heaven's parterre—  
But sheds its light of love—floating along  
Night-shadowed earth, in beauty richly fair—  
Yet cloud, star, flower, the stream and wild wave free,  
Mark but God's power—His boundless majesty.

Then where the heart, howe'er so dead it be,  
But deeply feels Jehovah's mighty hand  
Rules throughout all—incomprehensible—  
On the wide ocean sea, in air, on land?  
His mighty hand, pregnant with heavenly power  
In mercy governs to time's final hour.

And all to Him their silent homage pay  
In every season and in every clime—  
In gloom or sunshine—night or rising day—  
From first creation to the end of time.  
And man himself, endowed with reason's light,  
Sees God in all—His power—unbounded might!

MR. JUSTICE BURTON'S PORTRAIT.—In accordance with our promise last week, we proceed to set before our readers a few remarks on the portrait of Mr. Justice Burton. If we except the position of the figure, the composition of the picture is exceedingly good. His Honor is represented standing with one hand resting on a table, the other hanging down by his side; but from the position of the feet, (the weight of the figure resting equally on each foot,) the lines of the drapery assume a formal and inelegant figure. On the table, with its green cover at once contrasting and relieving the red-hues of the drapery, lies a book of so law-like an appearance, that, though we cannot see the title page, we are quite sure it is nearly related to Coke, Lyttleton, or Blackstone. The background is simple and unobtrusive, and the opening at the side afforded an opportunity for the introduction of a cool grey tint, which not only balances the bright parts of the picture, but gives *air* over the whole. The likeness is striking, and knowing how very few were the sittings afforded by His Honor, we were not a little surprised at its success. The colouring is clear and transparent—at once chaste and rich—and the flesh tints, particularly on the right hand, strikingly natural. We congratulate the artist on his success, and we trust that every testimony of public respect, of a like nature, will in future be—like the present—a portrait; which will, at the same time that it promotes colonial talent, hold out to the esteem of posterity the form of that man who was considered, whilst living, an honour and an ornament to the colony.

#### IMMENSE COPPER BALLOON.

THE curiosity of the scientific world in Paris has just been raised to the boiling point by the construction of a vast balloon of copper, which is so far completed as to be exhibited to the public. The constructor of this huge work is M. Marey-Monge; and should his anticipations be realised as to the practicability of employing this balloon for purely scientific purposes—as in electrical and magnetic phenomena—M. Arago will introduce it to the French Institute.

This balloon is completely composed of sheets of copper, the 200th part of an inch in thickness. The idea of the construction of a metal balloon originated with Lans in 1760; and subsequently, in 1784, another metal balloon was constructed by Guyton de Morveau. In the present balloon, the sheets of copper, united by bands, like the ribs of a melon, have been soldered by de Richemont's *autogenous* process. They occupy an extent of about 1500 yards. The balloon itself is about ten yards in diameter, and weighs 800 pounds, and will contain 100 pounds of hydrogen gas.

It is stated in the Parisian journals, that M. Dupuis Delcourt, the celebrated French aeronaut, will shortly make an ascent in this balloon. The main object proposed by its constructor, M. Marey-Monge, is the power of directing balloons by a system which he has developed in a memoir submitted to the French Academy. One of the advantages gained by the substitution of copper for silk, or other fibrous material, is that the metal will prevent the escape of gas, so that the aeronaut may remain a long time in the air, and thus be enabled to study the constant atmospheric currents. It is likewise proposed to employ this balloon in deciding whether it is possible to prevent *hail*, which is due to the electricity of the clouds. Thus, as the balloon may be kept suspended a long time in the atmosphere, if it were connected with the earth by a metal wire, it would thus conduct the electricity from the clouds, and thereby prevent the formation of hail, so destructive to agriculture. This idea of rendering a balloon a *paragrêle* is ingenious enough, and we shall be happy to witness its execution. Nevertheless, we have yet to learn the advantage of metal over varnished silk, which has been brought to great perfection in this country, by our veteran aeronaut, Mr. Green, in the construction of his balloons. Altogether, we fear this Copper Balloon will prove another "Aerial Machine,"—a very negative merit.—*Illustrated London News.*

