

unheard by them in the abstraction of their grief. "There, there," cried the idiot, who, until then, had remained whining in the corner from the effects of the blow—"they come, they come, hide me, hide me—as mother says, when the tithe-gatherers come." "Go, go," said I, "fly, in the name of God, if thou hast cause to fear; fly, my son, and look not back; an open path is yet before thee—if you love him, Kathleen, let him go." "I do love him," sobbed the poor girl, taking away her arms. "Then God bless thee, my child," exclaimed the parent. Footsteps were heard approaching; "God bless you," said I, "run"—and the old man rushed bare-headed from the house, in an opposite direction from whence the sounds proceeded, which, now growing distinct, came frequent, as the wind and rain lulled at intervals. "Oh! I fear they'll kill him," sobbed the girl distractedly. I advised her, if possible, to compose herself, lest, by her agitation, she might be the innocent cause of his detection; she accordingly composed herself, and, after wiping her eyes in her apron, busied herself in clearing up the apartment. "Meantime, throw some logs on the fire, Hauskey, and leave the rest to me," added I, turning to the place where the idiot had concealed himself—but, lo! he had disappeared, nor had Kathleen witnessed his departure. A call for light was now demanded from the garden; I ran with a candle to the door; the strangers approached; the next moment I beheld, within the pale circle of light, the glittering of bayonets and breastplates; I retreated as they advanced, and three drunken soldiers staggered across the apartment.

HENRY H. BLACKHAM.

Glenmhor, Little Para.

THE DEATH OF AHAB:

I KINGS, CHAP. XXII.

The warriors of Syria
Stand firm, side by side,
And o'er them bright banners.
Are waving in pride;
No shouts, as of conquest,
Rise pealing in air,
But the glory of triumph
In silence is there.

For in Israel's dark squadrons
Are sadness and woe,
Though the voice of their sorrow
Is chastened and low.
Oh! why does their spirit
Thus silently quail?
Or why, yet unvanquished,
Do they wither and wail?

'Tis not the proud Syrian
That shakes them with fear,
Nor carnage advancing
With banner and spear :
'Tis the wrath of Jehovah
They shudder to see,
Shadow'd forth in dread symbols—
“Woe, Israel, to thee!”

“Woe to thee!” in the tempest
That darkens the sky ;
“Woe to thee!” in the whirlwind
That fiercely sweeps by :
Sad tokens! by Israel
Too well understood,
For the life of their chieftain
Is ebbing in blood!

What hand winged the arrow
Like lightning that sped,
And doomed thus a monarch
To sleep with the dead ?
No eye saw the foeman
That bent the strong bow ;
No ear heard the missive
As it rushed to the blow.

For it came from the storm-cloud
That frowned in the air—
Proclaiming, in darkness,
God in anger was there !
The arm of a bright one
The fatal string drew,
And the angel of death
Aim'd the shaft as it flew.

To Ahab—to Ahab
On swiftly it pressed ;
Till—accomplished its mission—
It sunk in his breast.
“Stay the chariot!”—the blood
Flows freely and fast,
And, each moment, his bosom
May throb for the last.

Oh! wherefore did Ahab
Thus rush to the fight,
When the wrath of Jehovah
Had withered his might ?—
When the words of the prophet
Were the words of the Lord,
And each sound of his lips
Was a two-edged sword ?

“Bind the false one in chains,
Who would rend me with fears ;
Let his bread be affliction,
His water be tears :
Till in peace I return,
In the flush of my pride—
And Syria, deep humbled,
Move in shame at my side !”

Oh, Ahab!—deluded
 And blind to thy doom!
 Like the rush of a tempest,
 Thy ruin will come.
 “If in peace thou return
 With thy squadrons unbroken,
 The deceiver has mocked me,
 And the Lord hath not spoken!”

“March, Ahab, to conquest!”
 Lying spirits had cried:
 “To conquest and glory!”
 The monarch replied.
 The trumpet was sounded,
 The proud march begun,
 And the standards, uplifted,
 Gleamed bright in the sun.

Ah! gay was that army
 At dawning of day,
 As forward they thundered
 In martial array:
 Like the sweep of a torrent,
 Right onward they rolled,
 Their banners all radiant
 With purple and gold.

