

and dizzy; but when I did extend my gaze—Heavens! what a goodly prospect spread around, the unbroken outline of hills as it gracefully sunk, one swelling promontory after another towards the west, disclosing the bright waters of Gulf St. Vincent.

Crossing the range, we again came to a valley, whose long course of deep ravines terminated in the open expanse of plains to the northward, where Torrens issues from the hills, and where, in the high horizon the snake-like outline of Port Adelaide stretches itself sluggishly to the sea. Nothing loath, we here paused awhile, and feeling at how small an expense of toil, and large amount of pleasure we had attained our then position, the reflection was then suggested, how much we were debtors to the science and judiciously applied art which had obviated the rugged obstacles that were formerly all but a barrier to this approach. Afterwards, we pursued the pathway along the range leading through the stringy bark forest, where a succession of scenes of alternate grandeur and wild gloom, seemed to identify us with the Sierra Morena of Cervantes, till again leaving the devious path, we rejoined the road, which by easy descent led into the open, smiling Robin Hood-like woodlands of Mount Barker.

Perhaps there is no peculiar feature belonging to the picturesque in South Australia more winning than the absence of the new look, so cold and repulsive in the aspect of the recently erected farm-house or villa in the old country. There, one was apt to commiserate the good man who had largely expended in building a house and laying off pleasure grounds; for the conviction was derived from experience that he would pass away, and another be reigning in his stead, before his hobby came to maturity, or attained to any considerable beauty; like the projector of some great design, his had been the care, harassment, and trouble, those coming after him reaping the advantages and enjoying the honors. Here, a house seems to occupy the niche it was destined to fill, and being surrounded by the growth of ages, participates in the dignity of the scene surrounding it; a little judicious felling and pruning, and you have at once your park and your lawn. In the choicest parts of England, twenty or thirty years would scarce secure such results as are now to be enjoyed at Echunga, the interesting residence of John Barton Hack, Esquire.

Many of the names given to properties laying near the base of Mount Barker, indicate the national predilections of the Scotch; Glensloy, Craigdarroch, Nairne, Balhannah, Strathalbyn, &c., harmonise well with the style of scenery, and the description of cultivation carried on with spirited enterprise and most flattering success; so that you question not the taste which led them to depart from native names and resort to former associations.

At Captain Davidson's hospitable and well-ordered home we rested, to recover from the fatigues of our more desultory route; and there I acquired information and notions of good management, which I intend shall be valuable and useful to me many days hence.

We had been kindly entreated by two young friends engaged in surveying these upland roads and districts, to visit them at their tents. Highly esteeming both, we gladly diverged a little from our route,

to interrupt their solitude, and, for a brief space, enjoy their society. These young gentlemen are pleasing examples of what constitutes being a law to themselves. Living the greater portion of their time remote from society, less energetic minds would consider themselves beyond its pale. There is not in their manner or habits the slightest approach to laying down the usages and proper restraints, the proprieties and decorum of well-regulated life. Under such circumstances, you will easily imagine how agreeable a re-union with such friends proved. Their drawings, books, &c., were produced for my amusement, and as both with the pen and pencil they occasionally soar into the regions of fancy, few drawing-rooms boast scrap-books more pleasing and interesting than were these productions—not of idleness and ease—but of moments snatched in the intervals of responsible duty, and the result of systematically seeking to restore the over fatigued body by working the mind, and exercising the intellect.

Do you remember, in our nursery days, like Desdemona's, our mother had a maid called Barbara, and he she loved proved bad. Well! with the said Barbara I have had an unexpected and strange rencounter, which I shall take another opportunity to narrate to you.

In the meantime, we are again restored to the vicinity of town life; and even remote as is the scene, and faint the sounds of the jingling of folly's cap and bells which falls on my dull ear, I feel they shall be more distasteful than ever.

Thine where-e'er

JANE MAY.

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LINES..

ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF E. O. PHILCOX, ESQ.

