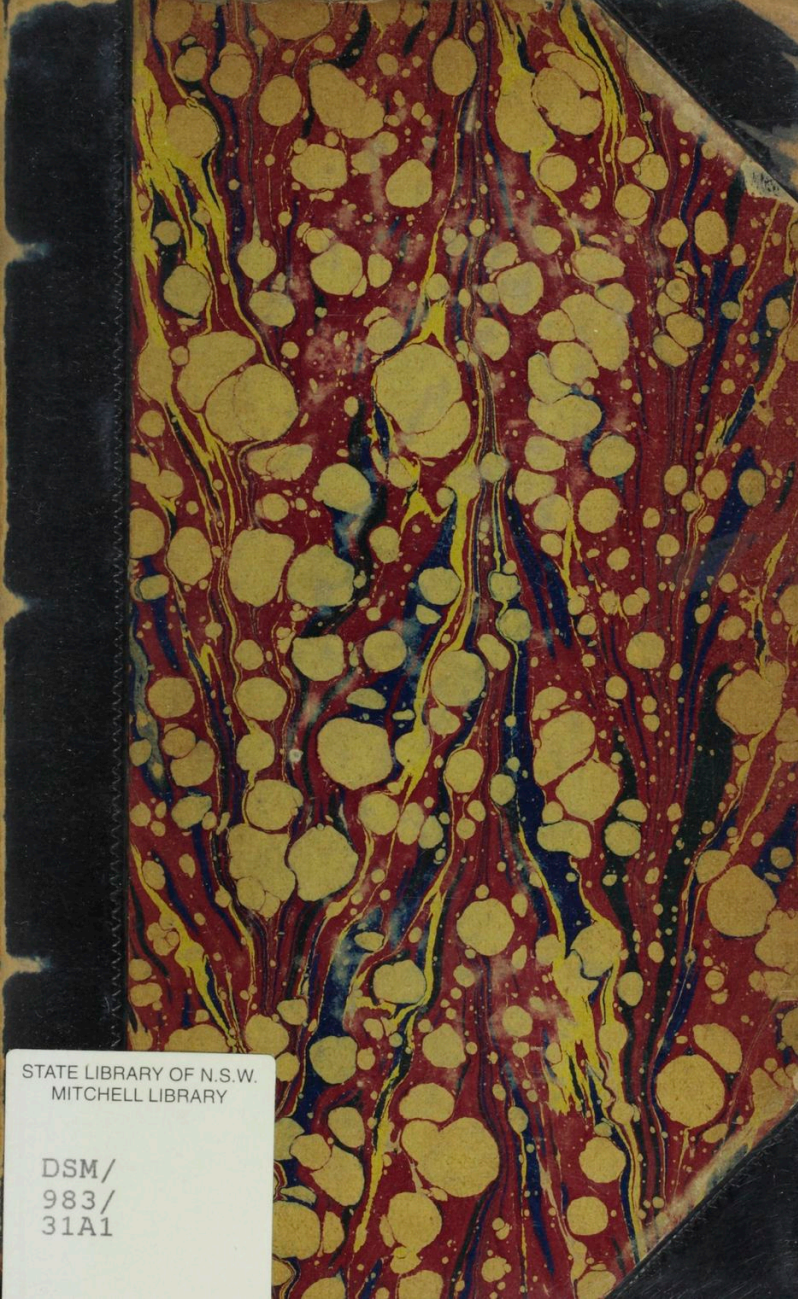

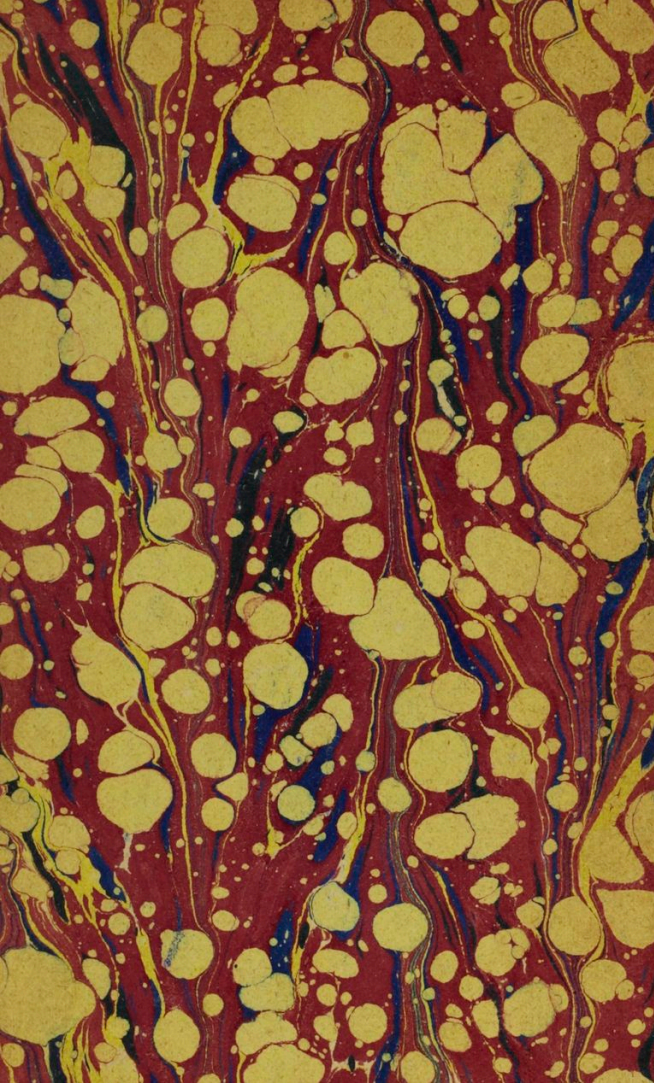

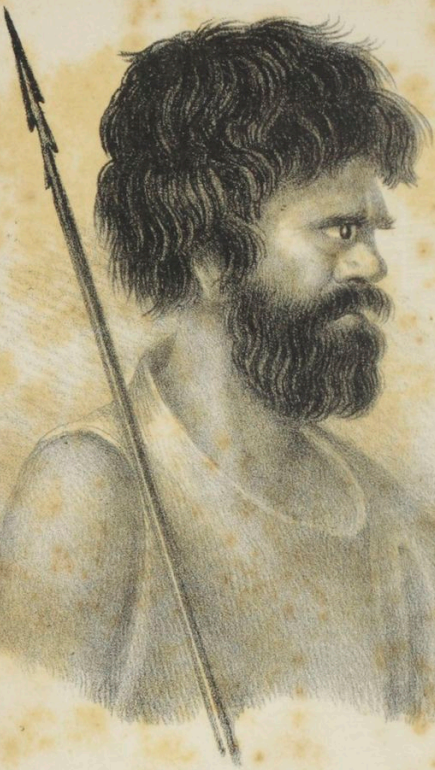

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Hullmandel & Walton, Lithographers

POODNA WILLIAMY

(William the Light-footed)

a Native of South Australia

Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill, London.

A

VISIT TO THE ANTIPODES:

WITH SOME

REMINISCENCES OF

A SOJOURN IN AUSTRALIA.

BY A SQUATTER.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1846.

LONDON:
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OLD BAILEY.

PREFACE.

So many books have been written upon the subject of which the following few pages attempt to treat, that it would seem almost unpardonable in the present instance to swell the number by adding such an insignificant item as this. But it would be even more unpardonable were such a production to come out without a preface: such a proceeding would display a want of courtesy, and indicate a degree of vanity which might materially prejudice its reception. It is doubtful if this prefatory notice will ever be read; yet still, under the circumstances, it will at least offer some apology for the perpetration of the offence.

There is no lack of information about these distant provinces: indeed, everything connected with them is quite familiar to the English people. Nor is there a greater deficiency of descriptions which add personal impressions to connected and substantial narrative; yet, in all these cases, scarcely any two persons have regarded the same

things in precisely the same light: for objects that engage the attention of one writer will frequently escape the notice of another. The author has given his natural and first impressions of the place. They may be, many of them, false and unfounded; yet at the same time, as they do not in that respect very materially differ in character from our impressions upon ordinary and surrounding occurrences, he has thought it well to give them in their original and imperfect forms.

The first part is entirely devoted to the voyage out, and was written at the time with a view to circulation amongst his immediate friends; vanity suggested its publication, and, while the work was in progress, he thought the opportunity too good to be lost for throwing in some remarks upon the subject of the place where for a short time he was located.

This little volume does not even profess to contain anything new: indeed such an excellence is almost precluded by the great number of its predecessors. The author has, on that account more especially, to entreat the indulgence and deprecate the criticism of such benevolent individuals as may have bestowed on it a passing and casual notice.

E. L.

March 1846.

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A

VISIT TO THE ANTIPODES.

CHAPTER I.

EMBARKATION.

SEPTEMBER 16*th*, 1843.—The day was fine, and the wind gentle and fair, as I mounted the sides of the ship that was to convey me away from old England. A feeling of excitement, anticipation, and hope, made me feel almost pleased with the prospect of the long journey I was about to take. I looked upon everything—the steamers—the warehouses—the throng of people upon the quay—as though for the last time. Every glance I took seemed to be a farewell, though the multitude of thoughts that crowded into my mind partook somewhat of sadness.

The last boat that left the side, containing a few friends who had come to see me off, left us soon,

and we sailed slowly down, with a fair wind, to the mouth of the river. The pilot was to leave us after we passed the light-ship, and then we were to have fairly taken a step from which there was no retreating.

My meditations were interrupted by a person informing me that the pilot was about to leave us, and that if I had any message to send, I would now have the opportunity. I hastily scribbled a few lines, and gave them to him; and once more his form had disappeared over the side, and the sound of oars from his boat died away in the distance. I felt as if the last connecting link between me and the old country were severed.

The night was setting in, and adding an external gloom to the already sombre colour of my thoughts. "You are at sea now," said a voice at my elbow, "and will have to make the best of it."

That was exactly what I thought, and turned round to see the speaker, but he was gone.

I got upon the taffrail, and lay down. Little Sandy, my terrier, who had been much disfigured with tar, followed, and after inspecting the water over the sides with a very dismal face, crept beside me, and hiding his head under my arm, breathed out his sorrows in a piteous sigh. The sea was as smooth as glass, and with the exception of the ripple at the stern, completely undisturbed.

The view was an expanse of water; while just upon the horizon there was a ship in full sail. The situation was one favourable to reflection, and I recalled the concluding part of a chapter in Barnaby Rudge, where Barnaby is seated in prison, and Grip the raven beside him. "The bird in its ruffled and torn plumage, despoiled and dispirited, seemed a melancholy emblem of the altered fortunes of his master."

Wednesday, 20th.—A beautiful morning. I went on deck before breakfast, and saw the Halifax steamer "Acadia." The steward came running down, at breakfast, to say that a large steamer was passing close astern. So important an event was not likely to be unnoticed; we hastened above. It was the "Ocean," of Dublin, for Bristol. The captain, after looking at her a short time, handed the glass to me, saying, "There are some ladies there, take a look at them, you will not see any again for a long time."

Our cook, a black, was rather an original in his way, and his answers were sometimes very comical. The captain was fond of drawing him out upon occasions, and would ask him questions which it was impossible to answer, and then his grin was positively irresistible. The steward, on account of refusing to sign articles, had been broken, and sent forward. His motive for refusing, the captain could not fathom, and at dinner, one day, made the

inquiry from the cook, who was doing duty in his place.

"Cook!" said Captain J——.

"Yes, ser," replied the cook.

"Has that fellow had any conversation in the forecastle, with the 'people?'"

"O yes, ser, a good deal."

"What about?"

"'Bout one thing and another—principally about his wife, ser."

"Well, but his wife is in Liverpool."

"Yes ser, he got another in Sydney."

"What! two wives?"

"His main wife in Sydney ser," said the cook, with a face that would have upset the gravity of the most matter-of-fact person. We could not resist it.

On the steward's return to duty, we were deprived of this source of amusement, as he was stationed in the galley.

Thursday, 21*st*.—This day I was shown the last of the English coast we were likely to see on the voyage. This was two small islands at the entrance to the Bristol Channel, and the names of which I have forgotten. We have been seeing the last of nearly all belonging to the old country for these few days. I got upon the taffrail, my favourite resort, and watched the grey outline nearly out of sight.

The lines upon Mary Queen of Scots, occurred to me at this time:—

"It was a bark that slowly held its way,
While o'er its lee the coast of France
In the light of evening lay.
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
On the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise,
No marvel that the lady wept, there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, though she owed it not her birth.

* * * * * *

One gaze again,—one long, last gaze,
Adieu! fair France to thee;
The breeze comes forth, she is alone
On the unconscious sea."

Between nine and ten in the evening, the captain and I were talking in the after-cabin, when our attention was arrested by something unusual in the orders on deck. On going above we found a brig was passing close under our bows; she showed a light, as also did we, which is the custom in such cases, sailing vessels not being allowed to carry lights constantly in the Channel. She soon passed, and we lost sight of her in the darkness as she went to leeward.

A new and interesting object to me here appeared. The water splashed from the bows of the ship was beautifully luminous, and down by her sides little globes of fire floated past on the surface, bursting every now and then with a beauty quite

fanciful and strange. It was easy for the imagination to change the scene to some fairy cave, to enchanted waters and moonlight revels. But it is only at night that such fancies can be indulged in, when darkness hides the extent of the watery plain; the tall rigging standing in gloomy solemnity above, the small glimmer of a light in the binnacle, and the stationary and indistinct form of the man at the wheel, with a few dark figures moving about at your elbow and upon the decks, to one unused to such sights, give a colouring of romance to a situation in which one accustomed to it would see nothing new or surprising.

Sandy, the little terrier, has discovered a new and interesting occupation, in a study of the movements of a duck that has lost the use of its legs with confinement in the coop. An attempt to stand invariably throws it off its balance, either on its head or tail; it chooses the latter alternative when it can, and gapes at him in a way that he does not understand, rolling its eyes in a proverbial manner. I am left alone with him to the joke, as nobody else comprehends it.

Friday, 22nd.—This day has been beautiful. A bright unclouded morning, with a pleasant wind. The "Commanna," a brig bound to Lima, and which left Liverpool the same tide as we, appeared first some miles astern of us, towards noon had neared us, has at length passed us completely, and we can

discern her sails upon the horizon before us. The wind has subsided, and a heavy, lead-coloured swell heaves up the smooth unbroken sea in restless, rolling, silent masses.

This is not like an ordinary sea when the waves break into foam, and lash the sides of the vessel, but in this case they seem not to have vent, while a spirit lurks beneath that only wants an opportunity to do mischief, rolling the ship about from side to side in impotent spite; the tall masts describing segments of circles in the clouds, and the giant sails flapping loudly against the masts with a displeased and threatening sound. For the first time since my departure I experienced a depression of spirits. No doubt the prospect had its influence, but singular enough, this was the first time I seemed fully to comprehend my position, and the undertaking in which I had embarked. It is curious, but nevertheless true, that occurrences take place around us, and concerning us, and we at the same time are fully cognizant of what is going on, yet a sort of incredulousness pervades the mind, and it is not till some period after that we awake to a perfect consciousness of their reality.

A sensation of loneliness, — hundreds of miles from home, with not even the friendly face of a ship on the weary waste of waters, and the darkness that was fast gathering over the scene, all conspired

to weigh my spirits down, and I felt most confoundedly alone in the world.

> The past was bright, like those dear hills
> We left behind *our* bark;
> The future, like the gathering night,
> Was ominous and dark.

However, a friendly pillow soothed all these reflections to rest.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—This morning there is a fresh breeze, the breakfast things have to be secured on the table, and it is advisable, in order to preserve your seat at table with dignity and composure, occasionally to grasp at the social board, as it recedes from you by the backward inclination of your chair. The prospect upon deck is pleasing; though the sea runs pretty high, it looks lively, and we are getting on, an important point, going at the rate of seven knots an hour. It was nearly dark, when a homeward-bound ship appeared on the horizon. With a favourable wind like the present, we soon approached her.

The captain was almost afraid it was too dark to speak her; however, we hoisted our signals, and though she did not reply we are in hopes she may report us. Now we are off the Bay of Biscay. The sea is pretty high, but not sufficiently so to realize my anticipations of so far-famed a place.

Being now out of soundings, the water is a deep

blue. The ship is ploughing her way cheerfully through the water, and sending the foam roaring from her bows with a sound quite equal to any waterfall I ever saw. It is almost impossible to look long at the restless and troubled sea, without endowing each wave with an imaginary existence. One has no sooner spent its rage upon the sides of the vessel than another appears, and another; but all seem to have the same object, to annoy the strange creature that is disturbing their solitude, and ploughing them up; nevertheless, the old ship pursues her course, without seeming to mind them. If they are waves of consequence, she accommodates herself to them, and rides over them; but if they are small and insignificant, she throws them aside with supreme indifference.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sunday, 24th.—Now we are in the Atlantic Ocean. I was looking over the bulwarks at the spray splashing from our sides, when there was a sound not many yards from the ship, as if something heavy had been thrown overboard. I just turned my eyes in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed, and saw the real cause. A fish, some six feet long, with a back like gold, was cutting through the water, and darting round the ship with great velocity; now and then springing completely out and diving through a wave, causing the sound I first observed. A second one appeared to keep the other company. I supposed them to be dolphins, and upon inquiry was told not to be in such a hurry for dolphins, as these were only porpoises. The sun shining through the water upon them had given them the glittering appearance which deceived me. During our evening walk upon deck, a light

appeared astern of us, which the captain rightly conjectured to be a ship's cabin windows. Ships have begun to be scarce now, and nothing whatever occurs to break the monotony of the scene.

Our little apprentice was leaning with his face upon his hands on one of the hatches. Captain J—— said, "Poor fellow! his troubles are just beginning; nobody knows but a sailor what these boys have to go through."

I can easily conceive what real grief they will suffer in such a complete transition, at a time of life when reflection and fortitude are of no avail, and when the mind is so susceptible of impressions.

I believe that the sorrows of childhood are far more intense and overwhelming than those of advanced life, and that kindness and ill-usage strike deeper than most people are inclined to allow. There was the poor little sailor-boy, far away from his home, on the deep and tempestuous sea, dropping bitter tears at the thought of the happiness he had left behind him, and the hardships he had sacrificed it all to undergo.

Monday, 25th.—Latitude at noon 45° 6′.—It is now about ten o'clock, the period of our evening walk upon deck. The ship is pitching and rolling to a considerable extent, and the water, splashing over the side, causes the decks to sparkle and glitter as if strewed with small particles of gold, but ren-

dering it difficult for an unpractised person to keep his footing on the slippery planks. I have lighted my pipe, and am parading the deck backwards and forwards to the extent of the winch. Sandy follows close upon my heels. He has learned to steady himself now, and is as happy as a prince. I cannot see him as the night is too dark, but I hear the rattle of his brass collar, as he pursues his meditations at a little sharp trot.

He and I are on extremely good terms, and are never separate. Indeed, he has carried his friendship so far as repeatedly to offer to share my berth with me, which, however, I have always declined. He reposes during the shades of night under the chair which I generally use, outside the stateroom door.

I must not here omit to record an exploit of Laddie's, in character with the amusements of his early life, and by which he had acquired his reputation in England; indeed, the cause which induced his former master to part with him, namely a propensity for breaking windows.

The first mate, it is to be understood, sleeps in the roundhouse upon deck, and occupies the most forward berth of all. At the foot of his bed there is a small window, opening on an extensive prospect of the rigging and fore part of the vessel, and through which he may be seen by the curious observer, enjoying a calm

repose, during the intervals of his watch upon deck.

Under his bed, I have strong grounds for suspicion, there is kept, for safety, a quantity of dried fish. Though not curious myself, it appears that the sheep dog was anxious to investigate the fact; and during his perambulations a tempting opportunity occurred for satisfying his mind upon the subject. In few words, the door was open and the berth empty. No time like the present. He was no sooner in than a sudden lurch of the ship banged the door to. What took place in the short space of time between that and his discovery is not known, and probably never will be. I hasten to a conclusion. A loud falling of glass astonished the mate, who was not very far distant, and turning his head, a spectacle met his gaze that filled him with mingled feelings of amazement and indignation.

On the deck below, lay the shattered fragments of his window, and peering through the chasm was a great head, rolling about its eyes with an expression of wanton indifference it did not require great penetration to see was assumed, while on his own, his private bed, reclined the long gaunt form and dirty paws of my ugly cur.

Little remains to be told. There he was, convicted in the very act,—felony at least. Some considerable vexation was evident in the tone of Mr. N—— when he reported the occurrence in the

cabin. It is needless to say that the dog's character has suffered in consequence, and the second dignitary in the ship enjoys a constant and uninterrupted stream of an invigorating and healthy atmosphere.

Tuesday, 26th.—I had sat down this evening after the watch had been called, to write. The captain had "turned in" early, as he was unwell. The skylight was up, and the wind occasionally found entrance through it, causing the lamp to flicker and smoke. No sound broke the silence of the night, but the splashing of the water against the ship's sides, the heavy and regular tread of the officer whose watch it was upon deck, or the creaking of the timbers as the ship rolled from side to side. I had sat down to write. The very act awakened thoughts which it was a mingled pleasure and pain to transcribe, and every now and then a picture of the quiet home I had left came before my mind. The bells were struck half hourly, and passed by unheeded, as page after page became covered.

The candle had burnt itself into an immense wick, and diffused a gloomy light through the cabin.

As usual with such an employment at so late an hour, my nerves had become wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. I snuffed the candle, trimmed the lamp, rearranged my writing materials, and was about to resume my employment, when I heard a low moaning sound. I waited for a few moments,

as the sound appeared to proceed from no great distance, and then the cry was repeated, and was evidently that of a human being in extreme pain and terror, and certainly could not be more than three or four yards from me. This decided me; I snatched up the candle, and ran into the after-cabin: all was quiet.

"Captain J——," said I.

No reply.

"Captain J——," I repeated, in a louder key.

A voice now came from under the bedclothes, asking me what was the matter. I inquired in my turn if anything was the matter with him, and whether anything was wrong. He then said that he had had the nightmare, and had probably cried out in his sleep, and bidding me good-night, gave himself another turn in the bedclothes to compose himself to sleep. I returned to the cabin, and putting aside my papers, climbed into bed in a few seconds, as it was very clear that I had been sitting up too late.

Wednesday, 27th.—This morning the wind has dropped, and the heavy swell, which has not had time to subside, rolls the vessel about in a most disagreeable manner. It is now that the principle of gravitation is illustrated in a practical and comprehensive manner. A short walk across the cabin is a satisfactory experiment to all intents and purposes. In the first place, you throw all your weight

forward, and labour as hard as if ascending a steep hill, but before you have got across the floor the angle becomes inverted, and you are sensible that you have miscalculated the requisite degree of resistance, and are hurried forward in headlong and rash haste into the steward's pantry, or against the sides of the cabin, where you are fortunate indeed, if you have had the presence of mind to put out your hands in some measure to break your fall.

This day I saw a real dolphin. It merely passed alongside, and the beautiful gold colour of its back was just visible some feet below the surface.

The rest of the day was almost a dead calm, and the cloudiness of the sky contributed to throw a gloom over everything. The effect on myself was languor and listlessness; so, for want of occupation I took out my thimble, needle, and thread, and overhauled my buttons, which were getting out of repair, took a reef in here and there, braced the main yards, and then, feeling a little more ship-shape, took a walk upon deck.