At sunset, they trembled
 With fear and dismay,
 And their pomp, like a snow-wreath,
 Had melted away;
 For many a brave warrior
 Had drawn his last breath,
 And their chieftain, their monarch,
 Lay stiffened in death.

“Every man to his tent,
 Oh Israel!”—the cry
 Was the tocsin of terror
 As it pealed through the sky.
 Where now is the boast
 Of their grandeur and might?
 It is lost in the mêlée—
 Forgotten in flight!

God of Heaven! to Thee
 A king is a name;
 The breath of Thy pleasure
 Is honor or shame.
 To the scorned of mankind
 Thy smile gives a throne;
 In thy frown, lo! the mighty,
 With their glory, are gone!

L. L.

New Town, near Hobart Town,
 Nov. 22, 1842.

VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES AMONG THE ISLANDS
OF THE ADJACENT GULFS.—No. IV.

It was late ere we thought of retiring to rest;—retiring, did I say?—we had only to lie down where we had sat. At last we began to flag; and seeing that an exertion was necessary to circulate the bowl, we, with praiseworthy unanimity, prorogued the Diet, and, like many venerable gentlemen Lords and Commoners in Parliament assembled, fell asleep on our seats.

One wave succeeds another, and the longest night wears away; the relaxed frame becomes invigorated, and the anxious mind is relieved by sleep. The grey streaks of morning across a cloudless sky, and the chirping of numerous birds, saluted us again, and we burst the silken threads of slumber, like the butterfly, that child of light and sunshine, breaking its chrysalis and emerging into the business of life. If we had dreamed, the imaginations of the night were pleasing—for no cloud hung on our brows, and no aching head was amongst us—the tell-tale of last night's intemperance. A clear eye and a blithe smile were in every face, and the chorus of a former song arose from the heart and found vent upon the tongue.

We had not yet seen the northern shore of the island, and, carrying a little provision, we started together to cross over the intervening gullies and hills. Where hollows, or rocks, or scrubby hills were in our way, a springing step overcame it alike, and an hour found us on a long beach of yellowish sand, broken at intervals by jutting rocks, and bounded by low sand hillocks towards the land, behind which a narrow green flat extended for nearly a mile, sprinkled with dwarf trees and a few stagnant pools of salt water. We gathered numerous beautiful shells, and, proceeding further, found, the tide being low, some amusement in catching crabs among the rocks and gathering other shell-fish. Many exclamations ensued from encounters with the claws and sharp prickles on the edges of the former; but, as is usual in war, the offending party generally came off victorious, although those attacked, in no few instances, made an honorable retreat, bearing with them their arms and all their baggage. It was an idle morning, but full of amusement; and although, like other royal personages, we were somewhat careless of the lives and fortunes of our subjects, I scarcely think we were morally guilty in exercising our superior prerogative. Our breakfast consisted of shell-fish roasted, with the addition of sundries brought with us. A puddle of brackish water enabled us to make tea alternately in a tin pannican; and what else we had not in our power we did not desire, so missed no comfort.

It was mid-day when we returned to our encampment; and, as if the name which our island now bore had in itself enticements for unwary voyagers, we felt disinclined to leave it, for that day at least. What should we employ ourselves in doing? We had visited most of the island, and could scarcely find further novelty

in it—one uncultivated gully being, in almost every respect, similar to another. Certainly, we had, in imagination, planted huts and barns in many eligible spots—but they only depended on idea, and were not again to be found. We could not, at the same time, place a good housewife in every farm, with her hens, and geese, and pigs about her, and a hind or two tilling or driving home the kine—and milk-pails, and milk-maids, and stiles, and paddocks (brother Scots, I mean not frogs), and calf-pens, and all such like. The island—our island—we were in love with, and loth to leave; so we entered our boat, and pushed into the basin to fish. Baits were supplied from our spoil in the morning, and we had warrantable success;—truly, we perpetrated a needless destruction of the piscine fry. The sun was hot, and the water temptingly convenient for bathing; indeed, the first suggestion was sufficient, and a few minutes sufficed to give us time to be in the common bath, splashing, floating, and diving by turns. To reach the shore and return again, was proposed, and as readily agreed to, when each struck the yielding waters with his arms, and strove for the mastery in speed. One by one we reached terra firma, if a beach can be so called, and, exulting in the puerile exploit, prepared to retrace our course. Mac now preceded, and we had gone but a short distance, when a cry from our leader called our attention—the more so, that he on the instant turned round, and made for the shore with more than his usual exertion and speed. As the herd follows the strongest, so followed we Mac, and when nigh shore, which was gradually shelving, we eagerly demanded the cause of his evident alarm. “She was a great big fish; ugh, tamn her, she was be a shark,” replied he, “and I gived her a kick with my own foot.” “A shark!” screamed Ned, as he sprang ashore and exhibited himself to the day *in statu nudibus*; and, contrary to all grammatical rule, the iteration of “A shark!” was exclaimed by each—and four of us were bleaching in the sun on the shore, at one and the same time.