Sweet bud of promise! art thou, too, laid low,  
 Like the sweet flower from which thy being sprung?  
 Couldst thou not tarry mid these scenes of woe,  
 To soothe the hearts so late with anguish rung?  
 O, tell us, child of purity and light!  
 What visions fair rose o'er thy tranquil sleep—  
 A lovely form arranged in virgin white,  
 Which won thy spirit, beautiful and meek?  
 And whose sweet voice among the joyous throng,  
 Fell on thine ear, like music o'er the deep,  
 When first it caught the burst of glorious song  
 From the redeemed, like thee, who no more weep?  
 Was it not her's, whose sun went down at noon—  
 Whose stream of life was stemmed at its full gush;  
 And we exclaimed—too soon, alas! too soon;  
 Till the small voice we heard your murmurs hush?  
 Can those you love too soon be sheltered where  
 No more is felt the dusk'ning reign of sin;  
 But garbs of perfect holiness they wear,  
 And all is love, and joy, and peace within?  
 Rest, beauteous babe! beside thy parent stem,  
 Beneath the blossoms of the wattle tree;  
 To earth thou'rt lost, but heaven has gain'd a gem  
 Shall shine undimmed to all eternity!

January, 1842.

LANTHE.

## THE GERMANS AT HHANSDORF.

As settlers in a new country, the Germans (or more properly speaking, the Prussians), are decidedly the best description of persons to undertake the hardships, and to brave the privations which all new colonies are at first subject to. There appears to be no set of people possessed of more inestimable qualities—patience and endurance—in a higher degree, than these. From morn till eve are they to be seen toiling with the same unwearied industry; nought baffles their slow but steady course of labour; and, accustomed as we have been, to see our own countrymen's unsteady isolated exertions in the same line, the sight of these poor people, the Prussians, gives us a redoubled pleasure.

I take for my picture the little village of Hhansdorf; and it may be, perhaps, not uninteresting to those of my readers fond of the haunts of virtue and modesty, to allow me to venture a little into detail.

To those who have not seen that truly rural and pretty spot, I may just mention, that it is situated on the high road to Mount Barker and the Lake; distant from Adelaide about eighteen miles, and is watered by a little stream which falls into the Onkaparinga. It occupies about two hundred and forty acres, mostly good land, the deposit of the surrounding hills, and is bounded on all sides with a thick forest of stringy bark. It contains about three hundred inhabitants. The appearance of the cottages, which are all of a very foreign air, and the neat and sprightly gardens adjoining, when contrasted with the dark and sombre masses of foliage of the neighbouring woods, have an extremely picturesque effect. Though the people themselves are of a sedate aspect, still there is around everything a certain air of lightness, cleanliness, and neatness, that at once catches the attention.

In the centre of the village is the kirk or church, in which divine service is held much more frequently than in any of ours. Scarcely a day passes but some of the people repair to the place of worship, either early in the morning, or in the evening after their work, for the purposes of returning thanksgiving to the Supreme Ruler and Protector, in this foreign land; a truly excellent system, and in which lies one of the elements of their prosperity. And there is nothing more touching, more simple, even to the careless passer by, than the sound of their voices mingled in sacred song as they rise and fall upon the ear. All is foreign as well as pleasing; and even these humble people appear to have that natural and correct taste for music which characterises the higher classes of their countrymen. All is simplicity and earnestness; and I might say that one can almost detect the strains of earnest sincerity breathing through their holy chaunts.

We can with pleasure dwell on this the more, seeing that there is perfect consistency in every thing that either precedes or follows. Here we have none of the rant and profession of some of those sects whose zeal for the moment in religion is often the exact precursor of equally zealous devotion to its opposites afterwards.

In every instance, as far as morality goes, we could scarcely derive a better example. And as for industry, perseverance, and steadiness,

they are also to be envied as well as admired. Besides this, there is also another good quality among them, which is strict union and co-operation in almost everything they undertake; which, as it is needless to remark, tends vastly to promote their individual welfare; and if copied by us would be the means of advancing our interests too.

And to conclude this sketch, which may seem prejudiced in favor of these foreigners by persons not well acquainted with, or inattentive of their habits, but which in reality is under their deserts—I shall add one more feature in their characters—*Contentment*—on every face you may read that word. Dissatisfaction appears unknown among them. If any in the lower classes of life have claims to happiness, it is the Germans at the peaceful hamlet of Hhansdorf. N. R. F.