Thursday, 28th.—The mist has completely cleared away, and this is, without exception, the finest day we have yet had. The sky is almost cloudless, and the sun sends out rather powerful rays. Looking over the taffrail so far as to see the keel of the vessel is now an occasional employment. The contrast between the deep blue of the water, and the bright colour of the metal sheathing (yellow out of the

water, but seen through it of a lively green) is very beautiful.

A large brownish-grey gull, which had been following the ship for some days, I suppose for the fat which is thrown overboard, again came about us to-day. So good an opportunity was not to be lost, so, charging my fowling-piece, I waited at the stern for it, and as I had missed a flying shot on a previous occasion, determined to wait till it alighted on the water, which it did very soon, about twenty yards astern. I waited till it rose with the wave, and before it had time to descend again, fired. A circle of foam round it marked the spot where the shot struck the water, and in the centre lay the large bird, slaughtered, and motionless. We could see its light-coloured feathers floating a long way behind, as we moved on our way.

A few stormy petrels tempted me to make an attempt which was unsuccessful, as they are almost as swift on the wing as a swallow; on a close inspection they resemble the marten, only they are larger. Most sailors believe that if one of those birds are killed, some calamity is sure to befall the ship.

Friday, 29th.—This is another beautiful day. There is a fresh breeze, and the ship has averaged seven knots an hour. Between seven and eight knots is the most that has been got out of her this voyage, and I believe we cannot expect much more,

as she is deep in the water, and we cannot carry a heavy press of sail without causing her to be very wet, as it is she puts her bows under water very much, and the forecastle is never dry.

The sky was very clear to-day, and the blueness of the water on every side very bright. The sun set this evening very beautiful, fringing the clouds before it with a brilliant gold. Within a few minutes after sunset here it becomes dark. I suppose this will be more perceptible as we approach the equator, where the earth revolves with greater rapidity. The moon came out for about half an hour to-night and was obscured by clouds which preceded a heavy rain. The wind has likewise freshened. I remained on deck till the order was given to take in the fore top-gallant sail, and then went below, as it was raining heavily.

The two dogs find great difficulty in making their passage up and down the companion stairs, frequently coming down without the aid of their legs, and stopped short in their ascent by a lurch of the ship, which brings them thump against the cabin floor. Sandy sometimes gets half way down, and then beginning to despair, makes piteous entreaties for help, pleading the shortness of his legs, which, however, is no use, as every body here has to keep a look-out for himself.

Saturday, 30*th*.—This day a turtle floated past the ship. We are now nearly opposite Gibraltar,

standing off to the south-west. Just before six, this evening, a dark heavy cloud was visible ahead, from which the captain anticipated a squall, it, however, passed over; but later on in the evening the rain fell in torrents, with gusts of wind at intervals, during one of which the main-top-gallant halyards snapped and came down upon the deck. This brought the captain up from the cabin, when the order was to clew up.

Thus terminated the first fortnight at sea.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SUNDAY, *October* 1*st.* — During the last night there were almost uninterrupted heavy rains, which, however, have blown away this morning; and, with the exception of occasional showers, it is as fine a day as could be wished.

The fowls in the coops seem the only truly miserable creatures on board; every sea that comes over the bulwarks washes right through the bars of their cage, drenching them completely. One poor cock was so much out of health, that he was turned loose, with liberty to walk the quarter-deck, if he could; the poor animal crept into the first corner he could find, and seemed completely shrunk up; as to walking, it was quite out of the question; it was as much as he could do to stand; evidently his sands were fast running out. I noticed him yesterday. To-day, at dinner, I took some soup, which I do as seldom as I can help, and immediately remarked that it was very nice. The captain assented. I

asked what it was? as it was very savoury, and appeared to contain a good deal of seasoning.

"Oh!" said the captain, "it's foul broth. Isn't it, steward?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's made," said the captain, "out of that cock you saw walking the deck, yesterday."

Walking, indeed! This was after we had finished.

Monday, 2nd.—This day three ships were in sight. One of them the captain could not make out for some time, and said she was an old wreck of a thing. Gradually she came close, when he discovered her to be a whaler. She was a brig, with a black unsightly hull; a single narrow stripe of white paint running from end to end. The distinguishing marks of a whaler are the number of boats she carries, together with men at the mast-head, keeping a "look-out" for "spouters" constantly all the voyage. Generally, whalers are dirtier, and have a more slovenly appearance, than merchantmen. Our steward, who has been in a whale ship, says, that this one appears to be a Yankee. In speaking of them, their size is distinguished by saying a four-boat ship, a six-boat ship, &c.; and a complement of men is kept to man the boats. Thus they have always much larger crews than merchant vessels.

3rd and *4th.*—On these days nothing remarkable

has occurred, but getting into the north-east trade-winds. A great difference is perceptible. The heavy swells and breakers have now left us, and in their place a gentle breeze, that causes scarcely more than a ripple, drives the ship along six knots an hour. Everything is fair and smooth. All the sails that will draw are spread out; even top-gallant and lower studding sails; and so gentle is the ship's motion, that one would almost fancy she is scarcely moving, but for the log, which every two hours tells her progress to be six knots an hour. The sky is cloudless during the day, and at evening the sun sets in a mass of glittering and fiery splendour.

The water is of a beautiful deep blue, and so clear that any object thrown overboard is distinctly seen for at least twenty feet below the surface. Every one on board seemed to feel a satisfaction at having got into the "trades." The captain said that he had never entered them so easily before. My impression was, that we were in a completely different world, having exchanged the turbulent and squally seas all at once for this beautiful region; and when the stormy and rainy morning was succeeded by the peace and stillness of a moonlight evening,—such an evening! "a moonlight on the water;" it may easily be conceived that the transition awakened feelings of pleasure and surprise.

This afternoon a small dolphin accompanied us,

swimming generally on the lee side of the ship, and darting along with great rapidity. It was seldom out of sight, keeping always near the surface, and even when it did descend lower, the clearness of the water allowed us to see all its motions. Occasionally, when it approached the surface, the sun would shine upon its back, and cause it to have a beautiful golden appearance.

The captain attempted to "grain" it. The "grain" is a long spear, with three or more barbed points, like an eel spear, and is fastened to a rope, which the person either holds in a coil, or has made fast to some part of the ship.

Watching his opportunity, when the dolphin approached pretty near, the captain raised his arm, and threw the instrument. It, however, rose harmlessly and empty, and when it was hauled out of the water the fish had disappeared, and we saw it no more.

The air now begins to be oppressively warm, but there is an awning over the quarter-deck, which in some degree protects us from the heat of the sun. The Ursa Major is now declining to the northward, so much so as only to be partially visible, and in a few days the polar star will have altogether disappeared.

8th.—We are now within the tropics. The heat to-day has been intense; and there having been almost no wind, the sun has had tremendous power.

The sea is smooth and unruffled, and but for the long, silent swell, would be perfectly motionless. Being Sunday, this day has been unusually quiet; for, though in fine weather the sails require to be shifted often more frequently than during a breeze, and consequently the hands kept fully employed, yet the trade winds, which we have now, always blowing from the same quarter, the same sails have to be kept up. Then, as the hands on Sunday are exempted from all employment but the necessary one of attending to the sails, the day is generally one of rest and quietness.

There has been a brig very close to us all day. She appears better adapted for light winds than we, as before sunset she was a long way ahead. She is supposed to be a Swede or a Norwegian, bound for the Brazils.

The moon changes to-day. This evening, if one had been in a situation to enjoy it, would have been very favourable for poetizing. Scarcely a cloud upon the horizon. The moon at the full, brighter far than it ever shines in England, making a path of silver upon the water, gradually widening till it reaches the horizon, when it terminates in darkness; the occasional ripple by the ship's side, and the stillness of everything around, only broken by the lazy flapping of the sails, or the periodical half-hourly bell, imbues you with a sense of beauty and romance as you lean in a reverie over

the bulwark. This is all very fine; but if we have much more fine weather, we may calculate upon a long voyage, which is not calculated to increase our satisfaction.

I spend the most of my time in reading. The scene from the deck soon wearies, as it never changes. Water, water, always the same, sometimes bluer and sometimes smoother than at other times, but always bounded by the same distinct line, which, if we were to gain, we should see water still, and that for hundreds and hundreds of miles. Our bulwarks are our prison walls, and the utmost range of our liberty is the extent of the deck. To the ambitious and aspiring, the main-top presents considerable attractions; the top-gallant crosstrees offer a still more exalted region; but the main truck is the point beyond which ambition can no further go.

We are now in the latitude of the Cape Verd Islands: to the eastward of them; and this being a sort of focus for vessels making an eastward course, accounts for our seeing so many ships. One that we saw was a very large one; and it was surmised, from her carrying a flag at the mast-head, that she might be the admiral's ship. St. Antonio, one of the Cape Verds, ought to have been visible to-day, but we expect to see it by sunrise to-morrow.

The winds are still very light, and our progress slow. As this is fine weather, all the hands are employed at the sails and getting the tackle into

order, making chafing-gear, picking oakum, and making spun-yarn, for which latter purpose there is a spinning-wheel, beside the windlass on the forecastle, worked by one of the boys.

Evening has set in. The sun has gone down in a dense body of vapour, which encircles the horizon. The sky is clear enough, and the stars have begun to appear, though the moon has not yet come out. The water is very luminous, and lightens the tops of the waves as they break near and at a little distance from the ship. The decks are clear, the officer is parading the quarter, the captain and I are leaning over the bulwarks spinning long yarns about trade winds and grampi, the pearl islands and porpoises, sharks and champagne. Six bells are struck. "Square the yards," says the captain. "Square the yards," roars the second mate; while the ready "Aye, aye, sir," is responded in a deep voice from the forecastle, and all the ahoying consequent upon such an order goes on, in the midst of which we retire.

12*th*.—To-day we commence doubling Cape Verd, without seeing any of the islands. We signalized with a brig this morning, but were at too great a distance to discern the flags. First of all, each vessel hoisted the ensign, which proved to be British. This, both seemed to understand. The stranger then hauled hers down, and hoisted her number according to the signal code. We did the

same; and for three hours, in both ships, signals were kept flying, without either being able to read those of the other. This was very vexatious, for with the glass, on the closest inspection, we could just perceive what her numerical pendant was, and that there were three flags underneath, but what they were it was impossible to say; just like two people wishing to be friendly, but without the power.

A Portuguese man-of-war (paper nautilus) passed very close to us to-day. The poor sheep-dog is afflicted with the scurvy, and seems to be very tender in his limbs in consequence. He shows no repugnance to water, on the contrary, for the last fortnight, a small bucket has been constantly kept filled for his benefit, which he drinks away at until he can hardly stand, when he lies down beside it to keep watch over it, remonstrating in very indignant tones if little Sandy approaches it. He seems to have an instinctive perception of the periods of Sandy's thirst, and dodges him round the deck most perseveringly, threatening him in distinct tones. The latter gets me to interfere sometimes, and during the time he is slaking his thirst under my protection, Laddie stations himself a short distance off, and growls most menacingly as he sees Sandy is beginning to enjoy himself. He exchanges glances with me immediately after such expressions of displeasure, and wags his tail, as much as to say, "I am not

angry with you, but I don't like this fellow to interfere with my property."

For a fortnight past I have dispensed with cloth clothes, vests, and boots, and am luxuriating in a blouse and slippers. Even with such precautions, I am melting down in no inconsiderable degree.

Our steward has been "coming out" in the confectionary line, and we have pancakes, plumpudding, and tarts alternately. For several mornings we had hot rolls to breakfast, which I discontinued using on account of their indigestibility, for one weighing two or three pounds would occupy about the same bulk as an equal quantity of lead.

13*th*.—This morning the same brig we saw yesterday, and with which we endeavoured to signalize, again showed her colours, and, fortunately, this time we were able to read them.

There is something rather singular in a conversation between people ten miles distance from one another. The ship upon the horizon, her hull scarcely visible, and the unaided eye scarcely able to distinguish anything like flags, asking questions and receiving answers almost with as much ease as a verbal conversation would be carried on. There is something very pleasant, likewise, in holding communication with any one, after so long a separation from your own species, with the exception of those on board your ship. The series of monotonous occurrences on ship-board also enhances the pleasure of a friendly

conversation on the ocean. As nearly as I can recollect, the following colloquy ensued:—

"What ship is that?"

"A. B."

"What port do you come from?"

"Liverpool."

"Where are you bound to?"

"Sydney."

"How many days have you been out?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Have you any passengers?"

"One."

"I hope you are all well?"

"All are well."

"What is your longitude?"

"26° 4′."

Then the questions are reversed, and we take up the examination:—

"What ship is that?"

"Corinna."

"Where from?"

"Liverpool."

"Where bound to?"

"Calcutta."

"How many days out?"

"Thirty-two."

"What longitude?"

"26° 30′."

"I hope you are all well?"

"Very well."

This is all managed with ten flags, and by a transposition of them according to the code, any question may be asked and answered. This was an event of absorbing interest, and relieved me of two of the most wearisome hours in the day. We were in the midst of this important occupation when dinner was piped up, and we piped down to it.

14*th*.—Yesterday we spoke an outward-bound ship, which was all very pleasant, but still did not give us the satisfaction of sending home intelligence of our whereabouts. To-day we saw a large homeward-bounder, which we endeavoured to speak, but owing, as we suppose, to her not possessing the same code as ours, she returned no reply to our signals. In the morning, when she first appeared, we were in the height of expectation of being at last able to give our friends at home some idea of our being in the land of the living. As the ship approached, we did not entertain for a moment the possibility of a doubt upon the subject. It will be easy to imagine our vexation when the stranger merely hoisted his ensign in reply to ours, and passed out of sight without our being able to hold any communication with him. We must cease to expect, and so avoid disappointment.

This day was sultry. I was glad of the excuse for dressing after dinner, as every change of toilet in this oppressive weather is a great relief. As I

did not stir out of the cabin till nearly sunset, I got through a great deal of reading. The sunset this evening was most gorgeous. A wide canopy of fiery red, hanging over a tract of gold, which it required no great stretch of imagination to convert into a fair and lovely country, while just behind a group of admiring clouds, that reflected in part the splendour in which he was disappearing, the sun was declining in the west, sinking into a volume of untold grandeur, and leaving behind a short but brilliant memorial to tell of his departed glory.

16*th*.—Very warm, but fine; thermometer 84° in the shade.

17*th*.—I saw the process to-day, for the first time, of taking a lunar, the object of which is to correct the longitude taken by chronometer. Three persons with quadrants are generally employed in this process; it may be done by one individual, but as the distance of the moon from the horizon, its distance from the sun, and the distance of the latter again from the horizon, is required at the same time, the operation is facilitated by three persons observing each separate point at the same moment. When they are all ready, one cries out "Stop!" and all the instruments are simultaneously removed, the figures read off the scale, and entered upon the slate. For the sake of accuracy, this is repeated three or four times, and the sum divided by the number of times gives the average or mean.

18*th*.—A clear, bright morning. I had the luxury of a bath before breakfast, in a large tub filled for the purpose, and the addition of half a dozen buckets of water thrown upon me. This has removed an inflammation of the eyes under which I have been suffering for these two or three days. We are still making very slow progress, and on account of the winds are deviating from our course. There is lightning this evening in the east, from which we expect a change. We have every prospect now of making a long passage, a hundred and fifty days at least. We have, however, the consolation of companions in misfortune, as two ships have been visible since the day before yesterday.

We were tantalized yesterday with the spectacle of one of our companions (a barque) speaking a homeward-bound ship. When that comfort is reserved for us I know not; probably not at all, as we are getting out of the track of homeward-bound vessels. Still I hope—

"Hope! that lingers longest, and latest dies."

It would be difficult for those who have not seen a calm at sea, to form a proper conception of its miseries. The unvarying dreary prospect before us. The sense of captivity—rendered more intense by our bursting and fruitless impatience. The scorching sun above, the dry, hot planks below, and the lazy, flapping sails, are galling us to mad-

ness. These form the apparently endless items of our discontent. At night it is really pleasant and peaceful. I copy the following from a nautical magazine :—

" The night is clear, the sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the ocean,
And, far and near, the silent air
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

" There is no gale to fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop, and trembling stoop,
Like boughs that crown the weeping willow.

" The moon is bright; her ray of light,
In silver, pales the blue of heaven,
Or tints with gold, where lightly rolled—
Like fleecy snow the rack is driven.

" How calm and clear the silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!
While stars above seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion."

After writing the preceding, I sat down to read. Night had set in, and the sound of the daily duties had given place to the silence of the evening watch. The captain had come below, and lain down in the after-cabin. By-and-by the second mate came down, and after a conversation which I could not hear, they both went upon deck. I could now plainly perceive, from the orders given, that preparations were being made for a squall. The skylight was put down; a sound of bustle was going on;

while the orders resounded overhead,—"Take in the main-royal. Let go the top-gallant halyards," and to the order to keep her luff, the helmsman responded with a ready "Ay, ay, sir." I went on deck to see. All was ready. The sails were gathered up, and, hanging in folds from the yards, were shaking about in expectation. Hardly a breath of wind was stirring. The second mate was leaning over the bulwarks to windward, looking steadily at the approaching visitor; and following the direction of his eye, at apparently two musket-shots' distance from the ship, a dense volume of black cloud was discernible, touching the water, and rendering the view in that direction an impervious and impenetrable darkness; while over head, and on every other side, the stars were as bright as on ordinary occasions.

I came down into the cabin and opened my book again. In a very few minutes the rain began to fall, in heavy splashes, upon the deck; then came a low, howling sound, gradually becoming louder; and, as I sat in my chair, the inclination of the cabin told that the vessel bent under the fury of the blast. The rain rattled against the skylight-windows, and deluged the deck, with a heavy sound. It was soon over; and on the

19*th*—The wind had completely left, and nothing but a heavy swell rolled the ship about. Two sharks were about the ship this morning, one of which was

caught. It measured scarcely three feet. The other one appeared to be about six feet long.

20th.—We tried to take the other shark, which still hung about us, but without success, as he refused a most tempting bait. There was a heavy squall this evening, with thunder and a great deal of lightning. This has passed away, and there is a dead calm, but lightning still on every side.

21st.—The winds to-day are light and variable, with occasional squalls. I was shown our course past, present, and prospective, on the chart this evening.

Sunday, 22nd.—A breeze this morning, ushering in a continued, unmitigated, and unparalleled heavy rain, which lasted all day. The wind scarcely came from the same quarter for an hour together; and every time it varied, the sails, as a matter of course, had to be shifted. In this latitude, two qualifying expressions with regard to rain cannot be used. There was a country-woman once, who, speaking in high eulogium of a dog which she owned, considered she had exhausted every superlative expression of approbation she possessed, by laying the emphasis upon the verb. "That *is* a dog," she said. Here we may likewise say, "This *is* rain." Floods, deluges, inverted reservoirs, would give a more correct picture than our English ideas of a shower. One pitiless, persevering sheet of water, interspersed with lightning, and an occa-

sional thunder-growl. Those on deck engaged in duty, that preserved their Sunday attire without flinching, especially in the article of shoes, maintained a portable reservoir, pumping up about the ankles with a very dismal sound as they marched along; while those who sacrificed decorum to expediency, were independent and waterproof, in south-westers, dreadnoughts, and bare feet.

This being the region of squalls and calms, constant vigilance on the part of the officers is required. One moment there may be scarcely a breath of wind stirring,—every sail set to make the most of what there is; and the next, there will come a blast so furious, as almost to shake the masts out of the ship.

Three days of continued fair wind would take us across the equator; but we are on the debatable ground, between the north and south-east trade-winds, which never vary throughout the year. This evening was very gloomy, with lightning.

23*rd*.—The sun has not been visible for these two or three days, consequently neither the latitude nor longitude has been taken during that time. Cloudy, dull weather like this presents no temptation to remain on deck, and I am obliged to betake myself to the cabin, and read. Later on in the evening I sat upon the taffrail, and watched the stream of phosphorescent light in the wake of the vessel. One or two of the brightest stars showed themselves, but very dimly; and the sea, on every side

of a heavy, dark grey, sank and rose in a long continuous swell, that seemed to terminate in the gloomy haze that obscured the horizon. Every thing was gloomy. The sails, restless with inactivity, drooped in useless folds to the deck, flapping the masts with impatience and disgust. It was impossible for me to be insensible to surrounding influences. I became gloomy too, and leaned over the side, looking intently at the occasional sparkle of the water, as if there were some comfort to be got out of that; and, at last, fairly gave way to a thoroughly misanthropic current of reflections.

We are very much annoyed with a small insect called the weavel, which perforates the biscuit in a most ingenious manner, and conceals itself in the cavity, and occasionally are reminded by a rich taste in the bread, that one is in process of mastication. The table and every other piece of furniture is quite overrun with them.

Wednesday, 1st November.—A thriving colony of rats has commenced operations in the lockers and various other parts of the ship, and towards evening they exert their voices to a small extent. One of them was caught this evening, which Sandy in his impatience tore out of the trap without its leg, and despatched with a sanguinary bloodthirstiness.

We crossed the equator on the second of this month in about 21° west longitude.

Monday, 5th.—I would just mention here a

circumstance that took place this evening, that may serve to convey some idea of the trivial things that are our vexations here. I have said before that the mate plays the violin. That is to say he performs some airs from memory, though with a most lamentably incorrect tone. Once, and once only, I attempted to accompany him with my flute, but was obliged to desist in a very few minutes, as his selection of pieces was limited to "Banks and Braes," and a few strathspeys and hornpipes; these performed with all the voluntaries, *ad libitum*, and peculiar gusto to be found in country fairs, and with a disregard of time that set harmony at defiance. Since then I have declined his offers of performing in concert with as good a grace as possible, so two or three times since, when I have been practising he has commenced his spirit-stirring performances, I imagine from the delusion than a union of sounds is always harmony, possibly out of spite, but I am inclined to think charitably. When my piece is Mozart's "When solemn silence reigns," in the key of F major, he will immediately strike up with "Jack's the Lad," or Mrs. McFiddle's strathspey, in two or three sharps, creating such a discord that, in despair, I have always been obliged to relinquish my task, and confine my practising to those evenings when it has not been his watch upon deck. So this evening, thinking myself quite secure, I came below, after having carefully seen the second

mate pace the quarterdeck. I commenced, and had got about half way through one of Nicholson's variations, when just above my head, down the skylight, which was wide open, came the sound of the tuning of a fiddle in valorous preparation, and then followed a succession of jigs and hornpipes, played with a vigour and perseverance quite extraordinary; and wound up with a piece called the "Wounded Hussar," which, for pathos, beggars description. I believe the man got out of bed to accomplish this feat, and I need not say that to it all I was a passive listener.

Wednesday, 7th.—There was something very gloomy in the moon's rising to-night. The sun had not long been set, and the wide streaks of red that spread out over the spot where he had disappeared, had not quite faded into gloom, when exactly on the opposite side of the horizon, a break in the heavy clouds, in a very unusual manner, prepared us for the appearance of some astronomical phenomenon. It was no other than the moon, however, and as she gradually rose, the traces of sorrow were very evident upon her countenance, while around her was a small sphere of dim light that had a peculiarly sad and solemn appearance. It reminded me of the transparencies of moonlight in caves; the small narrow pathway of glistening water, surrounded on every side by a dark extent of moving restless sea.

