

And if at tea I chance to be
 With daughterful papas!
 Then 'bout folks wind, till out they find
 The wherefore, and because,
 And whether it be *Sue* or Kit
 I *sue*, or pretty Ann;
 No other thing me there could bring,
 "I am a single man."

Whene'er the loves *run short* of gloves,
 Then *quick they run* to me,
 Nor speak they gruff, nor seek they *rough*
 For some of "*Rough's Dundee*;"
 And tho' they tease me as they please,
 And much as e'er they can,
 They all declare it is quite fair,
 "I am a single man."

In every street I'm sure to meet
 With people asking *subs.*,
 To build some school, or give some fool
 A piece of plate—humbugs!
 And to subscribe to teach some tribe
 In JAVA or JAPAN,
 I find I must "post down the dust,"
 "I am a single man."

Folks really think, that to the brink
 My purse is ever full,
 And cousins tenth must try its *strength*,
 And see how *long 'twill pull*;
 But if the fate I would not meet
 Of old MYNHEER VAN CLAM,*
 Them out I'd kick in double quick,
 As "I'm a single man."

To tell one's grief is some relief,
 But mine no stay has got,
 Nor will it mend until it end,
 I fear, in Hymen's knot.

PRAYER.

I pray, I wish, some *tender* miss
 Would tender me her han';
 Then live would I—'twould *kill* the cry,
 "I am a single man."

P. L.

* Who in the laudable vocation of kicking a poor begging relation down stairs, unluckily broke his leg.

JANE'S LETTERS—No. I.

MY DEAREST ENMA—No circumstance of our sad parting has faded from my memory, or lost its influence on the deep emotions of my heart; and sure I am, I do no more than you deserve, in supposing that your heart now responds to mine, as faithfully as it did then.

I have not been free from the painful apprehension, that the expression I too often gave to my excessive grief, must have lowered me in your rational esteem, although it did not deprive me of your tender sympathy. But the idea of emigrating was so odious to me, that when Harry told me papa quite approved of his plans, I thought myself the most ill-used, much-to-be-pitied creature in existence, the victim of a "love marriage." How I blush to remember the sullen "yes," or "no," I gave in reply to almost everything said to me; and the deep sighs I allowed to startle the ear of him who was feverish with anxiety about me, and caring far less for his own advantage than about mine and an infant's future benefit and comfort. I clearly saw, that dear mama's vanity was a good deal wounded, by the apologetic manner in which she disclosed our destination to our friends; and on no occasions was she more deprecatingly eloquent than when we repaired to the establishments where substantial and economical outfits for the colonies were to be obtained on the most advantageous terms. She began by declaring her ignorance of how to set about such an outfit—it was so different when dear Eliza married to go to India—then it was only how to get things handsome enough; and Colonel Tawny was so rich, and so generous, and wished no expense spared on his bride—but poor Jane was only going to Australia, and things must be very different indeed. All this was intolerable to my vanity, and I would return home wearied and dispirited, and give a cold half-averted cheek to my husband's warm salutation of "Dearest." I forgot that had I not been allowed to marry Harry May, I should have died broken-hearted.

You are long ago in possession of the first letters I wrote after reaching these shores. You exacted a pledge from me, that our correspondence should continue as full, free, and minute as it had ever been; and to this compact I believe myself strictly faithful, when I bestow on you these outpourings of my querulous discontent. I earnestly wish a little discretion had come to my aid, and moderate d my rancour, and reminded me that "when the judgement's weak, the prejudice is strong."

When I wrote to you, I was like a Miss in her teens, when first introduced to her step-dame. The country might prove a kind mother to me, but I did not wish the change, and I was sure I never would, could, or should be reconciled. The only palliation I have to offer is, that I was only *one* of many who let their diseased imaginations run riot in the same way; and I believe, that were the greater proportion of first letters home brought together and compared, they would be found not a whit more faithful chroniclers, and their descriptions as

fabulous and forged as were mine. The despondency and proneness to being disappointed, which usurps and prostrates the energies of new-comers is very remarkable—arising, naturally enough, from the disruption of fixed habits and accustomed ties—a painful consequence of home learning. The voyage, too, is like a long vacation to a school-boy, who, though sick of idleness, yet hates the thought of resuming work; and all who have gone through the ordeal, will, I think, admit that first landing is man or woman's hour of utmost need for self-possession, decision, activity, and patience. But, instead of being up and doing, the prevailing practise is, at once to sit down and write gloomy letters to friends, 16,000 miles distant. It is long ere the antidote to such letters reach the dismayed relations. In the mean time, copious extracts from these wretched documents are going the rounds of the newspapers; and hence is it, that this noble province has been held up to scorn as a humbug, and reviled, abused, and misrepresented, and that too by those whose interests depend on her prosperity.