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#### AN AUSTRALIAN SCENE.

The orb of day had spread his vest  
Of crimson o'er the glowing west,  
As I approached a former wild,  
A spot where sweet content now smil'd;  
And there a scene—to me more dear  
Than sights of grandeur ever were—  
That my fixed look of deep delight,  
For all around that spot was bright.

The furrowed brow which told of care,  
The parent's pride that triumphed there,  
Proved well that 'twas a father's eye  
Which rested on his loved ones nigh:  
Beside him sat, with matron grace,  
One in whose look I well could trace  
The kind and ever gentle mate,  
Who linked, in youth, with her his fate.  
Like olive branches round them spread,  
Rose many a fair and youthful head—  
Some with a book, or else a toy,  
Tasting of bliss without alloy,  
Masking their smiles with some intent,  
Awhile my thoughts on them were bent,  
Till soft low sounds fell on my ear,  
Proceeding from a youthful pair.

One was a maiden, o'er whose head  
Some eighteen summers scarce had fled,  
Whose eyes, though held in mild control,  
Spoke well the language of her soul,  
To him who basked but in her smile,  
Whose love for her was free from guile,  
Of late arrived from Erin's shore  
To make her his, and roam no more.  
May heaven bless that youthful pair,  
And be a friend in trouble near,  
Should thorns obstruct their flow'ry way,  
Or tempests cloud their summer day;  
And doubly bless'd be all that toil,  
To render dear this stranger soil:  
That pure love and a peaceful breast  
May on Australia's bosom rest.

LANTHE.

## CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE RETURN.

O'MALLEY Castle lay about four miles from the spot we landed at, and thither accordingly we bent our steps without loss of time. We had not, however, proceeded far when, before us on the road, we perceived a mixed assemblage of horse and foot, hurrying along at a tremendous rate. The mob, which consisted of some hundred country people, were armed with sticks, scythes, and pitchforks, and, although not preserving any very military aspect in their order of march, were still a force quite formidable enough to make us call a halt, and deliberate upon what we were to do.

"They've out-flanked us, Charley," said Considine; "however, all is not yet lost; but see they've got sight of us—here they come."

At these words, the vast mass before us came pouring along, splashing the mud on every side, and huzzaing like so many Indians. In the front ran a bare-legged boy, waving his cap to encourage the rest, who followed him at about fifty yards behind.

"Leave that fellow for me," said the Count, coolly examining the lock of his pistol; "I'll pick him out, and load again in time for his friends' arrival. Charley, is that a gentleman I see far back in the crowd?—yes, to be sure it is; he's on a large horse—now he's pressing forward, so let—no—oh—ay—it's Godfrey O'Malley himself, and these are our own people." Scarcely were the words out when a tremendous cheer arose from the multitude, who recognising us at the same instant, sprung from their horses and ran forward to welcome us. Among the foremost was the scarecrow leader, whom I at once perceived to be poor Patsey, who, escaping in the morning, had returned at full speed to O'Malley Castle, and raised the whole country to my rescue. Before I could address one word to my faithful followers, I was in my uncle's arms.

"Safe, my boy, quite safe?"

"Quite safe, sir."

"No scratch anywhere?"

"Nothing but a hat the worse, sir," said I, showing the two bullet holes in my head-piece.

His lip quivered as he turned and whispered something into Considine's ear which I heard not; but the Count's reply was, "Devil a bit, as cool as you see him this minute."

"And Bodkin, what of him?"

"This day's work's his last," said Considine; "the ball entered here; but come along, Godfrey; Charley's new at this kind of thing, and we had better discuss matters in the house."

Half-an-hour's brisk trot—for we were soon supplied with horses—brought us back to the castle, much to the disappointment of our cortege, who had been promised a *scrimmage*, and went back in very ill humour at the breach of contract.