It was getting near bed-time to-night when the captain and I were talking in the cabin. The conversation had begun to flag, and it was evident that every remark made was done in direct violation to nature, for a strongly soporific tendency had begun to be manifested, when an appearance in a dark part of the cabin, where the lamp threw the shadow of the mizzen mast, caused me to start involuntarily. A black creature about an inch and a half long darted from one of the corners, and ran over the sides of the cabin with astonishing velocity. We both jumped up, armed, the captain with a paper-knife, and I with one of my boots, and advanced in a resolute manner to attack the intruder, but he was so wary in his motions that he evaded all our attempts, when, standing still for a moment, the captain aimed a blow at him. In the twinkling of an eye the creature started from the panel, and flew like a shot into his face. I believe most people would have screamed, or done something dreadful. I could not repress a slight shudder. The captain sung out, and shook himself like one bewitched, but without discovering the beast. However, having somewhat regained his composure, after sitting still for a few minutes, we descried our goblin creeping stealthily up the skylight. Two or three blows now despatched him, and when we hoisted him to the light on the end of a knife, and had an opportunity of examining him closely; in all his blackness and

deformity, his coat of armour shining in the light of the smoking lamp, and in the agonies of death, we had before us a West Indian cockroach.

Monday, 12*th*.—I come now to a tale of horror. Our fowls, reduced in number to some dozen and a-half, and in person to skin and bone, were pent up in their narrow coops till they trod one another down. As they fought and struggled for their pittance of daily bread, some one poor creature would every day sink under the pressure of its misfortunes, crouch down in the bottom of the coop, and allow the stronger ones to trample it down under foot in their scramble to the trough, as if all desire were gone, and life and death a matter of indifference.

It is needless to say that these objects of pity fell under the hands of the cook just before they had yielded up the tribute of nature, and paid a diurnal visit to the dinner table; where, as the knife attempted to sever their joints, they fell almost spontaneously asunder; and when the fork would seek a firm footing in the breast, it plunged through the outer skin like silk paper and struck the bone with a hollow sound. In some, the breast bone was bent in folds, with confinement and squeezure.

This morning they were allowed to run out on deck and relax their contracted sinews. Poor creatures! one would have thought that common misfortune would have united them in a common

sympathy, and that they would have forgotten their personal animosities in the joy of the moment. But with some of them hope had completely fled, and they had no sooner been put out of the coops than they crept back again to their narrow prison, where they had fought and scrambled, as if they clung to that only semblance of a home; while the others, whose famished bones the feathers alone seemed to keep together, unanimously closed in one indiscriminate and delirious fight, their eyes glaring with a strange frenzied expression. In their then weakened state, one or two efforts were as much as they were capable of, and they either sat upon their protruding joints or lay feebly upon their sides and picked at their neighbours with a fury perfectly astonishing.

I cannot doubt that these creatures were temporarily deprived of their reason. I suppose they were light headed from long confinement, or, that the surprise of liberty overcame the equipoise of their intellects, and they gave way to these singular transports, as "sudden joys, like sudden griefs, confound at first." One of them nearly lost its eye in the recreation.

The sun, in this latitude, is almost vertical, and the heat terrific. The pitch starts in bubbles from between the planks, and the poor dogs creep into every possible shade and pant like steam-engines.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL CONCLUDED.

FRIDAY, 17*th*.—I heard an anecdote, the other evening (of Sir Isaac Newton), from the mate, which I never met with before. Some conversation about the weather led to it. We were standing on the quarterdeck, beside one of the guns, in the time sacred to yarn-spinning, namely, the first night watch.

Sir Isaac, one evening riding in the Highlands, was pursuing his way at a leisurely pace, and being in some difficulty as to the right road to take, asked the direction from an old shepherd whom he met on the road-side. The man told him that it was some four or five miles off, adding, that he had better not lose time on the way, as before he could get there he would stand a chance of being wet through by a very heavy shower, which would take place before long. Sir Isaac looked on every side, but could see no indications of the threatened rain,

and said as much to the man. To this, the man only replied by a repetition of his warning, to make the best of his way home, for before he could reach it he would get a soaking. Sir Isaac still seemed incredulous, but as he could get nothing more out of the obstreperous old man, rode quietly away. However, before having proceeded very far, the rain fell in torrents. He was completely puzzled. His philosophic mind was thoroughly excited; he could not conceive how this simple and apparently uneducated man had obtained such an insight into the changes of the atmosphere, and with the true humility of a great mind, that never despises instruction, even from the humblest source, immediately turned back to learn from this wonderful shepherd how he knew that there was going to be rain. After he had ridden a short distance he found the old man, and asked him the question; but "na," he would not tell him. Sir Isaac offered him a shilling if he would communicate his secret, but in vain, the man only shook his head. Five, and ten shillings were successively offered, still the old man was obdurate. Sir Isaac Newton, in increasingly intense curiosity, raised his bribe to twenty shillings, but without effect; and at last, in despair, offered him a five pound note if he would tell him. The man looked cunningly at him, and then said, he must have the money first. The money was immediately handed over, and the shep-

herd led the philosopher to one side; looking for a moment amongst his flock, he pointed out an old ram: "That ram of mine," he said, "always shoves his face intill a bush when it's going to rain, sir, and *that's* the way I know."

22*nd*.—On this day, there occurred nothing but those numberless petty grievances, which grow to a fearful extent at sea; and in comparison with which those on land are as nothing. This is the real trial of a long voyage; the small discomforts and privations are what every reasonable creature will lay his account for; drink bad water at times, dispense with cream, and even butter in the tropics; to say nothing of swallowing half a dozen tropical insects at a mouthful without winking, or accidentally getting a glimpse of the under side of his plate and discovering a thick layer of what the sailors call slush, of a week's accumulation, owing to the steward's being a superficial character, and cleaning only one side of the platter. Such things as these it is possible to bear cheerfully, but the spleen which the confinement engenders—that ingenious process which every man is possessed of for destroying his own happiness and comfort—that is a thing by no means sufficiently provided against. It tinges every occurrence with a painful sense of annoyance, restlessness, and irritation, perfectly unbearable and insupportable; and the sight being thus jaundiced, sees its reflection in everything around.

24th.—The wind blew very hard to-day. Sail after sail was taken in and furled, until there were only one or two besides the storm sails left standing, and those close reefed, a heavy rain driving all the time. Sometimes the top of the bulwarks would be level with the water, the sea would rush in through the scuppers, and any person on the lee-side would be up to his knees in water; then the ship, meeting a heavy sea, would pitch her bows into it, and envelope the deck fore and aft in a sheet of foam. When a sea struck her amidships, breaking right over, it would make her tremble all throughout her timbers. It was four in the afternoon before we dined, three hours after the usual time. The table was set as usual; but the plates kept sliding off, and the bread-basket shot the biscuits on the cabin floor, on every side. An inquiry might naturally arise, where was the steward all this time? Where, indeed! Up aloft, amongst about a dozen other figures, scarcely perceptible through the volumes of spray, and driving rain, hanging half over the yard, furling the main-sail. In this state of things, and dinner only in perspective, I came below to provide against contingencies; ate some biscuit, and fished a bottle of ale out of the locker. After pouring out what I wanted, I replaced the cork, and moored the bottle up in a corner, in the steward's pantry, and coming back found my glass lying on its side, and the ale

upon the table, and in the plates. In my berth, the greatest anarchy prevailed: bags, boxes, books, all in a pile; the looking-glass dislodged, and order completely subverted. I put on my tarpaulin hat, and stood it out on deck. A long sea would sometimes heave the ship over till her yards almost touched the water, and then recoiling, she would describe a similar movement on the other side. "Aye," said the captain, "we are knocked about as if we belonged to nobody, and cost nothing." The weather cleared up, towards evening,—but on the

25*th.*—We had another strong gale, which put the ship under water even more than the previous one. We lay-to during a part of the time, and close reefed and furled everything. In the cabin it was difficult to keep our seats, and impossible to stand without holding on. The plates and glasses emptying their contents on our knees; and knives and forks changing sides in an astonishing manner. All this during a creaking of timbers, a jingling of iron kettles loose in the hold, and an interminable clatter of the steward's crockery, perfectly astounding.

28*th.*—There is almost a gale of wind to-day, and we are running before it at a tremendous speed. The great waves come pealing on behind, and one would almost imagine that they are about to break over the stern and sweep the decks; but just at the very moment, they come

gently under, and lifting her up for an instant, shoot her along with great velocity, causing a hundred whirling and bubbling currents in her wake, the sea rushing, roaring, and foaming by her side. The wind bears her along in spite of them all, while the whole expanse of water to the horizon is alive with the angry crests of waves, starting up and tearing along in pursuit.

Tuesday, 5th Dec.—About dusk, this evening, the man at the wheel announced a sail off the starboard quarter. The wind was blowing pretty freshly, and occasionally a mist, with a driving rain, would obscure her from our sight. It was evident that she was gaining upon us, and we expected to be within hail before morning. Various conjectures were afloat, as to what she was, and a universal interest was excited. Some said the "Elizabeth," a passenger ship, for Sydney, that was to sail a few days after us. It was only conjecture, however, for she was about ten or twelve miles distance from us, and it was impossible in the haze to make her out with the glass. The captain thought she would be up with us in an hour or two, and so sat up for her. I did likewise, as long as my eyes would keep open, and then, fairly giving way, tumbled into my berth, and asked him to call me when the strange ship overtook us. Heavy and fitful, and disturbed were my slumbers; old and accustomed faces crowding round me, bidding good-by, and meeting again,

in a strange jumble of times, and places, and occasions. Once under the impression that some dreadful calamity was about to happen, I started up. There was something alive and moving at the bottom of my bed. On kicking out my foot I found it was only Sandy, creeping in beside me. I dislodged the little fellow, and rolling myself up again, slept profoundly. A heavy shock brought me to consciousness. Then, pouring on and on (I thought it would never stop) the sea came splashing upon the decks above, and the ship trembled and rocked as if she were stunned and paralyzed. I opened my eyes. Was that a figure at the bottom of my bed? There was my gun and a pile of books that the pitching of the ship had displaced; but there was a strange hazy light before me, as if the gleam from the bull's eye in the deck were of some unusual colour. Lost in a perplexity of ideas, I began to speculate upon the subject, proposed theories for its solution, and would probably have fallen asleep again, when, throwing out my arm, I knocked aside the white curtains, and at once dispelled the illusion. The lamp was out, and the grey light of morning was streaming through the skylight. It was too early to think of rising. I dozed away till seven bells, and then began to think how I had missed the ship behind us, when the steward, much to my satisfaction, said that it was close upon us, astern.

Between ten and eleven she came up, and stand-

ing under our lee, waited for us to hail. She carried the Swedish flag. After the usual interrogatories, the substance of the information was, that she was the "Gurli," from Stockholm, bound for Batavia. I wish I could describe the pleasure which the sight of the brown and grinning faces of her crew gave me, and as the brig passed us to leeward, she called forth an involuntary exclamation of "She's a pretty little thing, too."

Shortly after she had gone out of sight, a heavy gale came on, which increased till evening, when the glass began to rise. Up to that time it blew very hard, and the sea rose higher than we ever had it before. The moon came out about ten o'clock, the view was grand in the extreme: hill and valley on every side, and at times in one entire sheet of foam. Enormous seas, towering high above us astern, and breaking over amidships, with a weight like several tons, that deluged the deck, and swept every person from his footing, in fact, it was a regular south-wester off the Cape. During the night, I would have given a great deal for a hammock, as I could only get snatches of sleep for five or ten minutes at a time, owing to the violent thumping against the sides of my berth. At last, I fairly gave it up, and lay on my back, staring away at the beam that runs across the state-room, with my elbows squared, to keep all steady, in a state of desperation, till the morning broke.

When I got up, and passed the time till breakfast in getting my things put straight, on sitting down to table, through the want of rest, I felt very oppressed and stupid.

This evening we had to heave-to in another gale, which did some considerable extent of breakage in the way of cups and saucers. Pretty late on in the evening, I scrambled into bed amongst broken glass and salt water, and, coiling myself up, slept as a person at sea only can sleep. Before going, however, I went to look for the sheep dog, to bring him below to pass the night, and putting my hand into a barrel at the top of the companion stairs, found him all snug in a bed of shavings, and received a cordial shake of his paw. He poked his nose out for a moment, but drew it in again immediately, after a glance that seemed to say, "It's a bad look-out this, isn't it?"

23*rd*.—Christmas is drawing on. We killed a pig in honour of the coming festivities. We expect to see land on Christmas day, and the life of one fowl has been prolonged for the important occasion.

24*th*.—Christmas Eve. This is a warm, bright, English June day. We anticipate the pleasure of seeing the first land since our departure to-morrow, namely, St. Paul's. The evening was serene and beautiful.

25*th*.—Christmas day. There was a fine fresh breeze this morning, which we had every reason to

expect would bring us off St. Paul's before night, we were, in consequence, in the height of anticipation of seeing the land, and the vessel going eight knots and a half an hour, had every probability of making it by one in the afternoon. It was about two o'clock that we came upon deck after dinner, and saw the first loom of the land upon the horizon. I went up into the main top, to endeavour to see Amsterdam, which lies due north from St. Paul's, but, owing to the haze which hung around, it was not visible. We no sooner caught sight of the land than the order was given, "Let her run off;" "Brace the yards forward," and we were rapidly bearing down upon it.

At first, when the sun's rays fell upon the coast, it presented one bare grey surface, except where the chasms to the northward, and the precipitous cliffs, falling perpendicularly to the water, deepened into shade.

At the entrance to the bay (the only safe anchorage) is a rock of a conical form, seventy or eighty feet high, separated from the mainland, called in books of navigation, the Ninepin. This is seen with the first sight of the island by vessels making a course to the eastward.

Both Amsterdam and St. Paul's are of volcanic origin, and contain hot springs. They are uninhabited except by sealers, or whalers, making a stay during the summer season. Such a wild, waste,

solitary island, in the midst of a wide ocean, can present but few charms to the most misanthropic being. He must be a misanthrope, indeed, to choose such a spot. However, three long months of a constant unvarying prospect of the waste of waters, caused me to look on it with great affection and interest.

The sea ran very high when we came within two or three miles of the land. The mutton birds, in great numbers, were flying about the surface of the water, over what we at first took to be sea-weed, but afterwards discovered to be shoals of small fish, whose backs we could see just out of the water. We ran the telescope along the coast, but could not perceive a single human being. We rounded the Cape, and, passing the Ninepin, the lagoon opened before us. The beautiful little boatswains were screaming about the masts, and one or two huge albatrosses mingling with the throng of birds; otherwise, the coast was quite deserted.

Just under a shelving portion of the rock, which on this side breaks off at an immense height, we discovered a hut of deal boards, and had been in sight of it for some minutes without seeing any inhabitants, when we likewise perceived two schooners lying up in the bay with their rigging taken down. All at once several men came running out of the cabin and fired off a musket; we saw the smoke some time before the report reached us. Then they

hoisted a flag upon a pole, which we made out to be French, a signal for us to heave-to; but the captain had had experience of the importunity of sealers on such occasions—so he said—and said he could not spare them anything, as he supposed they could have no other object in getting us to stop, and having now passed the mouth of the bay, we "bout ship," and were soon leaving the island far behind us.

The bay, or lagoon, is completely land locked, is entered over a bar at high water, and contains a depth of water in some places of thirty fathoms. It is two miles in circumference, and as completely sheltered from the wind as the Liverpool docks. The bar, at the entrance, is composed of small stones, and with very little expense might be made passable for ships of large tonnage. Navigators who have visited the island state the soil to be fertile; but as there is very strong reason to believe that it is of recent formation, the absence of shrubs of any kind, and the small variety of grasses upon it, may be accounted for.

Great numbers of seals frequent it, and fish in great quantities are to be caught without any trouble. The basin which forms the lagoon is the crater of an extinct volcano, and is larger than that of either Etna or Vesuvius.

Both Amsterdam and St. Paul must of necessity be mountains of immense height, to be so far

distant from any other land, and the sea within a very short distance beyond soundings. Our first view of the island was one that is ordinarily presented to ships from the westward; but the view of the harbour and bay is very seldom seen, except by ships intending to touch there, as, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, homeward-bound vessels never come into this latitude, and very few sighting the island approach it so closely as we did. The basin-like form of the crater will be easily perceived.

30*th*.—A calm came over the bosom of the deep. The albatrosses sat in pairs upon the smooth surface that reflected their forms like the stillest lake, and held confabulations, the sound of their voices, which was audible for a great distance, resembling the pouring out of some fluid from a narrow-necked bottle, perhaps a little more musical. By-and-by a dark surface upon the horizon, that the sailors call a cat's paw, would steal over the water, causing a slight ripple for the time, and then die away, leaving the sea as smooth as ever. The jolly boat was lowered over the side, and the captain sculled round the ship in her to inspect her external condition.

Her sides have become quite green with marine vegetation, a host of barnacles cling to her stern, and she bears all the tokens of a long voyage.

CHAPTER IV.

REFLECTIONS.

SUNDAY, *December* 31*st*.—New Year's Eve, the last day in the old year. I was tempted into a moralizing fit, which produced the following effusion, and which, though out of place, may be pardoned here.

"How many will this day look back upon the past, and recall those occasions by which they have been periodically reminded of the flight of time. They will see how few of the promises of their youth have been fulfilled in their ripened maturity, they will form new resolves for the coming year, which the coming year shall see broken and forgotten, and they dream on in insensibility to aught beyond a material existence till the passing year comes round again; then in terror they will start up to find how their accumulated negligence is heaping coals of fire upon their heads, rendering each recrimination more painful, and each attempt at reparation more difficult. How many at this time are reminded of the changes

each succeeding year has witnessed, the gaps in their little world it has created (for life is measured, not by its duration, but by its events); and, as their lost friends rise up in memory around them, many a dormant chord is wakened that tells of a dreary blank in their affections time can never fill up. Happy, indeed, it is for those with whom life has not been a dream, but a solemn period of preparation for eternity; eternity—not a dim uncertain theory, but a defined and palpable reality.

"'Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days; what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee, verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.'"

"Tell me, ye winged Winds, that round my path may roar,
Do you not know some spot where mortals weep no more?—
Some lone and pleasant dell,—some valley in the west—
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud Wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

"Tell me, thou mighty Deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favoured spot,—some island far away,—
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs?—
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud Waves rolling in perpetual flow
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer, "No!"

"And thou, serenest Moon! that with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth asleep in Night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the Moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No!"

"Tell me, my secret Soul,—oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sin and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, 'Yes, in Heaven!'" *

January 1st, 1844.—The new year. The Indian Ocean; lat. 39° 48′, long. 92° 52′. This is the new leaf which all intend to turn over—a blank, a spotless sheet. What it shall contain no man can know.

Since the fowls have been finished, fast days have multiplied with Sandy. Formerly dinner was no sooner over than he accompanied the steward to the galley, and after spending some time there he would come bouncing down the cabin stairs, as tight as a drum, his chops shining with gravy, and good-humour beaming out of his very whiskers; but now he sits a poor humble petitioner under the table, thankful for any bit of stray biscuit that may fall to his lot.

* I do not know the author of the above.

Indications of a "blow"—the sea begins to rise, dark heavy clouds come creeping up to windward, and a small rain is falling.

The captain and I were talking in the cabin at night about the crew and officers; he complained of the mate being too easy, and said, amongst other things, that he was soft, and he thought "some parts wanting."

I suggested, after we had done, that sound travelled. He replied, "Well it will verify the old saying, that 'listeners hear no good of themselves,'" and went up the companion-stairs to get his pipe, which he kept under the speaking-trumpet. I heard a footstep moving carefully away, and then an assumed whistle, and strongly suspect that the mate heard all we were saying. I am sorry for it, for he seems a well-meaning man.

16*th.*—This day three months ago left Liverpool.

18*th.*—Blowing hard to-day; reefed, double-reefed, and close-reefed the topsails; furled the mainsail; and finally furled the fore-topsail, and hove her to. The ship laboured very heavily till then, after which she rode out the storm like a duck. It may be necessary to say, that heaving a ship to in a gale of wind, is putting her under snug sail, and keeping her within a few points head to wind, so that she meets the sea with her bows. An old tar said to me, "Who wouldn't sell his farm,

and be a sailor?" This, I supposed, was meant for a joke, and so laughed. Poor old fellow! people on shore have a very dim idea of a sailor's life, when they talk in a complacent way about his hardships and discomforts. These benevolent landsmen should see him reefing topsails in a gale of wind; or holding on to the ropes he is pulling, when a heavy sea breaks over the side, and taking him breast high in the lee-scuppers, rushing along the decks like a swollen torrent, carrying hen-coops and spars along with it in a sheet of foam, striking him from his footing, and beating him against the side like a helpless log of wood,—this amidst work that must be done; and, drenched or soaking, there is no going below to dry himself till his four hours watch is out, when he goes below, with orders to stand by for a call. This may be in an hour, or the moment he gets into the forecastle, and is beginning to make himself comfortable, to go through the same duties, which may keep him till his watch on deck comes round again; and then, cold, wet, and comfortless, there is nothing for it but patience and philosophy for four hours more. About nine in the evening, the rain fell as if it were raining its last, and the wind blew till it perfectly roared and howled in the rigging; this was an expiring effort, and from that moment the gale began to subside, only returning in gusts at intervals, and each time with a sensibly diminished force. I went to the com-

panion-door, just before going to bed, to ascertain the state of things. The night was pitch dark, and for some minutes I was unable to distinguish anything but the huge seas that were rolling past, the tops luminous with a phosphorescent light. The ship was plunging almost perpendicularly into huge chasms of seas, that yawned before her, and drove her back, creaking and groaning, enveloped in foam. By-and-by, a few dark figures were discernible at my elbow, availing themselves of the shelter of the round-house. We seemed to be under water the whole time, and it was a most dismal night; until

> "The wished for morrow
> Broke through the hazy sky,"—

when there was a heavy sea, but no wind.

20*th*.—Our first mate has been taken wonderfully polite lately, in a manner that rather irritates the captain, but is to me very ludicrous. He, of course, in virtue of his office, sits at the first table. Breakfast is no sooner over, than Mr. N——, with a series of singular flourishes, commences arranging the crumbs on his plate, strokes his hair back, fits his cap upon his head, and, with a grace peculiarly his own, makes a bow to the captain, and says, "Thank you, sir." At different times the captain has noticed this behaviour, and expressed his opinion that it was very childish, which I quite agreed with; and he always, with this impression, attempts to be em-

ployed at something else, so as not to appear to observe it. But this morning Mr. N—— was not to be done. The crumbs required twice as much arranging as usual, his knife and fork to be replaced half a dozen times, and his knees stroked; finally, winding up with the customary flourishes, and a hem or two to clear his throat, he rose, and looking the skipper full in the face, to make sure that he heard him this time, said, in a meek and insinuating tone of voice, "Thank you, Captain J——." Having achieved his purpose, he walked complacently out of the cabin.

The captain looked remarkably discomposed during the ceremony, pursed his lips, and frowned; but it was no use, a laugh came out of it. Some half hour or so after, as I was standing looking over the bulwarks, he came up to me, and remaining silent for some time, suddenly spat impatiently upon the ground, and turning round, said with a very grave face, and laying an emphasis upon each word, "That mate is a fool."