Imagine to yourself our ridiculous situation. A good mile separated us from our camp, where, indeed, we had no change of clothing, and our boat was riding securely at anchor at half a mile's distance, with a greedy Cerberus, perhaps many of them, in the interval. Such a council as we then held was, perhaps, never before exhibited. We found it necessary to shelter ourselves from the sun under a shady tree, and then and there we held our consultation. Who was to procure us the boat? No one volunteered. If we had it not, how long could we live ashore on what we could catch? We had a little ammunition left with a piece or two at our camp, but that would serve us only a short time, and then we must lingeringly perish. The sharks might be instant death—but there was a chance, and we drew straws for who should, by himself, venture the exploit to save the rest. It fell on W., who, without any audible demur, plunged into the water, and with vigorous strokes made towards the base of all our hope. He reached it in safety, and when he

clambered on board, a hurrah! of exultation broke from us. It was soon damped, however, as W. did not appear above the gunwale, and we feared he might by some means have been severely injured. He slowly rose, however, and proceeded to haul up the anchor and to direct the boat towards where we stood. He appeared to have great difficulty in accomplishing it; but at last she grounded at a little distance from where we were, already on the beach waiting his arrival. He appeared to be much exhausted, and, for a short time, was scarcely able to speak to us and answer our anxious enquiries. When he was somewhat recovered, he informed us that he had only swam a short way when he perceived the ravenous creature within a short distance between him and the shore; that, in a feeling of desperation, he exerted his strength to the utmost, pursued by it, and conscious of its only waiting a discontinuance of his motion to snatch at the nearest limb; and so close was it when he reached the boat, that it turned on its back in its fell purpose, and even raised its snout as he fell exhausted into the boat. His superiority as a swimmer alone had saved his life, while the excessive exertion and shock on his nervous system left him for a considerable time after in an exhausted and depressed state. We lost no time in dressing, and returned to our camp to prepare dinner, which was quickly before us; and, after a short rest, our friend W. felt recovered from all his troubles and alarm, though thankful, withal, for his providential escape. This was the first shark we saw on this excursion; but we had subsequently glimpses of several of them—indeed, the shores in some places may be said to swarm with them—and some of a very large size have been destroyed in Gulf St. Vincent. It was an effectual warning against further bathing, and taught us a lesson for the future as to putting ourselves in the power of such irresponsible gentry, who hold so cheap the lives of Her Britannic Majesty's subjects.

The remainder of the day was spent in erecting, on the highest hill near us, a pile of stones, supporting as stout a pole as we could hoist on end; that after-visitors might know that others had preceded them. "Calypso Island" was also rudely carved on it, as well as our names and the date, on the stem of a gum tree; which will remain distinct for a number of years.

The evening was spent pleasantly in our tent, and anticipations of to-morrow's voyage filled up the intervals of discourse. Ned declared, if we would leave him provisions, and bring him seeds and instruments, he would remain where he was altogether. He would rather do that than split paling in the stringy-bark forest any day. "But where shall we get the provisions on your credit?" enquired one. This was unanswerable; however, he expressed a resolve, to be broken no doubt, of splitting hard, until he could get together some money, and then coming in a boat by himself, with plenty to keep him for twelve months;—the first part of which we strongly recommended to be immediately

set about on his return, and when that was accomplished, to consider well of the next. He forgot that the greater part of the enjoyment was in having society with him, from which he could elicit remarks consonant to his own ideas, and in the novelty of the scenery and situations. A life of such changes would become monotonous and irksome, and the mind would weary for rest. Complete solitude in the same manner could not be happily maintained for any considerable period; for man is a sociable animal, and desires to herd with his kind, however much he may dislike individuals of it. Ancient monachists and solitaries, I consider, were fully as much influenced by pride, and particularly some, perhaps, from disappointed misanthropy, as by the religion they professed to honor by their self-sufficient seclusion and sufferings.