The breakfast-room, as we entered, was filled with my uncle's supporters, all busily engaged over poll-books, and booth-tallies, in pre-

paration for the eventful day of battle. These, however, were immediately thrown aside to hasten round me, and inquire all the details of my duel. Considine, happily for me, however, assumed all the dignity of an historian, and recounted the events of the morning, so much to my honour and glory, that I, who only a little before felt crushed and bowed down by the misery of my late duel, began, amidst the warm congratulations and eulogiums about me, to think I was no small hero; and, in fact, something very much resembling "the Man for Galway." To this feeling a circumstance that followed assisted in contributing; while we were eagerly discussing the various results likely to arise from the meeting, a horse galloped rapidly to the door, and a loud voice called out, "I can't get off, but tell him to come here." We rushed out and beheld Captain Malowney, Mr. Bodkin's second, covered with mud from head to foot, and his horse reeking with foam and sweat. "I am hurrying on to Athlone for another doctor; but I've called to tell you that the wound is not supposed to be mortal—he may recover yet." Without waiting for another word, he dashed spurs into his nag, and rattled down the avenue at full gallop. Mr. Bodkin's dearest friend on earth could not have received the intelligence with more delight, and I now began to listen to the congratulations of my friends with a more tranquil spirit. My uncle, too, seemed much relieved by the information, and heard with great good temper my narrative of the few days at Gurt-na-morra. "So then," said he, as I concluded, "my opponent at least is a gentleman; that is a comfort."

"Sir George Dashwood," said I, "from all I have seen, is a remarkably nice person, and I am certain you will meet with only the fair and legitimate opposition of an opposing candidate in him—no mean or unmanly subterfuge."

"All right, Charley; well, now, your affair of this morning must keep you quiet here for a few days, come what will; by Monday next, when the election takes place, Bodkin's fate will be pretty clear, one way or the other, and, if matters go well, you can come into town; otherwise, I have arranged with Considine to take you over to the Continent for a year or so; but we'll discuss all this in the evening. Now, I must start on a canvass. Boyle expects to meet you at dinner to-day; he is coming from Athlone on purpose. Now, good bye."

When my uncle had gone I sank into a chair and fell into a musing fit over all the changes a few hours had wrought in me. From a mere boy, whose most serious employment was stocking the house with game, or inspecting the kennel, I had sprung at once into man's estate, was complimented for my coolness, praised for my prowess, lauded for my discretion, by those who were my seniors by nearly half a century; talked to in a tone of confidential intimacy by my uncle, and, in a word, treated in all respects as an equal—and such was all the work of a few hours. But so it is, the eras in life are separated by a narrow boundary; some trifling accident, some casual rencontre impels us across the Rubicon, and we pass from infancy to youth—from youth to manhood—from manhood to age—less by the

slow and imperceptible step of time than by some decisive act or passion, which, occurring at a critical moment, elicits a long latent feeling, and impresses our existence with a colour that tinges it for many a long year. As for me, I had cut the tie which bound me to the careless gaiety of boyhood, with a rude gash. In three short days I had fallen deeply, desperately in love, and had wounded, if not killed, an antagonist in a duel. As I meditated on these things, I was aroused by a noise of horses' feet in the yard beneath. I opened the window, and beheld no less a person than Captain Hammersley. He was handing a card to a servant, which he was accompanying by a verbal message; the impression of something like hostility on the part of the Captain, had never left my mind; and I hastened down stairs just in time to catch him as he turned from the door.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley!" said he, in a most courteous tone, "they told me you were not at home."

I apologised for the blunder, and begged of him to alight and come in.

"I thank you very much; but, in fact, my hours are now numbered here, I have just received an order to join my regiment; we have been ordered for service, and Sir George has most kindly permitted my giving up my staff appointment. I could not, however, leave the country without shaking hands with you. I owe you a lesson in horsemanship, and I'm only sorry that we are not to have another day together."

"Then, you are going out to the Peninsula?" said I.

"Why, we hope so; the Commander-in-chief, they say, is in great want of cavalry, and we scarcely less in want of something to do. I'm sorry you are not coming with us."

"Would to heaven I were," said I, with an earnestness that almost made my brain start.

"Then why not?"

"Unfortunately, I am peculiarly situated. My worthy uncle, who is all to me in the world, would be quite alone if I were to leave him; and, although he has never said so, I know he dreads the possibility of my suggesting such a thing to him; so that, between his fears and mine, the matter is never broached by either party, nor do I think ever can be."