13*th*.—The captain had a small skirmish with one of his crew to-day. It was nothing of any consequence, and had been drawing on for some time previously. The men had been getting dissatisfied and worn out, tired of the ship and of themselves, and yielded their obedience as unwillingly as possible. I heard a great uproar on deck about six bells in the morning, and, above all,

the captain's voice predominating. I heard the words "Go aloft!" passionately uttered; and to which there was some reply, but inaudible to me. "Go aloft, I say; go aloft!" was shouted loud and fast; and both voices were raised, and a confliction of sounds ensued, that drowned all distinction. I went on deck. The captain was standing on the quarter deck, looking very pale. One man was at the pumps. Antonio, the Italian, was in the waist, coiling up some ropes. "Here you," said the captain, pointing to the pumps; "lend a hand to work that pump." The man came aft with, at first, a lowering aspect, which after changed to a disdainful smile. "Is it me you are wanting?" he asked. However, he fell to work, muttering something to the man beside him. What had passed before I went on deck I could not learn; but it was sufficient to excite the captain's apprehensions, for he loaded a pair of pistols in the evening.

These displays of insubordination are not always without cause, as the communications between the captain and his crew are not of the most courteous character, and naturally excite a retaliatory spirit. It cannot be for a moment denied, that the line of distinction at sea between master and men should be very marked, otherwise authority could not be enforced, nor subordination maintained.

Seamen, likewise, are accustomed to a rough tone of command, and to yield implicit and unconditional

obedience to their conditional authority; but, surely, wanton displays of a total disregard of common feeling towards them, cannot fail of having a most injurious effect. They are at least men, who, if they have any powers of reason at all, must see the folly and injustice of such arrogant displays. It will act prejudicially in this manner,—that, setting aside the temporary insubordination it gives rise to, it teaches them an atrocious lesson, which they will not be slow to learn, that power is enjoyed without responsibility; thus sowing the seeds of a great moral evil, of which we cannot calculate the extent.

16*th*. Little Sandy was very ill to-day. He had been down in the hold since the previous night, and when he was brought out in the afternoon he was scarcely able to stand, besides seeming to be in violent pain, and convulsed with spasms. I suspected it had arisen from something which he had eaten in the hold, and administered an emetic; shortly after which he went into fits, foaming at the mouth. We recovered him from one by plunging him into cold water, after which he lay quiet, but apparently very weak. I read up "Graham's Domestic Medicine," upon epilepsy, and administered him some brandy and laudanum. I really felt, and have no hesitation in owning it, grieved at my little companion's sufferings.

Next morning, the mate informed me that he

came on deck in the middle night-watch to drink, and fell into another fit; but towards the afternoon he seemed better, and, though he refused a hot mash, despatched some bones with apparent relish.

18*th*.—This day we were at the entrance to Bass's Straits, and expected to see King's Island and Cape Otway towards night. The captain was anxious to sight these two places before dark, so as to have daylight for the rocks in the Straits.

We put Sandy into the sheep-dog's kennel, on account of his indisposition, and the other humanely vacated it for him, sleeping outside at night; but seeing the little fellow in a fit once, he was struck with the impropriety of his behaviour, collared him, and brought him out, which recovered him for the time.

The second mate, who witnessed the scene, remarked, "Oh, it won't do for you to die in my kennel!" This evidently and satisfactorily explained the dog's motive for such harsh proceedings.

19*th*.—As we did not make the land on the previous night, owing to the thickness of the weather, we hove-to till morning. I desired the officer of the watch to knock me up when it was visible, which we expected would be about daybreak. Accordingly, between four and five in the morning I wakened, to be ready for a call, and very soon after heard the cry on deck, "Land on the lee-

side." Three raps over head was the signal, and I threw on my clothes and went above. A long line of high land off the larboard side stretched along the horizon. The grey light of morning did not permit us to see any variation in its surface at first; but when a ray of the sun fell upon it, we could perceive the greenness of the hills, which are said to be fertile and well wooded. The cliffs appeared of a bright yellow, the colour of the sand that adhered to the deep-sea lead-line, which was hove early in the morning.

The sight of St. Paul's had somewhat taken off the edge of my appetite for land; nevertheless, I could not look at this first portion of Australia, my future home, without emotion. This night we stood under easy sail, so as not to make the intricate parts of the Straits before morning.

20*th*.—After two nights of suspense and uncertainty, the sun rose upon a beautiful clear morning. Right ahead, to the left, Wilson's Promontory, and the island, or rather rock, Rhodondo, stood out in relief, while to windward of it the horizon was studded with conical isolated rocks. As we neared them, and they became more distinct, fresh ones sprang up beyond them, the most prominent of which was Sir Roger Curtis's Group, while Devil's Tower was just coming into view. The breakers on Crocodile Rock were visible from the foretop-gallant-crosstrees with the glass. Crocodile Rock

is what is termed a wash, and under water about two feet. The islands in this channel lie in groups, and the largest of them, with one exception, is not more than a mile in circumference. They appeared to have very little depth of soil, and to be covered with a scanty herbage, and patches of scrub. We passed very close indeed to Sir Roger Curtis's Island and Judgment Rocks. The water was smooth, the wind light, and the day a more lovely one than it ever has been my lot to witness. There was a degree of poetry, and peace, and beauty about the whole scene that was quite enchanting. We got through the Straits by about six in the afternoon, when it fell a dead calm. A small schooner was standing from the eastward for the Straits, becalmed, like us, in sight of land.

The next morning the wind was "dead on end," and we beat about against it for three days; it was likewise blowing almost a gale the whole time. This was very trying, for I was counting the hours to Sydney.

I fancied our crew now had a worn-out appearance, and certainly under protracted confinement and unvaried sameness of diet a proper vigour cannot be sustained.

The steward had by this time a great beard on his upper lip, an attempt at a moustache, which he said was owing to his not having a razor. We learned that he had a wife and family in Sydney

whom he had not seen for three years. On being asked about his wife, he said he had left her very well off. "I left her," said he, "with a mangle I gave eight pounds for." He was told that he would find neither his wife nor mangle when he arrived, but the suggestion did not seem to distress him much.

On Tuesday morning, the 30th of January, we sighted the heads of Botany Bay, and shortly afterwards Sydney Heads. The lighthouse stood in a prominent locality, and we could perceive that signals were flying for us.

It would be useless to attempt description, except in so far as the mere enumeration of the localities is concerned, for I was in such a perfect fever of excitement that I actually trembled with eagerness as the different points of land opened upon the view. The pilot came on board off the shore, in a whale-boat, rowed by New Zealanders, all tatooed over their faces, grinning and chattering away in an unknown dialect.

It was something to see a strange face after so long a captivity, and I immediately took an extraordinary interest in the pilot, inspecting him all over, with a feeling of fierce curiosity, down to his very buttons. I followed his motions with very great interest as he pointed out the different prominent localities. "That 's the light-ship," said he, alluding to a hull of a craft moored in the middle

of the passage to the harbour. "That 's the Sow and Pigs." These were some almost sunken rocks, on which a small flag was placed to indicate their position.

As we proceeded I could not but be struck with the beauty of the scene. Gently sloping banks, wooded to the water's edge, dotted here and there with handsome stone villas, like any watering or suburban place in England. The water, a beautiful bright green, and unmoved as formerly by heavy immense seas, was now scarcely disturbed beyond a slight ripple. The bright yellow-coloured sand upon the shore, boats moving about, and moored up, and lying high and dry on the beach, artisans working and hammering away, and the shore fluttering with signs of animation; all presented such a scene of life, activity, and bustle, to which for nearly five months I had been a stranger, that, added to the ecstatic thought that this after all was Sydney, was Australia, seemed such a picture of enchantment as gave me the impression of being in a delightful dream.

But when the town of Sydney, by a sudden turn in the river, opened out, and the costly and magnificent buildings, the numerous fleet of ships at anchor and at the wharfs came in view, all reflecting, as they did, the rays of such a sun as in England is never witnessed, the sense of doubt seemed to vanish, and a proud admiration took its

place. I felt proud of my country, proud that even in remotest seas it had planted gorgeous and lasting memorials of its wealth, its enterprise, and power.

But soon the agent came on board, and amongst personal congratulations, and the excitement of friendly faces, my attention was distracted from the surrounding scenery, in investigation of the number of butchers, laundresses, and boarding-house runners, who now crowded the deck.

Half an hour after we dropped anchor, the first time for nearly five months I put my foot upon terra firma.

I believe that every person landing for the first time after a long voyage experiences an intensity of pleasure that amounts almost to childishness, and those were certainly my feelings, as, for the two hours following, I rambled through the straggling streets, staring at everything and everybody with unaffected wonder, smoking perpetually meanwhile from pure inanity. Here, as Sydney is known to most readers, I must quit the subject, merely shifting the scene to St. Vincent's Gulf.

It would be unhandsome, in closing this journal, to leave it altogether without some apology for the freedom with which at least one person has been alluded to. I am convinced, from the very intimate acquaintance I formed with this individual on that voyage, that his good nature will not permit him to

take offence at what has been introduced simply because it took the author's fancy, and without the remotest prospect of the transcript ever meeting his eye. I have this, at least, to add, and what has not been said before, that I have since that period seen much of captains, of ships and discipline, and I do not think, that in any case which has come under my observation, I have met with a captain more constantly alive to his duty, or more habitually prepared for any emergency; and I take this means of expressing my high opinion of his professional abilities, and of his natural sagacity of mind.

When it is considered in what the duties of the master of a ship consist, it will be admitted that the unremitting demands upon his energies, fortitude, and temper, are equalled in few other situations in life. Isolated, in many instances, from even the society of passengers, the captain is thrown entirely upon his own resources, very often a prey to morbid suspicion, distrust, dissatisfaction, and imaginary insult; to say nothing of the constant source of anxiety supplied by the thought of the heavy responsibility he incurs in the valuable property which he is entrusted to convey from one quarter of the globe to another, and to manage in situations of unusual intricacy and difficulty. The captain of a ship must be prepared for anything and everything; from a shipwreck to a seizure, from a

manifest to a mutiny, from a topsail to a tornado; and in each and all of these, it is a part of his requisite qualification that he must find himself at home. The majority of men live perpetually in one unvarying routine; their first difficulties surmounted, habit has rendered the rest of their path easy. Even the duties of a sailor before the mast are those of routine and habit, and not of accident. He is a mere machine; does not know the reason of any one of his acquirements, and obeys from a sense of discipline that nothing but habit could create, and the propriety of which, reason would sometimes compel him to dispute. The thinking part on board ship is done abaft, the working part forward; and it is no small amount of commendation to say that any individual is qualified to occupy the position of commander, and execute the various and unexpected requirements of so arduous and toilsome a walk of life.

The apparent gap which occurs between this and the succeeding pages, by suddenly transferring the scene to a distance of twelve hundred miles, may be filled up by stating, that in the interval of time the author performed a voyage of about a month from Sydney to Adelaide, during which time he visited Twofold Bay and Port Fairy, two incipient colonies, dependencies of New South Wales. The notes are supposed to be resumed on his arrival at Adelaide.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

All is darkness now. The hills upon which before we gazed with the delight that only those at the end of a long voyage can know, have faded into a black indistinct mass, scarcely distinguishable from the almost as dark clouds around. A heavy vapour rises from the shore, and strikes the passengers remaining upon deck with a chill. All of them are looking attentively around in a nervous expectant state, though at what, few if any of them could say, for nothing is descernible but a small circle of rippling water, for the distance of a hundred yards from the ship.—Stay, I was wrong, there is a light visible ahead. That is the light ship, looming through the darkness. Gradually we near it, and by degrees discern the sound of something going on, but where we cannot tell, though we have the consciousness that it is something connected with our

arrival. Ah! there is the sound of oars. An intense excitement prevails. Orders are given forward which we cannot hear, but we imagine to heave the ship to. Men shout, blocks creak, the yards swing round heavily, when a thump comes against the ship's side, right under the counter, and a man leaps on board, shortly after followed by some more. The first man walks forward with a confident air, and salutes the captain, while the others stand shyly behind, or go forward to speak to the crew, the reason of this distinction is that the first is the head pilot.

Now the first ceremonies over, the pilot takes the command, and thunders out his orders; "Brace the fore yards up. Loose the jib. Luff all you can," looking round to the man at the wheel; then, "Bout ship. Hard a-lee. Tacks and sheets. Mainsail haul." And the vessel turns round in a direction precisely contrary to her previous course. Then he asks the mate what length of cable he has, and being informed, he replies, "That will do." Then the sails are clewed up, the order "Let go" rings out. The chain jingles cherrily through the hawsehole, the vessel swings slowly round to the wind, and reader you are now safe at anchor within the bar, off Snapper Point, at the entrance to the harbour of Port Adelaide.

Morning dawns, and the impatient passenger starts from his bed, where he has been tossing all

night in fruitless attempts to sleep. There is a stillness about everything now. No bumping from side to side of berths. No upsetting of wash-hand basins. No holding on of cabin doors to restrain involuntary somersets. But our passenger enjoys a comfortable and orderly toilet. There is a rippling sound against the ship's side, as if very small waves were beating feebly against it. There is a quietness, peace, a serenity of feeling almost like a dream. Is it a dream? you knock some unprotected limb against a sharp corner, which convinces you of the reality of your sensations, and you rub the part tenderly.

But for the better evidence of your senses you go upon deck, and take your first look at the heads of Port Adelaide harbour.

Your ship is lying at anchor between two long rows of posts, with great heads for beacons. There are so many of them, and they stretch away so far down the stream that the end ones look like two Brobdignagian pins. At the termination of the row is a dismantled looking craft, which you are informed is the light ship of the preceding evening.

Looking round upon the shore, you see a long low sandy beach, growing here and there with marine vegetation, and skirted behind with what you learn afterwards is a mangrove swamp, stretching for you cannot tell how far inland. In front upon the beach

are a few pools of water, which the receding tide has left, and round their margins are long rows of pelicans, like an army in first-rate discipline.

Suddenly their order is invaded by about half a dozen sea-birds of a rusty-black colour, when they all forthwith set up a strange scream, and several fly away.

But turning from them, you look along the beach and perceive that at no part within sight is it higher than the one before you, and looking inland you recognise the hills of yesterday afternoon, which seem to have reached a crisis, and terminate in the centre of the view in two points, the highest of which you are told is Mount Lofty. You likewise observe that these hills are dotted with trees to the very summits, are of a brown colour like burnt umber, gradually lighter towards the top, and are of a singularly sugar-loaf form.

To arrive at the port you must sail up a narrow creek perhaps some two or three hundred yards wide, and if the wind is against you, will have to make sundry tacks to head up the stream.

Seven miles from Snapper Point is situated Port Adelaide.

The first object of attention at the port, is the company's store, a large and handsome brick building.

The inhabited part of the place consists of a long row of one storied houses, mostly of wood; some

mere cabooses, and one or two of brick. Among the latter is the post-office, over the window of which is an intimation to that effect, surmounted by the royal arms on a painted board. A few small fishing craft and whale boats are lying on the beach, and perhaps a couple of men loitering over them, doing some necessary repairs.

In the stream at anchor, is a large ship, with her topmasts sent down, and stripped of her rigging.

This is the French ship "Ville de Bourdeaux," captured long since by the Excise. She is lying there to be claimed by her owners, but she has lain long, and they have never come, and she may lie much longer yet, for when they will come is a matter of very doubtful conjecture.

Her crew have deserted her long ago, and there she floats in silent captivity, for the rust to prey upon her fastenings, and the sun upon her timbers; and her protectors have forsaken her, and those that should have kept watch from night to night, furled a topsail in her rigging, or sung "Cheerily men, ho!" upon her broad decks, have left her chained to a foreign shore to decay away in solitude.

Further down in the stream is the "Courier" steamer, also disused, and lying at anchor. This, with a few cutters moored here and there, and fastened to the wharfs and bedded in the sand, form the whole of the standing fleet. If you do not arrive in the busy season, you will most probably

only see one English ship and two or three colonial vessels at the wharfs.

Upon the quay, a few groups of porters stand smoking and talking lazily, and leaning against posts in the most indolent manner possible, sticking their cabbage-tree hats over their eyes, to shade them from the sun, and almost closing the latter organs to admit as little light as possible, for the sun is nearly directly overhead, and all objects, except those of the most sombre colour, are quite dazzling to look at.

CHAPTER II.

THE PORT ROAD.

THE new comer will be first attracted by the appearance of the people on shore. They appear tanned and dried up looking. But he is roused from his meditations by the sounding of a horn: not a bugle nor a French horn, but a short brass instrument, with one twist in it, battered and bent in an approved manner, producing a tone equal to that of a bull in a state of strangulation. Tracing the sound to its cause, he finds it originating in a pair of lungs belonging to a man seated in a spring cart, which bears the inscription "Royal Mail" in capital letters: in which carriage he remembers he has booked a place for town; and running to the spot, climbs up with difficulty into the vehicle, after almost breaking his legs in the attempt.

He is about to sit down as comfortably as the circumstances will permit, when he is all but thrown out by the horse setting off at a round trot. Re-

covering himself by grasping the sides, he again begins to make his observations, and perceives that they are travelling along a macadamized road, fenced in on both sides, by posts and rails, from the swamp through which it passes, and which at high tide is almost entirely under water. A post supporting a board with an inscription rears its head out of the water to inform all whom it may concern that eligible town allotments are to be sold or let on that spot, with frontage, apply to Messrs. Hagen and Co.

This road,* on which we are at present, continues for about a mile and a half from the port, when it terminates in a scattered village of one-storied small cottages, built upon a plain of sand, many of them empty, with the doors fallen away or removed. The most conspicuous object is a gallows for hanging up the carcasses of bullocks, and upon this several crows are perched, and croak mournfully. One or two people are moving about, and as the Royal Mail jingles triumphantly through the *street*, raise their heads, and indulge it with a long, inquiring, lazy stare. Everything about this place looks parched and dried. The very shingles on the roofs are curling up and splitting in agony.

The juvenile portion of the population appear to be made of clay, of a dark description, and rather

* The road through the swamp was constructed by the South Australian Company at a cost of 14,000*l*.

too much baked, though in other respects lively and healthy specimens. An attenuated horse is wandering amongst the few tufts of reeds that are sprinkled on the sand, and trying to delude himself into the belief that he is feeding on rich pasture. While, to crown the prospect, a flock of goats are marching between you and the wind, a delightful perfume thereby reaching your nostrils.

After leaving Albert Town (the name of this village), the land begins to improve, and signs of cultivation to appear. The stranger meets one or two bullock-drays upon the road, the bullocks tugging slowly along with their loads and their still more oppressed drivers, almost overcome with heat, admonishing them in strong tones to "come hither," by such Christian names as Cherry, Smiler, Blackbird, &c.

At length the town begins to heave in sight, and numerous farms, and lofty trees, and handsome mansions to appear, and he begins to think, what subsequent experience impresses upon his mind, that South Australia wears its worst aspect outside its deformities are palpable, its beauties are behind.

CHAPTER III.

THE CITY OF ADELAIDE.

In visiting strange countries, seeing strange places, and meeting with strange people, the interest, being awakened by so many mixed emotions, curiosity, wonder, and the feeling of novelty, is much more vivid than that which any subsequent events can excite; and the impression is often, nearly always, the truest, for the eye takes in all at a glance. By familiarity with a scene we individualize the objects, but our first impressions retain the prominent features and general character of the picture. Thus it is that first impressions cling to us through life, and those periods when our first impressions were formed become the data by which we recall the past history of our lives.

My first impression of Adelaide was of a long straggling street, very red, very sandy, and very hot. The sand, which was of a bright red colour,

seemed to have stained the houses, the bullocks, and even the very inhabitants.

Drays were tugging slowly along the street. The people were walking at a rapid business-like rate, passing each other with slight nods, as if time were precious. They all had a jaunty-like faded air. Several horsemen were riding along through the unpaved street, that was beaten and trodden into a solid crust, equal to any macadamized road in England.

There were posts at intervals, to protect the foot passage; these were all split and warped. Heat seemed the order of the day. The wild-looking figures, bearded, belted, booted, and spurred; sometimes with long leather leggings and broad-brimmed straw hats, that you would meet occasionally, some on horseback, and some on foot, reminded you of the pictures of Spanish bull-fighters; but their only weapons were enormous whips, with thongs some twelve or fourteen feet in length, held in a coil in the hand, and with short thick handles; these are pointed out as bushmen.

Round the principal hotel, a number of them are congregated, probably with business at the auction rooms, which are next door. All these appearances attract the notice of the new comer, and form a picture which, in my own case, is still singularly vivid and distinct. The view might be completed if we added a number of half-naked dusky savages,

clustered round a storekeeper, who is standing in his doorway under the shade of his verandah, looking out for customers, and some more lounging down the street with spears and waddies in their hands, filthy, and slimy, and greasy, leaving behind them an odour enough to turn the stomach of the stoutest dog. Vagrant dogs, *ad infinitum*, swarm the street, straw hats prevail, blouses and bluchers flourish; and the few that retain the costume of the old country amuse you by the antiquated cut of their garments. But the sun is shining down most mercilessly, everything glitters quite painfully, you are streaming at every pore, the coppers in your pocket are odiously hot; and in an oppressed and fainting condition you rush into the elysium of a cool hotel coffee-room, and quaff in repeated draughts the nectarious beverage of London stout.

In approaching the town from the port, across the old bridge, the west and most dilapidated portion is presented. With just sufficient amount of civilization to spoil the verdure of the country, but not enough to form an apology for the invasion on the beauty of nature, the view here is most dismal and disheartening. When I first saw it, an unusually dry summer was near the close, and every vestige of vegetation was scorched from the surface of the ground.* The poor brick cottages that com-

* This year, 1844, the rains were abundant; parched plains that seemed the very pictures of desolation, became covered

pose this end of the town, partly in a state of ruin, built upon a sloping bank of bright red clay, giving the place the appearance of a superannuated brick kiln, struck me as the perfection of desolation and wretchedness. But, when remembering the magnificent and extensive city upon paper, which figured in England as the representation of this colonial capital, I drew a comparison between it and the half-ruinous place before me, I was impressed with the Liliputian grandeur of the whole affair, that seemed to say in the spirit of its projectors, "Were my means only as gigantic as my desires." It seemed like something mighty begun and left unfinished, a promising young sapling nipped in the bud, an intention without a realization, a beginning without an end, and the end of a beginning. It is a town large enough for the metropolis of a great nation, with about three good streets properly

with luxuriant verdure, and empty channels, whose dried up course seemed to mock the expectant and weary eye, were then rushing, and furious torrents blocking up roads and carrying away bridges in their impetuous haste.

Thus it is with this continent: in summer scorched with intense heat, and parched for want of water; in winter, for the short average period in which the rain falls, completely overflowed; but no sooner do the clouds break up, and does the sun appear, than the soil exhales the moisture it had imbibed, and amidst a cloud of steam the vegetation springs up with a rapidity that appears miraculous to our previous ideas of growth and production.

built upon. It is so large as to be quite unwieldy; so large as, with its present population, to preclude public improvement, and to render any co-operation for the purpose impracticable.*

Leaving the peopled part of the town, the traveller is advertised of his locality by painted finger-posts at the corners, intimating that this is Finniss Street and that Hurtle Square, and so on.

There was a story told about the state of King William Street in winter, the correctness of which in every particular I am not prepared to admit, though I take the liberty of transcribing it for the curiosity of the occurrence. It is stated that there was a man one day passing along the side of the street, when he saw what he imagined to be a hat lying upon the top of the mud in the middle of the road. He picked his way carefully to the spot, and was about to lift it up, when a voice from below told him to leave it alone as it belonged him. Upon which the man replied by

* As an instance, the following may serve. The streets are, or were at the time of which I speak, unpaved, and in winter almost impassable. The townsmen wished to repair them, and commenced a subscription. The streets had been laid out on too large a scale to be repaired completely at a moderate cost, and a great proportion of the inhabitants of the town lived at so great a distance from the built up streets as not to participate in the benefits of the improvements; consequently, the utmost they could do was to repair a side and put an occasional crossing to one street.

asking the invisible person why he did not come out. The person then stated that he would do so with pleasure, but that his horse was below him.

