

arm lightly, as I stood up to spring on the land, "Charley, although you are only a boy as I may say, I have no fear for your courage; but, still, more than that is needful here. This Bodkin is a noted duelist, and will try to shake your nerve. Now, mind that you take everything that happens, quite with an air of indifference—don't let him think that he has any advantage over you, and you'll see how the tables will be turned in your favor."

"Trust to me, Count," said I "I'll not disgrace you."

He pressed my hand tightly, and I thought that I discerned something like a slight twitch about the corners of his grim mouth, as if some sudden and painful thought had shot across his mind, but in a moment he was calm and stern looking as ever.

"Twenty minutes late, Mr. Considine," said a short red-faced little man, with a military frock and foraging cap, as he held out his watch in evidence.

"I can only say, Captain Malowney, that we lost no time since we parted; we had some difficulty in finding a boat; but, in any case, we are here *now*, and that I opine is the important part of the matter."

"Quite right, very just indeed. Will you present me to your young friend—very proud to make your acquaintance, sir; your uncle and I met more than once in this kind of way. I was out with him in '92—was it? no, I think it was '93—when he shot Harry Burgoyne, who, by-the-bye, was called the crack shot of our mess; but, begged your uncle knocked his pistol hand to shivers, saying in his dry way, 'he must try the left hand this morning.' Count, a little this side, if you please." While Considine and the Captain walked a few paces apart from where I stood, I had leisure to observe my antagonist, who stood among a group of his friends, talking and laughing away in great spirits. As the tone they spoke in was not of the lowest, I could catch much of their conversation at the distance I was from them. They were discussing the last occasion that Bodkin had visited this spot, and talking of the fatal event which happened then.

"Poor devil," said Bodkin, "It wasn't his fault; but you see some of the —th had been showing white feathers before that, and he was obliged to go out. In fact, the Col. himself said, 'Fight or leave the corps.' Well out he came: it was a cold morning in February, with a frost the night before going off in a thin rain; well, it seems he had the consumption or something of that sort, with a great cough and spitting of blood, and this weather made him worse, and he was very weak when he came to the ground. Now, the moment I got a glimpse of him, I said to myself, he's pluck enough, but as nervous as a lady, for his eye wandered all about, and his mouth was constantly twitching. 'Take off your great coat, Ned,' said one of his people, when they were going to put him up; 'take it off man.' he seemed to hesitate for an instant, when Michael Blake remarked, 'arrah, let him alone; it's his mother makes him wear it, for the cold he has.' They all began to laugh at this, but I kept my eye upon him, and I saw that his cheek grew quite livid, and a kind of a grey color, and his eyes filled up; 'I have you now,' said I to myself, and I shot him through the lungs."

"And this poor fellow," thought I, was the only son of a widowed mother." I walked from the spot to avoid hearing further, and felt as I did so, something like a spirit of vengeance rising within me, for the fate of one so untimely cut off.

"Here we are, all ready," said Malowney, springing over a small fence into the adjoining field—"take your ground, gentlemen."

Considine took my arm and walked forward. "Charley," said he, "I am to give the signal—I'll drop my glove when you are to fire, but don't look at me at all, I'll manage to catch Bodkin's eye, and do you watch him steadily, and fire when he does."

"I think that the ground we are leaving behind us is rather better," said some one.

"So it is," said Bodkin, "but it was troublesome to carry the young gentlemen down that way—here all is fair and easy."

The next instant we were placed, and I well remember the first thought that struck me was, that there could be no chance of either of us escaping.

"Now then," said the Count, "I'll walk twelve paces, turn and drop this glove, at which signal you fire—and *together* mind. The man who reserves his shot, falls by my hand." This very summary denunciation seemed to meet general approbation, and the Count strutted forth. Notwithstanding the advice of my friend, I could not help turning my eyes from Bodkin to watch the retiring figure of the Count. At length he stopped—a second or two elapsed—he wheeled rapidly round, and let fall the glove. My eye glanced toward my opponent, I raised my pistol and fired. My hat turned half round upon my head, and Bodkin fell motionless to the earth. I saw the people around me rush forward; I caught two or three glances thrown at me with an expression of revengeful passion; I felt some one grasp me round the waist, and hurry me from the spot, and it was at least ten minutes after, as we were skimming the surface of the broad Shannon, before I could well collect my scattered faculties to remember all that was passing, as Considine pointing to the two bullet holes in my hat, remarked, "Sharp practice, Charley, it was the overcharge saved you."

