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**A VOYAGE**  
TO  
**AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND**

INCLUDING A  
VISIT TO ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, HUNTER'S  
RIVER, NEWCASTLE, MAITLAND, AND AUCKLAND;

WITH  
**A SUMMARY**  
OF THE  
PROGRESS AND DISCOVERIES MADE IN EACH COLONY  
FROM ITS FOUNDING TO THE PRESENT TIME.

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BY A STEERAGE PASSENGER,  
**JOHN ASKEW.**

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"ADVANCE AUSTRALIA."

LONDON:  
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.  
COCKERMOUTH:  
D. FIDLER, 70, MAIN-STREET.

1857.

203. d. 261.

D. FIDLER, PRINTER, COCKERMOUTH.



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BY PERMISSION

TO

MRS. BENNET KENNEDY,

DAUGHTER OF THE

REV. JOHN WORDSWORTH,

VICAR OF BRIGHAM,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HER VERY HUMBLE

AND OBEIENT SERVANT,

JOHN ASKEW.

## P R E F A C E .

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PREFACES are more frequently matters of form than subjects of utility. The briefer, therefore, the better. All I deem it necessary to say is, that having been in an extraordinary manner permitted to visit Australia and New Zealand, and that at a time when the utmost excitement prevailed owing to the discovery of the Australian Gold Fields. I have published the various circumstances which came under my personal observation.

Everywhere I obtained the means of transit by self-exertion. I left home an invalid, with a faint hope of surviving the voyage ; but, through the goodness of Divine Providence, I was permitted to return to my native land in perfect health.

My travels I have now placed in the hands of the public, hoping that they will deal leniently with the imperfections which must necessarily exist in a work written under such peculiar circumstances.

For much of the valuable information contained in the eighth chapter I am indebted to Mr. W. R. BIRKETT, of Workington, and Mr. J. BONWICK, of Borocodara, Victoria, both of whom have been residents in Victoria many years.

*Brigham, July 1st, 1857.*

JOHN ASKEW.

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# AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

Quitting Home—Liverpool—Scene on board the *Anna*—Lying in the River—First Night on Board—Parting Scenes—Leaving Liverpool—Out at Sea—Singular Characters—Henry Howard Dodds—Praise God Cooper—Mrs. Webster—George Roberts—Mother Gibson—Thomas Wyld—Bay of Biscay—Sea-Sickness—North East Trades—Appearance of the Sea and Skies—Amusements—The Doctor—Newspaper—Smithers the Cook, his Conduct and Trial—In the Tropics—Crossing the Line—Shaving—Night Scenes in the Tropics—Night Scene in the Steerage—Death and Burial of Captain Roddy—Rounding the Cape—Amsterdam Island—Squalls and Rainbows—Cape Pigeons—Whales—Albatross—Concerts and Theatricals—Thunder Storm—Kangaroo Island—Gulf of St Vincent—Riding at Anchor—Scenes in the Gulf—End of the Voyage—Landing at Adelaide.

I AM not aware that the writers of voyages and travels are very minute in describing the starting points whence they set out, and which many of them have made of so much significance by their extraordinary wanderings. What little I shall relate about the place from which I took my departure, will just be sufficient to convince those who may peruse this narrative that what I have written is no fiction.

The quiet village of 'Brigham, near Cockermonth, in Cumberland, (with its venerable church, and its yawning and deeply excavated quarries of lime and sandstone,) washed by the beautiful river 'Derwent meandering on its serpentine course through rich meadows and pasture lands, into which a small brook or rivulet empties itself to the east of the old 'church, is the place whence I commenced a journey that terminated in the circumnavigation of the globe.

In the latter part of the year '1851, I met with a companion equally enthusiastic with myself, and we determined to visit that far-off country in the southern hemisphere, called Australia. Our preparations for the voyage occupied a period of more than three months, during which time we built many an aerial castle, and concocted many a visionary scheme that were destined to become dim, and finally to vanish altogether, amid the rough realities of active life.

Every village has some particular spots, around which tradition and the early associations of boyhood and youth have thrown a peculiar charm, and are always remembered by the country-born with a degree of veneration which neither time nor place can destroy. A few days before I took my departure from a place which I then believed I should never see again, I wandered the whole length of the little brook—stood and gazed upon the old mill and the

distant hills—paid a farewell visit to ‘Nun’s Well, the \*Chantry, and the old churchyard; and felt altogether as melancholy as I well could do, by recalling the many pleasing and painful impressions of my early days, which each of those familiar sites brought back as if they had been daguerreotyped upon the memory by the glorious sunshine of happy childhood.\*

Our intentions, at least so far as I was concerned, were kept a profound secret, a mode of proceeding that I would recommend to all who are about to emigrate to so distant a place as Australia, to adhere to as much as possible. Parting scenes, and farewells with friends, only tend to confuse and dishearten the emigrant, and the avoiding of them prevents him from breaking many promises, which at the end of his long voyage, he could neither find time nor have any inclination to fulfil.

On the 4th of March, 1852, we conveyed ourselves and our luggage to the little station at Brigham, on the Cockermouth and Workington Railway, and were soon traversing space at the rate of twenty miles an hour, in the direction of Whitehaven, whence we took the steamer, named after the town, for Liverpool. Here we were destined to remain upwards of a month, before we embarked for the Land of Gold, and during our sojourn we visited all the lions and places of amusement in that metropolis of marine industry, and enterprise, and com-

pletely "used up" all that could be seen of the rare and curious. A brother of mine joined us here, and we secured each a berth in the steerage of the good ship, "Anna," belonging to Fielding, Brothers, of Manchester. Fox of King-street, was the broker. The "Anna" was a fine ship, upwards of a thousand tons burden ; North American built, —and she had made two very successful voyages to Melbourne, to which place she was bound again a third time. On the first of April we had due notice given to be on board on the third, an intimation which we promptly attended too.

The scene of confusion on board the vessel at that time baffles description. Boxes and parcels of every conceivable shape were piled up in all the different departments allotted to the passengers, without either order or arrangement. Lumpers were quarrelling with each other, and with the passengers, about stowing away the luggage. Parties were every now and then arriving with spades and hoes, intended for the diggings. Others, with tin kegs to hold water in during the voyage ; one with pannikins and hookpots ; some with coffee boilers, and other utensils ; and not a few with a full cargo of the "drive dull care-away" liquid, which they had imbibed in the shape of parting glasses with their friends. To heighten this confusion still more, a fight took place in the 'tween decks with a passenger and one of the lumpers, about the stowing

away of a box. During the struggle, the belligerent parties both went headlong down into the lower hold, and carried seven or eight others along with them. This seemed to bring them both to their senses. The passenger received a black eye in the struggle, and he suffered the box to be stowed away without any further opposition.

On the 4th the vessel was moved from the Salt-house dock, where she had been lying, into the river, where she dropped anchor in the middle of the stream, nearly opposite the new landing stage, the disorder being, if possible, worse than on the previous day. Along with the passengers were mixed orange and gingerbread sellers, detectives and pick-pockets, excursionists from the country, and sight-seers of all descriptions, with not a few of the brethren of the *blue* on special duty.

This state of things continued till late in the evening, when the visitors took their departure, some in boats, and some in the river steamers, till not one was left. Night came on, the steamers ceased to ply across the river. The lights along the docks and in the town burned brightly, and by midnight nothing was heard upon the deck of the noble vessel, save the solitary tread of the anchor watch,—

“ But within her timbers stout and strong,  
Beat many a heavy heart.”

Many of the passengers remained on board, and

I was awakened several times during the night by shrieks and groans, from several of them that occupied berths below. This was occasioned by a feeling of suffocation that numbers of them experienced, and others were affected by the strangeness of the place. Strange, "passing strange," it must have been to many of them who had been accustomed to clean and well-ventilated homes. There were twenty-two of us huddled into a space of about eighteen feet by eight feet, having a space in the centre of about six feet by seven, as an entrance into our berths. This was on the starboard side of the ship, in the 'tween decks, and underneath the fore-castle. The same number occupied the port side, and they were stowed away in a similar manner. The number in the steerage, including the children, was eighty-four, all stowed away in the manner above described. There were no dead-lights in the deck or port-holes in the side of the ship, and the only light we had in the day-time was from the hatchway. In the night there were two lamps lighted, (one of which was subscribed for by the passengers) these were hung, one before, and the other abaft the foremast. On the beams were suspended pannikins, tin plates, and bags of different shapes and dimensions, with necessaries for the voyage. On the floor, boxes were lashed and fastened over every inch of space that could be occupied. The place had a odd sickly odour about it. Taken

as a whole, it was very Pandemonium like indeed, and when the lamps began to flicker, grow dim, and finally expire, as they always did long before morning, a sort of Egyptian darkness prevailed for some hours; and for those who were not blest with very strong nerves, it was "a darkness that might be felt."

The next day being Sunday, we were visited by a very superior class of visitors, and among them were many well-dressed and highly respectable females, who behaved most heroically in allowing themselves to be hoisted out of the boats through a space of about thirty feet, in a chair fitted up for the purpose, and suspended by a tackle from the mainyard. This was a day of final parting between sweethearts and wives, and many and bitter were the tears shed by the beautiful "Lancashire witches," who came to us on that day.

There was no arrangement made yet respecting our rations; we had, however, a pretty plentiful supply of salt beef and biscuit served out to us by the purser, and with tea and other provisions that we took with us, we managed to fare tolerably well. This night was passed in equally as unpleasant a manner as the former one, and the first sound I heard in the morning was the crew singing the well known anchor song

"A hundred years ago."

The massive chain began to move through the



hawse-hole, and was drawn up link by link with the powerful windlass, till it lay upon the deck many a fathom. The anchor was soon secured in its place. The steam-tug which was to tow us out of the river was alongside, and the passengers were soon all on board. Then came the general muster, each passenger was called by his or her name, and had to pass up the ladder and along one side of the poop and down the other. This over, we began to move down the river. It was a beautiful and clear day, and we passed in rapid succession, docks and warehouses, steam-boats with their crowds of pleasure-seekers, outward and homeward bound ships, and the battery, and the rock and floating-light ships soon grew dim in the distance; the top of the custom-house, and the church steeples dwindled into mere points, and at last faded entirely from our view, in the morning mist that hung over the town, and we were now fairly out at sea. Acts of parliament—rules and regulations—were stuck up in each department of the ship for our guidance. Towards evening the steam-tug left us, and with square yards and a ten-knot breeze the shores of old England sunk from our view, beneath the western wave, and we saw them no more.

On the next day something like order began to prevail among us. We were formed into messes, eight in each mess, and provisions for seven days were served out to us by the purser. Constables

were appointed to keep order at the Galley, during the time that our rations were being handed to us by the cook. One from every mess was appointed to sweep and clean in all the different departments for one week—this office was taken by each of us in turn, till all had served in rotation—then the same routine commenced again, beginning as at the first. Magistrates (as the captain pleased to call them) were appointed in each department, to enforce the rules, and inflict fines, for disobedience and neglect of duty. Those high officials were elected once every fortnight by a majority of the passengers in their several jurisdictions; and many of them during the brief tenure of their office, contrived by their domineering conduct, to lay in a stock of unpopularity for themselves that stuck by them during the remainder of the voyage; and others by their kindness and conciliating conduct were equally as popular, and were re-elected four or five different times in succession; the one in the steerage held office from the commencement till the termination of our voyage.

The weather continued fine, and I had now time to look about me, and see what kind of society I was to mingle with for the next three months. There were 284 passengers of all classes, and with the crew there were upwards of 300 souls on board. Amongst such a number of people, there are always some, who by their singular conduct and eccentric

habits cause themselves to be made the subjects of all kinds of practical jokes and annoyances from the rest of their fellow-passengers, — and the “Anna” was exceedingly well supplied with characters of this description. In the second cabin there was a young Scotchman called Henry Howard Dodds, who was labouring under a temporary derangement of the mental faculties (poor fellow, his was a melancholy history, as the sequel will shew.) He used to amuse the passengers, by mounting upon a spar for a rostrum, and declaiming upon various subjects, in the most incoherent manner imaginable; his favourite topic, however, was defining the character of gentlemen, and on this subject I have frequently heard him hold forth for nearly an hour, and he occupied almost the whole of this time in repeating a single sentence over and over again. He used to commence his subject thus: “Ladies and gentlemen, you must understand, a gentleman is a gentleman, or in other words, a gentleman is a gentleman,” changing the emphasis each time that he repeated the sentence, till either himself or some of his audience were tired of the theme. Some one would then propose that he should sing his favourite song, “*The Whale*,” which he usually did as a wind-up to his performances, (after producing all sorts of strange sounds to pitch the key by) in a voice very much resembling a sucking-pig in distress. After that, he would recite

the "*Burial of Sir John Moore*," in the same high note, and with a dramatic action of so ludicrous a description, that it invariably produced roars of laughter, and all sorts of discordant sounds from his listeners,—and after that was done, he would descend from the spar, and dance the "*Highland Fling*," and on such occasions he very often wore a pair of strong boots, shod with hobnails, which made his audience keep a sharp look out for the safety of their toes. His dancing consisted of immense leaps, backwards and forwards, and all sorts of eccentric and circular swings, which set at defiance the rules laid down for the attainment of that very healthy and invigorating accomplishment; he never stopped bouncing about the deck, till he was completely exhausted, and at the conclusion he was mostly saluted with three cheers. He would then go below, and come up again presently, dressed in a Highland plaid and Glengarry cap, and walk the deck with the air and importance of a Highland chief. When the water was served out to us for the day, he very often presented himself with half-a-dozen lemonade bottles under each arm, to hold his allowance, and as each bottle was filled, he tasted it, and put it back again under his arm, uncorked,—and every time he stooped the bottles discharged a part of their contents, till scarcely any of the water remained; frequently some of the more mischievous of the passengers

would contrive to hit the bottle on the bottom, while he was holding it up to his head, and send the whole of its contents over his face.

In the intermediate, there was another Scotchman, who went by the name of "Praise God Cooper." He was very much addicted to both praying and getting drunk, and was repeatedly fined by the magistrate, for the state in which he often appeared shortly after his devotions. His reformation, however, by fines, seemed hopeless; and one evening when he was in this state, the magistrate ordered him to be carried upon deck, and well ducked with salt water, which was immediately done, and it had the desired effect. The offence was very rarely repeated by him again during the voyage.

In the steerage, we had a whole bundle of oddities. There was a man of the name of Webster, from Dundee, who had with him a very fat wife and four children—the youngest, a fine little boy about two years of age, was called Wully,—and Mrs. Webster, kept talking to the child almost incessantly, for the first few days, and saying to the little boy, "where are ye gane, Wully? Are ye gane to Australia? Fine country, Wully!" This good lady used to entertain us with an account of all her greatness, past and present; and how she had visited and been visited by all the great folks about Dundee, including the Dean of Gill, and many other celebrities.

In the same division, along with Webster, and

family, was a very fat man called George Roberts and his wife, from Liverpool; he was an uncommonly corpulent man, and gained an unenviable notoriety by going early to bed, and rising late in the morning. During the day, he and his wife spent the greatest part of their time stretched out at full length upon the deck, near the midships, under the lee of the longboat: and so fond of sleeping was George, that he was called by universal consent, "the sleeping infant."

In the adjoining berth to Webster, Roberts, and Co., was a widow from Liverpool, who went by the name of Mother Gibson. She had a fine little boy called George, about three years of age, and for several days she was occupied in telling her misfortunes to other females, and calling after George. And, "George, you little rascal, God bless your little soul," was repeated by every one in the steerage, who had the least pretension to imitate Mother Gibson's voice.

On the side opposite these was another Liverpool man and his wife, called Watson. He was a very respectable mechanic, but his wife quarrelled so much with other men's wives in the same department, (and on one occasion she threatened to use a knife to some of them) that they were both obliged to be removed into a place set apart for an hospital, where she used to beat Watson most unmercifully, if he did not do her bidding.

In the young men's department, was a young man from Wolverhampton, who called himself Thomas Wyld; this, however, was fictitious, his real name none of us knew. He was by far the strangest character on board; he had spent some time in a small retail shop, where hats and bonnets were sold, and he had a few rustic hats with him as a venture. Once, he had made a bargain with a passenger in the second cabin, for one of those hats. After the bargain was made, however, he experienced a great deal of difficulty about which was the best manner of conveying the size of the person's head to where he had the hats, without making a mistake in the fit. After a great deal of considering, he at last hit upon a very singular mode of measurement, and one that was the cause of much annoyance to himself, and much amusement to the passengers. There was a number of empty soup and bonillie tins in the place where the bargain was made, and he applied several of them to his customer's head, after he had found one that would fit he took it and applied it to the hat. He might frequently be seen running on the deck with a coil of ropes about his waist, which he had taken from parcels that he had opened; and he spent the chief part of his time, when below, in nailing and screwing up places for suspending his necessaries and stock-in-trade upon, with strings and cords, which some of the waggishly-disposed passengers, would cut down in his absence, and render

all his labour in vain. It took him half-a-day to wash a shirt; but his washing days were few and far between. Some foolish confessions which he had the indiscretion to make, regarding his conduct, led to many practical jokes being played off upon him. Sometimes four or five of the young men would go to his berth, when he was in bed, and pull the clothes off him, and retreat again as fast as possible, before he had time to see who they were. He frequently threatened to use a knife to defend himself, but all to no purpose; the annoyance continued, sometimes far into the night.

The weather remained very fine for the first week, and we were clear of the channel in three days. We had some first-rate amateur musicians on board, on the violin especially. The ship's cook was a fine fellow; he was a coloured man, and a native of some part of the United States. He used to play on the violin, and sing "nigger songs," sitting at the door of his galley, after the labours of the day; and his performances in this way were very amusing, as they were done with a voice and gesture of the pure nigger description. And when his audience were tired with these, he would strike up with some lively dancing tune, in which the other musicians would join,—and the ladies and gentlemen would "trip the light fantastic toe" to waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, and country dances, for hours together. We had divine service on the Sabbath, after the form



used in the Church of England. There were also some wesleyans on board, who used to preach twice every Sabbath. These generally met with the opposition of friend Dodds, who on such occasions, used to mount upon a spar, and contradict every statement they made, whether right or wrong, orthodox or heterodox; and I am sorry to say that he very often had the largest congregation.

This state of things prevailed till we began to cross the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, when the ship commenced to pitch about in a manner that made the passengers look rather serious. The form of the visages of many of them was very much changed indeed. Some of them were looking over the side of the ship, and relieving their troubled stomachs very freely; and others were sitting upon the deck and, below, with buckets and tin hats before them, (as the sailors used to call the utensils that were used by the females) and looking the very picture of distress. Mother Gibson, who was making a tremendous lamentation, was carried upon deck by one of the sailors; the instant she set her foot upon the deck, a sea broke upon the bends of the weather-bow, and rushed over the bulwark, and through some openings in that neighbourhood, taking in its briny embrace George Roberts and Mother Gibson! Over and over they went upon the deck; among the hen-coops, dog-kennels, washing-tubs, kits, and loose spars! George Roberts

at last came to rest, by getting hold of the end of a spare main-mast; and Mother Gibson, who was pretty well labelled with several different kinds of nuisance, was released by some of the sailors, from the embraces of a coil of rope, which had started from one of the belaying pins. As soon as she recovered the use of speech, she screamed with all her might; and the water, as if in mockery, cried "hush," as it rolled ankle deep along the deck to the lee scuppers! Half-a-dozen of the seamen were about her in an instant, and after she was made endurable, she was carried below again, and we saw her no more for several days.

Sea-sickness had now become general among the passengers, the women especially; and it was really very painful to see many of them who were taken upon the deck by their husbands, in such a state of prostration, that when once set down on any place, they could not make the least attempt to rise without assistance. I was the most amused, however, with a big Welshman, called Abraham Woods, who paced the deck with tall strides, and a majestic air, during the fore-part of the first day's sickness. He looked defiance at the waves, and seemed to enjoy the scene of prostration around him. Old Father Neptune, however, would not be braved in this way, by one who had never before been initiated into the mysteries of the elements over which he holds control. Towards noon

Abraham's step began to be less firm, his stride less tall, and his air less majestic; and he turned very pale in the face, and went down below, and sat down upon a box,—his countenance turning more serious every minute, till at last he made a convulsive grasp at a bucket, and joined in chorus with the rest. As soon as the first paroxysms of the sickness were over, he rolled into his berth, completely crest-fallen, much to the amusement of those who had witnessed his former proceedings.

The sickness was over with most of the passengers in about six days; some, however, remained ill upwards of three weeks. Very little attention was paid to the cooking department while the sickness lasted; as little else besides slops, composed of arrow-root, sago, oatmeal, &c. were used. But as soon as the passengers were able to eat more substantial food, the Galley was found to be much too small for the number of people to be cooked for. All sorts of means were resorted to, for inventing cooking utensils. The tops were cut off water tins, and pieces of rope-yard fastened to them for handles,—these were used to boil the pea soup in. Soup and bonillie tins, were rigged out in the same manner, and used in the place of kettles, to boil the water in for the tea and coffee. These utensils were crowded upon a stove set apart for them, during the greater part of the day, each of them containing compounds that Soyer never dreamt of in his

cookery. Very frequently, when the ship laboured heavily, the whole of these heterogeneous utensils, and their contents, were sent flying about the Galley in all directions. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Watson lost a pudding, which she had taken a great deal of pains to produce,—and got in exchange, one that might have been thrown over the top of the main-mast, without the least danger of it separating;—and a dreadful lamentation she made about it! She hawked it about the deck for nearly an hour—but no one would own it! while poor Watson kept running from one mess to another enquiring for a strange pudding—but with no better results!

The Galley was in a complete state of siege for upwards of an hour, during every meal-time; and it was with the greatest difficulty that any kind of order could be kept among those who had to look after the cooking. At the commencement of the voyage, there was one in each mess appointed to be cook for a week; but this arrangement was not found to answer, owing to the neglect of some, and the very imperfect skill of others in the art of cookery. The messes soon became divided into twos and threes, to suit the inclinations of those who preferred to prepare their own food. The mess I belonged to got into such a state of anarchy, that we made a final separation one day upon the fore-castle, where we had collected to dine, after we had been about three weeks at sea. We had pea

soup, boiled pork, and biscuit for dinner on that day, and Wyld was acting as cook ; but such was the state of his preparations, that none of us could eat them. After a great deal of chaffing and uproarious conduct towards poor Wyld, the whole of the mess was thrown overboard, and we each commenced to cook on our own account.

We had strong winds for upwards of a fortnight after crossing the Bay of Biscay, but no damage was done by them to the ship, with the exception of snapping a few studding sail-booms. The colour of the sea was a deep blue, the usual characteristic tint of all deep seas ; and great numbers of porpoises were seen playing about the bows of the ship. Many of the passengers tried to harpoon them, but they never succeeded in getting any of them on board.

During the evenings, several young Scotchmen used to sing in the steerage, for amusement. The songs they sung were principally those of Burns, Tannahill, or Hogg. And the "Banks and braes of bonny Doon," "Jessie the flower of Dumblane," and, "Meet a bonny lassie when the Kye come hame ;" were so often sung in such an execrable manner, and without any regard to either time or tune, that they soon became a complete nuisance, and were at last put a stop to by groans and hisses, rattling on water tins and paunikins, till the voices of the serenaders were drowned by the din.

Three weeks after crossing the Bay of Biscay, we passed out of the "roaring forties," (as the sailors call these latitudes) into the region of the North East trades. The weather was now really delightful—a steady and gentle breeze kept wafting us on at the rate of ten knots an hour. During the daytime, the passengers might be seen sitting on the bulwarks and forecastle, watching the bonitoes (a beautiful fish seen in these latitudes) play about the ship; and the Portuguese man-o'-war, or nautilus, trim his little sail to the wind. Many of these pretty little navigators were caught by the passengers, and some of them who were not acquainted with the electrical properties of the nautilus, were severely stunned by attempting to handle them. These little fish are of a bright blue colour, and when the sun's rays shine directly upon them they display all the hues of the rainbow in succession; they have also the power of contracting themselves in an instant, on the approach of danger, when they pass rapidly down into the deep sea.

The days and nights, in these latitudes, are the pleasantest that can be imagined;—the skies present a most pleasing variety of many-shaped and many-coloured clouds, and the sunsets are glorious sights; and when the orb of day has sunk beneath the wave, leaving behind him long pencils of rosy light, and night has thrown back her curtain from the stars, the appearance of the sea is changed from

a deep blue to an ocean of bright silvery light ; the bows of the ship throw back millions of sparkling particles of light, and her wake is marked by a broad luminous track, as far as the eye can reach. I have sat for hours upon the rail, and looked at these beautiful phenomenon, which is produced by millions of small animalcule. As much water as you can hold in the hollow of the hand will contain fifty of them, and move them as you like, they lose none of their brilliancy.

The passengers were in excellent spirits during this time. Dancing became the order of the evenings ; and on the Saturdays, the crew were allowed to mix with the passengers, and amuse themselves by playing at slinging the monkey, hunting the slipper, steeple chasing, leap-frog, and sometimes foot-racing.

A newspaper was commenced by the literati among the passengers, and entitled the "Anna's" newspaper. It was published once a week, and like most newspapers on land, it professed to be a reformer of abuses, and an advocate of social order and refinement. It was often highly illustrated with caricatures of those who were in any way obnoxious to the editors or proprietors. One of the caricatures that excited the most attention, was the doctor standing on the poop, feeling the pulse of a female patient, and administering salt water to prevent sea-sickness. Salt water was his favourite

medicine, and it may seem strange to those who are not conversant with its properties, that it should be so beneficial in its results to persons indisposed by sea-sickness. There cannot be a better medicine for indigestion and constipation, and the doctor was so well versed in its medicinal properties that he very rarely administered anything else to his patients. He used to vary the dose from a wine-glassful to a pint, just as the case required. The doctor was a broad-shouldered bony Welshman, and he frequently walked about the deck with an eye-glass covering the right eye. His singular appearance and curious practice were the cause of much annoyance to him, especially in the steerage, where he once attempted to probe Mother Gibson's thumb (which was sore, and very much swollen) with a stocking-needle, but the good lady made such a noise at the bare idea of the thing, that he was obliged to beat a retreat as soon as possible. And ever after, when he came amongst us, he was saluted with groans and cries of "salt water," till he sometimes got into a complete rage, and threatened to prosecute us if we did not desist. It was all to no purpose; he was still obliged to take his departure amid a perfect storm of groans and hisses.

We had concerts on Saturday nights, in the different parts of the ship in succession, which sometimes ended by the performers getting "roaring fow." The first Saturday night after the newspaper



was published, friend Dodds proposed to commence an opposition paper immediately, of which he was to be the chief editor, and it was to be entitled "the whale." He went all over the ship to solicit contributions and patronage, and last of all he came to the steerage. A platform had been provided for him, upon which he mounted, and commenced a long rigmarole about the different properties of a gentleman, as usual, but had not spoken more than five minutes, when some one put an extinguisher upon him, by emptying the contents of a small bag of flour upon his head, and as soon as he had shaken the flour off himself sufficiently to see around him, he bolted up the ladder, in an instant, and we heard no more about "the whale" newspaper.

All went on very pleasantly till the morning of the first of May. After breakfast was over, the passengers had collected into groups to amuse themselves. Some were playing at cards, and others at draughts; and some were talking about home, and times long past. Roberts and his wife had stretched themselves out amidships, in the usual place, to enjoy themselves by falling asleep as soon as possible; and I was sitting upon the fore-castle, with several others, looking on the scene, and listening to an animated conversation that was going on between Abraham Woods, Watson, and others, respecting the merits of the British and American governments. Suddenly I heard a disturbance near

the galley, and when I looked around I saw the ship's cook striking one of the ordinary seamen, who was what is called the "Jemmy Ducks" of the ship, and attended to the fowls and stock. The quarrel was occasioned by the ordinary attempting to knock in the head of a cask, which contained what is termed "alush," that is, the skimmings of the meat, allowed to the cook as part of the perquisites belonging to his office. There is, however, a portion of it taken from time to time, as required, for greasing the masts with. The usual way of abstracting it from the cask, is by dipping a piece of rope-yarn into a small hole left in the top for the purpose, and pulling the rope-yarn, through the fingers, to obtain what has adhered to it. This mode of proceeding was considered too slow by the ordinary, and he persisted in knocking in the head. The consequence was, that the cook lost all patience, and self-command, and sent the "Jemmy Ducks" sprawling several feet from the galley, upon the deck, and gave him a regular good thrashing. The cook was a very powerful man, and poor Jemmy roared out tremendously, and attempted to resist him, but all to no purpose. The disturbance awakened Roberts, and he was the first to separate them. The affray was immediately reported to the captain. Smithers, the cook, was sent for aft, and accused by the steward and several of the sailors, with threatening to use fire-arms, on one occasion,

to the steward, and also with having loaded pistols in the galley. An instant surrender of the weapons was demanded, and Smithers refusing to give them up, the captain (who was a determined man, and a rigid disciplinarian, so far as the safety of the passengers and crew were concerned) put him in irons, and had him taken down into a store room for tar and pitch, under the forecastle, where he was locked up. This occurred on a Saturday, and he was fed on biscuit and water, and remained in confinement till ten o'clock on Monday morning, when he was brought up for trial. There was a lawyer on board, and all the necessary forms were entered into, to give effect to the proceedings, the same as on shore. Smithers could not, however, be tried by a jury of his peers, because he was a black man, and the only one in the ship. But there were five captains among the passengers, and they were empannelled as a jury. The case was then opened by the lawyer, and made as much of as possible. Smithers pleaded guilty to the two first counts, viz. :—refusing to give up his pistols, and knocking down the sailor, but he denied the third, which was threatening to shoot the steward. The steward and one of the seamen swore to the truth of the last count, but very few of the passengers believed their statement. It was a distressing scene. All the passengers were standing round poor Smithers, who was looking the very picture of despair, and waiting anxiously for the

verdict of the jury. After the evidence was summed up, and the verdict pronounced, the captain proceeded to pass sentence; but before he did so, he read most part of the law relating to such offences, to shew both Smithers and the passengers, that there was nothing either harsh or arbitrary in the proceedings, and that he was compelled, much against his inclination, to punish the cook for his conduct. The sentence condemned him to forfeit all his wages, and to be imprisoned during the remainder of the voyage. When Smithers heard this, he gave a deep sigh, and looked most imploringly at the captain, who was so much affected, that, I believe, he would have liberated him, if it had been in his power to do so, and he did so far mitigate the sentence as to allow him to go at large among the passengers. Smithers had only been married six weeks previously to joining the ship. His wife was a nice little Irishwoman, a native of Cork. I saw her on board the day before we sailed, and she was going to remain with her friends in Ireland till he either returned, or sent for her to Australia. He amused himself during the remainder of the voyage by singing nigger songs, in the steerage, in the evenings, and relating narratives of his former expeditions. During the day he constructed model ships, which he raffled as soon as they were made, and obtained a considerable sum of money for some of them. He produced four or five of these ships

during the voyage, one of which he called the "white squall." They were built, however, without any regard to proportion, and it was apparent to all of us, that the genius of Smithers was better adapted to the mysteries of cooking, than the noble art of ship-building.

The north east trades wafted us pleasantly on for upwards of a fortnight, and dropped off when we were between latitude six and seven north of the equator. The weather was very hot. The thermometer was frequently upwards of a 100° at mid-day, in the sun, and 90° in the shade. Light clothing became the order of the day. Some of the passengers had cultivated mustachoes, and others beards; and the contrast between these hirsute appendages and light clothing, made some of them have a very foxy look about the face. It was too hot to sleep below, and the greatest part of them reposed upon deck, in the open air. The ship had a very phantom-like aspect, after they had all stretched themselves upon the deck and fore-castle to slumber. Most of them lay with their faces uncovered, and when the moon shone brightly upon them, they seemed like so many sleeping spectres. So drowsy was every one on board during this time, that the "look out" had the greatest difficulty to keep awake. All around was as still as death, with the exception of the creaking of the yards, and the flapping of the sails against the masts, occasioned

by the rolling of the ship, when there was a calm. We had a dead calm for several days, and every thing that was thrown overboard, that would float, lay upon the water close to the ship. The atmosphere was laden with masses of dense leaden looking clouds, which sometimes passed over the ship, and discharged upon us a perfect deluge of rain, often accompanied with thunder and lightning. We caught as much of the water that fell, as possible, and applied it to the washing of our dirty clothes. The decks presented a busy air after the passing of one of these showers. Numbers of the voyagers might be seen sitting and kneeling upon the deck with no other covering save a pair of light trousers, and scrubbing and washing away as hard as they could, for hours together. We saw many sharks and pilot fish in those latitudes. The pilot fish is often seen swimming before the shark. It is much smaller than the latter, and somewhat resembles the porpoise. Numerous sharks followed the ship for some time, and some of them passed leisurely round us, as if taking a regular survey. Baits were put out to entice them, fixed on a strong hook attached to a chain and swivel, and one of them was caught. It measured about six feet in length. It was hauled upon deck, and a tremendous uproar ensued. A handspike was thrust into its mouth, to prevent it biting, and its tail was chopped off with an axe. The knives of the sailors were plunged into

it in all directions, and in a very few minutes it was all cut to pieces, and its blood running out of the lea scuppers. Mrs. Watson got the stomach, and cooked a portion of it, and many of us tasted it. The flavour and appearance of the flesh, when cooked, is very much like codfish. But the idea of the man-eating propensities of the fish is uppermost, and there is always some one ready with a story of its doings

"Down among the dead men,"

till the dislike of it amounts to a perfect nausea.

One of the passengers in the second cabin was named Roddy. He was in a very poor state of health, and the hot weather had a great effect upon him. I saw him brought upon deck one morning in a fainting state. He was a captain in the army, and had retired on account of ill-health, occasioned by his services in India. He belonged to Dublin, and he had sold all the property he had there, and his medical advisers had persuaded him to try what the climate of Australia would do for him. He was a widower, and had three sons with him, the oldest of whom was about twenty-two, and the youngest fourteen. The hot weather had brought on a violent attack of dysentery, to which complaint he had been subject for many years, and he was so emaciated in appearance when I saw him sitting upon deck, that I was certain he would never reach the close of his intended journey.

We moved on very slowly through this zone of calms, for more than a week, and when we were within about one degree of the equator, it was announced to us by the sailors, that the captain, at the request of some of the leading passengers, was going to permit the usual saturnalian to be held on crossing the line. The Saturday night previous, one of the tallest sailors was dressed up to represent Neptune, and another to personate Amphitrite, his wife. Several others were attired in a grotesque fashion, as Tritons. Their faces were painted with whiting and red ochre, and pieces of tow and rope-yarn were fastened to their chins, as substitutes for beards. They went down into the breast chains, and were supposed to come up out of the sea. Blue lights were burned, and rockets let off, as soon as they made their *début* upon deck. The captain put several questions to old Neptune, regarding the condition of his aquatic dominions. One of these queries was about a ship called the "Bloomer," belonging Gibbs, Bright, and Co., of Liverpool. She sailed from the Mersey about ten days before us. Neptune informed us that she had not crossed the line yet, and all the other interrogatories respecting vessels that were known to have left port anterior to us, were answered in an equally satisfactory manner. Neptune, in his turn, put several questions in reference to the state of affairs with us, and he announced that he would pay us another



visit shortly, and exercise his authority upon those of his disciples who had never before passed the centre of his realms. After this the captain treated Neptune, Amphitrite, and the Tritons, each to a glass of grog, and when the grog was disposed of, the sea-god and his satellites formed themselves into a procession, and descended again into their region, amid blue-lights, rockets, huzzas, and a general uproar. We crossed the line next day, (which was Sunday) a few minutes before noon. During the greater part of the forenoon of Monday, preparations were being made for the second appearance of Neptune. A sail was suspended amidships, between the long boat and the bulwarks, which was filled with salt-water. A large tub was fitted up with wheels, and a seat in the centre for a carriage. Shortly before noon, Neptune and his Tritons came on board. He held in his right hand a trident, and he and his wife seated themselves in the chariot prepared for them. They were drawn along the deck, and placed opposite the sail upon the bulwarks, where seats had been provided for the royal pair; and the shaving process was commenced forthwith. Three of the apprentices were first disposed of. The lather consisted of a mixture of tar, treacle, and grease, and the razor was made of a rusty piece of hoop-iron. The lather brush was a number of bits of rope-yarn tied up in a bunch. After the lather was spread over the

greater part of the face, and scraped off again with the hoop-iron, the person operated upon was then plunged headlong into the water in the sail, and rolled about by the Tritons, till the doctor commanded him to be released. As soon as the novices among the crew had been operated upon, Praise God Cooper, and several others, were induced to undergo the process. Numbers of the passengers were pushed into the sail and severely ducked, and the ship's doctor was seized on and plunged in among the rest. He, however, took it in good part, and as soon as he was released, he assisted to duck others. Those of the passengers who had been ducked, did all in their power to get the rest similarly served, till the ship became a scene of complete confusion and uproar. Those who did not wish to be either shaved or ducked, hid themselves below, but they were dragged from their hiding-places in spite of either threats or protestations, and served like the rest. Poor Wyld had many hair-breadth escapes. He was chased out of the intermediate, where he had hid himself, into the steerage, where there was a number of young men who had determined that they would resist all attempts made to scouse them, to the utmost of their power. They stood before the entrance to the place where Wyld had hid himself, and his pursuers seeing that they were likely to get roughly handled if they persisted, retired, and Wyld was spared the ordeal.

Just before this, the second mate and some of the sailors had been down in the steerage, and threatening to carry all to the sail who did not give them either a shilling or a sixpence. Two young Scotchmen refused to contribute anything, and the second mate and the sailors seized the oldest of them, and attempted to drag him up the ladder, which the youngest, and some others of the passengers prevented. The captain was informed of the arbitrary proceedings of the crew, and he peremptorily stopped the shaving and ducking upon deck, and all those who had suffered the infliction received a glass of grog to restore them to good humour. Some of the passengers who had been roughly handled, threatened to prosecute the captain when they reached their destination, for sanctioning such proceedings, but a few days soon dissipated this feeling, and all became as agreeable as before. Two days after crossing the line we spoke a ship. The passengers crowded to the side of the vessel which she was likely to pass, and anxiously waited her approach. Our captain hailed her, and put the usual questions, which were answered, and he was questioned in return. Three cheers were then given on both sides, and the ship was soon out of sight. We had light breezes and occasional calms till we were between six and seven south latitude, where we passed into the delightful region of the south east trades, and our gallant ship again went career-

ing on at the rate of ten, and sometimes twelve knots an hour. We could sleep again in our berths below; and our evenings were spent amidst boisterous mirth. The young men in the steerage pelted one another with soft missiles, and on one particular night they went to such a length that all the peas, flour, and lumps of beef, pork, and porridge, that had been left from the day's rations, were fired away for ammunition, and many of them had the greatest difficulty in getting their clothes clean again, so dreadfully were they bedaubed with treacle and bargrove. When we were in about twenty-six south, I noticed an unusual commotion amongst a small number of passengers, before the entrance to the chief cabin. It was a remarkably fine Sunday evening, and I walked leisurely aft to ascertain what was going on in the cabin. A few minutes afterwards, captain Roddy was brought out upon a mattress, and carried down into the second cabin. He was scarcely conscious of what was going on around him, and his countenance had assumed that peculiarly fixed and startling aspect, which is usually seen on the approach of death. He had been removed into the chief cabin, at his own request, a few days before, to make some arrangements with the captain respecting his sons, and the property he had with him. This scene produced a solemn effect upon us, and all of us were seriously impressed with the idea that we were

about to behold some of "death's doings." About midnight on the following Tuesday the captain died. On Wednesday morning the body was fastened up in a piece of canvass, with some heavy substances at the feet to cause it to sink, and preparations were made upon deck for the interment. A plank, with one end resting on the rail, and suspended by a rope from the mainyard by the other, was the bier on which the body was to be placed, during the reading of the "burial service." Soon after ten o'clock the body was brought from the second cabin, and deposited upon the plank, covered with the ensign. The vessel was then "hove to," most of the small sails were clewed up, and the yards put to such an angle with one another so as to make her go through the water as slowly as possible. The passengers formed a circle round the corpse, and the captain walked slowly from the chief cabin, dressed in black, and was followed by the three sons of the deceased, into the middle of the circle, where he read the "burial service" in a beautiful and impressive manner, and so still was every thing, that the clear tones of his voice could be heard by all around. When he came to the words "dust to dust" his voice began to falter, and the passengers were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The plank was then slowly elevated by the rope from the mainyard, and the body slid gently into the sea, where the deep blue waves of the Atlantic

closed over it for ever. The sails were again trimmed to the wind, and we were soon hundreds of miles from the last resting place of poor captain Roddy.

The southern cross was now seen at night in the heavens, and a beautiful sea-bird called the Cape Pigeon made its appearance. Many of them were shot and caught in various ways, by the sporting part of our company. This sport was attended with much cruelty. Numbers of the poor birds were disabled so that they could not fly, and were left tossing about on the sea, where crowds of them might be seen sitting. They are beautiful blue and white spotted birds, their breasts are covered with soft white down, and their size is that of the common pigeon.

We had fair winds, and beautiful weather, all the way round the Cape, which we rounded on a Sunday, and about a fortnight later, one beautiful night, we saw the island of New Amsterdam, in the Indian ocean. It was first observed about ten miles off, on the starboard bow, and we passed it some six miles distant. This was the first land we had beheld during the voyage, and there was great rejoicing. Numerous whales were noticed blowing in the distance, and sometimes we were startled by a monster of the sperm species, blowing close to the ship.

We were now near the habitation of that magnificent sea bird, the Albatross, flocks of which were flying

in all directions. Several of them were caught, some measured ten, and others twelve feet, between the tips of their wings. The fatal bait was a small piece of pork on a hook, which was fastened to a bit of wood, and dropped over the stern of the ship. The flapping of their wings upon the water when they were drawn in, after they had hooked themselves, resembled the commotion produced by the paddle wheels of a small steamer. The construction of their legs is such that when they are once placed on the ship's deck, they are unable to rise, and they flounder about, much to the detriment of the legs of those in their immediate neighbourhood.

The Anna's newspaper had been dropped for several weeks. Whether the circulation, like many newspapers that are started on land, was insufficient to defray the expenses of the establishment, or whether it was given up for the want of topics to write about, I was unable to ascertain. Another paper, however, was commenced, and conducted entirely in the steerage, the magistrate of which was both the editor and proprietor. It was entitled the "Budget," and its leading articles were occasionally so personal, that the captain, at the request of some of the parties against whom some of the more violent diatribes were written, was obliged to call the editor to account, and reprimand him for writing and publishing so much scurrility. Each number contained

two or three illustrations, but these were generally of a very low kind.

We were now down as far as 48° south, and the weather was much colder than we had felt it since the commencement of the voyage. The mercury in the barometer was very low. The wind began to blow stronger from the S. W. and there was every prospect of a change. Our foretop mast had been carried away in a strong breeze, before we rounded the Cape, and the captain was more cautious than he had been about carrying sail. The wind changed to nearly due west, and black angry-looking clouds began to rise to windward. The studding sails were taken in, and the ship made snug under close-reefed topsails. This was scarcely done, when a tremendous white squall was seen rapidly approaching. I stood and watched its approach from the door of the galley. On—on it came with frightful rapidity, blowing the tops off the waves as they rose, into spray, and making the sea boil and foam. At length it burst over the ship, accompanied with hailstones and rain. The wind moaned and shrieked through the rigging, for a few minutes, in a way truly frightful, and then ceased as suddenly as it commenced. When the squall had passed over, the sun shone out upon the face of the departing cloud, and produced the most brilliant rainbow I ever beheld. The barometer fell still lower, and all the small sails were taken in. The crossjack, mainsail,



and spanker were stowed, and we were soon under close-reefed fore and main-topsails, and close-reefed fore-sail. The mizen topsail was stowed also, and after this precaution had been adopted, another squall, if possible, more terrific than the first passed over us, and made the very masts shiver in their sockets. We had squally weather for ten days, and the galley was greatly resorted to to obtain warmth, as the weather was now very cold; and it was sometimes so unpleasantly crowded, that the cook was compelled to resort to rather a singular expedient to clear it. He used to throw a small quantity of Cayenne pepper upon the hottest part of the stove, and the odour produced by its burning, caused such a tickling sensation about the nose, and made all within the reach of its influence sneeze so incessantly, that the galley was cleared in an instant. Many of the passengers who did not use the treacle served out to them in their preparations, began to make toffee with it, in the evenings, after the cooking was over. Some of them, after they had sufficiently boiled it, and left it to cool on the deck, lost it altogether, and frequent were the altercations and chases about the ship by the unfortunate toffee hunters; friend Roberts, Watson, and Mother Gibson, dropping in for more than an ordinary amount of teasing during this time. Roberts ordinarily prepared the supper for himself and his wife, which commonly consisted of some preparation of oat-meal, either gruel or

porridge ; and he rarely succeeded in getting it from the galley, without its being highly seasoned with pepper, and at times so much so that the mess was obliged to be given to the pigs. There was some slight indications of ill-health among a few of the intermediate passengers, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson were removed from the hospital, into their former berths. The first night after their transfer, Mrs. Watson was so unruly with some of the other female passengers, that the captain was sent for, and when he came, she threatened to jump overboard, which he encouraged her to do, at the same time, however, cautioning one of the sailors to watch and prevent her, should she make the attempt. She was, however, indisposed to try the effects of a cold bath outside the ship, and perceiving that her threats did not intimidate the captain from checking her annoyance, she calmed down, and was peaceable for the rest of the night. Next morning she quarrelled with Mrs. Roberts, and instigated both Watson and Roberts to take up the dispute. They commenced sparring at each other, and attempted to fight in the 'tween decks. The captain rushed down the ladder, with a belaying-pin in his hand, and drove them both upon deck, where Watson endeavoured to hit Roberts, and Roberts, in trying to assume a fighting attitude, fell backwards over a spar, and when restored to the perpendicular, his adversary had walked to the other end of the ship,

and so the strife terminated. While this was going on above, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Roberts had a regular set to below, and fugitive pieces of caps and locks of hair were wafted in every direction. Mrs. Roberts, however, proved the victor, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson were again sent to the hospital, the parties for whom it was intended being sufficiently convalescent not to require its use. A day or two after this Mother Gibson's little boy fell into the pigstye, among the grunTERS, and the good lady after she had fished him out, set about cleaning him, exclaiming, as she removed the adhering substances from his clothes, "O you little rascal, how dared you go near the pigstye?" Just as she had uttered these words, a down-haul, that had been let go by some of the sailors up aloft, coiled itself round her neck, and lifted her several feet above the deck. The mate, who was close to her, released her from her perilous situation. This incident formed another topic of discourse for the good lady, and was often after related by her as a narrow escape from being hanged.

The weather was now too cold for us to remain upon deck long after dark, and we retired to our berths about eight o'clock, and held long and interesting dialogues about home, England and its antiquities, its mountains, its beautiful lake and lane scenery, its warriors, philosophers, and poets. And so well versed were some of the young men in the

current literature of the day, and so correct were their ideas and criticisms on the writings of Dickens, Ainsworth, Jerrold, Carlton, and others, that these conversations were listened to with the deepest attention, and the time glided so rapidly that our lamp was often found burning beyond the specified hour, and we were reminded of it frequently, by the mate singing out from the top of the hatchway, "douce the glim there below." On one of those evenings, when the conversation had been more animated than usual, Abraham Woods, who was sleeping in a hammock on account of his berth leaking, had stowed himself comfortably away for the night, as he thought, and was listening very attentively to the speakers, when suddenly we were startled by a heavy dead thump upon the top of a box, on looking up, there was Abraham with his head upon the box, and his feet entangled in the hammock strings. Smithers, the cook, who was sleeping not far from Abraham, roared out, "What's the matter now?" "Faith," said Abraham, "I thought the ship had struck upon a rock, but I see now its only the headstrings of the hammock that have given way." This scene produced roars of laughter, and Abraham was released from his pendent position, and more securely fixed to prevent its recurrence.

Our Saturday night's amusements consisted of concerts, as usual, and we sometimes managed to get up dramatic performances. One of these entertain-

ments was conducted in the steerage. The store room where Smithers was confined, was converted into a green room for the actors to dress in, and the stage was constructed of boxes and chests, placed before the store room door. The drop-scene was made by fastening three coverlets together, and a number of pannikins fastened together on a string, served for a bell. When all was ready, the pannikins were rattled, and the scene drawn up with a piece of rope-yarn. The leading part of the performance was "Willy brew'd a peck o' maut," after which, there were songs and recitations. One of the songs was entitled the "Cobbler's Courtship," and it produced a complete *faire du tumulte*. Friend Dodds performed the farce himself, he gave us "*The Whale*," and the "*Burial of Sir John Moore*," in his very best style, and the theatricals closed amid rattling of pannikins, screaming of fiddles, whistling, and complete thunders of applause.

We were now rapidly approaching the end of our journey. The anchors were again got over the bows, and made ready for letting go, as soon as they were required, and the massive chain cables were drawn up from the lockers, and laid in long lengths upon the deck. On the 15th of July, about ten a.m., the welcome sound of "*land a head, land ho!*" was heard from all parts of the ship. It loomed out very dimly above the horizon at first, and might have been taken by the inexperienced

eye for clouds. In a few hours, however, it stood out with a clear bold outline above the sea, and left us no further doubt about its proximity. The colour of the sea was changed to a muddy green, and soundings were taken every two or three hours. When night came on, we all retired to our berths, and anxiously waited for the morning, by listening to the sailors throwing the lead, and passing the words, "watch there, watch," from one to another as they let go the line.

About midnight the wind began to increase, and in less than half-an-hour it was blowing a perfect gale. The night was very dark, and the rain fell in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and about one o'clock in the morning, a vivid flash disclosed to our view the steep and rugged front of Kangaroo Island, about a mile distant. The ship's course was changed immediately, and we found ourselves at daylight in the middle of Investigator's strait.

We had a fair wind all the next day, and we passed the York peninsula at noon, and entered into the Gulf of St. Vincent at nine at night, when we first saw the rays from the light-ship, stationed at the entrance to Port Adelaide, and in the course of another hour the captain gave the command to let go the anchor. A few strokes of the hammer liberated the anchor from the bows, and the chain cable was dragged through the hawse

hole with a rapidity that made the windlass smoke as it passed over it, and the anchor was upon the bottom in an instant. The sails were soon all stowed, and by midnight we were riding safely in twelve fathoms of water. Most of the passengers were upon deck as soon as it was light in the morning, looking at the land along the coast of the gulf. We could see the hills beyond the city of Adelaide, and also the trees upon the acclivities, and further back, in the distance, rose Mount Lofty, towering above all the rest. Many of the larger buildings in the city were also visible, as were the tops of the ships' masts that were lying in the port. We were then nine miles from the shore. The wind was blowing very strong from the S. W., and there was a heavy sea running up the gulf. Signals were hoisted from the mizen and mainmast, with the name and number of the ship, also the port from which we had sailed. About eleven a.m. we saw a small speck upon the water coming towards us, from the shore; as it approached nearer we perceived a small white sail, and four men pulling in a boat towards the ship. After the lapse of a few minutes, we discerned the crown, and V. R., painted upon the bows of the boat, and we knew by this that it was the boat coming to take the mails from us. The passengers crowded towards the ladder that had been suspended over the ship's side, for the men to ascend by. Two of them came on board, and they

were eagerly questioned respecting the gold diggings. They were not in a humour to impart much information, but they had brought the last Adelaide newspaper that had been published with them, which was eagerly purchased and as eagerly devoured by the passengers. The mail bags were put into the boat, and the captain was taken ashore at the same time. When the boat was moved from the ship, the passengers jested with the men and the captain, by telling them to "haul taut the main brace and square the mainyard," till they left us in no very good humour. The weather was very pluvius; some heavy showers passed over the city and the adjoining country, and the idea of comfort that is associated with the land, by people who have been confined for any length of time to the boundaries of a ship, was keenly felt by all. Several boats visited the ship during the day, and a great proportion of the passengers went on shore in them, for which accommodation they had to pay ten shilling each there, and the same back. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a lighter was sent to us by the captain, with a carcass of beef, two sheep, and a quantity of fresh bread and vegetables. The hawser could not be got over the side of the ship quickly enough to satisfy the leading man in the lighter, and he, with a vulgar gesture, left the ship, taking the provisions back with him. So enraged were the passengers with this treatment, that if the man had been caught, he would have



been severely lynched. This disappointment of a feast, put us so much out of sorts, that when the captain came on board in the evening, he was received with groans and hisses. This reception made him as irritable as ourselves, and he stood upon the rail and said "whoever leaves this ship, after this, does so on his own responsibility, He went ashore again the next morning, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the steam-tug belonging to the port came to the ship, bringing the beef, mutton, bread, and vegetables, which we had seen the day previous in the lighter. The tug had been engaged by the captain to convey those passengers to the shore, who had shipped themselves for Adelaide. As soon as the fresh meat arrived it was served out to us, at the rate of one pound each; frying pans and baking tins were soon hissing and screaming with beef steaks, and mutton chops, and after we had feasted ourselves to our heart's content, a more orderly set of people could not be found in her Majesty's dominions.

The accounts printed in the Adelaide newspapers, of the over-crowded state of Melbourne, induced many of our company to leave at Adelaide, who had shipped for Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Watson were among those who wished to be put on shore. Poor Watson had been very ill for three days, and was then suffering from a violent attack of dysentery. it was with the greatest difficulty that he was put on

board the tug. Mrs. Watson was so excited that she kept running about the deck, crying and screaming with all her might, about her luggage. A fine young woman from Dublin, named Miss Lindsay, was much commiserated, she had no one related to her on board, and no friends in any of the Australian colonies. She had gone out alone, unprotected, to seek her fortune in that distant land. Her conduct on board had been most decorous and exemplary. She wept bitterly as she stepped on board the tug, and waved her white handkerchief, bathed in tears, as long as we could see her. Many and sincere were the prayers offered up to heaven for her welfare and safety. She was a bright creature, and would have adorned any station of life. I never heard what became of her, but I hope she is by this time, the chief moving power of some happy home, enjoying the smiles of a delighted husband, and surrounded with little olive branches, the pledges of their affection, for she well deserved so bright a destiny.

