

THE  
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN  
MAGAZINE.

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ADDRESS FROM THE FORMER TO THE PRESENT  
EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

MR EDITOR.—In stepping down from the platform on which I have been exhibiting for the last twelve months and upwards, I am reminded of a village orator, who once paused in the middle of his harangue, and cried out lustily to some who were smiling at the homeliness of his address, "If you think you can do better, come up and try."

I do not, Mr Editor, suppose you amenable to the latent reproof conveyed in this homely appeal; on the other hand, I believe you to be anxious, as far as possible, to soften down the shock, which will necessarily be given to a "gentle and indulgent public," by my sudden and unexpected "warning to quit;" and yet, in thus yielding to the force of circumstances, it will not, perhaps, be too much to say, and that too in a tone of confident assurance, that you will be able to "do better, if you try."

In addressing you thus plainly on your new undertaking, I abnegate none of my claims to a first attempt at breaking up the fallow ground of periodical literature in this Province; nor do I suppose you such a conjurer as to be about to steal a march upon

the public as the *ne plus ultra* in this department of literary labor; and yet, from your more abundant opportunities of providing such a monthly bill of fare, as will prove provocative to the literary appetite of your readers, you may, I am sure, without any infringement upon that modesty, so peculiar to authors and editors, start with the declaration—"All that my predecessor has *promised*, that, and much more, will I *do*."

To none of the professions does the light literature of Great Britain owe greater obligations at the present day, than to that to which it is your honor to belong; as witness, the celebrated author of the "Diary of a Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year"—the facetious writer of "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley, or the Irish Dragoon," and a long list of others too numerous to be mentioned. Whether this arises from the more frequent opportunities gentlemen of the medical profession have of observing society under its different phases, or whether it is to be attributed to the greater anxiety in their literary lucubrations to act up to that maxim of the wise man, in which he says—"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it is hardly worth while to enquire, but as the following passage, which smells much of the laboratory, occurs somewhere or other in the writings of my Lord Bacon, and is moreover not very foreign to the nature of your future engagements, I may, perhaps, as well quote it, and that, too, at full length. "It were too long," saith this oracle of inductive philosophy, "to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all diseases of the mind, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exuberations thereof, and the like; and to conclude with that which hath *rationem totius*, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation."

Now, all that you have to do with the above, is to substitute for the little word "learning," the euphonious title of this little periodical—"THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE"—and proceed to make it, not only a cure for "all the wounds and exuberations of the mind," as Bacon has it, but a positive substitute for all the "balsams," "heal-alls," "remedies for the afflicted and dis-

tressed," and other nostrums palmed from time to time upon the public, nay, more, an absolute specific against all drowsiness, languor, depression of spirits, and every other feeling which abnegates pleasantry, or interferes with "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy." In your capabilities for this task, I have the fullest confidence, but you will not take it ill, if I remind you, that the continuance and extent of your practice will mainly depend upon the degree in which you adapt yourself to the whims and humours of your patients—antiphlogistic treatment being eschewed as much as possible, and especially in connexion with the most numerous portion of your fair readers—the gentle alterative system being in most cases to be preferred, inasmuch as it neither involves the swallowing of nauseous and distasteful drugs on the one hand, nor the adoption of violent remedies on the other, but leaves the patient at liberty to take a little "nutritious aliment," including, of course, as far as this can be predicated of South Australia, a slight taste of "all the delicacies of the season." Adopting this plan, you will in some degree have to convert your laboratory into a restaureteur, but depend upon it, a "gentle public," for whom you are now to cater in another form, will much prefer the supporting and restorative plan of treatment to that of habitual depletion.

Judging from my own experience in the practice of your new art, one of the greatest difficulties with which you will have to contend, will be that of knowing what to do with the numerous aspirants for literary fame, who will be crowding with their dishes to spread out on your monthly table. A tight hand, and a stiff rein, will have to be kept over the necks of your correspondents, as witness the budget already handed to you—

"Lest blockheads with their scrawls abound,  
As if they ne'er before had found  
An open door to fame."

At the same time, considerations arising out of our novel position, and out of the desirableness of encouraging every incipient effort to create a periodical literature of our own, will necessarily make you less chary, in your selection of articles, than might, perhaps be necessary, in a more advanced state of society—the *omnivore*

maw of a "gentle public," so justly compared, somewhere or other, to an insatiable whale, which always pants with open jaws,

"And after meals is hungrier than before"—

being by no means nice, so that you provide constantly a something new, and tolerably passable. To change the figure, a greediness for novelty will, to a certain extent, swallow up every other feeling, children of a larger, as well as of a smaller growth, being fond of a magic lantern, and being ordinarily disposed to pay well for it, but always wanting new figures. In this respect, to change the figure again, I anticipate great progress in your attempts to draw forth the capabilities of a virgin soil, the labors of your predecessor having been principally confined to the first turning over of a hitherto unbroken sod, and to the gathering in of a few stray ears of corn, as yet unacclimatised, and both as to quantity and quality, admitting of no comparison with that glorious golden harvest, which it will yet, I trust, be yours to reap.