"Is he killed, sir?" I asked.

"Not quite, I believe, but as good; you took him just above the hip."

"Can he recover?" said I, with a voice tremulous from agitation, which I vainly endeavoured to conceal from my companion.

"Not if the doctor can help it," said Considine; "for the fool keeps poking about for the ball; but now let's think of the next step—you'll have to leave this, and at once too."

Little more passed between us, as we rowed towards the shore. Considine was following up his reflections, and I had mine, alas! too many and too bitter to escape from.

As we neared the land a strange spectacle caught our eye: for a considerable distance along the coast crowds of country people were assembled, who, forming in groups, and breaking into parties of two and three, were evidently watching with great anxiety what was taking

place on the opposite side. Now, the distance was at least three miles, and therefore any part of the transaction which had been enacting there, must have been quite beyond their view. While I was wondering at this, Considine cried out suddenly, "Too infamous by Jove; we're murdered men."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Don't you see that?" said he, pointing to something black which floated from a pole at the opposite side of the river.

"Yes; what is it?"

"It's his coat they've put upon an oar to show the people he's killed, that's all. Every man here's his tenant, and look—there!—they're not giving us much doubt as to their intention." Here a tremendous yell burst forth from the mass of people along the shore, which, rising to a terrific cry, sunk gradually down to a low wailing, then rose and fell again several times, as the Irish death-cry filled the air and rose to heaven, as if imploring vengeance on a murderer.

The appalling influence of the *keen*, as it is called, had been familiar to me from my infancy, but it needed the awful situation I was placed in to consummate its horrors. It was at once my accusation and my doom. I knew well, none better, the vengeful character of the Irish peasant of the west, and that my death was certain I had no doubt. The very crime that sat upon my heart quailed my courage and unnerved my arm. As the boatmen looked from us towards the shore, and again at our faces, they, as if instinctively, lay upon their oars, and waited for our decision as to what course to pursue.

"Rig the sprit-sail my boys," said Considine, "and let her head lie up the river, and be alive, for I see they're baling a boat below the little reef there, and will be after us in no time."

The poor fellows who, although strangers to us, sympathizing in what they perceived to be our imminent danger, stepped the light spar which acted as mast, and shook out their scanty rag of canvass in a minute. Considine, meanwhile, went aft, and steady her head with an oar, held the small craft up to the wind, till she lay completely over, and, as she rushed through the water, ran dipping her gunnel through the white foam.

"Where can we make, without tacking, boys?" inquired the Count.

"If it blows on as fresh, sir, we'll run you ashore within half a mile of the castle."

"Put out an oar to leeward," said Considine, "and keep her up more to the wind, and I promise you, my lads, you will not go home fresh and fasting, if you land us where you say."

"Here they come," said the other boatman, as he pointed back with his finger towards a large yawl which shot suddenly from the shore, with six sturdy fellows pulling at their oars, while three or four others were endeavouring to get up their rigging, which appeared tangled and confused at the bottom of the boat. The white splash of water which fell each moment beside her, showing that the process of baling was still continued.

"Ay, then, may I never—as it is'n't the ould Dolphin, they have launched for the cruise," said one of our fellows.

"What's the Dolphin, then?"

"An ould boat of the Lord's (Lord Clanricarde's) that did'n't see water, except when it rained, these four years, and is sun cracked from stem to stern."

"She can sail, however," said Considine, who watched with a painful anxiety the rapidity of her course through the water.

"Nabocklish, she was a smuggler's jolly-bcat, and well used to it. Look, how they're pulling. God pardon them; but they're in no blessed humour this morning."

"Lay out upon your oars, boys; the wind's failing us," cried the Count, as the sail flapped lazily against the mast.

"It's no use, your honor," said the elder; "we'll be only breaking our hearts to no purpose, they're sure to catch us."

"Do as I bade you, at all events. What's that a-head of us there?"