"Devilish hard—but I believe you are right; something, however, may turn up yet to alter his mind, and, if so, and if you do take to dragooning, don't forget, George Hammersley will be always most delighted to meet you, and so good bye, O'Malley, good bye."

He turned his horse's head and was already some paces off, when he returned to my side, and added in a lower tone of voice—

"I ought to mention to you that there has been much discussion on your affair at Blake's table, and only one opinion on the matter among all parties—that you acted perfectly right. Sir George Dashwood—no mean judge of such things—quite approves of your conduct, and I believe wishes you to know as much, and now, once more good bye."

## CHAPTER X.—THE ELECTION.

THE important morning at length arrived; and, as I looked from my bed-room window at day break, the crowd of carriages of all sorts and shapes, decorated with banners and placards; the incessant bustle; the hurrying hither and thither; the cheering as each new detachment of voters came up, mounted on jaunting cars or on horses, whose whole caparison consisted in a straw rope for a bridle and a saddle of the same frail material; all informed me that the election day was come. I lost no further time, but proceeded to dress with all possible despatch. When I appeared in the breakfast room it was already filled with some seventy or eighty persons of all ranks and ages, mingled confusedly together, and enjoying the hospitable fare of my uncle's house, while they discussed all the details and prospects of the election. In the hall—the library—the large drawing-room, too, similar parties were also assembled, and, as new comers arrived, the servants were busy in preparing tables before the door and up the large terrace that ran the entire length of the building. Nothing could be more amusing than the incongruous mixture of the guests, who, with every variety of estates that chance or inclination provided, were thus thrown into close contact, having only this in common, the success of the cause they were engaged in. Here was the old Galway squire with an ancestry that reached to Noah, sitting side by side with the poor cottier, whose whole earthly possession was what, in Irish phrase, is called a "potato garden," meaning the exactly smallest possible patch of ground out of which a very Indian-rubber conscience could presume to vote. Here sat the old simple minded farmer-like man, in close conversation with a little white-forheaded, keen-eyed personage, in a black coat and eye-glass—a flash attorney from Dublin, learned in flaws of the registry, and deep in the subtleties of election law. There was an Athlone horse-dealer, whose habitual daily practices in imposing the halt, the lame, and the blind upon the unsuspecting, for beasts of blood and mettle, well qualified him for the trickery of a county contest. Then there were scores of squireen gentry, easily recognised on common occasions by a green coat with brass buttons, dirty cords; and dirtier top-boots, a lash-whip, and a half-bred fox-hound; but now, fresh washed for the day, they presented something of the appearance of a swell mob, adjusted to the meridian of Galway. A mass of frieze-coated, brown-faced, bullet-headed peasantry filling up the large spaces, dotted here and there with a sleek, roguish-eyed priest, or some low electioneering agent, detailing, for the amusement of the country, some of those cunning practices of former times, which if known to the proper authorities, would, in all likelihood, cause the talented narrator to be improving the soil of Sydney, or fishing on the banks of the Swan River, while, at the head and foot of each table, sat some personal friend of my uncle, whose ready tongue, and still readier pistol, made him a personage of some consequence not more to his own people, than to the enemy. While of such matériel were the company, the fare before them was no less varied; here some rubicund squire was deep in amalgamating the contents of a venison pasty with some



of Sneyd's oldest claret; his neighbour, less ambitious and less erudite in such matters, was devouring rashers of bacon, with liberal potations of poteen; some pale-cheeked scion of the law, with all the dust of the Four Courts in his throat, was sipping his humble beverage of black tea, beside four sturdy cattle-dealers, from Ballinasloe, who were discussing hot whiskey punch and *spoleaion* (boiled beef) at the very primitive hour of eight in the morning. Amid the clank of decanters, the crash of knives and plates, the jingling of glasses, the laughter and voices of the guests were audibly increasing, and the various modes of "running a buck," (anglicè, substituting a vote,) or hunting a badger, were talked over on all sides, while the price of a *veal* (a calf) or a voter was disputed with all the energy of debate.

Refusing many an offered place, I went through the different rooms, in search of Considine, to whom circumstances of late had somehow greatly attached me.

"Here, Charley," cried a voice I was very familiar with; "here's a place I've been keeping for you."