I must not, however, carry this matter farther, or I shall feel that "tight rein" upon my own neck, which I have recommended for the necks of others. As it respects myself, however, there is this one advantage, I am an old stager on the road, and, from much of the metal having been taken out of me, am always ready to stop upon the first pressure of the bit. With what title to dignify the foregoing—that is, supposing you print it—I hardly know, having begun it without a plan, and ended it without scarcely being able to tell what is its object. Complimentary you will hardly consider it—congratulatory it is not—and of the didactic, perhaps, it partakes no more, than it does of the garrulous. Take it, if you will, therefore, as it is really intended, as the overflowings of a heart big with desire for your future success in your new undertaking, and willing to become a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water" in furthering your object, and call it by whatever name you please. "An Address from the former to the present Editor" would, perhaps, be as good a title as any upon which you could fix, but this must be left entirely to yourself.

At any time my services may be needed, you have only to command them, and they shall not be withheld. Hitherto, it has been my policy to maintain a profound silence, and let others sound

abroad their fame, but now that the management is taken out of my hands, I hope to be indulged with an occasional blast of your trumpet.

North Adelaide, Sept. 12th, 1842.

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THE COQUETTE.

Young Lucy was a perfect Grace—  
As fair a maid as fair could be ;  
And yet her loveliness of face  
Could never hide her faults from me.

For tho' I thought her Beauty's pearl—  
A gem both exquisite and rare—  
Too soon she proved (the wayward girl)  
That maids are false as well as fair.

To Heroes of the Land and Sea,  
Of blue-coat and of red-coat fame,  
Lucy was kind as kind could be,  
And each for Lucy own'd a flame.

Army and Navy thus enthrall'd,  
Pert Lucy laughed at all their pains,  
And, bent on conquest, quickly call'd  
The grave professions to her chains.

Poor Physic fell an easy prey—  
Caught in the meshes of a jig ;  
And Law, perforce of Ecarté,  
Laid at her feet his gown and wig.

Divinity, thc' last not least,  
Was silly caught in Lucy's snares ;  
Two Bishops and a burly priest  
Fell in her trammels unawares.

Ye Gods ! what storms of hopes and sighs,  
Reproaches, jealousies, and fears,  
Devotions to her lips and eyes,  
Set all her lovers by the ears.

A merry sight it was to see  
Fair Lucy lead her vassal train,  
Where not a soul but seem'd to be,  
And thought himself her favor'd swain.

At length to Lucy's great dismay  
The loving throng decreased apace ;  
The ranks grew thinner every day,  
And none fill'd up a vacant place.

Year followed year in Lucy's life,  
'Till reason forc'd her to discover  
That no man woo'd her for a wife,  
Tho' every man had been her lover.

Lucy reform'd ; but ah ! too late ;  
For what can slighted virgins do,  
But bow submissive to their fate,  
And still be maids at forty-two !

## ON THE DESTRUCTION OF NOXIOUS INSECTS.—No. I.

A necessary act incurs no blame.

The sum is this: if man's convenience, health,  
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.

COWPER.

THIS is a subject of much importance in a newly formed colony, where the foreign insects, which are constantly increasing, being unavoidably conveyed in a variety of ways from other countries, combine with those native to this island to destroy our property, or annoy us by attacks upon ourselves. The insects *imported* to the colony are likely to prove by far the most troublesome (for, except in a few instances, we have not much to fear at present from the indigenous species), especially when they begin to increase, and are nourished by the gentle warmth of our climate, which is never likely to check their propensities.

In England, authorities are easily obtained, professing to give means for the destruction of almost every insect that is known to prove a bar to the progress of science, art, or commerce; but these will be found, not collected in any condensed form, but scattered throughout a variety of works—making the information thereby obtained necessarily very incomplete—and it is not easy to find any treating solely of this subject.

My intention, in the following numbers, is to collect from time to time all the best authenticated methods—or, at any rate, those most reasonable in their hopes of success—that have been attempted for destroying noxious insects, the remedies to repair the injuries occasioned by them, or the modes for resisting their attacks both on person and property.\* I was desirous to give all the notices of this kind that I could collect of each species or class, at one time; but, considering the new propositions which will constantly arise, together with those now attempted in the colonies for the extirpation of insect plagues, I found it would be impossible. I must therefore make a summary of the whole when the subject has been noticed to a reasonable extent.