"The oat rock, sir; a vessel with grain struck there and went down with all aboard, four years last winter. There's no channel between it and the shore—all sunk rocks every inch of it. There's the breeze;" the carvass fell over as he spoke, and the little craft lay down to it till the foaming water bubbled over her lee-bow—"keep her head up, sir, higher, higher still;"—but Considine little heeded the direction, steering straight for the narrow channel the man alluded to;—"tear and ages, but you're going right for the cloch na quirka."

"Arrah, an' the devil a taste I'll be drowned for you're devarasion," said the other, springing up.

"Sit down there, and be still," roared Considine, as he drew a pistol from the case at his feet, "if you don't want some leaden ballast to keep you so. Here, Charley, take this, and if that fellow stirs hand or foot—you understand me." The two men sat sulkily in the bottom of the boat, which now was actually flying through the water. Considine's object was a clear one, he saw that, in so sailing, we were greatly over-matched, and that our only chance lay in reaching the narrow and dangerous channel between the oat rock and the shore, by which we should distance the pursuit; the long reef of rocks that ran out beyond requiring a wide berth to escape from. Nothing but the danger behind us could warrant so rash a daring; the whole channel was dotted with patches of white and breaking foam, the sure evidence of the mischief beneath, while here and there a dash of spurning spray flew up from the dark water, where some cleft rock lay hid below the flood. As if to add terror to the scene, Considine had scarcely turned the boat a-head of the channel, when a tremendous blackness spread over all around—the thunder pealed forth, and, amid the crashing of the hail and the bright glare of lightning, a squall struck us, and laid us nearly keel uppermost for several minutes. I well remember we rushed through the dark and blackening water; our little craft more than half filled, the oars floating off to leeward, and we ourselves kneeling on the bottom planks for safety. Roll after roll of loud thunder broke, as it were, just above our heads; while, in

the swift dashing rain that seemed to hiss around us, every object was hidden, and even the other boat was lost to our view. The two poor fellows! I shall never forget their expression; one, a devout Catholic, had placed a little leaden image of a saint before him in the bow, and implored its intercession with a torturing agony of suspense that wrung my very heart; the other, apparently less alive to such consolations as his church afforded, remained with his hands clasped, his mouth compressed, his brows knitted, and his dark eyes bent upon me, with the fierce hatred of a deadly enemy: his eyes were sunken and blood-shot, and all told of some dreadful conflict within; the wild ferocity of his look fascinated my gaze, and, amid all the terrors of the scene, I could not look from him. As I gazed, a second squall struck the boat, the mast bent over, and, with a loud report like a pistol shot, smashed at the thwart, and fell over, trailing the sail along the milky sea behind us; meanwhile the water washed clean over us, and the boat seemed settling. At this dreadful moment the sailor's eye was bent upon me, his lips parted, and he muttered, as if to himself, "This is to go to sea with a murderer." Oh God! the agony of that moment—the heartfelt and accusing conscience, that I was judged and doomed, that the brand of Cain was upon my brow, that my fellow men had ceased for ever to regard me as a brother, that I was an outcast and a wanderer for ever. I bent forward till my forehead fell upon my knees, and I wept. Meanwhile, the boat flew through the water, and Considine, who alone among us seemed not to lose his presence of mind, unshipped the mast, and sent it overboard. The storm now began to abate, and, as the black mass of clouds broke from around us, we beheld the other boat also dismasted, far behind us, while all on board of her were employed in baling out the water, with which she seemed almost sinking. The curtain of mist that had hidden us from each other no sooner broke, than they ceased their labours for a moment, and, looking towards us, burst forth into a yell, so wild, so savage, and so dreadful, my very heart quailed as its cadence fell upon my ear.

"Safe, my boy," said Considine, clapping me on the shoulder, as he steered the boat forth from its narrow path of danger, and once more reached the broad Shannon; "safe, Charley; though we've had a brush for it." In a minute more we reached the land, and, drawing our gallant little craft on shore, set out for O'Malley Castle.

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## BRIEF LITERARY SKETCHES.