"Ah, Sir Harry, how do you do? Any of that grouse-pie to spare?"

"Abundance, my boy; but I'm afraid I ca'n't say as much for the liquor; I have been shouting for claret this half hour in vain—do get us some nutriment down here, and the Lord will reward you. What a pity it is," he added, in a lower tone to his neighbour; "what a pity a quart bottle won't hold a quart; but I'll bring it before the House one of these days." That he kept his word in this respect, a motion on the books of the Honorable House will bear me witness.

"Is this it?" said he, turning to a farmer-like old man, who had put some question to him across the table; "is it the apple-pie you'll have?"

"Many thanks to your honor—I'd like it av it was wholesome."

"And why shouldn't it be wholesome?" said Sir Harry.

"Troth then, myself does not know; but my father, I heerd tell, died of an apple-plexy, and I'm afeerd of it."

I at length found Considine, and learned, that as a very good account of Bodkin had arrived, there was no reason why I should not proceed to the hustings; but I was secretly charged not to take any prominent part in the day's proceedings. My uncle I only saw for an instant—he begged me to be careful, avoid all scrapes, and not to quit Considine. It was past ten o'clock when our formidable procession got under way, and headed towards the town of Galway. The road was, for miles, crowded with our followers; banners flying and music playing, we presented something of the spectacle of a very ragged army on its march. At every cross-road a mountain path reinforcement awaited us, and, as we wended along, our numbers were momentarily increasing; here and there along the line, some energetic and not over sober adherent was regaling his auditory with a speech in laudation of the O'Malleys since the days of Moses, and more than one priest was heard threatening the terrors of his church in aid of a cause to whose success he was pledged and bound. I rode beside the Count, who, surrounded by a group of choice spirits, recounted the

various happy inventions by which he had on divers occasions substituted a personal quarrel for a contest. Boyle also contributed his share of election anecdote, and one incident he related, which, I remember, amused me much at the time.

"Do you remember Billy Calvert that came down to contest Kilkenny?" inquired Sir Harry.

"What! ever forget him!" said Considine, "with his well-powdered wig, and his hessians. There never was his equal for lace ruffles nor rings."

"You never heard, may be, how he lost the election?"

"He resigned, I believe, or something of that sort."

"No, no," said another; "he never came forward at all; there's some secret in it, for Tom Butler was elected without a contest."

"Jack, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on my way up from Cork, having finished my own business, and just carried the day, not without a push for it. When we reached—Lady Mary was with me—when we reached Kilkenny, the night before the election, I was not ten minutes in town till Butler heard of it, and sent off express to see me; I was at my dinner when the messenger came, and promised to go over when I'd done; but, faith, Tom didn't wait, but came rushing up stairs himself, and dashed into the room in the greatest hurry.

"'Harry,' says he, 'I'm done for; the corporation of free smiths, that were always above bribery, having voted for myself and my father before, for four pound ten a man, won't come forward under six guineas and whiskey. Calvert has the money; they know it—the devil a farthing we have; and we've been paying all our fellows that can't read in Hennessy's notes, and you know the bank's broke this three weeks.'

"On he went, giving me a most disastrous picture of his cause, and concluded by asking if I could suggest any thing under the circumstances."

"'You couldn't get a decent mob and clear the poll?'"

"'I am afraid not,' said he, despondingly.

"'Then I don't see what's to be done; if you can't pick a fight with himself—will he go out?'"

"'Lord knows; they say he's so afraid of that, that it has prevented him coming down to the very day; but he is arrived now; he came in the evening, and is stopping at Walsh's, in Patrick-street.'

"'Then I'll see what can be done,' said I.

"'Is that Calvert, the little man that blushes when the Lady Lieutenant speaks to him?' said Lady Mary.

"'The very man.'

"'Would it be of any use to you if he could not come on the hustings to-morrow?' said she again.

"'I would gain us the day; half the voters don't believe he's here at all, and his chief agent cheated all the people on the last election, and if Calvert didn't appear, he wouldn't have ten voters to register. But why do you ask?'"

"'Why, that, if you like, I'll bet you a pair of diamond ear-rings he shan't show.'