

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed, when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, "with your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another; "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries, after all—eh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch, you are my darlin'," hummed another, as a large square half gallon decanter of whiskey was placed on the table—the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face, save Sir George Dashwood's, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamour of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party were discussing the approaching contest, another was planning a steeple chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects," in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party setting an imaginary value upon some article, barter it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breast-pin was swapped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, then a Kerry bull, &c., every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes as matters of very dubious value turned up; great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, &c., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterance of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was but little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whiskey, from what is evinced on common occasions; and, as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native country, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why don't you give us a song, Miles? and may be the general would learn more from it, than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices, together; "to be sure: let us hear the "Man for Galway."

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song "Wreath the bowl," &c. And although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favoured regions, I here transcribe

"THE MAN FOR GALWAY."

"To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
Or bailiff, as the case is;
To kiss your wife,
Or take your life
At ten or fifteen paces;
To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more;
Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'

"Chorus—With debts, &c.

"The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were onst the *Caysars*—(Casars);
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare,
Av he had them with the Blazers.
To the devil I fling—ould Rungeet Sing,
He's only a Prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a six foot wall;
Oh, he'd never 'do for Galway.'

"Ye think the Blakes
Are no 'great shakes';
They're all his blood relations,
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinesee,
For they come from the *Phenaycians*;
So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more:
Oh! that's 'the man for Galway.'

"Chorus—With debts, &c."

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favourable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it; for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruples about my so long neglecting my good uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin."

"And Mosey's tenantry," said another; "I swear that though there'a

not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the court house they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the Returning Officer," said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord, more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for shouldn't they vote?" said a dry looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat: "when I was the dead agent——"

"The dead agent," interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"You have just anticipated me," said Sir George; "I really am in most profound ignorance."

"It is the dead agent," says Mr. Blake, "who always provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The 'Kilthoper boys' won't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote, when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They are poor spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county, they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of attack upon the booths, to be headed by himself.

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast, by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table, now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows—

"No, no, Phil. Blake, ye needn't be winkin' at me that way—It's little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent." [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.] "I'm going to give you a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast; a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now?"—[Loud cheers.] "If any man of you here present, doesn't drain this toast to the bottom—[here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company.]—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I'll make him eat the decanter, glass, stopper, and all, for the good of his digestion—d'ye see now."

The cheering at this mild determination, prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for

Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table was turned upon me; and, as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle's health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hipping, over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks—but, strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise, and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practised orators; while from every side came cries of “hear, hear” —“go on Sir George”—“speak out General”—“sit down Charley”—“confound the boy”—knock the legs from under him,” &c. Not understanding why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. “In that case,” said the General, “I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition, and, as the etiquette is in his favour, I yield.”—Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals, as to my treatment, were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbour. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began—“Gentlemen, as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk.”—Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on too as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed—I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and, assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said—

“Well, Sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the Sheriff.”

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head; so sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for, though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily up stairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own cool and not over-agreeable reflections.

BRIEF TOPOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY SKETCHES.

VILLAGES AROUND ADELAIDE.

UPWARDS of thirty villages have been started within three miles of Adelaide, but those below are the only ones that can now be said to exist—

Number of Houses.	Name.	Lowest price per Acre.	Highest price per Acre.	Present price per Acre.
200	Hindmarsh	£10	£80	£30
50	Bowden	10	75	10
25	Prospect Village	3	20	5
100	Thebarton	12	40	14
40	Kensington	5	60	20
50	Walkerville	10	120	35
45	Islington	3	28	16

Hindmarsh, Bowden, and Prospect Village, are principally inhabited by persons engaged in the carriage of goods from the Port, brickmakers, and labourers; and, although little taste is displayed in the buildings, comfort seems to be the order of the day. Thebarton can boast of many substantial houses and a good tavern; and being close to the town, many mechanics and labourers patronise its cheap freehold plots. Kensington and Walkerville are superior to the before named, having many very genteel residences, and beautiful gardens, and altogether decidedly more aristocratic and English. Islington is principally occupied by small dairymen; the fine runs immediately behind the village being used by their cattle. Many agricultural laborers are also to be found living on their own freeholds. Being on the high road to Gawler and the northern districts, it maintains two very respectable inns. Cultivation to a considerable extent is daily forming a belt round this interesting place, which though last, bids fair to pass most of its rivals in the race of improvement.