### REMINISCENCES OF FATHER LOONEY.

#### CHAPTER FIRST—FIRST LOVE.

"Nor very few have the days of my sojourn" already been; and although the fancy of anticipating youth once painted in bright colors the honors and ease attendant on age—yet now, from that age, my heart in the loneliness of its years turns to think on that childhood—as if it were the shadows of a dream—and to the friends of its time, as resembling the early spring buds, which, as they

bloom first, are the first to wither. Fifty years are departed since I last played among the hedgy lanes and summer fields of my native village. What change since then! What lights and shades glimmer along that long-spread picture! Here may imagination indeed wander in its greatness, and like the summer bee, unwearied, rove, resting only on those spots that are brightest, and those flowers that are sweetest—for the heart, though it should stifle feeling itself, wishes only to repose on the recollections of some vanished happiness, rather than affliction. But where is that mind soever selfish, or strong in imaginary strength, can resist that strongest tie, that bitterest recollection, or forget, in reality, the withering blight of the heart—when brooding over the wreck of some early and blighted affection—the pining of the spirit for its lost love? Time may sear the thought to such remembrances, but it is only as frost to the tender seedling—the leaf may wither, but the root remains. These are the feelings which harass my bosom's peace, and the burthen of my first reminiscences of youth. Of the few respectable neighbours around our village, none were oftener nor more welcome to my father's house, than O'Finn, the schoolmaster, and his worthy family; as with him my first momentous dole of scholarship commenced. But none, you may think, was more welcome with me than his pretty daughter, little laughing Ellie Finn. To be next her at home or school, on the seat and in the class, was my life's greatest ambition; while to hear her merry voice, and see her bonny face, was enough to atone for all the vicissitudes of school discipline. If I had a puzzling question to solve, then would Ellie's little fingers run like a shadow along the cyphers, and a ready product would win for me the father's approbation; and although in verity I was a dolderhead at learning, yet withal, simply with her continuous assistance, I passed at home and at school as rather a promising lad. Thus sped some of the happiest seasons of my life; when, by the desire of my father, who intended me for the priesthood, I was removed thence to a latin school at some distance. Never will I forget that first grief of childhood—the sage counsels of O'Finn—the shaking of hands, and parting “good byes” of my schoolfellows—the fond and tearful eyes of Ellie, and my own feelings, as I clasped her soft hands in mine, and wept, rather than bid farewell—to all! While with a heart almost broken with the multiplicity of its griefs, I climbed behind my father on the horse, waved my hand back to all, and departed with the images of my companions and Ellie on my heart, the tears of my mother half dried on my cheeks, and her last blessing for her “brave boy” still vibrating on my ears. Half a century is gone since that, but that blessing is not departed, though the heart is cold that framed it. Heaven be her rest! there in no blessing like a mother's.

Three years elapsed before I returned to Hollydell, the residence of my people, my only communications with home during that time being a few visits from my father, when he came with books or clothes for me, and some dozens of letters from my mother. But still there came no news of Ellie, and my heart brooded in secret anxiety after her welfare, and often have I since thought, that it was lest I might be attracted from that for which I was designed, by an affection for Ellie, that I was thus placed beyond the reach of hearing from or seeing her. My day of liberty, at length dawned, and I returned with a little more gravity and latin to Hollydell, but with little more wisdom, otherwise, than when I left it. An evening sun was purpling the far mountains of Ballydun, the white cottages of my native hamlet, and the tall aspen trees of Hollydell when I entered the village. Several of the good people as I stopped to speak to them, could scarcely recognise me as their former “little Bobby,” they said I was so much grown and manlier in my