The news from the gold fields had produced such an excitement amongst the crew, that the boats were scuttled to prevent them escaping from the ship. There were one or two amongst them who were, what is nautically called, sea lawyers, and these worthies persuaded the rest of the seamen to refuse working, and not to get up the anchor, when the captain wished to get under way for Melbourne. They told the passengers that their principal had

threatened to take some of their lives, and they scraped up all the grievances that they could remember during the voyage. The "*shining mischief*," however, was at the bottom of it all; they wanted to be off to the diggings.

The captain came on board again about ten o'clock at night, and I had collected my luggage, as I was determined to go on shore with the boat that brought the captain. The captain tried to persuade me to proceed to Melbourne with the ship, but when he saw I was resolved to visit Adelaide, he called me into the cabin, and kindly gave me all the information about the place that he had been able to obtain. I descended into the boat, where I waited, till all the men were ready to return. Many of the passengers gave me letters and newspapers to post for their friends at home; and those who had been my companions during the voyage, leaned over the rail, saying "Good bye, comrade; good bye, ship-mate; good luck attend you. You'll join us no more in our conversations and amusements. Perhaps we shall never meet again; write to Melbourne, and let us know what you are doing." At last the men returned to the boat, and pushed her away from the side, and I parted with the good ship "Anna," and her merry cargo, with feelings of regret, mingled with hope for the future; and I can now look back, and call to mind many pleasing and few painful recollections,

of the three months that I spent within her wooden walls.

The boatmen pulled their oars lustily, and the noble vessel was soon lost to my view. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly. The Southern cross and the Magellan clouds, were far up in the heavens. The stars of the first magnitude, in the southern constellations, appeared much larger than the stars of the same magnitude do at home, and the milky way was one broad track of silvery light. I sat in the stern of the boat, admiring the beauty of the heavens, till she struck the ground, upon the sand of the beach, and I then became conscious that I was pretty near the earth. I stepped out of the boat, upon the sand, up to the knees in water, and right glad I was to find myself on "*terra firma*" once more. We had to wade up to the knees, through two or three lagoons, left by the receding tide. At last, however, we reached the Flagstaff, and in a few minutes more I was comfortably seated by an Australian fire, in the Flagstaff inn, which is kept by a respectable man, called Manson, who has as good a looking specimen of an Anglo-Saxon wife as can be found in the colony. It was here that I first heard the word *nobbler*, which means half-a-glass of any kind of spirits or wine, and is a word of pure colonial etymology. Nobblers of gin, rum, and brandy, were called for in succession by the boatmen. A clean white cloth

was spread upon the centre table in the room, by Mrs. Manson, and the board was soon covered with an abundance of good things, in the shape of cold roast beef and mutton, beef steaks, fresh bread, fresh butter, and eggs. The waiters were an old Prussian boatman, whose beard had not claimed acquaintance with a razor for a very long time, and a young Irish girl, fresh from her native bogs, shoeless and stockingless, and rejoicing in the broad rich vernacular of a true Patlander. The worthy host, his wife, the boatmen, and myself, sat down to the table, and did ample justice to the good things placed before us. After we had satisfied ourselves with the more substantial part of the viands, tea and coffee were served out, diluted with the richest cream, which, along with the fresh bread and butter, I disposed of with a relish that can only be appreciated by those who have been compelled to live for upwards of three months on salt-provisions at sea.

After supper was over, I was shewn into an adjoining room, where a bed had been provided for me, and where I soon sunk into a dreamless and refreshing sleep. I was awakened next morning, by some one knocking close to my head, and it was sometime before I could collect my scattered ideas, so as to convince myself of my whereabouts. I got up and dressed myself, and went into the adjoining room, where I found the little Irish girl attempting to kindle a fire. She had heaped up a quantity of

green wood upon the hearth, and had succeeded in filling the room with smoke, but "*sorra a bit of spark*" or flame could she get out of the wood. I assisted her to remove the wood from the hearth, and placed some dry sticks for a foundation, and our united efforts soon produced a blazing fire. After I had partaken of a substantial breakfast, I went down to the Flagstaff, to take a farewell look at the "Anna." This was on a Sunday morning, and there was something remarkable about the Sundays, during the whole voyage. The weather had always been fine on the Sundays; we crossed the line on a Sunday, and rounded the Cape on a Sunday; and that Sunday was one of those fine clear days which are peculiar to the winter season in Australia. There was a slight ripple on the waters of the gulf, and the "Anna" was riding apparently motionless in the distance. Other ships were passing up and down the gulf, some returning from Melbourne with cargoes of successful diggers, and others were bound to that place, with numbers on board, who were going to try their fortunes at the Gold fields. I stood for upwards of an hour, looking at the scene before me, and I then turned and bent my steps towards Port Adelaide.

## CHAPTER II.

Port Adelaide..Road to Adelaide..Adelaide, Description of..  
 Domain Gold Diggers..Marriages..Legislative Council..  
 Wages and Labour..Survey of the City..Public Buildings..  
 Places of Worship..Hotels..Banks..Newspapers..North  
 Adelaide..Houses..Fuel..Gaal..College..Hospital..Scenery  
 Cemetery..Police..Water..River Torrens..Willunga..Price  
 of Provisions..Breeds of Cattle..Horses..Glen Osmond..Fruits  
 of the Colony..Mountain Rambles..Mount Barker..Tattara  
 Country..Gawler Town..Auction Rooms..Home-made Articles  
 ..Colonial-made Articles..Natives..Circumcision..Social and  
 Moral Condition of the Working People..Climate..Diseases  
 ..Fauna and Flora..Advice to Intending Farmers..Donkeys..  
 Stock..Carts..Implements..Agriculture..Discovery of a Gold  
 Field..Effects of the Discovery..Ants..Anecdotes..Leaving  
 Adelaide..Port Adelaide..Tom King..Scenes at the Port..  
 Leaving the Port..Out at Sea.

On leaving the Flagstaff, I proceeded slowly across the narrow peninsula, that separates the gulf from the port. Four or five different groups of natives were sitting around fires, which had been recently kindled, and which they had protected on the weather side, by building what they call a "whur-lie," formed of a few poles, stuck in the earth, supported by forked sticks, at a sufficient elevation to admit of a person entering on the side which is not exposed. Green boughs of the gum-tree, laid upon these, make a roof, and an hour will suffice at any time to construct one of those primitive dwellings,

which they prefer to any other. These singular specimens of humanity were frightfully ugly. They observed me reconnoitring them, and soon let me know, in tolerably good English, what they thought of me. The black gins kept calling out as I passed each "whurlic,"—"Ah! white fellow, limejuicer," (which is a term used in all the colonies to newly arrived emigrants.) "White fellow, no good. White fellow, too much plenty *gammon*,"—and other similar expressions.

The creek that forms the harbour at Port Adelaide, is crossed by boats. There were several boys, from ten to twelve years of age, in attendance on the boats, ferrying those over who wished to cross, I gave sixpence to one of these for my fare. Shops and dwellings run along the wharf on this side of the harbour, for a considerable distance, and the road in front of them was a perfect quagmire, in which I had to walk nearly up to the knees in mud for about half-a-mile. At the end of this row, I turned to the right, passed the Government offices, and the Custom house, into a large open space, occupied by large inns, bakers' shops, and warehouses. The principal traffic of the port is conducted in the wharfs situate here, which are shut in by gates. Light carts and omnibuses standing here, waited for passengers to the city. The *Candia* had just arrived from Melbourne with a cargo of gold diggers, and all the seats in the vehicles



were soon occupied by those successful explorers. I secured a seat in one of the carts, the fare being one shilling and sixpence. The distance from the port to the city, is eight-and-a-half miles. The land near the port is boggy, and the road to the city, runs along the top of a considerable embankment, which has been made across this mossy ground, for upwards of a mile. After leaving this, the soil becomes firmer; and the road in some places, was as good as most part of the turnpike roads at home. The land on both sides of it is fenced off into large grazing paddocks, with a rough strong fencing, made of the blue and red gum-tree, which is very durable. Some of the enclosures had been ploughed, and others were sown with wheat, which looked remarkably well. There are many dwelling houses on this road, and a public house at the end of nearly every mile. In front of each of these inns, there is a large watering trough, which is made by scooping the inside out of a gum-tree. These troughs are for watering the horses. One of these inns is called the "Old Half-way House," and is much patronised by the Jehus of the road. The omnibuses pulled up at every public-house, and the passengers dismounted; each indulged in a nobbler of either gin or brandy. Both male and female availed themselves of these privileges, and when we arrived at Adelaide, few of them were able to keep their seats. We drove on rapidly, and passed over the wooden

bridge, across the Torrens, and stopped only a very few minutes at the last public-house. We arrived in the city of Adelaide, a few minutes before noon.

I alighted in the middle of Hindley-street, and was recommended to the Victoria Hotel, in the same street, kept by Thomas Otway. When I entered, the company were just sitting down to dinner, in a very neatly furnished dining room. The dinner consisted of roast and boiled beef, roast mutton, roast fowls, with potatoes, and other vegetables. After these good things had been disposed of, plum-puddings, tarts, and pies succeeded. I had heard so much of the dearness of provisions in Melbourne, that I fancied a meal of this description was likely to cost me half-a-crown at least, and I was astonished, when Mr. Otway, charged for this excellent repast, only one shilling. Board and lodging might be had for a single person, for fourteen shillings per week, and an innkeeper named Hall, from Brampton, in Cumberland, who keeps an inn in Elizabeth-street, only asked twelve shillings per week.

In the afternoon, I rambled to the east end of Hindley-street, and into the park land and Government domain, and was highly gratified with the appearance of the surrounding country. Groups of healthy-looking children were playing upon the green-ward, and under the shade of the immense gum-trees, that stud the domain. Some of these trees are from seventy to eighty feet in height, they

are of the ever-green species, and they shed their bark in summer. - Among their branches, small birds of the most beautiful plumage were flying. The grass in some parts of the domain was eight or nine inches long, and mixed with white clover, and milch cows belonging to people in the city were feeding upon the rich pasture. The milk and butter obtained from these cows is excellent; I have never tasted better in England. I returned again to the Victoria at six o'clock, where there was another substantial meal prepared, consisting of tea, bread and butter, cold mutton and beef, radishes and watercresses.

By this time the shopkeepers and other dealers had learnt that I was a new arrival from the old country, and several of them inquired if I had any fire-arms for sale. Such was the demand for Colt's revolvers, that some of them offered me as much as twenty pounds for one of those weapons. I was unable to meet the demand, but told them that they could obtain different kinds of fire-arms by going to the ship I had left, if she were still in the gulf. Before any of them could reach her she had sailed for Melbourne.

I occupied this night in a small room in the rear of the inn, containing a very comfortable bed. There was a passage leading between a number of dormitories, and each of these places was numbered; mine was No. 8. In the morning, after a hearty

breakfast, I sallied forth to see the doings of the returned gold diggers. Only three meals are partaken of during the day, in any of the Australian colonies, but they are generally very satisfying ones. Animal food, mostly mutton, is always placed upon the table. When I turned out at nine o'clock, the principal streets in the city were literally alive with the diggers. Some were riding about at a furious rate, on newly purchased horses, for which they had paid extravagant prices. Others had hired conveyances, and filled them with their wives and female acquaintance, and were driving *express*, in the direction of the country. Many newly married couples were proceeding from the church on North terrace, followed by young men and women, dressed in the gayest manner possible, the ladies especially. The gaudiest and most expensive dresses that Hindley-street could produce had been bought for them by their admirers, and the costliest *bijouterie*, in the shape of rings, brooches, and lockets, that the shop of Pollack, the first jeweller in Adelaide, could supply, adorned the various parts of these stylish customers. Most of these dashing young ladies had been taken from the side of a washing tub, only a few hours before, but they appeared as completely at ease under their rich lace veils, and brilliant costumes, as the best bred lady in the colony. Tandums, and all sorts of fast-going conveyances were driving towards the country, full

of parties of this description, who seemed to be almost mad with happiness.

The legislative council had passed an act a short time before I arrived, by which the price of gold was raised to £3 8s. per ounce. Previous to the enactment of this law, the gold sold in Adelaide did not produce more than £2 10s., and £3 per ounce; and this new ordinance caused a considerable influx of the precious metal. In all the shops of any importance, placards were exhibited in the windows, with "gold bought, or taken in exchange for goods" at the above-named price, and the shopkeepers were standing behind their counters, rubbing their hands and smiling at the general prosperity. Many of the jewellers exhibited gold dust, and nuggets of gold, in their windows, to the amount of several thousands of pounds sterling. I heard no complaint made about any thing, but the absence of labour.

The diggings had created new wants, that had never been heard of before in the colony. Tent-making was one of these, and multitudes of run-a-way sailors who had been shepherding in the bush, had returned to the city, and were engaged at this work. Extensive contracts had been entered into by a tent-making firm in Adelaide, with the Melbourne government, for tents that were to be used by those employed in constructing new roads in the colony of Victoria. The sailors and others who made these marquees, earned from ten to twelve shillings per

day. The lining was formed of thick druggeting, and the women employed in putting the linings together received from five to six shillings per day.

The next day I removed from the Victoria to private lodgings in Leigh-street, where I remained during my stay in Adelaide. When fairly settled in my new abode, I spent several days in taking a survey of the city. The land towards the port is nearly destitute of trees, there is scarcely any grass or vegetation upon the unenclosed portions in front of the gaol, and the ground in this neighbourhood has a most barren appearance. Entering the city from this direction the first object that attracts the notice of a stranger, is the monument of Colonel Light, (who rendered some important services to South Australia, soon after the founding of the colony) which stands in the middle of Light Square. This monument resembles the style of some of the King Edward's crosses that remain in England, and it covers the spot where Colonel Light was interred. The city is laid out in twenty acre blocks, an arrangement which makes the cross streets at an inconvenient distance from each other. The principal thoroughfares, where the greatest amount of business is done, are Hindley-street and King William-street. The drapers and grocers' shops, in Hindley-street, would lose nothing by comparison with the shops in the second rate streets of London. There are two auction rooms in this street, owned

by Fox and Mc.Cabe; the commercial auction rooms are close to the Exchange Hotel, at the corner of Hindley-street and King William-street. Hindley-street is nearly two miles long. The footpaths in this, and all the other streets, are composed of earth raised a few inches above the carriage road, in front of the shops. The only exception is a row of shops here and there with flagged spaces in front of them. The shops of the green grocers are on the south side of Hindley-street, and are protected from the sun's rays by verandahs, which cover the pathways, and under which a comfortable walk may be enjoyed during the rainy season. Potatoes, pumpkins, and other vegetables, are purchased of the gardeners and country people, by these grocers, and retailed by them. King William-street is nearly double the width of Hindley-street, and contains some very fine edifices, among which are the bank of Australia, the government offices, and the post office. The latter is sufficiently large to meet the wants of double the present population of Adelaide. King William-street crosses Hindley-street, at right angles, about the middle of the city, and from this intersection of the two streets, the Court houses and offices belonging to them, may be seen at its south end, and the Government house, which stands on the north side of North terrace, at its north end. During the fine clear days that often occur in the rainy season, this intersection presents a bustling and

animated appearance. Large bullock drays, laden with the produce of the country, each drawn by six great long-horned bullocks, with bells hung to their necks, and belaboured most unmercifully by their drivers, with whips of enormous length and strength, may be seen arriving in different quarters, from the country, and taking up their places here to be unloaded; cattle-drivers, and shepherds, with sheep and cattle destined for slaughter, galloping and running after their different charges; well dressed citizens and merchants, bargaining for the different commodities around them; black fellows and black gins sitting under the verandahs, and prowling about to obtain any thing that can be picked up in the way of eatables; and omnibuses and carts freighted with their living cargoes. The atmosphere is so clear, that one can stand here and see all the movements of these living streams, as far as the eye can reach, pouring in and concentrating at this spot. Many of the scenes I witnessed were of such a mixed oriental and western description, that they reminded me of the beautiful pictures I had seen in London, representing nearly similar groups in Egypt and modern Palestine. The Court houses, which are commodious, are built of a brownish kind of sandstone, which is obtained both from Encounter bay and quarries in the mountains of Glen Osmond, and the roofs are covered with slate brought from home. The cost of these structures was £12000. The



Government house, on North terrace, is surrounded by a high wall, and stands in the middle of a tastefully laid out garden and shrubbery. Tropical plants and immense aloes may be seen from the opening at the principal gate, on the outside of which a shed is erected for the sentry on guard to stand in, during the hot weather and the rainy season. The Government house has no architectural elegance, in which respect it is surpassed by many of the hotels and private gentlemen's houses. There are churches and chapels in the city belonging to nearly every denomination of christians. The Wesleyan chapel is a fine building, in the modern Gothic style. The interior is tastefully fitted up with seats, made of oak, and finished with mouldings of native cedar, and there is a bell suspended in a belfry on the north end of the chapel, which announces the hour of prayer, on each returning Sabbath. The Independents, the Kirk of Scotland, the Free Kirk, and the Roman Catholics, have each comfortable places of worship. The Episcopal church is on North terrace. It is a plain unassuming building, with a square tower at the west end. The Baptists have a very small neat chapel, which is beautifully situated, a short distance from the south end of Gawler place. There is a chapel belonging to a denomination which is of purely colonial origin. The minister is a retired soldier, and he has succeeded in raising the means to build this chapel for

himself. I do not know exactly what are the doctrines he promulgates, but his ministrations are attended by a respectable congregation. Sunday schools are attached to nearly all of them, and they are numerous attended by the children of the working people.

During the rainy season in June, July, and August, the streets are rendered so soft by the rain, and are so much out up by the immense traffic of which they are the channel, that they can scarcely be traversed in any part of the city, without getting half way up to the knees in mud. Two or three successive fine days soon dries all this up, and you can then walk about as comfortably as in Regent-street, or the west end of London. Many of the old colonists say that children had frequently to be fished out of the mud holes in the streets, after being nearly suffocated, in the early days of the colony. One romancing old shoemaker told me that he once knew a bullock dray, bullocks, driver, and all, go down into the mud in Gawler place, and they were never seen more. This worthy, however, was known to have a very vivid imagination, and the accident occurred only in that region of his wanderings. Most of the citizens wear long boots, which reach considerably above the knee, in consequence of this state of the public thoroughfares.

The principal hotels are the Exchange, the Blenheim, and the York. These are all in Hindley-

street. Of second-rate inns and public-houses, there is one at nearly every street corner. There is no light in the streets at night, but that derived from the lamps above the doors of the publicans, but these are so close to each other, in some places, that the illumination yielded by them is considerable. Troy Knight, and a very respectable *corps dramatique*, were performing nightly in the theatre, to houses filled to overflowing with gold diggers. Numerous wrestling matches came off at the Cornish arms, a public-house on the Glen Osmond road; some of these contests were for forty pounds, and others fifty pounds a-side. The wrestlers were principally Cornish men, and the collar and elbow style of wrestling was that practised by them. Some of them displayed considerable agility, as well as a great knowledge of the law of forces, and all the prizes were well contested for.

There was great scarcity of copper and small silver coin in the city. The Union Bank of Australia, on North terrace, and the Bank of Australia, were charging five per cent for cashing their own notes. Five shilling papers were issued by some of the larger shopkeeping firms, and two-penny papers, by some of the small shops and publicans, to meet the exigences of the times.

The printers and compositors, at the offices of the "*Adelaide Times*," and the "*South Australian Observer*," were working nearly night and day, to

meet the public demand for newspapers. Some of these men were earning from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings per day.

There is a fine promenade on North terrace, which commences at the shed besides the Governor's gate, and extends along the side of the high wall, on the south side of Government house, to the eastern extremity of the terrace. It exceeds half-a-mile in extent, and a strong railing runs along its whole length, on the side next the street. Here, on the Sunday afternoons, and the fine evenings during the week, all the fashion and beauty of Adelaide "most do congregate." The view from the Governor's gate of North terrace, when it is covered with gaily-dressed crowds of citizens, is pronounced by all who have seen it, to be without a parallel in any of the Australian colonies. The large gum-trees at the eastern extremity of the promenade, seem to be planted in long avenues, whose ends merge into a dense mass of green foliage at the foot of the distant hills, and the large tops of the gum-trees rise behind each other on the sides of the acclivities, and give to them the aspect of a vast natural amphitheatre of dark green woods, standing out in bold relief, beneath the clear bright blue of an Australian sky. Add to this, the rich dresses and sparkling jewellery of the Adelaide ladies, and the various costumes of the different nations, brought here by individuals

from all parts of the globe, which may be often seen in the foreground of this splendid combination of the picturesque and beautiful, and a finer *total ensemble* can hardly be imagined.

North Adelaide stands on a slight eminence on the northern side of the river Torrens. The stream is crossed by a foot bridge, above the Government house, and below this there is a ford over which the drays and other conveyances pass. The streets are not so much cut up by traffic as in South Adelaide, and most of the houses have small flower gardens in front of them, planted with large aloes, and brilliant tropical flowers, which give to the streets a pleasing and cheerful appearance. The houses in the north and south parts of the city, with the exception of the Court houses and some of the chapels, are roofed with wooden shingles, made from the wood of the stringy-bark-tree, and other similar trees. The wood is cut into thin pieces, measuring about twelve inches by six, and these are fastened down upon the rafters with nails, in the same manner as slates. A stranger would be apt to think that these kind of roofs would be extremely liable to ignite. Such is not the case; stringy-bark is a kind of wood that is not inflammable, and fires of any magnitude are rare. The wood of the red and white gum-tree is the principal fuel of the inhabitants. The fires are made upon the hearth, and there are two bars of iron supported

upon bricks, laid across the fire place, on which to place the kettle, and other cooking utensils. Every householder is provided with a saw and a strong narrow-headed axe, with a long handle. With this axe they cut and split up the wood, after it is sawn into short lengths with the saw. A fine view of South Adelaide, and the country towards the port, may be had from the rising ground above North Adelaide, and there is such an entire absence of smoke or mist about the city, that all its streets and lanes can be traced with the greatest minuteness. The gaol is a strong brick building, built with a considerable degree of taste; it stands a mile from the Government house, on the same side of the Torrens, and it is generally called by evil-doers, who have been in durance vile within its walls, Mr. Ashton's hotel, Ashton being the name of the present governor.

Adelaide college is situate about half-a-mile east of the Government house, in the domain, and is surrounded by fine gardens and shrubberies. The hospital stands near the college; both of these are large buildings, and well adapted for their respective purposes. Adjoining the college-grounds there is a large nursery garden, well stocked with grape, peach, almond, orange, and other fruit trees, and there are footpaths branching from it. Some of them lead to little brooks and streams of the purest water, which are crossed by rustic bridges,

fixed to large gum-trees on each side of the stream. These bridges form delightful resting-places for the citizens in their evening walks. Many of the foot-paths conduct to beautiful little suburban villages and hamlets, which stand at the foot of the hills. Most of the houses in these places are surrounded by large fruit-gardens, and when I visited them, the almond and peach trees were covered with blossoms, and the tall gum-trees had put on a livery of the darkest green. Here and there a native might be seen standing besides a fallen tree, with an axe in his hand, with which he would strike a blow about every five minutes, that awakened the echoes of the surrounding neighbourhood. The beautiful combinations of wood and water in this district are truly enchanting. Several of the wealthy citizens have country villas, perched upon the sides of the hills, and fitted up in a style of elegance and comfort that make them look like perfect elysiums. There are also some elegant little chapels here, with burial grounds attached to them, and they are so beautifully situated as to make one "almost in love with death."

The cemetery is on the south side of the city, at the end of the road leading to Willunga. It is surrounded by a fence made of earth, which is surmounted with strong railing. Most of the tombstones and graves are covered with long rank grass, which imparts to the place a lonely and dreary-like aspect.

This cemetery will be sufficiently large for the requirements of Adelaide, for a long time to come.

Captain Travers and a company of the 11th regiment, were all the military quartered in the city, but there was an efficient body of foot and mounted police, principally consisting of men who had received a good education. Some had been mercantile clerks, others drapers' assistants, and engraving clerks, who had left home with an idea of bettering their condition, a very common delusion among this class of men, who are least required of any in this colony. They are obliged to turn their hands to any thing they can get to do, in order to make a living. Some become porters, and cart-drivers, others go into the bush and turn shepherds, and cattle-drivers, and some break stones upon the public roads.

The water for the city is chiefly procured from the Torrens. This river rises in some of the mountain ranges, between forty and fifty miles from Adelaide. The fluid is brought into the city in water carts, and charged at so much per gallon, according to the distance. Many of the watermen were earning between twenty shillings and thirty shillings per day. The water is excellent, and a plentiful supply can always be obtained, even in the driest seasons. The Torrens is not much broader than an ordinary canal, where it passes the Government house, and the blackened stumps of trees that



have been carried down by the flood, during the rainy season, may be seen lying about upon its banks. A majority of these trees have been brought down from the clearings and burnings, that take place in the bush during the summer, and they are quite a god-send to the inhabitants of North Adelaide, not a few of whom obtain as much fuel as will serve for five or six months, for the trouble of fishing it out of the river. During the rainy season, the Torrens is continually at war with its banks, and the bridges thrown across it. The bridges are often swept away with the floods that occur in this season, and so rapid is the rising of the river on these occasions, that all the low lands are inundated to a considerable depth, in a very short time, and the country for miles round is completely submerged in less than an hour. Many of the people who live on the banks of the river, up in the country, have had both their houses and furniture swept away by these floods.

The finest wheat growing district in South Australia, or perhaps in the world, is Willunga. It is about twenty miles south of Adelaide, and there is an excellent road into the very centre of it. The land consists of extensive plains, and the soil is a rich brown loam and contains all the qualities essential for growing the finest wheat, the yield being often between twenty and thirty Carlisle bushels to the acre. There are annual ploughing

matches in this district. The prizes consist of money and medals, and the Willunga youths give illustrations of ploughing, at these times, that could not be surpassed in the first agricultural counties in England. The farm houses in Willunga have quite an English appearance, most of them having large orchards, well stocked with grapes, oranges, vines, and peaches. Every description of vegetables can be cultivated the whole year round. The husbandman, in this highly favoured country, has seldom occasion to be alarmed for the safety of his crops. The weather is generally so propitious during the time of harvest, that the corn can be prepared, if necessary, for the market, in the field. Some of the farmers use a reaping machine to cut the corn, or rather to knock it out of the ear; and leave the straw standing on the field. This mode of reaping, however, is attended with great waste, and is only resorted to on account of the want of labour. When the corn is cut by hand, the reapers take as much of the straw as will make the sheaves long enough to be tied up, without slipping through the bands that go round them, and the stubble left upon the ground will reach considerably above the knee of an ordinary-sized man. Lucerne grass and barley are frequently sown together, and cut, while green, for hay. The climate is too warm for oats; they never arrive at the same perfection as in Van Diemen's Land, and further south, they are

therefore not much cultivated here. I have also tasted some of the native apples and gooseberries; but they are very insipid, and devoid of the rich flavour of those of home-growth. The best potatoes grow in marshy grounds, and in soil that contains the greatest amount of decayed vegetable matter; they can be produced all the year. Most of the farmers dig them out of the ground, and bring them direct to the market, where they are bought and stored by the dealers. They had been slightly affected by the same disease that prevails at home. They were selling at twopence per pound. The dairy produce of Willunga is excellent, as regards the milk and butter, but the cheese is of a very inferior quality, both in appearance and taste, it is scarcely preferable to so much soap. The butter was selling at one shilling and fourpence per pound, the cheese at one shilling and sixpence, and the milk at fourpence per quart. The latter was generally excellent; chalk and water are seldom used to adulterate by the Adelaide milk-sellers. The mutton sold in the Adelaide market, in winter, is prime. A sheep weighs between forty and fifty pounds, and can be purchased, fat, for about nine shillings, and lean for about six. The mutton was selling at twopence and twopence-half-penny per pound. The beef never equals that at home, not even in the rainy season, and the cattle are always in the best condition during that time. In summer

both mutton and beef are greatly inferior to home-produce. The cattle are a mixed broken kind of breed, much resembling the animals that used to be imported from the south of Ireland, to the north of England and Scotland, about twenty years ago. Very few of the Durham breed and the finer kinds of cattle have found their way here: there is ample room in this respect for speculation by farmers at home, especially those who may think of making this fine colony the field of their labours in the pursuit of agriculture, and breeding stock. The bullocks used for draught are fine animals; they are chiefly of the long-horned breed, and the price of a pair is from fifteen pounds to twenty pounds. The cost of a lean cow is from three pounds to five pounds, and a fat one from six pounds to eight pounds. The horses in Adelaide and the neighbourhood are not usually fine-looking animals, but their powers of endurance are great, and they seem to be little worse after a journey of sixty or seventy miles, a distance which many of them will travel in one day. The south Australians drive and ride at a furious rate, and it would be rare to see a horseman, or a conveyance of any kind, going slowly. In my wanderings about the country, I never met a cart or an equestrian, but they were going at full speed, let the road be good or bad, up-hill or down-hill. The price of a horse was from twelve pounds to fifteen pounds.

The sweet village of Glen Osmond lies at the foot of the hills, about two-and-a-half miles distant from Adelaide. My first visit to this place was on a beautiful Sunday morning. The weather had been fine for several days, and the roads were dry and firm. Many well dressed people were coming from the country to their respective places of worship in the city. Little brooks and streams of the purest water were running by the sides of the road and through the fields. About half-way between the city and Glen Osmond, there are the Mount Barker Road nursery gardens, where large quantities of vegetables and fruit trees are cultivated. The sheriff of Adelaide, Mr. Newenham, has a charming residence in the middle of the village, and not a few of the gentry have their country seats in this neighbourhood. The hedges by the road side are planted with a shrub, resembling the privet, used in some parts of England for the fences of gardens. This shrub grows in great abundance in Kangaroo Island, and is called Kangaroo quick, in consequence of being principally brought from that place. There is a public-house in the village, kept by Mr. Henderson, a native of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, and there are several small tradesmen and shop-keepers in the place. The cottages have gardens to them, and some of the small proprietors make a good living by selling the produce of their gardens in the city. Several of the houses are built of

wood, some of brick and stone, and most of them are painted and ornamented with much taste, and an appearance of comfort pervades them all. The road through the village is kept in good repair, and is equal to our public roads at home. An excellent spring of water, at the far-end, supplies the inhabitants constantly. A small white cottage stands close to this spring, which imparts to the green-sward and the tall gum-trees that overhang the place, from the side of the mountain, whence the spring has its source, a very picturesque air. The Glen Osmond hills are nearly all covered with tall gum-trees to the very top, and on some of them the soil is composed of a rich dark loam, from three to four feet in depth. The vine flourishes luxuriantly here, and it is probable that as the colony advances, and labour becomes more plentiful, that these hills will be covered by extensive vineyards. The wine extracted from the grapes grown in this neighbourhood, is equal, if not superior, to most of the Cape wines. I ascended one of the highest of these elevities, from which I had an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Towards the west was the city of Adelaide, the port and the gulf, with the ships lying at anchor; in the direction north and south, were long stretches of cultivated land and peaceful looking cottages and farmsteads, and in the east, the long ranges of hills were overlooked by the thickly wooded summit of Mount Lofty.

The air was pure and bracing, and that peculiar awe that is ever experienced on ascending to the tops of mountains came over me. All around was as silent as death; not a single bird or insect was to be seen or heard, and I remained gazing at the magnificent panorama before me, till I began to feel the effects of the clear mountain air upon my stomach, a call of nature which I heeded by descending into the valley; and in strolling back to the village, I met a shoemaker who had been two years in the colony. He had a neat cottage in Glen Osmond; his garden was well stocked with potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, he had a nice little wife, and could earn plenty of money, but with all these comforts he was not satisfied. I went with him to inspect his garden, and he related to me most of his colonial experiences, but he was such a grumbler, that I had little faith in any of his statements. I remained with him till his wife summoned him to dinner, of which I was also invited to partake, an invitation which my famished condition rendered very acceptable. The meal consisted of a piece of nice boiled mutton, turnips, and potatoes, after which, there was a pudding made of sweet almonds, and it is needless to say that I participated in these wholesome preparations with a relish only known to those who have ventured to approach a few thousand feet nearer heaven, by climbing to the top of a mountain. The wife of this man was the very antithesis

of himself; she was cheerful and happy. She spoke highly of the colony, and only laughed at the husband's grumblings, called him the discontented settler. The road through Glen Osmond leads to Gawler Town, German Town, Echunga, Onkiperinga, Mount Barker, the Murray River, and the lately annexed Satiara country, and Melbourne. Gawler Plains, near Gawler Town, is a rich agricultural district, about twenty miles from Adelaide; and Mount Barker is delightfully situated among the hills, between twenty and thirty miles from Gawler Town. The climate in those high lands is one of the finest in the world. The hot winds that cause so much prostration in Adelaide during summer, are so little felt there, that Mount Barker is likely at some time to become the Malvern of South Australia. Shortly after the discovery of the Gold fields in Victoria, it was said that there was not a single man left between Gawler Town and the Mountain Hut, a public-house among the hills, about four miles from Glen Osmond: and there was only one man left in Gawler Town, and the women would have him raffled for.

Thousands of acres of the finest land, beyond Mount Barker and towards the Murray, are available for agriculture, and at present support thousands of sheep and cattle. Every encouragement seemed to be given by the Governor, Sir Henry Fox Young, and the legislative council, to purchasers of small



sections of land ; and many of the successful diggers had made considerable purchases in that way, and were settling down in the colony to cultivate their newly acquired possessions, adding still more to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

The Governor was popular. I saw him frequently going to the Government offices in the morning, and he was treated by the citizens with the same respect as a private gentleman. There was very little adulatory nonsense about the people ; every one seemed to attend to his own business, and the Governor was expected to mind his.

The markets were difficult to speculate upon. Slop-clothing and imported shoes could be bought as cheap as they could be had in London, and yet the wages of tailors and shoemakers were more than double what they are at home, and abundance of employment for both trades. The majority of the people that have been any length of time in the colony, have a prejudice against any thing that is not of colonial manufacture, those living in the bush especially. Owing to the rough life they lead, their clothing requires to be capable of enduring wear-and-tear, and they are no way scrupulous about the price, if the article is strongly made. Such as have ventured to buy slop-clothing to wear in the bush, have found it very disagreeable when a schism took place in different parts of their coats and small clothes, they being at the time four or five

hundred miles from the shop of a tailor or a seamstress. I frequently saw excellent shooting jackets sold in Fox and Mc.Cabe's auction rooms, for two shillings and sixpence and five shillings, that would cost, at the very least, one pound at home. These, however, were sacrifices made by people about to start for the Gold fields. All articles of any description, that are sent to this colony, ought to be made well, and of the best materials. The people like good things, and they can afford to pay for them. The boots and shoes in the shoemakers' shops, which fetch the highest price, are marked "colonial made," and other things, not made here, sell well on account of this mark. Rough wrights and house carpenters were much wanted. All the implements necessary for agricultural purposes are made in Adelaide. There is great room for improvement in some of the means used to convey the produce of the country to the market. The heavy bullock-dray might be superseded by the one-horse cart, with considerable advantage to the farmers, and a great economy of time, as well as animal power, would be effected by its general adoption, by those who live forty or fifty miles from the city. It is much better adapted for bad roads than the heavy dray, and if it should chance to get upset, or stick in the mud, as is frequently the case with the drays, it is far easier to be extricated.

The aborigines are fast becoming extinct; but

there are still a few of the Adelaide tribe remaining about the city. During the day-time they may be seen sitting under the verandas, and basking in the sun at the corners of the streets, and at night they sleep under the trees, and behind "whurlies" in the domain. Some of them will cut a piece of fire-wood for a few pence, or any kind of broken meat, but they do this with the greatest reluctance. A blanket is given to each of them, once a year, by the government, and the publicans are subject to a penalty of five pounds, if they are known to sell them any kind of intoxicating drinks. This prohibition is very little heeded by some of the inn-keepers. I have frequently seen black fellows and black gins, rolling about in a beastly state of intoxication. There can be no doubt that the miserable-looking beings that prowl about the streets of Adelaide, are the very lowest in the scale of humanity. I am quite sure if Lord Monbodds had seen some of these frightful-looking beings, before he wrote his celebrated treatise on the tail theory, of the human race, he would have concluded that these were the last portion of the human family that had lost their tails. They seem to have no idea about saving or accumulating any kind of property. All their earnings are squandered in tobacco and intoxicating drinks. The dissipated habits they have acquired, by being brought in contact with the white man, are fast tending to the eradication of the entire

race of those in the neighbourhood of the towns. Five or six years back, there were sometimes four or five hundred of them in the vicinity of Adelaide, and now there are not more than one hundred and fifty. They are excellent linguists, and good imitators of sounds. The greater part of the young men, and young women or gins, can converse very fluently in the English language. Thirty or forty of them, of both sexes, may be seen occasionally on the banks of the Torrens, near the gaol, throwing the spear, and dancing a coroborey. The men carry with them a short kind of stick, called a "waddy," made of some heavy kind of wood. They can use these "waddies" either for offence or defence, so as to make them very formidable weapons. Some of the men were dressed in trousers, shooting jackets, and rustic hats, which had been given them for cutting fire-wood, and other little jobs which they can occasionally be persuaded to do; and one man was dressed in an excellent suit of black cloth, which he had received as pay for doing work of this description. Several of the gins were dressed in old calico gowns, but the form of the pattern, and the original colour of the garment, were entirely lost beneath a covering of grease and dirt. The bulk of the men have no other covering, except a striped or blue and red serge shirt, which reaches to a few inches above the knee, and a large proportion of the gins have a blanket wrapped round them, which is

their only covering : I have sometimes seen them a short distance from the city, destitute of even this, and entirely naked. When their skins are clean, which is rarely, they are jet black. The men have long black curly hair, fine large dark eyes, broad noses, thick lips, and very big mouths, but not so much inclined to pout as the African negro. The general expression of their countenance is sinister and forbidding, offering none of that mild demeanour that frequently characterises the African race of negroes. Their average height is about five feet five inches, but I saw many fine tall young fellows, who had been brought down out of the country by the farmers, and they had broad chests and strong muscular limbs. Those tribes who live up the country, towards the Murray river, are much superior to those about Adelaide, and they have the sense of sight and smell in the greatest perfection. They can track the scent of stray sheep and cattle with the quickness of a bloodhound. The Adelaide gins are considerably uglier than the men, especially those that are married and have children, (or pick-aninnies.) They have large pouting mouths, and their hair is often daubed with grease, and sometimes shaded back behind the ears, and fastened with a piece of string or tape ; but it is more commonly seen hanging about their faces, tangled and matted, the same as the men's. Almost all of them have large hanging abdomens, and their legs and

arms are very lean, and covered with long black hair. Their foreheads are extremely low, and their long lank legs and arms, which are always left bare by the blanket, add to their forbidding appearance. They usually have a little pickaninnie fastened upon their backs, with its black head protruding from underneath the blanket behind their necks. They are dreadfully beaten by their husbands, or lubras; lubra signifies either husband or wife. Many of them have had eyes knocked out, and been seriously mutilated by the chastisements inflicted on them by their lords. The pickaninnies and young gins are generally plump and fat, till they reach the years of twelve or thirteen, when they marry; and about twelve months after that event they become so lean and emaciated, that they would hardly be recognised as the same beings, by those who had not seen them from the beginning to the end of that period: they have chiefly adopted English names. If asked what their names are, they will say either Mary Ann, Jane, or Betsy; and Jemmy and Jackey are very common names among the men.

All the tribes bury their dead secretly, and they daub their hair with pipe-clay, and put streaks of the same upon their faces and eye-brows, and this kind of mourning remains till it is rubbed off by time. I was told by one of the earliest settlers, that the Adelaide tribe practise the rite of circumcision. They are well acquainted with the anatomy

of the human frame, and the organs essential to life. This knowledge was alarmingly exemplified on the first founding of the city of Adelaide. A man employed in some of the surveying operations about the city, went one evening to see a number of the natives on the banks of the Torrens, where the gaol now stands, dance a coroborey, and he laid down upon the grass, and fell asleep: the next morning he was found lying in the same place, but quite dead. There were no marks of violence upon the body, except a small red puncture upon the left breast. On opening the corpse, the bone of an emu, several inches long, and sharpened to a point at one end, was found to have been so dexterously inserted through this puncture, as to pass right through the centre of the heart. Long before daylight, all the tribe fled into the bush, and the perpetrators of the crime were never discovered. Efforts have been made, by missionaries and others, to civilize and convert them to Christianity, but these endeavours have never been successful. Some of the gins and boys were taken when very young, sent to schools, and accustomed to the comforts of a civilized life, but as soon as they arrived at a certain age, they sought their brethren in the bush, preferring the freedom to be enjoyed under the shade of the "whurlie" and gum-tree, before the enjoyments of social existence. They have some faint glimmerings of a future state, but their know-

ledge of a bad spirit, or *devil*, as they call him, seems to have been derived from the preachings of the white-men amongst them. All that has been imparted to them of the truths of christianity, and a future state, has only led them to believe that "white fellow's heaven" is a country where there is a never-failing supply of mutton and beef. Great numbers of the men were executed for murder soon after the founding of the colony, and every exertion was made by the government Chaplain and others, to enlighten their minds with the Christian revelation. One of the malefactors, on whom it was fancied the right impression had been produced, was asked by the Chaplain when about to ascend the scaffold, on what his hopes of a future state were built. The answer to the reverend interrogator was "*budgree*, white fellow," pointing up to heaven, "all right, plenty *jumbuck* (mutton) up there:" *budgree* means good. There seems to be a general belief among all the tribes, that after they have been buried some time, they will jump up again white fellows. This notion is possibly of no very remote date, and it is likely to have been imbibed by them, since they have become acquainted with white men.

They cannot comprehend the many strange contradictions of "white fellow." They say that "white fellow, great fool to work hard, and build a great house (the gaol) to put white fellow in, and



tie him up if he kill another white fellow." They are great laughers, and if any thing is told to them that they cannot comprehend, they will set up a loud laugh, and say, "ah! ah! white fellow, too much plenty gammon!" Of the half cast children, the greater part are destroyed as soon as they are born. I saw some of these half-cast in Adelaide; they make good shepherds, and some of them are employed in the stores and warehouses in the city.

The social and moral condition of the working-people in Adelaide, and South Australia, seems in advance of what it is at home. There are no indigent people, to whom the term "poor" can be applied in the same sense that it is used in England. I never met with a single person asking charity. The amount of intoxicating drinks that are taken is certainly alarming, but their consumption does not seem to be productive of so much destitution as in the old country, and the interference of the police is in less requisition to suppress drunken squabbles. Nearly all the working-people are addicted to liquor, but habitual female drunkards do not exhibit in their personal appearance and dress, so filthy and degraded an aspect, as many of the abandoned females on the streets of London. Adjoining my lodgings in Leigh-street, there was a widow with three daughters, who earned a good living by washing. I have seen one of these girls go to the nearest public-house seven times during the day, and bring

back each time half-a-gallon of beer, in a large white jug: and this was consumed on the premises without the least breach of the public peace. The old woman and her daughters were always clean and well dressed, and their house was a model of neatness and order. My landlady used often to slip out at the back-door, unknown to her husband, and join them in their orgies. When I went home in the evening, I not unfrequently found her standing behind the door in the kitchen, partially inebriated. She was a little dumpty red-haired Irishwoman, about fifty years of age, with a tremendous squint in both eyes. I always imagined that she squinted more at these times than any other. Her first question on making my appearance was—"Mr. .... have you had your tea?" When I saw her condition, my reply was, "O yes! Mrs. Byrne, all's right, stand where you are." Her husband was a sober and respectable man; much younger than herself; and he was very much grieved about her occasional backslidings. These did not happen more than once or twice a week, and always in the evenings. At other times she was clean and industrious, and an excellent cook. The manner in which she treated me during my stay with them, made me always inclined to forgive any of these short-comings.

Prostitution here, is not of that disgusting character which it exhibits on the streets of London or Liverpool. The sums of money obtained from

this miserable trade would scarcely be credited by those unacquainted with the place. Most of the wretched females are Irish orphan girls, and needle-women, who have been imported from London, and they are generally called after the ships that carried them out.

The desire for intoxicating drinks, by both sexes, prevails to a greater extent than at home. Of this I can speak from personal experience. I never had any inclination for strong drinks in my native land, here it was very different. The drinking of even half a glass of spirits produced such an intense craving for more, that to avoid excesses, I abstained from them altogether, and I am quite convinced, that to prevent the use, or rather abuse of intoxicating drinks in the Australian colonies, their sale must be prohibited.

There are only two classes of people here. There is no middle class, to which that word is applicable, as understood at home. The legislative counsel is chiefly composed of men who have earned a competency by unremitting industry and perseverance. One of them, an old shoemaker, who could neither read nor write, but who was a man of sterling principle, and had a good stock of sound English common-sense, backed by colonial experience, which well qualified him to legislate upon all subjects connected with the welfare of the colony. He had amassed much wealth in the pursuit of his calling, and was remarkable for deeds of unostentatious charity.

Many of the founders of the colony, who had borne the heat and burden of the day, in pioneering the way to the prosperous state of things that then existed, were living at ease, and enjoying the fruit of their labours. Their stories of bush life were full of romantic adventure and hair-breadth escapes, by "flood and field." Their mode of life was the roughest, and their domestic comforts barely surpassed those of the savages by whom they were surrounded. For several months, during the rainy season, they slept upon beds made by placing forked sticks in the earth, and inserting poles into the forked ends, on which to rest straw and short branches of the gum-tree, and these, with a blanket and coverlet, formed all their bedding. This primitive bedstead is still resorted to on first settling to cultivate the land far out in the bush, and a very useful kind of fixture it is, during the rainy season, when the ground is saturated with wet. In summer no such precaution is required; a person can sleep as comfortably in the open air, under the shade of a gum-tree, as he could in the best inn in Adelaide. I witnessed many acts of kindness shown towards each other by the early settlers, which gave me a very high opinion of the social qualities of the people.

I have seen a pound weight of pure gold given by some of the successful diggers to their friends, who were prevented, by disease or accident, from

venturing to the Gold fields. Nearly the whole population of South Australia are free, and the convict taint, which once rendered New South Wales so disagreeable a location for the free man, has never been felt there to the same extent as at Melbourne, and other places nearer to Sydney and Tasmania: and the same restraint in expressing his abhorrence of crime, in conversation, is not experienced as in the above-named places. The Englishman finds society in Adelaide, more agreeable than in almost any other of the Australian colonies. To any one who has resided in the United States, for any length of time, and retained his English ideas about governments, the change he would meet in Adelaide would be truly refreshing. None of that bombast and inflated braggadocio distinguish the people, which is so peculiar to "Brother Jonathan," when he is talking about England or any thing English. The inhabitants of this colony are loyal subjects to the Queen of England, whose character they all admire, and whose virtues are as familiar to every hearth as "household words." The old country is always spoken of with reverence, and held up as a model among nations. The young child so soon as it can liap a word, is told something about England, and taught to call it *home*: a word that makes the heart of every true Briton thrill with an emotion, which the dwellers of no other nation on earth can appreciate.

The climate of South Australia is one of the best in the world. In the rainy season there are many fine clear days, and the temperature of the air in the mornings and evenings, the coldest part of the day, is rarely below 45° fahrenheit. The most unpleasant time in summer, is during the time that one of the hot winds is blowing from the north. They sometimes prevail for two or three days together at Adelaide, but they are not much felt among the hills in the country towards Mount Barker. During the continuance of one of these winds, mutton and beef becomes putrid in a very short time; sometimes only a few minutes after the animal is slaughtered, and the thermometer frequently stands at 120° in the shade. Perspiration oozes from every pore, and those who follow sedentary employments in the city, are obliged to work in the evenings and nights, after a southerly wind has set in from the sea, and cooled the atmosphere. This wind is frequently so cold as to be quite chilling, but its effects are bracing and invigorating after the prostration caused by the north wind. The cause of these hot winds, is simply from the increased temperature of the air, occasioned by its passing over a large track of dry dessert country, heated by the rays of the sun. Any one in the least familiar with pneumatics will be able to explain these phenomena.

I did not observe any deterioration of the Anglo-

Saxon race in this colony. This is owing to the short time that it has been established, and there cannot yet be many children of the second generation of those born there. The warmth of the climate brings both men and women to perfection much sooner than at home. It is no uncommon thing to see girls married, and with a family, at fourteen or fifteen years of age. Those who reside in the country, and follow agricultural pursuits, are strong-looking, and have as ruddy complexions as the country folks in any part of England, and few of them present that leanness of aspect, and sallow complexion, which characterises those who have dwelt for any length of time in the United States, and our own American colonies. I have seen some of the country-girls coming to the city, on a Sunday morning, when the roads were dirty, with their clothes tucked up to their knees, and making rapid strides through the mud, and I never beheld finer limbs displayed by their sisters in England, the country which is famed *par excellence* for good shaped legs, and well turned ankles, among the ladies. This breach of propriety was never committed near the city, or in any place where it was likely to lead to offensive remarks, and what glances I obtained of the *under-standings* of the South Australian girls, was on a sudden turn of a road, and where the thoroughfare was more than usually dirty. Those who follow sedentary employments in

the towns are pale-looking, but few of them are so pale and emaciated as those similarly situated in London, and some of the other large towns at home. The climate seems highly favourable to old age. A great number of aged men about the port, make a good living by boating in the gulf; if they were in England, their only situation would be the work-house. The climate, in numerous instances, seems to effect an entire change in the constitution of women, from this and other countries in Europe. Many of them who have never had offspring at home, have been known to bear children at upwards of fifty years of age.

The maladies most prevalent, are diseases of the heart, and ophthalmy or blight. Dysentery is not so common as it was at one time, and with ordinary care it may be avoided entirely: it is mostly brought on by unlimited consumption of fruit. Medical men attribute the frightful extent of heart disease, to the inordinate use of animal food and ardent spirits. The greater part of those afflicted by this complaint, are almost, without exception, free livers, and are sure to die suddenly. The most aggravated case of this kind, that I saw in Adelaide, was exemplified by a married woman, at the Victoria hotel. Her chest had expanded to an immense size, from the enlargement of the heart, and she was a complete mass of fat. She often vomited large quantities of blood during the day, after which she used to sit



down and cry in the most distressing manner. Although she was perfectly conscious of her impending fate, and its cause, she persisted in eating vast quantities of animal food at every meal, and soon after she dined, her face became livid, and her death was constantly expected after some of these fatal indulgences. Ophthalmy prevails chiefly during summer, and when the hot winds are so blowing the dust about, that it is hardly possible to prevent some portion of it getting into the eyes, and if these organs are in the least tender, the entrance of the dust and fine sand causes inflammation and blight. Not a few of the natives, who are constantly exposed to these influences, become blind. Small pox, fevers, agues, and many other acute diseases known in America, and Europe, have never made their appearance here, and cutaneous disorders are very rare. The only instance of which I knew in Adelaide, was that of an early settler who had thus been afflicted, by sitting on a damp floor for several weeks. This poor man had suffered the most excruciating agony, from a disease very much like leprosy. He had been ill upwards of eight years, and his whole body was at one time covered with boils and running sores, but these were all healed up when I met him, with the exception of his right foot, which seemed incurable. It was covered with a complete mass of fungus-looking flesh, which he was trying to reduce by the application of caustic and nitrate of silver, but

these so-called remedies seemed to have little effect. No sooner was one part reduced than another commenced, and there was no way to remove the dreadful agony he endured but by taking off the limb. Such was his horror of an operation of that kind, that he told me he would much sooner die than undergo it.

For the removal of pulmonary complaints, and other diseases of the lungs, the climate is highly favourable, and men can endure hardships and exposures, that would very soon cause death in any other part of the world. Here, persons with weak constitutions have a greater chance of lengthened existence, if they be temperate, than in any country in Europe. Several tradesmen who had acquired a competency, returned to England, to spend the remainder of their days in retirement. Such, however, was the change which they had undergone, by a ten or twelve years residence in Adelaide, that they found the old country less agreeable to live in than Australia, and some of them went back in less than twelve months. One man, and his wife, only remained a month, and they were both ill, and confined to bed nearly the whole of that time. They had been so little accustomed to indisposition, during their sojourn in Adelaide, that they determined to go back thither, by the first ship. On their arrival, they again entered into business, and again enjoyed excellent health.

The flora and fauna of the country, so far as they have been discovered, have often been described. The largest animal, is the kangaroo, and there are several smaller animals, of the pouched kind,—such as the bandecoot, opossum, and kangaroo rat. The kangaroo, and all these animals, have a small pouch in the side, in which they carry their young. They bring forth their young in a half finished state, and they are borne in this pouch till they can care for themselves. The skin of the kangaroo is highly prized, for making leather, and in Van Diemen's Land, the animal is protected by a special law, from indiscriminate slaughter. Leather made of the kangaroo-skin, always brings the highest price in the market. It is soft, and the boots and shoes made of it are very easy for the feet, and it is susceptible of a fine polish. It wears well in dry weather, but it does not stand the wet so well as other kinds of shoe-leather. The skin of the opossum is very valuable, on account of its fine fur. The natives are expert in capturing these animals, and an opossum skin rug may sometimes be purchased of them, for a few shillings, that would cost as many pounds, if sold in England. The bandecoots, and kangaroo rats, are little lean animals, that burrow in the earth. "As poor as a bandecoot," is a very common expression in the Australian colonies. There is a very large bird called the emu ; it somewhat resembles the ostrich,

but it is without either tongue or wings. There are a great number of wild turkeys and ducks about the rivers. Cockatoos parrots and paroquets abound in some parts of the country. There is one beautiful species of paroquet, which is about the size of our hedge-sparrow. They have often been caught to bring to England, but they are so delicate that none of them ever lived to the end of the voyage. Cockatoos are as familiar pets with the people of Adelaide as canaries are with us. They are far handsomer than any of the cockatoo genus that I have seen at home. The bunch of feathers behind their heads is commonly yellow, the rest of their plumage is of a snowy whiteness, and they are often talkative and amusing. There is one little animal with a bill like a duck. It is about the size of a mole, burrows in the earth, and is called the duck-billed mole. Reptiles are very numerous, chiefly of the frog and serpent species; there are also a few lizards, which are quite harmless. The serpents are said to be venomous, some of which measure four or five feet in length. The whip-snake is the most brilliant, but its bite is very dangerous. The bite of the black snake, or death-adder is the most fatal. They are active during summer, but few are to be seen during the rainy season. They avoid man if possible, and none of them bite unless they are trod upon or teased. The frogs are huge,

especially the bull-frogs, which make a noise at night in the neighbourhood of creeks and marshes, resembling a watchman's rattle. Cookroaches, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, and mosquitoes are abundant in summer. The cookroaches are of a brownish colour, and are two inches in length. Sometimes in the evening they will issue from almost every part of the house, and overrun every thing. This unusual activity betokens rain. The bite of the centipede is rarely fatal; this insect is found secreted in hollow pieces of wood and among rubbish. One man who had been bitten lost the use of his right hand for a considerable time. Spirits of turpentine infallibly cure the bite of this creature. Tarantulas and scorpions are little noticed by those who have been there any length of time. Mosquitoes breed in thousands in stagnant water and low grounds, and on a still night, when there is little wind, they are most annoying. When the sun sets they can be heard buzzing about, and the people call the sound they make *cozzing*. New comers who arrive in the summer are much alarmed by this sound, and some of them have good reason to be so. I have seen them with both eyes swollen up from the effects of their bites. The sleeping-rooms are filled with smoke, from burnt cow's dung, to drive them away, but this only excludes them while the vapour remains; as soon as it is cleared away they are as active as ever. A

strong wind, however, disperses them, and they are less troublesome on a windy night.