Should the above information be considered of sufficient interest to find a place in the South Australian Magazine, I will, next month, take in the villages and townships without three, and within twenty miles of our "good city" of Adelaide.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNT BARKER DISTRICT.

ALTHOUGH South Australia may be celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil, yet there is little reason to hope that the country will ever be remarkable for any extraordinary splendour of scenery. But notwithstanding this may be true to a certain extent, still it does not follow that our province, as much as we know of it, is altogether destitute of natural beauties. They too may be of an inferior order compared with other countries; for we have unfortunately few of those distinct features—such as rocks, rugged mountains, or extensive sheets of water—which characterize bold scenery, and which chiefly abound in the northern hemisphere; but if ours are of this second-rate class, there is still remaining to us all the charms of *rural* scenery, to be found, in almost every direction, but more particularly in the district I am about to sketch.

The picturesque is indeed by no means limited in this fair portion of the colony. Even the dainty Syntax himself in his excursion, would be likely to employ his pencil and portfolio on more unworthy objects of scenery than are to be met with here. The romantic village of Rhansdorf, with its picturesque little cottages, and winding brook, and varied intermixture of wood and cultivation, would of itself be sufficient to arrest his notice; and then passing on through

parts of the neighbourhood, this lover of the beautiful would find a variety of those views, which, although attractive in themselves, are still made more so by a certain pleasing resemblance there is between them and those we have been accustomed to at home.

The district has, however, other and more substantial recommendations besides these to boast of. Owing to its elevated position, the climate is far more healthful and cool, than almost any other part of the province. In summer, when the heat is felt to a distressing degree at Adelaide, the same inconvenience is never known in those higher regions. For which reason also, vegetation is more luxuriant, and water more abundant than on the plains. The hills are generally high, and run in distinct ranges, most of which are covered with fine timber. The valleys lying between these ranges, are chiefly composed of the richest alluvial deposit—open, and so lighty wooded, as seldom to interfere with the progress of cultivation; and though many are limited in extent, yet the deficiency in quantity is amply restored in the quality, by the uncommon fertility of the soil, and rapidity of vegetation.

The country for a distance of nearly twenty miles from north to south, is studded over with many pretty residences, some of which have rather the appearance of being old and permanent establishments, than that aspect of rawness and novelty, which you would expect to see, knowing the comparatively short period of time they have been in existence. Much of this is from a certain park-like character of the country itself in a state of nature, and from the great progress of vegetation.

Riding out from Adelaide to Mount Barker, the changes both in scenery and in the atmosphere are very striking—I might say, delightful—but beyond the romantic part of one's excursion, there is certainly very little to be said in favor of the road, if viewed with the eye of an engineer. I understand, however, that a new line has been discovered, running to the south of the present, and in every respect far superior; it is scarcely interrupted by an elevation of any consequence, and presents no obstacle but what may be removed with the greatest facility; the distance between "Crafer's" and the German bridge, near Rhansdorf, is shortened by it nearly a mile; so that, on the whole, we may look on this improvement as one of the utmost importance to the district, as well as to the country lying beyond, down to the Murray and the Lake.

In the course of time, the line must be one of great traffic, being the high road to Port Phillip, Portland Bay, and the adjoining settlements.

It is particularly fortunate that a highway so favourable has been found; as the getting backward and forward heretofore over the ranges was generally considered an achievement of no mean importance, and even in some cases attended with danger. By and bye the distance will be looked on as a pleasant gallop. Indeed, we scarcely know of a prettier or a more varied ride, passing, as the traveller will, from plain to hill, through wood and forest, over tumbling streams, and then into those rich and smiling valleys, which at once tell him he has arrived at Mount Barker.

N. R. F.

ON IMBECILITY AND STUPIDITY.

