

which, from all directions, saluted one's ears, were beyond all possible endurance. The quacking of ducks, the gabbling of geese, the bleating of sheep, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the bawling of children, the loud cursing and swearing of sailors, the flapping of the slackened sails, and the rattling of the ship's tackle, was, to my unaccustomed ears, absolutely intolerable. I had frequently crossed the Irish channel in some of the steamers, and had witnessed the "rough and ready" manner, in which both bipeds and quadrupeds are sometimes shipped in sailing vessels for the London and Liverpool ports, but it had never before fallen to my lot to cast my eyes upon such a scene of "confusion worse confounded," as that which presented itself on the deck of the *Cutwave*, just upon the eve of her departure from the land of my birth. Happening to allude to this circumstance, in somewhat of a discontented air, I was assured, that this was one of the evils attendant upon due preparation, but that we should soon be in sailing trim, and that all would then be right.

I had frequently heard of the very unsatisfactory state of some of the emigrant ships, arising from the neglect or carelessness of the persons appointed by Government to inspect them, and pronounce upon their sea-worthiness, as also of the very great dissatisfaction, which had sometimes been expressed, both at the scantiness of the supply for the cabin table, and at the inferior quality of the provisions doled out to the emigrants forwarded at the Commissioners' expense, but, as far as appearances went at present—and I am happy to say, there was nothing afterwards to contradict these appearances—the *Cutwave* was deserving of all that had been said of her sea worthiness, and of her fast-sailing qualities, as also of the nature of the appointments which had been made for all on board. Many a leaky butt, with her planks so rotten and decayed, as to be incapable of retaining a screw or nail, has, no doubt, been covered over with a coat of varnish, which, charity-like, often covers a multitude of faults, in the sides of a worm-eaten vessel, and has been chartered by a number of money-grubbing emigration speculators, indifferent alike to the lives or prospects of those they put on board, so that their money-getting ends were answered, but it is due to the gentlemen who had the management of the *Cutwave* to say, that, both as it respected the vessel, and as it respected the accommodations and supplies they had provided, they had faithfully redeemed the pledge they held out to the public—a case the much more pleasing and satisfactory in itself, inasmuch as it is by no means of frequent occurrence.

During our stay at Plymouth, which was protracted nearly a fortnight, owing to adverse winds, I had an opportunity of picking up an acquaintance with those more immediately around me, a short description of whom may not be altogether unimportant.

The captain was a little garrulous old man, who had been in the merchant service upwards of forty years, and who, in the exercise of his calling, had picked up a certain number of stated jokes, and odd stories, which he unmercifully inflicted upon his messmates, so long as they were capable of enduring them. The first mate of the vessel, in point of birth and education, was much above his rank, but withal

was addicted to a spirit of contradiction, mixed up with a species of waggery, which at times greatly endangered the peace and harmony of our little circle. One of our passengers was a half-pay officer, bearing the rank of captain, who had seen a good deal of service in the East Indies, and who had the unfortunate propensity of determining never to be beaten, either in the extravagance of his stories, or in the raciness of his jokes. The doctor was one of those young half-fledged ignoramuses, who had just finished his walks at Guy's—

A bookish blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

one who had never before seen more of salt water, than that which is to be found in a trip from London docks to Gravesend, and one who had never enjoyed so much as a single hour's practise in his life—but one withal, who assumed so many airs—a peculiarity of your “superfine gentlemen”—and was so miserably conceited of his medical skill, as to make himself the butt of the whole ship, and to excite merriment in proportion to his disasters. A widow lady and her family, and three or four others of the masculine and feminine gender, of whom more hereafter, belonged to the cuddy mess of the *Cutwave* at the time she left Plymouth for South Australia.

A few days sail brought us safe to the confines of the Bay of Biscay, that most turbulent portion of the wide domain of old Neptune, always “in a fury rolling.” Our first day's dinner in the Bay was an exceedingly comical affair, and I should have enjoyed it the more, but for the degree of squeamishness, which every now and then crept over me, despite my efforts to subdue it.