GERMAN EDUCATION.—Since no where in the world exist such ample and easily accessible institutions for education as in Germany, we are naturally led to inquire into the influence which they exert on the well-being of society. There is no science, and there are very few arts, which may not there most easily and very cheaply be studied by all who are desirous; the means of a decent education is open to all—are almost forced upon all; and the faculties of acquiring a most complete education is denied to none. What, then, are the fruits which this deeply-rooted and widely-spreading tree are found to produce? the answer is most difficult; we are anxious to afford it impartially. It lies in a simple fact, which is too often excluded from the argument of education; whatsoever education may be given to mankind, one half of the number who nominally receive it, will scarcely be found to have derived much permanent and final advantage from it, or to retain much in their memory. Lecture-rooms may be opened gratuitously, books may be accumulated, but early impressions, accidents, indolence, and bad dispositions, will defeat our expectations. It is a melancholy truth, but it must be told. Although a small knot of individuals in Germany is more learned than a similar number to be found in any other country, who create and devour more books than any others, yet it will hardly be asserted that the bulk of the German nation are more virtuous, more wise, more agreeable, more temperate in the enjoyments of life, more useful in their generation, than the corresponding mass of some other European communities which possess the opportunities of mental improvement in a more limited extent. It is one thing to learn, and another to retain and to practise; when the studious and practical combine in the same individual, then alone is the higher character of man developed; but such a union occurs rarely anywhere, and not often in Germany. We admit, with pleasure, one distinguished result of education in Germany—the respect which is paid to the literary and scientific character. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the most favorable position, with regard to mental cultivation, conducts there more frequently to a refined taste in the fine arts, or to a barren condition, than to those pursuits which have for their aim the general improvement of humanity. The German will reply, that his exclusion from active political life is the source; but a wide field is still open for all the best energies of his nature, in the cultivation of the Christian character, and one in which there are few competitors; and a surer recompense, than in the Chamber of Deputies, or in the columns of a newspaper. Unsettled principles of action are too often his blemish. It appears to me that one essential defect in the system of German university education is the absence of a good pervading instruction in religion; it is true that there are numerous theological courses delivered for the benefit of students destined for the church, but these do not reach the mass of other pupils; they do not necessarily participate in this first and last requisite of an elevated education. Every science is copiously taught, is almost over-taught, except that master-science which alone teaches us rightly to apply all the rest, without which all the rest are comparatively valueless, and which, if not sown in the earlier years of our existence, will seldom find a fertile soil.—*Dr. Bissett Hawkins' Germany.*

#### COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

DURING the past week, a slight improvement in business may be noticed. Various sales have been effected, and enquiries made for general articles of consumption, which are getting scarce. The tea and sugar markets remain very firm. A lot of black tea (500 boxes) has changed hands; also, hyson-skin, the figure has not transpired. Cigars are scarce and in demand, holders are firm for higher rates. The cargo, *Ex St. George*, is assorted, consisting principally of salt, beer (in wood and bottle), drapery goods, wool-packs, tobacco, &c. 50 tons of curing salt, *Ex Falcon*, from the Sandwich Islands, has been nearly all disposed of, the remainder is offered at £7 per ton.

WHEAT.—This market is depressed, owing to the supply kept up from Van Dieman's Land. 1400 bushels of Adelaide wheat, *Ex Martha and Elizabeth*, realized only 3s. 9d. per bushel, cash.

FLOUR.—This article remains without any alteration in price.

MAIZE.—The abundant supply coast-wise during the past week, has found purchasers; the stock to come into the market is rapidly decreasing, and a rise in price may be anticipated. It may be quoted at 13d. per bushel, wholesale.

In other articles no alteration in price has occurred worthy of note.

B. S. LLOYD,  
Commission Agent, Bridge-street.

September 11th, 1844.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVALS.

September 6.—The schooner *Sultana*, 120 tons, Captain Scott, from Tahiti, 29th July, Roratonga 4th, and Navigator Islands 19th August, with cocoanut oil, &c.  
 September 6.—The cutter *Ranger*, 46 tons, Captain Rogers, from the Bay of Islands 19th July, and Newcastle the 5th instant, with gum, &c.  
 September 7.—The schooner *Wanderer*, 131 tons, Captain Burns, from Launceston, the 30th August, with wheat, &c.  
 September 7.—The schooner *Martha and Elizabeth*, 81 tons, Captain Devlin, from Port Phillip 29th August, with sundries.  
 September 9.—The steamer *Shamrock*, 290 tons, Captain Gilmore, from Port Phillip 31st August, Launceston the 5th, and Boyd Town the 8th instant, with sperm oil, &c.  
 September 9.—The steamer *Sovereign*, 119 tons, Captain Cape, from Moreton Bay the 5th instant, with tallow, hides, &c.  
 September 9.—The Schooner *Falcon*, 49 tons, Captain Chape, from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, the 4th July, with 60 tons salt.  
 September 9.—The steamer *William the Fourth*, 53 tons, Captain Wiseman, from the Clarence River the 6th instant, with wool, &c.  
 September 9.—The schooner *William*, 62 tons, Captain Freeman, from Moreton Bay, the 40th August with tallow, &c.  
 September 10.—The ship *St. George*, 605 tons, Captain Norrie, from Portsmouth the 26th May, with a general cargo.  
 September 10.—The barque *Augustus*, 140 tons, Captain Nichols, from Port Albert the 6th instant, with 60 tons bark.  
 September 10.—The brig *Caroline*, 113 tons, Captain Loten, from Hobart Town the 31st August, with potatoes, &c.  
 September 10.—The brig *Calypso*, 106 tons, Captain Harold, from Launceston 30th August, with potatoes, &c.  
 September 10.—The brig *Martha*, 121 tons, Captain Walker, from Launceston the 30th August, with potatoes, wheat, &c.