Imbecility and **stupidity** are words in frequent use, but the states of mind to which they refer are but imperfectly understood. Some persons apply them both indiscriminately to the same state of mind, while others who are more correct in their language, rarely seem to know what qualities of mind these terms may be properly applied to. The object of the following observations is

to give an outline of two very common forms of mental inferiority, and to show cause why these terms should be employed to signify these states of mind, and them only.

THE IMBECILE MAN.

Horatio Alphonso Fitzsparkle, Esq., is a gentleman by birth and connections; he is generally liked in society, while his obliging manners and communicative disposition rendered him an especial favorite with old ladies. He takes little interest in politics or polemical discussions; and like every modest young lady, his opinions on these subjects are always those of his family and friends. But though by no means a bigot to his religious views, he is very correct in his habits and manners; is a constant attendant upon public worship, and possesses a decided bias towards devotional feeling. He possesses no taste for literature, but shows some skill in drawing and music, and has made a slight progress in the study of botany and mineralogy. He is fonder of conversation than of reading; but though partial to society and amusement, he is utterly deficient in games of skill. For the life of him, he cannot master the game of whist.

Such is Horatio Alphonso Fitzsparkle, Esq.; and though no exception can be taken to his morals or social character, yet is he lamentably deficient in point of intellect. The fault; the fundamental fault is in the judgment; he can neither weigh nor compare; he sees no connection between cause and effect, and can never trace appearances, actions, or events to their true sources. His mind is exclusive, but it has no intensity, no *persistence*, if I may use such a phrase; that is, it cannot dwell sufficiently long upon things to observe the degree of relationship between them. If a person tells him a malicious story, he laughs at the tale, but never thinks the person malicious who tells it, for he judges no one. He never perceives rudeness, malice, or neglect, on the part of his companions, and though he may sometimes feel a degree of annoyance, he never imputes it to ill-will on their part. This keeps him on good terms with all the world, while the friendliness of his disposition and his dull-sighted good humour keep most people on good terms with him. He is liked but not respected.

He never argues on religious or political questions, because his opinions being borrowed from other people, he can rarely give a good opinion of how they came into his possession. He is therefore easily beaten in an argument, but never convinced. The same incapacity of judgment which prevents him from being an original thinker, compels him to close imitation in matters of conduct. Unable to judge what is right and wrong, in habits, manners, and deportment, he hopes to pass muster by the correctness with which he imitates those around him. Custom is his idol, and ceremony his delight. The sermon to influence him must be preached with animation or enthusiasm, any appeal to his judgment is thrown away; the play to please him must have a procession and fine scenery, gorgeous dresses, and more action than sentiment; and the physician to command his influence, must dazzle his imagination in a chariot and pair, &c., &c.

His external faculties only being active, he never succeeds in any thing which demands the possession of either taste or judgment. Taste with him is only individual caprice, and imagination he would define as a diseased fancy. His skill therefore in drawing is merely that of a copyist, his musical powers the mechanical result of humble perseverance; while his efforts in both these arts, are ever characterised by the entire absence of both taste and feeling.

In short, Horatio Alphonso Fitzsparkle is an imbecile of the first class; judge him not, reader, for he judges no one; pity him not either, for, *perhaps*, such as he is, he is happier than thou.

THE STUPID MAN.

The character of the stupid man, is in many respects the opposite of that of the imbecile. The imbecile man has his outward faculties as active as other people; his apprehension, his perception, his consciousness are always awake; he is never what is called absent in mind; the defect lies in the more internal faculties, in the reason, judgment, or understanding. But the reverse is the case with the stupid man; with him it is the outward faculties which are in fault, his judgment is as clear as other peoples. But his external faculties are obtuse and inactive; he is dull in perception, slow in apprehension, and always receives a new idea with extreme difficulty. To use a bold figure, the imbecile man has plenty of food, but a weak digestion, while the stupid man has a healthy digestion, but great difficulty in obtaining food.

The following sketch drawn from life, will serve to illustrate the peculiar features of stupidity, and at the same time afford a picture of those minuter shades of character which usually attend upon such a kind of mental constitution.

Mr. Humphrey Gubbins is a respectable man, and keeps a grocer's shop in a good sized country town. He received but little education in his youth, and his parents being poor, he was necessarily thrown upon his own resources, at an early period of his life. By perseverance and industry, he has gradually acquired wealth, and is now in tolerably easy circumstances.