The *Cutwave* was literally “reeling to and fro, and staggering like a drunken man”—no one able to maintain his equilibrium for a moment, or keep up anything like an approach to settled gravity, at the time the small cuddy bell rang and summoned us to dinner as usual. The little dapper steward, with his train of subordinates, unable to march as before, with heads erect, like a squad of recruits, with their savory burthens, presented a very grotesque appearance, as they emerged from the culinary regions, in the neighbourhood of the fore-castle—advancing now with slides and side-steps like a *corps de ballet*—now making a halt, and then a simultaneous turn—now balancing upon one leg, and then seizing upon the most favorable moment of an equipoise to dart into the cuddy, where, with no little difficulty, they contrived at length to deposit their dishes. Sand bags, and other appliances, were called into requisition, to restrain the ambulatory freaks of the dishes, but all was unavailing as the sequel will show.

At the time I reached the cuddy, the passengers were emerging from the various doors and openings, holding on, and tottering along, as best they might, each desirous of bringing himself to an anchor as speedily as possible. As I entered, I espied an empty seat next to the first mate, upon which I ensconced myself as quietly as the rolling of the ship would permit—cautiously eschewing every position which would be likely to entail upon me the honors of carving or serving. Hydrostatics were much in vogue—the tendency of fluids to regain their equilibrium being beautifully illustrated, as the contents of each

of the soup dishes swayed about on the table upon the principle of the spirit level. We were scarcely seated, when a tremendous lee-lurch sent a beautiful tureen of peas-soup right into the lap of the widow lady mentioned above, and flung poor old Captain Clipper into the arms of one of the younger lady passengers, who involuntarily submitted to his embraces, but with evident consternation and dismay. This was a signal for the departure of each of the ladies, and we were now left pretty much alone in our glory.

Mr. Pestle, our worthy surgeon, was seated before a goose, swimming in apple sauce, which he was endeavouring to carve, with a most stern countenance, when another lurch unexpectedly coming on, the aforesaid goose fetched away right over the gunwale of the dish, carrying with it a whole boat of melted butter, which it unceremoniously deposited in the lap of his *vis-à-vis*. But Pestle's troubles were not yet at an end. Governed more by sight, than by a due consideration of circumstances, and the laws of gravitation, he made a desperate plunge at one of the swinging tables, which appeared to be making a very dangerous approach to the perpendicular, in order to steady it, when to his utter astonishment, the immediate result was, a fearful crash of glasses and decanters, and a most plentiful libation of port and sherry.

"Are you mad, to do that, Pestle?" said Captain M'Clusky, forgetting for the moment his usual urbanity, in his ill-suppressed vexation at the destruction of his brittle ware.

"I thought they were slipping off," said Pestle, with great sheepishness, and apparently indisposed to honor the company much longer with his presence.

"Yes, you slipped them off in right earnest," rejoined Captain M'Clusky, ordering the steward to replace the fragments with other glasses, and at the same time smiling at Pestle's extreme simplicity.

Pestle could stand it no longer. For some time, I perceived he had been growing deadly pale, and giving other signs of a stomach ill at ease. At length he made a rush for the Companion, having just time to say—"Steward, my dear fellow, for the love of mercy, a little brandy and water"—when off he went—"pop—pop—pop"—which was followed by a regular explosion, much resembling the bursting of a steam boiler. "Oh dear, oh dear, brandy and water, my darling, hot, and without sugar," we could hear him moaning—when heave, ye, ho, the ship gave another lurch, scattering the boiled beef, carrots, potatoes, and all the *et ceteras*, in every direction, the steward's plate-basket being tossed over among other things, and producing a tremendous clatter.

"Here she goes again," exclaimed the first mate—and the caution was well-timed—for scarcely had he uttered the words, when she went down upon the opposite tack, Captain Clipper's chair-lashing snapping asunder at the moment, and the Captain himself being shot with the force of a battering ram against poor Pestle, driving him completely out of the cuddy door.