When I think of the anguish I have so wantonly caused, and that your happiness must have been clouded, by supposing me in situations of distress, the water forces with violent passion from mine eyes, and I wish for the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and give thee rest; but I can only entreat you to forget the gloomy past, and anticipate with me the cheerful future.

Like every spot of mother-earth, the plains of Adelaide have their times and seasons of peculiar beauty; but they are not, even when fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf of our fervent summer, denuded of attractions—they still wear the livery of their sovereign lord, the sun, gracefully. There was a short interregnum of apparent barrenness; when the luxuriant grass had been destroyed, and each modest, crimson-tipped flower, strewed by Nature's lavish hand, and trodden under, was just as if extirpated; but this nakedness was not attributable to deficiency of soil or unsuitableness of climate for reproduction, and the very first experiments in cultivation convinced the most sturdy unbeliever of the vast resources and capabilities of the cyclopean brick-fields, sandy wastes, and parched deserts, which surround him. Already do we vie with the most favored parts of the south of Europe in the delicious quality and variety of vegetables, and fruits will follow in due time. Melons, cucumbers, tomato, calavansa bean, vegetable marrow, and all the tribe of roots and herbs that were the aristocracy of the garden in the North, grow here; and the soil being well prepared, they require little or no attention. To be the first to turn up the clod which has remained in its original state since the creation, and be the means of fulfilling the beneficent design—the earth shall yield her encrease—confers a dignity here on the simplest operations of rural life.

I am very sanguine a great deal is to be achieved in varying the uses of our garden produce, especially the melon and tomato. I intend to experiment largely in preserving, pickling, and wine-making. Settling has made me very utilitarian in my notions, and housewifery appears to me as no mean science. Our grandmothers and great

grandmothers, even when of gentlest quality, delighted to excel in things useful; and we, who, as it were, are *re-set* into a frame or condition of primitive society resembling theirs, would do well to follow their beautiful simplicity of habits and manners. But more of this anon. You shall hear how I get on in my still-room.

Flowers are a source of great delight to us. No reciprocity is more courteous than a root or slip of something you have not—the more familiar to our associations the better. You denizens of the old country must have exotics of the rarest description to interest your attention; and ensure your peculiar care; but with us the little rose is the expectancy of the parterre, and each bud discloses an event in the history of our emotions. We are planning and talking of a “bower,”

O'er canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine—

but this is of the things that are yet to be.

The society in Adelaide is very good—perhaps rather too ambitious in its details. Like a precocious child, wonderful for its years, but attempting more than it can gracefully accomplish. There being no “ancient ties,” a lack of friendship to solder, cement, and bind together, the sudden intimacies that take place, and the incessant intercourse which goes on, are dangerous, and enable each to eye the other too curiously. The apostolic precept—“Speak not evil one of another”—if not expunged from the moral code, is little referred to in the social coteries, and things are boldly said—affecting reputation—which, in any other place but Adelaide, one would scarcely dare to whisper on the house top, or give audience to in the secrecy of their own thoughts. It is to be hoped that this baneful practice does not arise from malice, so much as the necessity of having something to talk about, in the course of the tedious evenings and listless mornings fashion determines her votaries must spend together. There is no exhibition of paintings—no morning concert—no fancy bazaar to repair to, and furnish with new ideas the empty casket of the brain. No; not even a new novel to discuss. In this state of destitution, a personal *on dit*—no matter though it be at the expense of one you invited last night, or dine with to-day,—is something to talk about, and that is sufficient to excuse its reception. The only “lions” are the overland gentlemen; but, being less rare than formerly, they do not create so great a sensation.

The worst possible use to make of a South Australian evening is to spend it in a crowded room, especially when moonlight throws a flood of glory o'er earth, and air, and sea.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures—no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory the majestic moon rolls thro' the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky—
How beautiful is night!

Rambling in such nights is our chiefest enjoyment. The business of

the day is o'er, and we yield ourselves up to the sweet influences which surround us, and never did you see two persons more full of contentment. There is something in the climate and manners of life congenial to light-heartedness, and which I take to be the plant of celestial growth dropped from the moon by some lucky accident, and ready to strike root in our hearts, and to expand within and without us. I confess it is sometimes hot—very hot—like living in the gorge of a huge oven; but then in its intensest degree, we learn to accommodate the body and mind to it, by anticipating the cool of evening, or its suddenly passing away. I have never heard of any being seriously ill, even among those who are obliged to pursue out-door labor, and bear the heat and burden of the day. Often, when panting and well nigh overpowered, I look out and see the maize waving its majestic height, and the melon and the pumpkin laying on the earth, lapt in the warmth needful for their being perfected, I am reconciled, and, indeed, scarcely wish it otherwise. There is not a feature of the tropics in this climate; and I believe that, to the generality of constitutions, it is more favorable than the north of Europe.