The flora consists of huge trees, mostly of the gum species. The white gum is found of immense size in some parts of the country, more especially near Cape Otway, between Adelaide and Melbourne, where their large boles may be seen many miles out at sea. The red gum commonly serves for fuel and fencing, and the blue gum is sometimes used for shipbuilding. The iron bark and stringy bark trees are available for various purposes. The former is converted into trenails for ships; it is a hard kind of wood, and almost as heavy as iron. The stringy bark is mostly appropriated for making shingles to cover the houses. The native cedar and the she oak, or Australian pine, are beautiful woods. The red cedar makes superb furniture, and it is so durable that it will last for ages. The she oak is a rare kind of wood, and a species of tree that will probably become extinct if some means are not devised to preserve it. It is very useful in the manufacture of agricultural implements. There are many thousand species of plants and ferns that have never yet been classified, and which offer a wide field for botanical research.

The work-people most wanted there are those who are willing to go out into the country and cultivate the land, such as agricultural labourers, shepherds, dairywomen, and farmers. Such as have

been accustomed to a rural life are the best adapted for the seclusion of the bush. Numbers who quit the towns with romantic ideas about the poetic career of a shepherd, which they have derived from books, are sadly disappointed when they see that kind of life in reality. Shepherds and agricultural labourers are fed upon food extremely coarse compared with what they have at home. If the poor people in our unions had no better rations there would be riots in every workhouse in the land. The three meals which these agricultural labourers get during the day are exactly alike. They consist of tea, damper, and beef, or, as they sometimes say, beef, damper, and tea for a change. The damper is flour mixed with salt and water and made into a cake, which they bake in the ashes. The sugar they consume is from the Mauritius; it is unrefined, and as black as soot. They generally boil the sugar and tea together in a kettle, which makes a preparation so strong, that a person unaccustomed to it would find it almost impossible to drink it. Master and servants all fare alike, where there is no female. They rarely grumble about their coarse fare, and it is wonderful how soon the most fastidious appetite will accustom itself to this rough living.

This is the worst country in the world for clerks, schoolmasters, and literary men. It is very little better than a howling wilderness for any one who

does not intend to work with his hands. There are far too many of the above-named class in all the colonies. I have often been astonished to see so many well-educated men under the garb of a policeman or porter, with no hope of rising to anything higher. These men would have been much better off at home.

Any person with capital, who contemplates emigrating to South Australia, should, as his initiative step, if he has not abandoned celibacy, get married, if he can. Should he design to go into the bush, to follow either agriculture or sheep-farming, he ought to choose for his wife one who has been brought up in the country, and is thoroughly acquainted with the management of a dairy. She should be good tempered, have a moderately sound education, and if she have beauty, and occasionally thinks seriously on religious subjects, she will be all the better for leading a life of seclusion in the bush. Those who have never gazed on the vast Australian solitudes, where not a female, save the black gins, is to be seen for hundreds of miles, can hardly conceive how valuable an intelligent and industrious woman is in such places. The presence even of such a one, if she did nothing beyond rendering the leisure hours of the solitary farmer more agreeable by her conversation, would be deemed by many a forlorn bachelor a treasure above all price. He should also carry with him a



couple of good Scotch ploughs, and ploughing geer for three draughts of horses; the spokes, naves, and felloes for a number of cart-wheels, and the iron work for four one-horse carts, and cart geer for the same. The buckles in the ploughing and cart geer should be made either of brass or corrugated iron. Brass is the best for buckles, and corrugated iron for the chains. The sea damp does not effect either brass or corrugated iron to the same extent as it does polished steel, and the leather parts of the harness will last longer when they are fixed to either of these substances than steel. There being much need of an improved breed of cattle, he should carry a young bull and cow of the Durham breed, and the same of the Herefordshire, Galloway, and Suffolk breeds. It would also be an excellent speculation to take a couple of young donkeys, male and female. None of those animals are found there, and they would be useful auxiliaries to the present beasts of burden. The climate is well adapted to the constitution of the horse, and there is no doubt that the ass would become a very different animal to what it is in England. None of these animals should be more than twelve months old, as they are less subject to disease or accident at that age than when older, and they are also less liable to be injured, by putting on ship board, than full-grown animals. They will be at an age, when they arrive, that will give them every

advantage from the change of climate. Stock of any kind ought always to be carried in large ships, —the larger the better. They ought to be put in houses properly padded on the sides, with straw, to prevent their being injured by the rolling of the ship, and they should always be placed upon the upper deck, where they can have plenty of air, and be kept properly clean. They should never, on any account, be in the 'tween decks, for such a long voyage as that to Australia. The Scotch mode of farming seems to gain the preference with the South Australians. There were none of the long strings of horses, one before another, attached to a plough, and a man or boy driving them, the method still practised in Buckinghamshire, and most of the Southern counties in England. I never saw more than two horses in a plough, and they were placed side by side, as in the Northern counties of England, and in Scotland. By this mode of ploughing, there is no waste of animal power, as the horses both draw equally, from the main swingletree. The one-horse cart is decidedly preferable to the ponderous wagon used at home, in the Southern counties. A few hacks and spades, of the very best description, should be taken; two or three good hand-saws, and a couple of cross-cut saws; a few good axes, and tomahawks, and a few augers, hammers, and chisels; and two or three good jack planes. The farmer in the bush will have to do many little jobs of car-

pentery himself, and a few tools of this description will be found exceedingly useful. He should also be provided with two or three Colt's revolvers, and a couple of good-double barrellled fowling pieces. The tools, and all articles of polished steel, should be deposited in a water-tight box, lined with tin, and well dusted on the steel parts with quicklime, which is better than either grease or oil in preventing rust. All the stock should be branded with the owner's initials, or private mark, before they are put on shore. This precaution is highly necessary in a place like Adelaide, where there is such an immense track of country into which they may stray away, and possibly may never be found again by those to whom they belong. The brands of all the cattle killed for the Adelaide market are entered into a book, kept at the slaughter-houses. This is to prevent cattle being purchased, by the butchers, of any but their right owners. The best way to obtain correct information about purchasing land, and its price, is to apply to the Governor, or some of his officials, at the Government offices, in King William-street. The upset price of the land is one pound sterling an acre, within a certain distance of the city. It is all disposed of by public auction, and if there be no competition, it is sold at the upset price.

A few days before quitting Adelaide I was witness to one of those extraordinary fluctuations in

provisions, occasioned by the discovery of a gold field in the province, about twenty miles from the city, on the Onkiperi river. A short time anterior to this, the Governor had offered a premium of five hundred pounds, to the first discoverer of a productive gold field, in South Australia. Two men who were proprietors of land, near the Onkiperi, sent several specimens of gold found upon their estates, and in the neighbourhood, to the Governor. The colonial Secretary, with others, were sent to examine the ground. The Secretary published a very favourable report of the new gold field, in which document he stated that he had taken soil from many different places, and had had it washed in his presence, and found it to contain a considerable quantity of gold. When this was made public, the streets near the newspaper offices were crowded with people reading large placards, headed with letters about six inches high, announcing that that day's paper contained all the particulars of the discovery of a splendid new gold field in that province. The news spread like wild-fire, and provisions were up to Melbourne prices immediately. Flour advanced three pounds per ton; soap and candles threepence per pound. Tin dishes, such as are used for dairy purposes, from five shillings to one pound, in the course of three days, and a tinman in Hindley-street, earned twenty pounds in one night, by making these dishes. On the second day after the discovery,

there were more than a thousand persons on the ground at Onkiperinga. Soon after noon, when they were busily testing the gold-bearing properties of the ground, a tremendous storm of rain fell. There was only one inn near the place, every room in which was crowded to suffocation in a few minutes. All the provisions and spirits that the host had in store were rapidly consumed, and were sold at enormous prices. Many who could not get into the public-house, took refuge under Onkiperinga bridge, but the river rose so quickly, that they were obliged to beat a retreat as fast as possible, to avoid being carried away by the stream; and hundreds of them had to stand the pelting of the "pitiless storm," for upwards of three hours, without a shelter of any kind, except the lee side of a gum-tree. On the third day, Adelaide was comparatively deserted; such was the number of people that went a *prospecting* to the new gold fields; cradles to wash the gold in, were displayed for sale in nearly every street. The shops were crowded with women, who were purchasing large quantities of calico to make tents for the new diggings. Towards evening the people returned to the city, and by nine at night crowds of the explorers filled the public-houses and auction-rooms, eagerly discussing the merits of the new gold field. In passing down Hindley-street I met the captain of the *Chatham*, and the captain of the *Orpheus*, two vessels then lying at the Port with a

throng round them. They had each hired a horse at the Port, and had been up to see the diggings. They said they would anchor their vessels in the stream and take their crews to the diggings for a month; but I believe these promises were never fulfilled. I walked through the greater part of the City at midnight, and the scene of excitement it presented is beyond description. In every public-house there were groups of men standing with their backs to the counters, singing by main strength, "Cheer, boys, cheer," and "There's a good time coming." The tradesmen were congregated in knots at every street corner, predicting great prosperity to the colony from this important discovery. There was a smile on every face, and the black fellows and black gins were laughing and rejoicing as much as any of them. They could not understand very well what it was all about, only they liked to see white fellow look pleased, as they were sure to fare better in the end by his being so.

One insect that I omitted to mention is very troublesome during summer, that is, the ant. There are two or three species. The red and black ants are an inch in length, and their bite is venomous and painful. There is a smaller kind about the size of the ants at home, which are most annoying in the houses during hot weather. Sugar and butter are kept in the middle of a vessel with

water to preserve them from their ravages. If this precaution were not adopted, both these articles would be swarming with them. No sooner are these accessories placed on the board than the ants begin ascending the legs of the table to reach these delicacies. An old colonist related what he considered a very amusing anecdote about the red ant, but I think it was a very cruel trick—an opinion in which any one that has once been bitten by this insect will coincide. A young man, a well known wag, who was an officer in some of the government departments, walked into the country one day during summer, with some young ladies and two or three other gentlemen. The party strolled about some distance from Adelaide, till the two young ladies in charge of this fast young man got tired, and he advised them to rest, at the same time pointing to some green hillocks on which they could seat themselves. He was, however, well aware what these hillocks contained. The ladies had scarcely been seated a minute when they both leaped up, and began to dance and scream like two furies. The ants had inserted themselves up their dresses, and the scene can be better imagined than described.

I had now seen all that I cared to notice of Adelaide and South Australia, and I again bent my steps towards the Port to look for a ship bound to Melbourne. The *Maid of Auckland*, Captain

Shepherd, was the earliest named to sail for that place, and I paid £2 10s. for a steerage passage in her to Melbourne. She was a tidy little Sunderland-built barque, about 300 tons burthen, and a good sailer. Her cargo consisted of deals and passengers. She was advertised to sail on the 30th of August, and I took a farewell leave of the City of Adelaide on that day. I left it with feelings of regret. I experienced the greatest kindness from all whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay, and I can still look back to the few weeks I spent in this fine colony with pleasure and satisfaction. The day on which I left the City, the gold fever had partially subsided, and many of the people had returned from the diggings, which they found not so rich as represented, and they were looking out for passages to Melbourne. The weather was of that fine description so peculiar to Australia. There had been no rain for several days, and the roads and streets were dry and firm. None of the summer insects had awakened into active existence, and the atmosphere was so pure and bracing that it was utterly impossible to be low-spirited. I had spent six weeks of the pleasantest time of the year in this beautiful spot, and all the impressions that I had received of both the country and the people during that time, were of the most pleasing and favourable description. If this colony continues to progress in the same ratio that it has done during



the last seven years, in seven years more it will hardly be surpassed by any country in the world, for the comforts and conveniences of civilized life.

A railway had been in agitation to connect the Port with the City, and when once this is carried into effect, it will greatly increase the prosperity of both places. The ground is of the best description for making a railway. The engineering difficulties to be encountered are few, and the people can soon find plenty of money to accomplish this desirable object. If labour were somewhat more plentiful, it would soon be effected.

As I was turning the corner of Leigh-street into Hindley-street for the last time, I met with a fellow passenger, Mr. O'Ryan, a young Irishman, who had been a graduate in Dublin College, and had injured his health by a too close application to his studies. He was a profound mathematician, and had just been appointed to the Professorship of Mathematics in Adelaide College, with a salary of £250 per annum. He was delighted with the colony, and his health had been completely restored by the change of climate. I went with him to buy a tassel for his professor's cap, and we parted with many sincere and earnest wishes for each other's prosperity. When we arrived at the Port, the majority of the passengers were very unsteady indeed. The *Maid of Auckland* was lying in that part of the harbour which is shut in by gates, and she was not

ready for sea till two days after the time appointed. I slept on board the vessel this night. The ship was swarming with rats, and I was awakened several times during the night by their running over me. There were two rows of berths on the 'tween decks, running fore and aft, nearly the whole length of the ship, and the middle part was filled with deals, which were piled up in the centre, to form a table for the passengers to dine upon. The rats kept racing about the whole night, and there was very little rest to be had. It may be truly said that travelling as well as poverty, makes one "acquainted with strange bedfellows." During the day my time was chiefly spent in a comfortable eating-house not far from the patent slip, and kept by a loquacious cockney called Tom King, who made excellent preparations and only charged one shilling for each meal. The way in which he discoursed about his roast beef, boiled beef, and corned beef, would have rejoiced the hearts of many of his brethren in the city which had given him birth. On the discovery of gold at Oukiperinga, he had written out an advertisement, and placed it in his window, recommending his *cuisine* to the diggers. It is needless to say that his style of composition set at defiance all the rules of Lindley Murray and Cobbett. The advertisement was headed, "Important to gold-diggers about to set out for the new gold-field !!! Tom King has cooked his celebrated

diggers' dinner, all who are about to proceed to the new gold-field ought to avail themselves of this opportunity to carry with them some of his celebrated corned beef and other excellent dishes of his celebrated cookery, which cannot be equalled by any similar establishment in the colony. God save Tom King!" This, as well as I can remember, was the chief purport of his advertisement. He was prospering rapidly, and was likely in a few years to take a high standing in the colony.

The patent Slip at Port Adelaide is the largest in Australia. The *Washington*, from Glasgow, a ship of nearly one thousand tons burthen, was on it repairing.

When I was on board the *Maid of Auckland*, on the afternoon of the second day, a rather amusing incident took place between the second mate and a person who came to inquire for the captain, which may give those not acquainted with this colony some idea of the respect paid to masters of ships in this part of the world. The second mate was below in the 'tween decks doing something among the cargo, and the person asked him, "Is the captain on board?" "No," was the answer, "he's gone ashore." "What sort of a man is he? Would I be able to know him from any description of him that you could give me?" "Yes, did you ever see an old man kangaroo?" "Yes." "Well, then, look out for a man resembling that animal as much

as possible, and you cannot be mistaken!" The second mate's comparison was by no means a bad one; the captain was a man about the middle size with light red hair and whiskers, and his eyes were both very much inflamed and red at the time, which added still more to the resemblance. The old man kangaroo is the name given to the larger male animals of this species. Some of them are nearly seven feet high. When they are so large as this, they are very formidable, and sometimes inflict serious wounds with their long claws upon the large dogs employed in their capture and destruction.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, the *Maid of Auckland* was ready for sea. All the passengers were on board, and the pilot had taken his place upon the poop. The moorings were let go, and our little barque moved slowly from the quay into the middle of the stream, where she was taken in tow by the steam-tug belonging to the port. There were above eighty passengers in the steerage, twenty in the second cabin, and a dozen in the chief cabin. There were English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Germans, French, and one Russian Fin, named Charley, a fine handsome fellow, and a sailor. He had been living in the neighbourhood of Encounter bay, for fifteen years, and was completely colonised. He was a tall muscular man, exceeding six feet high, with light brown hair, and

a contour of face, decidedly British. He spoke the English language with a trifling foreign accent. There was a native of the Isle of France, who had been in the colony some four years. He was a sallow complexioned thin man, with straight black hair, and had a very imperfect knowledge of our language, but he was very proud of being called an Englishman. His mate, who was travelling with him to the diggings, had been a merchant's clerk in London, and had lived in the colony the same length of time. They both owned a considerable amount of property in the colony, where they had been neighbours. This little craft was manned by some of the finest seamen I ever looked on. They could handle her like a toy. She had all the good properties of a ship that sailors delight in; "she steered like a dolphin, and sailed like a witch." The galley for the second cabin and steerage passengers was built, Australian-fashion, with bricks, and iron bars across the fire, to set the pans and kettles upon. An old man from the Burra Burra Copper Mines, was engaged by the captain to cook, instead of paying for his passage. Several drunken sailors accompanied us down the creek, and kept sky-larking and running about the ship till one of them fell overboard. There was a boat alongside, and he caught hold of it. Charley, the Fin, was down in the boat in an instant, and lifted him into it by the shoulder, with as much ease as if he

had been a child. The cold bath he had received, and the dread of the sharks that frequent the place, brought him to his senses. He was sober enough when he got on board again. The steam-tug took us a considerable way down the creek, and then departed to bring some other vessels that were coming up the gulf. We dropped anchor in nine fathoms water, and remained there till late in the evening, when the tug came again and towed us out into the gulf, where we stayed till noon the next day. The captain and the remainder of the cabin passengers came on board at that hour, the anchor was again got up, and the sails bent to the wind. It was a delightful day, and there was a fine breeze blowing right down the gulf.

We were soon going on at a rapid rate with all sail set, and the wind right aft. There were a dozen live sheep on board, half a carcass of beef, suspended from the mizenmast, and several dozens of ducks and other fowls, in pens, upon the poop. These were part of the provisions; the rest included potatoes and other vegetables, and biscuit. The tea and sugar was of the very worst description, and the old man made such anti-Soyer preparations that not many of the passengers would eat what he cooked. I was once apprehensive that the old fellow was going to produce a riot amongst us with his messes. When the dinner was served out on this day, some of the most disaffected surrounded

the galley, and threatened to expel him from his office if he did not do better. I employed what little influence I had in trying to pacify them, and the ship's cook and the steward assisted me in helping to get the old man out of his difficulties. When peace was restored, he came and thanked me for my interference in his behalf, and told me to go to the galley when he had anything nice, and I should have a share of it, but I never availed myself of this privilege.

We sailed rapidly past the different objects on the shores of the gulf. There is fine deep water along the north coast of the gulf, free from any impediments to navigation. We soon sighted Kangaroo island, and by seven in the evening we were through the Backstairs Passage, and out into the open sea. Before midnight the land was invisible, and we saw no more of South Australia. Some sailors who had berths near to mine kept singing till near morning: there were animated conversations going on in the steerage, in so many different tongues, that the place seemed a perfect Babel. The next day was fine, but no land was in sight. We caught several baracouta, a long black looking fish, which is plentiful in these seas, and is excellent eating. They were cooked in a first rate style by some of the sailors, and they afforded us an agreeable variety to our other provisions.

### CHAPTER III.

Strong Breeze..The Rudder Chains foul..Cape Otway..Sick Passenger..Breakfast..Appearance of the Land..Port Philip Heads..Appalling Night Scene..Getting up the Anchor.. Australian Steamer..Scenery of Hobson's Bay..At Anchor opposite Williamstown..Thunder Storm at Night..Chusan Steamer..Duke of Bedford..Arrival at Sandridge..Incidents on the Road to Melbourne..Canvass Town..Sticking in the Mud.. Lodgings..Tankard's Temperance Hotel..Tankard..Tame Maggie..Diggers..Anecdote..Melbourne..Description of Streets..Nuisances..Desperate Characters..Dread of a Pestilence..Mortality..Croft the Undertaker..A young Widow..View of the City..Milk Cows..Policemen..Yarra Yarra River..My Lodgings..Smither's, the Cook of the Anna..Crew of the Anna..Wages of Compositors..Henry Howard Dodds..Provisions.. Labour..Wages..Rents..New Houses..Steamers..One-horse Carts..Horses and Cattle..Social and Moral Condition of the People..Robberies..Gold..Flunder's Lane..Scenes in the Theatre..Digger's Weddings..Fast Men..Nuisance at my Lodgings..Day Dream and Musings about the Future Melbourne..Dog Fights..Robbery at Mr. Grants..Nocturnal Visit of Two Robbers to my Lodgings..Daylight Attempt to Rob in Great Collin's Street..Condition of the Working Man..Climate..Advice to Emigrants..Gold Diggings..Leaving Melbourne..Nuisances on the River..Gipsy Steamer..Shamrock Steamer..Fight about Bertha..City of Manchester..Sailing down the Bay..Wreck of the Isabella Watson and Conside Steamer..Out at Sea..A Case of Delirium Tremens..Sea Sickness--Irish Girl..Gold Digger..Black Cook..The Irish Girl's Choice.

TOWARDS evening the breeze began to freshen, and it was necessary to put the vessel under close-reefed topsails. By midnight it was blowing a perfect gale, and there was a very heavy sea running. Shortly afterwards I heard a tremendous uproar and pattering of feet upon the deck. The rudder chains



had got foul, and in a few minutes the ship would have been taken by lee ; and the consequences of her getting into that position under the then circumstances might have been most serious. The captain had some of his fingers nearly severed in assisting to put the chain right. Our little barque behaved well while she was in this perilous condition. Not even the spray of a sea broke over her bulwarks ; she seemed to ride through the danger that threatened her, "like a thing of life." At daylight we were a few miles beyond Cape Otway, and long stretches of the far-famed Australia Felix could be seen upon our lee-bow. The waves were still running high, and the sky looked angry towards the west. Many of the passengers were sick. A young man from Adelaide, who had not been at sea since his infancy, occupied a berth next to mine, and he kept groaning and vomiting all night, and seemed quite paralysed with fear. He made the most extravagant promises to some young sailors if they would take care of him. He was frequently told to keep up his heart, as there was no danger, but his only answer to these assurances of safety was— "Oh ! dear, I wish I was once more upon dry land. No one will ever catch me in a ship after I get out of this one." The poor fellow was doubtless as bad as he could be, he had not eaten any thing for two days ; but so robust was his appearance that his sufferings excited little sympathy.

I went to the galley early in the morning to see what preparations were going on for breakfast. During the fore-part of the night previous, before the sea got up and the vessel began to roll, the old cook had taken his part in the evening concert by singing "Highland Mary," but he was then discouraging music of a very different description. He was suffering from sea-sickness which did not in the least incline me to partake of his culinary preparations, and I went below to Charley, the Fin, and several other young sailors, we borrowed a large pan from the ship's cook, got some pieces of fresh mutton, cut them small, and put them along with some onions and water into the pan. After this we peeled potatoes, cut them in slices, and filled the pan as full as it would boil without any of the contents being lost by the rolling of the ship. The pan was then placed upon the fire, and in the course of two hours we had four gallons of excellent lobsouse. The saucepan, with its smoking contents was taken below, and placed among the deals in a way that it could not upset. Our neighbours shared with us, and we seated ourselves in a circle, with spoon and pannikin, around our savoury mess, and made an excellent breakfast. We continued to make lobsouse three times a day during the voyage, and before its close many followed our example.

The wind began to fall off at noon, and by two

o'clock the sea had subsided to a gentle swell. There was a steady breeze blowing right aft. The weather had become fine and clear. The sea rises suddenly along the Australian coasts, and goes down as abruptly. We were sufficiently near land to see the surf breaking along the shore. The country in some parts seemed to be thickly wooded, and the large boles of the white gum-trees stood out in bold relief from the sides of the hills, and in the reflection of the bright sunlight that shone upon them, looked like the hoary columns of some vast unfinished temples of the sun. In other places the land was covered with an almost impenetrable scrub, and indented along the shore by many small bays and coves. Here and there the sand upon the shore appeared as white as snow, and was dazzling to the eye. In other parts it was of a bright red colour, and the cliffs and bold land beyond looked as though they had recently passed under the action of fire. About five o'clock we sighted Port Philip Heads. We could distinctly see the opening into the bay, as well as several ships that were coming out. The breeze continued steady, and we expected to be at anchor within the Heads before sunset. We had scarcely got fairly between the Heads when the sun went down, the sky became clouded, and we were speedily immersed in total darkness.

Sunsets in Australia differ widely from those at

home. The twilight there is so short, that to a new comer the darkness sets in so abruptly as to be quite startling. Just as we got into the narrows the wind dropped suddenly off, and there was a dead calm. A strong tide was running out of the bay. The vessel would not obey the helm, and we were left in the middle of the tideway to the mercy of the waves. Immediately before this Point Lonsdale light was seen upon the port bow, and then upon the starboard; a minute or two later it was seen right amid-ships, and it was evident that the vessel was drifting ashore. This was the darkest night I ever saw in Australia, and the roaring of the ocean was terrific. On one side, rose the black looking reefs of Point Nepean, over which the white-topped waves were surging and lashing themselves into fury; and on the other the dark outline of Point Lonsdale seemed every moment to loom nearer upon us. Breathless silence reigned in the ship. At length it was broken by the word of command from the captain—"Let go the anchor!" A few hammer strokes liberated the anchor, and soon fourteen fathoms of chain ran through the hawse-holes, but the anchor did not touch the bottom. The passengers rushed from below, and ran wildly about the deck. More chain was paid out, and at last the anchor rested upon the bottom and held fast. The waves continued to dash and surge about our little barque, around which all was

dark and threatening. Between thirty and forty fathoms of chain had passed through the hawse hole, and we rode safely through the perils of this awful night where no vessel ever cast anchor before without being wrecked. At daylight the water was as smooth as a mill-pond. On Point Nepean, the remains of the wreck of the *Isabella Watson* were visible. She was an emigrant ship from London, which had become unmanageable in a gale of wind blowing upon a lee shore, and had run upon this reef on a night, dark as the one we had just experienced. The passengers and crew were saved, but the principal part of her cargo was either lost or seriously damaged. A great quantity of type for the *Melbourne Argus* was buried in the deep. Further up the bay, beyond the light-house, two smaller vessels had foundered, and only the tops of their masts could be seen. Beyond these, towards the east, lay the *Fantome* man-of-war brig, with her long pennant streaming in the morning breeze.

A gentle breeze sprang up, and the anchor was ordered to be raised. The sailors did not at once obey, and a serious altercation took place between them and the commander, during which the most abusive language was used on both sides. At last the captain threatened to send to the *Fantome* for assistance, and so soon as the men perceived that he was in earnest, they wound up the anchor. The captain's wife accompanied him, and no small

share of invective fell to her lot when he resumed his place on the poop and was out of hearing. Captain's wives are not generally popular at sea among the crew. The sailors say that they soon get a sea face upon them, and begin to interfere with the working and management of the ship; and however gallant Jack may be towards the fair sex when ashore, he cannot brook their interference at sea. I do not think that Mrs. Shepherd interfered. She seemed a quiet kind woman, and made herself very agreeable to all the passengers. But the sight of a woman in the cabin, bearing any relation to the captain, is a theme of sufficient importance for Jack to hang a string of abuses upon. When we were abreast of the lighthouse, a pilot came on board to conduct us up the bay. After sailing two miles farther up we again dropped anchor; the wind had fallen off, and the pilot wished to take advantage of the tide which was just beginning to turn. The weather was now beautiful, and an extensive prospect of wood and water lay before us. The residences of the pilots are charmingly situated near the lighthouse, and are completely sheltered from the south wind by the high land on Point Lonsdale. Point Nepean is almost destitute of vegetation; it is composed of red-looking earth and sand on the side next the bay. The shores of the bay, as far as the sight can reach, are covered with a bright green scrub. The channel is buoyed

several miles up from the Heads, as the navigation in that part is very perilous. The extreme width of Port Phillip bay is between sixty and seventy miles, and the distance from the Heads to Williamstown is between forty and fifty. Geelong is on the west side of the bay, and Dandenong on the east. Far ahead could be seen the summit of Mount Macedon, and the gold-bearing ranges near Mount Alexander. The *Australian* steamer now made her appearance, and attracted much attention, as she was the second steamer that had disturbed these waters, of the line then being established by the Australian Company to run direct from home. She passed within hailing distance, and was soon out of sight on her way to Adelaide.

By this time the tide was running strongly up the bay, and the anchor was again got up, but the wind remained light, and we made little progress. The wind did not increase during the day, and the pilot kept walking about upon the poop looking anxious and whistling for more—a habit the pilots acquire from their constantly watching the changes in the atmosphere. The sails were covered with thousands of small mosquitoes, and kept flapping against the masts. A slight puff would sometimes steady them for a few minutes, and then drop off again. At five o'clock in the evening, we were still a considerable way from Hobson's Bay, near Williamstown, where all the large vessels lay at anchor.

Dark masses of clouds began to rise towards the south-east and approach us rapidly. At sunset, we were four miles from the shore and a long remove from the nearest ships. It was nearly as dark as the preceding night, and the night-clouds came on if possible more suddenly. The pilot was a timid man, and the captain could not induce him to convoy us more than a mile and a half farther when he dropped anchor. Hardly had the anchor reached the bottom when a terrific thunder-storm burst over us. So near was it that scarcely any time elapsed between the flash and the sound of the explosion. At intervals, for an hour, broad flashes of sheet lightning illumined the bay, and presented a scene alternately terrific and grand. The illumination of cities could not be compared to it. There were more than one hundred ships lying at Hobson's Bay, some of them very large ones; and there were lights visible in all from either the cabin windows, or some part of their decks. Each succeeding flash disclosed to our view every rope and spar in the riggings of the various vessels distinctly, and then left all dark again save the light from the lighthouse at Williamstown and on the vessels. The effect of these quick dissolving views and natural magic of the heavens was grand in the extreme. The rain descended in streams. Two hours later the storm had passed away, and at midnight the stars were shining upon the placid waters



of the bay, and not a cloud veiled the sky. At daylight we found ourselves more than two miles from the shore. Several very large ships in the bay had not landed their passengers. Some of them had fevers and other epidemic diseases on board, and they were under quarantine. Two small steamers were winding their way among the vessels, and chequered flags (the steamers' signal) were hoisted upon four or five different ships at once, that wanted to send their passengers on shore. The chequered flag was hoisted upon our ship, but we were so far out that none of the steamers seemed inclined to approach us. Two boats from Williamstown at length came, and offered to land twenty or thirty of us upon Liardit's Beach at Sandridge for 5s. each. This offer only tempted the captain, myself, and another passenger. The others insisted that the captain ought to convey them to the shore at his own cost. The ship was in a filthy state, and I was too glad of this opportunity to escape. We pushed away towards the shore, staying on our way near a large ship to take in two more passengers. This vessel had just finished landing her passengers, and there was a stream of bedding, water-tins, bottles, and other rubbish, exceeding a mile in length, floating away from her down the bay, and several of her crew were discharging large quantities of that sort of *débris* from her port holes. She was of North

American build, and had a thin sheathing of wood upon her bottom, up to above the water mark. This was to answer the purpose of copper. This wood was fastened on with large copper nails. The owner of our boat said he had examined these nails, and he found them to be only pieces of copper little more than an inch in length, driven in upon the heads of iron nails. We passed under the stern of the *Chusan* steamer. This was the first steamer from home that pioneered the way for the magnificent steam-ships that followed her a few months after. Her beautiful model and sailing properties elicited the admiration of the colonists, and so highly was she esteemed in Sydney, that the people there called her the "*Chosen*." The *Duke of Bedford*, a large ship from London, was lying nearly opposite Liardit's Pier. She had been fitted up for a board and lodging ship, and I was told the speculation answered very well. Melbourne was so dreadfully crowded that many people were glad to avail themselves of a home upon the waters. When the boat came to the pier one of the boatmen pitched my luggage out upon the sand with as little ceremony as if it had been ballast, and I accelerated my departure in order to avoid being thrown after it. There was so much employment for the boatmen, that they treated men with little more respect than their luggage, after they had got the fare. Sandridge owns a very good inn,

kept by Liardit, a Frenchman and one of the early colonists; there are also several large stores and shops. It bids fair, owing to its situation, to become a place of great importance. Its distance from Melbourne is a little over two miles, but the road was execrable. I had not made much way before a heavy shower of rain overtook me; I sought shelter under a large gum-tree by the roadside; and while standing there, two fierce-looking men approached from the direction of Canvass Town. I was dressed in a large blue over-coat and a pair of strong boots that nearly reached to the knee. This dress gave me rather a bulky appearance. They came within a few paces, and looked first at me and then at the luggage. I had often heard of travellers awing the brute creation by a steadfast gaze, and I thought I would try its effect upon these two ferocious-looking specimens of humanity. My right hand was in one of the capacious pockets of the over-coat, and they possibly imagined that a revolver might be lurking there ready to argue on the subject of *meum et tuum* between them and me; and as I had passed through so many rough scenes during the previous months, I was insensible to fear. They were dressed in the digger's costume—strong boots reaching to the knee, long blue smocks, and black rustic hats—and neither of them had been shaved for a long time. I stood close to the tree, and looked firmly at them

without either speaking or moving a muscle of my face, and I observed that they did not fancy my appearance or the position I had assumed; for they gave a significant look at each other, as much as to say—"This fellow is not the right kind of game for us," and then walked rapidly away in the direction of St. Kilda, leaving me to pursue my journey unmolested. I learnt after reaching Melbourne that there was good reason for apprehending that they meant no good towards me, as they were two out of a gang of ten who had lately arrived at Sydney, and had commenced knocking people down and robbing them on the road as soon as they landed. The neighbourhood of the very tree where I had been standing had been the scene of their earliest exploits. The others had been apprehended, but these two remained at large. The shower being over, I walked leisurely towards Melbourne. Several women were wandering amongst a number of tents that stood on a hill to the right, and when within a short distance of Prince's bridge, which spans the Yarra Yarra river, over which I had to pass to get into Melbourne, some of these women came towards me. They were fresh arrivals. Several of them were weeping, and their husbands were trying to console them. This place had the appearance of a regular encampment. Tents made of canvass and brown calico were planted over a considerable space of ground. This suburb was

then called Canvass Town, but since then it has been named Emerald Hill. My mind was more occupied by the distressing scenes before me than with the state of the road, until I was suddenly (as the sailors say) "brought up all standing," by stepping nearly up to the waist in a mud-hole on the road. My head was crowned with that most uncomfortable finish to the dome of the outward man which Englishmen wear at home not to be singular, but which many of them condemn as being one of the most absurd pieces of head-gear that ever was invented. I mean the black cylindrical-shaped hat, made of silk and pasteboard. I had often before been annoyed by this piece of head-dress, but never so much as on that occasion; for in struggling to extricate myself from the mud which stuck to me like glue, my hat tumbled into a pool of water, and a puff of wind arising at the same time, carried it beyond my reach. I had to flounder about in the mud and water for nearly ten minutes before I could regain my head-piece. By that time I was not much inclined to sympathize with the dwellers in tents, and when fairly released my feelings were the antipodes of anything sentimental. I was nearly covered with mud from head to foot, a portion of which I removed before crossing the bridge, but I neither before nor since entered any place in such a plight as I did the city of Melbourne on the 7th of September, 1852.

I inquired respecting the state of the City, of a policeman, and he intimated that I might deem myself very lucky, if I got a place of any kind, or at any price, to put myself in for the night. I was told that £5 had been offered for a bed, by some parties, a few evenings before, who failed to procure it even for that sum. I proceeded up the street leading from the bridge, till I arrived near the Hospital in Lonsdale-street, where Tankard's temperance hotel is situate. A person in Adelaide had given me one of Tankard's cards, with the privilege of using his name, if I found any difficulty in obtaining lodgings there. He had been staying at Tankard's a few weeks previous, and was an intimate friend of his. I reached this place at one p.m., they were commencing dinner. A young girl in waiting directed me to a seat, where I might partake with the rest. The dinner was very substantial. It included roast beef and mutton, a stew of some kind, potatoes, and other vegetables. About eighty sat down. There were two large rooms in the front of the hotel, which were separated by a moveable partition. This partition was removed during meal-times, and a long table, or a series of tables placed the whole length of the double apartment. Both rooms were well furnished; and there was a good library, which was free to any one staying at the place. The lodgers were nearly all young men, who had been brought up to a profession;

there were not more than three mechanics, and about as many tradesmen among them. On the removal of the cloth, several of the guests went into the garden fronting the hotel, to amuse themselves with a tame magpie that hopped about the walks, and had been taught to ask—"Who are you?" These words were all it could say, but they were pronounced distinctly, and when it came hopping towards a stranger, asking the important question, "Who are you?" it was extremely amusing. When I asked Tankard whether he could provide me a bed for the night, I was answered in no very encouraging terms. He was a small man, apparently fifty years of age, and might, from his look and air whilst addressing me, have been a stump-orator at some period of his existence. My appearance, doubtless, produced an unfavourable impression upon him, covered as I was with dry mud, which I had been unable to remove. He told me the place was quite full, and that I could not be accommodated. It was quite evident that it was useless for me to say any more without availing myself of the privilege granted to me by the friend in Adelaide. I accordingly told him that I had been recommended to his place by a friend of his, Mr. Pearce of Adelaide. The mention of this name acted upon him like a talisman, and was the "open sesame" for me into his good graces. "What! do you know Mr. Pearce

of Adelaide?" "Yes." "Well then, we will see what we can do for you." The stamp tone vanished in an instant, and I was introduced by him to his wife and family in a private sitting-room. There were three young women in the room, who I thought might be his daughters, and who with the mother, made themselves very agreeable. They were much interested in any thing I related about Mr. Pearce, and after several inquiries about his position in Adelaide, they saw that I was really well acquainted with him, and made arrangements for me to stay that night. I paid seven shillings, my name was then written in a book, and I had to answer to it when the roll was called at nine o'clock to secure my bed. These stringent regulations were necessary to preserve order in a place where there were so many people. All the rooms in the house, and even the verandahs were converted into sleeping-places during the night. Strong pieces of canvass with rings fastened upon them were passed along the fronts of the verandahs, and attached to hooks so that they could be removed during the day-time. Beds were arranged as closely as they would permit with any degree of comfort to the sleepers. A bed was provided for me in one of the least crowded rooms in the place, and I retired to rest at ten o'clock. I required no anodyne to make me sleep; "tired nature's sweet



restorer" came in its most pleasing and refreshing guise and steeped me in entire forgetfulness.

The next day I went to stay with Mr. Grant, draper, in Queen street. I walked about all day looking at the city, and the scenes presented by the gold-diggers and emigrants. Elizabeth street, Great Collins street, and Great Bourke street, were each of them as crowded with people as Oxford street or the Strand in London on the busiest time of the day. Crowds of people were coming from every steamer that arrived at the wharfs from the bay, with their swags upon their backs ready to start for the diggings; and multitudes were hourly arriving from the diggings with long beards and sunburnt faces. Many of these rough-looking men represented a capital of several thousand pounds sterling, which had been acquired in a few months. Sailors, taken as a body, seemed to have had the most luck at the diggings. One sailor who had been in the gold-fields for three months, amassed an amount of wealth that astonished himself and those who were acquainted with him. He was sitting in a public-house frequented by masters of ships requiring men. One of the captains asked him—"Do you want a ship?" "Yes," said Jack, "I do. What will you take for her? I'll buy her, if you like," at the same time convincing the captain by the cheques and notes which he produced, that he was in a position to do so.

Distressing scenes were often witnessed upon the wharfs among the new arrivals from home, who had been accustomed to live in comfortable houses. Numbers of them had brought much furniture, expecting to find houses as commodious as those they had left, wherein to place their goods when they landed. Much of this valuable furniture has to be sold immediately at an immense sacrifice; so great was the charge for warehouse room, that not even the most precious family relics, that had belonged to past generations at home, could be saved.

Melbourne is in some respects, better laid out than Adelaide, but the vanishing points of the streets cannot be compared to those of the latter city for fine scenery. All the streets intersect each other at right angles. Great Bourke, Great Collins, Queen, Lonsdale, and Elizabeth streets, are very fine ones. Handsome inns, second-rate public-houses and shops abound in these streets. Some of the shops in Great Collins street are hardly surpassed by those in Regent-street, London. Great Bourke-street, which is the longest, is two miles in length, and double the width of Oxford-street. There are several narrow streets, most objectionable in a sanitary point of view, but they afford convenient facilities for passing to the larger thoroughfares. Some of these streets and lanes were so muddy and filthy as to be scarcely

passable: Flinders-lane and Chancery-lane came under this category. The former was notorious for furnishing a large contingent to the police reports, of acts of violence and robberies committed in its vicinity. The carriage-ways and foot-paths were in a most dilapidated condition. In a few of the streets abortive attempts had been made at sewage and placing kerb-stones to the foot-paths; but the mouths of the sewers were soon blocked up with filth, and the kerb-stones nearly buried in the mud. There could not be a more filthy city in the world than Melbourne was at that time. It was un-scavengered, unwatered, and unlit, except by the lamps above the doors of the inns and public-houses, as in Adelaide. Sheep's heads, plucks, and other kinds of offal, were lying in a partially decomposed state in the mud-holes by the sides of the streets. The stench from these fetid accumulations was intolerable, and you could scarcely walk anywhere in the City without having your olfactories saluted by the horrible odours emitted from the carcasses of animals and other nuisances. Near the cemetery, which is only half a mile from the city, dead cows and calves with their skins on were lying in a putrefying condition, and when the wind set in from that direction the atmosphere was perfectly pestilential. One fine Sunday evening, I strolled out towards the Flagstaff, to hear some itinerant preachers who were addressing a congregation on

the Hill, but the wind blowing from the cemetery was so intolerable that the preachers were silenced and their auditors quickly dispersed. How Melbourne was unvisited by plague or malignant fever, was to most of the medical men there perfectly inexplicable. Many of them had indeed predicted typhus fever, or some other terrible disease, as soon as the hot weather set in, but their prophecies remain as yet unfulfilled, although bad roads and the nuisances referred to are still sources of complaint. This speaks volumes for the salubrious situation of the city and the purity of the atmosphere in Australia. There were certainly many deaths registered each week, and the hospital was crowded, but the mortality was almost without exception caused by *excessive drinking*, the exposures and privations consequent on gold-digging, or illness contracted on shipboard during the voyage from home. Any person with a sound constitution, by not indulging too freely in eating or drinking, might enjoy good health. Fortunately for the human race, when man becomes so filthy about his habitations as to endanger his existence, in some countries nature provides for him scavengers of a very annoying description, but without which he could not live. In Australia, these scavengers are ants and flies. During hot weather they come forth in millions, and plant colonies in every carcass and piece of refuse thrown in their

way. This soon divests such matter of its noxious properties. A dead cow or horse does not remain many hours near an ant-hill without being stripped of every particle of flesh by these industrious anatomists.

I frequently met with an old undertaker called Croft, in Grant's shop, who gloated over the idea of a fever or a pestilence in the city during the heat of summer. He was said to be a Vandemonian, but be what he may, he always seemed to me the incarnation of a ghoul or vampire. He was small, and was always dressed in a seedy suit of black cloth. His complexion was of the most cadaverous description; his eyes were of a dark grey colour, and so penetrating that they always seemed to be looking as far as possible into the "house of life" of the person he was addressing, in order to see if the occupant was likely to quit the tenement quickly, as he desired employment. His nose was long and straight, as sharp as a lance; and his mouth was pursed up, as if to prevent any vitality escaping into those whom he wished to become his customers. He had the government contract for interring those who died in the hospital and had no friends to bury them; and when he sat upon the hearse, with his head bent forward as if looking into futurity after the departed ghost of the body he had behind him, he was no unapt illustration of the Angel of Death going forth on an errand of destruction.

There was a beautiful young widow with Grant, whose husband, a few weeks before I went there, had died from the effects of hardship and exposure at the diggings. Old Croft's remarks always sent her from the shop in tears. When he had gone, she would return saying—"I wish that old man would never come again! when he speaks so lightly of the dead, he little knows the lone hearts they leave behind them." Her husband was brother to Mrs. Grant, and she was living with his father and mother, who occupied a part of Grant's house. Kinder people I never met in any of my wanderings.

The best view of the city may be obtained from the high ground near the Flagstaff. The surrounding country is level, and in some places thickly wooded. All the land near the city has that fine park-like appearance, when viewed from an eminence, which is peculiar to this part of Australia. Great numbers of milch cows roam on this park land, their owners paying nothing for the privilege. The milk and butter obtained from these cows are not comparable with those sold in Adelaide for richness. The animals, however, seemed in point of breed, to be superior to those at Adelaide, and the herbage is quite as rich as that of South Australia.

A splendid prospect of Hobson's Bay, with all the vessels lying at anchor, can be seen from Flagstaff Hill. The shores of the bay in the direction of

Geelong, are thickly covered with a kind of scrub called tea-tree, somewhat like our cypress, and the white houses which peep out here and there from the dark masses of green foliage on the other side of the bay, in the vicinity of Brighton and St. Kilda, add much to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. Look in what direction you may, you are impressed with the immensity of the region and its vast capabilities for sustaining animal life. The natural harbour to Melbourne is an inland sea, and thousands of acres of the richest soil in the world only await the hand of the husbandman to make it yield abundance for both man and beast.

Melbourne itself is a wonderful place considering the short time it has been in existence; many of its public buildings are handsome and commodious, the places of worship especially. The Roman Catholic church in Lonsdale-street, is a fine building, and so is the Wesleyan chapel in Queen-street. The church called St. Peter's, in Great Bourke-street, stands in a wide open space, and has a low railing round it. Inside the railing there are gravel walks and neatly-trimmed grass-plots, with everything in good order. This building belongs to the Church of England. The Roman Catholics have laid the foundation-stone of a splendid cathedral in Collinwood, about half a mile from St. Peter's, and there are places of worship belonging to nearly all denominations of christians.

Melbourne stands partly upon two hills, and Elizabeth-street runs the whole length of the valley between them. The Post-Office was too small for the wants of the population, and it was so crowded during business hours that there was scarcely any approaching it. The Police were an ineffective body, the greater part of them being either lame or unhealthy. Scarcely one in ten would have been able to stand a five minutes' brush with an unruly prisoner, and a strong man need not have been afraid of half a dozen of them. The government was much to blame for this state of things as well as for the dirty state of the public roads. The ordinary policemen were only receiving ten shillings per day, too small a sum to induce efficient men to accept an office of that kind, when there were so many other employments at which they could earn far more money. The same wages and rations were given to men working on the public roads, and a few shillings more per day would have induced many to remain in Melbourne as scavengers. The city might have been kept thoroughly clean by thirty men, constantly employed, and their cost would have been a mere drop in the bucket out of the large sums which government was daily deriving from the gold fields.

The water brought into Melbourne from the Yarra Yarra river was the worst I ever tasted in Australia. It was occasionally as thick as pea-soup;



and yet, the water in the river above the bridge seemed clear, and that sold in the city was supposed to be brought from that neighbourhood. The water-carriers, however, were in no way particular; so long as it was water, they cared little from whence it came. Some of these men were making upwards of £3 per day, and anyone who could raise money enough to purchase a horse and water-cart, and had perseverance enough to follow that kind of employment, was in a fair way of becoming independent.

The river Yarra Yarra rises in a rich country in Evelyn county, between forty and fifty miles S.E. of Melbourne. It receives in its course the waters of the Plenty, and several other small tributaries. It is about the same breadth at Melbourne as the Torrens at Adelaide, but much deeper. Vessels of 300 tons burthen can come up to the wharfs at Melbourne during the high tides. The scenery on its banks towards Richmond is charming; most of the trees are very large, and thousands of birds of the parrot species find shelter in their branches. There is a Botanical Garden in the vicinity of Richmond, which is laid out with much taste in a delightful situation, and containing many rare and curious plants peculiar to the Flora of Australia. Richmond and St. Kilda are lovely suburban retreats where wealthy citizens have their country houses. Some of these are fitted up with a degree

of elegance that reminded me of the residences of the wealthy in the county of Middlesex, near Hayes and Hanwell.

The third day, I went to reside at what was considered a very respectable lodging-house in Queen-street. It was kept by a Mr. Johnson, who considered he was bestowing a great favour in letting me lodge with him. There were several young men, compositors in the *Argus* office, living there at the same time, and others who followed various avocations in the city. Mrs. Johnson allowed none of her lodgers to be out after ten at night, and drinking and all kinds of immorality were discountenanced by her as much as possible. Here I first became acquainted with a "stretcher," which is a very convenient kind of bed, made by nailing a piece of canvass to two pieces of wood, about six feet long and three inches square, these rest upon legs made in the form of the letter  $\times$ , and are fastened at the crossings by an iron bolt, so as to allow them to separate as far as the canvass will permit. These "stretchers" I found to be very comfortable. I slept in a small room at the back, which had a window that opened into a large yard. The sill of this window was about twelve inches from the ground, and the window folded back from the middle, thus answering the double purpose of window and door. It was never fastened, simply because there was nothing

to fasten it with; and any of the lodgers who were out after the front door was locked had to climb over a high gate into the backyard and enter at this window. The beds and bed-rooms were as clean as circumstances would admit, and the other sanitary arrangements were unexceptionable. But the place was like an oasis in the midst of a desert of filth. The way into the backyard was through Chancery-lane, and it required a skilful pilot of these dirty places to reach the gate either night or day without sticking up to the knees in mud.

I had been four days in Melbourne before I learned anything respecting the *Anna*. On the fourth day I met with Smithers, who was then head cook at the Scottish Hotel in Great Bourke street. He had another "darkey" under him as an assistant, and they were both flourishing amazingly under the patronage of the gold-diggers. Smithers had cooked a dinner the day before for the marriage of a lucky gold-finder, and he had realized upwards of £4 for his services in that line, and by singing nigger songs. After he led me through his kitchen, and ordered his subordinate about his business, to show that he was "monarch of all he surveyed," he related all the particulars respecting himself and the crew of the *Anna*. The *Anna* did not leave the Gulf of St. Vincent till the morning after I left her. Sixteen of the crew refused to obey orders, and the passengers had to assist in

getting up the anchor and working the ship the remainder of the voyage to Melbournæ. There were many able seamen among the passengers, and all went on well till the third day after they left the gulf, when the weather became stormy and a heavy squall carried away the foresail. The sixteen refractory seamen were then requested to assist in getting the ship under sufficient canvass to stay her through the gale; but neither the entreaties of the captain nor the passengers could induce them to comply. In consequence of this disobedience the captain placed them in irons, and they were handed over to the authorities when the vessel arrived in Hobson's Bay. The magistrates in Williamstown eventually committed them to Melbournæ gaol for their insubordination. Smithers had done all in his power to assist in working the ship during the gale, the captain paid him his wages in full for the time he had been at sea, and gave him liberty to go wherever he liked.

The young men who lodged at Mr. Johnson's were very agreeable and well-informed, especially those employed on the *Argus* newspaper. Some of them had been at California and different parts of North and South America, and others in nearly all the explored parts of Australia. One of them, named Evans, a native of Sydney, was an extraordinary workman. He made nearly twice as much as any other compositor on the *Argus*. His wages

sometimes reached £14 per week. He always appeared well-dressed and respectable, and paid punctually for his lodgings, but the overplus was invariably squandered amid his boon companions at the public-houses and the theatre. He was little more than twenty years of age, of a slender make, and not more than five feet six inches in height. His movements were characterised by that restless, watch-spring sort of action peculiar to the natives of Sydney, and he was looked upon by his fellow-workmen, as a kind of composing phenomenon. A copy of the *Argus* was generally laid upon the breakfast-table every morning. One day, while looking over its police reports, my eye was arrested by the familiar name of Henry Howard Dodds, who had been brought before the magistrates with another as destitute as himself. The name of his companion was not known, but he called himself "Sugar and Cream." They were both described as being in a miserable condition, and quite insane. The bench sent them to the lunatic asylum. Poor Dodds had 1s. 6d. left when he was put on shore at Melbourne, and how he had subsisted up to that time was a mystery. I subsequently learnt that some friends in Edinburgh had sent him out to get rid of him, and that his brother paid his passage and gave him £9, all of which he spent on the voyage but 1s. 6d. His conduct and conversation on board ship showed that he had been brought up

respectably; and it certainly was an act of extreme cruelty, to banish to Melbourne a being so deplorably helpless as poor Dodds.

Provisions were dearer here than at Adelaide :—bread was 4½d. per lb.; butter 2s.6d.; cheese 3s.6d.; potatoes 4d.; apples 4d. each; oranges 6d. each; cabbages 4d. to 6d. each; board and lodging £1 5s. to £2 per week. The price of labour was double what it was in Adelaide :—washing 8s. per dozen; labourers 10s. per day and rations; butchers £3 10s. and £4 per week; carpenters £1 per day; bricklayers and masons £1 5s. per day; tailors and shoemakers £1 per day; shepherds, hut-keepers, and farm-servants, from £40 to 50 per year and rations; good female servants from £30 to 40 per year, with the privilege of almost doing as they liked. Such was the scarcity of female labourers, that all who wished to keep their servants had to be very careful how they used them. Many servant girls were far more independent, and had much more leisure time than their mistresses. Mrs. Grant had one, a tall fine-looking Irish girl, and an excellent domestic; but she had become so deeply imbued with the spirit of independence that prevailed in Melbourne, that she seldom asked leave to go about either business or pleasure; and her mistress was rarely aware of her intention to act the lady for the remainder of the day till she was

convinced by her presence in full dress, sometimes as early as two o'clock in the afternoon.