"By the powers" said an Irish gentleman, whom I shall have to describe more particularly hereafter, "but this bates everything entirely."

"Oh its nothing at all this," rejoined the mate, "to what we shall

have round the Cape," grinning at the same time with delight at the unceremonious manner in which Clipper had ousted Pestle from the door way.

"Bad luck to you, its joking you are," rejoined my Irish friend; "for if it is worse than this, we'll be sailing with the bottom upwards, and ating our males with our heels in the air."

"Oh, I assure you," continued Captain Clipper, who had by this time rejoined us, "that this is a mere trifle to what I have myself experienced. I remember," he continued, picking his teeth—for he always picked his teeth when he was delivered of a bouncer—"I remember once, when off the Cape, that the vessel pitched and rolled for about a fortnight in one of the heaviest seas I ever witnessed. All the live stock was washed overboard, and we were under water for more than half our time. One day a shark absolutely swam through the cuddy, and all the time we were unable to cook. To give you an idea of it, as the ladies are not now present, I actually wore out the seats of two pairs of inexpressibles, from the constant friction to which they were subjected—a sort of perpetual motion—no keeping the centre of gravity for a moment."

"You were badly enough off, Captain," rejoined the mate, "but the last time I was in the China seas, the vessel rolled so in one of the tufoons, that she absolutely wore off the copper sheathing, and was nearly set on fire by that same friction."

Clipper bristled up, and did not half relish the story. A few words passed, as to his veracity being called in question, with a request to the mate, that he would not in future be so facetious at his expense, but that he would keep his jokes for some one else.

Affairs thus began to assume a very grave aspect, and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences, had it not been for the mate's consummate impudence, which enabled him to back out of the affair without any additional encroachment upon Clipper's dignity, or without any compromise of his own. A few more rolls of the vessel jostled everything again into its right place, and, instead of any further war of words, the warring elements by unanimous consent became the universal theme. The countenance of Clipper brightened, and that of the mate assumed its wonted serio-comic expression, and the affair ended in Clipper's requesting the mate to take wine with him.

Pestle was completely upset, and unable to make his appearance for some days, for, in addition to the effects of the aforesaid explosion—effects heightened by his too liberal fleshly indulgences rising up against him like a man's sins upon his death-bed—it appeared, that he had received a severe contusion on the head, at the time poor old Clipper so unceremoniously ousted him from the cuddy door, on the unfortunate occasion of the snapping asunder of his chair-lashing, during the heavy roll of the sea.

A few days of such tossing and rolling carried us over this very turbulent portion of Neptune's domains, and we proceeded onwards in our course.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA, THE LAND OF GOSHEN, AND COUNTRIES OF CORRESPONDING LATITUDES.

In the letter of a South Australian emigrant, addressed to his friends in North Britain, and lately published in the South Australian Record, the writer states, in connection with his general views of the colony, that he has seen many samples of wheat from the Mount Barker district, weighing sixty-seven pounds to the bushel, a statement which I can readily believe, and which in my opinion must be taken as conclusive evidence of the decided superiority of this province over many others as a corn-growing country—the latest published quotations from the various corn-markets of Europe calling sixty-one and a-half pounds to the bushel prime samples—sixty pounds good—and fifty-eight and fifty-nine pounds middling—thus leaving a balance in the highest London quotations of six and a-half pounds to the bushel in favor of South Australia.

It is remarkable, however, and especially after the above acknowledgment, that this writer should assert, in a somewhat querulous tone, that South Australia is not the Land of Goshen, and that he should lead us to infer, from one or two of his following remarks, that he considers some of the best land of South Australia, as only second rate to Scotland, and consequently, as not fit for much. Now, as such comparisons sometimes have weight with those who have not enjoyed the opportunity of previous enquiry upon the subject—and as much evil is likely to arise from countounding the Land of Goshen with the Land of Canaan—emphatically, "THE LAND OF PROMISE"—as also from the want of clear and definite views as to the state of Canaan at the time the Israelites went up to possess it—an evil which results in confirming prejudices in favor of our native land to the disparagement of the land of our adoption—I propose in this paper, to show that South Australia is not what Canaan was at the time the Israelites took possession of it—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of olive-yards and vineyards—but that it is capable of being made so, by industry and application, in a much shorter period of time than Canaan was—its situation upon the face of the globe, and other concurrent circumstances, affording the strongest proofs of its capabilities, not only of yielding all the important indigenous products of Britain, but all the luxuries of the east and south at present to be found in countries of corresponding latitudes.