The sharpest sorrow I have experienced here, was to learn that dear Eliza—to save her life—had been obliged to leave India, and return home; and that she who was so radiant and flushed with hope when the diamond hoop was put on her finger, as guard to the talismanic ring, now wears a cold, lifeless exterior, which seems to indicate the withering conviction that the pomp and splendour of the gorgeous East had been too dearly purchased. How I wish she had come here.

You will wonder why I made a Magazine the vehicle for our confidential correspondence; but mark you, it goes free. We colonists are alledged to like a little sharp practice; and my friend the editor kindly said if I kept the secret, he would give me the privilege, but, were it known, he would be pestered with similar applications.

We are soon to commence a little tour of visits, and I shall not fail to communicate whatever may befall us, and our impressions of all we engage in. But, under all circumstances, I am, ever affectionately,
thine,
JANE MAY.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays!
A night-beam sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

BYRON'S HEBREW MELODIES.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN HORTICULTURE.

BY HENRY WATSON, ESQ.

It gives me the sincerest pleasure to be able to state, that notwithstanding the delay in the arrival of the vine cuttings from the Cape, the great majority of them will be saved. Those that were planted out immediately, and have been duly attended to, are coming vigorously into leaf, and the colony has thus ensured another source of wealth, in the naturalization of the vine.

Our success in this instance, should prompt us to similar exertions, in introducing such natives of various parts of the globe as may be valuable to us for their fruit, their usefulness, or their ornament. The only two fruits that can be said to be generally cultivated are the melon and the Cape gooseberry.* We have already satisfactorily proved that our colony is capable of maturing every vegetable production, from the strawberry, that braves the rigour of the arctic circle, to the banana, that flourishes within the tropics. Our soil and climate are equally varied; we possess the rich alluvial soil of the Reed-beds, the strong loam of the Adelaide plains, and the fertile elevated districts of Mount Barker, and the mountain chain that traverses the province.

In our favoured land, we may hope, as in England, to see our farm houses surrounded with blooming orchards, while the superiority of our climate will permit us to have, in addition, the most treasured productions of the south of Europe.

The vine with its blushing cluster, the orange with

“Its golden lamps, hid in a night of green,”

the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, may soon become the occupant of every garden. To these we may add, the natives of the tropics, the banana, with its broad green leaves, and the date, with its fan-like oriental foliage.

The beautiful creepers of India and South America may overshadow our verandahs, delighting us at once by their ornament, or the density of their shade.

But, among all these distinguished and honored visitants, with which we, the natives of the far north, are gradually becoming familiar, I apprehend that we should prize as highly the simple flowers we have gathered in childhood, and that are associated with our earliest and purest recollections.

I may appear to my readers a mere dreamer of dreams, pourtraying a vision, beautiful and desirable indeed, but unattainable.

* In this country of *she-oaks* and *laughing jack-asses*, it would seem as if we could not name a plant without a blunder; in this instance we have committed a couple, seeing it is neither a gooseberry nor from the Cape. The *Physalis Peruviana* takes its name from its inflated calyx, enclosing the berry like a bladder. One of the tribe is cultivated in English gardens, under the title of winter cherry. It belongs to a somewhat suspicious family, the *Solanaceæ* or *Potato* tribe, the berries of many of which, as of the potato itself, are poisonous. Those, however, of this Cape or rather Peruvian plant are wholesome and delicious, excellent in tarts and puddings, and better in *fool*. Its culture is the easiest possible; cuttings root readily, and by crushing the ripe berry with a little dry mould, young plants may be raised in the greatest abundance.

I believe the acquisition of every desirable botanical treasure is perfectly within our attainment, and that all that are wanted are, *combination*, *exertion*, and very little of that is at present so scarce among us—*money*.

In the first place, there must be combination; if we wait for individual enterprise to introduce these desiderata, my *vision* will be realised in the days of our children, not in our own. There must be a society, for the purpose of applying officially for them in the proper quarters, and for their reception and diffusion when they arrive.

In the next place, there requires exertion, individual exertion; many of us possess connections with members of various botanical societies or with eminent collectors, who would gladly supply us from their stores.