House rents were very high: £6 and £7 per week were given for houses with four rooms in some of the principal streets. There were great numbers of wooden houses in Collinwood that were erected in one week and let the next for £1 10s. and £2 per week. Scarcely any of these had more than two rooms. In some there was a kind of kitchen, but the greater part had no such convenience. The floor of these houses rested upon a platform which raised them about three steps above the ground, and the walls were made of half-inch planks nailed upon the framework, clinker fashion, that is, overlapping each other. The insides were sometimes lined with smooth boarding, when their owners were not in too great a hurry to get them let. Many of them, however, lacked this agreeable finish, and there were hundreds of people thankful to be allowed to occupy them in this imperfect condition, at enormous rents. Few of the builders aspired higher than one story, except in such houses as were for themselves, or the proprietors. Some of these were very neat and comfortable dwellings, having pannelled doors, large sash windows, and all the other *minutiae* belonging to those "who live at home at ease."

The Melbourne Green Market was badly supplied. Most of the potatoes, apples, and vegetables, were

brought from Launceston. A steamer and several small vessels traded regularly between that place and Melbourne. The *Shamrock* and *Yarra Yarra* steamers, from Sydney, were constantly plying, and by them the market was principally supplied with oranges and other fruit. The oranges were a very critical cargo; and frequently in spite of the high price given for them in Melbourne, it has failed to realize the anticipated profits of the speculator. All the finer kinds in New South Wales are allowed to remain on the trees till ripe, and when they are closely packed in boxes soon decay, therefore, when the voyage happens to be four or five days in duration, the loss is sometimes serious. The finest oranges may be purchased in Sydney for 8s. per dozen; the inferior kinds (much superior to the famous St. Michael's sold at home), for 3s. and 4s. per dozen.

Fire-arms were in great request, Colt's revolvers especially, and almost fabulous prices were offered for these weapons. The markets for some kinds of imported goods presented many difficulties to the speculator. Boots and shoes, and slop clothing, were fast falling in price, and there was every prospect of the market becoming glutted with that species of merchandise. Wood for house-building was in great demand, and one-horse carts and cart gear, and all kinds of saddlery sold at high prices. General dealers, of colonial experience, who had a



quick eye to business, were making large sums by trading in small carts constructed at Sydney. The cost of these at Sydney was from £8 to £10, and they sold in Melbourne for £15 or £20. They were light and strong, the sides and ends were each composed of one piece, and were firmly fastened together by stays and bolts. These carts were not adapted to carry more than than 10 or 12 cwt., but were found to answer much better than the heavy drays for the bad roads of Victoria, and more especially for those leading to the diggings.

Wines, ales, and all kinds of spirits, were in great demand. Wine and brandy sold at 1s. per glass; ales 6d.; and rum 8d. Tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, two articles in great request during the warm weather, could only be obtained in small quantities at either Melbourne or Sydney. Both these chemicals were selling at nearly two hundred per cent. profit.

The sales of land were not conducted on the same encouraging principles to those who wished to purchase small sections as in South Australia; and the system of agriculture was not so far advanced or on so extensive a scale as in Adelaide. There was not a sufficient quantity of land under cultivation to supply the wants of the rapidly increasing population, and large importations of corn were obliged to be made from Adelaide, Van

Djeman's Land, and New South Wales. There was, however, an abundance of sheep and cattle. The price of a good horse was about £60, but very serviceable animals might be had for £25 or £30. A pair of bullocks would cost from £18 to £20; a fat cow £5; and sheep from 6s. to 8s. each. There was as much room for improvement in all kinds of stock as in South Australia. Young animals of a good breed would remunerate anyone desirous of improving the cattle in Victoria. All who wish to become farmers and land-owners in that fine colony should look well to this.

The social and moral condition of the people was not half so bad as represented in Adelaide, and by the newspapers from home. It is, nevertheless, true, that robberies and murders have been committed in the streets of Melbourne, particulars of which never found their way into the newspapers. And these were owing to the inefficiency of the police. The cry of "murder!" has been often heard during the watches of the night; but the police so much dread the desperadoes who perpetrate these crimes that they dare not interfere. I was personally acquainted with several who were "stuck up" and robbed near their own doors. All the parties, however, were partially intoxicated at the time, and had been shewing their money in the public-houses—an imprudence which has led to many robberies. The exhibition of gold dust

and nuggets of immense value before villains who had just come from Sydney or Van Dieman's Land to do business after the fashion which made Old England too hot to hold them, was too great a temptation to be resisted. Gold was as common in Melbourne as gingerbread at a country fair, and almost every tenth person you met in the streets had gold dust or nuggets in his pocket. Wealth was rolling in by millions, and population by thousands every month. I may venture to say without fear of contradiction, that there is not a town in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of the same extent as Melbourne, which would not produce as dark, if not darker deeds, were it placed as suddenly in the same circumstances. The only wonder to me was, how so much order prevailed in such a mixed community, where gold was exposed in many shop windows, without protection, save a frail piece of glass. In some of the shops in Great Collin's street, I saw nuggets as large as my hand, and gold dust to the amount of several thousand pounds sterling, exhibited in the windows. The country people who came to do business in the city generally carried fire-arms. Several stayed at Mr. Johnson's while they were down, but they never attempted to go out after dark without ascertaining whether their pistols were in order. I frequently passed through the principal streets after dark without any such protection, and I was never

molested ; but I do not mean to say that it was either prudent or safe, unless a person was perfectly sober, and kept a sharp look out.

The most amusing case of street robbery that came under my cognizance, was the sticking up and knocking down of a quiet easy-going Scotch-shoemaker, who lodged with Mr. Johnson. One night near Flinders-lane he was victimized. After 16s. had been taken from his pockets, he was knocked down in the mud and had his boots pulled off. He was intoxicated, but this rough treatment restored him pretty well to his senses by the time he arrived at his lodgings. He represented that he was quietly walking along the street when some one suddenly emerged from a dark place and caught him by the throat, and held him till his pockets were rifled, after which another person with a stick rapped him on the head and knocked him sprawling into the dirt, and whilst he was floundering there, pulled off his boots and walked off with them. He was much in disgrace with Mrs. Johnson before this occurrence, owing to his dissipated habits, but this affair brought matters to a climax. She told him the morning after this adventure, while he was shewing his contusions, that he was a complete disgrace to the establishment, coming in as he did, drunk to every meal, with a pair of eyes like two bullets ready to jump out of their sockets, and she was determined to allow such proceedings no

longer. Accordingly he was allowed a few days to look out for other lodgings, and on the expiry of that time he was expelled without further ceremony. Mrs. Johnson was a truly kind woman to all who conducted themselves with propriety, and was strictly honest in all her dealings. There was not a similar establishment in Melbourne more orderly or better conducted than Mrs. Johnson's.

Such was the amazing amount of wealth which had fallen into the hands of the working classes, that society was turned upside down, and once for all in the history of the world (in point of wealth at least), "Jack was as good as his master," and in some cases far better. The diggers filled the boxes in the theatre, and no better accommodation than the pit or the gallery was left for those who had been accustomed to sit in the superior places. When the performances gave satisfaction to the occupants of the boxes, they did not shower bouquets of flowers upon the stage to encourage the actors, but they sent down half-crowns and shillings in a perfect shower upon the heads of the players. A favourite actor or actress often got a few small nuggets thrown at them by their admirers.

The weddings of the diggers surpassed anything I had seen in Adelaide, both for eating and drinking and the numbers in attendance. Conveyances of all kinds were pressed into the services of those who were just entering into the married state.

These were filled with men and women dressed in the gaudiest manner, and bedecked with trinkets and jewelry. Sometimes £400 or £500 have been spent before the honeymoon was half over, and at the end of that happy period many of the husbands had barely sufficient money left to carry them back to the diggings, while their wives were obliged to return to the washing-tub whence they were taken, and by which they could earn a good living till their husbands returned.

The consumption of intoxicating liquors was truly frightful, and there were numerous sudden deaths in consequence. Fast men cannot live long in Australia; strong drinks are as fatal there as in the East Indies. During my short stay at Melbourne I heard of many deaths resulting from excess in the use of intoxicating liquors. The tavern bills of the people of Melbourne must have been enormous, and the profits on the liquor traffic immense. Some of the publicans had realized thousands in a few months; and several of the leading innkeepers had £2000 or £3000 offered merely for the goodwill of their businesses, but not one was found willing to accept either of these offers. The time assuredly will come when the legislature shall be compelled to hedge in this dreadful traffic, if not abolish it altogether.

Between three and four o'clock one fine Sunday morning, I walked to the outskirts of the city. The

weather had been fine for several days, and the roads were dry and firm. The sky was clear and unclouded, and the sun rose with indescribable splendour. In my stroll I met with not even a single individual. Melbourne was silent as a deserted city. Cows were ruminating under the trees upon the Domain, looking the very picture of contentment. Both time and place were peculiarly favourable for evoking a day-dream and speculative musings about the destinies of the future Melbourne, whose germ lay before me, with its inhabitants wrapped in slumber only agitated by golden visions. My musings at length became fancies, and I thought that if I were permitted to take the same stroll on some fine morning of the year 1950, what changes would have come over the lovely scene before me! St. Kilda, Richmond, Sandridge, Brighton, and even Williamstown may then be only known as parts of Melbourne. Temples devoted to religion and science may then have risen along the shores of Hobson's Bay. Institutions which the Western and Old Worlds never conceived of, may have sprung into a flourishing condition. And the civilized of the human family may, at that remote epoch, have attained a perfection in moral purity which will astonish the Western World! Already the Melbourne *Argus* is little inferior to the London *Times*, in point of size, its number of advertisements, and the correctness of its inspirations. In

a word, what is there that is great and good and glorious which may not be expected of a country whose staple trade is gold?

After indulging in these reveries about the future, I walked leisurely down from the Flagstaff Hill towards Elizabeth-street, where I beheld a scene of a different description to the one I had been picturing in imagination. More than twenty ferocious looking men were standing in the street, and many more looking from the windows of a lodging-house opposite at a pitched battle between half-a-dozen bulldogs, for wagers of £30 and £50. The owners of them were pulling them by the tails to make them more ferocious. Some of these pugnacious animals had torn each other till their heads seemed a mass of blood and froth. The comments made by the bystanders upon the fighting qualities of the dogs and their blasphemous conduct were so much below the standard of morality I had been mentally contemplating, that I made a hasty retreat, lest I should be obliged to think worse of human nature than I had ever been inclined before.

On the Saturday previous, my friend Grant had his shop broken into, and £12 worth of cloth stolen through one of the squares of the window, from which the glass had been removed. Grant had taken this shop for two years at a comparatively low rent. The Gold Fields had only just been discovered when he secured it, and the owner often



came in to count the loss he had sustained by letting the shop at so low a figure. There were no fixtures in it, and the shutters that ought to have secured the windows were used instead. On the night before the robbery, a man, apparently drunk, fell against one of the lower panes and broke it. This was replaced on the following day. On the same night it was removed by the thieves without the least noise or alarm. Grant and his family were much frightened when they saw the state of affairs next morning. They very much dreaded another nocturnal visit. However, at their request I took up my quarters in the shop on the following night. A bed for me was placed close to the window, and a little dog was fastened in the shop to give the alarm, if any one should enter when I was asleep. I had scarcely retired to rest before I heard a great noise in the kitchen at the rear of the house. Mrs. Grant, the servant, and the other females were screaming with all their might, and Mr. Grant, who like myself, had only retired a few moments before, came rushing into the shop in his shirt, with a candle in his hand, looking the picture of a man half terrified to death, and crying out—“For goodness’ sake, Mr. ———, come into the kitchen immediately; two men have been trying to get in at the back-door!” I told him not to be alarmed, and I would go *instantly*; but I was convinced that there was no one there. The uproar

raised by the women would have frightened away a dozen honest men, let alone two thieves. I armed myself with a broken pointed sword, the only defensive weapon to be found in the lower part of the house. I then opened the back-door, and went into the yard, followed by Mr. Grant with the candle; but no one was there, and we could not find even the trace of a shoe-print. The servant girl who first gave the alarm, persisted in saying that she saw two men, and felt them pushing at the door when she cried out. Mrs. Grant's father was very much frightened; for he had been stuck up and robbed in the street a few nights before. He had an old blunderbuss in his possession, and it was immediately charged for action. Indeed, the only weapons in the house were this blunderbuss and the broken pointed sword. The old man was so terrified that I could not persuade him to leave the gun with me in the shop, which was the most vulnerable part of the house, and the first point likely to be assailed if the thieves paid us another visit. After examining every place where a man might be secreted, we called in the police, told them what had happened, and desired them to be on the alert and watch over the place till it was made more secure. The doors were then fastened and when we had succeeded in calming the apprehensions of the females, we again retired to our sleeping-places—I to the shop, with the broken

pointed sword and the little dog for my protectors. This was at eleven o'clock at night. At one o'clock in the morning I was again disturbed by voices at the window, and heard one say—"That's not it," The light from an adjacent public-house lamp was shining brightly and I saw two men near the shop window endeavouring to discover the pane which had been recently inserted. When they had satisfied themselves in that respect they approached the window and commenced operations. On seeing this I sprang out of bed, and said in the deepest bass I was master of—"If you wait a few minutes, gentlemen, I will strike a light, and come and help you." They took good care, however, to save me the trouble; for they scampered off as fast as they could without even thanking me for my kind offer. All this while the little dog never attempted to bark. The family knew nothing of the occurrence till I told them shortly before breakfast time. We then inspected the pane of glass, and found it much loosened and nearly ready for removal. Mrs. Grant's father named all sorts of unnatural deaths to which he would have put the "two villains" as he called them, if he had been in the shop when they attempted to enter. This, however, was only a display of Dutch courage; for only the night before I had seen the old man so paralysed with fear that I was convinced he would have done nothing more than make a great noise, which is

decidedly the best and cheapest way to frighten a thief—man or brute.

On the following afternoon, I was walking down Great Collin's-street, not far from the *Argus* office, when two ruffianly-looking fellows stuck up and attempted to rob a man in the street. Before they could effect their purpose the police came upon them, and a gentleman on horseback coming up at the same time fixed one of the robbers between his horse and the wall of a house, and thus held him fast till the police secured him. The other ran as fast as he could down Collin's street, but he was overtaken, and captured in the same way. These men bore a striking resemblance to those I saw by gaslight on the morning of the previous day, and were most probably the disturbers who so terrified the household of my friend Grant.

I would advise every working-man in this country who can afford the means, to emigrate to Victoria. There any one willing may find plenty of work, and skill and perseverance are sure to lead to affluence and independence. Compare the state of the working-man in Victoria with that of the English workman. The former has from 10s. to 15s. per day and full employment; whilst the latter in many parts of England (Wiltshire for instance), has only 10s. and sometimes even 7s. per week. The one has animal food to every meal and other luxuries besides; while the other does not

taste animal food more than once or twice a week, and at some seasons not oftener than once a month. It is no great hardship for those who have been accustomed to toil at home, to have to live in a tent for a short time after their arrival in Australia. The climate is so mild during the greater part of the year, that I would prefer dwelling in a tent on the green hill side to being cooped up in a small house in the city. The tents I saw in the vicinity of Melbourne were both elegant and comfortable. Some were neatly lined with druggetting, and had the greensward floor covered with carpets. I have walked round these tents at morn and even, and the savoury smell emanating from them proclaimed that their occupants lacked none of the necessaries of life, and were enjoying many luxuries which the labouring classes at home could never command. There was, however, much distress and suffering among clerks, shopmen, and others, who had been brought up to no handicraft. I would say to this class—"For goodness' sake, stop at home, and do not dishearten the industrious labourer with doleful tales about a place where you are not wanted, but which would be a paradise to him."

The markets are so fluctuating, that it would not be advisable for anyone with a small capital to lay out much in goods by way of speculation. It is preferable to take it all in money rather than run the risk of any kind of venture. In Victoria there

are many ways in which capital may be advantageously invested. The leading merchants at home who trade to Australia get the earliest advices of what is wanted, and are, therefore sure to be first into the markets. Now and then a few lucky hits have been made by private speculators since the discovery of the Gold Fields, but for one who has succeeded twenty have failed.

Many people unacquainted with the geographical position of Melbourne, have been seriously misled, through their not entering into an agreement with the companies who carried them out, to have their goods landed upon the wharfs at Melbourne, free of charge. The cost of conveying luggage from the ships in Hobson's Bay up to Melbourne, was enormous. I knew several who took property out without the above-named precaution, and nearly half its value was absorbed in these expenses. I would, therefore, advise every one bound for the city of Melbourne to enter into a written agreement that their goods and luggage of every kind shall be landed free of charge on the wharfs at Melbourne.

I have very little to say to those who may choose to try their luck at the Gold Fields. There is a possibility of their becoming rich as hundreds who have preceded them; but how to attain that desideratum, except by a piece of luck, practice and experience can only point out.

Satisfied with what I had seen of Melbourne, I took a second-cabin passage in the *Shamrock* steamer bound for Sydney. She went down into Hobson's Bay to be in readiness for sailing. The passengers were to be on board on the 19th of September, and were to be carried down the river by the *Gipsy* steamer, free of charge. I went down to the steamer's wharf in company with two successful gold-diggers from Sydney. We sat on some timber for nearly two hours, watching the busy scene upon the river, before the *Gipsy* made her appearance. At length she arrived, and after much pushing and squeezing, all the passengers managed to get on board. The direct distance between Melbourne and Hobson's Bay is not more than three miles, but the river has so many turnings and windings in it that the distance by water is seven miles. The banks of the river are covered for several miles with a dense tea-tree scrub, which hangs so much into the water, that in some places the steamers brush it back with their bows in passing up and down. Along the banks black snakes and death adders abound, and frequently prove fatal to cattle. During hot weather, this neighbourhood swarms with large mosquitoes which torment those who pass up and down the river. All went on pleasantly till we were about half way, when the captain of the steamer demanded the sum of 4s. from each passenger for conveying them

down to the bay. This led to much altercation between the passengers and the captain, but all had to pay. The usual fare from Melbourne to Williamstown was 2s., but the captains of steamers generally contrived to double it when they had a cargo of gold-diggers, and we happened to share the benefits resulting from this arrangement. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when we reached the *Shamrock*. She was a tidy little iron paddle-wheel steamer, and was built at Glasgow, with two others, for the Maitland and Hunter river trade in New South Wales; she had only been plying between Sydney and Melbourne since the discovery of the Gold Fields. I paid £6 for my passage. On descending into the second-cabin to see about my berth, judge of my surprise when I found every berth tenanted and my case hopeless: for there were more than eighty second-cabin passengers whilst there were only twenty berths. On enquiry, I found that two had been locked up by the steward, who had assumed the privilege of letting them to the highest bidder. I agreed to give him 10s. for half of one; one of the Sydney diers took the other moiety. I also gave 10s. to the second steward for bringing my rations from the first-cabin; so that the whole cost of the voyage was £7 4s. I had been but a few minutes below when a quarrel commenced between two men respecting a berth which each claimed. One was



in possession, and the other was striving to eject him. They struggled till they were so exasperated that their fellow-passengers compelled them to go on deck and there finish the dispute. A ring was made on deck that they might fight it out, but they seemed mutually afraid of hurting each other. They struggled for nearly an hour, but nothing about them seemed to be the worse except their shirts, which were nearly torn to ribbons. Before the conflict was over, the *Shamrock* had moved alongside the *City of Manchester*, a large ship from Plymouth, to take in a supply of patent fuel for the voyage, and the belligerents who were on the side next the ship, were pushed out of the way by the sailors, without ceremony. Neither of them, however, seemed inclined to renew the combat; and he who was in possession at the commencement of the affray retained it without further molestation. The *City of Manchester* had been thirteen months in Hobson's Bay. All her crew, except the captain, mate, and apprenticea, had left her. She was one of the finest ships then lying in the bay. The afternoon was far spent when we had obtained our supply of fuel, and we remained all night at anchor in the bay. Many of the passengers went to Williamstown for bread and other provisions, as there were none to be served out that evening from the stores of the steamer. I remained upon deck nearly all night; and a

beautiful night it was. There was no moon ; but the planet Venus was so bright that a perceptible reflection of her light was thrown from the waters of the bay, and the vessels which lay at anchor around us kept up a series of revolving views as they swung round with the tide. The majority of the passengers tried to find sleeping-places in various parts of the vessel. Some made up beds upon the coals in the hold, the more hardy ones stretched themselves upon the deck and slept as soundly as if they had been on a bed of down. By midnight all was perfectly still on board the *Shamrock*, and only sounds of splashing oars could be heard in the distance as some boat was returning from the shore to the ships.

The Custom-house officers came on board about seven o'clock the next morning, and the passengers were mustered and inspected, and the vessel cleared of the port. The steward had a small pantry in the second-cabin well stored with bottled ale, porter, and spirits. When the officers had gone this place was opened. Several female passengers were of our number, and some of these became good customers of the steward. One in particular, a fine looking Irish girl, made herself speechless in a very short time by drinking bottled porter. But those who chose to get drunk—and they were not a few—did so very quietly, making no disturbance.

Among the second-cabin passengers was one of the followers of Joanna Southcote, who attracted considerable attention. He was dressed in the uniform of his sect—a broad-brimmed white beaver hat, a bottle green buttonless coat, similar to those worn by the Friends of the old school, and a pair of very wide light drab-coloured cloth trousers. A long white beard depended from his chin, and his neck was encased in a white neckerchief. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, and was one of the most patriarchal looking individuals I had seen in the colonies. There was a strange looking little woman among the female passengers to whom he paid particular attention. He had been several months at the diggings, and had been successful. I often saw him engaged in earnest conversation with the passengers; but the doctrines he attempted to promulgate met with general opposition. He did not make a single convert during the voyage.

Half an hour after the officers had left us, the anchor was up, and we were steaming down the bay at the rate of ten miles an hour. So calm was all around, that there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the waters, save those produced by the paddles of the steamer. About three miles from the Heads, we passed the *City of Troy*, a large ship from London, with passengers for Melbourne. The whole length of her bulwarks and rigging on

the side next us was crowded with them, and there was a tolerable sprinkling of red and white night caps visible. Amid the throng were many, whose pale and haggard countenances clearly showed that they had suffered severely from sickness. All cheered lustily as we passed, and we returned the compliment with interest. On passing between the Heads, we could see only a small portion of the *Isabella Watson* on Point Nepean, but the wreck of the *Conside* on point Lonsdale was observed dashing about among the surges along the shore. The masts and rigging had disappeared, nothing remained but her low black hull, which presented a very melancholy sight. When we got outside the Heads, we found a heavy sea running. Our little steamer dipped her bows into it so freely, and rolled about so much, that many began to be sick, and before an hour had passed away there was a scene of prostration and disorder which it would be impossible to describe. As the night air was too cold to be comfortable on deck, the passengers stowed themselves away under cover. The second cabin was so crowded that it soon became a second black-hole of Calcutta. I was obliged to remain in my berth for several hours before I could get through the place to inhale a breath of fresh air, and the perspiration was literally running through my clothes, owing to the intense heat generated by so many people. One poor fellow, who occupied

a berth in an angle of the cabin opposite to where I was, had been drinking so hard while in Melbourne, that he had induced a fit of *delirium tremens*. He was an Irishman, and at intervals of about five minutes during the whole night, he sent forth the most dismal howls and exclamations I ever heard. Three or four of his own countrymen amused themselves with his sufferings, and so droll and witty were their remarks, and so thoroughly Irish, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter. When the sufferer gave one of his hideous yells, one of them would say—"Och, shure enough, an it's be the tail you have him now." And another, "Twist the baste whin yes have him, or he'll be at yes agin directly." I was glad, however, when the morning dawned and I got out upon the deck; for with the heat of the place, the man in the dumps, and other unpleasantness, and the Irishmen's mirth, I never remember passing so many hours amidst scenes blending the awful and the ridiculous, that could be compared to those that occurred in the second-cabin of the *Shamrock* steamer, on the night of the 20th September, 1852.

When daylight came we were several miles beyond Wilson's Promontory, and not far from a number of small islands in Bass' Straits called Kent's Group. The weather was remarkably fine and clear, and the sea quite smooth. About eight o'clock in the morning, the breakfast was served

out to the second cabin passengers by the chief steward. It consisted of large pieces of fresh mutton, and fresh beef, both roasted, and cut up into junks very little short of 1lb. each. There were also potatoes and a pint of tea each, and as much coarse biscuit as we chose to eat. The steward and other officers could not preserve order while the breakfast was serving out; for no sooner was it announced than there was a regular scramble made towards the galley, and the strongest got the largest share of both the meat and potatoes. Very few of them cared much about the tea, which was very little better than so much molasses, it was sweetened with the very worst description of Mauritius sugar. The sugar and tea were both put into a large copper, and boiled till the liquor was as black as soot, so disagreeable was this decoction that most of the passengers preferred water to wash down their rations. More than half of the rations served out were wasted. Those who got more in the scramble than they could manage to eat, threw the remainder overboard. Many of them used biscuits for plates, and as soon as they had done using them they pitched them into the sea, and had a new plate at every meal. All the meals during this day were conducted in the same disorderly manner as the breakfast, and there was an equal amount of extravagance and waste attending each. There was less drinking among

the females than on the day previous. The sickness from which they had suffered had indisposed them for any excessive indulgence in intoxicating draughts. The Irish girl was upon deck and quite sober during the whole day; her good looks caused much attention to be paid her by the ship's cook, a thick bull-necked black fellow, and a good-looking countryman of her own, a successful gold digger. Poor Darky gave many a broad grin and tender look towards her, but she did not seem to heed any of his love tactics. Her own countryman had more attractions for her than his darkness, and he certainly did deserve the favours if good look and a tall manly form can be an object of preference with the fair sex before that of a dark-skinned son of the Negro Race. Be that however as it might, I left them "both pack and thick thegither" upon the deck when the night closed over us.

## CHAPTER IV.

Night.. The Irish Girl.. Cambrian Captain.. Cape Howe.. Appearance of the Country.... Monaroo Downs.. Appearance of the Sea.. A Wasteral.. Appearance of the Sky.. Black North Easter .. Bateman's Bay.. Jarvis' Bay.. False Alarm.. Five Islands.. Hat Hill.. Port Hacking, Botany Bay.. Aspect of the Shore.. Reflections.. Sydney Heads.. Light House.. Sydney Harbour .. Scenery of the Harbour.. Scenes on Landing at Sydney.. My Lodgings there.. Description of Sydney.. Streets.. Dogs.. Goats .. Macquarie Street.. Evening Scenes.. Tawell's Shop and Chapel.. Fires.. Churches and Chapels.. Public Houses.. Concert Rooms.. The Theatre.. Actors and Singers.. Life in the Theatre.. Circuses.. Menageries.. Museum of Natural History.. Public Museum .. Ryley Estate .. Omnibusses .. Handsome Widow.. Promenade.. Lover's Walk.. Two Blind Men.. Hyde Park.. Botanic Gardens.. Bathing Places.. Description of the Gardens.. Markets.. Labour .. Wages .. Moral Status of the Labourers.. Night Alarm.. Influenza.. Variety of Labour.. Register Offices .. Houses .. Rents .. CHmote .. Old Smith.. Natives.. Currency Lasses.. Cookery.. Boating.. Fishing.. Lime Works.. Lime.. Excursion in the Harbour.. Ships.. Islands.. Native Call.. Fish.. Oysters.. Perils of Fishing.. The Shark.. Southerly Winds.. Evening Bells.. Newspapers.. Flying Pterman .. Account of Maitland.. Voyage to Newcastle.. Incidents of the Voyage.. Landing at Newcastle.. First Sight of the Hunters' River.

THE night passed away much more pleasantly than the previous one. The women had all recovered from the sea-sickness. The Irish girl and one of her countrymen had made so much progress in each other's good graces, that there was every probability of their committing matrimony as soon as they arrived in Sydney. Poor Darkey tried all



his arts to please ; but all the nice titbits that he presented to her in the way of cookery, were, like himself, rejected with disdain.

On this voyage, I became acquainted with the captain of a ship from Cumberland, who well knew my native place, having been there on a visit to his friends, with whom I was also acquainted. He had left his ship at Melbourne two years before to bush it and dig for gold, and he had been very successful. We had a long chat about the people on the other side of the earth ; and so eagerly did he devour all the information that I gave him about his friends, that before we had finished our conversation he was home-sick, and wished himself again in one of the peaceful homes of Cumberland, where he had been so kindly entertained before he left the dear Old Country for Australia.

We steamed away through a beautifully smooth sea, within ten miles of the land during the greater part of the night. We rounded Cape Howe, the most southern part of New South Wales, early in the morning, after which the steamer stood closer in to the land. When daylight came, we found ourselves within two miles of the shore, and beheld a fine tract of land, called Monaroo Downs, stretching away on our lee to the verge of the horizon. Twofold Bay, hardly a mile and a half from land, is a place where coasting vessels and steamers run into during stormy weather. During our day's

sail along the shore, nothing could be more enchanting than the ever-varying scenery and magnificent prospects we obtained of this delightful country. Fresh objects continually presented themselves before us in the splendid natural panorama which the little steamer gradually unwound for our gratification. Here and there might be seen long stretches of forest, where the tall gum trees and cedars were growing down close to the sea bank. And at intervals an opening in the forest disclosed bright green spots, some of which were tenanted only by a solitary shepherd hut, nestled in such seeming quiet beneath a cloudless sky and the cool shade of the mighty forest, that their appearance realised in my mind all I had read about the far-famed Tempe and Arcadia of the poets.

The sea was clear as crystal, and thousands of large conical-shaped masses of gelatinous substance were floating about, a few feet from the surface. These are said to be the food of a species of whale which inhabits these seas. Whales are plentiful near the coasts of Australia and the neighbouring islands.

The stokers and sailors, during the greater part of the afternoon, amused themselves with a young man who for the first time had engaged to be a stoker. This novice belonged to a class, unhappily superfluous at home and abroad. In England he had attended school till he was out of his teens,

and he was now two-and-twenty. He had been a spendthrift, and was unacquainted with any trade or profession. His friends, who were wealthy, had paid his passage to Melbourne, and given him a good round sum, between £400 and £500 to start him in business. In little more than a month it was squandered away, and himself, for the first time in his life, compelled to work or starve. He chose the former alternative and became a stoker on board the *Shamrock*. His first task was to convey coals in a wheelbarrow from the mouth of the hold, along some planks laid on the deck, to the circular hatches of the engine-room. But he upset the wheelbarrow nearly every journey, and in his frequent capalzings knocked the skin off his hands and fingers, till almost every joint was tipped with red. After he had raved and tumbled about the deck for more than an hour, he was permitted by the other hands to raise the coals from the hold in a basket made for the purpose. There was another man at the end of the rope that was fixed to the basket, to assist him, and the rope passed through a snatchblock fastened to the deck. Here also he was unsuccessful. The basket was heavily loaded, and the man who should have assisted, contrived to entangle the poor fellow's fingers in the rope, or let the coal-basket fall upon his toes. At length their proceedings so exasperated him that he swore at them, threatened to knock the stokers down, and

offered to fight the sailors; but this only made matters worse, and he was again sent to the wheelbarrow. Before the coals were removed, he was literally covered with blood and coal-dust, and when he reappeared on deck after these exploits, many of his fingers were encased in sticking-plaister, and he had several patches on different parts of his face. I was very sorry for him, but my pity availed little. Not one of the other passengers or the crew seemed to sympathize with him. Some called him a "wastrel," others said he was a "worser,"—colonial terms which are generally applied to things good for nothing.

At three in the afternoon, we were opposite Dromedary Mountain, two thousand feet in height, and thickly wooded to the very top, and the openings here and there among the tall trees upon its summit with their dark green foliage, and the clear blue sky for a background, much enhanced the beauty of the scene. There is a hump, or rising, on the centre of the mountain summit which makes it somewhat resemble the back of a dromedary, when seen from the sea. Hence its name. Half an hour afterwards, we sighted Montague Island, and passed close to it on our starboard. It is a small island destitute of trees or scrub, covered scantily with a brown-looking herbage. It presents a miserable appearance when contrasted with the magnificent scenery around Mount Dromedary.

Montagne Island is a home for the sea-birds, and its shores are bestrewn with many rare and beautiful shells which would greatly interest the student of conchology.

The weather began to look what the sailors term North easterly, it being the time of the year the prevailing winds are from that quarter. The steamer was winding her way amongst the masses of rock which stud the sea on that part of the coast, when a dark-looking rain-cloud—a regular black North-easter—approached to within half a mile of us, sending a strong N.E. wind before it which met us right in the teeth. The cloud rested for half a mile upon the land, and the distance seaward—as far as the eye could reach was gloomy as Erebus, and the black portions of jagged rock which stood out here and there in the fore part of the under stratum of the cloud, added much to the lowering and terrific character of the picture. No painter save John Martin ever conceived anything so awfully sombre as a black North-easter on the Eastern coast of Australia. There is nothing to which I can compare them, except some of the dark corners of his masterly painting, "The Deluge." There was a succession of these awful looking phenomena, at half-hourly intervals, for more than three hours, but they exhausted their fury before the steamer sailed up to them. We were sometimes so near that we expected to

plunge instantaneously into the dark mass, and get a thorough drenching, as the rain was falling in torrents only a short distance before us. The last and gloomiest of the atmospheric tableaux connected us with night, and this was the only time I saw anything like the gradual approach of the darkness of night during my voyages along the Australian coast. After this cloud had cleared away, we found ourselves several miles beyond Bateman's Bay, another excellent harbour of refuge in storms. The night was so clear that we could distinguish the sand along the shore from the land covered with trees and herbage. About one A.M. we were near Jervis Bay, into which the steamers often run in foul weather. We passed so close to the land in rounding Cape George that many of us thought the vessel was going ashore. This apprehension of danger was owing to the position in which we were standing on the deck. When we went upon the poop to where Captain Bell the master was we discovered our mistake, for which we got well laughed at by him. When daylight came we were a short distance beyond the Five Islands, a small group opposite to a very considerable eminence on the main land, called Hat Hill. The land assumed a more bold and barren appearance as we approached the vicinity of Port Hacking and Botany Bay. The water is several fathoms deep close into the shore, and we were so near that

we could have pitched a biscuit upon the rocks, which are composed of a brownish sandstone of a perishable nature, and their destruction by the action of the sea, and atmospheric causes combined, seems to be very rapid. In some places masses of irregular shaped blocks had fallen from the upper beds, owing to having been undermined by the waves. The height of the rocks on this part of the coast is from 30 to 60 feet above the level of the ocean. At about three p.m., we passed the entrance of the far-famed Botany Bay. The sea at this point is covered with a dense tangle of marine plants, some of which were in flower, and presented a singularly beautiful appearance. We got a slight glimpse of the Sir Joseph Banks Hotel, and some other white houses at the top of the bay as we passed. There is a small round-house on Cape Banks, which is used by the Customs officers as a watch house to prevent any contraband trade being carried on through the bay. We passed so near Cape Banks that I could have jumped on shore. I was deeply interested with this dreary looking place, which, in boyhood I had so often heard mentioned in the melancholy ballads sung at country fairs, and many other jottings of the criminal literature of that period. These early impressions were again revived in all their freshness, and recalled to mind many of the dark chapters in the annals of crime which formed part

of the mental food of my early days. Pleasanter reflections soon followed, when I began to think of Captain Cook, and Sir Joseph Banks. When Captain Cook first anchored in Botany Bay, in 1770, the country was inhabited by a race of men in the very lowest scale of humanity; of its interior nothing was known. Since then the native population have ceased to exist, almost to a man, and the country for hundreds of miles into the interior, is one of the most prosperous and fruitful in the world, with fine cities, towns and villages, inhabited by a race who stand the very first in the scale of civilization.

The shore from Botany Bay to Sydney Heads, is covered with a short sun-burnt looking herbage, and the colour of the rocks, and the general appearance of the coast, much resemble that part of the Solway Frith which lies between Parton and Whitehaven, when viewed from the sea. About half an hour after we had passed Botany Bay, we were within sight of Sydney Heads, and could see the lighthouse on the South Head, and the flagstaff with the chequered flag flying, which told the people of Sydney that a steamer was approaching their port. The South Head resembles St. Bees' Head, near Whitehaven, so much that I could have fancied myself back again in Cumberland, near a place I once passed in one of the Whitehaven steamers, on my way from Liverpool, on a beautiful



summer's evening in 1845. Sydney Heads, the beautiful clear weather, and other circumstances connected with them, forcibly reminded me of that pleasant evening when the steamer lay for nearly an hour blowing off steam, and waiting for sufficient water to go into Whitehaven.

The distance between the Heads exceeds a mile. The South Head is upwards of 200 feet above the level of the sea, and North Head about the same height, but with one irregular slope towards the harbour, where the height is 40 feet. On this slope there is a wooden landmark painted white, for vessels entering the port to steer by. The lighthouse on the South Head is a beautiful structure, and is illumined by a white light, which revolves at short intervals, to distinguish it from the other lights on the coast. Close by is the North harbour, where infected vessels are placed under quarantine; there are several fine buildings situate at the top of the harbour, where the sick are lodged till they are convalescent. Lane Cove, a locality famed for its fine oranges and peaches, is entered from this harbour. The land and the rocks round the North harbour are thickly covered with stunted gum trees, and other evergreens. After passing between the Heads, and for some distance up the North harbour, no appearance of an opening into the main harbour can be seen, and a stranger would be apt to conclude that there was no getting any

further for the natural walls of freestone that are towering above him on all sides. This idea is soon dispelled by a patch of greensward peeping out of an opening on the left. The steamer turned sharply round to the south, through the narrow orifice into the main harbour. The only dangerous place for vessels entering the harbour is here, it is a small reef of rocks, called by the Sydney people, "*The Sow and Pigs.*" There is a triangular mark painted red at the top, placed upon them, and also a lightship anchored, with a fixed light, to prevent accidents. Any vessel passing to the left of this ship in going up the harbour, or to the right in coming down, forfeit the insurance in case of accident or shipwreck. At this point the unrivalled beauties of this splendid harbour begin to disclose themselves. A short distance to the left is Choowda Bay, a charming little place with a number of neat white cottages, and gardens, completely sheltered from every wind. These are the dwellings of the pilots. Near this is Watson's Bay, another pleasant locality, where the country houses and villa residences of the wealthy Sydney merchants are seen peeping out, through orange groves and hanging vines, in all their *tout ensemble* of oriental magnificence and splendour. Goat Island, and Pinchgut next met my eye, and lastly, Sydney itself, the beautiful city of a hundred coves, burst upon our vision. The view of Sydney from part of the harbour, is without a parallel. Tiers

of fine buildings seem to rise one above another, like the seats in an amphitheatre, and towering above them all, is the tall spire of St. James's Church, which makes a beautiful finish heavenward, of the gorgeous picture presented by this Maiden Queen of the East—when seen from her splendid harbour. The length of the harbour, from the Heads to where Sydney stands, is seven miles, with an irregular breadth of from half a mile to three miles.

As we proceeded we met boats laden with gaily dressed pleasure parties. We also saw groups of healthy-looking children playing on the greensward, and among the rocks on the various points jutting between the bays and coves. On rounding some of these points, we came upon several groups of young ladies and their servants, fishing in pleasure boats, near the watergates of their residences.

The only sight that imparted anything like a gloomy shade to this pleasing picture, was the interment of a sailor from the *Calliope* man-of-war brig, then lying off Dawes' Battery, at the entrance of Darlinghurst or Woolloomooloo Bay. The measured sweep of the oars, the dark pall, covering the body, which was placed in the centre of the boat, and the grave-looking countenances of the shipmates of the deceased—all reminded us, that although the place was beautiful, those who dwelt in it were not exempt from the common lot of mortals.

We sailed on rapidly past Sydney Cove, and the Point of Goat Island, called Billy Blues Point, and a few minutes more brought us to the Steamer's Wharf, in Cockle Bay. The scene that here ensued baffles description. Diggers' wives and sweethearts rushed upon the deck in a fever of anticipation, many to be disappointed, and some to meet with even more than the realization of their brightest hopes. As the steamer was turning into her berth, her jib-boom caught the top of a little office on the wharf, and sent the shingles flying in all directions. The owner of the place, a choleric old gentleman, rushed out like a madman, and swore like an emperor. During the height of the confusion caused by this accident, I stepped ashore and walked leisurely into Sussex-street North, where lodgings were procured for me by the digger who shared my berth in the steamer.

My host was a good-looking, kind-hearted, eccentric Irishman, between forty and fifty years of age. His wife was a stout homely Englishwoman, about the same age, and they had a family of seven, the oldest of which was a fine girl eighteen years of age, but she was so obtuse in the organ of "Time," that she could not tell the hour of the day by looking at the clock. She was, however, as quick as any of them in everything relating to household matters and dress. This man and his wife were thoroughly honest; and I was indebted

to them for much valuable information, and many pleasant boating and fishing excursions, as well as agreeable rambles into the interior of the country. Neither of them, however, were very strict teetotallers, which sometimes caused us to have family scenes, of which the less said the better.

My dormitory, where the three other lodgers, who were sailors, also slept, was a clean white-washed apartment, on the third story of the house. The stretchers were covered with snow-white counterpanes, and there were washstands and plenty of pure water to perform our ablutions with—a desideratum which I had so frequently lacked while in Melbourne, that I looked upon it as a positive luxury.

Next day, after breakfast, I sauntered through the city. Sidney loses nothing by close inspection, and is one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. Its foundations rest upon a dry sandstone rock, and are at a sufficient elevation to permit of a perfect drainage of all its waste water into the harbour, which is itself kept pure and clean by the ebbing and flowing of the tides from the Pacific Ocean. Some streets are partly cut out of the solid rock. To a portion of King-street East, nearly the whole of Clarence-street, and to part of Sussex-street, this description applies. I mean the roadways and footpaths of these streets; not the buildings. There are, however, several

houses in Sussex-street, that stand high, having their flights of steps, in front, chiselled out of the solid rock. The city is well watered, and lighted with gas. The water, which is excellent, is conveyed in pipes to every house, except some in the South Head-road district, which are built at too high an elevation; but even these places are well supplied with public pumps. The principal business is transacted in George-street and Pitt-street. The latter contains the greatest number of fine shops. Some of the leading ones are dignified with the names of "Cobden House," "Manchester House," "Liverpool House," "London House," &c. These are splendid establishments, equal to many of the fine shops in Bold-street, Liverpool. Pitt-street displays a great variety of architecture; neat little one story inns, and fruit-shops, modestly raise their heads, alongside the four and five storied buildings, and present a very pleasing contrast to their more brilliant neighbours. This agreeable variety also pervades the older streets of the city. It is not what an architect would call a fine or imposing style of street architecture, but it is free from that monotony in appearance presented by the more fashionable long lines of uniform buildings.

George-street is the longest in Sydney. It is nearly three miles from its commencement at the point of Sydney Cove, to its termination beyond Brickfield Hill. Clarence-street is next, and is two

miles in length; when compared with Liverpool, it is the Marylebone of Sydney. Sussex-street is the third in point of length, and is infested with dogs of all descriptions—the miserable turnspit, the ferocious mastiff, bull, kangaroo, and Newfoundland, besides a mongrel breed that roam at large owned by no one. Happily for the inhabitants, hydrophobia is unknown in Australia, or the consequences might be serious before so great an army of the carnivora could be annihilated. Nearly every householder keeps a dog. All dogs must be registered by their owners once a year. For this the sum of one-shilling has to be paid to the Chief of the Police.

Goats are also very numerous in Sydney, but more especially in Sussex-street, where they may be constantly seen bounding about, with their kids bleating and skipping after them. Mine host kept a fine one which had two kids, and supplied us with milk twice a day for our tea and coffee. Most of the goats are kept for this purpose, and their milk is not only rich, but palatable. The cost of this useful animal is very trifling, and it is so very shifty in obtaining its own food, that it seldom incurs expense or requires much attention.

Castlereagh-street, Macquarrie-street, and Elizabeth-street, are very fine ones.

Macquarrie-street and its adjuncts may be termed the West-end of Sydney. One side of it is occupied

by the splendid town residences of the Sydney merchants, and other wealthy citizens. These buildings are four stories high, and of the Italian style of architecture. A flight of steps leads up to all their chief entrances, and light airy-looking verandahs run along the whole length of their upper stories. Their lower windows are protected by ornamental iron palisading. In front there is a broad flagged footpath of light-coloured freestone, and a carriage-way macadamised and kept in excellent order.

The best time to see this neighbourhood in all its glory, is on a summer's evening, about an hour after sunset, when the drawing-rooms are in a blaze of light. Then the rich tones of the piano, or some other musical instrument, are heard gushing forth from the open windows, accompanied by the sweet melody of female voices, plaintive, or lively, blending in the general harmony. Beautiful ladies, dressed in white, may be seen sitting upon the verandahs, or lounging on magnificent couches, partially concealed by the folds of rich crimson curtains, in drawing-rooms which display all the luxurious comforts and magnificence of the East, intermingled with the elegant utilities of the West. Scenes like these greet the spectator at every step. And they are "ever changing, ever new." Fairy like forms flit before the light, affording now and then a moment's pleasure by a glimpse of their



lovely features ere they disappear. And the lightly sounding footfall, and the merry laughter of happy children, add still more to the pleasing variety of sounds which float upon the evening breeze.

The Anstralian Club, a splendid building, and conducted on the same principle as those in London, the Hospital, the Legislative Chambers, and a small Chapel belonging to the Society of Friends, (built by the unhappy Tawell), are situate in Macquarrie-street. This little chapel, and the shop of Tawell, in George-street, are pointed out to strangers as being among the "lions" of the city.

At the north termination of Macquarrie-street, there is a large open space called Macquarrie place, which from the important discussions conducted there by Dr. Lang and others, respecting the constitutional liberties of the people of New South Wales, may be styled the Runnymede of the colony. A fine red-gum tree is still shown where the hustings were erected year after year, and from which publicity was given to the decision of the colonists, with such earnestness, that the British government granted to this important colony a constitution of its own.

This is also the oldest part of Sydney, and was once the most central; but it is far from being so now, the city having extended so much towards the east during the last twenty years. There is an obelisk standing here, from which the

roads to the principal towns in the interior were measured, and the distances marked upon it. The roads now are measured from the post-office, in George-street, and this obelisk, and the remains of an old fountain, of nearly the same date, were likely to be removed, as they had survived their utility.

These streets are again intersected by King-street, Erskine-street, Hunter-street, and several other thoroughfares. There are two excellent schools, one in Clarence-street, and the other in Darlinghurst, on the Weoloomooloo road, conducted on the Lancasterian principles. Besides these there are several private schools, an orphan school, a benevolent institution, and a literary association.

The houses in Sydney are generally roofed with shingles, as in Adelaide and Melbourne. The laws relating to chimneys are therefore stringent, and are rigidly enforced by the magistrates. Should a chimney take fire even by accident, there is scarcely any escape from being severely fined. Extensive fires are of rare occurrence.

The Roman Catholics have the finest places of worship, with the exception of St. James's church. They are called St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, and St. Benedict's. The latter has a peal of eight bells, the sound of which doubtless recalls to the mind of the unhappy exile, his days of innocence and peace,

before he set at defiance the laws of his island home, from which he is for ever removed.

Many of the public edifices are built of a kind of stone which seems to be very unsuitable for the purpose, especially that with which the lower part of the new Cathedral is constructed. This fabric stands in George-street, near the old burial-ground, has been more than twelve years in course of erection, and is far from half-finished yet. The stone used in some of the windows is of so perishable a nature, that many portions have had to be replaced, and many other parts of the building are mouldering away so fast that much of the edifice will have to be restored before it is half erected.

St. James's church is a large oblong brick building, with tasteful entrances at each extremity of the north side, made of a durable kind of sandstone. The interior is comfortably fitted up and lighted with gas. It is ornamented on the east end by a tall spire. The church was built in governor Macquarrie's time, by prison labour.

With reference to amusements, the public are well catered for by the proprietors of various rival establishments. Most of the second-rate inns have free concerts every evening. A room with a long table running its whole length, is furnished with forms and chairs, and a person presides, holding in his hand a small wooden hammer, such as is used

by auctioneers. With this hammer he strikes the table whenever he wants to obtain silence or attract attention. On his right, in the corner of the room, there is a piano. The services of the instrumentalist are generally secured by a twelvemonth's agreement; for if the performer be a good one, he is sure to attract customers, and is often tempted by higher wages, to leave his situation for some rival establishment, if he be not thus secured. The pianist is the only paid musician in these places; all the singing is by voluntary contributors. It is true, I never heard good vocalism in any of these concert-rooms. "Variety," it has been said, "is the soul of harmony;" there certainly was variety in luxuriance. Those who sung, or even attempted to sing, were duly applauded. Strangers were pleasantly asked by the chairman to favour the company with a song, and the request was generally complied with, if made just when they had got "a wee drap in their ee." Occasionally those who are too far gone are solicited, and they then consider themselves equal to anything, and if they cannot sing, they frequently shout, and, although not producing harmony, they afford amusement, which answers the same purpose. The Saturday nights are the most uproarious in the concert rooms. The singing on these occasions is sometimes tolerable, at others indifferent, and often shocking bad. The majority of the vocalists soon get into a state in

which they set all the rules of harmony at defiance, the pianist may be heard playing one tune, and the singer bawling out another, as an accompaniment, by main strength, sometimes with both eyes shut and leaning back in a chair, seemingly so wrapped up in his own melody, as to be entirely unconscious that such a thing as discord exists. These public houses are ordinarily conducted on a liberal scale during the daytime. A little before eleven, a.m., there is a table laid out in one of the principal public rooms, with joints of cold meat, radishes, pickles, cheese, and bread and butter, and it remains there till nearly one, p.m. Any person entering the house during this time—if he only want a single glass of ale—is entitled to sit down and partake of anything upon the table, free of charge.

The Theatre, a brick building, stands in Pitt-st. The ingress to the pit and boxes is from the street, and is closed in the daytime by two iron gates. The interior part, round the front of the gallery, is ornamented with masks, representing Comedy and Tragedy. The boxes are handsomely fitted up, and every other part of the house is kept extremely clean. Some of the actors whom I saw perform here would have been no discredit to the boards of either Drury Lane, or Covent Garden. *Macbeth*, *the Stranger*, *Eugene Aram*; several operas,—*La Sonnambula*, *the Night Dancers*, *Guy Mannering*,

and many other pieces were put upon the stage with a scenic effect, and the leading characters sustained in a manner that quite astonished me. A young man named Ward, was a first-rate *Macbeth*, he was about 24 years of age, and he both looked and played that important character, to perfection. I never heard a clearer and sweeter toned voice, and his playing was so full of feeling, and so correct, that he might with justice be called the Macready of the colonies. Mrs. Guerin, a lady nearly forty years of age, was also an excellent representation of *Lady Macbeth*; and a Mr. Rogers performed *The Stranger* and *Dandy Dinmont* to perfection. Madame Sarah Flower—the colonial nightingale—a very powerful though not agreeable singer, aided by Madame Caridini, wife of the celebrated French dancing-master, M. Caridini, and several stars of lesser magnitude, sang the "Witches' Glee," in *Macbeth*, in a most effective and thrilling manner. The brothers John and Frank Housen, were first-rate vocalists. The latter was the best comedian in the colonies.

There are two Circuses, in each of which pantomimes are performed, as well as astonishing feats of equestrianism. There is also a menagerie in Elizabeth-street, which contains an elephant, two or three monkeys, a lion and lioness, and a few other animals of the cat species. In summer-time, these animals are kept in a wooden building in the street,

and on the setting in of the rainy season they are removed to Botany Bay. The prices of admission to these places are from 1s. to 3s.6d.

In Hunter-street there is a museum of natural history. This place has a shop front, and the window contains beautiful specimens of preserved animals. A fine gazelle is seen standing in a listening attitude, and several specimens of that curious little animal, the duck-billed mole, kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, and dingoes, and many of the feathered tribe of Australasia and the islands of the Pacific. There is another museum close to the college on the Woolloomooloo road in Darlinghurst. It is a large quadrangular building with dwellings and offices below for the curator and his family. It is free to the public once a week, on Tuesdays. On the west side in the garden, there is a large skeleton of a whale, and a Bengal tiger and two dingoes chained up in cages. The interior contains specimens of the war-weapons and other rudely manufactured articles of the savage tribes who inhabit the numerous Australasian islands, fossil remains of extinct animals, a skeleton of a native chief, shells and other marine curiosities *ad infinitum*. On the east side of the room there are models of the most celebrated groups and statues of ancient and modern sculpture—Venus de Medicis, the Dying Gladiator, Appollo Belvidere, Cupid and Psyche, the Laocœons, and several others. Des-

criptive cards with handles to them, are placed on the top of each.

In Woolloomooloo there was an exhibition of statues, &c., formed of Portland cement. Guarding its entrance, were colossal lions, couchant; but, owing to the perishable nature of their materials, the greater part of their heads had crumbled into dust on the pedestal at their feet. Roman cement is far better adapted to the climate than that of Portland.

The most interesting part of Sydney to the working-man, is the Ryley Estate, which commences at the top of Woolloomooloo Bay and stretches past the museum towards the south, for nearly a mile, with a breadth of upwards of half a mile, where it terminates in some sand-hills near to the military barracks. Almost the whole of this land has been sold in small sections, for building purposes, and is occupied by the dwellings of the operative classes. The houses are generally two stories high, and built of brick, and their occupiers vie with each other in keeping them clean and in good order. Some of these working-men own three or four houses besides those occupied by themselves. The present population is nearly 2000. This property is derived from the savings of the operative classes, and shews what working-men can do for themselves in Australia, when their energies are rightly directed.

Adjoining this again, towards the west, stands



the Darlinghurst prison. Over the entry, a permanent gallows is fixed as a silent but awful finger post, to point out one of the many means which civilized man has devised to prevent his fellowmen from breaking into the house of life. The experience of many generations proves that this means has utterly failed, and that the sooner it is abandoned the better. Every right-thinking man knows that a higher reverence for human life would be inculcated by some solitary kind of punishment, and murders would be less frequent than at present, if a law to that effect were to supplant the present sanguinary one that disgraces our statute-book.

Beyond this are the military barracks, which stand close to a hill composed of sand as white as snow. This hill is doubtless the cause of much of the ophthalmia which prevails at certain times among the troops stationed there. The old barracks, which stood in the central part of the city, had been pulled down, and their site was being converted into a splendid square. One side was entirely occupied by an elegant row of houses, called Wynyard-terrace, and a noble building intended for a new post-office, was being erected close to the south end of this terrace.

The public walks in the vicinity of Sydney are of great length and pass through many beautiful tracts of highly cultivated gardens and shrubberies.