The first of these points may be disposed of in a very few words.

About a hundred years after the flood, Canaan, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, founded the nations of Canaan in a tract of country extending from 31 to 38 degrees north latitude, consequently in nearly the same parallel in the north as we are in the south.—Genesis chap. x ver. 15—20. The produce of Canaan is silk, corn, wine, oil, honey, grapes, olives, citrons, lemons, oranges, figs, and dates. It appears, however, to have been visited with occasional famines. One of these led Joseph's brethren to entreat Pharaoh to allow them to sojourn in

the Land of Goshen, a very fertile province, south of Canaan, and situated on the north-east part of Egypt. As the passage, in which this is mentioned, is remarkable, I shall quote it.—“And Joseph took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, what is your occupation? And they said unto Pharaoh, thy servants are shepherds, both we and also our fathers. They said moreover unto Pharaoh, to sojourn in the land are we come; for thy servants have no pasture for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan; now, therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the Land of Goshen. And Pharaoh spake to Joseph, saying, thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee, the land of Egypt is before them; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell.” Gen. chap. xlvii ver. 2—6. Some hundreds of years elapsed, from the time the Israelites went down into Egypt, to dwell in the Land of Goshen, before they returned to the Land of Canaan, during which time Canaan was brought into a high state of cultivation, by the natives whom the Israelites afterwards ejected with the edge of the sword. At the time the Israelites took possession of it, they themselves numbered 601,730 men above twenty years of age, which being multiplied by six, according to the rules of population, gives 3,630,380 people. Of the Midianites alone, they took as a spoil 675,000 sheep, 72,000 bullocks, 61,000 asses, 16,750 shekels of gold, and 32,000 women captives, that were spared from the general slaughter, all of which became the property of the Israelites, with their cities, their villages, their oliveyards, their vineyards, and their corn-fields, over and above the nations they afterwards subjugated.—Numbers chapters xxx. xxxi. and xxxii. Were we to attempt to establish a parallelism between the entrance of the Israelites into the Land of Canaan, and the occupancy of South Australia by an emigrant population, we should have to suppose a number, equal to two-thirds of the whole population of Ireland, thrown into a country for centuries highly cultivated, and richly stocked with flocks and herds, instead of a population of 15,000 or 16,000 souls, cast into a wilderness, hitherto untrod by the foot of civilized man, and with all the supplies for their natural and artificial wants to be drawn from some exterior source, or to be created by their industry and diligence.

That South Australia is capable of being made what Canaan was at the time the Israelites entered it, and that too in a period of time incomparably shorter, may, I think, easily be proved by a reference to the produce of countries of corresponding latitudes, and by other concurrent circumstances.

In making these references, I shall first notice the productions of the various countries south of the tropic of Capricorn, having latitudes corresponding with South Australia, South Australia extending from 26 to 37 degrees of south latitude. These are few—being only the Cape of Good Hope in Africa, and the provinces of Parraguay, Chili, and Buenos Ayres in South America.

The Cape of Good Hope produces wines and fruits with all the necessities of life.

Chili, which is between the 25th and 45th degree south latitude, is

still more highly favoured. There is, indeed, says Guthrie's geography, no part of the world more favoured than this with respect to the gifts of nature, for not only the tropical fruits, but all species of grain are produced in sufficient quantities to export.

Parraguay produces cotton and tobacco in abundance with all the necessaries of life.

From the above, I proceed to countries with corresponding latitudes in the northern hemisphere, which are far more numerous.