But success begets confidence, and no one has a higher opinion of his mental endowments than Mr. Humphrey Gubbins; for how can he doubt the correctness of a judgment which has raised him from poverty and obscurity, to wealth and importance. His confidence extends even to his opinions and prejudices, to which he is most obstinately attached; and of the truth and sterling value of which, he entertains not the slightest doubt.

In politics and religion, he affects to think for himself, he will pin his faith to no man's sleeve; in both, he is a zealous partizan. He will readily argue in defence of his opinions, but never knows when he is vanquished, for he can never perceive the force of his adversaries objections.

He has no taste for literature or the fine arts, prefers a pipe to ladies' society, and is very partial to a quiet game at cribbage.

He is very unfortunate in telling a tale, and has great difficulty in perceiving the point of a jest told him by another. He could never solve a riddle in his life, and when told the answer, was generally as much in the dark as before.

He has a very low opinion of both law and physic, and esteems the members of those professions as little better than predatory humbugs; but he always makes an honorable exception of his own doctor and lawyer, and wonders to himself how people can put confidence in any other.

Slow to receive impressions, he is in general equally obstinate in adhering to them; but when clearly shown to be wrong in his conclusions, he will excuse himself by saying—"ah, now I see it, well, that idea never struck me, I should never have dreamt of that," &c., &c.

In short, Mr. Humphrey Gubbins is a stupid man, and there is no denying it; the faculties in his apprehension, not in his judgment; and his apprehensive faculties are weak, because they have never been properly exercised and cultivated.

Reader, if you meet a Gubbins in the world, be not misled to adopt his opinions, from the unalterable conviction he entertains of their truth; above all, do not envy him his wealth, for he has sacrificed much to obtain it.

Gawler Town, Oct., 1841.

ARBITUS.

THE MONTHLY RECORD, NOVEMBER, 1841.

POLITICAL EVENTS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.—Her Majesty prorogued the Parliament in person on the 22nd of June. The following is her Majesty's speech on the occasion of the prorogation, preparatory to the dissolution—

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—On a full consideration of the present state of public affairs, I have come to the determination of proroguing parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

“The paramount importance of the trade and industry of the country, and my anxiety that the exigencies of the public service should be provided for in the manner least burdensome to the community, have induced me to resort to the means which the constitution has entrusted to me, of ascertaining the sense of my people upon matters which so deeply concern their welfare.

“I entertain the hope that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the course of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed by the authority of a new parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the sums necessary for the civil and military establishments.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—In the exercise of my prerogative, I can have no other object than that of securing the rights and promoting the interests of my subjects; and I rely on the co-operation of my parliament, and the loyal zeal of my people, for support in the adoption of such measures as are necessary to maintain that high station among the nations of the world which it has pleased Divine Providence to assign to this country.”

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LEGISLATION.—The Registration Bill passed the Legislative Council on the 11th of October, and the amended Scab in Sheep Bill on the 26th of October.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.—His Ex-

cellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint J. A. Jackson, Esq., to the office of Colonial Secretary, Robert Gouger, Esq., to the office of Colonial Treasurer, and the honorable Captain Sturt, Assistant Commissioner, to the office of Registrar General.

RURAL ECONOMY.

MORUS NIGRA.—The mulberry has been introduced, and begins to assume a very flourishing appearance, many plants of which will produce fruit this season; but some in the colony will not make handsome trees—the idea of training a straight stem a few feet high not having been attended to. They delight in a rich soil, and are easily increased by layers.

J. B.

THE WHITE MULBERRY.—**MORUS ALBA**—Has also found its way among us, many plants having been raised from seed, and being the kind upon which the silk worms are fed, and a plant of free growth, easily increased by cuttings and layers growing with great rapidity—there is nothing more to be done but for some enterprising colonist to procure the silk worm, to be fed on the leaves.