A coach leaves daily for the Blue Mountain Inn,

from the Black Boy in George-street, and on the day following passes over Lapstone Hill to Goulburn. There is a daily connection, both by coach and omnibus, between Paramatta, Windsor, and Bathurst. The roads to all these places are as good as those at home.

During Sundays the omnibuses start from the Black Boy, every half-hour, for short drives into the country. Some ride to O'Connor's Town, a beautiful village about two miles out of Sydney; others as far as Cook's River, towards Botany Bay, and towards Paramatta, Paddington; and on the South Head road. I frequently observed that the omnibus which plied in the last-named direction, invariably conveyed the greatest number of passengers, and I came to the conclusion that there must be something very interesting in or about that road. So one Sunday afternoon, I paid my fare (6d.) and took an outside seat, determined if I could to solve the mystery.

On our way we had some splendid views of the harbour and the shipping. At the end of two miles we reached a cosy little inn, which was our destination. Jane Beard was painted upon the sign in large capitals, and on entering the house I found Jane Beard to be a handsome young widow, about 25 years of age, rather stout, and with such a thoroughly good-natured pretty English face, that I thought she was well worth going two miles to

see, and paying 6d. for the jaunt into the bargain. The mystery of the great run of passengers to this locality was explained by the widow's beauty and pleasantry. We remained for nearly an hour; no one seemed inclined to leave, and the bus had to wait beyond its time to get a return cargo. The house was crowded with people, and the pretty widow had a smile and joke for every one. I got into a little parlour, in which were a chimney-sweep, his wife, and wife's sister, and two children, who had come on the same errand as myself, and they all had partaken so freely of the widow's good cheer as to be nearly speechless. We returned safely to the Black Boy, after having learnt by a two hours excursion into the country, that beauty does not "waste its sweetness in the desert air" in the vicinity of Sydney.

The evening promenade, where the citizens of all classes "most do congregate" after the heat of the day in summer, is a railed space about the width of a turnpike road, and extends in an oblique direction across a large plot of ground formerly used as a race-course. The entrance to this promenade is contiguous to St. James's Church, and its length to where it terminated at the west end of a fine row of dwellings, called Lyons terrace, exceeds half a mile. It is destitute of trees, save two or three stunted oaks that seem to pine for their own more genial habitat in the temperate climes. Seats

are placed at convenient distances the whole length of the promenade. This place is known by the name of the "Lovers' Walk," and it very justly deserves the appellation as the favourite temple of lovers' vows. I have seen every seat in it occupied by loving pairs, who take advantage of the partial darkness and cool breeze of the summer's evening to "breathe out the tender tale."

In the evenings, on Sundays especially, this place is crowded with all classes, and sometimes with people of all nations. The temperature of the air is generally agreeable on summer nights. There is always a gentle breeze blowing from some quarter, but chiefly from the direction of the Heads. Its situation is high, and commands a very extensive view of the magnificent harbour, which is often illuminated with numbers of moving lights from the vessels resting upon its placid waters, and the beautiful villas upon its shores. Far in the distance, the revolving light upon the South Head, flashes its bright gleams towards the land, and again turns quickly round to the sea, to tell the approaching mariner that he is nearing a haven of rest and safety.

The hum and bustle of the city can be heard from here, at such a distance as to produce that soothing effect upon the mind which is always connected with the sounds proceeding from a distant multitude of human beings, in the stillness of

night, and especially when the mind is satisfied that there is nothing hostile or ominous in or about the sound of the wandering voices that float by upon the evening breeze.

The only drawback to such pleasing allusions of peace and safety, was the doleful cry of two blind men, selling their wares in George-street. One took his post, every night, not far from the Black Boy; the other at the entrance of the fruit market. Any visitor to Liverpool, during 1852, will remember having seen an old man sitting upon a chair, near St. George's Hall, in Lime-street, and close by him a small stand, on which was placed an old lantern, with horn sides in it, and a small quantity of blacking. I have often passed this veteran, late in the night, during my stay in Liverpool, and his doleful cry of "any shoe-blacking," repeated at short intervals, seemed to me the most mournful sound that I ever heard from a human being. These two blind men were the very counterpart of this man, and their voices often recalled to my recollection the midnight hour, and the poor blind man whom I passed night after night in Liverpool in the dreary winter.

The chief recreation ground during the day is Hyde Park, in part of which the Government House and the Botanical Gardens are situated. Its length is two miles, its breadth one. It has two approaches; the one adjoining the emigrant bar-

racks, where there is a neat lodge; the other near the Australian club. Within the gate, on a granite pedestal, is a bronze statue of Governor Bourke. It is a beautiful work of art. The face is looking towards the Heads, and the figure (which is about eight feet high) is in an attitude of observation. On the pedestal is a lengthy inscription relating the services and benefits derived by the colony from the administration of that able statesman.

The new Government house bears a very striking resemblance to some parts of Lowther Castle, in Westmoreland, the principal seat of the Earl of Lonsdale. The old Government house close by, is used for stables and out-buildings.

That part of the park extending from the statue, to along the shores of Woolloomooloo Bay, is intersected by carriage roads, which pass between long avenues of gum-trees, where seats are placed at convenient distances.

The military band plays every Tuesday afternoon, for several hours, on the grassy space in front of a fine row of houses, leading to the right from the East entrance. On these occasions, the park is crowded with the fashion and beauty of Sydney. If the Governor be there, the company is generally of a very brilliant description. There is a tolerable sprinkling of wealthy people and tradesmen, and also a liberal supply of fruiterers and lemon syrup sellers, and many others of the "tag rag and

bobtail" species which are always attracted by a crowd.

The public and private bathing-places are beautifully situated on Woolloomooloo Bay. The water is clear as crystal in every part of the harbour. This bay is the only place near the city where public bathing is allowed, and here on account of its secluded situation. There are several bathing houses with a shark-proof netting or wooden grating round them which rests upon the bottom to prevent any accident occurring from the many sharks that frequent the harbour. A bath, with all its appliances of towels, &c., may be had in any of these places for 6d. The free bathing-place is most resorted to. It is called the Fig-tree bathing place, on account of a fine native tree of that description which overhangs the rock where the bathers undress themselves.

The natives of Sydney are all excellent swimmers, and I have seen astonishing feats performed by them. They have a great dread of sharks; and none of them would venture thirty yards beyond the point of a stone jetty which ran out a short distance from the shore. Not long before my arrival in Sydney, a young man who ventured into the middle of the bay, nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore, paid for his temerity with his life: a large shark seized him by the lower part of the abdomen while he was resting upon the water, and

tore out his bowels. He managed to free himself from his ferocious assailant, and he was brought back to the shore; but he died under the fig-tree, before he could be removed to his home.

The botanical gardens are open to the public free of charge, every day during the week, from nine a.m. till six p.m. On Sundays they remain closed till two in the afternoon.

The upper garden, a very extensive one, is laid out with broad gravel walks intersecting each other in a most pleasing manner. It is well stocked with the magnificent Flora of Australia, numerous specimens of gorgeous tropical flowers, rare medicinal plants, and great numbers of the Flora of the temperate climes, all of which are cultivated with the greatest care. The aloe family are numerously represented by fine specimens, from the gigantic mammoth which blooms only once in a hundred years, to the beautiful fan-aloe of South America. On one side of the garden there is a very broad walk with trellis-work on each side about ten feet high, which is so profusely covered with roses, honeysuckles, and other sweet-scented plants, that any description could only impart a faint idea of the beauty and fragrance of this "bower of sweets." Such an enchanting spot is admirably adapted for the perusal of Moore's "Lalla Rookh;" and one can almost imagine that the poet had such a place in view when he penned the magnificent descriptions



of Oriental scenery, through which he conducts the leading personages in his story.

In the centre of the garden, adjoining the two principal walks, are three Norfolk Island pines exceeding eighty feet in height, and straight as an arrow. Their branches diminish in length as they reach the top, in the same manner as the spruce fir. Comfortable seats are placed round the bases of their bolls, where a cool retreat from the moon-day sun is yielded by the outspreading boughs. These seats are frequently resorted to by the delicate seamstress during the sultry days in summer, when the glare of sunlight is too strong, and the heat is too oppressive for her sedentary employment.

This garden is surrounded by tall trees of the gum, wattle, and pine species, and the walls are partially adorned with the magnificent stag-horn fern, which is found in great abundance, clinging to the trees in the Australian forests, upwards of fifty feet from the ground.

Every tree and plant is labelled with its Latin and English name. Close to the upper entrance on the right hand, there is a neat lecture-room, where Mr. Moore, the superintendent of the gardens, delivers a lecture on botany every Wednesday afternoon. The walls of the room were hung round with large coloured drawings of plants, with which he illustrated his subject. A table that stood before

him was covered with plants, taken from the gardens, which he dissected as he proceeded with his subject. The attendants at these lectures were females and modest-looking young men. On the several occasions when I attended, two-thirds of the audiences were females—some very young, others verging upon middle life, but none very old. I thought while sitting there, that the age in which the love of flowers has the greatest influence upon the opposite sexes might supply a curious chapter in statistics, if any one would take the trouble to obtain the requisite information.

Mr. Moore resides in a snug little house in the principal private garden of the establishment. A glass window opens upon a balcony from his study, where he may be frequently seen during the day taking a survey of the garden through his telescope. This private garden is in the highest state of cultivation, and when viewed from its chief approach, appears one of the most Eden-like places imaginable.

Mr. Kid, the head-gardener, occupies a house opposite to Mr. Moore's. The road between is one hundred yards long, from its entrance in the upper part of Hyde Park to the gate of the upper garden, and has trees planted on either side. In some places their branches meeting form a canopy. During summer, these trees and those in the park and gardens, swarm with locusts, the noise of which

is quite deafening. Catching the female locusts is a favourite pastime with the Sydney boys. Some of the largest are about two inches long, and their colour resembles that of the trees they frequent. If one of these large ones be held in the hand and swung round rapidly, it will emit a sound as loud as a watchman's rattle, and new arrivals in the colony often take the one for the other.

The lower garden is separated from the upper one by a road that leads past the rear of the Government house, to the Fig-tree. An old Scotchman has been kindly permitted by the governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, to build a small house on this road, where he sells oranges, peaches, grapes, and other fruit, and confectionary to those who visit the gardens. The lower garden descends with a gentle slope to the top of a beautiful bay which forms that part of the harbour between Dawe's Battery and Lady Macquarrie's Chair. The head of this bay is formed into a semicircle by a low breastwork of masonry, the top of which is on a level with the garden, and is covered by a continuation of greensward. A few feet in the rear of this wall is a broad gravel walk, the length of the semicircle, which winds delightfully past little hills and knolls beautified with trees, or under the shade of projecting rocks, where seats are placed for the visitors. One of these seats is called Lady Macquarrie's Chair. It is overshadowed by a fig-tree,

and is much resorted to by the novel-reading section of the community. At full tide, the waters of the bay are level with the lower part of the garden, and sometimes they ripple a few feet over the greensward. This charming spot is much frequented by all classes on the Sunday afternoons, and the view from the bay, which takes in the whole of the gardens, is most picturesque.

Near the ingress of this garden, towards the left, is the monument erected to the memory of Allan Cunningham, a famous botanist. It stands in a small oval-shaped artificial lake, the margin of which is planted round with some splendid weeping willows. Their long pendulous branches droop over the monument into the clear stream below, thus combining to produce one of the most lovely and appropriate of memorials.

The gardens are kept in excellent order. Many workmen are constantly employed for this purpose. Policemen also are stationed in various parts to remove any disorderly characters that may happen to intrude; this however, is seldom necessary, as good behaviour is the passport of admission.

The market accommodation of Sydney is on a grand scale. There are four separate buildings standing on a plot of ground equal to that occupied by St. John's market, in Liverpool. The buildings are all of an equal size, and have strong iron entrance gates. In an open space between each of

the two markets, there is a fountain of the purest water, by which they are always kept clean. One of these buildings is devoted exclusively to the sale of fruit and vegetables, and the display of oranges, grapes, peaches, apricots, bananas, and pine-apples, far exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw at home. All the fruits, with the exception of the gooseberry and apple, are much superior in flavour to those produced in England. I never knew how delicious a really good orange was, till I tasted one in Sydney. During the orange season, they can be bought in the market for 2d. and 3d. per dozen. At that time every greengrocer's shop is filled to overflowing with this golden fruit. Peaches and grapes are equally plentiful. The former may be purchased at 1d. and 2d. per dozen, the latter at 3d. and 4d. per pound. The daily display of pumpkins, cabbages, onions, radishes, and other vegetables, in this market is astonishing. The leading man among the market gardeners is a Scotchman, named John Baptist. He invariably wins the prizes at flower-shows and other exhibitions which have for their object the improvement of Australian horticulture. So famous has he become in Sydney, that almost every mistress who hires a new servant, tells her on her first marketing trip, "to mind and go to Baptist for the vegetables."

The adjoining building is devoted to the sale of

potatoes, crockery ware, and old furniture. The potatoes are chiefly from Tasmania, and are excellent. Those grown in the gardens and swamps towards Botany Bay cannot be compared to them for their fine mealy properties and richness of flavour.

The other two buildings are appropriated to dairy produce and butcher's meat. The one in which the dairy productions are sold is kept scrupulously clean, and is abundantly supplied with poultry, eggs, and bacon, from Hunter River and Maitland, and butter and cheese from Wollongong. Wollongong is the Cheshire of New South Wales, and all those who deal in these commodities are careful to label them "Best Wollongong butter and cheese," when exposed for sale in their shop windows. The cheese hardly excels that made in Adelaide, and the butter was by no means as good; but as the weather was very hot during the greater part of my stay in Sydney, that might probably account for the difference. There seems, nevertheless, much room for improvement in the management of dairy produce in New South Wales.

The other market is exclusively set apart for the sale of butcher's meat, fresh and corned. The mutton is generally pretty good; sometimes during the heat of summer it is very lean, but even then it has one good quality—it is mostly tender, and may be bought for 2d. and 3d. per pound. Pork

comes principally from Hunter River, and is excellent, but the bacon and hams are anything but good, when compared with Irish bacon at home; and owing to their becoming rancid so soon, they are neither extensively purchased nor consumed by the people of the city, as they can always obtain a supply of fresh meat.

Nothing astonishes a new comer more than the great quantity of animal food consumed in every household. The calls of the butcher's boy are as regular before breakfast as either the milkman or the baker, and are considered equally as necessary for the production of that meal.

The Saturday nights in the markets and some of the adjacent streets present quite as busy a scene as is witnessed on the same night near St. John's market, Liverpool. Cart loads of vegetables may be observed a considerable way down George-street and several other streets in such numbers, that one is inclined to wonder where the people found buyers for such enormous quantities of green stuff.

Labour of all kinds abounded—wages were:—labourers from 10s. to 12s. per day; masons and quarrymen from £1 to £1 5s. per day; agricultural labourers from £30 to £40 the year; shepherds from £30 to £35 the year; tailors and shoemakers from 10s. to 12s. per day.

There was an ample supply of slop-clothing to be had nearly as cheap as in London. Shoes imported

from America were selling at 7s. the pair; English shoes were a little higher. Colonial made shoes were more than double the price of those imported, and it was almost next to impossible to get a pair soled or mended. If you had the good luck to induce a shoemaker to put a pair of soles on, the charge for so doing was either 6s. or 7s., finding your own materials, and repairs done to any kind of clothing were equally high.

Many females were employed in making slop-clothing, who could earn from 30s. to £2 per week. The money earned by millinery and dress-making seemed almost fabulous.

A little girl, the daughter of mine host, about 14 years of age, often earned more than 30s. per week, by making cloaks and visites. Carpenters and joiners had 15s. per day, and blacksmiths the same. Sailors received from £6 to £8 per month, in the coasting trade. Board and lodgings could be had at from 15s. to £1 per week. The 2lb. loaf was selling at 7d.; butter at 1s. 6d. per lb.; sugar at 4d., tea at 2s., potatoes at 1d. per lb., cabbages, one half-penny each, radishes and watercresses, 1d. per bunch.

The majority of those earning these large sums were living from hand to mouth. The females of this spendthrift class laid out their surplus money in gaudy dresses and trinkets. There was a complete mania amongst the women for gold rings,



and some of them sported three or four of these precious circles upon their fingers. The Jews made a great deal of money by persuading many whom they knew to have small nuggets of gold, to employ them in manufacturing such into rings.

The public-houses in Sydney are as "thick as blackberries in September," and the most trifling business affair cannot be transacted without a "go" or a "nobbler." The consequences of this immoderate drinking are heart-disease, delirium tremens, and madness, to an appalling extent. A single visit to the Tarban Creek Lunatic Asylum, near Paramatta, or to the Hospital at Sydney, will confirm this. The first question asked by medical men, when they are summoned to attend a person who had been taken suddenly ill—and heart disease comes on suddenly—is, "Have you been accustomed to drinking spirits?" The disclosures made by some of these people are frightful, and reveal the awful extent to which drinking is carried on. A dealer in one-horse carts, named Campbell, from Melbourne, stopped a few days on one of his trips, in the house where I lodged. He slept on a stretcher opposite to me. On the second night he was taken very ill, and he got off his stretcher and came to me across the room. I was then sound asleep; and so were the two other lodgers in the room. He took me by the shoulder, and tried to awake me; but it was several minutes before I was sufficiently

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aroused to know who was pulling at me. When I became conscious I beheld the man standing over me with his hand upon his breast, and his eyes nearly starting from their sockets, from the pain he was suffering. I was horrified at his appearance, and still more so when he addressed me. He grasped my hand convulsively, and the first words he uttered were—"For God's sake, friend, listen to what I am going to tell you, and promise me that you will do what I request of you, for I am just going to die." "For goodness' sake," said I, "you must not die beside me, and no one present but myself; I will call up the master of the house immediately." "Oh no!" said he, "do not call him till I have told you what I have to say; for I have not many moments to live. I have a considerable sum of money about me, and also in the bank at Melbourne, and I wish it all to go to Mrs. Griffiths, the person with whom I lodge, in Queen street, Melbourne. I desire that you will write to her, and let her know of my fate." I would listen no longer; I jumped up, aroused the master and mistress, and waked the other two lodgers. The master came directly, and we went out to look for a doctor.

Dr. Duggan, the nearest medical man, lived a mile off. When we knocked at his door; his wife answered from the window of an upper room. She told us he was with a patient in Elizabeth-street.

We went thither, and met him leaving the house. He had been attending a young girl for the Influenza, which was very prevalent, and had carried off many unhealthy people and inveterate drinkers. When we returned with the doctor, we found the man sitting upon his bed, and much better. The first question of the doctor was—"Have you not been drinking a considerable quantity of spirits of late?" He replied, that he had taken at least twelve glasses of spirits of some kind or other nearly every day for many years, and that on some particular occasions, as many as fifteen or twenty glasses daily. The doctor told him he must totally abstain from drinking if he had any wish to live. He also wrote a prescription for him, and desired us to look carefully after him, as he had not only a very dangerous heart disease, but he had, as he expressed it, a "shingle off" as well. He was labouring under *delirium tremens*, which he said would either end in death or confirmed insanity.

This man's case was not solitary; there are hundreds in the colony pursuing the same course; and when at length they are seized by some slight epidemic, they rarely survive the attack many hours. Yet, with all this drinking there is very little distress or poverty. I did not see a single instance of that lamentable pauperism commonly met with at home, when a family of children have been deprived of either of their parents. There

are no poor-rates or union workhouses. If a person having a family, be sick, his wife can earn as much by washing or sewing, as will supply all the domestic wants till he is better. Should husband and wife both be ill at one time, their case is soon known, and their wants are supplied by voluntary contributions. And if a person died, leaving no effects behind him, he would be buried by public subscription.

The only poor people whom I saw in Sydney were four blind men; and they so employed themselves that they could hardly be called poor in the same sense that the word is understood in England. One of them perambulated the greater part of the city every morning, led by a dog, selling the daily newspapers on his way; another of them vended fruit and sundry wares in George-street; a third sold clothes-baskets and clothes-pegs manufactured by himself; the fourth had a small annuity, and during the fine weather he spent much of his time at the Fig-tree, where he went to bathe every day. Before he ventured into the water, he was very careful to ascertain if there were any persons there, as he was much afraid of the sharks, and did not like to bathe alone. He was remarkably intelligent, and his small stipend was increased to a considerable sum by presents from the wealthy. I was only once asked for charity by an old Irish woman, and she was drunk and wanted a sixpence to "raise the wind."

A labouring man in Sydney may turn his hand to various employments, if he does not bind himself by a written agreement to one master. During the wool season, hundreds of this free class are employed in screwing the wool and loading ships in Sydney Cove. Then there are two or three clear months in the year, when they can have abundance of work at harvesting and sheepshearing in the country. The price there for sheepshearing was 25s. per hundred; and for harvesting from £1 to £1 10s. per acre. When these seasons are over, they can return to the city and find plenty to do upon the wharfs and in the quarries. Should they tire of any of these different kinds of labour, they have only to go to one of the Register-offices for servants, and pay 2s.6d. and obtain a situation as shepherd, bullock-driver, or agricultural labourer, in the bush for twelve months or two years, as it suits their inclination. The rate of wages given by some of the large sheep farmers up the country is from £30 to £40 per year for these descriptions of labour, with the privilege of earning as much more as they can during sheepshearing time.

I would caution every one transacting business with these gentlemen in the register-offices to be careful what they are about. These worthies are sure to say that the places which they have upon their lists are all good ones, when the contrary is too often the fact. It is always preferable, if it

can be managed, to have a fortnight's trial of a place procured through the medium of these offices, before any agreement for a longer time be entered into. The general rule with these offices is, that master and servant shall each pay 2s.6d. for becoming acquainted with each other.

A perpetual source of dissatisfaction with the working-people was the insane manner in which the landlords raised the rents of their dwellings. The news of a new gold-field, or the finding of a large nugget at any of the mines, or any other species of prospective prosperity, sent up the rents. In some instances as much as 6s. per week advance resulted from these reports, and many of the more rational and soberminded among the operatives were beginning to think seriously about living in houses of their own; which they might easily do if they would curtail their tavern bills. A person with a family about to emigrate to Sydney cannot invest a small capital better than by taking his house out with him, and renting a small piece of ground from the Government on which to erect it. This may be done for a house with four rooms and out-offices, for four or five shillings per week; and a dwelling of that size in many parts of Sydney would cost from twelve to fifteen shillings weekly.

The climate of New South Wales seems highly favourable to longevity, if one may judge from the extremely old people to be met with in Sydney.

There was one venerable woman, residing near Sussex-street, who had been sent out more than sixty years ago, very soon after the founding of the colony. She was upwards of ninety years of age. The children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, of this old lady were so numerous that she could scarcely count the heads.

A neighbour of this ancient matron, was a man named Smith, upwards of eighty years of age. He had a young wife, 23 years old, and two daughters, one aged three years and the other five. He had much house property. Twice, for various offences in early life, he had been "lugged;" but he had wisely turned over a fresh leaf in his existence by becoming good in his old days. Smith had a wonderful knack of ferreting out cases of distress, and getting up subscriptions to relieve them. He placed his own name first on the list of subscribers, with the amount of his donation. The names of the other contributors being duly inserted, when he thought he had obtained sufficient to relieve the distressed, he took the list of subscribers to Mr. Kemp, the proprietor of the *Sydney Herald*, and persuaded him to insert it and an account of the proceeding in that paper, which he considered equivalent to a good subscription. The files of the newspaper for many years back make honourable mention of the exertions of old Smith in relieving the miseries of the distressed.

Most of the natives, i.e., those born of European parents (for none of the aborigines are now to be seen in Sydney), are very tall, some of the men being nearly seven feet high. The greater part have dark hair and sallow complexions, and they present altogether a lean and lanky appearance, showing a serious deterioration from the parent stock, when compared with that fine combination of mental and physical qualities which go to make up that noble specimen of the human family, designated an Anglo-Saxon. The decadence is not so perceptible in the first and second generations as in the third and fourth; but none of them rejoice in the stamina or pluck of the natives of the old country. They are fond of athletic exercises and horse-racing. Their fighting men, or boxers, have occasionally tried their skill with the pugilists in London; but they have been, to use a phrase of the "fancy," invariably smashed.

The native youths are called "corn-stalks," owing to the rapid manner in which they shoot up in height. The majority of them prefer active to sedentary employments; the children are of a playful, reckless disposition; and the climate is so well adapted to out-door recreation, that they enjoy themselves the whole year round.

Much has been said and written touching the loveliness of the "currency lasses," or native women of New South Wales; and in these state-



ments there is but little exaggeration. Many of them are "beautiful exceedingly," with lustrous dark eyes, and features so finely chiselled, that they would be matchless models for a sculptor. They are talkative, fond of all kinds of amusement, agreeable companions in pleasure excursions, and scrupulously clean in their person and dress. But they bear no comparison with the rosy-cheeked, brown-haired, laughing girls of the Old Country for the household virtues. They do not make very good wives for Englishmen who have been accustomed to well-regulated homes under the superintendence of intelligent mothers and sisters. Few of them are good cooks; they will dish up the same mid-day meal four or five days in succession, commonly something that is easily prepared, such as a piece of corned beef and cabbage or greens. They seem to have no desire for a healthy diversity of food, and this is not occasioned by the absence of variety, as there is always an abundant supply of all kinds of food to be found in the market.

The manner in which food is wasted by bad cookery would astonish any one unacquainted with their habits. The majority of them know nothing of those valuable works on domestic cookery; and up to the present time, so far as they are concerned, Soyer has written in vain. These remarks refer to the daughters of working-men. Those in the upper ranks are in this respect equally well

informed with their English contemporaries. But I would say, let every working-man, be he mechanic or labourer, who may think of emigrating to New South Wales, take with him a good thrifty wife from his own country, and he will find her "worth her weight in gold."

Many of the well-conducted workmen spend their leisure time in boating and fishing excursions. Some of these with whom I became acquainted, had been in the colony more than eleven years, and were well qualified to give valuable information respecting the various localities we passed in our numerous excursions.

The two principal boat-proprietors who let out boats for hire are John Freeman, in Sussex-street, and Mr. Vincent, in Darlinghurst. The charge per day for a boat was five shillings. When five or six persons formed a pleasure party the cost to each was comparatively trifling. We generally patronised John Freeman, a most agreeable and obliging old man, who pointed out the sailing qualities of his boats with as much pride as any sporting gentleman would have shewn in conversing about a favourite race-horse. Our outfit for one of these excursions consisted of a tin kettle to make tea in, sugar, tea, bread, butter, and cold meat, fishhooks and lines, and a piece of raw flesh for bait. No spirits were allowed; and if any were smuggled into the boat, the bottle and its contents were invariably thrown

overboard. The boats are fitted up with masts, sails, and oars, and a lump of stone for a calic or anchor. Our favourite boat was the *Royal William*, and we ordinarily took our departure from Cockle Bay, which is an arm of the main harbour that runs along the length of Sussex-street, and contains several private wharfs, and is frequented by ships from nearly all parts of the world. There are the Flour Company's wharf, the Union wharf, the Steamboat wharfs, one near the Patent Slip and the other near the Gas-works; these are all on the city side. On the opposite banks are wharfs belonging to the Newcastle and Mount Keira Coal Companies. There are also on that side two pretty villages called Belmont and Pymont. A couple of small steamers ply between the Gas-works and Belmont; they cross every half-hour, from six in the morning to seven at night. The distance is half a mile, and the fare 3d. Ferry-boats also ply between Pymont and the city side, and the fare is the same. Near the top of the bay there are lime-works. The lime is made from shells brought from the neighbourhood of Broken Bay and Botany Bay in small vessels of forty or fifty tons burthen.

My first boating excursion was on the fifth day after my arrival in Sydney. We started in the *Royal William* on a beautiful morning at eight o'clock. A fine breeze was blowing down the bay, and we made a rapid run under all sail towards

Goat Island, and then steered down the main stream to inspect Pinchgut Island and the Circular Quay at the top of Sydney Cove. Many of the large ships from London and Liverpool discharge their cargoes at the Circular Quay. The largest ships can lay in deep water close to the warehouses. The Circular Quay is built of a soft kind of sandstone, and would soon be worn down if used in the same manner as the granite docks and quays of London and Liverpool. The vessels are not allowed to approach the masonry, but are secured at a short distance off by chains. A gangway is made to pass from their upper decks to several yards beyond the edge of the quay, to load and discharge them by. There were some fine vessels there at that time, the *Kate*, *Bank of England*, *Clifton*, *Blackfriars*, *Anglesea*, and *Canterbury*, from London. The *Bloomer* and *Falcon* belonging to Gibbs and Bright of Liverpool, were anchored out in the stream at the entrance of the Cove, and a beautiful clipper, the *Julia* of Liverpool, was anchored off Pinchgut. She was painted light green from stem to stern, and her model and large size were the theme of general conversation amongst nautical amateurs.

Pinchgut is a barren freestone rock, half an acre in extent. Attempts have been made to fortify it, but the stone was found to be too soft and perishable for that object. A few courses of blocks have

been laid, and there are a few lying about in a half finished state in different directions. No one inhabits it.

Goat Island was once famous as a convict station or prison, but it holds that unenviable distinction no longer. Only one family are living upon it, and they are free. On its north side a hulk, anchored and fitted out with lightning conductors, is used for a powder magazine. This Island, in extent, hardly exceeds an acre. Part of it is cultivated as a garden, and the rest covered with scrub and stunted gum-trees. We sailed past the magazine, and turned to the left into Table Bay, where we dropped our calic and commenced fishing.

The harbour abounds with fish, of which the schnapper, jewfish, tailorfish, black and red bream, and the yellow-tail, are used for food. The schnapper and jewfish are the largest, and are caught sometimes near the Heads, which is considered the best fishing-ground for them; they frequently weigh as much as 70 and 80lb. The tackle used in fishing for them is a strong cord about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and a stout salmon hook. These fish are of a peculiar shape; and the sport afforded by the capture of such monsters of the deep is unusually exciting.

The black and red bream are small fish, weighing about a quarter of a lb. In flavour and firmness

they equal our finest grey trouts. The yellow-tail is a beautiful little fish, marked like the mackerel, and more delicious than the bream. In some seasons large shoals of mackerel visit the harbour, and are caught in great numbers. There is also a species of salmon, but they are a dry poor sort of fish that is little esteemed. Few of the working people consume any of those excellent fish; they will not take the trouble to cook them. Whenever I wanted the fish prepared which I caught, I had to do it myself. Large quantities of this wholesome and nutritious food are left in the boats. Indeed those who have had the pleasure of catching the fish know well that scarcely anybody would thank them for it, even as a gift.

There are several other fish not used for food, but I think some of them would be found equally palatable with those I have named. Several of them are beautifully coloured, especially the rook cod and parrotfish, and they retain their brilliant hues long after they have been taken out of the water. There is a curious little flat fish, called "the sweep," of which many are caught. When first taken out of the water it is bright as silver, but in a few seconds it turns as black as a sweep, hence its name. It is usually cut into small pieces as bait for the bream and yellow-tail. There is a large flat fish called "the fiddler," found in shoal water, where there is a muddy bottom. It is very

sluggish, dark brown upon the back and white underneath. Its mouth is on the underside of the head, like that of the shark. In shape it resembles a fiddle. The tailorfish is not unlike a pair of shears about the tail; it is excellent eating. The rocks around Table Bay, and other parts of the harbour which are covered with the tides, abound with rock oysters. They are smaller than the mud oyster, and more delicious in flavour.

The land at the top of Table Bay has a gentle descent towards the shore, and numerous cottages and villages peep out from amid the thick scrub and tall gum-trees upon it. A half-finished house was shown to me amid the trees, which had been commenced by a wealthy convict: but before its completion he committed some crime, and by way of punishment, was sent to Cockatoo Island for seven years. This island is within view of his unfinished edifice, so that he is daily reminded of his dream of happiness and retirement which he once contemplated enjoying within its walls, but which unfortunately he dispersed by his own hand.

The woods around the harbour were enlivened by the wandering voices of children calling to each other, in the manner in which the natives do, when they wish to communicate to one another their whereabouts in the forests. I never heard any sound produced by the human voice, that can be heard at so great a distance as this peculiar call.

It is so easy to imitate that it need be only heard once, and it is sure never to be forgotten. The teeth are placed slightly apart, and the word *cooes* sounded through them. The sound is sometimes prolonged for several seconds, and then ends abruptly in 'ee. Any one may soon convince himself of the great distance to which the native call may be heard, by sounding the word *cooes* in the manner described.

We fished here for nearly two hours, and caught plenty of bream and yellow-tail. When we were tired of fishing, we approached some rocks covered with oysters, which we knocked off with stones, and feasted to our hearts' content on the delicate little *natives*. After that, we sailed towards Cockatoo Island, which is near Table Bay, at the entrance of the Paramatta River. It is a barren rock, apparently two acres in extent, and is shaped like a parallelogram. It is used by the Government of New South Wales, for their own convicts. A sentinel is placed at each corner of the Island, to prevent anyone from approaching within a certain distance, without a pass from the authorities. It is almost covered with buildings, beneath which are some extensive siloes, or grain stores. Two men were suffocated through descending into one of these places for the purpose of getting out some grain, a few days after our excursion.

We sailed on to Bird Island, the dimensions of



which does not exceed an acre; it is covered with long grass, flowering shrubs and small gum-trees. We "down stick" here again, and dropped our calic. Each put on a schnapper bait, to try what we could do in that line. It is dangerous to fish with the hand hanging over the side of the boat. Sharks are so abundant, that a person incurs a risk of his hand being seriously lacerated, if not entirely bitten off by them. They have been known to pass right over a boat after a hand that has been thus exposed by some careless fisherman. These monsters, some of which, are nine or ten feet long—often seize upon the schnapper bait, and drag the boat after them through the water, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. When a shark is hooked, the calic is pulled up as quickly as possible, and he is suffered to drag the boat after him till he is exhausted, he is then dragged on shore and dispatched. We had not fished long here, before the man at the bows caught a large fiddler. No schnappers making their appearance, we agreed to draw-up alongside of Bird Island, to kindle a fire upon the beach to boil our kettle, and to cook some of the fish, native fashion,—upon hot stones. In a few minutes we collected wood, and had a fire blazing upon the stones. We cleaned the fish and roasted them, and in half an hour we had our tea and them both ready. Upon these and our other adjuncts of bread, butter, and cold meat, we made a meal that

an epicure might have envied. We laid the fiddler upon the stones, and roasted it for burly. Any white substance that will float upon the water answers that purpose. Wheaten bread is frequently used; it is broken into small pieces, and thrown into the water close to the boat to attract the attention of the fish. When the water is well burled, they may be seen darting round the boat in perfect swarms. Then a person may pull them in as fast as he can bait. After our fiddler was roasted we pushed off again towards Paramatta River, where we enjoyed our sport till the lengthening shadows of evening, and a bank of clouds rising in the south, warned us that we must depart as quickly as possible—if we did not want to remain out all night. When a southerly wind sets in, it generally continues to blow strong till towards morning; and as it blows right across the harbour, all the coves and bays to the windward are inaccessible till it has ceased. We were perfectly aware of this, so we “up stick,” and ran for our destination. On we went past coves, bays, and headlands, ships at anchor, and other boats running, like ourselves, at their topmost speed. The bells of St. Benedict’s were ringing out a merry peal; and it was one of those evenings on which sailors delight to talk about sweethearts and wives, when they are far out at sea.

We were soon at our old friend Freeman’s snug

little cove in Cockle Bay; and rarely pleased was the old man when we related to him our day's experience of the superior qualities of the *Royal William*, and our satisfaction with the excursion.

Boating in Sydney harbour is not unattended with danger to those unaccustomed to the place. Many fatal accidents occurred by the capsizing of boats whilst crossing the entrances of the bays. There is frequently a strong wind blowing down these bays; and when a boat is brought suddenly into it with all made fast, there is great danger of all on board perishing, either by drowning or by the sharks. Experienced boatmen keep the sheets loose in their hands, ready to let go in any such emergency. The precursor of a wind from any quarter is a dark strip of clouds which rises in the direction whence the breeze will come. If this "bank" rises fast, a strong wind may be expected in a short time, sometimes in less than half-an-hour. During summer, the southerly wind, or Brickfielder, as the Sydney people used to term it, is the most annoying. It is now commonly styled the Southerly Buster. It sets in towards evening when the day has been very sultry, or when a hot wind has been blowing during the day from the north-west. It is a great source of vexation to laundresses in particular, for it comes unheralded, bearing clouds of dust, and spoiling, in a moment, the results of their skill and industry.

Sydney boasts two daily and several weekly newspapers. The *Sydney Herald* and the *Daily Empire* are the two diurnals. *Bell's Life*, the *People's Advocate*, and several others, are published weekly. The latter stands in the same relation to the other papers that the *Weekly Dispatch* does to the newspaper press in London. It was just then handling the political belief of Mr. Wentworth, a native of Sydney, and a leading member of the council. This gentleman was at that time the most abused man in the colony. *Bell's Life* is devoted entirely to sporting intelligences. Some of the others contain aliment for those who believe in democracy in the extreme.

The sporting community and the wondering public were deeply interested in the feats of a celebrated pedestrian, called the "flying pie-man." He was said to be a native of London. One of his exploits was running by the side of the mail-coach that plied between Sydney and Paramatta. The distance between these places is fifteen miles, and the mail travels at the rate of ten miles an hour. Another feat was starting from the wharf at the same time with a steamer for Paramatta, and when the vessel arrived at her destination he was standing upon the wharf waiting for her there. On some occasions he beat the steamer by more than half-an-hour.

The antipathy that once existed between the

convicts and the free people is now almost extinct, and there are no gangs of prisoners employed on the streets as was formerly the case. Several of the principal merchants and ship-brokers belong to the former class, and some of them are good citizens and good masters.

I have occasionally seen seven or eight prisoners heavily ironed, marched through the city, guarded by policemen armed with pistols, to prevent any resistance or attempts to escape. Scenes such as these gave one a faint idea of what the condition of Sydney must have been before the abolition of transportation.

A railway was fast progressing towards completion (and is now I believe finished), between Sydney and Paramatta, so that this queen of cities is now blest with all the appliances of the advanced civilization of Europe and the West.

My next fishing excursion was in Rushcutter Bay, and a rare day's sport we had. We visited Double Bay and many other interesting parts of the harbour. On that occasion we patronised Mr. Vincent of Darlinghurst. We caught bream and yellow-tail, and several beautiful rock cod and parrotfish. My companions directed my attention to many beautiful places along the shores of these bays. A place in Rushcutter Bay was pointed out where a son of Sir Thomas Mitchell perished from the bite of a snake, some years ago.

At the time of this excursion I had been two months in Sydney, and there was scarcely a day during which I had not some short pleasure-trip in the harbour or into the country. The weather was fine and dry all that time, except during two thunderstorms, and they were harmless and of brief duration. The only time that I can remember weather equally fine at home, was during the summer of 1826. Anyone whose recollection can carry him back to that period will be able to form some idea of the fineness of the climate. I well remember the bright sunsets and short twilights of that exceedingly dry summer. Darkness set in almost as suddenly after sunset as it does in Australia. The peculiar dryness of the atmosphere was doubtless the cause of that phenomenon in both places.

One Saturday afternoon, I looked into a bookseller's window in George-street, and my attention was attracted by a pamphlet, which contained an account of the Hunter River, and the country round Maitland, by a clergyman then residing in the latter locality. On the back of the book there was a quotation from Scripture:—Deuteronomy Chap. 8th, and part of the 7th, and the whole of the 8th verse. This passage was applied to describe the fertility of that part of the country. It reads thus:—"A land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of vallies and hills A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and

figtrees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey." I thought that a place answering this delightful description would amply repay a visit, and I determined to go there as soon as possible.

Two days later I went to the Steamers' wharf, and took a berth in one of the Hunter River steamers. I got a return ticket in the second cabin for 24s. The distance I had to go was 100 miles. The *Tamar* steamer by which I was to travel, was an old vessel, but she had just undergone a thorough repair, and was said to be in excellent condition. She was a wood boat of narrow build, and not well calculated to stand the buffettings of a heavy sea. It was nearly eleven at night before we started. I had with me a young sailor for a companion, called James Worth, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne. And his name was no misnomer, for he was a most worthy character. We steamed down the harbour at half speed, and kept a bell ringing till after passing the light ship. The aspect of the city as we went slowly along by it was surpassingly grand. All the steamers that pass down the harbour at night are compelled to ring a bell, to warn any boats that may be near of their approach. Accidents frequently occurred before this regulation came into force, some of which were attended with loss of life, through boats being run down by the steamers.

When we reached the Heads, we found a heavy sea running from the south, and the *Tamar* soon rolled the greater part of the passengers into a state of sea-sickness. I and my friend, after midnight, went down into the second cabin, where we got into a berth head to feet, and remained there several hours, watching the doings of the sailors and passengers, as it was impossible to sleep, such was the uproar and disturbance. The majority of the passengers were gold diggers, returning home from Melbourne, and those who were not sick were almost delirious with drinking. There was a place in both cabins for the sale of liquor. The firemen drank, the sailors drank, and most of the passengers drank, till their language became disgusting and blasphemous in the extreme. The uproar from the effects of drink made the ship a complete floating Bedlam.

About three o'clock a.m., the steward of the second-cabin, who was a young Frenchman, had occasion to go upon deck. During his absence, some half-dozen of the sailors and firemen got into his pantry, and made free with his liquors. When he returned they pulled the door to, and fastened him in, and amused themselves by listening to him thundering at the door and swearing in broken English for more than an hour before they would release him.

About half-past four we sighted the Nobbies, two small hills at the entrance of Newcastle



Harbour and Hunter River. Far in the distance we could see a long stretch of high land tending towards the east, and terminating in the bold heads of Port Stephens. At six o'clock we passed the Nobbies, and the city of Newcastle burst upon our view. We steamed slowly alongside one of the wharfs, which was at that early hour crowded with people, amongst whom were many hideous-looking male and female natives.

Newcastle, which in size is a mere village, had a comfortable appearance when seen from the harbour; and I was so impressed with its general air, that I determined to pay it a more lengthened visit after I had returned to Sydney.

After half-an-hour's detention in landing passengers, mail-bags, and other cargo, we resumed our course up the harbour, in the direction of a dense looking forest. In a few minutes we gazed on the beauties of the peaceful Hunter, winding its way through "a land flowing with milk and honey."

On looking down into the cabin I saw an ample breakfast provided, for the moderate charge of two shillings. This was double the price of the morning meal in one of these boats before the gold discoveries. I was in no humour to quarrel with the new regulation, so I went below with Worth and made a hearty breakfast, after which we resumed our places on deck in good humour with ourselves, and everybody, and everything around us.

## CHAPTER V.

Hunter's River.. Crayfish .. Lobsters .. Huts .. Farms .. English Emigrants .. Irish Emigrants .. Clearings .. Mesquite Island .. Count Hickie's Residence .. Gardens .. Fruit .. Corn .. Raymond Terrace .. Minton .. Morpeth .. State of the River .. Resembles the River Colne, near Uxbridge .. Natives, Scene with .. East Maitland Harvest .. Escaping .. Aspect of the Country .. The Schoolmaster, Breeds of Cattle .. Leaving Morpeth .. Sailing down the River .. At Newcastle .. Rough Sea .. Put back to Newcastle .. Landing there .. Voyage to Sydney .. Young Sailor .. Leonard Elvy .. His Family .. Great Britain Steamer .. Frightful Murder of an Old Man .. Boating Excursion .. Little Inn .. Chaffing the Currency Lassies .. Leaving Sydney .. Arrival at Newcastle .. Rogers .. Bathing House .. Mistake .. Alarming some Ladies .. Accommodens Hole .. Dreary Aspect of the Sea and Land .. Description of Newcastle .. Fitz Roy Pillar .. Nobbles .. Reef .. Pt .. Coast .. Trade .. Preserved Meat .. Wages .. Cruelty to Convicts .. Bushranger's Revenge .. James Backhouse .. Dr. Bowker .. Scenes in Convict Life .. Reuben Page .. Polly Hyde .. Yankee Jack .. Natives .. Hannels .. Innkeepers .. Remarks about Public Houses .. Christmas Day .. Hot Wind .. Ball .. Bush on Firs .. Mesquitos .. Chinese Coolies .. Funerals .. Joseph Spragg, his Doings .. Price of Land .. Mr. Chester's Concert .. Mountebanks .. William Hyde .. Ship .. New Zealanders .. Trip to Maitland .. Scenes on the Road .. Halfway House .. Pleased Irishman .. The Last Native .. Arrival at Maitland.

THE Hunter is a quarter of a mile in breadth a short distance from Newcastle. Some miles above is the little island of Mosquito, famed for its fine fruit. There are several flats or shallow places in the river, which steamers have great difficulty in passing when the river is low. These flats abound with mud oysters; and prawns, crabs, crayfish, and

lobsters are caught in great numbers. The Sydney market to a great extent is supplied from this source.

The sun was far up in the heavens, and a long stretch of the stream lay before us, with a surface as smooth as a polished mirror. Along its banks a low bright green scrub drooped over into the water. And far in the distance on each side of us, nothing could be seen but sky and forest. As we glided along, picturesque looking iron-bark huts presented themselves to our view, surrounded by cleared plots of land devoted to agriculture. Some of these stand nearly on the river's brink, and are the outposts of extensive farms, where the labourers live during the seasons of sheep-washing and harvesting, and others are the permanent residences of families.

The contrast between the English and Irish emigrants who dwell in these cottages was painful. The dwellings of the former were invariably clean, fitted up with glass windows, and had that peculiar air of comfort which is so prominent a feature in every English cottage, whether on the banks of the Thames or those of the Hunter. The dwellings of the latter were filthy in the extreme, with groups of unwashed children straggling about them. The windows were commonly stuffed with rags, or had a dirty piece of scarcely transparent cloth hung before them; and all around plainly told, as only

rags and wretchedness could tell, that a bit of "ould Ireland" was cultivated within the walls of the murky-looking tenements.

More extensive clearings, waving with yellow grain ready for the sickle, now came in sight, and some large fields were already cut. Now and then we passed some swarthy reapers, chiefly men, with large cabbage-tree hats to shield them from the heat of the sun. They seemed to be taking it easy so far as their work was concerned; and as we passed they dropped their sickles and stared at us. Some of the clearings had tall trees still standing upon them leafless and bare as they had been left by the clearing fires. Their gaunt bolls, scorched and riven, presented a strange contrast to the giant forms of the white gum-tree and the graceful wattles near them, unscathed by the life-destroying blaze, though doomed to perish by that terrible enemy so often the auxiliary of man in the work of destruction amid the mighty forest; and not always for useful purposes, but too often in a reckless manner, destroying and defacing God's beautiful work.

A few more turns of the river brought us opposite the beautiful residence of Count Hickey. The house was surrounded by fine gardens, the trees were laden with fruit, and the adjoining land was in the highest state of cultivation. The land near the river was planted with Indian corn, and several

men were weeding and fastening it up in bunches. The green tops of the corn, and the gorgeous flowers blooming in the garden, and along the banks of the river, combined to add fresh beauty to the scenery around.

Raymond Terrace, the first calling-place for the steamer after Newcastle, is a small place with a good inn and a few private dwellings. There was no bustle when the steamer arrived at the wharf; the landlord of the inn, and two or three of the other inhabitants came leisurely down, and one solitary native looked listlessly on. Three or four casks of spirits and a few boxes of merchandise were placed upon the wharf, and they moved them away. The place had a quiet rural air, and the inhabitants seemed to have acquired that contented appearance expressive of affluence and ease.

We next passed the pretty village of Hinton, which snugly lies nestled in a grove of sweets. Through the openings in the trees we caught occasional glimpses of the houses. A mile or two onward, we came to the mouths of the William and Patterson rivers, which empty themselves into the Hunter, a short distance from each other. The scenery around was exceeding lovely, and the land was highly cultivated.

The Hunter river scenery became still more fascinating as we neared Morpeth. In some places luxuriant crops of yellow grain were growing down

to the water's edge. In others were rich orchards and vineyards, noble mansions and picturesque villas with broad walks leading to the river, and pleasure-boats painted in gay colours, resting near the water-gates, for the denizens of these delightful abodes to disport themselves upon their lovely stream.

The Hunter at Morpeth is the width of the river Colne at Uxbridge, and some parts of the scenery resembles that near that pretty meandering stream so rich in historical associations. We now arrived at Morpeth, where two omnibuses and several light carts were in waiting to convey passengers to Maitland.

In the midst of the bustle incidental to landing, two natives came on board to help in removing their luggage ashore. One of the firemen, the most brutal of the lot, who annoyed us so much on the previous night, had a great antipathy to the natives, by whom he said he was once nearly murdered. When this man saw these poor harmless creatures come on board, he struck the foremost down with his fist, and with as little compunction as if he had been felling a bullock. The other native jumped upon the wharf to avoid similar treatment. The more compassionate of the crew lifted up the poor bleeding native, who was severely cut above the left eye, and carried him ashore. Several passengers remonstrated with the brute for

his cruelty, but he seemed so exasperated at the sight of the natives, that they were obliged to be got out of his way, for fear of further mischief.

Morpeth is a well-built village, with an excellent inn, and many dwellings of retired sheep-farmers and other gentry. The principal residence of the Bishop of Newcastle is there. Considerable quantities of coal are raised from pits in the neighbourhood, which is shipped in schooners for Sydney. This coal, though useful for some purposes, is vastly inferior to that obtained at Newcastle.

The distance between Morpeth and Maitland is eight miles, and the fare by omnibus was 2s. We took our seats. The road was in excellent order. We passed many farms and cattle-stations. The farmers were all busy reaping their crops and securing their corn. Half-an-hour's drive brought us within sight of East Maitland, a very pretty place, especially when viewed from the direction in which we approached it. The general appearance of the country and the village resembles some of the sweet little roadside hamlets to be met with in Herts, near the vicinity of Hampstead and Berkhamstead.

Maitland gaol stands upon a hill, to the left of this place. Towards the west end of the village are the court-houses, and several small manufactories of tobacco, soap, and candles.

West Maitland, a very considerable town, is more

than a mile from East Maitland, on the opposite side of the Hunter, which is crossed by one of the finest wooden bridges in the colony,

We arrived at West Maitland about noon. The weather was very hot, and we saw little of the town, a description of which will be given, as I saw it on a second visit, shortly before I left the colony.

After partaking of some refreshments, and resting a few hours, till the heat of the day was passed, we set out on our journey back to Morpeth. The steamer was to sail early next morning, and we had made arrangements to stay on board for the night.

We walked leisurely along the road, and made several enquiries respecting the wages of reapers, and other interesting matters relating to labour and farming. The reapers had from 25s. to 30s. per acre, for cutting the corn—binding and stooking included; neither scythes or any other kind of reaping machines were in operation. The reaping hook, (Sheffield made) was in general use. The reaping was conducted in a very slovenly manner; from my own experience in that line, I am certain I could have cut an acre a day, with the greatest ease, in the way they were doing it. The yield, per acre, was from 20 to 30 Carlisle bushels.

By the time we had reached Morpeth, and what I saw of the country in coming up the river; I was prepared to agree with the Rev. author, that the



passage of scripture which he had taken to describe the region round Maitland had been beautifully exemplified.

The approach of a thunder-storm made us hasten our steps towards Morpeth; we had only been a few minutes on board the steamer till it burst over us, and was awfully grand, during the short time it lasted. When it was over I went into Morpeth to procure some milk for our evening meal.

The two natives we saw in the morning were dancing a corobory before the open door of a neat cottage, where I enquired for the nearest dairy-farm, and was directed to a school close by, the master of which kept six cows, and sold milk to the steamers and other vessels upon the river.

I found my way through a small inclosure into the school-room, and thence into the dwelling-house. The master and his family had done milking, and I bought two quarts of new-milk for 2d.; I had a long conversation with him and his wife respecting Melbourne. He and his wife were natives of Ireland; they were both intelligent, and very clean.

They had not been long in the colony, and they were in a great way about going to Melbourne. The necessaries of life they had in abundance; and I advised them to be satisfied with their situation. Before we parted, my accounts of a digger's life in Melbourne had made such an impression, that they at once relinquished the idea of moving from

their quiet home, to mix in the scenes I gave a description of in a life on the gold fields.

I paid another visit to the school-farm in the morning, and procured a supply of milk for our breakfast. This milk was of the very richest description, and the cows were the best I saw in the colony. They were of the same mixed breed found in all the colonies; and much like the best of those brought from the South of Ireland to Liverpool and the cattle-fairs in the North of England at the present time.

About six o'clock we moved from the wharf, and passed slowly down the river. The passengers in our departments gave most undoubted signs of as much disorderly conduct, as those who had accompanied us in the upward voyage. The most noisy of them was Mrs. Smith, a very stout lady, the wife of a publican, from West Maitland. She had run away from her husband, and had been graduating at the Victoria Gold Fields for several months; according to her own account she had made a great deal of money, by various ways and means; with this money she had furnished a house in Sydney in the most splendid manner, for first-class lodgers, and she had been at Maitland to make it all right again with Mr. Smith, whom she had persuaded to go and inspect her establishment. He was very quiet and reserved, and seemed not to have a very high opinion of his wife, or any part of her conduct.

A loquacious old lady fraternized with her from some part of the country near Singleton, who was bound to Sydney for medical advice; and she pretended to be very pious, but at the same time she was not strictly temperate, and there were many other disorderlies, whose conduct was anything but agreeable.

We sailed down the river at a rapid pace, making no calls at the stations. Several boats were waiting below Raymond Terrace for letters, which were tied to a piece of wood and thrown into the river for the boatman to pick up.

On passing the flats, the bottom of the steamer touched several times; but she was going at such a rapid rate that the obstruction was only momentary. At the turnings of the river the water was cut up into complete ridges of foam, by the rapid progress of the vessel. We passed several small schooners, deeply laden with coals, beating their way down. Some of them were close to the edge of the water, their jibbooms every now and then running into the rushes that grow by the sides of the river. Several men belonging to their crews were walking leisurely along on the banks.

We arrived at Newcastle soon after eight o'clock, where we remained a few minutes to land and take in passengers, after which we started for Sydney. After rounding the Nobbies a strong southerly breeze rose, and in about half-an-hour a heaving

sea was tumbling us about at a tremendous rate. Mother Smith and her husband both turned sick, and made a serious uproar between them. The pious old lady began to pray, and the fireman who knocked the native down at Morpeth, knelt besides her in mockery, and filled up the pauses in her petition with "Amen." There was a young man, a ticket-of-leave convict from Morton Bay, who was in a dreadful state of alarm about going down; and his wife, a pretty young woman, with an infant in her arms, was clinging to him for support.