Egypt produces corn, vegetables, oranges, lemons, melons, sugar-canes, dates, plantains, grapes, figs, and other fruits.

The States of Barbary produce dates, figs, raisins, almonds, apples, pears, cherries, plums, citrons, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, with an abundance of herbs and roots. Hemp and flax grow on the plains.

The celebrated islands of Canary and Madeira produce the most delicious fruits, particularly grapes, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and also corn.

South Carolina, North America, produces maize, rice, indigo, wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, hemp, flax, cotton, tobacco, olives, oranges, citrons, walnuts, and mulberries.

Florida, South America, produces oranges and lemons without cultivation, two crops of maize, rice and indigo, with a great variety of other fruits.

France produces grapes, figs, prunes, chesnuts, apples, pears, capons, tobacco, hemp, flax, saffrons, silk, wine, olive oil, and various other articles.

Spain produces, almost without cultivation, corn, oranges, lemons, prunes, citrons, walnuts, chesnuts, almonds, raisins, figs, and wine in prodigious quantities.

Italy produces corn, silk, grapes, figs, plums, cherries, chesnuts, and other delicious fruits in such quantities as almost to render them valueless.

Turkey in Europe produces, with little labour, superior oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, and cotton, with all descriptions of garden herbs, and medicinal plants, as rhubarb and poppy.

In asserting the capabilities of South Australia to become what the Land of Canaan was, it is enough, for my present purpose, to call attention to the produce of these countries, and to the spirit of enterprise, and the increased facilities for communication, of which modern times can boast. In the early ages of the world, the progress of improvement was necessarily slow. Difficulties which then existed, have now, however, been removed, and, from what has already been done, in the way of introducing the produce of other countries into South Australia, I think it may fairly be presumed, that in less than a century, it will be equal to any country in the world—not Palestine in its most palmy days excepted—in the variety and richness of its produce—and in the true materials for prosperity and happiness. It is, I think, unfair, therefore, in instituting comparisons with any other countries, and especially with Britain, to leave out of sight the im-

portant fact, that centuries ago those hills and valleys were as destitute of important indigenous products as our own, and that they only now appear indigenous from the fact of their having been highly cultivated, and from their having at length been completely naturalised.

In conclusion, a society I think should be formed, one of the objects of which should be, not to let the opportunity slip of a single ship's departure from the province, without an endeavour to procure specimens of the plants, and fruits, and trees, and seeds of the country to which it is despatched, on its return. To this might be added, the duty of submitting to the public, notices of the history and mode of cultivating such productions as might be introduced. Should this be left to the slower and more tardy process of private speculation, I have no doubt of its ultimate success, but the formation of such a society would unquestionably aid the progress of the colony.

July 15th, 1841.

T. H.

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LINES TO A SISTER.

From England ships we hail,  
 To me they nought avail,  
     For she so kind  
     I left behind  
 Has careless grown as th' inconstant wind.  
 Some read with glistening eye,  
 While coldly I stand by,  
     No word I find,  
     Nor token kind,  
 To tell her heart is still with mine entwined.  
 She thinks not of that heart,  
 Which longs to have a part,  
     In joy or pain,  
     In loss or gain—  
 With her would smile—with her each grief sustain.  
 I will not angry prove,  
 That she forgets our love,  
     And childhood's time,  
     And youthful prime,  
 When trivial slights to either seem'd a crime.  
 Tho' she has turned to stone,  
 Like ivy round her grown,  
     I'll cling, I'll cling,  
     And round her fling  
 Affection's feelers emulating spring.  
 And on that stony breast,  
 I'll build a leafy nest,  
     Where ardent, warm,  
     I'll hatch a charm,  
 Shall kindle love again, and coldness all disarm.

Adelaide, July 15th



## THE WATTLE.

ACACIA DECURRENS.—CUNNINGHAM.

Smiling here,  
The acacia weaves her yellow hair,  
Lovely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in the wilderness.