DEPARTURES.

September 5.—The barque *Maria Somes*, Captain Baker, for Calcutta, with sundries.  
 September 8.—The brig *Christiana*, Captain Saunders, for Port Phillip, with sundries.

Births.

On the 5th instant, at Corunna Cottage, Raymond Terrace, the lady of T. Digby Miller, Esq., of a son.  
 On the 8th instant, at the residence of Mr. Clarke, Church-street, Parramatta, the wife of Mr. John Coutts, of a son.  
 On the 10th instant, at Granmore Cottage, Balmain, Mrs. Joseph Hunt, of a son.

Marriage.

On the 31st August, at Paterson, by the Rev. J. Smith, Charles Reynolds, Esq., of Tocal, to Frances Seaton, eldest daughter of William Dun, Esq.

Death.

On the 9th instant, Mr. David Taylor, City Councillor for St. Phillip Ward; native of Stirling in Scotland, after a long illness, aged forty years, much regretted by his wife and family, and a numerous circle of friends.

Colonial Literary Journal,

AND

Weekly Miscellany of Useful Information.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION to this Journal are, THREE SHILLINGS per Quarter, in Town; Country, THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE; payable, in every case, in advance.

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Parties signifying their intention of becoming Subscribers to the *Colonial Literary Journal*, are informed that the first numbers may be still obtained on application to their respective Agents, and at the Office.

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TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

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THIS ARTICLE, if tested, will be found to contain more nutriment, than any similar article of the kind. E. Walker is prepared to prove that two thirds of the quantity of the above, if made in a proper manner, will be equal in nourishment, and of a thicker substance, than the usual quantity generally recommended by others in the directions for use.

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Enough already is before the public to satisfy them that Walker's Farinaceous Food, (for Children and for Persons with impaired digestion,) ought not to be despised, and which for the future will be packed in Tin Canisters, in order to preserve its most agreeable flavour. With the usual white label—sealed and signed Edward Walker—that only being genuine.

Wholesale orders to any extent will be immediately attended to; any export order exceeding ten gross of either article, terms, half Cash, and the remainder when the goods are resold.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE undersigned having purchased the stock-in-trade and good-will of the business of Mr. Thomas Clarke, (formerly Evans), Bookseller and Stationer, George-street, respectfully begs to apprise his friends, and the public of Australia, that he has just opened several cases shipped by the first houses in London, consisting of Books and Stationery of the best description, which, in connexion with the present extensive and well selected stock, induces him to hope he may receive the same patronage which was for so many years enjoyed by his predecessors, and begs to assure the patrons of this, the oldest establishment in Sydney, that it shall ever be his study, by the most strict attention to their commands, to receive a continuance of the same.

WILLIAM FORD.

554, George-street,  
Opposite the Bank of Australasia.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM FORD having purchased of us the whole of the Stock-in-trade and good-will of the business of Mr. Thomas Clarke, (formerly Evans), bookseller and stationer, 554, George-street, we hereby recommend him to the favourable notice of the public.

Signed W. C. BOTTS, } Trustees of the  
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 H. FERRIS, } Clarke.

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A HOUSE, situate in King-street East, containing four good rooms on the ground floor, one large room and two bed-rooms on the first floor; kitchen and large cellar under ground floor; with good dry stores, yard, and other conveniences.

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Sydney, Mr. W. Jones, Circulating Library, Brickfield-hill.  
 Parramatta ..... Mr. Hugh Taylor.  
 Windsor ..... Mr. Walker.  
 Bathurst ..... Mr. Tress.  
 West Maitland ..... Mr. Galloway.  
 Camden, Campbelltown, Penrith, and  
 Liverpool ..... Mr. C. Lester.  
 Gunning ..... Mr. Hawthorne.