This state of things continued till we were opposite Red Head, about twenty miles from Newcastle. Here the old *Tamer* shipped a sea right over her bows, which broke the lashings of a large cask of tallow, sending it against the companion, with such force as to knock it in pieces; and a flood of salt water streamed down into the cabin. Mother Smith shrieked with all her might. The old lady cried, "Lord have mercy upon us;" the fireman responded by an involuntary "Amen," and then rushed upon deck; and the convict and his wife clung frantically to each other in mute despair.

The captain saw that no further progress could be made with safety, so he about ship, and ran for Newcastle. In about an hour and a half we were back past the Nobbies, and had the anchor down in the smooth water of the harbour.

About noon a boat was lowered from the steamer.

The captain, the second mate, and some more of the crew were going on shore, and I went along with them. I remained on shore about two hours, and got a good supply of milk, bread, and fresh butter for myself and Worth; I also made some arrangements about returning to reside at Newcastle for a short time; after I had seen all I desired of Sydney. I went up to the high land above the city to view the sea; there was still a strong wind from the south, and no prospect of our getting away that night.

Soon after dark, the firemen and several of the passengers and sailors formed themselves into card parties, and long before midnight the second cabin was a scene of uproar, drunkenness, and revelry. Drink was so freely circulated during the whole night that there was scarcely a single person on board who could be said to be entirely sober.

The wind began to fall off a short time before sunrise, and by five o'clock the sea had gone down so much that we up anchor, and were soon outside the Nobbies on our way to Sydney.

The coast between Newcastle and Sydney has but one place of refuge for vessels during a storm, Broken Bay; and we were apprehensive several times that we should have to put in there, but before we got opposite to the entrance of the bay, the sea had gone down so much that we kept on our course. It was nearly dark before we sighted

the Heads, and in little more than an hour after we swept round North Head into the harbour. In less than another hour we were safely landed on the Steamer's wharf, in Cockle Bay, where our friends were waiting to receive us. And it was long after midnight before we could satisfy them with an account of our adventures in our pleasure-trip to the "Garden of New South Wales."

Soon after this excursion, Walter Morris, a young sailor who had been in Sydney some years, during which time he had been a lodger with mine host, arrived from a three month's trial of the Victoria diggings. During that time he had realised about £500. He was an amiable young fellow, and every inch a sailor; he had all the good properties and many of the failings of the genuine English Tar. All those who had been kind to him were amply rewarded. Whenever we went out with him for a trip by sea or a drive into the country, he always insisted that he had a right to pay all the expenses, and considered himself highly insulted if he was not suffered to exercise that privilege.

The first Sunday after the Hunter river excursion, our host took us to see Leonard Elvy, a friend of his near O'Connor Town. He was a working-man, and the proprietor of a neat cottage and a plot of ground several acres in extent, which he had made into a garden. His house stood alone by the side of a grass-covered road that led to

some fields beyond; and a prettier lane scene can scarcely be imagined than this lovely retreat of well-merited industry. He had five milch cows and a family of five children. The oldest, a fine boy about twelve years of age, and the youngest (also a boy) about three months old. The other three were girls, and the prettiest little creatures I met with in the colony. We spent the whole of the day with Elvy; and my sailor friends and I often visited him afterwards, always providing a good supply of sweetmeats, oranges, &c., for the little beauties, with whom, it is needless to say, we were great favourites. I am certain we all felt better, if not wiser men, after witnessing such ample proofs of domestic happiness as we saw in that humble and happy home.

Soon after this, the death of the Duke of Wellington was proclaimed in Sydney. Notice was taken of the melancholy event, by firing minute guns from the batteries. There was a gun fired for every year he had been in the army, and one for each year of his life. All the vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours half-mast high, and every mark of respect was paid to the memory of England's greatest warrior.

The next exciting event was the arrival of the *Great Britain* steamer. She had been anxiously expected for several weeks, and the signal which was to announce her approach had been duly published in the newspapers. Every signal hoisted

on the Flagstaff was eagerly scrutinised by hundreds of telescopes. At length, however, the long looked for sign made its appearance; and the citizens of Sydney had the pleasure of seeing the finest steamer in the world, resting on the placid waters of their magnificent harbour.

Soon after this Morris, Worth, and myself paid another, and as regards myself, a final visit, to Elvy's cottage. We found Elvy and his wife in great consternation, owing to the brutal murder only the day before, of an old man, one of their nearest neighbours. He was a harmless old man, and resided with his wife, an aged woman, in a neat white cottage; which was pointed out to us by Elvy. He had been drinking at a public-house in O'Connor Town, on the evening of the day on which he was murdered, and on returning home, sat down under a tree to rest himself, and being drowsy, he fell asleep. While he was sleeping some ruffians approached, and one of them, armed with a rail, which had a large nail through the end, drove the nail several times into his head. Not being satisfied with that, they cut several gashes across his abdomen, from which his bowels protruded, and otherwise frightfully mangled him. He was found in this state early the next morning, by some of his neighbours, who conveyed him to his home. Elvy offered to take us to see him, but we unanimously declined.



A few days before I left Sydney, we had a boating excursion in the harbour, and we sailed several times round the *Great Britain*, as she lay at anchor near Pinegut. Our party consisted of the master and mistress, the two sailors, and a few other acquaintances, including a couple of pretty currency lasses, and a little boy. The charge for a look through the *Great Britain* was 5s. each; so we declined paying a visit to her interior, contenting ourselves with an outside view, which it is needless to say, called forth exclamations of admiration and astonishment from all. After much sailing about in the snug little coves around the harbour, we put into a small inlet, where there was a landing-place, and a road leading from it over a rock. This road led to a neat little inn, which stood by the side of a green croft, completely surrounded by gum-trees.

The day was very warm, and in the inn we found a cool neatly-furnished parlour, in a style similar to that of most country inns at home. The walls were hung round with varnished prints, purchased of itinerant picture-dealers in the old country. They were mostly representations of poaching scenes, and the "Poacher's Progress." Two of them I had seen hundreds of times in different parts of England, and I looked upon them as old familiar friends which I was destined to meet once more in a strange land. One of these was a night

scene; the moon was blazing away far up in the sky, shewing a mass of dark wood in the background, and a number of poachers and gamekeepers in the front, collaring and brandishing clubbed sticks at one another. Some of the heads had vermillion coloured spots upon them like blood; and a ferocious-looking bull-dog had the calf of one gamekeeper's leg in his mouth, from which a gory stream was pouring out upon the greensward.

The other was a scene before a pursey-looking and very gouty old magistrate. The gamekeepers were there with their heads bandaged, and the poachers whom they have captured were standing beside them awaiting their committal to duranee vile, by the country Solon, who appeared by the cravat round his neck, to be a sort of hybrid, or half priest half magistrate.

We remained in this cool retreat for a couple of hours, during which time my companions, both male and female, had partaken pretty freely of various refreshments. We then went down to the boat, and sailed a short distance from the landing-place, where we passed two ladies fishing. They were both very pretty, and condescended to laugh as we were passing them. We were all in a happy mood; and our sailor friends considered this a mark of respect that we ought in some way to return, so we lay to, and commenced chaffing, and a piece of good-humoured banter and repartee passed on.

both sides for several minutes. While this was going on, our boat was drifting towards some sunken rocks in the shoal water, and before we were aware of our situation, she ran upon one of them and nearly capsized us all into the water. This accident turned the laugh of the other party so much against us, that we up stick and off as fast as we could towards our destination.

I took my final departure from Sydney on the 13th December in the *Ross* steamer, bound for Newcastle and Maitland. We started from the wharf about midnight. The night was dark and still; and as we passed slowly down the harbour, I took a last look into many of the bays and coves where I had passed so many pleasant hours. The beautiful city of Sydney, with its numberless brilliant lights, gradually disappeared behind the dark headlands of the harbour, and I saw it no more. A broad gleam of light flashed upon the heaving waters from the South Head, and before it passed away I went down into the cabin where I remained till early the next morning. When Red Head appeared, I went upon the deck, till we rounded the Nobbies and steamed alongside the wharf in Newcastle harbour.

I took up my quarters with Mr. Rogers, store-keeper. His house was too small to admit of my sleeping under his roof, and I was accommodated in an iron-bark hut along with two of his workmen,

at the rear of the establishment. This hut had a kitchen at one end, and the other end was both a workshop and a sleeping-room. The weather was very hot, and I found it a pretty comfortable place. We slept in bunks put up in the corner of the room, the same as on board ship. The place was often filled with smoke from the kitchen, but this kept away the mosquitoes which were very troublesome.

I went to the harbour every morning, at five o'clock, to bathe. The first morning I saw a small wooden house, with a narrow stone jetty, a few feet high, running out from it to beyond the high water mark. I proceeded along this, and entered the place, which I found to be a neat little bathing house, with several rooms to dress and undress in, and a space in front entirely surrounded with a sharkproof netting of wattles. I made no particular enquires about the place. There was no fastening to the door, and I concluded from this that it was free to any one; under this impression I made use of it several times. I found, however, that I was very much mistaken, indeed, about it being a public bathing house.

The last morning I bathed there I was greatly surprised. I had nearly finished dressing when the principal door opened and two ladies entered. My hat and some other parts of my dress were lying outside the door of the room where I was. As soon as they saw these unmistakeable signs of a

man's presence, they shrieked aloud and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. This unexpected salutation startled me so much that I ran out to see what had happened, and called after them not to be afraid, as I would do them no harm. The sound of my voice did not make them slacken their pace, nor even look behind them till they were a long way off. As soon as they saw me coming away from the bathing-place, they returned towards me, and I waited to apologise for the fright I had given them, but they would accept of no apology whatever. They both told me "I had no business in the place, it was built entirely for the ladies." And they would tell both the Bishop and the magistrates, and I should be done all sorts of unpleasant things with. In vain I pleaded being a stranger, and promised not to intrude again,—all, however, was to no purpose. The Bishop must be told; and I was obliged to take leave of them, without even the shadow of a pardon.

On returning, I told Rogers about my morning's adventure. "Oh, never heed it," said he, "they're only the Miss Hinches, and you'll hear no more of it;" and I never did,—but ever after, I gave both the Miss Hinches and the bathing-house a pretty wide berth.

I was then shown the public bathing places, about half-a-mile from Newcastle, in the direction of

Sydney, called the "Accommodence Hole," a trough in a rock, about 15 feet long, by 7 broad, and 6 deep. The sea washes over at high water, and keeps it always fresh. There is also a sort of cave cut out of the rock opposite, as a place to dress in.

These rocks abound with fossil remains of trees and animals now extinct. In some places small beds of coal lie under a layer of light blue metal. A drearier looking place could hardly be imagined. No part of Newcastle can be seen but the gaol, a large brick building on the top of a barren sand-hill, near the Flagstaff. I have stood upon these rocks and listened to the hoarse voice of the ocean, while lashed into fury by the north-east wind, and have been awed by the thundering sound of its seething waters, as I have never been by any of the awe-inspiring phenomenon of nature. The feelings awakened by this majestic scene are indescribable; and I never stood on any spot which so heightened the impressiveness of a scene so terribly sublime.

Newcastle is but a small city. It may contain about one thousand inhabitants. The principal street is a quarter of a mile in length. A short distance up to the left is a green plot of ground exceeding an acre in extent, bordered by two or three small cottages. A little further on the right is another green plot, two acres in extent, which is a public green; there the pitmen, the natives, and sailors congregate in the evenings. Beyond is the

court-house and the lock-up. The Court House is a fine building, with four Doric pillars in front. There is also an excellent spring of water, which supplies this part of the city all the year round. A short distance above is the old military barracks, now used as farm buildings. And above that is a half-finished kirk of the Presbyterians, who have been obliged to discontinue the work for want of funds.

Another long straggling street runs along past the court-house for nearly a mile, with only a house here and there in it. In some parts of it there are some good inns, and two or three fine shops or stores. A teetotaler might be alarmed about the morals of the inhabitants, as there are no less than seven public-houses.

The ground behind the city is hilly and barren. An unassuming little church, with burial-ground attached, stands on one of these hills. It dates back to the founding of the colony. On the highest hill there is a pillar erected to commemorate the administration of Sir Charles Fitz Roy. The pedestal bears the date of erection, 1851, and the name of Sir Charles Fitz Roy, governor. Seats are placed round the monument for the convenience of visitors. From this point an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Looking towards the east the eye ranges over the waters of the Pacific Ocean, towards the distant Heads of Port Stephens, marked by a bold outline of

deeper blue than the sky, which assumes a dark green as the eye skirts along the indented shore till it rests upon the olive-tinted scrub and white sand on the north side of the harbour. Turning to the north, the lovely Hunter, like a silvery thread, may be seen wending its devious way to the ocean, everywhere spreading beauty and blessing around its path. Again, to the south, there are dark looking glens and valleys, covered with thick tangled wildwood, where tall giants of the forest, which the devouring bush-fire and the axe of the pioneer had left, still grace the landscape and shelter the rude savages yet lingering in these wilds.

Looking east, the city of Newcastle is at your feet; the atmosphere is so clear that every building stands out with a distinctness of outline, which is a peculiar characteristic of all the Australian cities, when viewed from a distance. In the harbour, the rocks and shoals, which are several feet under water, can be seen distinctly.

The two hills called the Nobbies, at the entrance of the Hunter, are nearly a mile distant from each other; they are connected by a reef, or breakwater, made by convict labour. This reef prevents the sea from filling up the entrance of the harbour, between the far hill and the north shore. It is composed of loose stones from a quarry close by. The convicts bring the stones by hand, along a



tramway, in a small waggon. The sea is continually making encroachments upon the work; by the time that one chasm is filled another is ready. Gangs of convicts have been employed there more than thirty years; there were a great number working upon it then.

A short distance from the Fitz Roy Pillar are two coal pits, with an inclined railway running from them to a shoot in the harbour; both pits were in active operation. Vessels from California, and several other parts of America; and numbers of small schooners and brigs from Sydney and Tasmania were lying in the harbour waiting for cargoes. Some had been there more than two months; such was the scarcity of labour. Only small vessels, about fifty or sixty tons burthen, could go up to the shoot. All the large ships were laden by lighters, in the middle of the harbour.

The pitmen were from all the coal-producing counties in England and Scotland, but principally from Northumberland and Lancashire. Many of them were earning from £6 to £8 per week. About a mile and a half from the pits is a barrow mouth, in the side of a mountain. Coals are brought from thence on a railway to the shoot, in waggons drawn by horses. The coal mines of this district bid fair to become as important as those of our own far-famed Newcastle. The coal field extends over hundreds of square miles, and is all but inexhaustible.

The metal is of excellent quality, and was then selling at from £2 10s. to £4 10s. per ton.

The light upon the Nobbie on the main land, near the Flagstaff, was the effect of a large coal fire kept always burning. It was closely banked up during the day, and at night opened out on the side towards the sea.

A short distance from the shoot is an extensive preserved meat establishment. All the workmen employed there in making tins to secure the meat, had been hired for a term of three years. They were mostly from London, and although they were receiving from £2 to £3 per week, there was much dissatisfaction on account of their contract.

Beyond this is a large boiling down establishment, the immediate vicinity of which was a complete Golgotha. During the boiling down season several hundreds of cattle and sheep were slaughtered there every week.

Newcastle was at one time a penal settlement; and many heart-rending stories were related to me by some of the survivors of that period. The descriptions these men gave of the executions and floggings they had witnessed were truly horrible. To such an extent was cruelty carried, that if the Newcastle executioner did not come up to the mark in severity, the authorities had him sent to Maitland to be flogged. And the Maitland executioner was served in the same way by the Newcastle

one, if he did not do full justice with the merciless cat o' nine tails. Many a poor convict expired in great agony on the road between Newcastle and Maitland, and not unfrequently, ere life was extinct, the flies had made such havoc of their lacerated bodies, that they found mercy in death.

Those convicted of murder were strangled in the sand before the gaol in a most brutal manner. Frightful, however, was the revenge desperate men took upon their tormentors. Those convicts who could, escaped into the bush, transformed into fiends by cruel treatment, and eagerly watching for an opportunity to retaliate. Appalling was their revenge. The bare recital of their deeds would make one shudder. Their tormentors they often put to a most cruel and lingering death by placing them, naked, gagged, and bound, upon the ant-hills of the far bush until they were destroyed as it were, by piecemeal. Those who have been bitten by these ferocious insects, some of which are about an inch in length, can form some idea of the torture inflicted on those who were thus handed over to the tender mercies of these devouring executioners.

Many of the convicts remembered James Backhouse. Some who were present when he appeared among them said he left a lasting impression on the minds of the authorities, and the punishments for a long time after his visit were conducted in a manner much less cruel. I never heard the name

of that truly good man mentioned, even by the most abandoned, without becoming respect. The severity of the punishments was much mitigated during the administration of Governors Bourke and Gipps, and up to the time that Newcastle ceased to be a penal settlement.

Newcastle is in much repute amongst invalids. They flock thither from all parts of New South Wales on account of the celebrated Dr. Bowker, who has chosen Newcastle for his head-quarters. He has one of the best houses in the principal street at almost a nominal rent compared with that of the adjoining property. On one occasion, he said something about going elsewhere. But his house was so besieged with petitions from the inhabitants by whom he was intreated to stay, that he gave up all thoughts of removal. And so extensive did his practice subsequently become, that he was obliged to engage an assistant.

Dr. Bowker is a native of Nottingham. He went out with the intention of conducting a sheep farm on the upper Hunter. There he cured some very bad cases of ophthalmia, and his fame soon spread abroad, the people flocked from all quarters, so he abandoned sheep-farming, and returned to his profession. He is a tall gentlemanly like person, about 37 years of age. He has much property in the city, and is also the owner of two schooners engaged in the coal-trade. One of them, the

*Lavinia*, was the "pet" of the port. In a few years Dr. Bowker bids fair to become one of the wealthiest men in that part of the colony.

Invalids may be seen wandering about the streets and harbour at all times of the day. Some of them labouring under heart-disease and ophthalmia, and others from rheumatism and other diseases brought on by the hardships of life in the bush. There was a Sydney gentleman amongst the invalids, suffering from a rheumatic complaint brought on by searching after the bones of Leifchhardt, who perished in attempting to explore the interior of the island.

The hospital was a small building erected on the sands between the gaol and the city. It was full of the poorer sorts of patients, and to those the Dr. paid great attention. The lodging-houses and inns are always thronged with convalescents. Owing to the salubrity of the place and the skill of the Doctor, there was little mortality.

The greatest part of the inhabitants of Newcastle and some of the principal tradesmen, were convicts on ticket-of-leave. Many of them were very kind and honourable in their dealings; but there were others, who, although wealthy, found difficulty in practising honesty, and were frequently on the verge of crimes that would again imprison them. There were a few who might have been termed the pariahs of the city. They had been granted their tickets-of-leave for meritorious actions, such as

aiding in a case of fire, or saving life at the risk of their own. Some of these men, by cultivating small plots of ground adjoining the river, made considerable sums of money by selling the produce in the city and to the ships lying in the harbour. But there were many of this class, male and female, roaming at large, doing jobs of work for anyone, spending their money in drink, and altogether bereft of the comforts of home.

I witnessed a somewhat uncouth specimen of the everyday life of two of the better sort of these unfortunates. Both were Irish, and had farms up the river. They accidentally met in Mr. Rogers's shop, where I was, and a dispute commenced about a piece of land which once belonged to Newton, but was now in the possession of Phelim. The former was a tall thin man, much sunburnt, and apparently suffering from ill-health; the latter was a stout bluff sort of fellow, deeply pock-marked, and finished off at the lower extremities by a pair of large flat feet. The discussion carried on between them would have excited the risibility of a saint. But, as an Irish row is seldom confined to mere exclamations, they were not long in preparing for the combat. Out of the house they went, firing volleys of Irish oaths and epithets at each other; at first separating, like two bodies similarly electrified, but Newton's crowning observation on the build of Phelim, brought things to a climax. "I'll

tell ye what it is, Phelim," said he, "yer jist the two ends of a scoundrel, ye double-hoofed baste, ye!" Human nature and Irish blood could endure this no longer. "Och! by the holy frost," said Phelim, "I'll be at ye in a minnit, now." Newton made for the green space a little below, and threw off his coat. Before Phelim had time to doff his, Newton rushed upon him, and knocked him over on a heap of sand, and stood over his prostrate foe in triumph. Some of the bystanders interfered and set Phelim once more on his feet. By that time all Newton's courage had evaporated; and when he saw his opponent about to close with him, he desired a young Irishman standing by, to hold him, as he did not wish to fight any more. The young fellow paid no attention to him, and the combat went on. Just as they were again going to close, Rogers came down and rushed between them. Newton had aimed a blow at his antagonist which unfortunately fell on the bridge of Rogers's nose. This so exasperated Rogers, that he struck Newton a blow on the left jaw. On receipt of this, Newton set up a tremendous howl and bawled out, "Yu've broke me jaw! yu've broke me jaw!" and then ran into the nearest house, holding his face with both hands. So ended this dispute. Combats somewhat similar were of daily occurrence; but they were seldom of a sanguinary nature.

There were a few of a lower class than these, who

often abused each other in a shameful manner. The worst of that class was Reuben Page, an old tailor, from Birmingham, who had been sent out about thirty years ago. During the early part of his career in the colony, he had been a master in Sydney, and he married the daughter of a convict, at Paramatta, by whom he had a large family. His wife had not been living with him for many years, on account of his vicious habits. She was then in Sydney. He had a small shop adjoining Roger's house,—there he worked; and being a good craft, he earned a great deal of money, sometimes £6 or £7 per week. He kept two of the most wretched females about his place that I ever saw. Biddy, an Irishwoman, about thirty years of age, was his greatest favourite, but the usage she received from him was really dreadful. During their drunken bouts, which occurred at the beginning, or at the end of nearly every week, according to the state of the exchequer. Biddy was frequently so pounded upon the visage by Reuben, that not a trace of the human face divine could be discerned. She was several times rescued by the police and the neighbours, and Reuben was put into the lock-up; but as soon as he was let out, they always managed to go together again.

The other was Jane, a Scotchwoman; she was seldom sober. I often had to step over her, lying in a helpless condition, half in and half out of an old kitchen where Reuben cooked his victuals.



There was another couple, man and wife, who occasionally lived together on Mosquito Island :— Tom and Polly Hyde. Tom had been a soldier, and when he came down to sell his produce, he amused the frequenters of the public-houses with narratives of his experience in the military line. And Polly, when she was in the city, mostly finished her daily career at the corner of some street, a public spectacle of helpless depravity.

Another incorrigible character, who mixed up with these, was Yankee Jack, a native of Canada. He had a ticket-of-leave, for saving the life of a soldier, who was thrown into the sea, by the upsetting of a boat, ten miles out from the Nobbies.

There were always a number of natives roaming about. There might be about 150 in all, of the Newcastle tribe. They were more wretched and filthy, and if possible, uglier than those of Adelaide. None of them were entirely naked except the pickaninnies; although some of the men wore only an old red or blue shirt that reached to the knee. Most of the gins had a blanket wrapt round them, and a few of them were arrayed in cotton gowns, which had been given them for services performed. Two of the oldest men—Old Flanagan and Old Bob—never went out of the city, and were great favourites with the children of the storekeepers, who frequently gave them tobacco and broken meat.

All the earnings of the tribe (and they sometimes reached a considerable amount), were spent in tobacco and jerrawicke (colonial-made ale.) They seldom cooked any of their food, except the fish. I have seen the gins with sheep heads, plucks, &c., slung over their shoulders, which they carried to a convenient spot, and devoured raw. At night they usually lit a fire in a hollow place near the harbour, and squatted round it till morning. A more hideous looking spectacle can hardly be imagined than that presented by these savages around the blazing fire, carousing among jerawicke and the offal of slaughtered animals.

One of the old women, who roamed about near our place, was taken ill one morning, and expired behind the workshop. She was the most frightful looking human being I ever beheld. After her funeral (which was conducted with as much secrecy as possible) all the tribe went into mourning, by whitening their eyebrows and hair with pipeclay, and sticking white feathers behind their ears. They were very harmless creatures, and many of the sailors in the port often amused themselves by chasing the gins, "just for the fun of the thing," as they said. It was no fun, however, to the poor creatures they pursued; they ran as though it were for life, and seemed convulsed with terror on the near approach of their pursuers.

Newcastle contained a great number of large

men. In one family, the Hannels, natives of the district, there were three brothers, each exceeding six feet high, and proportionably stout. Nearly all the publicans and most of the tradesmen were men above ordinary stature.

No soldiers were stationed in the place, the new Barracks, above the city, were turned into dwellings for the pitmen, and others, employed about the port. Four policemen, and a superintendant were sufficient to keep order. There were often two hundred convicts in the goal, and upon the reef. The reason the place was so easily governed was, all who would work, had abundance of employment.

In the main-street, above Dr. Bowker's, the words "Mechanics' Institute," were painted at the end of a shoemaker's shop. But the words were all that remained of the Institute. When in Sydney, I saw the "Peoples' Reading Room," painted on the front of a shoemaker's shop, in King-street, attended with equally barren results. There were no books in either place. How these institutions originated, and failed, I did not enquire. It might be that leather and literature were too antagonistic in their natures to agree in the same building. Be the cause, however, what it might, they no longer existed in anything but a name.

There was no place of amusement, and very few of the working-men were addicted to reading: the women scarcely read at all, not even a newspaper.

The wives and daughters of the working-men, I mean, not those of the upper ranks, they were as intelligent as the same class in Sydney. In consequence of this want of a healthy recreation for body and mind, the operatives resort to public-houses, and spend their time and money in drinking and gambling. The remark about this, which I am going to make, may be laughed at by some, but it is a truism, nevertheless. To the inhabitants of such places as Newcastle, strolling players and mountebanks are public benefactors. And it will be found on close observation, that there is considerably less drinking and disorderly conduct while they remain there than at any other time. The reason is obvious,—the people want excitement suitable to their capacities; and not having been accustomed to anything more intellectual than what is thus supplied, they pay for it cheerfully, enjoy it heartily, and are content. When this pastime is not afforded, they too frequently resort to worse. The first step, then, by way of benefiting the working-classes here and everywhere, is to supply them with amusements of a healthy, moral, and intellectual character.

In New South Wales, most of the publicans accumulate fortunes in a few years. After this they generally return to England or remove from the place where their wealth has been accumulated, bearing with them what should have been the producing capital of the working-man.

Newcastle was not a whit behind Sydney for female beauty. There were some very pretty girls in the place, and two or three whom I knew would have made good helpmates for working-men. The belle of the city was Miss Polly Bruncker, at least she was awarded that honour, by the majority of the young men; but there were many others who might have disputed her pretensions to that enviable distinction.

On the north side of the harbour there was a woollen cloth manufactory. The fabric woven is known by the name of native tweed. It is much superior in durability to our Scotch and English tweeds, but not so neatly finished. There is also a manufactory of this description in Sydney, and another a few miles from Newcastle, in the direction of Sydney, close to the sea. There was not much doing in any of these places—want of labour was the cause.

The end of December was approaching, and the weather was very sultry, with occasional hot winds from the north west; provision, however, was made for the enjoyment of Christmas, by every one, more or less. Even the blacks seemed to look less forbidding, by anticipating some of the good things, white fellow would give them at that season.

A large warehouse in front of our hut was tastefully decorated with the green bushes of the gum-tree, and hung around with flags of all kinds

procured from the ships lying in the harbour. These preparations were made by a baker, called Gardiner, who intended to treat the inhabitants to a ball on Christmas eve. It was a speculation; and from the great exertions he made in preparing refreshments for the occasion, it was quite evident that he looked for remuneration.

The day before Christmas came, and with it an exceeding hot wind from the north-west. At noon it had increased to a gale; the sand was blown about in clouds, and facing the wind was like fronting an oven. Work of all kinds was suspended, and the perspiration oozed from every pore with the least exertion. Towards evening, I went to the Fitz Roy pillar, and a broad track of country in the direction of Maitland was on fire. The heat from thence was great, and the atmosphere around me felt not unlike the hot air nigh a furnace mouth. In the distance, the flames shot upwards like vast forked tongues of fire, with a red and lurid glare. Smoke and ashes were tossed to and fro by the wind. During the pauses of the gale, I could see the appalling waves of desolating fire roll on to the verge of the horizon. The awful conflagration before me brought to mind the description of the "Black Thursday" of February 1851, so called because of the terrible bush-fire which on that day spread much ruin and desolation in the colony of Victoria.

When I returned to the city, the heat there was scarcely endurable. I went to one of the wharfs, and there was a boat just about to cross over to the north side of the harbour, with a Scotch gentleman from Maitland. He was a tall, corpulent man, and the perspiration was running down his face faster than he could wipe it away with his handkerchief. He said he was "nearly half boiled down," and wished to be on the north side as soon as possible, where he intended to remain under water till the hot wind had passed away. I wished to go aboard the *Royal George*, a London ship then lying in the harbour. On board I was somewhat surprised to find them in the same state of prostration as those on shore. I sat down in the cabin a few minutes, but found great difficulty in speaking. Indeed, so oppressive was the atmosphere, that conversation was scarcely possible. Captain Robsen and I had not said many words about the weather (a general introduction to conversation by Englishmen in all parts of the world), when a low hollow murmur was heard to seaward, and in a few seconds a "southerly burster" swept towards the ship, booming and shrieking through the rigging, and bearing away in its course the dust and light substances which lay upon the deck. A few moments after, the atmosphere was reduced to a cool and bracing temperature, all our languor vanished, and we felt as though new life had been infused into us. Just

when things were becoming agreeable, the boat containing the Scotch gentleman ran under our lee, for shelter from the fury of the blast. The boatmen told me that if I wished to go ashore, now was the time, as there would not probably be another chance that night. The sea rolled heavily up the harbour. The Scotchman was now cool as a cucumber, and as anxious to be set on *terra firma* as he was before to be submerged. We pulled for the shore as fast as we could; the boat danced on the top of the waves, and we got a good sprinkling with salt water before we reached the wharf.

Hot winds are not productive of any bad consequences; the perspiration is always so copious while they last, and the southerly wind always sets in from the sea at eventide, thus bracing the nerves in a manner which makes many feel much better for the visitation. Judging by my own experience, I feel confident they are highly beneficial. They sometimes injure the vines and other fruit trees; but they seldom occur more than twice or thrice in a summer, and it is only when they are intensely hot that they do any injury. I must own that it is not very pleasant to go into any place sheltered from the southerly wind, when the hot wind has passed over, owing to the mosquitoes.

One evening, I took a walk on the Maitland road. The hot wind had been succeeded by a cool breeze from the south. About half-a-mile from the



city, I saw a neat inclosure which I had not observed before. It was a small cemetery, and contained several headstones bearing the names of captains who had died at the port. I went inside to examine this interesting spot; but no sooner had I crossed the fence than I was attacked by a host of mosquitoes which were sheltering behind it. My meditations among the tombs were brought to an abrupt conclusion; I was over the fence most speedily; and a strong breeze soon swept away my numerous tormentors. I might here say, that the wings of mosquitoes are large and gossamer-like, so that they are unable to fly in the face of a strong wind.

All new comers are much annoyed by them. I have seen some with both eyes swollen up from the effects of their bites; others marked as if with the small-pox. After a hot wind, mosquitoes are very troublesome in the house, but especially in the sleeping-rooms. Mosquito curtains are the best preventive, but few of the working classes are provided with them. Cow dung is often burned to keep them away; but no sooner does the smoke subside than they resume their torment with greater fury than before. In the houses, during daytime, they are not troublesome, and even a candle burning in the room, prevents them to a great extent at night. But no sooner is all dark and still, than a buzzing sound is heard in all parts of the room. This sound is very like the word *coozes*, pronounced

with the teeth close together; and you are in constant apprehension that some of these "cozens" will drop on your face. Four or five will perhaps sound their relationship in your ear at once. Suddenly the sounds cease, and as suddenly you feel pricked, as with a fine needle, on several parts of the face; this will give you an idea of their system of phlebotomy. The first impulse is to raise your hand and crush them; and this you will have to repeat at very short intervals as long as you remain awake. When you are asleep, they will feast on, till daylight warns them to take shelter in the secluded parts of the house. A twelvemonth's residence in the colony reconciles most people to these troublesome visitors. As for the old colonists, they scarcely notice them; for the bite of a mosquito seldom leaves a mark on any person who has been long in the country.

When I returned from visiting the *Royal George*, preparations were being made for the Christmas dinner. A goose and several ducks were made ready for roasting. A large piece of good beef and many excellent pies and tarts lay side by side upon the kitchen table. A plum-pudding,—an indispensable requisite to every Christmas dinner—was being stirred up in a large earthen bowl. Near the corner of an old building, a wood fire burnt brightly, and over it hung a large kail-pot, ready to receive the Christmas pudding.

About nine o'clock, the people began to throng towards the ball-room. The warehouse was soon crowded. At each end there sat a fiddler. A lively air was struck up, and the dance begun. The principal dancers on the male side were the sailors. The females were mostly natives of the colony; and lovely did the currency lasses look on that occasion. What with white dresses, artificials, jewelry, and bright eyes, the sight was perfectly dazzling; and they were famous dancers; no kind of figure seemed to come wrong to them. The ball was kept up with great spirit till "a wee short hour ayont the twal," without any disturbing incidents, except a short quarrel now and then between a couple of rival claimants, for the hand of a pretty girl as partner. Many of the ladies danced their boots to pieces, and had to be supplied with new ones. Not the least interesting party in this scene, were the lookers on. In front of the wide doors, which were left open, stood a group of natives, a number of Chinese coolies, and many others, who did not choose to join in the dance. The black fellows and the gins kept laughing and shouting "budgerie white fellow," at the end of every dance. And the Chinese made a continual chattering of "chow chow," during the whole time the ball lasted. When the dancing ceased, Mr. Rogers made a wind-up by a song "*Colin and his Cow*," the morality of which is about equal to that of some

of the ballads sung at our country fairs. It called forth great applause. This over, the assemblage dispersed quietly to their homes. Such was the manner in which a part of the inhabitants of Newcastle enjoyed themselves on a Christmas eve.

Great numbers of Chinese coolies have been imported into New South Wales during the last few years, to supply the demands of the labour market. They make good shepherds, middling house servants, and tolerable cooks. But very few are worth more than 5s. or 6s. per week, with rations. At all sorts of work requiring much exertion, one English labourer would do as much as half-a-dozen "John Chinamen." Mr. Rogers had one for a cook, and the kitchen was a general rendezvous for about twenty or thirty of them in the evening. They were exceedingly loquacious celestials; their conversation was sometimes perfectly deafening; and their noise resembled that made by a flock of lapwings, more than any other sound I am acquainted with.

Christmas-day came. The weather was very hot. The bush-fire was still raging, although its further progress was stayed by various impediments. Our Christmas dinner was to be held at the house of Mr. Michael Dwyer, Mrs. Rogers's father, the principal undertaker in the city. At one o'clock, p.m., headed by Rogers and family, we all marched towards the rendezvous. All the other guests had

arrived, and were waiting for us, that they might commence the feast. The entire number of guests would be about twenty. On reaching the dining room, we saw a large table, overspread by a white cover, on which rested the best china and crockery ware of the establishment. Rogers took his seat at one end of the table, and Mr. Dwyer at the other. The fowls were placed before them; but these almost defied their skill, they were so tough and stringy. Judge of our disappointment, when we noticed their almost fruitless efforts, and discovered that the fowls were only half-roasted. George Gardiner had been entrusted with this duty; but his exertions at the ball had so fatigued him that our Christmas dinner was spoiled in consequence. This failure threw quite a damp over the party, and caused the conversation to become flat and monosyllabic, which must have been anything but pleasing to the principal parties concerned in getting up the feast. A general attack was next made on the roast-beef, which fortunately proved eatable. After this, the plum-pudding was introduced as the *finale* to the *solida*. It presented an uninviting appearance, and was quite a failure. Whether it was owing to the ingredients, or their manipulation, or mismanagement in the boiling, I am not prepared to say; but it was nearly as tough as the goose, and would have been rather a dangerous charge to have met coming out of the

mouth of a cannon, even at the distance of a hundred yards. Very little of it was eaten, and the rest was soon removed to make way for the dessert, consisting of confectionery, fruits, wines, and other drinks. The conversation now became more animated, and the former failures were for the moment forgotten. At this crisis, a young Irishwoman, whose husband had just expired, came in, and amid her many tears, ordered a coffin for her beloved. And she was only gone a few minutes when a working-man, who lived in the country, came in to order a coffin for his child. These two solemn incidents threw another chill over the spirits of the company; and in a few minutes afterwards, the company was dispersed over various parts of the city, searching after some more lively entertainment.

I have been frequently astonished at the very expensive manner in which the working-people conducted their funerals, especially those of the Roman catholic persuasion. I saw the coffin for the child before-mentioned, after it was finished. It was covered with the best black cloth, and the sides, ends, and lid were profusely ornamented with bright metal crosses. As there was no professional painter in the place, the name of the child was only rudely written on the breast-plate. The cost of the coffin was £5; that of an adult, similarly decorated was £7.

During my stay there, the bill of mortality was very light. I only saw two funerals, and they were both on a Sunday. The first was that of a young man, accidentally killed by the discharge of a fowling-piece, while stooping to gather some "pig's faces," a kind of fruit which grows by the river side. I was standing beside the Fitz Roy pillar, and looking towards Maitland, when my attention was arrested by a procession, moving slowly from a row of pitmen's houses near the railway. It wended its way round the foot of the hill, and up the long straggling street towards the church. No rural funeral at home could have been conducted more respectfully. All who met the procession either turned and went along with it, or stood with uncovered heads till it passed. The other funeral was that of William Rouse, an innkeeper. There was nothing unusual about it. The coffin was a very expensive one, and was deposited in the family vault.

The church yard is composed of dry sandy soil; and has the appearance of a true English burial place, a fac simile of which may be seen in most of our rural districts.

The last day of 1852, was one of the hottest that had occurred within the remembrance of the oldest colonist. There was a hot wind blowing the whole day, and many miles of thick bush was on fire only a short distance from the city. The resident

clergyman, Mr. Hilton, measured the mean heat by thermometer, at various intervals during the day, which he found to be 142 degrees fahrenheit. At noon it was 150 degrees in the sun, and nearly as much in the shade,—much harm was done to the grapes and other fruits up the river, by this scorching blast. On the evening of that day I went to reside with Joseph Spragg, storekeeper. The sleeping room I occupied there was one of the largest in the house, and on the first floor. The mosquitoes came upon me in hundreds. Several times during the night, I burned cow dung, but all to no purpose—on they came in swarms, as soon as the smoke cleared away. When daylight appeared I found great numbers which I had crushed by rolling over in the bed to avoid their bites. When I looked in the glass, my face was frightfully marked, but not swollen. Mosquitoes are not the only pests, these hot winds waken into active life. Tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions are often to be met with crawling about the houses, and sometimes before a change in the weather, cockroaches come from every corner in the house, and run about in all directions. They are about two inches in length, and of a beautiful dark green colour on the back. They are quite harmless.

My new host was one of the most extraordinary characters in the place. He had been twenty years in the colony. He was a native of London,



and had been sent out for housebreaking, but his conduct had been so exemplary, that he was appointed barber in the hospital, and organist of the church; and lastly, he obtained a ticket-of-leave to reside in any of the Australian colonies. Soon after this he married an amiable and industrious woman, a free emigrant, who had done much to guide him on the way towards wealth and independence. He was then the owner of the largest store in the place. His shop contained goods of nearly every description to the value of £1000. In constructing his house and store, he had been his own architect, and had devised several ingenious contrivances for fastening the windows and doors. There was scarcely anything he could not undertake to do. At one time he might be seen acting the barber, at another tailor: He painted nearly all the cart-signs and coffin-plates in his neighbourhood; and he would venture to represent any character in a play, or sing a comic song, at a moment's notice. Once a very amusing scene took place. A carman had ordered a cart-sign; the carman's name was George Hyde, and Spragg painted it upon a piece of tin in black letters. He then set the plate on the mantel-piece, examined it, and concluded that it was first-rate. Hyde came for the sign, and when he saw it, he used epithets of a very uncommendable character. Mr. Spragg defended his handiwork, but was eventually compelled to

paint in white the spaces between the dark letters. He was, however, well paid; the piece of tin was about 8in. by 6in., the work was done in a quarter of an hour, and the cost of the whole was 4s.6d.

Storekeepers and small shopkeepers were much wanted in Newcastle. The former were realizing cent. per cent. upon many of the commodities sold, owing to the lack of competition. There was no painter in the city; and no glazier, except an old man who knew little about it. Shoemakers and tailors almost wrought night and day, earning from £3 to £4 per week. Carpenters and joiners had abundance of employment, at from 13s. to 15s. per day. Beef was 3d. per lb.; mutton, 2d. to 2½d.; bread, 3d. Board and lodging, from 14s. to £1 per week. Fruit of all kinds came down the river in boat-loads. Peaches were 1d. per dozen, grapes 4d. per lb., and bananas, apricots, almonds, and pomegranates were equally cheap.

Land for building sites sold at enormous prices. I was present at one Government sale. The lots comprised small sections in the best business part of the city. The old barracks stood upon one of these sections, and that site was purchased at the rate of £70 per foot, for the length of the frontage—a price equal to that paid for the same kind of property in Melbourne.

Mr. Spragg's next appearance before the public was in the character of a comic singer at a public

concert given in the court-house by Mr. Chester. Mrs. Chester was the principal and only female singer. She had been a professional both in London and Sydney. Mr. Chester was a clerk at a store, and had only been a short time in the city. Concerts were rare things in Newcastle; and when the night came, the house was crowded with all the fashion and beauty of the city and neighbourhood. Mr. Spragg, in order to be in full trim for the occasion, had two nights of rehearsal in his own drawing-room. A short time before the concert hour, the kitchen was turned into a green-room. I lent him a long pair of ridge-and-furrow Scotch stockings, which he drew on over white trousers and fastened at the knees with pieces of red ribbon. A loose shooting-jacket was thrown across his shoulders, and a rustic hat well floured, crowned the whole man. As a finishing-stroke, his face was coloured with rouge, and his hair was dusted with whiting. He spent an hour at this evening's toilet. His duty was to shine in the character of a country clown; and before a large glass on the chimney-piece he studied his part so well, that he was "perfect" by the time he was called upon. Mrs. Chester sung several popular songs, accompanied by the piano; Master Sydney Chester, a boy of 14 years, sung several nigger melodies; Mr. James Hannel sung an Irish song; and then came Mr. Spragg, who sung the "*Country Fair*."

This song elicited a hurricane of applause, which died away in the gruff sounds made by some clever imitator of a braying donkey. The whole of the proceedings passed off so well, that there was another concert on the following week, at which Mr. Spragg appeared in the same character, and Mr. Rogers, grotesquely attired, sung his usual ditty.

Some days after this, a number of mountebanks, from Maitland, paid a visit to Newcastle, and by permission, located themselves in Mrs. Croft's yard, at the end of Mr. Spragg's premises. These nimble gentry stayed four days, and were amply enriched by their visit.

One lovely evening, while standing upon the verandah, amusing myself with a telescope I held in my hand, on directing it towards the sea, I saw a fine barque rounding the Nobbies and making for the harbour. After some time I went down to the wharf. She proved to be the *William Hyde*, of London, and had come from Sydney to take in a cargo of cattle, sheep, and horses for Wellington, New Zealand.

I had a great desire to see the country, so I engaged a berth in the cabin, at steerage fare, £8, and mess with the steward.

The crew consisted of eleven Maories, or New Zealanders, and six Europeans, in addition to the officers. The Maories all came into the city that

night, and their singular appearance attracted much attention. They were strapping young fellows. Some grotesquely tattooed; one or two had ear-rings of a peculiar kind of shark's teeth suspended by a piece of ribbon from their ears. There were a few who were not disfigured by tattooing, and their complexions were as fair as those of our agricultural labourers. The others were of a brownish olive tinge, but none were very dark. After strolling about the place for a considerable time, they mustered in front of James Hannel's, to look at a group of black fellows and gins, who were dancing a corrobory. The gins and their lubras, however, were so lazy that neither drink, tobacco, nor money, would induce them to go through aught beyond the preliminaries of that wild pastime. No sooner had they ended, than the Maories commenced their terrible war song. Squatting themselves down, with their legs crossed in the oriental fashion, they began by making a noise not unlike the snorting of an "iron horse," heard half-a-mile off. This noise was accompanied by violent gestures, and the rapid motion of their hands through the air. As they became more excited, their eyes rolled in frenzy, and their heads turned from one side to the other. And at every turn they sent forth roars the most piercingly savage and demoniacal that I ever heard from human beings. When the song was finished, one of them went round with his

cap and made a collection. After the collection was secured, they all started to their feet, gave a tremendous yell, ran down to the ship and divided the spoil.

There were some valuable materials that evening for an ethnologist. Four, at least, out of the five different races into which Blumenbacke has divided the human family were present in the city. The Negro race, by the natives; the Malay, by the Maories; the Mongolian, by the Chinese; and the Caucasian, by the English, and other Europeans.

The *William Hyde* would be ready for sea in twelve days, and I determined to have another excursion up the country before I left. I decided on going to Maitland. The distance from Newcastle to that place, by road, is twenty miles, and by river forty. The fare by mail was 4s.; by steamer 4s. 6d., and 2s. from Morpeth by omnibus, in all 6s. 6d. I chose the road, and took a seat in the mail cart. It was a low square box, firmly bolted together, seated on all sides, and well-adapted in every other respect for the roads of the bush. The driver was a fine young fellow—a native, and the best whip in the colony. My fellow passengers were two Irishwomen, a little girl, and a shepherd. The latter was nearly blind with ophthalmia, and was a patient of Dr. Bowker's, who had given him little hope of recovering his sight. We started on the journey about six o'clock in the morning. The

day was exceedingly hot, and nothing but the very lightest kind of clothing could be endured. A broad brimmed white felt hat, and a loose fitting linen blouse were my dress, and the others were arrayed in the lightest manner possible. One of the women, the mother of the little girl was both good-looking and agreeable. She had also that keen natural relish for fun, so peculiar to Irish females. The other was lean and ill-favoured, and to make matters worse, not entirely sober. There was only room for three of us in the body of the cart, on account of the mail bags. So I took a seat in front, by the side of the driver, the little girl sat on my knee. These preliminaries being arranged, off we started. The cart was drawn by three horses, which for powers of endurance and swiftness could not be equalled out of New South Wales. On we went at a rapid pace, down the long straggling street, and across the green space which borders the bush. The road, for the first two miles, had many windings, and was overhung by immense gum and iron-bark trees, giant cedars, and graceful wattles.

The rapid manner in which we swept along gave to the scenery a shifting character of the most romantic and enchanting description. The driver pulled up to cut a handle for his whip, which till then he had not thought of using. Shortly after, we came upon a fine piece of road, bounded on each side by a thick forest. This road, for two miles,

was straight as an arrow. We had not gone far till we met two handsome young ladies, riding on fine-looking bay horses. One was dressed in a tight fitting linen jacket and cabbage-tree slouch, the other in a black silk visite, and bonnet and veil, of the latest fashion from Sydney. Both wore long riding-habits, made of some light material. A few minutes more brought us opposite a small clearing, with a few shed-like buildings on the far side, close to the trees, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun. Three or four milch cows, and a few dairy utensils stood outside the dwelling. This was Iron Bark Farm, the residence of the two young ladies we had recently met. The road now became much worse; stumps of trees, deep ruts, and other impediments, tested the skill of the driver. We nevertheless, still kept on our course at full speed, and our whip felt proud while showing his ability in steering clear of all obstacles. Now and then however, we were well jolted, despite his dexterity. On one occasion, whilst passing over a very bad piece of road, the car gave a tremendous shake, and one of the women threw her arm round my waist, to avoid being thrown upon the mail bags. I must confess that I felt uncomfortable in this ludicrous position, although some of my fellow passengers seemed highly delighted at the predicament. And, as if to add to my discomfiture, the woman every now and then gave me a hearty



squeeze, by way of reminder of her "attachment." There was, however, no shaking her off, and no help for the annoyance; for had I made the least objection, I might have fared worse. So I bore it and laughed with the rest. The pleasant prattle of the little girl on my knee, and the lovely scenery through which we were passing, made me forget my tormentor.

The purity of the atmosphere, our rapid rate of travelling, and the bright gleams of golden sunshine that streamed through openings amid the trees, the clear blue sky above, long stretches of forest expanding before us, and here and there the Hunter river, like a brilliant mirror, reflecting the loveliness of the ever-changing scenery—all tended to impart a buoyancy to the animal spirits, and produce an impression on the mind similar to that made by the perusal of the first fairy tale read in early life. Again, passing through the umbrageous parts of the forest, where lofty trees and low scrub interwoven into a thick veil that shut out the sunlight, was like reading a gloomy page in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

We came next to a steep hill, called Iron Bark Brow, at the bottom of which there is a small creek and swampy ground. The creek was crossed by a low rickety wooden bridge. This place had been remarkable in the history of the road, for upsetting mail carts and other conveyances. Down

the hill, and across the bridge we went in a few seconds, to the foot of another brow of less elevation on the opposite side. After this ascent, the road turned to the right, and kept close to the left bank of the Hunter, as far as the eye could reach. A narrow strip of firm greensward, with the river on one side and the forest on the other, formed the road, and over it our horses bounded along at a marvellous rate. Many of the large trees we passed presented splendid specimens of the stag-horn fern, growing upon them, about fifty feet from the ground.

Iron bark huts, and other tenements, began to make their appearance, some with half-a-dozen children scampering about in the greatest glee, looking the very picture of health and contentment. We were then within the boundary of Hexham township, and in sight of the half-way house, at which we shortly after arrived. Mr. Smith, the owner of the place, and two brawny shoemakers with their leather aprons on, came out to receive us. These men had committed crimes, and were doing their lagging with Mr. Smith, who appeared to be a very humane man, and they seemed to have easy times of it. The house was a plain building, of two stories, having a kitchen and other out-offices at the rear. We entered the bar; it was presided over by Mrs. Smith, a pale looking slender Irishwoman, as agreeable in every respect as her husband.

Both of my female friends ordered a noddler immediately as a foundation for breakfast; but I turned into the breakfast-room, and the rest soon followed. The breakfast-table was covered with a white cover, and spread over with joints of cold meat, bread, butter, cheese, and the most delicious cream, to which was added tea and coffee. The charge was 1s. Breakfast finished, the females again paid their respects to the bar, where they were joined by a tall broad-shouldered countryman of their own, a farmer in the neighbourhood. He paid particular attention to my good-looking friend, and a piece of pleasant banter passed between them that kept the place in a roar of laughter till the time for starting. This son of Eria wore a long blue coat and light fustian trousers. He was finished at the head with a large cabbage-tree hat, and at the feet by a pair of enormous brogues. His beard was long, stiff, and grizzly. When we were seated in the car, he came to shake hands with Mrs. Tierney, his lively countrywoman, and she flung her arms round his neck, and gave him a most loving salute in true Irish style. He was so much pleased with this unexpected frolic, that he doffed his hat, and threw it up in the air with gestures and a yell peculiar to excited Irishmen. Off we started, leaving him to finish his fandango, and the bystanders to recover their gravity. He scampered about in front of the house, amid the

cheers and laughter of the crowd; and the last thing we saw about the place, as it faded from our view, was the cabbage-tree hat rolling in the air, high above the top of the half-way house.

The next stoppage was at Hexham post-office. An old native, the last of his tribe, wall-eyed and nearly blind, came to the side of the mail cart, not to beg—but to speak to the driver, whom he knew. He seemed highly pleased with the little girl, and still more so when he was told she was a native like himself. His only covering was an old blanket, and in his face there was perceptible none of that low cunning, which is so peculiarly characteristic of savage tribes. On the contrary, his countenance was indicative of frankness and intelligence. His wants were abundantly supplied by a few individuals residing near the river, on whose banks he spent much of his time in basking in the sunshine. From his emaciated condition it was evident that the tide of life was ebbing fast, and that he would soon be gathered unto his people.

We took up another passenger here, a gentleman farmer, resident in Hexham, who was going to Maitland on business; and off we went again. The road passed through the principal part of Hexham. In the middle of this village there is a neat wooden chapel, and a short distance from it a small school, and about half-a-dozen houses scattered over the distance of nearly a mile among the fields. There

were grazing paddocks covered with rich herbage, fields covered with stubble, nearly a yard high, the remains of the last crop. In others, rich crops of Indian corn enlivened the scene.

Two miles from Maitland there was a lone cottage by the road side, which presented a melancholy appearance. Its owner and his family had gone to the diggings. The windows were broken, some parts of the wood-work removed, and a portion of the roof had fallen in. The little square garden plot behind was full of rank weeds, in the midst of which stood a fine peach-tree heavily laden with luscious fruit; but none felt inclined to gather them. We arrived in Maitland about noon.

## CHAPTER VI.

Description of Maitland.. Scotch Burr.. Return to Newcastle.. German Lady.. William Hyde.. Putting the Cattle on Board.. Price of Cattle, Sheep, and Horses.. Their Quality.. Leaving Newcastle.. Passengers.. Mrs. Applethwaite.. Captain Applethwaite.. Natives, how we got them on board.. Jackey Jackey.. Jimmy.. Anecdotes of.. Last Sight of Australia.. Watering the Sheep.. Tempestuous Weather.. The Three Kings.. North Cape.. Ships.. State of the Cattle.. Fight with a Maori.. Bay of Islands.. Scenery of the Shores of New Zealand.. Entering into Auckland Harbour.. Appearance of Auckland.. John Wesley and other Ships.. Going Ashore.. First Night and Morning in Auckland.. Description of Auckland.. Fruit.. Dairy Produce.. Churches.. Missions.. Resemblance to Madaira.. Road Making.. Scoria.. Winyard Pier.. Burial Places.. Remembrances.. Aspect of the Country.. Leweswater.. Buttermere.. Borrowdale.. Mechanics' Bay.. Maories.. Maorie War.. Sailor.. Anecdote.. Maorie Women.. German Women.. Jews.. Half casts.. Maorie Dealers.. Dook Making in Prospect.. Appearance of the Country beyond Parnell.. Night Scene.. Gentlemen's Seats.. Keswick.. Ambleside.. Mount Eden.. Parnell.. Brandling Gill.. Mr. Churton.. Haasness.. Native Girls.. St. Michael.. Going on Board.. Preparing for Home.