Each of these modes of destruction was no doubt considered infallible at the time of its first adoption, and there are many that have proved highly beneficial: of these, some are now in general use, while others have been forgotten—let it be my object to revive them. The inventors of the greater part of those of long standing, or even of much practical utility, it has been thought needless to mention; I shall, consequently, only in a few instances give the sources from which they are derived, applying to them such remarks as may seem applicable or relating to the interests or entomology of this southern part of Australia. Several

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\* For this purpose I shall lay under contribution about 200 volumes.

of these notices may again have been long known to the few, but the greater part never to the many.

An occasional number will be offered, but at uncertain periods; the intention being principally to bring forward those that may seem most useful or necessary at the time; and doubtless, ere long, opportunities will not be wanting to give those a trial that are not yet known in the colony; and when any method has been found more efficacious than others, foreign countries may also reap the benefit.

**TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS.**—One mode of destroying caterpillars has been discovered by accident. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush, and when taken out, was found covered by these leaf-devouring insects. Pieces of woollen cloth were immediately placed on every bush in the garden, and next day the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way thousands were destroyed every morning.

No native species of the gregarious caterpillars, except the feeders on the gum tree, is common here; but those imported may soon render the trial of this experiment necessary. It has been stated that the common cabbage caterpillar (*Pontia Brassicæ*) has already made its appearance. Of this I have some doubts.

The larvæ of several species of the cockchafer (*Melolontha*) seem to be known in most parts of the world. Our native species, though its ravages have hitherto been very limited, may in some years increase and commit greater depredations than in others; though I do not think that the circumstances of its appearing every three years (in general), as it often does in other European countries, is also the case with our commonest species. It will be seen from the following extract from the *Insect Transformations*,\* that in England

During the three summers of their existence in the grub state, these insects do immense injury, burrowing between the turf and the soil, and devouring the roots of grass and other plants, so that the turf may be easily rolled off as if cut by a turfing spade; while the soil underneath, for an inch or more, is turned into soft mould like the bed of a garden. Mr Anderson, of Norwich, mentions having seen a whole field of fine flourishing grass so undermined by these grubs, that in a few weeks it became as dry, brittle, and withered as hay. Bingley also tell us, that "about sixty years ago, a farm near Norwich was so infested with cockchafers, that the farmer and his servants affirmed that they gathered eighty bushels of them; and the grubs had done so much injury, that the court of the city, in compassion for the poor fellow's misfortune, allowed him twenty-five pounds." In the year 1785, a farmer, near Blois, in France, employed a number of children and poor persons to destroy the cockchafers at the rate of two liards a hundred: and in a few days they collected fourteen thousand.

The best way to prevent the ravages of these insects would be, to employ children to collect the perfect insects when they first appear, before they lay their eggs; but when a field is once overrun with the larvæ, nothing can be done with it, except paring and burning the surface, or ploughing it up, and turning in a flock of ducks or other poultry, or a drove of pigs, which are said to eat these grubs, and to fatten on the fare. Drenching the fields with stable urine, by means of reservoir carts, like those used for watering roads, would, if sufficiently done, both kill the grubs and beneficially manure the land.

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\* Lib. of Ent. Know.

In the next number I shall give further extracts of the accounts of the injuries done by these insects at different times in England and in the North of Europe, and additional means for their destruction; also the description and form of the larva, as soon as I can obtain one full grown, that none may mistake it. Like all the other species of the family of the cockchafer (Melolonthidæ), it differs but little from the English larva, and the representation of one would do for that of the other; but as our native species will soon be easily obtained, it will be most correct to figure it from the original.

The approaching warm season will enable many other insects to try their full powers of annoyance, the means for resisting which will be noticed in due course.

NATURÆ AMATOR.\*

September, 1842.

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LINES

ON THE CHRISTENING OF DR AND MRS KNOTT'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, NAMED  
AFTER A BELOVED RELATIVE, DECEASED.

They stand within the sacred fane,  
And soon the vow is given,  
That they will strive the babe to train  
In paths that lead to heaven.

With looks of love, and brow intent,  
The Mother's watchful eye  
Is on her youngest treasure bent,  
While prayer ascends on high.

Unconscious of the solemn rite,  
The beauteous infant smiles;  
And like a cherub robed in white,  
Our saddened thought beguiles.

Yes, sad our hearts, for, O thy name!  
Sweet one, to memory brings,  
The early lost, the loved—nor blame  
Affection's wanderings.

We turn to thee, and hope to trace,  
As years the bud unfold,  
A mind like hers, a form, a face,  
Cast in perfection's mould.

August 7th, 1842.

IANTHE.

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\* These extracts will have no connexion with my Notes on the Natural History of the Province.



## JANE'S LETTERS—No. IV.

DEAREST EMMA.—I shall at once resume the story I left un-  
concluded in my last, hoping the interruption has not destroyed  
your interest in it.