The next morning we did not wait for breakfast, but got our traps on board, and were afloat almost by the time the sun was thrice its breadth over the eastern horizon. By our imperfect charts, we were led to steer N.W., in search of Thistle Island; indeed, we scarcely knew more than that it lay between us and Port Lincoln—farther west than where we presumed we were. The distance we were equally ignorant of, and, indeed, very indifferent about, so long as our stock of provisions and water were safe to go to sea with. This was our tenth day from port; but by husbanding our stores when we could take such as offered about us, we were very well supplied for as long a time farther—provided Fortune lent us her aid among the birds and fishes. At Port Lincoln we might renew our supplies, at all events, and thus be enabled to continue our expedition. We had certainly miscalculated the time necessary for our purpose; but our time did not press an immediate return, and the winds would be more favorable generally when we came to retrace our steps, while the delays, in calling at so many places, would be avoided.

Keeping our course as near as possible, with a stiff side wind, we made a comparatively rapid progress; and, when our matin meal was being discussed, the hills ahead of us, across the Gulf, gradually became distinct—but whether they formed part of the land we sought, our pilot could not determine. It was of no use to put faith in his suggestions, for, with a perverseness of recollection, provoking to a degree, Ned, in the end, almost uniformly had to confess that the amount of his knowledge of the coast and peaks consisted in negatives. That hill was not the one rising beside Port Lincoln; that low land was not Thistle Island; that he had never seen before. Suspecting, from the little appearance of islands, which we were led to expect to lie in our course throughout, that we might have, at a former time, held too far to sea, we altered our course two or three points, so as to make the land higher up the Gulf, and, from a nearer appearance, to endeavour to judge of our situation. A considerable range appeared to run along the coast at a short distance inland; and to a break

in these we directed our course, in hopes of finding the port—for, by this time, we had given up any expectation of making the island we sought. Indeed, as it afterwards appeared, we had all along, from the time of leaving the peninsula, been steering so far to the north, that it was impossible we could have been able to distinguish Thistle Island, or the entrance into Port Lincoln. The islands we had already seen, for the same reason, had not been those we took them for; and, although doubtless known to many visiting Spencer's Gulf, had not yet got a habitation or a name among Arrowsmith's delineations of this sublunary sphere. When a new and more full map is published of the country, it is to be hoped that the names given by us will not be forgotten.

Mac was usually our dinner-bell, and he succeeded in hitting the time, from the sun's height, remarkably well. He was pleased, on this occasion, to put Ned through his facings, by calling first, "Attention!" and following up in most choice, though, withal, unsoldierly intimations, to the effect of, "draw whittles," "handle spule banes," "present biscuits," and "ram down cartridges as fast as you can." Need I repeat, that all was, as of wont, washed down with a temperate potation; and, blush ye aristocratic sons of civilization! we, on this occasion, sucked it by turns from the bottle's neck. "Cardigan for ever!" was the toast, as we kissed the swarthy mouth again; "Cardigan for ever!" as we sent the dead marine to Ned's locker.

And we planted him in the glare of light,
With a wisp of straw around him.

We calculated our distance from shore to be still ten miles; and having abundant time to make in before sun-down, where we expected to find a safe harbour at once, we merrily held our way. But "the best laid schemes of men and mice aft gang ajee;" and so with us in our devious navigation. In due time, we reached within a little distance of the shore; but such a shore as we found, nature certainly never intended to belong to any maritime community. Perpendicular cliffs, reft into every fantastic form, and undermined in deep caverns, with reefs running irregularly into the open sea, over which huge waves were breaking and flinging the spray far above the land—if bare and dripping crags can be so called—presented themselves as far as the eye could reach; while the break in the hills, where we trusted to find a bay or landing-place, was merely a declination of the summits inland, and not sending down, even in the rainy season, a streamlet of water to the Gulf. We ran in so close that, before we could put about, we were on a heavy roller, and, but for prompt management, would have been dashed to atoms against the frightful rocks which repelled the waves right ahead, about two hundred yards off. As it was, we shipped a great deal of water, and damaged part of our bread so badly, that we had recourse to a stinted allowance of it thenceforward, so as not to be altogether on animal food towards the termination of our

voyage. In our hasty council, we determined to run farther north, and abandon the idea of making either Thistle Island or Port Lincoln; the truth having at last flashed upon us, of our certainly being already far to the leeward of either place—and to beat up against a stiff head wind, we considered a waste of time, so long as we could see something equally new in a different direction.