MAITLAND is a town as large as Uxbridge, which it much resembles. A beautiful river the size of the Colne, meanders through it; and its sloping banks are laid out in neat parterres, well-cultivated gardens, and fruitful orchards, where flowers, and herbs, and fruit, grew in abundance.

The surrounding country, and the manner in which it was divided into fields, reminded me of Middlesex and Buckinghamshire.

All the inns, and even the small public-houses, had the chequers upon the door-posts, as may be

seen in the above-named counties. The neat little church, situate in the central part of the town, is a fac-simile of many I have seen in the south of England. The houses and shops surrounding the church called to mind the pretty village of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge. Some of the houses are of wood, rest upon wheels, and may be moved from one locality to another. The major part of the buildings are of brick, and a most irregular kind of architecture obtains.

There are many fine inns, and two or three coffee houses, where accommodation could be obtained at a reasonable rate. I went into one of the most respectable. It had a pillared front, and two projecting wings, and was only one storey high. At the entrance, placards were hung, stating the bill of fare. One of these was headed by the Australian arms, painted in water-colours, and manifesting little artistic skill, having also the motto—"Advance Australia," in large letters, on a red ribbon at the bottom. I was conducted through the place by the owner, who appeared desirous of making his customers as comfortable as possible. Some of the back rooms had been turned into shoemakers' shops to suit the requirements of some of his permanent boarders. These each paid him 14s. per week, a sum which many could earn in a single day.

There are several extensive corn mills, soaperies, tanneries and boiling-down establishments, in the

vicinity of Maitland. Great quantities of tallow are sent from here to Sydney for exportation.

Maitland has one newspaper. The *Maitland Mercury*, published twice every week, is well-conducted, and very popular throughout the colony. I was taken through the establishment by a brother of the editor and proprietor, with whom I became acquainted on my first visit to Maitland. The proprietor's house and the offices of the paper are under one roof, in a neat edifice, built of red brick, two storeys high, and situate in the central part of the town in the principal street. The words "Mercury Office," are painted in large black letters on a white ground, and were affixed to the eastern gable. The western end was overshadowed by a magnificent white cedar. In the rear, there is a large paddock, where Mr. Jones keeps two horses for his own use. The newspaper was printed by a Columbian press, constructed on an improved principle, and everything about the place was in first-rate order. In the clerks' office I met with a fellow Cumbrian, Mr. Carruthers, from Carlisle. He was the chief clerk; but he was then unwell, and had been at Newcastle only a few days before, consulting Dr. Bowker. It gave him much pleasure to converse with one who came from the same county in England, which he was likely never to see again. The pleasure was not one-sided.



In the afternoon I went to Mr. Gorrick's, and booked for a seat in the mail-cart returning next morning to Newcastle. This done, I partook of some refreshment with Mr. Jones, and then strolled out through the western part of the town into the country, taking the direction of Singleton. About a mile out, I came to a neat little dairy farm, and in the barn almost adjoining the house, two men were thrashing corn with flails. This was the first time since my arrival in the colony, that I heard this familiar sound, and I could scarcely resist going into the barn to have a swing with an old acquaintance. During my stay in Sydney, several complaints among the farmers had found their way into the newspapers. The farmers of Golburn in particular, complained of the rapid spread of the Scotch burr. This weed is a great annoyance to the Australian agriculturists. Indeed, so great a pest is it, that one correspondent of the *Sydney Herald* stated, that some fields in Golburn had been covered to such an extent that they were nearly valueless. I made several enquiries of the farmers in Maitland, but found that although it did exist there, it had not been productive of much injury.

London and its vicinity appears to have supplied the greatest part of the population of Maitland. The Cockney idiom is to be heard in every part of the town.

There are no places of public amusement, nor free concert-rooms as in Sydney. The principal pastime among those who frequent the inns is "Judge and Jury," a sort of performance in which parties personate the various characters of judge, jury, lawyer, criminal, &c. The cases brought before these mock tribunals are mostly of such a description as renders the morality of such pastime far from commendable. Maitland is noted for its horse-races. They are held annually, and attract great numbers of people from all parts of New South Wales.

Farm labourers were much in request. Wages were high, and food cheap and abundant. There is ample room for a large population between Maitland and Morton Bay. The land for hundreds of miles round is the richest in the world, either for pasturage or agriculture. Thousands of sheep, horses and cattle roam about in the immense plain, and hundreds never return to their owners, straying into the mountainous regions of New England, they become wild, and afford sport for the Australian hunter. Many a daring sportsman and his steed have perished in this perilous chase.

The Maitland women are very pretty, the young women especially. I do not remember seeing a single face that could be called either ugly or forbidding. The entire place had a well-to-do contented like appearance. I could not help thinking

how different in that respect this fine inland town was to similar towns at home. There was not a beggar to be seen; nor were there any pitiable ballad-singers, nor tormenting music grinders. Every one who could work had plenty to do, and was well paid for doing it. Like all other towns in the colony, it had too many public-houses. These to a great extent, absorbed the savings of the working-classes, and were highly detrimental to the interests of the community.

After strolling about till nightfall, I returned to the Mercury establishment, where I remained till morning. About six o'clock, the mail cart was ready for starting. The passengers were a gold-digger and his wife, a pitman's wife, and myself. A short distance from Maitland, the driver stopped to take up another passenger, an old German lady, who lived in a neat cottage by the roadside. A little pet dog was her companion, and she detained us a quarter of an hour in making arrangements for it till her return. At length, she made her appearance, and a singular one it was. Her style of dress had been obsolete at least sixty years. She wore a light buff-coloured gown, very straight in the skirt and short in the waist, with tight-fitting sleeves, fastened by a band round the wrist. A small drab-coloured shawl, fastened in front with a gold pin, covered her shoulders. A false front of dark auburn hair, fell in ringlets over her brow.

A large Leghorn bonnet, with a light brown gauze veil attached, adorned her head. Her feet were encased in high-quartered shoes, well blackballed, and neatly fastened with black silk ribbon. Australia was the last place in the world where I would have expected to meet with such an old fashion on a living model. The old lady was highly amused when we told her that she must be a very important personage, or the royal mail would not have stayed till she supplied the wants of her dog. While we were talking, crack went the whip, and away we bounded through the mazes of the forest. After an hour's pleasant drive, we arrived at the half-way house, and partook of an excellent breakfast. The German lady was shown into a private room, upstairs; but not relishing her morning meal in that unsocial style, she speedily joined us at the public breakfast-table. Her private history was, doubtless, an interesting one, though none of her fellow-passengers knew anything of it, and on the subject she was silent; yet all might easily perceive, from her politeness and general demeanour, that she had seen better days.

When the allotted time had passed, we resumed our journey, and speedily reached the foot of Iron Bark Brow. Here we all dismounted, and walked to the top. When near the summit I turned round, and was rather surprised to see the poor old lady nearly exhausted, and only a short distance from

the base of the hill. The gold-digger and myself immediately returned to her assistance. She very good-humouredly charged us with lack of gallantry, for which we apologized as politely as possible.

We soon after passed Iron Bark Farm, got upon the good road, and in the course of half-an-hour, the Nobbies and Fitz Roy pillar made their appearance. A few minutes after we went into Newcastle full speed; and such were the excellent qualities of our horses, that they seemed almost as fresh as when they left Maitland.

The *William Hyde* was now ready for her cargo. The fittings for the cattle and horses in the 'tween decks were complete, and the upper deck was covered with sheep-pens, made of thin scantlings nailed to the bulwarks. The cattle were shipped first. They had been driven into a fold upon the wharf, close to the vessel. At the entrance of the fold stood a sailor, having in his hand a long pole, by which he threw a running nooze over the head of the nearest animal. The nooze was attached to a rope which run through a pulley at the end of the mainyard. As soon as the nooze was affixed, the rope was hauled taut by those on board. The animal was then dragged by the neck into the water, close to the ship, a fore leg was then thrust through the nooze to prevent strangulation. An instant after, the animal was suspended in the air, swung over the hatchway, and lowered into the

hold. The cattle were all treated in this way, and many were severely injured. The horses were similarly managed; but when each reached the water it was conveyed between two boats fastened together by a spar across their bows, so that a horse could pass between them. A pair of strong canvas stays were then drawn underneath by an iron crook. On both sides of the stays were loops through which passed the rope that connected them with the block at the mainyard. A rope also prevented the stays from slipping. Three horses, harnessed in a light wagon, to which the tackle was attached, were driven along the wharf, raising the other horse into the air, where it was allowed to remain till it ceased pawing; the rope was then loosed from the wagon, and the animal gradually lowered into the hold. Two days were occupied in putting the cattle and horses on board. A gangway was then made for the sheep, and they were all driven on board in an hour.

There were upwards of 140 cattle, between 40 and 50 horses, 700 sheep, about 30 rams, and two calves. The whole of this living cargo was from Patrick's Plains, in the neighbourhood of Singleton. The average cost of the cattle was about £5 each, and the horses £10. The most valuable amongst them cost £40. The sheep cost about 6s. each.

The cattle were a mixed lot. Brown was the prevailing colour. They were all in good condition,

and two or three of them gave a considerable supply of milk. The horses were light-limbed, none would be more than 14 hands high, and some much below that. The prevailing colours were light bay and chesnut. A beautiful chesnut horse was killed by slipping out of the stays whilst suspended from the mainyard. The sheep were of the Spanish or Merino breed, and when fat would weigh about 40lbs. each; but they are more prized for fine wool than for feeding properties in New South Wales.

Large ironbound trusses of hay were lashed on each side of the poop, and stowed away in the ship. Maize and other requisites for the horses were shipped in abundance. To these were added medicines, and a stock of fresh water, and our ship was ready for sea.

I took leave of my kind friends, Mr. Spragg and his wife, on the morning of the 26th of February, 1853, and went on board the *William Hyde*, just as she was leaving the wharf. There were five cabin-passengers, Mr. Hayward, a German, and his wife, a pretty young Englishwoman; Mr. Holstead and Mr. Trinidad, of Patrick's Plains; and Mr. Singleton, of Singleton. In addition to these were Mrs. Applethwaite, the captain's wife, a nurse and two children, one a fine girl three years old, and the other a boy about ten months.

Mrs. Applethwaite was a pretty little woman, a native of Sydney, and about 22 years of age. She had in perfection the finely chiselled features so peculiar to the women of Sydney. Her hair was dark brown, and was shaded back in luxuriant tresses, fastened behind with a plain black ribbon. She generally wore a black satin dress, and a small white collar round her neck. Her name was Lucy, and she was as amiable as beautiful. Captain Applethwaite was a stout, broad-faced, good-looking Englishman, about 30 years of age, a thorough son of the sea, as strong as two ordinary men. Mr. Holstead was a noble-looking Englishman, about 40 years of age, and stouter than the Captain. He was a veterinary surgeon at Patrick's Plains, where he had both an inn and a large farm. He had been fifteen years in the colony. Mr. Trinidad was Mrs. Applethwaite's uncle, and an extensive farmer near Singleton. Mr. Singleton was about 25 years of age, exceeding six feet in height, stout and well-proportioned. He was a horse-dealer, and had assisted in shipping the horses. He resided at the village of Singleton, a name given to it by his father, who was the first resident there and an extraordinary and daring character. Mr. Hayward had been a shopkeeper in Melbourne; but he disliked that place so much that he sold his stock-in-trade, and purchased a house in Wellington, of which he was now going to



take possession. He was fond of talking about Saxony and other parts of Germany; but his English was so bad that we understood very little of what he said, except on one subject, and that was, his love for duelling in early life. His right hand was minus the forefinger, which had been cut off in an encounter with a German student. He had a pair of beautiful duelling pistols, and a sword, which he kept for the purpose of defending his honour.

Mrs. Applethwaite's father-in-law, Mr. Holmes, of Sydney, came to see us off. He had purchased a large tract of land, which he called the Fitz Roy estate. It contained abundance of coal, limestone, and iron. He had sent some specimens of the iron to Mr. Herapath, of Bristol, to be analysed, and to Sheffield to be manufactured into knife-blades. The cutlers spoke in high terms of its excellent properties, and Mr. Herapath reported that the iron was superior in quality to any found in Europe.

The crew of the *William Hyde*, consisted of three able seamen, shipped at Sydney for £6 per month, two mates, and two apprentices, eleven Maories, and four Australian blacks. We had much coaxing to get the latter on board. When we lay in the harbour, we saw the tallest of them standing on the wharf, lifting his hand to his head in imitation of drinking. The other three were a considerable way off. These gestures had the

desired effect; they gradually approached the wharf and got into one of the ship's boats that was waiting for them. When they came on board, the captain told them they would get plenty of "boul," (rum) if they would consent to go and help to take care of the sheep and cattle. A black bottle of rum and water was handed to them by the steward with the cork driven in as tight as possible. They squatted down on the forecastle, and after a great effort, extracted the cork and divided the contents, chattering and laughing at each other all the while, so delighted were they with the contents of the black bottle. Mr. Holstead, who was well acquainted with their habits, said that the more difficulty there was in extracting the cork, the more highly the contents were prized.

Two of these black fellows were very interesting characters. Jackey Jackey was a servant with the unfortunate Kennedy, who perished whilst on a surveying expedition in North Australia. The description this savage gave of the death of his ill-fated master was in the highest degree poetical; but unfortunately we cannot give it in his own words. Whilst exploring a part hitherto unexplored, they were surrounded by hostile natives. One of them threw a spear at Mr. Kennedy, and wounded him so that he expired soon after. Several spears were thrown at Jackey, but he dexterously evaded them. When Mr. Kennedy fell, the hostile

natives fled. Jackey then took his dead master on his shoulders, and carried him towards the setting sun till it went down. He then in the stillness of eventide, buried him amid the sands of the desert. After a perilous journey he reached the sea-coast, hailed a vessel, and told his tale of horror to the crew. Ultimately the government erected a tablet to the memory of Mr. Kennedy, in St. James's church. They also gave Jackey a pension, a horse worth £20, and a medal with an inscription upon it, relating to his master's virtues and his own.

The name of the other was Jimmey. He was a diminutive, broad-nosed, large-mouthed, curly headed fellow, with a good-humoured expression of countenance. He had been many years a servant with Mr. Holstead, who told us some very amusing anecdotes respecting him. We give one by way of illustration. On one occasion he had fitted out Jimmey with a new suit of clothes for the Maitland races. These consisted of a green Newmarket coat with bright brass buttons, a drab-coloured waistcoat, drab cord breeches, yellow top-boots, a white shirt, blue neck-cloth, and a black hat with yellow hat-band. Off went Jimmey in his new toggery to the races. Mr. Holstead followed him in an hour after, and found him capering about the course in his shirt. The other clothes had been so much admired by some of his tribe, that to please them, he divided the garments amongst them. On

the race-course, and proud of their acquisitions, might be seen Jimmey's friends; one with the hat, another with the coat—each wearing one of the items, which jointly conspired to make respectable Jimmey's outer man. Jimmey seemed to care so little about his property that he was the proudest man of the strange group; and as none of the articles were restored, Jimmey returned in his shirt to the house of his master.

The last day in the harbour of Newcastle we spent in fishing, and relating our experience of Australian life. The harbour swarmed with fish, so that if any offal was thrown into the water it was devoured directly. We caught several fine schnapper and some salmon. On this day also, several jars of honey and other delicacies were sent to Mrs. Applethwaite by residents on the river. Old Tom Hyde, of Mosquito Island, brought us a basket of green peas.

Next day at noon, the pilot boarded us, and the anchor was weighed and the sails trimmed for sea. Half-way between the Nobbies, the wind suddenly shifted, and we were taken all aback. Down went the anchor to prevent our grounding on the reef. In a few minutes the wind changed, we tacked several times, and shivered the mainsail, as the pilot directed, till we got outside the Nobbies. There we plunged into a short jumbling sea, which made the houses of the city seem as though they

were dancing a polka. About half-a-mile from the Nobbies, a fair wind sprung up, and the pilot left us, accompanied by Mr. Dent and Mr. Holmes. The yards were then squared, and before sunset nothing could be seen in our wake but a faint glimpse of the sunny shores of Australia.

We had fine weather and fair winds for the first two days. But the air was sultry, and the vessel swarmed with flies. At meal-times they annoyed us greatly by lighting on the food, and frequently the sugar-basin was covered with a black mass of these tormentors.

Wind-sails were rigged down all the hatchways, to cool the vessel. The horses and cattle were put in stalls athwart ships, with their heads towards an open space. Those that were restive were tied by strong halters to the stall posts.

On the second day came the tedious operation of watering the sheep, which was performed every alternate day during the voyage. This duty fell to the lot of the Maories, who each carried a bucket of water and a porter bottle. The bottle was filled with water, and put into the mouth of the sheep. After a sufficient quantity had been given to the animal, a piece of rope yarn was tied round its neck, to distinguish it from those not watered. There was little difficulty in getting them to take the water thus; and long before the end of the voyage they had become well-acquainted with the Maories and the black bottles.

On the third day, we had a strong breeze from the south, and a heavy sea. The vessel rolled about at a fearful rate. She was run alternately twelve hours on each tack, but we made no headway in the direction of Wellington. One or two of the sheep died every day, and one was killed every alternate day for the ship's use. When we had been eight days at sea, two of the cattle died, and a fine horse, the property of Mr. Holstead, leaped out of his stall down one of the hatchways, and was killed. The calves were drowned in a heavy wave that rolled over the forecastle into the lower hold. On the morning of the eighth day we sighted the Three Kings, some small islands to the west of North Cape, New Zealand. We passed them in the course of the day. The largest of them was covered with grass and short scrub. Here and there through the openings, we caught glimpses of lovely green valleys that would have been most welcome to our storm-tost cattle and sheep.

After passing these islands, we fell in with a strong current, which set in from the North Cape. On the water there was a distinct ripple, nearly a mile in breadth, forming a pleasing contrast to the boiling and foaming ocean on each side of it.

Early in the afternoon, we saw Cape Maria Van Dieman; and soon after a small schooner with her ensign flying, appeared to the northward. As she approached several of Marryat's signals were run

up her rigging ; but the captain and officers of our vessel were too much engaged to reply. An hour after the schooner swept past our stern, and came up on the weather side within a hundred yards. Then came the exciting hail, " Ship ahoy ! Where do you come from ? Where are you bound to ? " She was from Sydney, bound to Auckland, with passengers. Several other questions were put. The Captain of the schooner advised Captain Applethwaite to put into Auckland, as he would find as good a market for his stock there as at Wellington. As it became evident that if we beat down to Wellington with the wind against us, not more than half the stock would be living when we arrived, the captain at once directed our course to Auckland. The sheep were now sickening fast, and were mostly very lean. A space on each side of the cuddy was made into an hospital for them, and there were sometimes eighteen or twenty of them in it at once. Mrs. Applethwaite nursed them as carefully as ever Miss Nightingale nursed the wounded soldiers at Scutari ; but all to no purpose, die they would and did, in spite of all her efforts to save them.

We were six days in rounding the North Cape. Three or four more of the cattle died during that time. In the course of two days more we came in sight of the opening to the Bay of Islands—a place much frequented by the whale ships that visit these seas.

Our ship was difficult to work, owing to the sheep on deck. A narrow plank on each side was laid upon the top of the sheep-pens, and on these the sailors had to walk. The Maories soon got out of humour with this state of things, and two or three of them became very unruly. One morning, Malby, the second mate, ordered one of them called Banks, to do some duty. Banks flatly refused; Malby pushed him; he then struck Malby, knocked him into one of the sheep-pens, and before he recovered himself, very much disfigured his face. The captain came out of the cabin after the scuffle, and when he saw the state of Malby's face he was so enraged, that he took a piece of wood lying near him, and struck Banks upon the head, who gave a tremendous roar, and fell amongst the sheep. This overawed the rest, there was no more trouble with any of them afterwards. The wound caused by the blow, bled profusely. I assisted Mr. Booth, the mate, to dress the wound, and fastened it up with sticking plâister, and in the course of a few days all was right again.

One of the apprentices—Ainsley, a Scotch boy, had been very ill of dysentery, from the time we left Newcastle. I was told of a cure for that disease by Mr. Usher, a gentleman at Newcastle. The medicine consisted of the inside bark of the Australian wattle-tree. As I had provided myself with a quantity of this bark, I gave some to Ainsley,



told him to steep it in a pint of warm milk, and then drink the milk. The first dose effected a cure. The medicinal properties of this bark are well known by the natives of Australia.

I frequently went into the fore-castle to see the Maories dine. None of them had arrived at a state of civilization requiring a plate, knife, fork, or spoon to eat with. Their meal, whether it consisted of boiled pork and pea-soup, or boiled beef and rice, was handed to them in a large kit. They then squatted themselves round it on the floor, each seized the kit with one hand, and dipping the other into the mess, put fistful after fistful into their mouths with astonishing rapidity. What a group of beauties they were before the meal was finished, may easily be imagined. No matter how hot the mess was, it was speedily despatched with their naked hands.

There were two or three droll characters among them. One named Henry, always made a prayer over the dead cattle, and when one was thrown overboard, he would cry out—"A fair wind to-morrow." He would sometimes walk the poop, and imitate the captain in command. Another, called Jackey, often gave rehearsals of cabin scenes, to the great amusement of the other Maories and the sailors. All the Maories had English names, except Pepui.

The winds were variable, and it was many days before we got much from the Bay of Islands. The

weather, however, was charming, we stood near the land towards evening, to catch the shore breeze, which was a leading wind for us during the night, we were sometimes within half-a-mile of the beach, and we could see the smoke arising from the Maorie fires, a short distance into the interior. The sunsets and sunrises were very beautiful. The sea was studded with rocks, some rising forty and fifty feet out of the water. Sometimes we came opposite a green valley, and gentle rising hills covered with the magnificent kaurie-tree. At others we were sailing along a dark rock-bound coast, with frowning precipices, having caves and grottos fantastically carved by the action of the sea. One could not help thinking of Captain Cook, and the early navigators of these seas. How anxious must have been their night watches: and how necessary it was for them to keep sounding, to avoid the dangers that beset them.

Mr. Hayward, on one or two occasions, took some of the rocks for full rigged ships, or "full ships," as he called them. When we were tacking about, and making little headway, he would look over the side of the ship, and exclaim. "Oh, mine got, this is the mis-e-r-a-b-le." We saw the schooner several times between us and the land, as we gradually approached the neighbourhood of Auckland.

On the 18th of March we sighted the Great Barrier Island. The next morning we were opposite

to it, and the wind shifted to the north, but remained light during the whole day. Towards night the breeze began to freshen, and we went along at a rapid rate. Soon after sunset we passed a low rock to the north of Kiahow. This was the only dangerous rock in our course. There was no lighthouse at the entrance of Auckland Harbour; but the captain was well acquainted with the place. About midnight we made the entrance, and before one in the morning we were safe at anchor, in the middle of the stream, opposite the Caledonian Hotel. We lost fifty sheep, eight cattle, and two horses, during the voyage. The whole of the stock was in a lean dirty state.

The next day was Sunday; when light came I went upon the poop with Mr. Hayward and Holstead, to look at Auckland.

The harbour is a mile broad, and we were fully half-a-mile from the nearest houses on the beach. Mr. Hayward had an excellent glass, with which he could read the signs of the Caledonian and Victoria Hotels; and see distinctly what was going on in the city.

At the entrance of the harbour are many small fields, and two or three houses for the pilots, and the keeper of the Flagstaff. On the opposite side was a strip of macadamised road that led up into the country, past a small chapel, and a number of

neat houses. Nearer the city, on a point, several cannon were mounted to command the entrance.

The ground on which Auckland stands, rises nearly perpendicular from the harbour, in some places to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Part of this perpendicular front is composed of a brownish sandstone, others of conglomerate.

The Caledonian and Victoria Hotels stand in front of a breast-work of that description. The Caledonian suffered severely from a land-slip, some years ago.

From this front the land ascends to the height of four or five hundred feet. On the highest part of this elevation is a white windmill, conspicuous from every part of the city. Two miles beyond is Mount Eden, a conical shaped hill, 1,500 feet high, covered on one side with low trees, and fern, to the summit, and on the other with fern and grass.

All the inclosures were covered with verdure. The look of them was refreshing in the highest degree, after a tedious sea voyage. The captain went on shore soon after daylight, to make arrangements for landing his cargo.

A small schooner came to the entrance of the harbour, and then nearly up to where we lay; after that she again tacked and made for the entrance. To our surprise she kept sailing in that way two hours, and none of us could make out the cause. At last a boat from the shore put off to her; after-

wards we heard she had lost her anchor and cable in a gale, and was obliged to run about till she got new ones from Auckland.

The ships then lying in the harbour were, the *John Wesley*, missionary brig; *Kestrel*, brig from Melbourne; *Edward*, American whaler; *Royal Shepherdess*, *St. Michael*, and *William Hyde*, barques from London.

A short time before noon, a lighter came alongside to convey the sheep on shore, and about a hundred of them were placed in the boat, carried to the nearest point of the beach, and put ashore by two of the Maories. A number of boys aided in driving them to some green paddocks above the city. Having a great desire to see Auckland, and knowing that for some time at least, there would be no way of going ashore but by this boat, on its next approach to the vessel, I took a place amongst the sheep. On reaching the shore, I made for the Caledonian hotel. In going there, I had to scramble along a slippery footpath, overhung by long grass, the tide being too far up for me to pass by any other. The way was so steep and slippery, that I was frequently obliged to hold on by the tufts of grass to save myself from rolling over the precipice into the surges below.

When I arrived at the hotel, dinner was on the table, for which I was charged one shilling. After that I retired to a small room, and put myself

through a series of ablutions—a course which I much required after a tedious voyage.

The rest of the day I spent in conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the host and hostess. At night I was shown into a neat bed-room on the first floor, I lay down to rest, and was soon lulled to sleep by the gentle murmurs of the rippling waves upon the pebbly beach.

I rose early next morning, and when I looked out I almost fancied myself in one of those quiet English sea-side towns, which have listened to the winds and waves of centuries. A number of boats were lying high and dry upon the beach, where the tide had left them, and many men wearing blue jackets and sou-westers, were basking in the sunshine on the small piers running out into the harbour. There was none of that bustle and excitement which prevailed in most of the seaport towns in Australia.

The Caledonia and Victoria hotels had a homely peaceful air about them. They are both plain two story buildings, with a verandah running along the front of the upper story. Dram-drinking is conducted in a more comfortable way here than in most of our public-houses at home; seats are placed in the bars for those who pay their devotion to Bacchus. Dram-drinking is one of the greatest evils in the colony. A good breakfast, dinner, or supper could be had in either place for 1s., and

board and lodgings for 12s. per week. In some parts of the city these could be had as low as 10s. per week.

The wages for joiners, masons, brickmakers, shoemakers, and tailors, were from £2 to £3 per week. Carpenters, and those engaged in loading and discharging ships, were earning from £3 to £4 per week. Farm-labourers, and those employed on the roads and public works, were receiving from £1 10s. to £2 per week. The 3lb. loaf cost 6d.; butcher's meat, including mutton, beef, and pork, from 6d. to 8d. per lb.; potatoes were a halfpenny per lb.; cabbages, turnips, radishes, onions, pumpkins, and other kinds of garden produce were cheap and plentiful. There was plenty of employment, and a great demand for all kinds of labour.

There had been a great drain on the labour market for the gold-fields of Victoria, and other parts of Australia. In wandering through the place I saw many empty shops and houses, having "To Let" in the windows. Numbers of the small tradesmen had gone to try their fortunes in Melbourne. Most of the shops could be rented for 3s. or 4s. per week, and the houses for 2s.6d. and 3s.; such places would have cost 10s. or 12s. per week in Sydney, Newcastle, or Maitland.

Auckland stands upon several small hills, and has a brook of clear water running through some of the valleys lying between. There are no large

trees near the city. The uninclosed portions of ground are covered by a low dark-green scrub, somewhat resembling the heather in appearance and the rosemary in fragrance. The brooks in the neighbourhood abound with the finest water-cresses.

One of the principal streets, Story-street, runs nearly parallel with the perpendicular breast-work of the harbour, and has a gradual ascent for about a quarter of a mile from the Victoria hotel to its other extremity near St. Paul's church. Half way up this street, on the right, is the Exchange hotel, the principal one in the place. It is a wooden building, having a narrow front, and no pretensions to elegant architecture. Its premises are extensive, and many of its rooms are fitted up with all the conveniences and comforts of an English hotel.

All the merchants' offices are in this street. It also contains many fine shops. In this district the Jews predominate. One of them, Mr. Levi, has a shop opposite the exchange, which contains all kinds of second-hand goods: Mr. Levi was one of the regular "old clo'" description. Any one standing a moment or two before his shop was sure to be accosted, and business matters introduced in the course of the conversation.

A little above this on the same side, is a shop for the sale of war-weapons, and other curiosities of Maorie manufacture. A museum of such commodities might be purchased there for about £3 or £4.



Some of the houses at the top of the street are perched on the edge of the perpendicular scarp which bounds the harbour, where a landslip, which is of frequent occurrence, would send them to destruction in an instant. A catastrophe of that kind happened a short distance from Auckland during the time I was there, and a family of seven persons were buried alive near Wanganui. The house in which these unfortunate people resided stood close to the bottom of a dangerous scarp.

Several narrow streets branch from Story-street to different parts of the city. One, leading past the Victoria Hotel, is composed of small shops devoted to the sale of sailors' outfits and the fruits of the colony. In one of these shops I saw some fine apples, which in flavour were equal to any of British growth. The grapes and peaches were not equal to those in Australia.

The produce of the dairy farms in the vicinity of Auckland is excellent. The cheese is equal to our second-rate Lancashire; and the butter equal to any produced in North Britain.

Queen-street is much broader than Story-street. It passes along a valley opening into the harbour below the Victoria hotel, where it intersects the above-named street at right angles. It contains some fine shops and public-houses. Within a foot of the shops a brook runs past, which opposite every door has a bridge or crossing of planks; in

the vacant spaces where are no houses, it is left without such protection, and forms a dangerous obstacle on a dark night. Many narrow streets lead from this up the hill sides. Some are occupied by the more civilized Maories, Jews, Germans, and Tahitians. The Roman Catholics have a noble chapel and a large school in one of these streets.

St. Paul's stands on a hill at the top of Story street. It belongs to the Episcopalian or established Church. It is a plain brick building, in the form of a long square. The windows are small and lancet-shaped. The walls are supported by buttresses, and the whole of the exterior is covered with Portland cement. The interior is fitted up with low seats, in three divisions, having aisles between them. There is no gallery, nor any marks of social distinction.

The Wesleyans and Independents have fine chapels in the city. The presbyterians have also a place of worship, built of scoria, on the Parnell and Epsom road.

The Wesleyans here are numerous and influential. A short distance from Auckland, they have a large training institute or college for their preachers. Their numerous mission stations in different parts of the colony have been productive of much good; not only by converting the Maories to christianity, but by teaching them to cultivate the ground. Some of their preachers have done wonders in this

way. Wherever a mission station is planted, the "wilderness soon blossoms like the rose." And such is the influence that some of the preachers have over the Maoria chiefs, that they will not transact any kind of business without first consulting them. New Zealand owes much of its prosperity to the disinterested labours of the missionaries. The *John Wesley* was then taking in a cargo of clothes and other necessaries for the missionary stations in the Fegoe Islands. All the tradesmen spoke in the highest terms of the punctual manner in which these articles were paid for.

The streets were in the same unfinished condition as those of Adelaide and Melbourne. After a wet day they were ankle-deep in mud. And the lamps of the publicans were the only lights in the streets at night.

Many of the policemen were Maories, and looked as well in their blue regimentals, and handled their short staves with as much dignity and importance as any of their European brethren.

Colonel Wynyard, the governor, resided in a pretty wooden house, a short distance from St. Paul's Church, on the side of a gently sloping hill, at the foot of which, a fine spring of the purest water gushed forth without intermission, both summer and winter. A small jetty, erected by the Royal Sappers and Miners, runs out into the harbour from this spring, and here most of the ships take in their supplies of water.

Beyond this are a number of lovely gardens and orchards, having footpaths winding around them which lead to pretty villas, perched on rocky eminences overlooking the harbour. A Portuguese boy, whom the captain of the *St. Michael* brought to Auckland from Madeira, was in raptures with the place. The first time he saw these gardens, he held up his hands, and exclaimed in the best English he was master of—"All the same as Madeira! all the same as Madeira!"

The Post-office and Government-buildings are in a short street to the right, from the top of Story-street, and there is also a fine inn called the Masonic Hotel, in this street. The Freemasons hold their meetings there. There are a number of men of that order in different parts of the colony. Beyond the Masonic hotel, on the highest ground in the city, are the Barracks, the Public Gardens and Promenade ground. The Barracks occupy a space several acres in extent, the whole of which is surrounded by a wall, twelve feet high. In the centre of the yard is a large grass plot, with gravel walks, leading to all the buildings. The situation is said to be a healthy one. The soldiers had rendered good service to the colony, by making many excellent roads. Many were then employed in breaking stones, for which labour the Government paid them extra, at the rate of 2s. per day. When the weather was favourable, the Military band played

every Thursday afternoon, in the public gardens. These gardens occupy about five acres of ground. There is a neat lodge, and a large white gate at the entrance. The fence is low, so that the whole of the gardens can be seen from the adjoining road. The old Government house, which was burned down several years ago, stood on the site now occupied by the gardens. Specimens of all the New Zealand flora, and many rare plants from different parts of the world, are to be found there.

Most of the houses in the city are built of wood, and shingled, as in Australia. But many of the warehouses and stores are of scoria. The Roman Catholic Chapel, and the Barracks, are of that material. Most of the large shops, brokers' offices, and some of the public-houses, are of brick.

Scoria is a dark porous stone, found in great abundance upon the land, at the base of Mount Eden, and scattered here and there over the surface of the whole Island. It makes excellent roads, and fences, and is much used for that purpose. It is much easier to break than limestone, or the hard boulders, used for road-making in England. It soon beds, and being porous, all the surface water drains off, leaving the road dry and firm. A road well made of this material, is very durable. Scoria is not so well adapted for building purposes. If the walls are not made unusually thick, the water penetrates the pores of the stone, and renders the interior of the dwellings damp and unhealthy.

There are no wharfs in the harbour. The only attempt made at anything of the kind was the Wynyard Pier, which forms a continuation of Queen-street, and projects about 150 yards into the harbour. Only the small vessels can come up to it, even at high water. It was made of upright posts fastened together by crossbeams. These beams met the posts at right angles; and the importance of the triangle in keeping the fabric in form, by diagonal braces, was evidently overlooked or unknown. The framework was planked along the inside, and filled in with brushwood and earth. No provision had been made for the drainage of the surface water, and the result of such negligence was—the swelling of the inner material, the bursting of the planks encasing it, and rapid decay and dilapidation on all sides. The boats from the ships made a convenience of it to land at, but it was one of the most awkward places imaginable, even for that purpose. The planking intended for the roadway was piled up here and there in such confusion that a stranger was in danger of breaking either neck or legs in passing over them. In some places the earth was several feet below the crossbeams, so that a person, to get on comfortably, was obliged to step from one to the other. Yet this work, I was told, cost £7,000. In consequence of this want of wharfage, all vessels are obliged to lay at anchor in the middle of the harbour, and are

loaded and discharged through the medium of lighters.

Beyond the Wynyard pier, to the left, is a fine sandy beach, on which vessels are run up and repaired. Upon it were erected extensive docks, where several small brigs and schooners were being built. A long range of sheds and dwellings for those employed, stand along the margin of the beach. I saw many Maories sawing away at large Kaurie-trees, which they were cutting up in a workmanlike manner. The use of the two-foot rule, compasses, and chalk-line, seemed to be thoroughly understood by the greater part of them. They were dressed, carpenter fashion, in fustian jackets and trousers, and striped shirts.

Amongst the timber of the dock-yard, I saw some trees which only the province of Auckland can produce. They exceeded eighty feet in length, were more than two feet square, and straight as an arrow. Numbers of short logs were lying about of much greater girth than any of the largest Canadian timber sold in England. The Kaurie wood is much firmer than the latter, although it is quite as easy to work. When planed, it is of a pretty yellow colour. It is also very durable, and most of the houses in Auckland are built with it. An extensive forest of these magnificent pines is one of the most imposing sights that can present itself. The kaurie discharges large quantities of

gum, which is used for varnish, and now forms an important article in the export trade of the colony.

After I had been round the city, I took a ramble into the country. My first excursion was up Queen-street, past the windmill, and along part of the country west of Mount Eden. All the land to the north-west, where Queen-street terminates, is of a wild moor-like description, composed of a stiff whitish clay, suitable for brickmaking. Several brick-works were in operation upon different parts of it. And a number of good brick houses stand here and there along the sides of the road.

Beyond this, to the west, are large inclosures, set apart for grazing and hay-ground, and many corn fields. The soil, which was once covered with fern and scrub, is well adapted for growing wheat; but it is considered inferior in quality to the scoria clearings. The fencing and clearing of fern land costs about £5 per acre; scoria, £8. The soil of the scoria is a rich dark loam, easy to break up, and well adapted for either wheat, barley, or potatoes. Oats grow better on fern land, which is principally composed of a firm brown loam, not easily exhausted by successive crops. The scoria land, after clearing, is sometimes sown with grass seeds, and in the course of a few months becomes an excellent pasturage. I saw wheat grow on both lands. It was of good quality, but much inferior to the produce of Adelaide; about equal to



the best grown in the North of England. The yield per acre was from twelve to fifteen Carlisle bushels.

Beyond the windmill, to the south, are the cemeteries of the city. That of the Roman Catholics is distinguished by a large wooden cross, painted white. There was neither grass nor flowers upon any of the graves. The soil was a stiff wet clay, destitute of vegetation, and enclosed within a low wall of scoria. It had a most dreary aspect. On the other side of the road is the burial-place of the Protestants, of all denominations. All the graves were covered with long grass and fern. The ground had a gentle slope towards a winding brook which murmured sweetly past. There were several neat monuments, with marble tablets. Altogether, the place had a solemn and melancholy air, which much reminded me of the peaceful resting-place of the Friends in the old country.

On leaving these I came to a high fence of whins, so thick as to be alike impervious to rain or sunshine. This to me turned out advantageously, for I was suddenly compelled to seek its welcome shelter from the passing shower. The scene before me was rendered much more home-like by the pelted rain, swept across the country in long undulating streams by a strong breeze which smote fiercely upon the furze, and brought forcibly to my recollection many pleasing memories of country

life, when during the harvest-time I and my fellow reapers had similarly sought a shelter beneath the neatly-trimmed hedgerows of England, from the drenching rain of the appalling thunder-storm.

The climate of New Zealand is more temperate than that of Australia. The winter is never so cold as in the British Isles. Nor is the summer so intensely hot as in Australia; for owing to the refreshing breezes from the sea the atmosphere is kept at a comfortable temperature. Auckland is visited with high winds during the whole year.

In rambling through the country there is nothing to dread from snakes or other venomous reptiles. There is said to be a large spider of a dangerous kind existing amongst the scoria; but it is invisible like the fabled Bunyip of Australia, for I not only never saw one, but I never met with an individual who had. A pretty green lizard may sometimes be observed running across the bypaths in the more retired parts of the country; but it is very timid and seldom approaches a human habitation.

On leaving the hedge, I turned to the left, up a narrow road which wound its way past some farms, to the foot of Mount Eden. This part of the country bears a striking resemblance to some parts of Cumberland. So much so, that it was like taking a ramble through Loweswater and Buttermere. The snug farm-houses, with clusters of trees before them, and the small green croft, enclosed within

scoria walls, that seemed to have stood for centuries, like the mountain walls of the Lake district, heightened the allusion. Many of the farmers were ploughing with two horses yoked as in Cumberland. And every now and then, milk-boys who had been at Auckland went jogging past on their ponies, with their empty kegs behind them. The smell of the fern and the white clover I trod upon, the beaten path made by the horses' feet, the narrow strip of grass between it and the wheel-ruts,—all reminded me so much of our mountain land and mountain roads, that I almost fancied myself in Borrowdale or the vale of Lorton.

On passing a small farm, I heard the sounds of the flail, and on approaching the barn, I met the farmer, who had been thrashing. We had a most agreeable conversation, in the course of which he gave me a slight sketch of his history. He was a Cornishman, and had been a long time in the colony. I examined carefully the grain which was scattered on the barn floor, and was rather surprised to find it inferior to that grown on the moor lands of Cumberland. He assured me that it was a bad sample.

An extensive view of the country can be had from Mount Eden, but I was wearied, and it was too far advanced in the evening to make the ascent. When I came in sight of Auckland, the lengthening shadows of evening gave it a pleasing

appearance. The houses looked clean and white. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the atmosphere unpolluted by smoke. The waters of the harbour were motionless, and bore a striking resemblance to Lowerwater Lake, as it bursts suddenly into view at the turn of Mosser Fell, on a sunny summer's day. It was nearly dark when I got back to the hotel, where I dispatched an excellent supper, with a relish known only to those who have breathed the pure air and enjoyed the pleasure of rambling among the beautiful scenery of New Zealand.

My next excursion was through Parnell and Epsom, to the east of Mount Eden, in the direction of Wanganonui. The road into this part of the country, passes the public gardens and the Presbyterian chapel; winds round the bottom of a hill, turns to the right, and makes a fine circular sweep round the top of Mechanics' Bay.

This bay, which forms part of the harbour, is one of the most interesting places near Auckland. The Maories bring all their produce there for sale. In fact it is their market, and the shopkeepers and others who deal with them go there to make their purchases.

I have seen fifty large canoes drawn up on the beach, some laden with potatoes, others with corn and pigs, and a few of the smaller ones with fish and firewood. These were accompanied by two or three hundred Maories of both sexes.

A square of wooden houses by the roadside contained store-rooms for their produce, more especially for such as might soon be injured from exposure. The Maories seldom live in houses during their stay at the bay. The greatest part of them dwell in canvass tents, made after a peculiar fashion, with two poles about fifteen feet in length. These are fastened together at the ends with a strong rope. The other ends are separated to a suitable angle for the entrance. The two ends fastened together rest upon the ground, and the other two are elevated to a convenient height by upright posts. Over these a strong canvas covering is spread, and fastened to the ground with pegs, ropes, &c. Cooking utensils, bedding, boxes, or furniture belonging to the family are generally stowed away in the rear of the tent. A fire to cook with is kept burning during the daytime in front of each, and if the weather be cold, through the night also.

The scenes produced by the Maories grouped in front of their tents, are picturesque in the highest degree. Most of the traders, the men especially, are dressed in the costume of their forefathers, as described by Captain Cook, i.e. a mat made of native flax, with a hole for one arm to pass through near the top edge. The right arm is thrust through this, and the mat drawn over the shoulder is fastened under the left arm, leaving the left

shoulder exposed. The mat reaches nearly to the knee, and is frequently fastened round the waist by a belt of the same material. In warm weather it is allowed to hang loosely round the body. The common mats can be bought in Auckland for 2s.; but those of elaborate workmanship and more costly materials, cannot be purchased under £3.

Some of the men are tattooed upon the legs, and resemble the pictures of Greek and Roman soldiers. Many of those I saw at the bay were noble-looking fellows, with well proportioned limbs, broad chests, and countenances decidedly benevolent in aspect. Many of the faces, among the men, were of a Jewish cast—viewed in profile especially. And some had as fair complexions as many of the Jews in Auckland. Their average height is from five feet six to five feet ten inches. The largest man I saw was a chief; he was under six feet, and might weigh sixteen stones.

Much has been said respecting their powers of endurance, and being more than a match for the British soldiers in the Maorie war. All, however, who have seen the British soldier or sailor, and the Maoris pitted together, in a hand-to-hand fight, speak otherwise: the Maorie is greatly inferior in point of strength, and much deficient in pluck to either.

This has often been exemplified by rowing matches with the sailors, in Auckland harbour. If

the sailors got a-head in the least, the Maories lost heart, and ceased to contest; but if allowed to keep a little before, they would pull away at a tremendous rate.

A sergeant of the 58th regiment told me he was an eye-witness of one of the most desperate hand to hand encounters that occurred during the Maori war. A sailor belonging to H.M. Steamer, *Rattlesnake* went ashore in a boat in company with several of the crew. The boat landed near a pah, or Maorie encampment. Without being aware of his nearness to the enemy, one of the tars, more daring than the rest, wandered a short distance inland. When he was considerably in advance of his companions, three Maories who lay in ambush rushed upon him. They were armed to the teeth, having spears, clubs, and muskets. Jack was also armed; his weapons were a musket and a harpoon. The first Maorie that approached was transfixed with the harpoon and pinned to the ground. The next was shot dead; and the brains of the third were dashed out with the butt-end of the musket. This was the work of a few minutes. The Sergeant saw the whole affair whilst coming up with the foraging party to assist Jack and disperse the Maorie encampment.

They are, however, a highly interesting people, and very hospitable to strangers. On passing their tents, I was saluted with "tane, ake-kouie," (good

morning) by the men. The women addressed me by gestures and most bewitching smiles. Most of the females are very pretty, and the style of dress much enhances their beauty. Their chief costume hangs loose, after the fashion of a gentleman's dressing gown, and is fastened at the waist with a belt. The sleeves are wide, and closed at the wrist with a narrow band. Their hair, which is either dark brown or black, is put up tastefully—shaded from the middle of the forehead and well oiled. They have fine dark brown eyes, round full faces, and complexions as fair as many of our own country girls, who are much exposed to the sun, or employed to field labour. All the married women are tattooed on the under lip, half-way down the chin. The tattooing tapers up to each corner of the mouth, and forms a semicircle.

The prettiest women in or near Auckland are to be found among the Jews, Germans, and Maories. Exposure to the sun, and active employments, add much to female beauty in New Zealand. All I saw thus engaged were good looking, and some eminently beautiful.

The Auckland ladies appeared to be almost overwhelmed with *ennui*. There are no places of amusement; no theatres, nor exhibitions of any kind. Balls were of rare occurrence, and were mostly got up by ship-captains and held on board their vessels. The sailors, who, by the way, are



excellent judges of female beauty, declare that they never saw such a deplorable absence of good looks among English ladies of the higher class, even among the various colonies of the Pacific, as they saw at New Zealand. Jack's authority on many subjects relating to distant countries may often be called in question; but on this, his opinion is not to be disputed.

Females employed at dressmaking, and other sedentary employments, were pale looking, and had an unhealthy emaciated appearance.

The Maorie girls are fond of pink robes; but the women who have children generally wear dark coloured prints. Many Englishmen in Auckland have Maories for wives, and good ones some of them make. I knew one who kept her house and children as clean and tidy as any Englishman could desire. She was a pretty woman, and devoted to her husband.

The children who are the produce of these marriages are proud of their origin. When asked if they are Maories, they will look up with an air of superiority and say,—“No, Sir, I am a half-cast; my father is an Englishman.” And often have I thought while conversing with the descendant of an untutored savage, and my own countrymen, that it was something to be an Englishman.

On a Sunday forenoon I have seen Maorie girls, who have been converted to christianity, coming

from the country to their respective places of worship, mounted on horses, and dressed in riding habits, hats and veils, in imitation of the English ladies, and their husbands or brothers walking by their side, in black cloth, made after the newest fashion. They did not, however, seem to be good equestrians, for I never saw them on horseback, without a man holding the bridle, and walking alongside.

Some of the young men make good house servants and excellent waiters at hotels. P. Berry, Esq., the sheriff of New Zealand, had one called Nichol, who had been with him nine years, and was a fine-looking, clean, active young fellow. I once heard Mr. Berry describe the parting scene between himself and Nichol, when about to leave Auckland for home. They stood on Wynyard pier—master and servant looked at each other—neither could speak for several minutes. At length, Nichol offered Mr. Berry all his wages, as a token of gratitude, and burst into tears. His master kindly refused the money, was much affected, and endeavoured to induce Nichol to accompany him to England, but in that he failed. Nichol, though he liked his master more than money, loved Auckland or some dark-eyed Maorie maiden more than either, so they “parted in silence and tears.”

Beyond the market-square, close to the road, are two neat shops, where Maorie clothing of all

descriptions is sold. The Maories are fond of red and blue blankets, and red handkerchiefs.

A short distance beyond the shops is a manufactory for making ropes from the native flax. A long shed in which these are made runs along the side of a brook, about 150 yards up the valley.

On the Queen's birthday, the Maories muster in great numbers from all parts of the country, and hold monster tea-meetings in this shed. They take great interest in celebrating the anniversary of Victoria.

It is exceedingly amusing to deal with them. They are very suspicious of being cheated, and well acquainted with the meaning of the word *gammon*, which they often repeat, if any attempt is made to lower the price of their commodities. Many of them do not understand the relation sixpence bears to a shilling. And there are others who will take no copper, not being acquainted with its value. The pound sterling, crown, half-crown, and shilling they nearly all know the worth of. The shilling they call "one herring;" the sixpence "ek a penny." Those who know what relation a penny bears to sixpence or a shilling, add the coppers to make these, by saying "ek a penny, one penny," for sevenpence. "Ek a penny," for eightpence, and so on. The "herring," for shilling, is doubtless derived, like many other of their slang words, from the sailors, and others settled in the

island from the metropolis. I often purchased potatoes, firewood, and sometimes onions of them. When a great number came to the bay, and there was a large quantity of potatoes in the market, I have bought a kit containing 28lbs. avoirdupois for one shilling. Onions at one penny per lb.; and firewood at eight shillings per ton. Cabbages, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and pumpkins were sometimes in such abundance as to be had almost for nothing. I have seen large kits of cabbages sold for sixpence. The kits are made of native flax. They have two handles or loops to lift them by. They are the same in shape as those used by the carpenters, and some are as well made. The potatoes are neatly packed with fern leaves, and the kit firmly fastened up with a piece of strong flax. In quality, they are much superior to any of our home produce. They have darkish coloured, thin skins, and when cooked are mealy, and have a good flavour. They had been slightly affected by a disease, similar to that which still prevails at home; but it had entirely disappeared from every part of the province of Auckland.

Fat pigs, weighing about 200lbs. (sinking the offal), could be bought of the Maories for £2 10s. It was quite an amusing occurrence to stand by them when the butchers of the Bay came near to purchase. To the question, "What will you take for the pig?" they generally replied—"Three

pounds ten herring, or two pounds ten herring." If the purchaser tried to lower the price, "Kauhowrie" (cannot) was the reply of the Maorie. If he was disposed to give all they asked, "Kaupie" (very good) was the response, and the business was soon transacted. The Maories pay much attention to pig breeding. I was told by one who had lived amongst them, that the "wyenas" (women) who had children at the breast, frequently fed the sickly ones with their own milk.

A gentleman living at Parnell, who was acquainted with engineering, &c., pointed out to me the facilities afforded by Mechanics' Bay for the construction of a wet-dock. This might be done by erecting a strong sea-wall across the entrance, and deepening it a few feet towards the top. One part of his plan was, to connect the two hills at the top of the bay by means of a viaduct, under the arches which would be erected, warehouses, &c. On the roadway of the viaduct, he would have a steam engine and a crane to move on rails. Such an undertaking would doubtless much increase the commerce of the port, wild as the scheme may appear to some who know the harbour. Certainly, it would have been much better if the money had been expended this way than on Wynyard Pier.

On the north side of the bay is a small ship-yard, where the coasting vessels of the Maories are built and repaired. Many of the chiefs have tidy little schooners employed in the home trade.

On leaving the bay, the road crosses a small bridge which spans the brook that glides by the rope manufactory. It afterwards turns to the right and has a gradual ascent for more than a mile. To the right of the road is a large tract of unenclosed land, of a wild and moor-like appearance, covered with scrub and fern. A well beaten footpath runs through this wild, from the upper part of Parnell, down to the bay.

On the left are many pretty cottages along the roadside. The first of these is a grocer's shop, and is dignified by the name of "Parnell House." Farther up again is a butcher's shop and another grocery, kept by Mr. Walthouse. Higher still is a public-house kept by Mr. Johnson, who is the owner of some brickworks and several cottages opposite. A mile beyond these stands the beautiful residence of Colonel Hullam, surrounded by a fine plantation, neat gardens and shrubberies, all in the true English style. The house is not large; but is built in that tasteful villa style of architecture, which makes the modern residences of our country gentry so enchanting and picturesque. All the country, for miles beyond this, is divided into fields of various dimensions, surrounded by hawthorn hedges. For many miles, the road on each side is fenced by neatly trimmed hawthorn trees. The road itself is formed of scoria, and is

as good as those resting on the chalk formations of Hertford, at Berkhamstead and Tring.

This part of the country much resembles the neighbourhood of Keswick or Ambleside. Numbers of charming country residences are scattered here and there in every direction. Some seem snugly sheltered by overhanging rocks of scoria, others were perched on green hill sides, whose summits are adorned by the majestic kaurie and wild tea tree. Brooks of the purest water murmur through the fields and by the wayside. So home-like were some of these green fields that I could not resist climbing over the gates and strolling along under the shadow of the thorn fences, through which the wind sighed as pleasantly as I have heard it at Autumn-time in the green fields of home. Beyond Colonel Hullam's is a public-house, called "the George," near which are the slaughter-houses for the Auckland market.

A short distance from this, on the right, is the Government domain, a large tract of land reserved for botanical gardens. Near the domain is one of the prettiest country seats in the colony, the residence of the late sheriff of New Zealand, P. Berry, Esq. The house is one of the neatest in the province, and the adjoining grounds and gardens display an uncommon degree of taste and skill. Every advantage is taken of the admirable situation to give a pleasing variety to the scenery by

which it is surrounded. In front are crofts with hedges full of sweetbriar and wild geraniums. At the rear is a woody maze or wilderness, with a broad coach road passing through it to a large white gate, which opens into a beautiful garden, with broad walks and abundance of the choicest flowers. The kitchen garden and other conveniences are all on a most improved scale. This place was sold by Mr. Berry, a short time before he left Auckland, for £1500.