Intense and varied were the emotions which pervaded each  
avenue of thought and feeling in the bosom of Barbara Chesham,  
as she prepared on the evening following that which had, in a  
manner so startling, revealed to her, not only that Philip Malcolm  
still lived, but that their meeting had resulted in the fixed purpose,  
on his part, of claiming her according to the sacred tie which had  
formerly bound them to each other. It was not without repre-  
hension of the weakness, that Barbara was conscious her heart  
bounded with a tumultuous joyfulness, as the thought of being  
again united to her husband rose to her mind, and in her eager-  
ness she ejaculated, "If, in the story I am about to hear from his  
own lips, his wrongs to me shall prove all I have to forgive, how  
ready shall I be to forgive him the past, and restore him my  
confidence! Ceasing to love him was a hard task, I set myself  
and strove at many a day, until I fancied I had succeeded; but  
now I find I had deceived myself, and that what I supposed to be  
only curiosity about his fate, which kept my thoughts continually  
following him, was love, fond, true love, which would not be  
uprooted." The strength of Barbara's character was her integrity,  
and, to her upright nature, the bitterest drop in her cup of agony  
had been, that the circumstances of Philip's desertion involved  
shame as well as sorrow—he had deceived his master as well as  
wronged her. Separation and poverty would often have been  
lightened and soothed, had she, in the audience of her own simple  
thoughts, been able to have reviewed their little history with  
honest pride, or traced her sufferings to any agency less identified  
with self-respect, and the esteem, as well as love, it would have  
been her happiness to connect with thoughts of him, whose name  
her tongue now shrunk from uttering.

It was among the lovely undulating knolls which lay to the  
east of the city, and lead to the river, that Philip had appointed  
their meeting to be; and the loneliness of the scene, made  
more solemn by the last coming shadows of evening, assi-  
milated well with her purpose in being there. How unlike the  
then state of her feelings and expectations to those of other years,  
when all that was joyous and beautiful in nature ministered and  
responded to the gaiety and happiness which reigned within her,  
as she wandered out with Philip, or unconsciously bent her steps  
to the haunts where she was sure to meet him, expecting the oft-  
told tale of his love. But within and without, all was now  
changed. Instead of placid assurance, were agitating thoughts  
and undefined apprehensions of what she was about to listen to.  
The air she breathed was balmy and redolent of the luscious fra-  
grance of the wattle; but it wafted not the sweet scent of the  
trysting thorn and golden bloom of her native vale. Her eyes had

never rested on hills more rich in lights and shadows than were those she now gazed on ; but her feet had never traversed them, nor had she sported her youth in their bushy dells and grassy glades ; and the deep pools of water, which lay so still before her, gave no token of the soft gurgling music of the " wimplin burnie," so life-giving to soul and sense and scene, in those lands, where nature, like a kind mother, pours forth from her unstinting bosom streams that beautify and enrich all things, animate and inanimate.

But altered as she felt herself to be, and new and without association as were all external things surrounding her, it was the dread of irretrievable change, in him for whom she there waited, which subdued her to the statue-like fixedness, which made her seem scarce a thing of life, at Philip's approach. Had his nature been less selfish and more truthful, his manner of accosting the creature who now stood before him would have been different ; but, forgetful of the many proofs he had had of her gentle obedience to his will and devoted attachment to his person, and resolved to carry his explanation boldly through, he commenced their interview with an abruptness that startled, and a determination of manner that awed her. " Barbara, my girl," said he, " we here meet, as the song goes, to part no more. When I left you, 'twas neither in my head nor my heart to bid you so long a good bye as it turned up to be. Bill Conyers, who was in the same scrape with me, talked me over, and said he must be off till the confounded rummage of a search that was making for us was over, and things fallen a little quiet again, else there would be nothing for us but jails and trials, and such like, for which Bill nor me, just at that particular time, had no stomach. I don't mean to blame Bill more than myself, though sure enough 'twas he began the system, as learned folks say ; and as to cheating our masters, I guess they had themselves to thank for most part of what happened. The day I put Squire Marchmont's livery on my back, I was like one of his own billets-doux before he had written any thing in it—pure, and clean, and smart-looking ; but the grand day of reckoning will tell what he filled his decoy notes with, and what his service and example did for me. He sent me so often on the Devil's errands, that he could not wonder I began sometimes to sport the old gentleman's livery. Don't look so hard at me, Barbara ; I see you think I'm putting on, and speaking hard, to cloak my villany in deserting you ; but, by Heaven, though I forgot all else to which I should have been bound, I never forgot thee. No, on the long, weary, horrible voyage, which I was forced to at last, and which severed me, as I thought, from thee for ever, and made me even lay down myself, I had changed my name ; and on board that ship, the mother who bore me would scarce have known me ; many's the time I tried to forget what I had been, and what I then was—but I never forgot thee. When I lay down, when I rose up, in the calm and in the hurricane, a noise would cry, 'Barbara, Barbara' ; and when I would sit gazing on nothing, thy form would stand before me, at one time