Entering Adelaide in the way described, after having crossed the river, the first object of notice is Government House, upon the park lands, approached by an avenue, at the entrance to which is a flagstaff, mounted with the Union Jack on holidays; also a sentry box containing a soldier. The house is a handsome stone-faced building, only half the size of the original plan, fronting towards the hills. North Terrace, into which the road leads, extends the whole length of the town east and west, and is for the most part built upon. In it are Trinity Church, the Bank of South Australia, a stone building of some pretensions, and the Bank of Australasia, a one-storied neat building with a verandah all round; besides several tasteful and rather elegant cottages within gardens.

Continuing the road from Government House, you enter King William Street, which leads you at once to the great business street of the city—Hindley, and its continuation, Rundle Street. Herein are all the stores of note. These streets have really a thriving appearance, and on market days are thronged with bullock-drays and bushmen. The auction sale-rooms and the hotel adjoining are the grand resorts of the people from the country; and there, on those days, are to be seen numerous steeds

awaiting riders, who are either making purchases at the sale, or resuscitating nature in the inn, dressed in the most heterogeneous manner possible, but for the most part with a sacrifice of elegance to utility. Low-crowned cabbage-tree hats, blue flannel shirts fastened with belts round the middle, including short black pipes in continual use, are the prevailing fashions.

A few possess affluence in the shape of a long bushy beard, generally red, with a ferocious look to match, in imitation of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land; but these are a favoured few, and, generally speaking, the enjoyment as well as admiration of these ornaments is confined to themselves.

It would be easy to enumerate many more appearances in which this country and its people differ from an old community. Everything is new. The whole affair is an experiment. It is completely, to the emigrant just arrived, devoid of association; and to analyze his first emotions, on separating from them the excitement of novelty, little that is satisfactory can remain.

But behind this feeling, there is the motive which every man possesses to a greater or less extent, of the object for which he has come out, and a determination to make the best of it.

If he be wise, he will immediately set himself at work to form new associations, to create new objects of pleasure around him, to engraft himself into

the society of the place, and to take the position he is qualified for amongst these pioneers of civilization. I will not say that the movement is not a retrogade one, but he will at once adopt his course, and if he seeks the satisfaction of a mind actively employed, he will be most likely to find it in the excitement of an operation upon entirely new objects, and in a completely new sphere where his inventive powers are called into play.

Under this view, he reconciles all the seeming discrepancies. He finds a ready excuse for all that is homely and primitive. He makes up his mind for dispensing with the excitements and rules of a conventional life, and looks for his enjoyment from the very simplest and most natural of sources.

The force of habit and of example facilitate the change, and he very soon finds as great difficulty in standing aloof from those amongst whom his lot has been cast, as he did at first in accommodating to their new and unfinished state of things, a mind imbued with the rules and principles, and subject only to the restraints of an artificial life.

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY.

The rapid progress of the colony of South Australia in all that constitutes wealth and prosperity in a new country, the singular and severe reverses which it sustained, and the successful, not to say brilliant, manner in which it emerged from them all, are so remarkable, and evince so much of the energetic spirit of the early colonists, that they call for a brief notice, to which object this chapter is intended to be devoted.

Founded upon a new and untried system,—the self-supporting system,—the projection of an eminent political economist, for a time the interest awakened in its success, partook of a degree of excitement amounting almost to a mania.

The system was one that gave a security for the supply of that without which land in acres and territories was of no value. It was, no doubt, a matured

plan, and with proper management could not but have succeeded.

Accordingly, ships freighted with merchandise, and bearing thousands of industrious emigrants, flocked to its shores. Private enterprise was too weak for so great an undertaking, and a public association of wealth and influence, was formed to carry into effect this magnificent project.

All this influx of industry and capital was brought suddenly to bear upon an untrodden and uncultivated waste. Through a delay occasioned by the inefficiency of the survey department, the colonists were unable to occupy their purchased land, and compelled as they were by their ignorance of the country, and the unsettled state of things around, they crowded together and built a town. This was the fatal mistake.

Now the original intention of most of the emigrants was agriculture, and at first nothing but repinings were heard against this unaccountable, this injurious delay. One, two years rolled over, and still they lived in town, eating up their capital. Not a country section was allotted, not an acre ploughed. But by this time they had discovered a more lucrative employment.

Almost every week brought in a ship full of emigrants, every ship a fresh influx of capital. And the colonists, debarred from following those pursuits they originally intended, had recourse to speculation.

They speculated; bought land at extravagant prices; built houses, which they let again at extravagant rents, and doubled, trebled their original investments. Success appeared to crown every undertaking, and the colonists rioted in a fictitious prosperity. Acceptances were flying about in every direction, securities were never for a moment questioned, a complete, universal mania had seized them.

By-and-by the survey was completed, and the land thrown open for selection. But now, no one wished to remove from the town; so long as this state of things lasted, there were no inducements to remove. All this time, the necessaries of life were being supplied from the neighbouring colonies, and the country was silently, but surely, being drained of its imported wealth. Even this prosperity, false and rotten as it was, was completely dependent upon the continuance of emigration to the same extent as heretofore. Should this diminish even in a slight degree, a crisis was inevitable. How, if it should cease altogether? But we are anticipating.

The mania for land-jobbing was so general, that hardly any one, not even the most prudent, altogether escaped the infection. Governor Gawler, under the influence of this pervading spirit, carried on the public works on a most magnificent scale, and debentures were issued to meet the claims.

Men of common intelligence, men of ordinary foresight, must have been convinced that all this must have an end, probably they anticipated clearing themselves before it came. Thus it went on till the time when the Government debentures became due, and then what was their position? Living for so long a time without applying the resources of the colony, they had actually eaten up their capital. It had all gone to Van Deimen's Land for wheat, to Sydney for beef and mutton, and in its place were doubtful bills upon a security of land, at a valuation that was altogether imaginary and fictitious. In a colony founded upon the self-supporting system, they had not even tried what its resources were.

The governor had issued debentures to meet his outstanding claims, and for this purpose he was obliged to draw on the treasury at home. The only fund upon which he was entitled to draw, was the proceeds of the sale of the lands. Upon this his supplies were entirely dependent. The colonists had no source to depend upon for their temporary prosperity, but the fresh influx of capital consequent upon a continued emigration. So that, were this to cease, the foundation would be struck from under them, and government and people be involved in a common ruin. This was then their position.

All now depended upon this question: Will the Government drafts be accepted? They might be

dishonoured, but they hoped for the best, and with this hope they blinded themselves to the future.

But the crisis had come. The long-expected despatches arrived at last. Need it be told what must have been inferred long before this? The land fund exhausted, the bills were dishonoured, and all emigration consequently was peremptorily stopped. In dismay, they now gazed upon one another, and the ruin in which they had involved themselves.

Crash succeeded crash, until the proudest mercantile houses in the place were laid low, and then, biters bitten, their own dupes, a community of bankrupts, without their own produce to support them, and without the means of buying it elsewhere, famine stared them in the face.

In this state they lived till the ensuing harvest, paying, in the mean time, starvation prices for the necessaries of life, disposing of everything that could be realized to supply their wants, and then a rush was made to the country. All who held land ploughed it up, and a large quantity of seed was put into the ground. Of course all the space of time between that and the ensuing harvest had to intervene before these labours told. But from that time to the present, the colony began to date its real and permanent prosperity. The numbers of temporary dwellings that had sprung up in the town, were suddenly abandoned, and have been since

gradually crumbling away. And only right that they should. If the colony was ever to have become a place of importance, it must have been through the exportation of its productions. And how were these to be developed, or even discovered, by the inhabitants congregating together, without trying the qualities and capabilities of the soil?

Now, up to the middle of 1845, the exports have almost equalled the imports, and are continually increasing. The revenue is in excess over the expenditure, and all this through the untiring and energetic conduct of the colonists. Inherent wealth has been discovered, which will make this, perhaps, one of the most, if not the most, valuable of British possessions.

The colonists are slow to admit the failure of the Wakefield system of colonization. Such an admission would be a confession of a practical mistake committed, and, naturally, those who had invested their all on the faith of the success of an enterprise must cling to it to the last. Nevertheless, with the evidence of New Zealand before us, and of this colony, we cannot see grounds for concluding that, as a general system, it is practicable.

The colony was speedily filled with emigrants supplied by the fund arising from sales of land, as long as that fund existed. But when that fund was improperly applied, when expenses not indispensable to the foundation of a colony were entered

into, the natural consequence was, that emigration could not be carried on, and necessarily a total suspension resulted. But upon this there exists a difference of opinion. Many, if not most, of the colonists deny that the fund was improperly applied; that unnecessary expenses were entered into,—and assert that every public work carried on was really called for, and absolutely needed at the time it was put in progress.

They call attention to the moderate dimensions and appearance of Government house, to the size of the jail, which they say both at that time and the present has been always full; to the Government offices, the making of roads and bridges, and the employment at public works of unemployed emigrants; and, finally, they state that the Governor was the responsible agent of the home government, and that in the contraction of all these expenses, whether necessary or not, the colonists had no voice.

To this I would submit the following facts:—

At the time these public edifices were erected, every species of labour and manufacture was at a most extravagant and fictitious price, business was on a totally unsound footing. There were no productions in the country to support trade, and speculation was at its wildest, maddest height.

At the time the unemployed emigrants were in the service of Government they were paid at the very

highest rate of wages. They were employed at works by no means indispensable to a new colony, and the system had the injurious effect of not only raising wages and maintaining them high, but of also draining the labour market, so that for private works labour was not to be obtained at any price.

At the time the Government labourers were employed, they were getting 17*s.* 6*d.* a day, while the South Australian Company were only paying 12*s.* The consequence was, that private individuals could not get workmen. The workmen preferred doing, or half doing, their day's work and getting paid exorbitantly for it, to labouring legitimately and at reasonable rates, and a whole drove of idlers were maintained out of funds that were to have populated the colony.

To these proceedings, every wise person, or one at all versed in political economy, must have predicted a calamitous termination; for it was evident, that to encourage this system was to accelerate and augment the ruin of those concerned, and it cannot now be doubted that Lord Stanley did a signal service to the interests of the colony, by stamping with his disapprobation and displeasure these expensive and reckless proceedings. The check must have come sometime, and it was much better to come before the difficulties were inextricable, and the liabilities overwhelming. As it was, they were involved to an

extent that threatened the ultimate existence of the colony, and though apparently at the time sufferers from the harshness of the measure, they have now to look back with gratitude to the instrumentality which threw them upon their own exertions, and the inherent and untried resources of the country.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN STURT.

Although as a British possession Australia is by no means the least in extent, measuring not very much less in superficial area than the whole of Europe, it is well known that of the character of the country, beyond a few hundred miles on the south-eastern part of the coast, almost nothing has been ascertained.

Almost all the exploratory expeditions hitherto have been confined to the coast, and even that, so great are the physical obstructions which interfere with such attempts, is but imperfectly known.

Mr. Eyre, an eminent explorer, made the attempt to open an overland communication with King George's Sound, and Swan River, and the details of his sufferings and privations are now before the public.

He went imperfectly accoutred, and imperfectly attended, and persisted in his design in the face of difficulties that would have daunted an ordinary mind.

Frequently a week together without water, his provisions failing him, obliged for sustenance to slaughter, one by one, his few horses, and at last his only white companion murdered through the perfidy of his native guides, his misgivings of success must often have been real and appalling.

He describes frequently the district through which he passed as a "fearful country." Impassable scrubs, dreary wastes, and arid plains, meeting him at every stage. His journey led him to Fowler's Bay, to the eastward of King George's Sound, where, almost famished, his means failed, worn out and despairing, he happily found a French whaler anchored, which supplied him with such necessaries as enabled him to reach Swan River.

It is into this sort of country that Captain Sturt has undertaken to penetrate. The doubt and obscurity that has so long hung over the interior of this vast country he has resolved to dispel, and a brilliant and undying fame, or a miserable and piteous death, awaits him.

It was in the winter of 1844 that a public breakfast was given in honour of the departure of this gallant officer. The occasion was one of high interest. That expedition which was to solve the grand question, in which the whole of the Australian colonies were concerned, South Australia was to have the honour of originating; and he who had so often and so eminently distinguished him-

self in similar expeditions, was to conduct the enterprise.

It was a lovely morning. The winter had set in. The heavy rains which fall during that period had given a new and verdant face to the country round, and the sun, so shaded as to lose his glare, still occasionally gleamed out brightly.

The streets were wet and muddy. Large pools of water lay in the middle, and through them were splashing numerous horsemen, who were thronging to the place of meeting. Outside of the door were many vehicles and horses, waiting for their riders inside, and about them was collected a crowd of spectators, consisting of people who were not fortunate enough to possess tickets of admission, small boys, and wondering blacks. At some little distance down the street stood the five bullock-drays which were to accompany the expedition. Expectation was on tiptoe. Excitement was on every face.

The room inside (a spacious warehouse) was prepared for this interesting occasion. Flags were hung round the walls, wreaths and festoons of flowers were arranged in a sort of canopy over the dais or raised platform where the principal personages were to sit, and on four or five long tables was spread a tasteful and plentiful breakfast. The seats were speedily occupied.

There was a sprinkling of red coats amongst the

party, in preparation for the hunt which was to succeed the procession.

At the proper hour, the principal personages of the morning made their appearance: the Governor, Captain Sturt, and Major O'Halloran. The whole audience rose and greeted them with loud applause. Then ensued the clatter of plates, knives, cups and saucers, and every body was busy supplying the cravings of the inner man.

The occasion was interesting in the extreme, not only on account of the person whom they had met to honour, but because some jealousy was supposed to exist between the gallant captain and Governor Grey. Whether any such ill feeling existed or not, none was permitted to appear. His Excellency, in a magnanimous speech, gave all the honour of the enterprise to Captain Sturt, lavished on him praise of the most unqualified nature, and left the public no room to doubt that the most perfect and friendly footing existed between them.

He stated that the expedition had originated with Captain Sturt himself, and that to him, and him alone, belonged the honour of the intention. That it was the result of an application to Lord Stanley on the part of Captain Sturt.

The rest of his speech contained little more than personal comments upon the bravery and success of the captain, and was wound up with a benediction

and an expression of interest in the expedition, which was received with long-continued plaudits by the audience.

Major O'Halloran then rose and proposed, in a long and complimentary speech upon his personal courage, extensive experience, and great eminence, the health of their guest. The enthusiasm was now at its height. Every man arose and waving his goblet in the air gave three such cheers as shook the very walls.

"Again, again," roared the Major; "Now, now, now."

When this was over, Captain Sturt, holding a pretty little boy by the hand, stood up—and the lineaments of his features working with internal emotion, said, in words something like the following,

"My friends, I was certainly prepared for some display of kindness on your part at the commencement of this expedition; but the present reception, so cordial, so friendly, so warmhearted, completely unmans me. Pardon me if, for a moment, I find a difficulty in telling you in words what I feel on this occasion."—

He then stated the objects of the expedition, adding that from the Governor he had received every assistance that he required, and that the Governor's position enabled him to afford; and after an interesting account of the motives that led to his

application to the home government, and the prospects he had in view of discovering unknown accessions to the territorial wealth of the colony, he led forward the little boy whom he had brought with him, and stating his convictions of the importance of this step to the colonists, merely glancing at the probable, nay certain dangers which awaited him, said, that he had brought his young son with him at this time, that if his father were permitted ever to return, and successful, he might recall with the pride of filial affection that moment so deeply interesting to them all. And that, if an all-wise Providence saw fit that this their present meeting should be their last, then in the after years of his life he hoped he would look back to it, that he might be stimulated to deeds of honour and of usefulness, and that the thought might make him a wiser and a better man.

This allusion, not put exactly in the words of the speaker, was very powerful in its effect upon the audience. Noses were blown violently, and a fit of coughing seized the audience, while the venerable old judge, seated on the dais, really shed tears.

Much more was said, and more healths were drunk; but after a succession of marks of respect and approbation, the party left the room, and the procession began to form.

Passing along Currie Street and down King

William Street, the procession took its way through the avenue leading northward out of the town. Captain Sturt was at the head of the party, and around him were assembled some of the leading settlers and flock-owners.

Proceeding along the Great North Road, they accompanied him as far as Hill's Inn at the Dry Creek, five or six miles from town, where he took his formal adieu. Two only now remained with him; and as they rode on, their forms gradually diminishing in size as their distance increased, the colonists thought they were looking their last upon the gallant chieftain. One more wave of the hand, which was returned with three hearty cheers, and he proceeded on his way. The assembled horsemen then set themselves to prepare for the hunt.

Of the hunt history preserves no other record than that it terminated in the usual way with the destruction of the dog, and differed not materially from a fox hunt in England.

The excitement produced by this meeting did not terminate with the events of the day. The colonists felt that they had parted with a hero, a man whose achievements entitled him to respect, and whose voluntary sacrifice on this occasion had turned that respect into reverential admiration. It seemed to the people of South Australia, what the parting with Lacedæmon was to the Spartans.

The one was going to encounter certain destruc-

tion in the cause of his country; the other, animated by not less high motives, was commencing an enterprise in which perils of the most dangerous and threatening nature, if not real destruction, awaited him.

Since writing the preceding, intelligence has reached England of the progress of Captain Sturt. It is not of a satisfactory nature. He had travelled beyond the boundary of the province, and had entered a tract of country which it would have been certain death to traverse, dreary sandy wastes, arid plains, scanty vegetation, or impassable scrubs. In these circumstances he consulted the safety of his party, and of the enterprise, in fixing an encampment where abundance of water could be obtained, but which, as the summer set in, it would have been certain destruction to abandon. For three months was he land-locked in this place, and at last he came to the determination to send a despatch to the governor for reinforcements. The second in command of the expedition (Mr. Poole) undertook the carrying of these despatches, and died after one or two days time from leaving the encampment. Captain Sturt was unwilling to abandon the enterprise. He was persuaded, from symptoms which amounted to conviction in his own mind, that he was within a few hundred miles of an important discovery. The flocks of birds which he saw while at his encamp-

ment invariably wended their way in one direction, to the interior. The land took those inclinations in that direction which almost invariably indicate a proximity to a great sea. And from many other symptoms, though attempts had often been made to ascertain this point, and always unsuccessful, he had concluded that such an inland sea existed, and finally determined to make an appeal to his Excellency, praying for reinforcements to complete the important work of solving the mystery which has hitherto hung over this great country.

The result of his embassy is as yet unknown to us, but there can be no doubt that his Excellency will do in this great matter what the best feelings of humanity would prompt, to aid the gallant man in his untiring and arduous efforts.

Of the sufferings and hardships to which the party were subjected, we have a small idea when we are told that the thermometer stood in the shade sometimes at upwards of 130°. Scurvy visited the camp, to which the good-hearted Mr. Poole fell a victim. Water was often very scarce, and under the very best of commanders it would be impossible that discontents should never occur.

With all these circumstances before us, we cannot but consider that the prosecution of the expedition in the face of difficulties which seem almost insurmountable, reflects the very highest credit upon the perseverance and indomitable energy of Captain

Sturt, and that, though he may fail in his undertaking to the extent to which he aspires, he has done sufficient to secure himself an honourable fame and the lasting gratitude of posterity.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPELS AND RELIGION.

This colony, like most new countries, is not favoured in the way of religious privileges. Indeed, the occupations of a new colonist are essentially so engrossing in their character, requiring so much of his time and attention, that spiritual matters can obtain but a small portion of his thoughts. In the bush and the out-settlements, the colonist is more unfavourably situated, for, except on the occasions of his periodical visits to town, it is totally out of his power to attend religious services. In the town of Adelaide, the number of churches and places of worship is not smaller than in the average of towns of the same size in England, and the character of the instructors in most cases is of an equal order.

There are two episcopal churches, though but one chaplain.* There is likewise a large independent chapel, and another Wesleyan of the same dimen-

* Two additional clergymen have since been added to the resources of the church in the colony.

sions. Besides these, almost each distinct denomination possesses a chapel.

Mr. Stowe, the independent minister, whose acquaintanceship the author had the pleasure of making while in the colony, is a man of high character and attainments.

There was in Adelaide at the time I left, a personage of such popularity and celebrity that I may be allowed to depart from my rule of abstaining from personality to describe him. He lives at such a distance from us, that his feelings cannot be wounded by this notice being thus brought before the public.

His name is J—— P——, he is a veteran life guardsman, has served in the Peninsular campaign, was at Waterloo, and is now enjoying a pension in South Australia. In person he is large, being almost the tallest man in the colony, and in his physiognomy there is decidedly something remarkable and above the ordinary.

I do not know whether he is incapacitated from serving in the army or not, but he is at present in comfortable circumstances.

Before leaving England he had preached a course of lectures upon the subject of the second Advent, which I suppose had been well received. But upon his arrival in the colony the body of Primitive Methodists who occupied the old Baptist chapel in Hindley Street, requested him to preach for them,

to which he, upon explaining that he would in no measure compromise his convictions, acceded; and accordingly he no sooner became installed, than he recommenced his course of lectures. The singular events of his history, his remarkable appearance, and his talents, together with the nature of the subject, which was new to many of them, speedily attracted interest. The place was soon filled, and as he became more generally known, crowded, until the only possibility of getting a seat was by going long before the time. The windows were thrown open and seats placed outside, that those unfortunate in getting admission might hear. This, as his voice was remarkably strong and deep, eventually proved the more enviable position, for in the hot weather the crowded state of the chapel became most oppressive.

I went one evening along with some friends, and was fortunate enough to obtain a comfortable seat in the front of the chapel. Though very early, nearly every seat was occupied, and an air of expectation sat upon every face. When all the seats were occupied, forms were ranged along the aisle to accommodate more, and when every portion of the small building was completely crammed, I could see the people outside seating themselves under the open windows.

The brilliant evening sun of an Australian clime was streaming through the panes, and I looked out

on the glory of the scene. Clear, cloudless, hazeless sky—the golden bed into which the sun was about to sink, was enchanting to behold. It was such an evening as one delights to see on a Sabbath, and a pleasant reverie stole over me. I looked from the window to the rough and simple roof of the edifice in which we were, and back again to the window, but was aroused from my meditations by a commotion which could mean no other than the presence of the preacher. I looked round. A tall, dark-looking man, with very black hair, eyes, and whiskers, was walking noiselessly up the aisle. His shoulders were high and broad, so as to give an idea of great physical strength. His expression was stolid, and his eye had a heavy lustreless appearance. I certainly was not disappointed in my expectations, he was remarkable enough in appearance. When he took his seat in the small pulpit, his magnitude and the comparatively diminutive size of his audience became more apparent.

When rising to commence the services of the evening, he read a portion of a psalm, and I heard the tone of his voice. I think I never before felt so much the influence of a voice, it was deep, bassoon-like, and musical. But when the lecture fairly commenced, he warmed with his subject, and commenced those impassioned bursts which seemed to bear all down before them, I could feel the superiority of mind to which we were all listening.

He had a slightly provincial accent, I think Yorkshire, which, however, did not detract from the interest with which he was listened to.