But there is a still further scope for individual exertion; we possess, among our native plants, many highly prized by European collectors. Nothing would be more easy, than for our settlers, scattered over the bush, to make collections of seeds as they ripen. The seeds should be carefully kept apart, and a flower dried by pressing in a book, or if that cannot be obtained, a twig should accompany each packet. The collection of the seeds will form an agreeable amusement for the children, and as the bush is now graced by the presence of ladies, we may confide the details to their acknowledged neatness and attention.*

As at the present time great numbers of our Australian plants are ripening their seeds, I shall be glad to take charge of all sent me, or they can be left with Edward Stephens, Esq., at the Bank.

It is thus, by obtaining a kind of capital for the purpose of barter, that I hope to effect the exchange I have alluded to. By a number of collectors being employed in various parts of the province, at all seasons of the year, a much greater probability exists of discovering new plants for the European societies, than by their sending out a collector for a casual visit.

Through the introduction of a mutual friend, I have opened a communication with Dr. Wallich and the Calcutta society, and through a relation of my own, with the Liverpool society. Should we be successful in obtaining the plants of Upper India, they will doubtless be extremely well suited to our climate.

I come now to the most serious question, of the requisite outlay by which these important objects may be obtained. If, as I anticipate, we can offer to the various societies as valuable a box to them as we hope to receive, the only expense will be for cases, shipping charges, and freight; these will be covered by a very trifling subscription. As it is most desirable that the society should comprise a great number of members, of every rank in life, the subscription should, in the first instance, be a small one.

I trust, in the course of the present summer, that we shall be gratified by a display of fruits and flowers, evincing the progress of South Australian gardening, and, on this occasion, I hope to witness the formation of the *Adelaide Horticultural Society*.

* It would be very desirable for our country settlers to attempt next winter to introduce into their gardens young plants of the native cherry, *exocarpus capressiformis*, for the purpose of removal in boxes to Europe, where it would be much prized. I am informed, that from the great difficulty of transplanting, it is scarce in foreign collections,

A SKETCH OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF
PORT LINCOLN.

BY J. E. HARVEY, ESQUIRE, CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE
ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

HAVING been requested to furnish a list of the specimens composing the "Fauna" of the Port Lincoln district, as far as they are yet known, I herewith send you the first section, containing all the Mammalia that I have had the opportunity of collecting or examining since July 1839. I shall continue the series down to the zoophytes, in a succession of papers, confining myself to the enumeration of such specimens only, as have either passed through my hands, or have been explained to me by persons upon whose judgement I can rely for accuracy of description. I propose to follow the arrangement of Cuvier, and I shall, as much as possible, avoid all technicalities.

As this list must necessarily be very imperfect, and as the animals proper to this colony are but little known, it cannot be expected that I should give the *trivial* names, (nor in some cases even the *generic*,) to all the specimens. As far as I am able, I intend to give all the local names by which they are known, adding also the native names, wherever I have been able to obtain them.

I may also mention, that several of the specimens which I obtained in 1839 and 1840 were hastily preserved, and forwarded to the Zoological Society without examination—my time then being fully occupied. This will account for several of the genera being superficially reported.

CLASS I.—MAMMALIA.

ORDER III.—CARNARIA. FAMILY I.—CHEIROPTERA.

GENUS VESPERTILIO.—1. *Vesp. pipistrellus*—common bat 2. A bat very nearly allied to *Vesp. discolor*—common.

GENUS PLECOBUS.—1. *Plec-auritus*—long-eared bat—frequent.

GENUS RINOLOPHUS.—1. A bat much resembling the smaller horse-shoe bat of Europe.

FAMILY II.—INSECTIVORA.

GENUS SOREX.—A mutilated specimen of the shrew was found on the Port Lincoln downs, December, 1839.

Two small animals were caught in one of the freestone quarries at Port Lincoln, in 1839. They were of the size and external form of mice, but they had teeth of the insectivorous family. I sent them to the Zoological Society without taking any notes of them.

DIGITIGRADA.

GENUS NASIRA.—A small animal nearly allied to the coatis, (native name, "Ead-nar,") called a native cat, is found at Port Lincoln. It climbs trees—feeds upon insects, birds, fruits, eggs, &c. It is about the size of a half-grown cat; skin of a brownish yellow, slightly

tinged with green, with white spots; habits nocturnal, not marsupial; lives in holes. Teeth as in the following formula, in pairs—

	Incisors.	Canine.	False molars.	True molars	
Top.....	1 3	1	2	4	
	- -	-	-	-	=42
Bottom..	0 3	1	3	3	

GENUS *MUSTELA*.—A species of the weasel was taken in July, 1839, in the act of killing a fowl. Its fur was long and soft; that on the body of a blueish grey; on the face and the end of the tail, black. The ears tufted; the hairs on the tail long.