Following this rugged coast for an hour, we found it falling away into a deep bay, while the general level of the country fell considerably; so that we momentarily expected to sight a practicable landing-place—which we were now desirous of, the day fast drawing to a close. None, however, presented itself, and we stood out into the Gulf for half an hour, to get an offing, and lay to for the night. We again resorted to anchoring by our oars; and, having provided against our drifting on the mainland, by placing several miles between it and us, we contentedly made our arrangements for the night. An awning was quickly rigged; and, although we had no fire, our lanthorn afforded us the comfort of light, and our larder abundance of fish and fowl.

 LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER A FIGURE PASSIONATELY WIELDING AN UPLIFTED DAGGER.

Rash mortal! hold thine hand! what spirit fell
 Now haunts thee from the burning glooms of hell—
 Flits o'er thy bosom, rankles in thy brain,
 And brands thy forehead like the murderer Cain?
 What means thy frantic gaze? Cease, cease to rave!
 Or bonds await thee, from thyself to save!
 Some cherished foible touched—passion, or pride
 Unthinkingly provoked—for this, till dyed
 In other's blood, or deluged in thine own,
 Poor maniac! to thy rage can nought atone?
 Far other bearing suffering Virtue's front!
 While armed with fortitude, she's ever wont
 Serenely to withstand the ills of life,
 And view unruffled, or allay the strife.
 No light, punctilious rule true Honor boasts,
 Though, if assailed by universal hosts,
 Not firmer were the rocks that guard our coasts,
 Against the clam'ring billows of the main,
 Than her high soul unsullied by a stain!

J. P.

SMUT IN WHEAT.

PERHAPS there is no subject, the elucidation of which is of so much importance to the agriculturist, or has elicited so many opposite opinions, as the "smut ball" or "pepper brand." In this colony, at least five per cent. of all the wheat hitherto produced has been destroyed by this disease. But this is not the only loss occasioned by the presence of this malady: the black color and the offensive odour of the diseased grains render it imperative that they should be completely separated from the sound wheat before it can be ground into flour, or used for seed—and this cannot be done without considerable expense and loss of time; indeed, some fields of wheat, in consequence of the large proportion of smut which they contained, have not repaid the cost of reaping and thrashing; and several, from this cause, have been left uncut, and fed down by oxen instead. As in many places, however, the crops have been perfectly exempt from this malady, it becomes an interesting subject of enquiry, whether it may not be got rid of altogether.

By most of the writers on husbandry, it is supposed that the smut ball is a parasitical fungus, the germs of which attach themselves to the grains of the seed, enter the circulation of the young plant, and finally become deposited in the growing ear. Among others holding this opinion, I may mention Davy, Sinclair, and Bauer; but if the opinions of these gentlemen are correct, how do we account for the fact, that sound and smutty ears are found on the same root—sound and smutty grains on the same ear? yet this fact is undoubted. I pulled up a plant of wheat by the roots, last year, on which I counted thirteen ears, seven of which were smutty, and the others sound. I likewise procured several ears, a few grains of which only were smutty, the remainder being of good quality, although not so plump as those which grew on healthy plants. I procured the smuttiest sample of wheat I could find, and sowed it without washing or steeping, in some fallowed land, in March, 1841. In the November following, it was cut, and searched diligently for smut—not a single grain of which could be found in it. In May, 1841, five acres of wheat were sown upon fallowed land, the seed containing about three per cent. of smut; a portion of this was sown dry out of the bags, other portions were steeped in different liquids, some dried with lime, and others not—the produce of the whole field was perfectly free from smut. A portion of the same seed was reserved and sown, having been steeped, likewise, in different ways, on similar land, in the last week of July; the produce contained about ten per cent. of smut. A perfectly clean sample of wheat was sown in July, 1841, upon some thin black soil over blue clay, newly turned up; more than half of the crop consisted of smut. An acre in the Black Forest was cleared from peppermint, fallowed, and sown with wheat—drilled in by hand. About three quarters of this acre was sown thin, about two inches being