He commenced with a text which he made the groundwork of his address, and referring for the sake of connection to the sermon of the preceding evening, opened the subject before them in a skilful and logical manner. Proof after proof he produced in favour of his argument, until he seemed to feel that doubt was presumption, and unbelief was sin, he wielded his arguments with the slighting hand of one who relied upon the strength of his cause, and made use of weapons never without occasion. I thought of Martin Luther, and his new truths, and could not help drawing a comparison between them.

But now, dilating upon his subject, he began to give loose to his fancy, and throwing himself back he seemed actually to behold what he attempted to describe; his eyes fixed, as on some object palpable to sense, he broke out in such a picture of brilliant scenes, and gorgeous imagery, that the enchantment was complete, and what his logical deductions had but impartially effected, his natural and unstudied eloquence successfully completed.

When I left the small building, I felt it would be impossible to attempt to reason upon the subject. My feelings had been too strongly and successfully appealed to, to permit me to do so.

CHAPTER VII.

OPINIONS OF THE COLONY.

For a long time past, a degree of scepticism has prevailed, with regard to the prosperity of this colony, from a motive natural and commendable in itself.

The extent to which the character of the colony was previously inflated, by glowing accounts from inexperienced and unprincipled writers, was sufficient to justify suspicion, and excite distrust. So long as the founders of the colony based their hopes upon the extravagant and unreasonable grounds which they permitted themselves to be deluded into believing; they fully deserved that punishment which their own simplicity and credulity induced. But when once the public mind became disabused of those incorrect and false impressions, the colony and its interests were abandoned, to contend alone and unsupported against difficulties, in which its injudicious and doting friends had plunged it.

From that moment it stood on its own merits, and for a long time there seemed to be a doubt whether it would survive the struggle. It fortunately has done so. But so thoroughly was confidence shaken in it as a scheme, that the English people to this time have never fairly regained it. They had been deceived once; and it is a well-known feature in the English character, that once deceived, John Bull will never again lay himself open to imposition.

So it has turned out: the extravagant descriptions which were published, the offspring of an excitement which, as a basis of speculation, was ridiculous and absurd in the extreme, have in some instances been realized; no credit, however, to the authors of those descriptions, for they have been realized in a way of which they never previously dreamed, and which therefore may be taken rather as the effect of chance than as a result of their own sagacity and penetration.

We allude to the recently discovered mineral wealth of this portion of the country, and which will be, independent of its intrinsic value, a most important source of aggrandisement, by means of its action upon other branches of industry, in this way.

A fertile corn-growing country,—the producers have raised this article in excess. Besides overproduction in this department, there has been a

surplus of live stock in proportion to the consumption which the population has afforded. There, therefore, is only wanting a population not engaged in either of the occupations of stock or agricultural farming, to create the demand required. This population mining operations will supply, the surplus of corn and live stock will be reduced, and their value consequently increased. Thus have we grounds for anticipating a new era in the history of the colony. A stimulus supplied by definite realities, and not the result of temporary excitement. A prosperity as great and lasting, as the preceding blaze was evanescent and deceptive.

The subject of mines will here be but slightly glanced at, for the reason that the author has been led to understand, that a work is in progress especially devoted to the subject of mines, by a gentleman largely interested in them, and well qualified, by long experience, to produce such a work as will fully meet the demand of an inquiring public.*

The mineral resources of this colony, only lately developed, promise to be the principal source of wealth to the place; and, indeed, to such an extent as seriously to compete with the hitherto only

* This work has been published since writing the above, namely, Mr. F. Dutton's valuable and interesting book, "South Australia and its Mines."

mineral exporting countries. The doubt that has previously been entertained of the immense extent and valuable nature of these resources is gradually clearing away, as the most undeniable proofs are forcing themselves upon the public mind.

The great uncertainty which invariably attaches to mining enterprises in England, has made the English people slow to receive a correct opinion of the character of the South Australian mines.

In England, the preliminary expenses attendant upon a mine are prodigious, as not only is the outlay required to procure the ore, but also to ascertain its existence; and shafts of hundreds of feet in depth have to be sunk, costly machinery erected, and the various necessary expensive arrangements completed, before the proprietors can calculate upon the least remuneration; while in South Australia, owing to the geological formation of the country, these preliminary expenses, to a great extent, are unnecessary. The ores in every case hitherto have lain near the surface. The lode has been ascertained to exist before the shaft has been sunk, and the simple expense of labour and carriage have been required to produce the ores. As a proof of this, one of the principal mines in the colony has now been in operation some two or three years. The ores are carried fifteen miles to the port; and, I believe, since the commencement of the mine, have been placed on board the ships at an average cost of six pounds a

ton. Upon these ores the banks have given advances of seven pounds per ton, so that by this means the mine is kept in operation, and one pound per ton is pocketed by the proprietors in the colony. The ore is conveyed to England at a freight of ten shillings per ton, as ballast, and is sold there at an average of from eighteen to twenty-four pounds. Some picked lots have been sold as high as forty-two pounds.

The quality of this ore has proved equal in richness to that of South America. It abounds in almost all the colony under the same favourable circumstances, with only some comparative difference of quality, as far as the locality is concerned.

These reasons operate very powerfully upon the colonists. Every one has an indistinct vision of discovering untold wealth in some secret spot known only to himself, and of returning to England to spend it. Everybody plumes himself upon his sagacity and secretiveness. Everybody has a mysterious, head-shaking, and I-know-what-I-know sort of look. The consequence of all this excitement is, that these sage people have their pockets full of cobble stones, which they carry about on all occasions, having found them on the highway; and which contain, perhaps, as much ore as their boots do. This class of people meeting accidentally, perhaps, at an inn, are

ready for the crisis, and the subject of mines once started, they all commence to produce their ammunition.

"I know where *that* came from," says one, with a mysterious look, laying down a piece of granite on the table, emphatically.

"Very likely you do," replies another, "and not be much wiser for it; there is no copper there."

"Oh! very well. I wouldn't take fifty pounds for my knowledge, at the present moment," says he, carelessly.

That seemed also very probable, as there was an equal likelihood of the sum being offered, as of its being refused.

This is all very amusing, especially as you scarcely meet a single person who does not carry some of these valuables about with him.

There was one worthy, who had accumulated some considerable property by a store in town, and who was generally considered to be affected with a mineral mania. He used to be out in the hills for two or three days together. He had a hammer and pickaxe invariably with him, as well as a bag for carrying his samples. He bought largely in land under these impressions, and was continually paying bonuses to persons who professed to be in possession of secrets. His first step was generally to go to the spot, and having ascertained that there

was ore upon the ground, immediately to strike a bargain. It however sometimes happened that the ore which he was shown did not exist there naturally, but had been considerately so placed for his gratification. This, however, as he would not have appreciated the motive, was carefully concealed from him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE NATIVES"—ANECDOTES.

WITH regard to the natives of Australia, or the Aborigines, as it has pleased most writers to term them, so much has already been said by those who are in possession of the most authentic information, and who have been peculiarly in a position to acquire that information, that it would be useless to attempt to do otherwise than insert an incident or two which came immediately under the author's observation.

There was one man from the Mount Barker district whom I had a partiality—almost a respect for. The name by which he was known amongst his immediate circle of friends was Weeldto, though with the Europeans who had the privilege of his acquaintance he bore the euphonious appellation of Charley. It was his custom on first recognising me when walking out, particularly when I was

dressed in white, to rush at me and embrace me. I felt the compliment in two ways. In the first place, he was generally nearly naked, and had a greasy smell; and in the second, he invariably asked me, after his first transports were over, for tobacco. "Ah! my brother," he would exclaim, in his expressive language. "Give me bacca, my brother, little bit bacca." To this, as his friendship was so easily purchased, I generally acceded.

The difficulty Europeans find in understanding these people arises solely from their looking too deep for a motive. They are a simple race. Small things amuse, excite, please them. They have few wants, being what is barely required to sustain animal life; and when those are supplied, their speeches are full of benevolence and good feeling.

On one occasion I overheard an ebullition of this good feeling, on the part of my friend mentioned above, toward a person who had given him as much as he could eat; which latter occupation, in their simple opinion, is the consummation of human felicity.

It is the language of an untutored savage; but there is, in my opinion, a beauty and sublimity in kindly feeling, however awakened, and wherever experienced; though the protestations of a stammering black by which they are expressed should excite our ridicule instead of our admiration.

The verbs are sometimes understood. "You my sister," said he; "you very good. Me come by-and-by, then plenty work hard, cut plenty wood, bring him water. You give me flour, no picanniny flour, plenty flour, plenty bullocky (beef), plenty sheepy (mutton). Me tank you; very good, my sister. In Adelaide there are plenty white fellows, plenty bullocky, plenty sheepy, plenty flour, all that a black fellow can wish for; while the black fellows have no bullocky, or sheepy; but in their stead they have plenty kangaroo, plenty wallaby and possumy." Then a compromise of these two relative advantages is effected, and the white fellow parts with his flour, with his bullocky, his sheepy; and the black fellow in return, cuts him wood, plenty works hard; and the consequence is, that the black fellow plenty likes the white fellow, and that the attachment is returned on the part of the white fellow — and that all this is "very good."

The copiousness of a language is sometimes considered a proof of the civilization of the people, and it is natural enough to suppose that where there is an abundance of ideas there must be words to express them. The small number of words in the Australian dialect, proved by the numerous significations they attach to one word in the English language, gives us room to suppose that at least their ideas are of a very restricted and simple

order. When they mean to say that a man is angry, they say, "he plenty growl," "he plenty sulky," and so forth.

The following anecdote I had from a source which I had no reason to doubt. It speaks very ill of the value placed upon human life.

It was stated of a man who had a sheep station at Port Lincoln, that he had suffered repeatedly from depredations of the natives. On one occasion he had left the hut, and found on his return that it had been forcibly broken open, and robbed of everything it contained. He was so exasperated at the outrage, that he had recourse to a means of revenge of a most successful but remorseless nature.

He took a flour sack, which he filled with a joint mixture of arsenic and flour, in equal proportions, and sufficient to insure death to whoever consumed an ordinary quantity; having done this, he affixed to each side of the bag, a piece of paper, on which was written in large letters, "Arsenic! poison!"

Having done this, he left the hut, as usual, locking it up after him, taking care that nothing else should be left behind that could be serviceable to the natives. He was absent for the whole of the day, and returning, he found, as he anticipated, that the natives had been there, and broken open the door. Looking in, he found everything pillaged.

The bag which he had prepared was thrown down and its contents scattered about.

In some little time after a great many of the natives in that district began to die, and the missionaries there having made inquiries as to the cause, this person was examined before the Government resident on charge of having poisoned them, but nothing could be proved against him. He stated that he had mixed this material to poison the rats, which were very troublesome to him, and that in doing so he had taken every precaution, having labelled the bag in such a way as to caution every person reading against making use of it; and so he had, without doubt. The mischief had arisen solely from the ignorance of the blacks on the subject of letters. This, though a defensive measure, was a most repulsive one; and one which no person with civilized ideas can regard without abhorrence and painful regret.

It is not to be denied that the natives are treacherous, and when they have the power, overbearing and oppressive; they seem less governed by the motives of sympathy in that respect than the aborigines of other lands. But, on the other hand, their comparatively undefended state, their smallness of numbers, which renders them insignificant as foes, ought to plead powerfully on their behalf with those scarcely more civilized than themselves, who

set a value on their lives considerably below that of a horse or a bullock.

About the only occasion when I experienced any annoyance from the natives, was once when I was forming a new station up the country. The annoyance was not serious, but as, at the time it occurred, I felt uneasy, I may be permitted here to insert an extract taken from a journal kept at the time.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ADVENTURE.

One morning, after seeing the dray and sheep in a state of readiness, we set out across the plain for the new run. At the slow pace with which the sheep were able to travel, the plain seemed interminable. At last we reached the station. A more dreary picture could not be imagined: coarse, reedy tufts of grass growing on a hard, red crust of soil, with spaces of at least three feet distance between each tuft. The trees, what trees there were, were stunted and scrubby; while all around, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a long, dense, black-looking, almost impenetrable scrub. The hut was partly dug out of the ground, and was roofed with broad paling. A few empty tubs filled one end of it, and at the bottom of one was rammed the remains of a set of harness, together with a small book, and a woman's head-comb. A well had been

attempted in front, but it was empty, and dry, and deserted. The wind was whistling through the chinks in the paling, and a cold, cloudy drizzling mist was setting in.

I looked at my companions,—there was one expression in every face; they exchanged glances with one another. I talked as cheerfully as I could about its being better than it looked, but nothing seemed to have the effect; and at last I spoke out to one of them, and asked him what he thought of it. "Very barren," said he, in a resigned tone; and certainly, for any one afflicted with an exuberance of spirits, and wishing for a residence calculated to restrain them within proper limits, he could not have selected a more eligible spot. In other words, it was exactly the place where Mark Tapley might have been jolly under creditable circumstances.

"A pleasant look-out this," said I again.

"It doesn't look to me like the land of the living," he replied. And so, to tell the truth, it did not. It looked as if every human being had fled from its surface, and left the wild emu that stalked over the plain to roam unmolested. The few solitary crows that came straggling past never stopped to alight, but flew on, croaking as they passed.

Three days we spent here, working hard, eating hard fare, and sleeping hard. We had our beds

upon the ground, upon sheep-skins. The roof being slight, and only partial, when there was wind and rain, as there often was, it came through upon our miserable couches. On the fourth day the drayman and shepherd talked of leaving me, and there were grumblings and discontents in the camp. Now I had intended going to town myself, to hasten another dray out with some things I should want. I was very indignant; but at length agreed to let them go, on condition that the shepherd was to return on the Saturday evening.

The next night Jones and I had the hut to ourselves. I felt lonely. The absence of the other men, rough and uncivil as they had been, was felt; and the day wore on, and we were still alone; the memory of those two men assumed the place of old friends. We talked away together, and rolling ourselves up in our rugs, slept through the night. Occasionally a gust of wind, more piercing than ordinary, would drive through the shed, and make me start up from my sleep and listen for a moment, but I lay down again, and slept as before. And I had a dream,—a dream! It did not seem like a dream; of some gentle beings, as in time past, speaking words of comfort and soothing: when they rejoiced, I rejoiced with them; and when they wept, I sorrowed. Suddenly the scene changed, and I was conscious of a number of hideous, black faces crowding round me with hostile intent, demanding

tobacco. Wherever I retreated they followed; and still the sound of their voices came ringing in my ears with the words "bacca!" "bacca!" in a threatening tone. And to the last their horrible visages, with this detestable sound, pressed on my troubled fancy. But a cold, chilly feeling came over me, and I awoke. It was a cold, raw morning. The smoke was blowing from a newly-kindled fire; and though it spoke of tea and damper, was dismal and melancholy. I started up and dressed myself.

Two days were passed in this manner; I keeping the hut, and Jones going out with the sheep. On the evening of the second I was busily occupied knocking a nail into the roof; the sun was about setting; when, raising my head, I was astonished, and by no means pleasantly so, by the sight of two blacks emerging from the scrub, and shortly afterwards by about a dozen more making their appearance. The moment they caught sight of me, they marched resolutely to the hut: I stepped inside to receive them. Clustering round the unfinished door-posts in groups, marching in, and handling everything within their reach, peering and prying about, with scowling eyes, that left not a corner unnoticed; they were about the most villainous specimens of humanity in appearance that ever came within my limited observation; and while jabbering together in their heathenish jargon, the

sentence of "no mukata,"* often repeated, conveyed the pleasing intelligence that they were perfectly aware of my utterly defenceless position. My stand of arms was limited to a small axe, a hammer, and a rusty bayonet I had found amongst the lumber in the hut. My garrison was out with the sheep, and my foe already within the walls of the citadel. This was agreeable. There was another reflection, equally inspiriting, namely, that I was at least sixty miles from town, and eight from the nearest station. My only companion perhaps two miles away, and far beyond call.

They put questions so fast to me that I could not answer them,—starting disagreeable topics without the least ceremony; for observing my saddle in one corner of the hut, by a process of inductive reasoning, they inquired after my horse, and being informed that he had "plenty run away," seemed satisfied. The creature had left me two days before. Having gained all the information they could, they wound up with a request for damper.

All this time I was enlarging and impressing upon them the probable appearance of the expected dray. But about the damper they did not seem to be under any mistake; so I tried to get a promise of plenty work to-morrow, which some of them gave, and then distributed small instalments of

* Musket.

damper amongst them. This was no sooner done than a request came for mutton. We had about as much boiled as would serve us both for supper, and I flatly refused to give them any. Upon which they commenced grumbling; made a few more moderate requests, one of which was for the loan of my tomahawk, which I had held firmly in my hand, and should as soon thought of parting with as Samson with his locks. I therefore gave a decided negative to this, and they walked away to the scrub adjacent, where they soon after erected a wurlie, and encamped within sight, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the hut.

When fairly gone, and I had time to breathe, I felt exactly like Robinson Crusoe after seeing the foot-print in the sand. The whole was so sudden, so startling, that it threw me quite out of my reckoning. The other two men, before leaving us the day or two before, had been entertaining us with narrations of the rapacity and insolence of this very tribe; and when we were least prepared for them, quite unexpectedly they had come upon us.

This was, however, only the morning call, the real visit came next day, and was of a rather more exciting character. They had come in from hunting, and I was again alone in the hut. This time, as before, they marched right in, and surrounded me, their countenances glowing with the most ferocious aspects. When it is considered that

many of them, in the English estimate of beauty, resemble in appearance demons rather than men, it will be easily conceived that I had round me a cluster of amiable faces. Presently one commenced as the spokesman of the rest. "Give me bread," said he, in a loud voice. The others seemed all bursting with impatience to speak.

"What?" said I, not appearing to understand him.

"Bread! bread!" shouted they all simultaneously; and one grinning with a hideously menacing look, shaking his waddy, and coming close to me said, drawling it out, and speaking through his teeth, "B-r-e-a-d!"

"Well, then, you must bring me plenty of wood," said I. They laughed in derision, and said—"No, no, no!"

They then commenced an agreeable and elegant dance round me, which I had a full opportunity of admiring; though I must say admiration was very far from being the prevailing emotion in my mind, especially as I caught a glimpse outside of the circle of two little diabolical picanninies, grinning away to one another at the fun, and saying, "Ha! ha! eh! eh! Plenty kill um white fellow by-and-by!" by which I felt that their attentions were rather overpowering. An indistinct vision of being roasted and eaten stole through my mind. I grasped my tomahawk perhaps a little firmer, and

kept backing, when I had the opportunity, towards the wall. But suddenly they stopped, and in a quieter tone one of them asked again for bread; upon which I took the damper and cut a number of wedges from it, one of which I gave to every individual present. They asked me for every article successively in the hut; and I saw that I should soon be stripped of everything, if I did not make a stand. My courage, likewise, had been gradually rising as their excitement seemed to subside, and I began to order them out. They were now more reasonable, and after a while, one by one, they went away. Three days after, the other men and the dray came, and that night the blacks left the encampment and disappeared, and we saw no more of them.

The next day I removed the flock away to a distance of twelve miles further north, where the pasture was better, and the water more plentiful, and which afterwards proved an eligible site for a permanent station.

CHAPTER X.

WILD AND UNKNOWN ANIMALS.

THE communication which follows, copied from a Port Phillip paper, seems to bear some analogy to a tradition which exists amongst the blacks in this quarter, the accuracy of which the whites have never had an opportunity of testing.

The natives here have a tradition that a big black fellow, far higher than the ordinary size, walks about during the night, his object being to destroy good black fellows and their children—the latter articles being his favourite diet; and they will sometimes show a foot-print, in size about three times as large as an ordinary foot, and in shape resembling the print of a man's step.

He is said to walk about principally during the night, for which reason they never stir out at that time. I asked one of the men why he did not kill this creature. Upon which he replied with much earnestness, "Oh! me plenty run away—me too much frightened!" They give this being the

name of Noocoonah. I cannot divest myself of the idea that this being is identical with the Bunyip of the Port Phillip district.

A friend from that quarter states, that he has often questioned the blacks upon this subject, and their answers were always given with every appearance of faith in its existence. They said "that the Bunyip was as tall as a gum tree." "Picanniny gum tree?" insinuated this gentleman. To which they replied, earnestly, "No, no; no picanniny gum tree—big one gum tree." They describe it as tearing trees out by the roots, and grasping them with its arms.

Previously to this statement, I had always looked upon the story of Noocoonah as a superstition. But connecting it with the succeeding account, we have a pretty strong case, I think, made out for the presumption that Australia, a new field of discovery in all relating to natural science, contains yet a gigantic animal unknown to naturalists, and suggests the possibility that it is a field of inquiry that has as yet, in that respect, been investigated to a very limited extent. The following is the extract:—

"FOSSIL REMAINS.

"We have been favoured by Mr. Menzies with the inspection of a petrified bone, found on the shores of Lake Timboon, to the westward of Lake

Colac. The bone is apparently the head of the tibia, or lower joint of the knee; the articulating surface is as distinct and complete as if the bone had never undergone the petrifying process; the fracture where the shank of the bone has been broken, is also very little changed in appearance, and displays the double channels of medullary matter which are peculiar to the tibia. The dimensions of this fragment of a bone are of the most colossal nature, measuring as it does ten inches across the front of the knee joint (in diameter, not in circumference). The thickness from front to back, however, is not in proportion to the width, and it has not the roundness of the same bone in ordinary animals. We are not sufficiently versed in geological or anatomical science to offer any opinion as to the description of animal of which the bone at one time formed a part; and having no works on comparative anatomy to refer to, we cannot say whether any living animal possesses bones of the same dimensions. The blacks have some tradition of a large animal inhabiting the district, but really no dependence can be place upon their testimony. The bone will be taken t Melbourne, and submitted to the savans of the Mechanics' Institution, who will no doubt give a more decided opinion as to its history.*

* "Geelong Advertiser," June 28th.

"WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF A NEW ANIMAL.

"In our last number we gave an account of the finding of a fragment of the knee-joint of some gigantic animal, which, from there being no such animal hitherto known to exist in Australia, we supposed to be the fossil remains of some early period. Subsequent information, however, coupled with the fact that the bone was in good preparation, and had altogether a recent appearance, has induced us to alter our opinion. On the bone being shown to an intelligent black, he at once recognised it as belonging to the "Bunyip," which he declared he had seen. On being requested to make a drawing of it, he did so without hesitation. The bone and the picture were then shown separately to different blacks, who had no opportunity of communicating with each other, and they one and all recognised the bone and picture as belonging to the "Bunyip," repeating the name without variation. One declared that he knew where the whole of the bones of one animal were to be found; another stated his mother was killed by one of them, at the Barwon Lakes, within a few miles of Geelong, and that another woman was killed on the very spot where the punt crosses the Barwon, at South Geelong. The most direct evidence of all was that of Mumbowran, who showed several deep wounds on his breast made by the claws of the animal.