THE red gum, with its chattering inhabitants, occupies the banks of our water-courses, and the peppermint, another of the eucalypti, has taken possession of the poor thin clay soils which border some of our plains; the protacea and casuarina cover our sand-hills, and the tea-tree borders our creeks; but the rich alluvial soil of the plains, and the deep black loams of the prairies, which skirt the foot of the ranges are the chosen situations of the wattle, the most beautiful and valuable of Australian trees, although occasionally it may be found scattered among the hollows of the sand-hills, relieving with its light green foliage the more sombre hue of the she oak and pine by which it is surrounded. It grows to the height of about twelve or sixteen feet; the stem in this district seldom exceeds four inches in diameter, and commences to give out its branches within one or two feet from the surface; and, in the month of August, when it is in full blossom, and its golden catkins peep out in every direction, the atmosphere is loaded with its delicious fragrance, and the garden of roses itself could scarcely exceed the enchantment of the wattle grove. It is lamentable therefore to witness the wholesale destruction to which this inestimable tree is doomed, by the indiscriminate removal of its bark, by parties who have no interest whatever in the soil; and, it is to be feared, unless some immediate steps are taken to prevent it, that the wattle will only be met with in the hortus siccus of the botanist, or the haversack of the traveller.

I know of no product that would better pay the cultivator than the wattle. It may be made to yield the whitest and purest gum—galls nearly equal to those from Aleppo—bark equal in tanning properties to oak bark—an astringent medicine equal to the pomegranate, and by evaporating the decoction of the bark of aged trees—Catechu or Japan earth a valuable astringent may also be procured—and the blossoms will yield a beautiful yellow dye. The seeds are greedily devoured by poultry, and the pods form an excellent substitute for soda in washing clothes.

In raising the wattle the seeds should be steeped in hot water, otherwise they will not appear until the second year; they should be sown in February. In forming the plantation, the ground should be trenched, and the plants of the present year removed at once into the position they are intended to occupy permanently, choosing those only which have retained their pinnated leaves, that is, leaves having a central stalk, with small leaflets on either side, as the plants preserve them only until they have pushed their roots sufficiently far, to secure to the tree a regular supply of nutriment, the broad leaf-like appendages

being only expanded leaf stalks, (called by botanists phyllodia) and are incapable of enabling the plant to contend with the check produced by the removal. After the first year, the usual crops may be grown in the alleys. In the month of May, in the third year, but not before, incisions may be made in the bark, and the tears of gum which ooze through these should be removed in about a fortnight, when they will be found as white and sweet as the finest gum Arabic which finds its way to the London market. On each succeeding year, in the same month, these incisions must be repeated, but the finest gum will be procured only from the branches of one or two year's growth—the others will be colored, and occasionally mixed with astringent matter. Immediately after collecting the gum on the sixth year, the trees should be barked, and the following summer grubbed up, and replaced with young plants from the seed-bed.

By adopting this plan the finest gum and the best description of bark will be produced.

The galls should be collected before they exceed the size of cherries; they should be dried in the shade and not packed until perfectly hard.

Experience alone will enable us to say what may be the amount of production each year, but if the alleys are made twenty or more feet wide, the ground will be little interfered with, and all beyond the expense of collecting will be profit, and when the ornamental character of the trees themselves is taken into account, I hope there are few country settlers who will not try the experiment.

DELTA.

SONNET.

O, thou fair moon! that o'er these fairy hills  
 Castest thy silver radiance, while the dew  
 On every blade her pearly drops distils,  
 And, all delighted, feed the fleecy crew;  
 Sure, heavenly spirits often love to hail  
 Thy rising rays, and haunt thy shadowy light;  
 And, frequent as thou stoop'st beneath the veil  
 Of yonder clouds, repeat the mystic rite.  
 At such an hour as this, methinks I hear  
 Aerial voices whisper to my ear,  
 And thrill, with inexpressive joy, my frame;  
 With thee, sweet beam, oh! ever mayst thou bring  
 Such lovely peace, such joy, without a sting,  
 And lift my soul to so divine a flame!

E—h F—c.

Adelaide, July, 1841.