J. B.

OPERATIONS FOR THE GARDEN.—

Continue to sow French beans every fortnight; attend to the melons, thin them out, and draw some fine mould around them; cucumbers and melons treat in the same manner. Finish planting out capsicums and egg plants if opportunity offers, and commence budding the apricot about the middle of the month, and keep the shoots rubbed off the stocks of fruit trees budded last season, and attend to the grafts of this, not neglecting the vine, now requiring particular attention, to prevent the shoots breaking. Gather seeds as they ripen, or they will be blown away by the wind.

J. BAILEY.

ARTICHOKES.—Many fanciful derivations have been given of the word artichoke; none can be relied upon. The parts of this plant that are eaten are the receptacle of the flower, which is called the bottom, and a fleshy substance on each side of the calyx. The choke consists of the unopened florets, and the bristles that separate them from

each other; these stand upon the receptacle, and must be cleared away before the bottom can be eaten.—With us artichokes are generally plain boiled, and eaten with melted butter and pepper; and they are considered both wholesome and nutritious. The bottoms are sometimes stewed, boiled in milk, or added to ragouts, French pies, and other highly-seasoned dishes. For winter use they may be slowly dried in an oven, and kept in paper bags in a dry place. On the continent artichokes are frequently eaten raw, with salt and pepper. By the country people of France the flowers of the artichoke are sometimes used to coagulate milk, for the purpose of making cheese. The leaves and stalks contain a bitter juice, which, mixed with an equal portion of white wine, has been employed in the cure of dropsy; prepared with bismuth, it imparts a permanent golden yellow color to wool.

LETTUCE.—The varieties of lettuce are extremely numerous: but those best known are the cos lettuce and cabbage lettuce, the former having upright leaves, and the latter having its leaves folded over each other like those of a cabbage. Their culture is very simple. The seeds are sown at various seasons of the year, that the plants may be ready in succession, for the table. They are generally transplanted to allow of room for their expansion and growth. When the cos lettuces have attained a sufficient size, their leaves are tied together with strings of matting, to blanch them for use. From seeds sown towards the end of the summer, lettuces may, with care, be obtained in perfection during the ensuing winter and spring. Lettuces have an odour somewhat resembling that of opium; and they also possess somewhat similar narcotic properties, which reside in the milky juice. An extract of lettuce is now ordered by the London College: it is useful in small doses for allaying the cough in pulmonary consumption. The properties of this vegetable as a salad, if eaten without oil, are considered to be emollient, cooling, and wholesome.

ENDIVE.—We are supposed to have been originally indebted to the East Indies for this useful winter salad. It is chiefly cultivated in the south of

England; being sown generally about June or July, and afterwards planted out, like lettuce. The chief excellence of endive consists in the whiteness of its inner leaves. It is, therefore, advisable either to cover the plants with flower pots, or, when full grown, to tie them loosely together, for two or three weeks, they will thus become perfectly blanched. In winter they may be preserved, either by covering them with straw and mats, or by putting them in sand in a dry cellar. The French consume a great quantity of endive, eating it raw in salads, boiled in ragouts, fried with roast meat, or as a pickle. It is a wholesome vegetable, which seldom disagrees with the stomach.

THE SUNFLOWER.—The uses to which this plant may be applied are such as to render it well deserving of attention in rural economy. Its stalks contain a white, shining, fibrous substance, which might be advantageously employed in the manufacture of paper; and the woody part of them makes excellent fuel. Its ripe seeds, when subject to pressure, yield a quantity of sweet and edible oil. These seeds may also be used for the feeding of poultry. The receptacles of the flowers, it is said, may be boiled and eaten like artichokes.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Grenfell-street, Adelaide, on the 13th October, Mrs. Partridge, of a son.

At Adelaide, on the 26th October, the lady of John Allan, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, Oct. 19th, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. C. B. Howard, William Salter, Esq., South Terrace, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Nattle, Esq., Cadson Bury House, St. Ives, Cornwall.

DEATH.

At Port Adelaide, on the 12th Oct., Mr. Daniel Simpson, ship builder, and proprietor of the Hog Bay whale fishery.

ERRATUM.—In page 157, 19th line from top, read—Of this I am so fully satisfied, that, in my mind, it is hardly possible to lay too much stress upon this one fact, in any attempt to describe the capabilities of this district.