Another statement was made, that a mare, the property of Mr. Furlong, was, about six years ago, seized by one of these animals on the bank of the Little River, and only escaped with a broken leg. They say that the reason why no white man has ever yet seen it, is because it is amphibious, and does not come on land except on extremely hot days, when it basks on the bank; but on the slightest noise or whisper they roll gently over into the water, scarcely creating a ripple. We have adduced these authorities, before giving a description of the animal, lest, from its strange, grotesque, and nondescript character, the reader should have at once set down the whole as fiction. The Bunyip, then, is represented as uniting the characteristics of a bird and of an alligator. It has a head resembling an emu, with a long bill, at the extremity of which is a transverse projection on each side, with serrated edges, like the bone of the sting-ray. Its body and legs partake of the nature of the alligator. The hind legs are remarkably thick and strong, and the fore legs are much longer, but still of great strength. The extremities are furnished with long claws, but the blacks say its usual method of killing its prey is by hugging it to death. When in the water it swims like a frog, and when on shore it walks on its hind legs, with its head erect, in which position it measures twelve or thirteen feet in height. Its breast is said to be covered with different coloured

feathers; but the probability is that the blacks have not had a sufficiently near view to ascertain whether this appearance might not arise from hair or scales. They describe it as laying eggs of double the size of the emu's egg, of a pale blue colour; these eggs they frequently meet with, but as they are "no good for eating," the black boys set them up for a mark, and throw stones at them. We intend, in a few days, to give a lithographic fac-simile of the drawing made by the black, so that our bush readers may be enabled to question the blacks in their own neighbourhood, and should any new facts be elicited, we shall take it as a favour in any one who may transmit an account of them to us for publication."*

Being just now on the subject of traditions, I have to record a tradition that exists among the white people in the north country, with reference to an animal that sometimes appears, much to their alarm. This is no other than a camel. It is said, amongst the other wise things done by the sanguine people that first settled the land, that one gentleman, arguing from the natural dryness of the climate, that it was a country similar to the Zahara, or Great Desert, and required animals of the same powers of endurance to travel over it, resolved upon doing nothing less than importing a camel, from

* Ibid.

which he anticipated reaping a fortune. However, calamitously, the camel, after its arrival in the colony, got lost, or ran away into the bush, and for a long time afterwards was never heard of. It is however stated, that he appeared to some shepherds, while tending their flocks, and who were not a little surprised, not to say amazed, at the unlooked-for visitation.

The blacks, in terror, fled at his approach, exclaiming, "big one bullocky! big one bullocky!" It is likewise stated, that the forlorn camel, for a long time roamed through the country, like the wandering Jew, seeking society but finding none; sometimes appearing unintentionally and unexpectedly to shepherds and black fellows, and being innocently the cause of great alarm, until at last another outcast left the realms of social intercourse, and cast himself upon his own energies. This was a harmless donkey, one of three which had found their way into this province. Having strayed from his sphere, like a comet, he took an orbit of his own, exceedingly eccentric, until the two forlorn and wandering planets came within the reach of each other's attraction, and were brought into contact, the result of which is, that they now roam the forest together, alike forsaken, and irrevocably lost.

CHAPTER XI.

HOT WINDS.

During the summer the people are occasionally visited by what are termed hot winds, which invariably come from the north and eastward, and are supposed to traverse an arid and burning desert in the interior, before reaching the settlement. About the most favourable manner to experience their power is to make a journey between the port and the town, somewhere between the hours of twelve and two P.M. You are terribly languid and oppressed, to begin with, from the heat of the day. You hoist yourself into the passenger cart by dint of great exertion, entertaining, meanwhile, the most vindictive feeling against every fellow-passenger, as if he were taking your breathing room away, as if you could not bear to be touched. It is

bad enough to begin with, as, encrusted with microscopic particles of dust congealed on your perspiring frame, your shirt-collar all limp and fallen, and your temper at the lowest ebb, you drive leisurely out of the town. But when, fairly past the furthest suburb, you have gained the open road, and fairly past every object, however slight, that can intercept the hot blasts that seem to come from some furnace close at hand, you begin to turn about and gasp for breath, then understand why they are called hot winds. When, sweeping over plains already scorched and fiery, the wind comes in gusts, not cool and refreshing, but hot, fierce, and piercing, and you feel your parched tongue withered and shrivelled up in your mouth; when the dust, pulverised to the minutest atom, and ready to start on the slightest provocation, rises in clouds, and pervades the very atmosphere you breathe (not a space in the warp of your garments, not a pore in your very skin, but it penetrates), and you hold down your head as it passes over you, to shelter your smarting and inflamed eyes, and try to obtain, under the shade of your straw hat, a breath of air that you can inhale with comfort. You feel in a fever; you have such a sense of suffocation, and heat, and pain, that if you could find relief by letting blood in every vein, you feel as though you could comfortably submit to it.

Happily these winds are not of very frequent

occurrence—but as they occur at the time the crops should begin to open, the injury sustained is sometimes very serious. The effects are like a blight over the whole face of vegetation. After a few days, the crops that before seemed flourishing, are all scorched and drooping. The farms upon the plains running north and south from the town between the hills and the sea, not having any intervening high land to break the current, suffer much more seriously than those behind the ranges, and on that account agricultural operations are carried on with more certainty in the latter district.

These winds are supposed by some to be caused by the current of air traversing a sandy desert in the interior. A supposition which, from all past experience, seems very reasonable. Captain Sturt's expedition was expected to have proved the correctness of the opinion, but from the last account from the colony up to October last, the expedition has not succeeded in penetrating far into the interior, and consequently we are yet in the dark as to the character of the country. The value of all land in Australia is dependent upon a supply of water. All previous knowledge of the coast has proved that, with the exception of the Murray, no outlets of rivers of any magnitude from the interior exist, so that, unless a great inland fresh water lake is discovered, we have as yet every reason to believe

that the interior is either a vast sandy desert, or a tract of country that will never become available for the purposes of colonization.

The kangaroo is gradually retreating from the settled districts, although still to be found in the scrub that surrounds most of the special surveys. The winter season is the one in which only it can be hunted successfully, for then the ground being soft, its spring has not the same elasticity as when the bounds are made upon a hard surface. I may be pardoned here for relating my first acquaintance with kangaroos.

I had to set out on a search after some lost sheep on one occasion, and was accompanied by a man well versed in the intricacies of the bush. He was an important acquisition, as I was at that time a novice.

His dog was one of the most sinewy and active of the breed of Highland stag-hounds. Two other dogs bore us company; one a young sheep dog belonging to my companion, the other my old cur, who in everybody else's opinion but his own was disqualified for hunts and athletic sports, as his teeth were all gone and his joints stiff with age.

The rain had fallen almost without intermission for one calendar month previously. The creeks were all running, and the river swollen, and as our horses passed over the flats at the foot of the ranges,

they sank to their knees in the soft ground, and struggled frantically to extricate themselves. In short, the gullies were one complete bog, and though most certainly favourable to kangaroo hunting, their state rendered travelling on horseback both difficult and dangerous. We struck across a scrubby range of hills to the westward, about six or seven miles from the station, and were upon the top of the last without seeing either of the objects for which we had come, when we first noticed the absence of the kangaroo dog, and standing for a moment to look round, we heard the sound of a distant baying. Making at full speed in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed, and crossing the creek at the foot of the hill, we saw him upon the sloping bank at the opposite side.

"Ah! there he is; there's an old man!" shouted my companion, in a high state of excitement.

We came up with him, there he was sure enough. A beast five or six feet high, with the most harmless face imaginable, jumping about from side to side, and defending himself against the three dogs who were assailing him on every quarter. He was regularly at bay. All his defensive efforts seemed to be displayed in picking up the dogs in his arms and then being compelled to drop them by an attack on another side. But so little exertion did it seem to cost him, that when he laid them down, we never expected them to be wounded in the least, their

sides, however, were rent open in a dreadful manner, by strokes from his hind claws. My companion warned me not to approach him too closely, which I was about to do, and we both looked on, merely encouraging the dogs by our voices. By-and-by, both dogs and kangaroo seemed pretty much exhausted. The springs were slower and more laboured. The kangaroo was beginning to snort and strain, and his haunches were torn and bleeding. My companion now drew near him, and struck him a heavy blow behind the ear, when he immediately dropped, and the knife was plunged into his throat.

The conflict over and the beast slain, the dogs stretched themselves upon the ground, and, completely spent, gasped for breath, the blood streaming down from great gashes in their sides. This was my first kangaroo hunt. During the whole of the engagement, my old dog had behaved himself most gallantly.

The kangaroo has a division in the upper lip, and two long incisor teeth in front, a mouth precisely similar to a rat. The carcass has a rank, nasty smell.

After the hunt we both sat down upon a fallen log, and lighted our pipes. Our toils were over for the moment, and we yielded to the soothing influence of the weed, the fragrant or, as Cowper has it, the "stinking weed." Speaking seriously, though there are many who may question the truth of the proposition, we should, in alluding to the influence

of external comforts, omit a most material and important agency did we overlook the moral influence of a pipe.

There are many moments when society is distasteful. There are many moments in this wild country when, though most acceptable, society cannot be had; when a chilling feeling of desolation and exile, of distant longing and past regret, oppresses the mind, when all those external aids are removed from us which in society we think lightly of, because we never need; at such periods, when all sympathy is dead, and when it would be wrong to tax the fidelity of those from whose recollections we are by necessity effaced, it is something to have a friend to come at call—a friend which never varies with the occasion, which is never capricious and never cold—to soothe and cheer, even perhaps the more on account of our utter loneliness. You gaze on him with affection, you charge his dusky bowl with the weed in pleasant hope; and for these little attentions how gratefully does he requite you! The smoke curls gently up around you. The fire burns brightly in his cheerful face. He breathes into you the light of decayed affection, and almost withered hopes, and bids you wake again to prospective happiness, not altogether beyond your reach.

Before this the world to you was dead. It had lost its charm. But now you are no longer callous. Your sensibilities are touched, and you wander in

thought amongst those bright and happy reminiscences which, to be altogether without, would be to want the redeeming features of an otherwise painful and unsatisfactory life.

Blessings on thy short and stumpy form, on thy dusky and mottled hue! Each deepening shade of thy complexion, venerable and brown, tells of hours of weariness thy company has solaced. Many times have I rejoiced over thee. Many times has sorrow been mitigated by thy presence. I know that there are many who despise and spurn thee, but I question whether, in their affected independence of thine aid, they do not lack that sensibility which makes thee welcome, and which, though often the instrument of our keenest sufferings, is likewise a means of the purest and most intense enjoyments of which we are capable.

The opossum is hunted principally at moonlight, as it then roams out in search of food, and is tracked by trained dogs, which discover the route it has chosen, and the tree in which it has taken refuge, when they immediately set up a barking which informs the hunter of its locality. He straightway commences looking for the animal, which is generally in some of the thick brushwood about the top of the tree, when he shoots it, and immediately upon its dropping, if he is initiated into the native method, he seizes it by the tail, passes his hand

gently up its back and strangles it, as, if imperfectly killed, it is apt to scratch severely with its claws. With good dogs, a great number of opossums may be taken this way in the course of the night.

The skins are soft, and useful in a variety of ways, but more particularly for the rug, which is a necessary appendage to a bushman, as it forms his bed, and no contemptible one in the cold nights of a bivouac.

One evening I was out opossum shooting, and had with me a young black of the name of Jemmy, a very favourite name among the natives. We had not been very successful, as his dog though trained to hunting the opossum, was unacquainted with the sound of fire-arms, and fled at the first explosion; but coming home about one in the morning, all the sheep dogs with us (I had three) made a stand at a fallen tree, and began scraping and howling in a significant manner. I was sure there was some creature concealed in it and directed Jemmy to thrust his arm into the hollow, which after some hesitation he did, and immediately withdrew it with a scream. "What is the matter?" said I.

"I tink a snake," he replied, with a comical expression of countenance.

"Try again," said I.

But he had an objection to trusting his fingers into such a dangerous locality, and this time he procured a long wand with which he bored away into the

hollow tree. On taking it out there were some hairs at the end, which he smelt, and then pronounced the creature to be a bandicoot.

This time he put his arm in again, and pulled out, one after the other, three kangaroo rats, two of them alive. I prevented him from killing them, and with this rich booty we went on our way home. It was more than an hour after midnight

Being at a loss which way to turn, I asked Jemmy. "Oh! this way," he said, grinning. "How do you know?" said I. "Oh!" said he, "sheepy plenty talk;" and listening, I could barely discern the bleating of sheep in the folds.

I could not help smiling at his ideas of conversation. On arriving at the hut, I tied the kangaroo rats by their legs to the table to secure them, and on waking in the morning the room presented a lively aspect, for both the little wretches were dancing away to the extent of their tethers, and their vivacity was by no means diminished by my ap pearance.

CHAPTER XII.

DESCRIPTIVE.

The life of an Australian squatter bears a strong resemblance to the patriarchal modes recorded in ancient Jewish history. Wealth consists in flocks and herds.

The character of the population is entirely pastoral, the habits are primitive and rude. The shepherd wanders over the country with his flocks, and at night brings them to the fold, where watchmen and dogs are posted to guard them from the attacks of prowling wolves.

The dwellings, which are mean and simple, are occasionally abandoned as pasture becomes scarce. The modes of life and sorts of occupation are migratory, roving, unsocial, unsettled, and consequently the nearest approximation to the savage state that civilized society admits of.

Like many beautiful pictures which look enchant-

ing in perspective, a great part of the poetry and romance vanishes on a near approach.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The shepherd is isolated from all society. His days pass on in an unvarying monotony, his attention being divided between his flock, the tall white gum trees on every side, and his pipe.

With a book, his condition is much ameliorated, but, under the best of circumstances, his is a life which very few whose tastes have been formed in a civilized country would select from choice.

The country is peculiar, but not by any means without interest. The surface is for the most part hilly, the elevations being of moderate height and continuous, generally wooded to the summits. On this last account, though the trees are scattered and far apart, a view of the country from an eminence gives the appearance of an extensive forest.

The gum trees, an important feature in the landscape, are generally branchless to a considerable height, when twined and serpentine boughs project from the trunk, bearing small clusters of foliage, which droop gracefully from the extremities. The leaves are long and narrow. Thus the forest trees are seldom impervious to the sun's rays, and do not afford the pleasant shade which forest trees in England yield. There is a bareness about the under portions, which to an English eye seems to require

filling up. The grasses are peculiar; their period of verdure is short. They spring up as if by magic, and disappear almost as rapidly, so that in summer the prospect, instead of being verdant and green, is yellow and withered-looking. The kangaroo grass, which abounds in many parts, in summer, looks like a ripe field of barley.

There are many other features in which an Australian scene differs from an English one. There is the grass tree, with its long pointed leaves, as sharp and hard as a spear, its blackened and knotted trunk, the groves of wattle, covered with yellow blossoms, which diffuse a delicious perfume for miles around, and the twining parasites that creep up the stunted gum,* and hang in graceful drapery to the ground. Then the sounds which break the silence of the forest, are the hum of locusts in the trees on a hot day, the short, quick sound of grasshoppers springing up all around, and towards evening a concert by the bullfrogs about the water-holes and creeks, resembling in sound the drawing of innumerable corks. The effect on the whole is pleasing and strange.

The sky in this climate is often for a month together without a cloud, and the sun's rays stream down uninterruptedly, giving a bright colour, almost a glare, to every object, which in the heat of the day is often oppressive and painful.

It is through this sort of country that the solitary

* Called the Gum Scrub.

equestrian, after having travelled perhaps a whole day, suddenly comes upon a small hut, built with sods, and roofed with broad paling. In front of this is a species of gallows, from which the carcass of a sheep is hanging, and perched upon the top are one or two crows, that croak most dismally. These occasionally dive down from their perch, to dig their great beaks into the flesh of the sheep, and then, being scared away by a dog which keeps sentry below, fly up again, and croak out more lustily than before.

But suddenly several dogs, that are basking in the sun, startled by the sound of our traveller's horse's hoofs, dart up at once, and assail him furiously. The noise brings to the door of the hut a man in a blue serge shirt, and with a belt round his waist, all unwashed, unshaven, and grisly, most likely smoking a short black pipe. Upon our traveller making inquiry from this person as to his road, he is very probably informed that the place he is bound to is distant ten miles or so, that he cannot reach it by the shortest track before sundown, and finally, his informant winds up with an invitation to a drink of tea, and an offer of lodgings for the night.

It is to such a scene as this that we have to introduce our reader. We will leave him to the hospitality of the bushman, his panikin of tea, slice of mutton, and damper.

CHAPTER XIII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It has been said truly, that when we embark to sea we part with prosaic realities, and plunge into a world of adventure and romance. Personal hardships and trials become familiar things, and what previously we conceived as only existing in fiction and imagination, become our common, perhaps daily experiences.

The incidents connected with the succeeding anecdote are facts, and though perhaps not very extraordinary, give an idea of the uneven tenor of some men's lives.

On a visit to a district perhaps a hundred miles north from the town, I reached a station (the only one in that neighbourhood where I was acquainted) about evening, and, as the custom is, took the stranger's license, making myself at home with all the comforts the place contained. I tethered my

horse at the best plot of grass I could find, spread out my rug on the ground near a wood fire that was blazing outside the hut. (The hut only boasted one sleeping apartment, and, completely filled by a rude bedstead, was not adapted for visitors.) The kettle had been put on the fire, and while preparations for our evening meal were in progress, I lay half-dozing over my pipe at the fire, when a great uproar amongst the dogs, together with the sound of horses' hoofs, warned us of the approach of visitors. I felt half inclined to be angry and irritable. I was in hopes of passing a quiet night after my hard day's ride, and did not relish the idea of intruders. However, there was no help for it, and I sullenly looked up, as two travel-stained and weary men, carrying their saddles, came and esconced themselves beside me at the fire. The night was too dark to discern their features, so that I had within me the excitement of mystery, and a distrust of what the daylight might reveal. Occasionally, however, a puff of wind would drive up the flame of the fire so as partially to lighten the faces of the two persons, from which imperfect revelation I could perceive that one of them was young, and the other advanced in years. The tone of their voices, however, was a better guide, for generally speaking it does not require a great power of discernment to determine the comparative ages of speakers from their tone of voice. One voice was firm and clear, the other was

harsh and rather tremulous. Already I had begun to speculate upon the character of each, when, with the ordinary courtesy of a bushman, the younger man, as I took him to be, commenced a conversation, by inquiring after the length of my day's journey. I informed him.

"I," replied he, "have travelled fifty miles to-day, and am thoroughly used up. Not a single drop of water have we or our horses had for the whole blessed day."

"Indeed! you must have passed through an inhospitable country. From what quarter may you have come?"

"From a place called Bambunga," he replied. "It lies to the north of the gulf, and the approach, the only one I know of, is through a miserable tract of scrub, for at least twenty miles, without a drop of water the whole distance."

"I never heard of that name before," said I; "I presume it is a recently discovered country."

"Why to tell you the truth," replied he, "I discovered it myself. The name is the one that the natives formerly gave it, and as being the discoverer and licensed occupier, I conceived I had a right to apply what name I pleased to it. In my opinion there are no names of places so euphonious in sound as the native designations are, so, consequently, I gave it the original appellation, which is the one it still retains."

"I admire your taste," I replied; "it would have been much better if that rule had been universally followed in the early days of the colony."

"The country," he said, after a pause, "on which I have been located, is worth the trouble of finding. It is, without exception, the finest I have seen in the province." Turning abruptly to me he asked,—

"How long have you been in the colony?"

"About eight months," I answered.

"And how do you like it?"

"Not very much."

"Ah!" said he, "there are no sofas here; no Turkey carpets, no nicely papered rooms, eh?"

I replied that I had not seen many.

"No indeed," he answered. "I have been here for six years, and I can tell you that it is a precious few that I have seen. This to me has been a complete change of life. You see this ragged coat, these worn-out boots; yet I do not know that they give me any great concern after all. The real happiness of life is independent of these paltry aids, and if fortune had smiled upon me, I do not doubt that I should have been at this present moment as happy as under the most favourable of outward influences."

He paused as if waiting for a remark, but none came, for the train of ideas was congenial with my own, my thoughts were too deep for utterance, and he resumed.

"I have not always been what I seem, but I am now suffering under the severest affliction which can fall to the lot of man to experience. Now, sir," he continued, "you may think it a strange proceeding in me thus to speak so freely to one whom I never saw before, but the trial is at present recent, and besides, I feel a sort of confidence that you will not misconstrue a candour so readily proffered. The circumstance is well known to every one in this neighbourhood, and in order that it may not go to the little world in a distorted form, I am induced to tell it myself."

I expressed my curiosity to hear the story; but just at that moment our evening meal was brought out to us, and, occupied in its discussion, for a while the forthcoming narrative was protracted. At length, when an additional log had been added to the smouldering fire, and every one else was seeking a snug and soft piece of ground whereon to dispose of himself for the night, my new friend drew near me and began.

"Sir, I have begun to think of late that Providence has forsaken me; that an ill fate hangs over me; in truth, that misfortune has marked me for her own.

"My friends, in the south of England, are wealthy. If my infatuation, my folly, had not stepped in the way, I might by this time have been so too. I received an ordinarily good education, and was

prepared for an employment which, by this time, if attentively followed, might have secured me a competency. Everything was going on smoothly, satisfactorily, when I was ass enough to fall in love. I, sir, am incapable of half measures. With me, an attachment was not momentary excitement: it was blind devotion, absorbing every other feeling. *She* was, sir, a good and beautiful girl, but, unfortunately, not exactly in a position in life to satisfy my friends; consequently, our interviews were stolen, and as far as possible our partiality concealed. I tried at last to reason with what I conceived to be the obduracy and selfishness of my friends, but in vain; and I was peremptorily informed that the connection must be immediately dissolved, or their interest would be irretrievably lost. In indignation and grief, I had resort to an extremity which has brought me to this condition. And here, sir, I confess, has been the fatal mistake of my life. Rely upon it, the only terms on which the social influence of woman can be beneficially secured, are those which society now recognises; and virtue, once outraged, at some period, and in some way or other, inevitably will sorely resent the infraction."

"Disappointed in this one wish, to make this girl my wife, I made her a proposal, to which—for her devotion was greater than mine—she acceded.

"It was about the period when this colony was exciting a great interest at home, and ships were

leaving almost weekly for its shores, that I affected to be seized with a sudden desire to emigrate. The opposition to this step was not so severe as to the other one, and eventually I succeeded in obtaining the necessary funds with which to embark. I then engaged a passage in another ship for her, and without for a moment exciting the suspicion of my friends, we both met again in this country. By some means or other they became acquainted with the fact of her presence here; previously they had continued a correspondence with me, but from that moment it ceased, and I have never since heard from them. This, however, would have been a matter of little importance. On my arrival here I set to work to speculate. Strange to say, from the very beginning everything went wrong. I was involved in the losses of '42, and barely escaped with a small, a very small capital. This I invested in sheep, as every body else was doing (*I* knew nothing about sheep, how should I?), and settled on the Plains. But somehow or other my flock became diseased. My neighbour flock-owners began to complain, as their flocks were thus endangered, and eventually they compelled me to move about twenty miles higher up the country. Even there I could find no rest, for my new neighbours persecuted me as vigorously as the old ones had done. Informations were threatened on every side, and again, to obtain peace, I removed further away.

"You may remember having passed an encampment on your way to this place, with the remains of old sheep yards and sheds, and an attempt at a hut?"

"I remember," replied I, "a place in the heart of the scrub, where there was a sort of shed, made with branches of trees; some sheep yards, that never could have held sheep within them, and a lot of skins, skeletons, and half decomposed carcasses, lying strewn about, a ruinous, deserted, melancholy spot."

"That's it," he answered. "That was mine. Those sheep were mine, and that was the way I lived. I spent the winter there. When the summer came on, the water dried up, and I had to move again. In all these wanderings, Maria was with me. You may judge of her constancy by the trials she underwent. Nothing was too severe, nothing too cruel for her to submit to on my account. She never repined; and if there was one consideration more than another that reconciled me to my continued misfortunes and hardships, it was the thought of her voluntary endurance: her self-devotion.