appearance, since they last saw me. But my old schoolmates were so bashful that they quite disconcerted me, with their formality and respect. How different was the home meeting between my people and me at Hollydell?—I laughed and cried by turns. My father instantly ran to invite his old crony O'Finn to spend the evening, while my poor mother, half crazed with delight, kept looking at me, spreading the tea things and blessing her "brave boy" at the same time, often adding, as if to convince herself of my identity, in the sweet pathos of her native Gaelic, "Aroon avich machree, wuil thu chum." (My beloved son of my heart, are you with me,) to which I would as often answer in the affirmative, "Ish maheen a tha in a vair dheelish machree" (It is I who am with you, beloved mother of my heart.) That evening enjoyment was greatly lessened to me by the absence of Ellie, who, under pretext of headache, remained at home. After tea, however, when I got my mother and Mrs. O'Finn in close conversation, and my father and O'Finn in a weighty tithe discussion, I made all possible haste to visit Ellie. She was indeed unwell, and alone. A wonderful change was visible in her, as perchance in me; she was no more the little rosy girl I had left of twelve; she was much taller, too, and had a sweet, half girlish, half womanish air about her that made me doubly love her; and though it is said that lovers' eyes are deceitful, yet to mine, in reality she appeared much handsomer too than I had ever before seen her. "We must not kiss and tell," says the old adage, but the remembrance of our short meeting remains indelibly on my heart's record, while many a transaction of greater moment, since that time, hath long been forgotten. Oh! how rash, how thoughtless was our affection for each other, loving on without the hopes of ever being united. The few weeks which elapsed between leaving the latin school and departing for Maynooth was spent mostly in her society. The day of my departure at length dawned, and with a sadder heart than ever, once more left Ellie and Hollydell. A few years again of almost constant study toiled slowly past me, during which time I had almost regular correspondence with Ellie; every letter full of love, happiness, and hopes (empty indeed) that by some unforeseen chance, either in my father's views, or fortune's turn, we might yet be united.—These—these are witnesses which rise against me; these are the cups of bitterness—to love! and yet to know it was madness—to hope, and yet to know it was hopeless—to meet, and yet to know we must for life be separated.

My college life was near terminated, when I received from my mother a letter, stating the illness of my father, and desiring me instantly to repair home. The news was terrible, and I could observe the writing blotted in many places, particularly at the end, where her usual blessing for me lay; they were my poor mother's tears; they told me more than all I had read of sorrow, and mine wet the paper also. That night I was on the road to Hollydell, and on the next I was by the bed of my father. Though previously unconscious of all around him, yet, on my entering the apartment he recognised me, and stretched out his pallid arms, as if to embrace his returning child. "Father! Father!" I exclaimed, and fell half senseless beside him, "do you know me?" "Know you," he repeated slowly, while his fading eyes seemed kindling up as he spoke, "Yes, my own Bobby, and I have lived but to see you. Kneel, my child—my moments are but few: I have blessed all, and I must bless you also; but first, you must promise one thing before I die." "Oh! name it, name it, father, and I will." I would have said more, but my lips were speechless. "Then, as you would be a servant of that God to whom I have dedicated you—as you would be the widow's stay—as you would be guiltless of breaking an innocent heart—

you must forget and forsake Ellie—she cannot be yours.” My very brain reeled, as if blasted by the shock; yet I felt its justice. It was too late to falter, and a bitter “Yes,” quivered from my tongue. “Now,” said the dying Christian, “I am happy, and may the blessing of your father’s God be with you and make you happy as I can wish you, and make you a worthy shepherd of his fold—Augh Dieu ith agus a vauria” (God and Mary be with you.) My mother’s sorrowful “Amen,” and that of our pastor, who, unseen by me, had entered as I knelt—thrilled with a melancholy sound through the dim room, as if adding more awfulness to the death-bed circle. While the ceremony of anointing was fulfilled we all left the apartment, except the priest, and, in a few minutes after our return, “The spirit of the just was made perfect”—the scene was indeed finished. With a breaking heart, I may add, that I fulfilled that last injunction, I strove to forget Ellie, and, in a few weeks after my father’s interment, departed for Maynooth, without seeing her. I received only one letter afterwards from her; it contained, alas! only reproaches, and a returned lock of hair (a memento of a brighter day). But had she felt my anguished feelings, and the warring of my heart against my actions, that lock would have been braided with one of hers, and her letter would have been one of forgiveness, rather than upbraiding over the wreck of our first love.

Adelaide, Sept., 1841.