GENUS *CANIS*.—*Hyæna Venatica*, Bursch—wild dog; (native name, "Wil-ger,") black, red, and of a mixed color—common.

N.B.—Whether the wild dog of South Australia belongs to the *Hyænas* or not, I leave to others to determine, until I can procure a perfect specimen. I have had several skins, but I have not been able to obtain a head, so as to have an opportunity of examining the teeth.

AMPHIBIÆ.

GENUS *PHOCA*.—3 species of seal are taken in Spencer's Gulf—One the common greenish-brown seal. Second, the spotted seal; both known as the "hair" seals. Third, the fur-seal.

ORDER IV.—MARSUPIALIA.

GENUS *DIDELPHIS*.—1. *Did. pericillata*—ash-colored opossum, (native name, "Pee-lah,") common. 2. Ring-tailed opossum—rare.

GENUS *DASYURUS*.—Subgen. *Perameles*—Bandicoot; (native name, "Coor-cool-lar,") common. Lives in holes; feeds upon insects and roots; has four young at a time.

GENUS *HYPSPRYMNUS*.—1. *Hyp. minor*—kangaroo rat, (native name, "Cool-gar,") common. 2. A larger species of kangaroo rat is also found here. It is rather larger than a rabbit; lives in holes, and feeds by night. Skin of a lighter color than that of kangaroo rat; tip of tail white (that of kangaroo rat is black). Very destructive to gardens.

GENUS *MACROFUS*.—Five species of kangaroo are found here. 1. Red Kangaroo, (native name, "War-roo,") rare. 2. Brown kangaroo—large, (native name, "War-roo,") common. 3. Brown kangaroo—small, (native name, "War-roo,") common. 4. Grey kangaroo (native name, "War-roo,") frequent. 5. Wallaby, (native name, "Eu-rid-ny,") common.

I think that we have two species of wallaby, but I am not yet quite certain of it. Our wallaby is very different from that taken in such numbers at Kangaroo Island.

GENUS *PHASCOLOMYS*.—*Phas. ursinus*—the wombat, (native name, "Wer-tue,") common.

This extraordinary animal is obtained of very large size—frequently upwards of 100 lbs. weight. It has much the appearance of a bear, with its legs broken and bent under its body. It has amazing strength, frequently pulling the dogs into its hole. The wombat is gregarious, living in great numbers in one common chamber, which is many feet below the ground, to which there are seven or eight entrances. The

hillocks caused by these excavations generally occupy an area of from 800 to 1000 square feet. The flesh is considered by some to be good, but it has a peculiar taste and smell. The wombat feeds by night. It is generally shot by moonlight.

ORDER V.—RODENTIA.

GENUS *MYOXUS*.—A species of the Dormouse was taken at Franklin Harbour, in April 1840. It had the tufted tail, the teeth, and the general economy of the genus. The fur soft, of a silvery grey; the tail long, the tip black.

GENUS *MUS*.—*Mus Musculus*—common mouse, common; the white mouse, a variety common. *Mus decumanus*—a species of the brown rat, but of a smaller size, is frequently taken at Boston Island.

ORDER VI.—EDENTATA.

GENUS *ECHIDNA*.—Echid. *Hystrix*—the spiny Echidna. I here mention this animal, because from the description given to me by the sealers of Kangaroo Island, I believe it occasionally to be met with at Western River, on that Island. It is said to be very fine eating.

ORDER VII.—PACHYDERMATA—None.

ORDER VIII.—RUMINANTIA—None.

ORDER IX.—CETACEA.

GENUS *DELPHINUS*.—Subgenus *Phocœna*—porpoise—common.

GENUS *PHYSETER*.—Phy. *Macrocephalus*—sperm whale—taken on the coast.

GENUS *BALÆNA*.—Bal. *Mysticetus*—the black whale, (native name, "Con-dol-ly,") common; the Grampus, frequent; the Finback, common; the Thresher, common.

THE TEAR.

Sacred boon of favouring heaven!
 Test of reason, pearly tear!
 In some bounteous moment given,
 Soothing anguish most severe.
 Melting child of mute affliction,
 Misery's clue, and feeling's gem!
 Previous pledge of young affection,
 Fairest flower on pity's stem!
 Reconcilement's sweet oblation,
 Healing the distempered heart!
 Friendship's dearest best libation,
 Balm for every anxious smart!
 Oh! how near allied to sorrow,
 Are our transports most sincere,
 E'en delight is forced to borrow
 Feeling's rich expressive tear.
 Humid eyes that softly languish
 What do your full orbs declare?
 Dew drops formed of hope and anguish,
 Love himself has placed thee there.