"Well, sir, I left her for some days, to find out a new location for my flock; and when you consider the lonely and disheartening view an Australian forest presents, you may form some idea of her fortitude in thus submitting to be left alone. On the river above I found a tolerably good location, with

plenty of water, and remained there until compelled to remove by the arrival of some other flock-owners in the neighbourhood, who again dislodged me. This time, as you may suppose—exasperated by this repeated, continued persecution, which followed me like an ill fate—I determined to go far away into the interior, where white man had never been before, and where there was no possibility of being again disturbed; and for this purpose to explore the land at the head of the Gulf. I was successful. I found a beautiful country: it was the country where my flock is stationed at present; there was pasture for 10,000 sheep, and eighteen perpetual springs of water. You would have thought that I might now have sat down at my ease, and rested from the toils in which I had so lately been engaged. But it was not to be so. The blacks were numerous, and unaccustomed to white people: indeed, I question whether any of them had ever seen a white man before. They were at first troublesome and insolent; but I discovered a method of keeping them under, and they were ever afterwards submissive and even useful. On one occasion, a man being importunate for some of our small stock of provisions in the hut, which Maria (who was alone) refused to give him, he began to threaten her with violence, and was proceeding to help himself by force to what he wanted, when I came in. Learning in a few seconds what was taking place, I immediately seized a burning

brand from the fire, and struck him in the mouth; the hot ashes flew from the stick at the blow, and fell down within his garments, burning him severely. After this he went away, and never afterwards troubled us. On another occasion I burnt a hole in a man's side, with a fire stick, for insolence to Maria. As this was an aggravated case, I determined that the punishment should be severe, and it told with good effect in the end. But latterly they came in good numbers, and commenced a nightly system of annoyance by dancing their corroberies: much to the terror and disturbance of the sheep, which were dreadfully frightened, and repeatedly broke out of the yards. Finding remonstrance of no avail, one evening, when they were all seated quietly at the wurlie,* I fired a charge of small shot into the midst of them, and retired to the hut: in the morning they had all disappeared.

"Thus, by one or two examples of decision and severity, I obtained a complete command over these people, and eventually they would perform anything that I required. This was fortunate, as I had once or twice to leave Maria alone, when necessarily absent in town: a journey which could not be accomplished in less time than three days, and going and returning occupied a week altogether; but I never once found that they took advantage of my absence.

* Encampment.

"You may imagine that though indifferent myself to this kind of society, yet it was not altogether one suited to an educated woman; and it was certainly exacting too much from Maria to require her to be insensible to these external circumstances. Away from all of her kind, of her sex,—removed from the reach of that sympathy which a woman values, because knowing so well how to yield, her situation was one that might naturally awaken feelings of pity and compassion.

"Well, sir, not to detain you longer, I must tell you that in the course of time the shearing season came on. I with great difficulty engaged the services of one man for the purpose of taking the clip of wool off my sheep, and went off without delay into town for such necessaries as were required at the station. I accomplished my object satisfactorily, and after remaining a week in town, set out on my return. I had not been altogether without the hope of being able to dispose of my flock; for, as you may suppose, I was heartily sick of this mode of life. I thought, during my long journey homeward, of many ways in which I could ameliorate my condition; and pictured to myself a quiet retreat more nearly allied to civilized life, in some more attractive situation than my present outcast one. I thought I should then be able to make some provision for Maria, which would render her lot, at all events, more supportable. I began to reflect upon the

discrepancies of my past life, and to think that now was the time to make amends for them. No small amount of self-reproach was mingled with these reflections, and remorse for the extent to which I had involved the happiness and comfort of one individual, whose only fault had been a strength of attachment that outweighed all prudential motives, and the ordinary sensibilities of her sex.

"These regrets, however, faded away, as a brighter picture arose in my mind: I felt that the trial had at least taught me a lesson, severely but surely; and I now might shake off the incubus of misfortune that oppressed me hitherto, and arise wiser and better from the ordeal.

"Full of these reflections, I looked cheerfully and pleasantly to the future, and impatiently pressed on to the end of my journey. I already anticipated my welcome, and the caresses of her whose fidelity misfortune as yet had been powerless to shake; and, as the smoke from my miserable dwelling came in view, and the bleating of the flock broke upon my ear, I felt that that little spot—poor, and paltry, and inhospitable apology as it was—was at least a home to me.

"What was my surprise, on approaching, to see no one issue from the habitation at the sound of my horse's hoofs: no accustomed form, as usual, came eagerly forward to welcome me. I dismounted and rushed in. There was the poor meal, evidently

recently deserted. The tokens of this were all around: a broken crust of bread, a half-finished dish of tea, and some garment in progress of making thrown aside for the moment. A terrible foreboding seized me. Why this terror at my approach? I ran out again, my temples throbbing with an agitation I could not express, and vainly tried to conceal. I called out aloud. The woods rang to my shouts, but no sound came in reply. I paused, and listened attentively. The bark of a dog, faint in the distance, was audible. I made for the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed, wild almost with the excitement into which this unexpected occurrence had thrown me.

"All sense of fatigue had vanished. My nerves were strung to a pitch that rendered me insensible to external influences, as I tore my way through hanging branches and creeping shrubs. Deep in a recess of the woods, under the shade of a grove of wattles, which being then in bloom, perfumed the atmosphere around, and seated upon a log of fallen timber, with my two dogs watching by her side, was a female form in an attitude of deep dejection and misery. It was Maria!

"I paused before I undid in a moment the tie which had hitherto given a solace to existence; but anger, jealousy—the sudden extinction of the patient hopes of weary years—the rude destruction at once of a fabric for which I had toiled long and

endured much—maddened me to the step, and I became reckless of consequences.

"Sacred as the sorrows of woman universally are, yet I—intuitively divining the cause of her grief—seized her furiously by the hand, and with rude threats and frantic violence, wrung from her the confession I dreaded to hear, as she sobbed convulsively before me.

"And now the last and severest blow had fallen. My stay in this place was thus deprived of its only inducement. Galled by my repeated, uninterrupted disappointments,—deprived, by his absconding, of the miserable satisfaction of taking the life of this violator of my hearth—I acted from frenzy, and drove poor Maria from before me. I have not seen her since. I know that her end must be unhappy, and I will not wait to see it. My only object now is to dispose of the little I possess, and, that accomplished, to fly for ever these shores, so full of painful recollections and regret, and seek a refuge in that land from which I was formerly too glad to escape."

When I found my companion had finished his story, I turned round on my rug, gave one glance at the bright starlit sky overhead, and then dropped leisurely to sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

If one were to set about collecting memoirs to fill a volume, the task could not be effected with more ease than by aid of the materials to be found in the experience of a new colony. The fellow-feeling, created perhaps by fellow-suffering, existing between individuals, is precisely the sort of sympathy which would induce confidential narratives; besides the fact that the subjects of these narratives are placed in situations which render a transition from present hardships to past recollections natural and easy. Hence there is scarcely any individual in the province who has not become the depository of many of these disclosures. In adding the following one to this work, my motive has been simply to record a closing scene in the life of a worthy servant of my own.

He of whom I speak had, about six years before

I saw him, emigrated with a view to the recovery of his health; or at least the prolongation of his life, for the seeds of consumption were already sown in his frame. He brought out with him a small capital. A portion of this he invested in a section of land in the special survey on which I was located; erecting upon it a hut of boards suitable for hi accommodation. This, with the addition of a substantial fence round a portion of the land, and a small Timor pony he had purchased, was, as far as I knew, the extent of his worldly possessions.

Considering his funds now safely invested—as, poor man! no doubt they were, so far as remoteness of the prospect of realization was concerned—he let himself out for hire as a shepherd. It was in this condition that he entered my employ, and in it he remained to the last. When I heard that he was seriously ill, I went over to the station to see him.

With a degree of penuriousness not often found where the necessaries of life are so easily obtainable, he had let off the main body of the hut to a man with his family, whom he had engaged as hutkeeper. It was part of his contract with me that he should provide his own hutkeeper. The only portion, therefore, which he had reserved for himself, was a shelf in one corner of the edifice, upon which he had previously kept some small articles in the way of stores; and this shelf might

possibly contain a space of certainly not more than four feet by six.

Up in this perch, which he had ascended by a ladder, and covered with a few dirty sacks for bed-clothes, I found the sick man. No remonstrance of mine could prevail upon him to give himself better accommodation, or displace the man and his wife from below, whose comfort he was thus studying at the expense of his own; and I left him with the expectation of seeing him soon again quite recovered. A call from the doctor undeceived me, and from day to day I either heard fluctuating accounts of his health, or else by riding over to see him, ascertained for myself his real state.

The last time I saw him he had come to the head station for some little necessaries he required. He was ill—very ill. He sat down in the hut, and leaned his pale face against his shrunken hands, and with his elbows on his knees, looked into the fire. Then he rose and went to the nearest bed-stead, upon which he lay down and slept awhile.

Awaking soon after, he called to the wife of the overseer to come to him. On attending his summons, she looked anxiously and timidly on his countenance; for there was there, besides the pallor and sickly hue of a dying man, an expression of terror that made her fearful and uneasy.

"Mary!" said he in a hollow voice that thrilled through her frame.

"What do you want?" she replied kindly.

"Mary!" he said again; "who is that man standing at the bottom of the bed?" She trembled, but could say nothing. "Who is it?" he repeated.

In her alarm she invented a fiction to allay his fears. "It's James," she replied, in a soothing tone; "but he has gone away a good while since. Lie down, like a good man, and you will be better by-and-by, when you have rested yourself."

He fell back upon his couch, apparently contented, and she went away.

It was getting dark and towards evening, when he insisted upon going home. Opposition to his determination was fruitless, and he was with difficulty helped into the saddle on his small Timor pony. But he was no sooner mounted than he turned his horse's steps in a direction exactly contrary to the way in which he should travel: for it was clear, poor man! he did not know what he was doing. One of the shepherds had to lead him homeward, and occasionally support him in the saddle. The next day he was a little better, but the following he was worse, and the night after was his last.

It was a dark, cold, dismal night: the wind, as if laden with some dreadful meaning, came in occasional gusts, with long intervals between; seemingly hesitating to be the bearer of dark and gloomy tidings, that were impending. I was seated in my small

room attempting to write. Occasionally giving it up in despair, I would have recourse to a book; but I could not read. What it was that so unaccountably oppressed me at that time, I could not tell; but my mind continually reverted to the picture of the dying man, and visions of funerals, to which the occasional howling of the winds seemed a fitting accompaniment, flitted before me. I do not pretend to be superstitious, but there was on tha night an incubus over me quite unusual and depressing. Making an effort, I again resorted to my employment to divert my thoughts, and had begun partially to be abstracted from disagreeable sensations, when a sound in the distance, discernible even above the noise of the wind, which now began to rise, broke upon my ear. I was not deceived. The old dog watching outside, wakening from his slumbers, gave a cry between a bark and a howl. This was the signal for every dog about the place to spring up into watchful activity, and raise a clamour fit to arouse the seven sleepers of old.

The tramp of a horse's hoof heard soon after, proved the justice of their alarms, as a strange visitor rode up to the overseer's door, and knocked long and loudly. It was about midnight, and every soul about the place, but myself, was fast asleep; but before I had time to go out, I could hear the overseer arise, unbar the door, and admit the stranger.

I waited, as I felt almost confident of the nature of the visit; and was by no means altogether surprised, though in some measure appalled, by the tone in which he spoke, when the overseer, half dressed, and chattering with cold, put his head inside my doorway, and said—

"Eh, Mr. ——, he's gone! He has died in the middle of the night, and no one but a poor lone woman in the house. Neighbour T—— has just ridden over to tell us; for the woman has gone to stay at his house: she is terrified to remain alone with the corpse."

And so he died:—upon a rude bedstead made of unhewn posts, covered with the tattered and filthy vestures he never cared to renew; amongst vermin which his own sloth and negligence had fostered,—the poor, lonely, friendless shepherd died: and no hand was near to support him; no kind voice to soothe him in his parting moments. Silence and solitude, and utter isolation attended his dying hour. The winds whistled round his lonely hut—the wild birds screamed their wont through the forest—and the sheep, the objects of his daily care, bleated in unconsciousness to their helpless young as they trembled in the cold: but their shepherd was gone.

On the day of his interment a storm arose that will long be remembered in the colony. Bridges were swept away, houses destroyed, and the

terrified inhabitants, awaking from midnight slumbers, fled for their lives, while the rivers rose to a height unprecedented in the annals of the place. The very dray which contained his rude coffin was nearly swept away by the torrent, while fording the river on the way to the burial-ground.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

In closing this small and unpretending work, it may not be deemed presumption in the author, to offer some remarks which were suggested by the reading of an essay in the *North British Review*, upon the character and resources of the Australian colonies; written with a great amount of skill and talent, but still, if he might be allowed to observe, defective in some points which experience alone could supply.

The justice and eloquence with which the cause of the neglected native is pleaded are undeniable; but at the same time, without inclusion of Van Diemen's Land, the cases of wanton cruelty and destruction practised towards them by the whites are the exceptions to their ordinary treatment; and in the colony to which the preceding notes have reference, they have been exceptions of very rare

occurrence. But as all these evils have their origin in a principle stated in the *Review;* namely, the character of the occupations of the colonists, which have a tendency to deteriorate the civilized habits and principles of those engaged in them, it will be as well to give the quotation to which we allude. It is said :—

"The tropical products, the mineral products of South America, the far more valuable industry and activity in fisheries, shipping, and trade of the North American States, are such a staple basis of a colonial prosperity. Wool is not. It is the worst product a new colony could have turned its capital and attention to, because the production of wool employs less of combined industry and art, diffuses less occupation among the people in proportion to the land it requires, and is thus of a less civilizing and beneficial influence than almost any article raised for the use of man. The shepherd state, either in the individual, or in a class of society, is a stationary state, out of the reach of the civilizing influences of man working upon man. * * * Pastoral countries never advance until they get out of the pastoral state. It was a mistake in colonial policy to give encouragement to this social state in a new settlement. It was preparing the colony for a retrograde, not a progressive, movement in civilization."

Now admitting all this, which, as far as regards

the effect of such occupations, is undeniably true; it must also be admitted that the policy of any government is to adapt its means to its end. The object was colonization, and the production of such a staple article of export as the locality was most suited for; and it would be madness and imbecility to persevere in attempting to produce articles to the production of which the physical capabilities of the place offered such obstructions, that every other producing country could raise the same more successfully, and dispose of more satisfactorily.

Now Australia, with the exception of a small portion of country within a moderate distance of the coast, is unfitted for any other than pastoral purposes, on account of the expense of land carriage and the utter absence of inland navigation. From these causes, as well as on account of the fact that the good arable land throughout the whole continent is found in patches at intervals of some miles, Australia will never be a densely peopled country. Were the soil more productive, the sheep would require a less quantity of ground to sustain them, and those that had charge of them would necessarily be brought nearer together, and consequently be improved by the contact. But whatever may be the evils resulting from the state of society described; it is my opinion that they are inevitable, and owe their origin solely to causes of a physical nature. The plan proposed for removing

them, I cannot conceive as at all calculated to attain the end; namely, the compulsion of sheep-farmers to purchase three hundred acre blocks of land, and to locate and cultivate them. Because the stock-owners settle upon the land, the sheep cannot feed upon less than before; the shepherds will have to scatter as before, the flocks will increase as before, and fresh runs in a new country will have to be discovered as before; entailing all the evils of which our author complains. It would never pay the squatter to cultivate for the purpose of feeding his sheep upon less ground, for then it would be as expensive a process as sheep-farming at home; and if once the occupation were put upon the same footing in both countries, all inducements to emigrate to the Australian colonies would be removed. It is not likely that a man will undertake a voyage of 16,000 miles, perilling his property and his life, leave all society, and break off his associations with what previously endeared his native locality to him, unless there were a prospect, whether real or not, of his improving his condition; and therefore I would reprobate the policy of surrounding the Australian squatter with difficulties which he never anticipated, and the prospect of which, if he had, would have deterred him from embarking.

I likewise deny that the depression which the Australian colonies suffered, arose from the com-

petition with other wools in the English market. It is stated that, "Fortunes had been made, but not from the actual proceeds of the wool, but by selling the stock." There is no doubt whatever that speculation at one time raised the price of sheep above their real value. But, because speculation extended to this department of trade, it is no reason why the trade itself should not be legitimate and remunerative. Sheep, as an investment, is about the most profitable one in those colonies; yielding, with good management, a certain and handsome return. At the same time, if speculation took place in the buying and selling of the stock, the capital was interfered with, it was diverted from its legitimate purpose; and sheep-farming was no more to be blamed for the crisis which followed on the heels of the speculation, than regular returns from railway traffic alluded to by our author, would be for the reckless gambling in scrip which the past year witnessed.

Our writer alludes to the prospect of competition in fine wools from the British wool-growers. It has been established by long experience that fine wools cannot be grown in England, any more than long stapled wools can be brought to perfection in Australia. The climates are insuperable objections: and in the cases where the attempt has been made to introduce the English wools into these colonies, the result has shown a deterioration in the qualities

of the wools in those respects, which render them valuable for British manufactures. For this reason, Australian wools stand alone: they have a character of their own. English wools are equally distinct. Any apprehension of a depreciation in their marketable value by competition from this quarter is consequently unfounded.

It has been the custom of all writers upon colonization and the colonies, to append to their works a series of advices and instructions to the intending emigrant. To this, the preceding few pages do not pretend. They are rough notes written at different times, and as occasion and opportunity offered, and profess to convey the author's impressions of a place which he believes will one day or other assume an importance perhaps unparalleled in the history of British Colonies.

Colonization is a necessary consequence—I had almost said evil—of an overgrown community. That it is an injury, there can be little doubt. The industrious and intelligent of our labouring population are exported to try their energies on a new field. Look at it in what way you like, it is a loss to the old country. The colony is an integral part of the empire, true; but the colonist becomes an alien. The same trial which was required to send him from his native country, severs his affection from it; his associations are to re-form, and when formed, are antagonist influences to civilized

tastes and habits; and that co-operation which tells in an old and unanimous community, exists no longer, except for the local interests to which it is confined.

With regard to a new colony there must always be much disappointment. There is everything to do to make it like the place left behind, and very little done towards it. The country is settled, for the most part, by people of intelligence and enterprise, who have exiled themselves for the sole purpose of making money. Many of them are induced by expectations which must inevitably be disappointed, and many are determined to sacrifice personal comfort to accomplish this one object. This gives a similarity of feeling to every one, inasmuch that the term Colonial, in this sense, has passed into a proverb. There is just one leading idea—a hankering, hungering, thirsting after money. Society there does not present the opportunities of selecting from those contrasts of character which are not perceived in an old community, because moving in their own sphere. It is limited in extent, dubious in quality; directly contending interests are continually clashing, while a punctilious definition of rank is attempted to be maintained; and of course it is now in a chaotic state. Time will blend it into harmony.

The opportunities for improving the condition are more numerous than in England; but for most men,

unless impelled by necessity to take such a step, the sacrifice is too great. There is a delusion as to the real objects of life, or men would not tear themselves from every tie, and break up a domestic circle whose happiness had become identified with their own, for the sole purpose of advancing their individual interests. Life is short enough to dispose of on secondary objects; and that of providing for the mere externals of existence must surely stand secondary to the purer, the holier emotions of the affections, without which life would be a barren and painful nonentity.

In treating of the subject of emigration, an opinion as to its necessity may be naturally expected; but it is a question in which feeling and association are so much blended, that the task is one of considerable difficulty. On the one hand is urged the hardship of a man tearing himself from his native soil, his severing old associations, and doing all that to one in whom love of country is strong, is most trying and painful; but on the other, a dark and fearful reality stares him in the face, like a grisly phantom, pleading, with stern severity, a truth which we cannot, if we would, deny.

A short time ago, I saw the body of a man who had died from starvation, exposed in the charnel house, as usual, for the purpose of recognition. His flesh was wasted to the bones; his thin limbs

told of a more fearful inroad than the sword in its most destructive exercise could effect; the pallor of his shrunken and ghastly cheek went to my heart: I was horrified.

To think of a fellow-being brought to such a dreadful strait was appalling—to think that his case might be that of hundreds, was shocking, was grievous! In a large and populous city, where abundance existed, and where a great proportion were clothed and fed luxuriously—"Oh! it was pitiful, near a whole city full, — home he had none."

The question naturally arose — Was there no land where this poor being could have earned a subsistence? a question which I could not but answer in the affirmative. Had he emigrated, he could not have starved; his labour would have been valued, his services sought after. As it was, alas! in some obscure den, in a dark city, unfriended in life, and in death unknown, he had sunk under a fearful and appalling doom.

Before concluding, I would just glance at the extent to which missionary effort amongst the aborigines has been carried; and I think, when South Australia is adduced as an illustration, it will be admitted that the selection has been made of the most favourable light in which the subject can be viewed; as the treatment of the aborigines in that quarter has been incomparably more credit-

able and philanthropic than in any of the adjoining colonies.

With the exception of a native school for children, and the establishment of a Government resident magistrate, nothing whatever has been done. Associated religious effort has judged every other place in the world a worthy field but this; and naturally a solemn consideration arises.—We are the intruders: the soil is theirs, if priority of occupation can give any title. They are ignorant of the laws of civilized people, except as aggressive upon their rights; and, to say nothing of the indifference with which they have seen us disposses them, they have displayed a willingness to assist us that is often forgotten in the senseless tirades against them. No colony in the world has been settled with less loss of life and property than this; and yet this very peaceful submission has only incited to fresh exactions, and given a subject for unfeeling invective against them. We call them ignorant: but do we instruct them? The native school is the only attempt; and as far as its operations will extend is commendable, but lamentably disqualified to attain the objects of missions.

In India, in Africa, men have not hesitated to stake their lives in teaching the people that they have a purpose beyond the present: a life beyond the grave. But where is the missionary who thinks *this* a field worthy of his labours? We look

upon the natives as abject, degraded beings, yet we do not endeavour to raise them in the scale of humanity. We consider they are well used, yet they receive no kindness from us that does not spring from interest or economy. And because we requite their labour at a less cost than we could that of bullocks or horses; because we allow them to live where their fathers did before them, but where we have invaded, and suffer them to contract our vices, but remain ignorant of the knowledge to correct them, we think we are acting a fair, an honourable, a merciful part towards these unresisting people. If they are immortal beings, capable of a thought for the future, and we are too inert, too indifferent to impart our knowledge to them, then the criminality rests with us; and we may be sure that our coming has brought a curse upon these ignorant men, which Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom has permitted, but which, on that account, is neither palliated nor removed.

I have now to perform that duty which most authors undertake with reluctance. The good feeling which has existed between the perusers of this volume and myself I am about to relinquish. To those who have been so courteous as to follow me thus far, I have to tender my grateful acknowledgments, and to entreat them to think leniently of that on which they have bestowed some little attention. I would beg them not to

misunderstand the tenor of these remarks. I only visited one British settlement besides the Australian colonies, and am convinced, from my short experience in the place where for a time I resided, that this colony, distant and despised—the neglected of government, the victim of misguided zeal and self interest,—the safe prey (for a time) of a vituperative press, is intended for more glorious things than we yet dream of; and, if preserved from the importation of a vicious and penal influence, in the form of convict labour, will one day take a stand amongst the communities emancipated from distant subjection, which the intelligence and enterprise of its early settlers deserve.

FINIS

J. L. e. l.