H. H. BLACKHAM.

#### THE MAN WITH FIVE TOES.

SIR CUTAWAY DASHER was formerly what is called “an out and outer”—always in debt, two respectable bail were frequently tendered for his appearance. Look at his hard knuckles. His greatest pride was four fast trotters and a light coach; but one day going too fast, in more senses than one, he was thrown from the box, among six of his creditors. By the fall he smashed his thigh. Amputation soon cleared him of his leg, but his creditors were not so easily cut. After the accident, he found the greatest difficulty in getting into his own house. Some gentle reader will say, “of course, with one leg only;” however, Sir Cutaway found a much greater difficulty. The door was beset with long-standing accounts. He turned away nine footmen, for not discerning the difference between a creditor’s and a money-lender’s knock, and, as a last resource, he caused a report to be spread of his death, by putrid fever, deeply regretted by all who had trusted him. The screwing down his coffin caused an awful screwing up of their visages. This trick did well for a time, but one day, strolling—hopping, I should have said—down St. James’-street, he met his butcher—one of a class of people who have very delicate nerves. The poor calf-hearted fellow staggered home, perfectly terrified. His wife having got the secret from him, of course it became generally known. The fishmonger, a bold sole (soul) who had a fine scent, soon placed our five-toed friend in anything but comfortable, though very secure lodgings. Luckily, next day his papa turned up five toes more than our hero could boast of, and went to “that bourne,” &c., “was gathered to his fathers,” or any other road the reader may please. This event enabled him to cure his *bilious* complaint, and set him on his leg again. As usual, many families have tried their female incumbrances upon him, but the thoughts of pin-money pricks him to the soul, so he has continued a life of single blessedness, and a monument of single-leggedness—supported on five toes—up to this hour.

Gentle reader, if I have not “put my foot in it” too far, you shall hear of me again next month.

N. B.



## THE MONTHLY RECORD, DECEMBER, 1841.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## NEW APPOINTMENTS.

**EMIGRATION BOARD.**—His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint the following gentlemen to be members of a board, to be called the Emigration Board, namely:—G. V. Butler, Esq., Captain 96th regiment, chairman; Wm. Watson, Esq., J.P., David Sutherland, Esq.

**MAGISTRACY.**—The undermentioned gentlemen have been appointed by his Excellency the Governor of New South Wales, to be magistrates of that territory and its dependencies:—Thomas Shuldham O'Halloran, Esq., commissioner of police in this province; Edward John Myre, Esq., resident magistrate, Murray district, in this province.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

**OPERATIONS FOR THE GARDEN FOR DEC.**—Sow carrots, parsnips, and Swedish turnips for a principal crop. Sow French beans and cauliflower. Attend to the melons, cucumbers, &c.; and, in dry weather, water the best sorts. Commence collecting seeds as they ripen. Thin and trim the shoots of peach, nectarine, apricot, and almond trees, and remove the superabundant fruit. This is the proper month for layering evergreens. Free the garden of weeds before they drop their seed.

## USE OF LIME IN PLANTING TREES.

—A large plantation has within the last two or three years been formed without the loss of a single tree, and this has been achieved by a simple process; it is merely putting a small quantity of lime in the hole with the plant. About four bushels of lime will suffice for an acre. It must be thoroughly mixed and incorporated with the mould before the plant is inserted. The effect of lime is to push on the growth of the plant in its first precarious state; new fibres begin to form and ramify from the taproot, and not only the safety insured, but its growth is advanced in double ratio. There existed at first an apprehension that liming the plant would force it on prematurely, and after a season of remarkable growth it would decline as rapidly as it had risen. Experience has removed these fears. The

plants laid in with lime are thriving vigorously in the most exposed situations; and there is no doubt that they will still maintain the superiority over their brethren of the forest.

**GROWTH OF TREES.**—At a late meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, was read a highly interesting and important paper upon the growth and pruning of forest trees, which was clearly illustrated by numerous specimens brought from Holkham, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, showing the advantages of natural over artificial pruning. Having given a general account of the growth of trees, both as solitary individuals and as collective members of forests and plantations, the writer deprecated the use of close-pruning, instancing from the specimens exhibited, that where the excision is made, decay inevitably takes place; and that while nature conceals the wound by forming a fresh wound over it, the unsound portion, about to become the nucleus of future dissolution, is enclosed within the body of the tree; and thus, that which has the outward appearance of firm and healthy timber, may be in such a state of rotteness in the interior as to be incapable of supporting an ordinary weight. This was proved in a communication which he had received from the late Lord Suffield, who mentioned that in some buildings he had erected the rafters had fallen in. Here the inside of the wood was rotten, the marks of the saw being distinctly visible within the sound outside; proving that close pruning had been used. By natural pruning, Mr. Thurtell who read the paper, explained that when the lower branches of a tree had performed the duties assigned to them, they gradually died off; the tree thus, it may be said, pruning itself; and contrary to the effects of close pruning, in this case no decayed wood was imbedded in the new timber, but all was healthy and sound. In conclusion, he begged to call the attention of proprietors of woods and forests to a subject fraught with so much importance, not only as regards the landed interest but our national wealth.

**THE PLANTAIN TREE.**—This tree is much cultivated in the West Indies

and South America, has a soft stem, fifteen or twenty feet high, with several leaves on the summit, and bears a fruit of a pale yellow colour, somewhat shaped like a cucumber, about a foot in length, and two inches thick. The leaves are frequently eight feet long, and more than two feet broad, and are so thin and tender that they are often torn by the wind. The fruit is produced in bunches so large as each to weigh forty pounds and upwards. It is a native of India. To the negroes of the West Indian islands the plantain is an invaluable fruit, and, like bread to the Europeans, is with them denominated the staff of life. In Jamaica alone, many thousand acres are planted with these trees. The fruit is usually gathered before it is ripe, and, after the skin has been peeled off, is roasted for a little while in a clear fire; it is then scraped and eaten as bread, for which it is an excellent substitute. Plantains are sometimes boiled, and eaten with salt meat; they are also cut into slices and fried, pounded, and made into puddings, and used in various other ways. Horses, cattle, swine, and other domestic animals, are fattened with them. When ripe they may be eaten raw, and, in this state, they have somewhat the taste of a ripe pear. The leaves of the plantain-tree, being soft and smooth, are sometimes employed as dressings after blisters; and, when green, are used as feed for hogs. They are also used for mats and other purposes. The vegetation of this tree is so rapid that if a line of thread be drawn across, and on a level with the top of one of the leaves, when it begins to expand, it will be seen, in the course of an hour to have grown nearly an inch.

**THE BANANA.**—This is a valuable plant, which now grows in the West Indies and other tropical countries, and has leaves about six feet in length, and a foot broad in the middle; and fruit four or five inches long, and about the shape of a cucumber. It is supposed to be a native of Guinea. When ripe, the banana is an agreeable fruit, with a soft and luscious pulp; and is frequently introduced in desserts in the West Indies. The Spaniards have a superstitious dislike to cut this fruit across; they always slice it from end to end,

because, in the former case, the section presents an imaginary resemblance to the instruments of our Saviour's crucifixion. The banana is sometimes fried in slices as fritters. If the pulp of this fruit be squeezed through a fine sieve, it may be formed into small loaves, which, after having been properly dried may be kept for a great length of time.

**MILLET.**—A small yellowish seed of a grassy plant, with large and compact stalks which rise to the height of seven or eight feet, and is much cultivated in several parts of India and Africa. In some countries millet seed is ground into flour and converted into bread; but this is brown and heavy. It is, however, useful in other respects as food, and is an excellent seed for poultry. A good vinegar has been made from it, by fermentation; and on distillation, it yields a strong spirit. Millet seed is imported into this country from the East Indies, for the purpose chiefly of puddings; by many persons, it is preferred to rice. The stalks, if subjected to the same process that is adopted with the sugar-cane, yield a sweet juice, from which an excellent kind of sugar may be made.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

##### BIRTHS.

At the Hermitage, on the Liltte Para, on the 13th Nov. last, the lady of Thos. Williams, Esq., of a daughter.

At Rundle-street, on the 29th Nov. last, the lady of John R. Harris, Esq., of a daughter.

##### MARRIAGE.

At Trinity Church, on the 2nd Nov., by the Rev. C. B. Howard, Andrew Murray, Esq., merchant, Hindley-st., to Jessie, eldest daughter of David Spence, Esq., Town Clerk, Adelaide.

##### DEATHS.

At North Adelaide, on the 9th Nov. last, aged 4 months, George, only son of G. H. Bernard, Esq., chief clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office.

At his house, Walkerville, on the 19th Nov. last, James Simpson, Esq., formerly of Glasgow.

At Paisley, N. Britain, on the 27th May last, in the 16th year of her age, Mary Anne, daughter of Robert Farquharson of Allargue, Esquire, the beloved niece of Mrs. Smillie, North Adelaide.