The public road before-mentioned extends through a highly cultivated district to about a mile and a half beyond "the George," where it terminates in a tract of moor land which stretches away to the south from the foot of Mount Eden. The ground near the base of the mountain is covered with huge blocks of scoria—the *debris* of past ages, when it was a belching volcano. The more southern parts of the island have been occasionally visited by earthquakes. The inhabitants of the lovely valley of Hut, near Wellington, greatly famed for the luxuriance of its soil, and the grandeur of its scenery, are often alarmed by these unpleasant visitations.

The tract of land stretching away from Mount Eden is as wild and dreary in aspect as Raise Moor, in the county of Westmorland. The country towards Auckland, as seen from this point, closely



resembled Grasmere and Rydal, when viewed from Wythburn.

Whilst wandering over this wilderness, I fell in with a number of young Maories, of both sexes, who had come up from the bay to sing and amuse themselves with the war-dance. They had built several huts and covered them with fern, as temporary residences. The females were engaged in paring potatoes and preparing supper. The young men were sitting in rows among the scoria and fern, about two yards apart, facing each other. Their mode of sitting is peculiar: they squat with the haunches resting upon the back of their legs, and only their feet touching the ground. In this position they will sit for hours. When they saw me, one of the tallest arose and walked slowly up and down the space that divided each row of his comrades, singing as he went, and becoming gradually more excited, till his appearance became truly terrific. In about ten minutes, his comrades were wrought up to the same state of frenzy, and suddenly springing to their feet, they bellowed forth what seemed to me a yell infernal. I am quite sure that had any person of weak nerves witnessed their frantic gestures, or heard their terrific shouts, he would have been apt to conclude they were going to pounce upon him as an accompaniment to their potatoes. But the dark day of

cannibalism has passed away, and the Maories are wiser and better than their forefathers.

During the time I remained, this wild scene was exhibited, accompanied by their most horrid yells. When I began to retrace my steps, their frenzy was on the wane, and their wild notes soon died away. On my road, I passed by several Maories, who were of the industrious class, and preferred earning money to dancing and wasting their time. They were employed in filling carts with broken stones, and conveying them to where they were required. Their wages were 2s. per day.

It was dark before I passed through Epsom and Parnell on my way back to Auckland. Lights were flickering in the windows of the dwellings. In many of the comfortable parlours I saw cheerful and contented family groups round the table containing the evening meal. Over scenes like these, I often was induced to pause, and say to myself—  
“How much like home!”

When I approached within sight of the bay, a most enchanting night-scene was unfolded before me. The darkness of the night, lit up by the lurid fires of the trading Maories reflected by the waters of the bay—the fantastic forms of their numerous canoes—the dark outlines of their curious tents—and the wierd look of their sombre figures, as they moved to and fro, or sat singing round the fires—

all conspired to produce an impressive spectacle of the wildest grandeur.

There is a museum near the bay. It contains numerous productions of Maorie art, and many natural curiosities found in the province. About the time of my visit, search was being made for the relics of Captain Cook and his party, which might have been left on the island. Parties having these in their possession who were desirous of parting with them, were requested to inform the authorities at the museum.

The hospital is situated on a charming and salubrious spot, only a short distance from the late residence of Mr. Berry. Heart disease is not so prevalent here as in Australia; although I met with many cases, resulting from the same cause—excess in the use of animal food and spirituous liquors. Some obstinate attacks of dysentery are frequently induced by over-indulgence in fruit. The Maories are much subject to scrofula, which breaks out on the neck. This appears to be the only disease they are troubled with, and it is quite possible it may have been contracted by their intercourse with Europeans. Captain Cook found them free from all cutaneous disorders.

Auckland has two weekly newspapers—the *New Zealander* and the *Southern Cross*. The former is the government organ, and the other the opposition. The cargo of the *William Hyde* was advertised in

the *New Zealander*, and was sold at the exchange. The average price of the horses was £22; the cattle £9; the sheep 12s. and rams 15s. The horses were lean, ill-conditioned, and seemed more fit for the knacker's yard than active service. The cattle were no bad representatives of Pharaoh's lean-favoured kine. In a short time after the sale, the change they had undergone was truly astonishing; several of the horses had altogether thrown off their gaunt appearance, and the cattle were rapidly attaining excellent condition.

At this sale I met with Mr. Holstead, who in the course of the conversation said he was much surprised to find no donkeys in Auckland. He told me that there were none in any part of New South Wales; and it was his opinion, that any person sending a cargo of these animals from England to New Zealand or Australia, would find it a good speculation. The climate of both is well adapted to the horse species; and there is every probability that the donkey would in course of time become a much finer animal than in England. It would, at all events, be most useful, and owing to its great powers of endurance, would be of great service to the colonists in their long journeys through the bush.

Auckland, like the cities of Australia, is well stocked with public-houses. Drinking is carried on to an alarming extent amongst the operatives,

although it is conducted in a much less showy manner than in Australia. This state of things is much to be lamented, as most of the working-men might soon be independent if they were careful and sober. The publicans were liable to a penalty of £5 for selling intoxicating drinks to the Maories; but this law is almost openly violated; most of the inns have back-rooms where the Maories may be concealed, and have as much as they like. The police seldom interfere; and when they do, the matter is "hushed up" before it gets to the ears of the magistrates. On several occasions I witnessed a small room, at the rear of the Caledonian, full of Maories of both sexes, and now and then a chief amongst them, drinking and bordering on a state of intoxication. Those Maories who are addicted to the use of intoxicants soon die; and owing to this cause alone, numbers have perished in the vicinity of Auckland. Whether the race will become extinct, as many savage tribes have done, or whether they will be absorbed by inter-marriage with the Europeans, are not uninteresting subjects for the Ethnological speculator.

I was so much pleased with the appearance of Parnell and Epsom, that I returned on the day following and engaged lodgings at Parnell. I paid 3s. 6d. per week for a modestly furnished room and attendance. The room was on the first-floor, in the front, and had a large window, originally intended

for a shop, but had never been so applied. The house stood by the roadside, and adjoining it was a butcher's shop. A short distance from it also stood the shops of the grocer and baker. The view from my window was of a mixed character, presenting an extensive range of heath covered with scrub, the windmill, and many pretty country villas. Not far beyond was a road to the left, leading into a beautiful valley. A brook of clear water meandered through it, from which I often obtained a welcome supply of the finest water-cresses. Its banks were fringed with wild geraniums and numerous plants of the mallow family; graceful willows and beautiful striped grasses drooped their pendent forms into the limpid waters as they rippled past.

On one side of the valley there was a brewery and many neat brick and wooden tenements, surrounded by pretty gardens. One of these, the residence of the late Mr. Churton, had a desolate appearance. The garden was overgrown with weeds. A gate, on which was a brass plate, having "Rev. I. Churton" upon it, was leaning in a dilapidated condition against the posts. The whole place seemed in mourning for its late master. Mr. Churton was a worthy minister of the established church, and his loss was deeply felt by all who knew him. He left behind him a large family.

One portion of Parnell bears a striking resemblance to Brandling Gill, the beautiful residence of Mrs. Ostle, near Cockermouth, with this difference, the hedges are full of wild geraniums, and the woods, instead of being composed of oak, with a sprinkling of firs, for the most part consist of the slender wattle and majestic kaurie-trees. The stream flowing through it abounds with water-crosses and aquatic flora of the most pleasing varieties. Across the stream, and on the other side of the valley, stands the mansion of Mr. Blakett. A thick plantation hides the rear of the house and the outbuildings. From an elevated position the chimney-tops may be seen; and from this stand-point the scenery around much resembles Haseness, in Buttermere, the romantic seat of General Benson.

In front of the house are extensive gardens, a small greenhouse, and vinery. The edifice is built in the Italian style, with a broad flight of steps leading to the principal entrance, where there is a terrace covered with gravel, and bordered with choice flowers. Near the foot of the steps is a sun-dial on a white pillar in the centre of a shrubbery. A high thick hedge of hawthorn and beech runs along the entire length of the gardens. A short distance from the dial is a natural doorway with an arched top. Through this is an orchard and a road leading to a wilderness, where rustic seats are placed in shady spots by the margin of a streamlet

that winds its way through the grounds to the harbour.

On the evening of this day, I left the Caledonian hotel and took possession of my new lodgings. Shortly after retiring to rest I was entertained much against my will, with a series of furious curtain lectures delivered alternately by the butcher and his wife. The subject I could not understand had I been ever so desirous; for they were Cornish people, and although their addresses to each other were conducted with extraordinary vehemence their remarks were as unintelligible to me as though they had been uttered in the New Zealand tongue. Their sleeping-room was separated from mine by a thin wooden partition; and these curtain lectures, repeated nearly every night, were rather annoying at first, but I soon got used to them, and went to sleep long before their conclusion.

Numbers of the Maorie girls came every day from the bay with potatoes, fish, and firewood. My window was sometimes completely surrounded with them. I bought all my vegetables and fuel from them. Although I always gave the price they asked, I have frequently purchased potatoes for half the price charged in Auckland market. My bargains were concluded on their part with the most bewitching smiles, and "kaupie, kaupie" *ad libitum*. On the average, my food cost only 7s. per week. Washing was one of the heavy items;



it cost me 3s. 6d. per dozen. Fuel was cheap; I only paid 4d. for what lasted a week.

The person with whom I lodged was a descendant of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He had been two years in the colony, and on leaving England, had taken with him a capital of £500. With this he had bought land and commenced farming; but no returns had resulted from his labours. He was then filling the humble post of tide-waiter, with the prospect of promotion. His wife was an excellent housekeeper and a most amiable and intelligent woman, and he had seen much of life in various parts of the world. But of colonial farming he unfortunately knew nothing, and the result was—failure. His experience in New Zealand agriculture was dearly purchased; but he still possessed a little property in England, which he was about to dispose of and settle down with the proceeds as a useful colonist in the vicinity of Auckland. This is no isolated case; many who have gone out to Australia and New Zealand with limited capital and romantic notions, and the worthless theories of writers biased by interest, who draw more largely from imagination than any other source.

I would urgently advise all who intend embarking capital in farming, either in Australia or New Zealand, to put their money into the bank as soon as they land, and engage themselves for twelve months with a farmer. During that time they will

acquire more practical knowledge of what is required to insure success than if they read all the books which have been written about these countries, since the days of Tasman or Captain Cook.

I remained at this place a fortnight, and then went to Auckland to take passage for the Feegee Islands, (in the *John Wesley*) which I had a great desire to see. On going into Brown and Campbell's office, to make enquiry respecting that business, I met with Captain Prance, of the *Saint Michael*, then in the harbour, bound for London, in the course of a few days, and I engaged to return home with him.

This was on Saturday evening; on the Monday following I went to the Wynyard Pier and waited till the boat returned to the vessel with provisions, and I was taken on board.

I may here mention that the operatives employed in getting us up fresh provisions were in great demand, both in Auckland and the Australian colonies. Good journeymen bakers and butchers had plenty of employment at wages of from £2 to £3 per week, with board.

I found every part of the ship in a state of confusion and disorder. The chief-mate and the steward had left during her stay at New Plymouth, and many of the crew had run away while she lay in Auckland harbour. The only person in the cabin was a Portuguese boy whom the captain had

brought from Madeira, and he was anxious for his liberty, and careless in the discharge of his duty. Mr. J. B. Smith, the mate of a Yankee whaler lying at Wanganouie, had just come on board. He was engaged by Captain Prance for the homeward voyage. He was a fine fellow, in many respects an excellent seaman, and he set to work with a will to put all things right in his department.

The cargo consisted of copper ore, wool, flax, sperm-oil, and kaurie gum. Carpenters were at work fitting up berths in the 'tween decks for twenty invalid soldiers. The berths in the cabin were engaged by first-class passengers, at the rate of £50, and upwards.

The *Saint Michael* was a tidy Sunderland built barque, of 377 tons burthen, flush from stem to stern, with the exception of two small houses aft, for the officers to sleep in ; but these could only be tenanted in fine weather. She had a full figure-head of Saint Michael armed with a sword and shield. Her cabin was both comfortable and neatly furnished, having a sofa across one end, a table, and strong high-backed seats, firmly bolted to the deck in the middle. Underneath was the lazaret, or general store-room.

During the week previous to my departure I took many rambles into the interior of the country. The last day I went down to Mr. Blackett's to get some plants I wanted to bring home, and he kindly

permitted me to go through the whole place. The trees in the orchard were laden with fruit. Large apples, apricots, and peaches were lying upon the ground in all directions.

I wandered by the side of the stream, through the wilderness, and to the rising ground above, where I feasted my eyes with a last look of the beautiful scenery.

On the morning of the 14th of April, 1853, I took a final leave of my kind friends at Parnell, and many of the Maories at the bay, whom I had become acquainted with. I remained in Auckland a few hours, waiting for a boat from the ship, which Captain France had engaged, at the rate of ten shillings per day.

## CHAPTER VII.

Soldiers.. Last Night in Auckland.. Passengers.. Crew.. Visitors.. Leaving Auckland.. William Hyde.. Mrs. Applethwaite.. Gastronomic Incidents.. Description of the Passengers.. Change of Weather.. Succession of Storms.. Sea-Sickness.. Soldier's Provisions.. Robert Martin.. His Death and Burial.. J. B. Smith.. Robinson.. Night and Morning.. Sufferings of the Stock.. Intense Cold.. Terrific Storm.. Dark Nights.. Cooking the Docks.. Rudder Chains fast during a Gale.. Awful Thunder Storm.. Auction.. Provisions.. Cabin Scene—Preserved Meats—Swiss and Sunsets—Trinidad—Flying Fish—The Sultana Schooner—Privations of the Soldiers—Marlow.. Robinson—The Azores—Terceira—Calling there—Bill of Health—Provisions—State of the Crew from Drinking—The Mate—His Conduct—Leaving Angra.. Gulf Stream.. Fair Winds.. In the Channel.. At Anchor in the Downs.. Parting Scenes.. Gale.. Sailing up the Thames.. London Dock.. Berkhamstead.. Journey to Liverpool.. Home.

On the morning of the 15th of April the soldiers were brought on board; eleven belonged to the 65th regiment; three to the artillery; one to the royal sappers and miners; a sergeant named Griffiths and his wife, and others, to the 58th regiment. Some of the poor fellows were sadly emaciated by rheumatism, heart disease, ophthalmia, and dysentery. Mr. Wade, the ship's surgeon on her outward voyage, was engaged to be their medical attendant. He was a native of Leeds, and although young, was accounted very skilful; he had been on board some time waiting to receive them.

At night, the principal part of the crew went on shore for the last time, and I went with them. The night was dreary, wet, and exceeding dark. The streets were ankle deep in mud; and the Maories were wandering about chanting their monotonous night songs. Groups of them were gazing into the shop windows, their appearance forming a strange contrast to the shop window admirers at home. Our party dispersed over the place to take leave of their friends. We were all to meet again on the Wynyard pier. The ship's cook and I visited several places, the last was a barber's shop in Story-street, where we parted with our superfluous locks, to be in trim for the voyage. It was midnight when we arrived at the pier, and none of our party was there. After waiting some time, we went to the Caledonian pier, and were fortunate enough in persuading a Maorie to convey us on board in a punt. He much doubted our paying him, and frequently entertained us by repeating the word "gammon," till we got to the ship. On reaching it, we each gave him a shilling, and he seemed perfectly satisfied. The night continued dark and wet, as if foreboding nights to come. We had only been on board a few minutes when the remainder of the party arrived with a good stock of spirits both in themselves and in bottles. A pint of rum (bottle included) cost 2s.6d., and many measures of that "precious" stuff was consumed during the

remainder of the time we stayed, much to the detriment of peace and harmony.

On the 16th, all the fresh provisions and live stock were put on board, and in the evening all the cabin passengers made their appearance. They were Mr. and Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Marlow, Lieut. Grant, of the 58th regt., and Miss Connolley, a young lady of some religious order, I think the Sisters of Mercy. Mr. Turner had three children, the two oldest were girls, and the youngest a boy twelve months old. These had a servant to attend them; so also had Mrs. Berry. Mr. Berry had been sheriff of New Zealand many years. Mr. Turner belonged to the commissariat department. Mr. Marlow was his assistant, and Mrs. Turner's brother.

Captain France had much difficulty in getting a crew. The Portuguese boy left the ship on the first night after I went on board. He had been engaged some time before by the proprietor of the Masonic hotel, and he concealed himself till the vessel sailed. A steward was advertised for; but no likely applicant appeared. A person called Robinson, who came from Melbourne on board the *Kestrel*, in that capacity, was engaged by the captain as assistant-steward and ordinary seaman. He was a strange compound of affectation and aristocratic notions, and his accounts of himself varied much at times, and were full of the wildest

romance. The cook, a Greek from Corfu, quarrelled with him the first time they met, and they were not reconciled during the voyage. No steward could be found to take charge of the stores and serve out the rations, so I was persuaded to take that office, and my name was duly entered in the ship's articles. All the provisions were duly placed under my control, and a soldier was engaged to assist in waiting at the cabin table. These preliminaries settled, and an adequate number of hands obtained, we made preparations for our departure on the morning of the 17th of April, 1853.

During the forenoon, we were visited by many of the passengers' friends; but I saw few indications of regret exhibited on either side. Martha, Mrs. Berry's attendant, shed a few tears at parting with her sweetheart, who came to see her off; but Tom appeared little affected by the "eloquence of tears," and walked away as though quite indifferent. She speedily dried up her tears, and ere he was out of sight had regained her wonted composure. There was a striking contrast between the parting scenes I had witnessed at Liverpool and those in Auckland harbour.

Shortly before noon the pilot came aboard, and all hands were mustered on deck. Whilst so engaged the police-boat came alongside with two constables, who took away one of our best hands, a fine young fellow called Charlie. We were



informed that he had left H.M.S. *Fantome* only a few days before, and the officers were so well aware of his whereabouts, that they did not look after him till we were ready for sea. In the afternoon we weighed anchor and unfurled the sails. It was a beautiful day, and there was a gentle breeze blowing out of the harbour. We sailed slowly past the *William Hyde*. Mrs. Applethwaite was standing on the poop, looking as beautiful as ever; I raised my cap in token of farewell, and she in return waved her white handkerchief. When we cleared the harbour the pilot left us. Before sunset we were beyond the Great and Little Barrier islands, and the bowsprit of our taut little barque pointed to the high latitudes beyond Cape Horn.

We had a fair wind and beautiful weather for the first three or four days; during that time I got fully initiated into the mysteries of my office, which I found to be no sinecure. I had to turn out of bed every morning at eight bells (four o'clock), to serve out warm coffee to the officers and men on watch. This done, I went down into the lazaret for the sailors' rations and a supply for the cabin passengers. Thence into the hold, to weigh out provisions for the soldiers, according to the scale handed in to me by the captain. I had then to hand over to the cook, the requisites for breakfast in the cabin, which took place at nine o'clock. It was a substantial meal, and required several hours

to prepare it. There was generally a curry or a stew for one dish, cold pork and cold beef, bread and butter, tea, coffee, and cocoa or chocolate. At noon there was a lunch, consisting of bread, butter, and cheese, with ale and porter. At three o'clock we had dinner, which often consisted of three courses, and wine for the gentlemen. At six o'clock there was tea, and at eight either supper, or grog and warm water. This concluded the bill of fare for the day.

During the fine weather, the passengers enjoyed themselves with amusing sallies of wit and repartee at the meal times. Miss Connelley excelled all the other ladies in this respect. She was a formidable antagonist. None of the gentlemen who contended with her came off unscathed. Mrs. Turner was a lively frolicsome little creature, exceedingly fond of teasing every one who came in her way, but kind hearted nevertheless. Her merry laugh often rang through the vessel; and to be dull or low spirited in her presence was utterly impossible. Mrs. Berry was a more retired, but very amiable lady, always in a good humour, and much better looking than the majority of Auckland ladies. Mr. Berry and Mr. Turner were fine looking men. Lieutenant Grant had been an invalid for some time; but his general health was much improved before the end of the first week. Mr. Marlow was the wag of the party. He was a strapping young fellow, above

six feet in height, and he did nothing but make fun the whole day. At meal-times he kept the table in a roar; and although some unfortunate was frequently the butt of his jest, he always did it in such a good-humoured manner, that he never gave offence.

Miss Fanny Stone (Mrs. Turner's nurse), was a good-tempered black-haired girl with dark eyes. She had been a dressmaker at Auckland; and when she came on board was very pale and attenuated, but she soon became stout and rosy. She had not been long amongst us till she cast a longing eye at the second mate, and ended by falling desperately in love. This attachment oozed out most at tea-time, in sighs and desponding looks as she stood at the door of Mr. Turner's cabin, and talked sentimentally of the past over a cup of tea. She was a native of Bristol, to which her thoughts were doubtless often directed as we frequently heard "home, sweet home" sung to her infant charge. Miss Martha (Mrs. Berry's attendant), was tall and graceful, possessed many amiable qualities, and was always ready to assist in relieving the sufferings of the poor soldiers we had on board.

When four days at sea, the marine barometer indicated a change. The captain told me to secure a berth in the fore-castle, as the place on deck which I then occupied would soon become untenable. On the fifth day, early in the morning, the wind

rose furiously. The sky had a wild stormy look; large masses of lowering clouds loomed in the distance. The sea began to roll heavily. As the wind was fair, we ran before it under close-reefed top-sails. The rain descended in torrents, and squall succeeded squall during the day. This, however, was only a foretaste of the passage round the Horn. Most of the passengers were sick; and the ladies, with the exception of Mrs. Turner, were in a deplorable state.

The vessel laboured heavily, and to walk upon deck was no easy matter without laying hold of a rope or the belaying pins. All the meals went on as before; and it was a difficult matter to convey them from the galley into the cabin. Sand-bags were placed on the table, and the dishes packed, and every precaution taken to prevent their contents from being dispersed; but in spite of all, an unlucky lurch would upset the soup-tureen and plates—hurl a fowl into a lady's lap, and perhaps a piece of pork after it—make pickle bottles, wine glasses, potatoes, knives, &c., fly in all directions. To drink out of any vessel required almost the dexterity of a juggler; and frequently after the most skilful balancing, there was "many a slip between the cup and the lip." Amid the darkness of night, the vessel was tossed upon the waves, and the scene became more appalling than before. The sea roared around as though it would engulf us;

and we could perceive the white foam, like a crest, on the head of the dark rolling waves which dashed against the sides of our little barque, with a force that seemed sufficient to crush her to atoms. The wind howled through the rigging in a fearful manner, and the nights were intensely cold.

I went into the lazaret, as usual, in the morning. The stores were jumbled together in such a manner that I could scarcely get the requisite supplies. Casks of flour had been buried amongst bags of biscuit—jars of butter, cases of wine, and chests of tea, were mixed together in indescribable confusion. Some shelves on the sides of the place gave way, and their contents wedged in tighter the heterogeneous mass. As the hands were fully employed in working the ship, and the provisions were required, I had to set to work without delay and obtain them as best I could. In the hold, the soldiers' stores were buried under bales of flax and bags of gum, and a considerable time elapsed before they were exhumed.

Each soldier was allowed half a gill of rum per day, which I served out every forenoon, through a sliding door in the side of the spirit-store. This was diluted by the corporal with an equal quantity of lime-juice, and sweetened with brown sugar. The crew had a similar mixture during rough weather.

Day after day passed; the weather was wild and cold. The vessel was strained, and leaked so much

that she had to be pumped out every two hours. Some of the crew sickened, and being short-handed at the best, things became still worse. Some nights I got only three hours sleep, owing to sudden squalls, when all hands had to assist in taking in sail.

The cold and salt provisions told severely on the sailors. Many of them broke out in boils, and they could scarcely move about. One able seaman, a Scotchman, named Robert Martin, became seriously ill. He had been a seaman on board the *John Wesley*, and lay in hospital a short time before he shipped for home. He was affected with disease of the heart, and gradually sickened till he was unable to leave his berth. On the evening of the 5th of May, I found him much worse. His breathing was heavy, and the death-rattle was gurgling in his throat. These symptoms of approaching dissolution I made known to the doctor, who speedily attended and did all in his power to relieve him. About four o'clock in the morning, he jumped upon the floor of the fore-castle, and rolled about distracted with pain. The doctor came again at daylight, and we tried to give Martin some wine in a spoon, but his teeth were firmly clenched, and we were unsuccessful. His eyes were dim, and the pupils contracted slowly when brought suddenly into the light of a candle. Towards eventide, he became insensible, and died without a struggle. The body was laid

out by his messmates with as much decency as the circumstances permitted. Next morning the doctor made a *post mortem* examination of the body. Both the heart and the lungs were much diseased. After the examination, the body was enclosed in a strong piece of canvas, and heavy substances were attached to the feet to make it sink. A plank was suspended at one end by a rope from the main yard, the other end rested on the starboard bulwark. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, the body was brought from the forecabin, laid on the plank, and covered with the ensign. The passengers and crew stood round the captain while he read the appropriate funeral service of the church of England. When he came to the words, "We commit this body to the deep," the plank was slowly raised, the corpse glided gently into the sea; and a big wave carried it out of our sight. Such was the end of poor Martin. No rude sexton will disturb his remains; they rest far away in the clime of the albatross; he has "all ocean for his grave." It was a touching scene. The captain wept much, and we were all deeply affected.

We had now only two able seamen left, and the whole crew, including the captain and other officers amounted to twelve. Only four of the seamen could steer; the wheel was often taken by the captain. The mate had been round the Horn twelve times, and a better seaman never trod the

decks of a British ship. He was a stout, broad shouldered man, about forty years of age, and above middle stature. He was born in Liverpool, but, owing to the removal of his parents, he had left it when very young. The most disagreeable part of his character was the foolish way in which he extolled the Americans. This gained for him the appellation of the "white-washed Yankee." His braggadocio was delivered in that nasal tone peculiar to American seamen. One morning, when the wind was blowing strong, he told the second steward to do something. Robinson was in a high mood at the time, and gave him an impertinent answer. In consequence, Smith kicked him head over heels into the cabin. He never again disobeyed orders. On another occasion, one of the boys offended him; he immediately struck him on the mouth. This affair disabled him for many weeks; his middle finger, by coming in contact with the boy's teeth, was cut severely, and the cold so affected the wound that he was unable to take off his clothes for a month. All this time, however, he stood his watch with the others, and never flinched from any part of his duty. He refused to dine in the cabin, and I was obliged to send all his meals upon deck.

As we sailed towards the high latitudes the weather became colder, and many of the sheep died. Night set in at four o'clock, and we had no light



till eight in the morning, the wind blowing a gale without intermission, often attended with snow and hail-storms, which made the ship as white as a winding sheet; supplying the passengers—Mr. Marlow and Mrs. Turner especially—with the means for making snow-balls to pelt each other. Rough as the weather was they had thrown off sea-sickness, and were in the enjoyment of good health.

Affairs went on thus till we were in the latitude of the Horn, where we sighted a French barque. She did not approach within hailing distance, but the captain showed his longitude in large white letters on a black board hung over the ship's side. We replied in a similar manner.

On the day following, we sighted an iceberg. It was nearly three miles in length, and stood about a thousand feet out of the sea. The weather had become so cold that the oil congealed in the lamps while burning, and the binnacle had often to be lighted with a wax candle. The goat and a few of the pigs were killed by the intense cold that prevailed. I lost a pet kitten from the same cause. It ran upon deck one keen frosty morning, and soon after it died.

The compass behaved strangely at times in these latitudes. Sometimes it would not move without being touched. Various were the conjectures as to the cause. Some tin boxes in one of the cabins were thought to be the disturbing agents; they

were removed, but made no difference. This irregularity was more prevalent during the forepart of the day, and least towards night.

Shortly after seeing the iceberg, we encountered a terrific storm. It commenced early in the morning, and increased in fury till mid-day. All that either Dana or Cooper have written of the stormy sea beyond Cape Horn can convey but a faint idea of that awful morning. I had often heard and read of "seas running mountains high;" but I never dreamt that I was destined to bound across them in a frail barque that seemed every moment to make her last plunge into the abysmal waters. The sky was overcast with dense clouds, through slight openings in which the sun shot forth casual gleams of fiery light that flashed like lightning across the boiling ocean, and made a terrific scene still more magnificently impressive. Many a gallant barque has closed her career beneath the dark waves that spend their fury on the "rock-ribbed" sides of Cape Horn.

The soldiers assisted to take in sail. Not a stitch of canvass remained upon the yards, save a close reefed main topsail, and reefed foresail, and we kept dead before the wind. A terrible sea struck the rudder, and knocked down the man at the wheel. Two of its spokes were broken by coming in contact with the man's head as he fell; and the steersman was carried into the forecabin in a state

of insensibility. Two men then took his place; and only once during the storm did any water come over the bulwarks, and then it was only the top of a sea that came dancing across her bows, and soon disappeared. Miss Connolley came up the companion—looked round the deck—exclaimed, “Oh! misery” and went down again; Mrs. Turner looked up, and true to herself, began to laugh.

All the meals went on as usual, but there was a great destruction among the crockery. Towards night the wind began to abate, but the sea was still running at a fearful rate. The waves as they rose and swelled, made white the deep troughs between them with foam. The rain fell fast, and a thick black darkness completely shut out the darkness of the stars. The conversations in the fore-castle were all about the ship, how well she had behaved through the storm. So much were we all indebted to her excellent sailing qualities for our lives, that we regarded her as a creature endowed with qualities superior to aught produced by the hand of man. This was a night to be remembered among the many gloomy ones we passed in these dreary latitudes. Every person upon deck was saturated with wet. The best waterproof coverings were soaked through. The only cheering spot in the ship was the comfortable looking cabin, which the watch could gaze on a few minutes, till the skylights were battened down. Then no cheering ray remained amid the general

gloom, but that from the solitary binnacle lamp, shedding a dim uncertain light upon the man at the wheel.

Morning came ; no change ; some nights it brightened up for a few hours, and the clouds cleared away, so that we could catch a glimpse of the Southern Cross and the Magellan Clouds, but these were few and far between.

Great numbers of Albatross and Cape pigeons were constantly flying round us. Many of these were caught by Mr. Marlow and the doctor. The largest albatross measured twelve feet between the tips of the wings.

Two sailors and the cook were now disabled by boils and sore fingers. One of the soldiers named Douglas took the cook's place in the galley. He had frequently served in that capacity while in barracks, and boasted largely of his culinary skill. On his first day's duty, among other things I handed over to him a couple of ducks for dinner. As I was much engaged, I had no time to see how they were getting on ; and remembering his professions of practical experience, I never thought of disaster. When dinner-time came, the ducks were placed on the table, and after a while, Mr. Berry, as carver, commenced operations. The first cut entangled the carving-knife in a piece of rope-yarn, and a few cuts more sufficed to show that whatever the ducks might have been, they were now unfit

for food. It appeared that the ducks were stuffed with raw onions and dry biscuits, and for lack of something better, he had tied them up with rope-yarn, and in his hurry had forgotten to remove it. Besides, he cooked them till they were hard and dry. However, the company unanimously pronounced them uneatable, and the ducks were removed from the table. When the captain saw them, he was in a rage, and rushed out of the cabin to reprimand the cook; but as he had got a double allowance of grog, on account of the office he held and the coldness of the weather, he was in too high a mood to be talked to. He told the captain that if he was not satisfied he might get some one in his place; but there was not another man in the ship who could cook ducks like himself—a fact which none felt inclined to dispute. This affair threw the whole company into convulsions of laughter; and poor Douglas was too frequently reminded of it for his comfort.

During the coldest of the weather we had what is called *lobacous* every morning to breakfast. It consisted of hot potatoes, meat cut into small pieces, boiled onions, and plenty of pepper.

The loaf bread we brought from Auckland lasted six days, after which we had to bake every morning. This was kindly done for me by Mrs. Griffiths, the wife of the armourer-sergeant of the 58th regiment.

Early one night, before we had rounded the Horn, it was exceeding dark, and the wind had increased

to a gale. Some ropes from the spanker-boom got entangled among the rudder chains. The steersman cried out at the top of his voice, "The wheel is fast!" The captain sprang upon deck—all was confusion—few retained presence of mind. The ropes were cut away by the mate; but not until our ship was taken by the lee, and the masts were nearly blown out of her by the gale. The scene of confusion presented during these moments of peril was a strange conglomeration of the awful and the amusing. The calling for a light, then for an axe—Mrs. Berry and Martha shrieking, and the while embracing each other—the doctor and Mr. Marlow struggling to reach the companion ladder—the captain's lamp falling on the doctor's head, to his great surprise—and by way of climax, Miss Connelley, dumb and helpless with affright, stumbling into the brawny arms of the ship carpenter, whilst endeavouring to rush on deck. It was an awful moment; many a heart throbbed wildly as the wind howled fiercely through the rigging, and the steersman bereft of the power which would have extricated us from peril in a moment. For a while there was dread uncertainty; but at length danger was past, and we resumed our course. A short time after, Robinson was missed from his post. He was found under the cuddy table; he had taken advantage of the confusion to go down into the cabin and drink all the grog out of the glasses on

the swing-tray. When questioned as to his reasons for such conduct, he said, he very seldom had the chance of getting any grog, and he knew there would be some there. As for the ship, he was sure she would get put to rights without his assistance.

On the 5th of June, we rounded the Horn, in latitude 57°. We did not see the Cape, nor any part of Terra del Fuego. Galea, mists, storms of rain, and the screams of the albatross tracked our path by night and by day. More than half our live stock had perished. The sailors were harrassed by incessant working and watching. The rough weather did not subside till we passed the Falkland Islands. When opposite the river Plata, we experienced one of the most violent thunderstorms I ever saw at sea. It commenced at midnight, and lasted several hours. All hands were called up to reef topsails. The sky was black as ebony, except when broad flashes of lightning illumined all around, and distinctly showed us the men aloft, clinging to the yards and rigging. Flash followed flash in rapid succession; sometimes it was forked, at others in broad sheets of many colours. The rain poured down in streams, and the crashing of the thunder was terrific. We were in the middle of the storm; flash and brattle came close together, and then in a while it died away in the distance. When the men descended from the rigging, they were quite benumbed with cold, and I had several times to

supply them with spirit. Mrs. Berry was much alarmed, and called out every time I passed her door to know if there was any danger. All the passengers, except the doctor and herself were asleep; he stood upon deck while the storm lasted, admiring the impressive grandeur of the scene.

Our provisions were getting short. The supply of sugar and lime juice was nearly exhausted. Two pigs were all that remained of the live stock, and they were reserved till we got within the tropics. Our supply of meal was in good condition, but the flour from several of the caaks was maggoty. Even after the most careful examination of the flour, they might still be found in the bread. This was a source of much annoyance to the ladies; Mr. Marlow and the doctor, knowing this, when no maggots were in the bread, frequently made many models out of bread crumbs, and placed them where they were sure to attract attention. We had abundance of soup and bonilli, preserved meats, and several cases of prepared carrots; and we now commenced to use them. We had also an excellent stock of butter, potatoes, and onions. The passengers began to be dissatisfied with their fare, and got up a petition, which was signed by all and handed in to the captain. In this they requested him to put into Rio Janeiro for fresh provisions. This, however, the captain declined to do; as he



expected to meet with some vessels, or in the event of disappointment, he intended to run for the Cape Verde Islands. We were then in sight of many vessels, although all were far beyond hailing distance.

The weather was now less stormy; and the captain took the first opportunity afforded him by the change, to bring all the effects of poor Martin out of the fore-castle. They were then sold by auction, and the proceeds of the sale were forwarded to the friends of the deceased shortly after our arrival in London. The weather continued to improve, but the winds were strong; and they speedily wafted us away from the dominions of the albatross into the peaceful zone of the south-eastern trades. The steady breezes and beautiful weather of these latitudes enabled us soon to put all things to right. The vessel was thoroughly cleaned. The lazaret underwent a complete overhauling; all the provisions were removed, the place cleaned, and the stores were better arranged. Every part of the ship began to wear a more cheerful and comfortable aspect. The passengers and crew still complained of the quality of their food. The former had not so much reason to complain as the latter, having plenty of preserved meat, soup and bonilli, potatoes, wines, ale, porter, and spirits, including rum and brandy; while the crew had but salt beef and pork, rice, pea-soup, and *weevily* biscuit. The cook's

hand was now healed, and he was able to attend his post, which was a great relief to me, as I had to do much of his duty while he was disabled. Miss Connolley gave me a piece of gauze, which I fastened upon the frame of an old sieve. With this I sifted the flour every morning, and there were no further complaints.

Many of the cases of preserved meats were bad, and had to be thrown into the sea. The first discovery of this was productive of an amusing scene in the cabin. All the passengers were seated round the table—a little preserved meat was called for—I went to a small pantry at the entrance of the cuddy, took down one of the cases, and proceeded to open it. I no sooner inserted the knife than out flew the confined gas, carrying with it a portion of the putrid contents. The discharge struck against the top of the pantry and the top of the cabin door, in an instant filling the place with the most nauseous effluvia. Knives and forks in the twinkling of an eye were laid aside, and each made an effort to stop their olfactories. With the exception of Mr. Turner, whose dinner was spoiled by the occurrence, all managed to retain their seats till fumigating pastils, ground coffee, and other deodorisers were introduced, which so far allayed the smell that they were enabled to resume the meal.

A thorough examination was eventually made of the remaining canisters, a number of which were

found to be unfit for use. The good ones were easily distinguished from the bad, without opening. The good had bulges here and there in the side, and were concave at the ends; the bad, owing to gas engendered by decomposition, were full looking and convex at the ends. One day the cook placed a bad canister on the stove to warm; soon afterwards it blew up, and spattered the whole place with its contents. Douglas was in the galley at the time, and a fragment struck him and blinded him for a while. Ever after this the cook had such a dislike to the canisters that he could scarcely be persuaded to open one; and when he did, he placed the canister outside the galley door, and struck it with a cleaver, taking special care that it was placed in a position which secured his safety. The sight of a canister on its way to the galley was for a long time a signal for sport to Mrs. Turner, Miss Connolley, and Mr. Marlow. When one came to be operated upon, the general remark was—"Take care that's not a banger!"

The trade winds soon wafted us into the tropics, where we were entertained with many beautiful sights of dolphins, flying fish, whales, bonito, albicon, and the Portuguese man-o'-war. A beautiful white bird, peculiar to those regions, called the boatswain's bird, flew round the ship; but always at such a distance as to be out of gun-shot. It was about the size of the common pigeon, with a long

tail. The sunsets, sunrises, and the deep blue seas were themes of admiration for the dullest.

One fine Sunday morning we sighted the Island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic, about eight miles distant; in outline it much resembled the Isle of Man, as seen on a clear day from the Roman camp, at Maryport. It appeared a barren rock, with no signs of vegetation. Several sketches were taken by Lieut. Grant, as we sailed along. The trade winds ceased, and we had light breezes and occasional calms for several days. A large awning was spread over the cabin to midships, and a wind-sail rigged into the hold to ventilate sleeping places; two others passed down the skylights of the cabin. The passengers sported their lightest dresses, and spent the greatest part of the day under the awning. A lantern was placed in the rigging at night to decoy flying fish. Early one morning a fine one dropped upon the deck. It was about the size of an ordinary herring; the wings were six inches in length. The captain had it cooked for breakfast. A small portion, as a taste, was passed round to each of the company. In flavour it was much like the herring.

A few days after passing Trinidad, we sighted a barque homeward bound. She came near during the day, and at eight bells in the afternoon was alongside. She was the *Sultana*, of Liverpool, to which place she was bound with a cargo of saltpetre,

from Valparaiso. The captains hailed each other, and many questions were asked on both sides. Like us, they had experienced rough weather in rounding the Horn, and some damage had been done to the ship's rigging. The mainyard was broken, and secured by lashings in several places. She was about the size of the *Saint Michael*, but not so swift a sailer.

Our loaf-sugar was now nearly done, and the supply of brown sugar was dwindling into a small compass. Amongst other questions, our captain asked—"How are you off for sugar?" The passengers anxiously awaited his reply. "Pretty well," responded the captain of the *Sultana*. "Have you any to spare?" "Yes." "Well, then I will send a boat to fetch it immediately." A boat was lowered in a few minutes, and manned by Mr. Berry, the doctor, Mr. Marlow, the mate, and two of the crew. They were absent for three-quarters of an hour. On their return, the mate was so much disabled by the grog they had given him, that we were obliged to haul him on board as best we could, and convey him to his berth. They brought back a bag of rice, a few bottles of fruit, several stones of brown sugar, and a little loaf-sugar, a keg of lime juice, and a box of Yarmouth bloomers which a gentleman passenger sent as a present to the ladies.

We had light winds and occasional calms till we crossed the line. After that event we met with a

small schooner from North Wales, bound for the Cape. As we were anxious to hear from home, many interesting questions were asked and answered. I remember our captain asking—"How's Her Majesty?" "O, quite well," was the reply. From this schooner we first heard of the quarrel between Russia and Turkey; which has since involved our country in a destructive war, now happily over. The captain of the schooner—a man seventy years of age—sixty of which according to his own account he had been at sea. His hair was white as snow; he was quite deaf, and had to make use of an ear-trumpet, through which one of the crew made known to him our replies. Several interesting discussions had taken place among us, about a vessel gaining a day by sailing round the Earth; a fact, which some of them who ought to have known better were much inclined to dispute. To settle this matter, the captain of the schooner was asked—"What day of the week is it with you?" The answer was—"Friday," and with us it was Saturday. This partly settled the dispute; but it formed the subject of some very abstruse lectures by the knowing parties before the matter was finally settled. The captain, Mr. Marlow, the doctor and three of the crew went to the schooner with a boat, and got the latest newspapers, and an ample supply of pipes and tobacco. Some few days after this, another ship hove in sight. The boat

was again lowered, and manned by four seamen, the captain, Mr. Berry and Mr. Marlow. The vessel was several miles distant, and they had a long pull before they reached her. She was a barque homeward bound from South America. The only thing she had to part with was a green parrot in a large tin cage, which the captain bought for a trifle. They all returned very much exhausted.

A day or two after this, before we came into the North East Trades, we spoke the *Charles* of Liverpool, a large emigrant ship bound for Melbourne. Her draught of water was so light, that we could see several feet of the copper above the water. There was scarcely any time either to ask or answer any questions till she was beyond our hail, but we saw the name upon her stern as she turned her course. Two days after this we got into the Trades. The cables were taken up and the anchors prepared for calling at St. Jago, Cape Verde; our course was accordingly shaped in that direction.

Some of the soldiers suffered greatly from the heat of the tropics, and the cold of the high latitudes. A young man named Bruce, of the Artillery, was in a deplorable state, through dysentery, the whole of the cold weather; but during the time we were in the tropics the disease left him. One poor fellow became blind from the effects of ophthalmia. He was obliged to be led about by another soldier. But the worst case was that of a man named Scully.

He was the most emaciated looking being I ever saw, and was affected by a very singular disease—ossification of the diaphragm. I had removed my bed from the fore-castle during the hot weather into a small place which had been occupied by the mate, second mate, and carpenter during the cold season. This was a few feet from where Scully slept. I was often awake in the night by the cries of the poor fellow—not from pain—but, fear of the rats, which occasionally ran across him while in his berth. Some of the scenes he produced were highly ludicrous. His Irish accent, and the almost supernatural yell he gave, when he thought one of these animals was near him, was too much even for the gravity of his sick comrades. One night, shortly after eight bells, (midnight) the lamp went out, and he gave one of these terrific screams. The corporal jumped out of his berth and went to him. "What's the matter, Scully?" "Och, Corporal Powell, there's a great giant of a rat, as big as a sheep, run over me. Try to catch it! O dear!" The corporal got a light as soon as possible, but it was long before he got the poor fellow pacified. After this he became so weak that he was obliged to be put into a berth in the hospital; food was kindly sent to him out of the cabin, by Miss Connolley.

In directing our course to St. Jago, the wind became due east, so that we could make no progress without much tacking. The ship was put on



another course to make westing, and the wind shortly after changed to the north-east. The captain after that determined to run on to the Western Islands. This decision further increased the dissatisfaction of the passengers. Sometimes they grumbled at the captain, and oftentimes at me; for I was obliged to be very economical with the provisions, especially with the sugar. Our lump-sugar was done, and there was nothing but brown to sweeten the arrowroot and sago which the ladies generally took for lunch. This caused them to be in a very bad humour. Soon after crossing the line our last pig was killed. In the midst of these trials Mr. Marlow exercised his powers by parodying the song "We have lived and loved together," and thereby amusing himself and representing our condition. The following is a copy, which we sub-join for the reader's delectation:—

"We have sailed and been sick together,  
Through many a heavy gale;  
We've had pork and tripe for supper,  
That were dirty, rotten, and stale.

I've never known a dinner  
That was served up with such a smell;  
And it causes my heart to quiver,  
When I hear that fearful bell.

The soup that steams around us,  
In dinner's facing hour,  
Makes us feel sick all o'er us;  
And the bread—oh! it is so sour.

And the white sugar is all gone, love,  
And nathing but brown is left;  
We both can say to each, love,  
That of wine we are all bereft."

It is perhaps necessary to say, that Mr. Marlow allowed himself an unwarrantable stretch of poetic license. The pork and tripe we had were both of first-rate quality; the bread had been sour a few times, owing to the heat of the weather, but was generally good; and the soup—especially the pea-soup—was pronounced excellent. We had also an extensive supply of excellent wine, ale, and porter.

The mate was at times very disagreeable. On the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence, he obstreperously demanded some spirits with which to make what he termed a "jollification" in honour of that event. His demand was not reasonable, and therefore refused. He scowled and threatened to make a disturbance that would end in a "screamer" before long.

One day when Robinson was at work, Mrs. Turner came to him, and told him to do some little job in the cabin. He intimated his inability owing to other work. In her off-hand way she said that she would make him do it. This so exasperated him that he made use of some very abusive language to Mrs. Turner. Mr. Turner chanced to hear him, and immediately told him that he would

got the captain to give him a dozen lashes. This made Robinson still worse; he swore and capered about the deck like a maniac. The captain heard the disturbance, and ordered him forward; but he refused to obey, so the captain laid hold of the nearest rope, and made a cut at him, but the blow missed. Robinson then went forward, where he used the most abusive epithets towards Mr. and Mrs. Turner. A few minutes after, he went back for the knives he had to clean, and Mr. Berry laid hold of him to let the captain have another chance with the rope's end; but Robinson was too quick for either of them. He was then ordered to remain forward, and on no account to come near the cabin again. He was either a dangerous character, or a boasting coward; for he frequently uttered the most terrible threatenings, which I am glad to say, were never carried into effect. On one occasion I took a carving-knife out of his breast, with which he intended to stab the cook, who had on several occasions spoken roughly to him and refused him several things for which he asked. Sometimes, when cleaning the knives, if anyone disturbed him or found fault with his work, he would immediately bare his breast, throw himself into a tragic attitude, and threaten to bury a knife in his bosom. These actions were like those of a madman; but they were so well simulated that none of us could believe him to be insane.

Early in August, one fine morning, we sighted the Azores or Western Islands. Before sunset, we were past St. George and Fyal, and were nearly off the southern part of Terceira. The Peak of Pica, rose to the south-east, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seemed towering to the clouds. We sailed slowly past the eastern shore of Terceira during the night. At daylight, we were a short distance from a bold headland that juts into the sea on the south side of a bay, at the top of which stands the city of Angra, the capital of Terceira.

None but those who have experienced the hardships of a long voyage can form any idea of the pleasing emotions awakened by the sight of these lovely islands covered with verdure. All the land appeared in a state of excellent cultivation, and was divided into small fields fenced by thorn hedges. Neat and comfortable white houses were scattered along the shore and over the interior of the island, as far as we could see. There was a slight breeze, and the sea was as smooth as a reservoir. Before us in the distance, lay the island of St. Michael, so famous for its oranges; behind us were Fyal and St. George. The houses situate on the latter were dotted over its green surface from the beach to the hills beyond. No scenery could be more enchanting than that presented by this picturesque cluster of islands

"That together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds."

We sailed past the headland, till we came opposite the city. All the side of the promontory within the bay was laid out in gardens and orchards, which were full of flowers, vegetables, and fruit.

Two forts command the entrance to the city. The north side of the bay is bold and rocky; the roaring breakers were dashing their spray upon the shore. The city of Angra, as we first saw it, resembled Douglas, in the Isle of Man. There are, however, no such fine buildings to be seen from the sea as Castle Mona Hotel, and others on the shores of Douglas bay. All the country, from the city towards the north, appeared to be in a high state of cultivation. About a mile from the shore, to the northward were we lay, was a beautiful cemetery, surrounded by low white walls, and many cypress-trees growing in different parts of it.

The city stands in a beautiful vale, which extends behind the hill on the south of the bay—part of it was hid from our view by the intervening hill. We could see a considerable way up one street. It contained many fine buildings. Beyond these were the spires of two or three churches, and a few high edifices resembling convents. Preparations were made by the captain, and the other gentlemen, for going on shore. White caps, light waistcoats, and the stiffest shirt collars, which had been in pickle since leaving Auckland, were brought to light. All put on their best shore-going faces.

A boat was observed to put off from the shore—it was soon alongside—pulled by six men in light canvas trousers, broad brimmed straw hats, and striped shirts. Two men in drab trousers, blue dress coats, with gilt buttons, buff waistcoats, and black hats, sat in the stern, and a smart looking little man, in a black suit, made of some light material, stood at the bows. This was the interpreter; he spoke our language remarkably well. The captain told him where we were from, and that we wanted provisions. He then enquired for our bill of health; but most unfortunately we had none. When he heard this, he said he was very sorry. No person could be allowed to go ashore from the ship. This regulation our captain was unacquainted with, and he asked if the captain might go on shore? "No," was the reply, "we are acting according to our latest instructions from the central government at Lisbon. We can neither allow you to come ashore, nor anything belonging to your ship. What provisions you want we will bring to you; but you must not come any nearer the city than where you are." This threw a damp over the spirits of the shore-going party. To them it was tantalizing to gaze on lovely green fields and happy dwellings, and to be debarred the privilege of going into either. However, this could not be helped, so the anchor was cast and all made secure. Deep and bitter were the maledictions hurled at

the Portuguese during that eventful day. The passengers, the soldiers, and the crew, were alike in this respect. Mr. Marlow chaffed the interpreter about being so lank and small. He told him that he looked like one who had just recovered from the cholera. The interpreter bore it in good part, and came frequently to the vessel during the day to receive orders from the captain. We had become so well acquainted before night that he favoured us with a brief sketch of his personal history. His name was Nestor Ferrara Terceira. He was a native of Angra, and had been three years in an American whaler, where he had become acquainted with the English language. This enabled him to fill the vacant post of interpreter in his native city.

Several boats approached during the day with fish, eggs, fowls, oranges, bananas, apples, onions, tomatoes, wine, and a clear fiery spirit called *agua ardente*. The soldiers and sailors bought many bottles of this spirit and of the wine. We were fortunate in being able to obtain a supply of fish, mutton, butter, milk, and new bread.

The authorities placed a man in a boat within a short distance from our vessel to watch our movements, and intercept our going ashore. He made his appearance at sunset. But, nothing daunted, and determined to have a closer inspection of the city, a boat was lowered, and the captain, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Berry went up the

bay till they were so near the city as to observe the ladies waving their handkerchiefs from the windows. They were met by Nestor, who reprimanded them in a kind manner for venturing so near the place. He also told them that they might get the English Consul there into trouble with such pranks, if they were again repeated.

In going on deck next morning, I observed Mr. Mariow at the stern of the vessel throwing empty porter-bottles and pickle-jars at the man in the boat. He kept our watchman fully employed; for he dexterously threw them wide apart, so that the boatman was kept rowing to and fro to catch them ere they sank. This sport was witnessed by other boatmen near the shore, and in a short time we had quite a squadron contesting their right to a share in the spoils. Rare fun there was, while the empties lasted; the clashing of the boats, the struggling and upsetting and drenching of the men, as they grasped or missed the floating bottle, the semi-drowned appearance many of them presented when emerging from the water, the laughing and chuckling, and the running fire of Portuguese jabbering—all may be more easily imagined than described.

At noon, a lighter brought us provisions and a few casks of water. We now obtained an abundant supply of potatoes, onions, cabbages, tomatoes, pumpkins, water-melons, oranges, apples, bananas, cheese, milk, butter, eggs, mutton, fowl (including



ducks and turkeys), one large pig, and wines of various kinds. The total cost of these articles exceeded £40. The ship was surrounded the whole day with boats, some freighted with oranges and apples, others with fish; some with canaries and bird-cages, others with artificial flowers and osier baskets of all descriptions. Numbers of these articles were bought by the passengers and sailors. Towards evening, several of these boats brought a great quantity of wine and *agua ardente*. Each of the soldiers, and most of the sailors, purchased a number of these bottles before Lieutenant Grant or the captain were aware; but as soon as they were apprised, the traffic was stopped, and the boats sent on shore.

It was a beautiful evening; we were ready for sea; several boats had come to tow us clearly out of the bay; and the captain gave orders to get up the anchor. All hands, however, refused to obey, till he obtained four more seamen from Angra. An apprentice got his hand severely crushed by one of the chains on the day of our arrival; and we were so short of hands that the seamen dreaded going into the Channel. The captain called them aft, and endeavoured by threats and persuasion to induce them to get up the anchor; but all to no purpose. The men remained inflexible; and he was ultimately compelled to send to Angra for more hands. When the altercation was over, both the

soldiers and sailors went below, and drank freely of wine and *agua ardente*; and ere long there were very few sober. The fore-castle presented a fearful scene of uproar during the whole of the night. The day following was Sunday, with us, but it was Saturday on shore, owing to the cause before named, i.e., sailing in our course round the globe. In the mornings we could hear the matin-bell, and in the evening the vesper-bell calling the faithful to prayer. We had Divine service every Sabbath forenoon on deck, when the weather permitted.

About five o'clock this Sabbath morning, the captain came to my berth, and requested me to get some of the crew to pump the ship out, as it had not been done for ten hours, and there was much water in the hold. I went down into the fore-castle—they were all fast asleep—I awoke the boatswain, and by his assistance, three of the others. They were rather tardy in making their appearance on deck, but they set to work in earnest at the pumps, and the vessel was cleared of water in less than half-an-hour.

No sooner had the captain come on deck, than the mate, who was in a half-intoxicated state, quarrelled with him. After a few angry words, the mate went below, and ordered one of the men to ascend the rigging of the foremast and hang a blue shirt on the lifts—a signal to the men-of-war that some of the crew wish to join them. The second

mate told me to make this circumstance known to the captain. When the captain was acquainted with it he went on deck, and ordered the blue shirt to be taken down. It was again hoisted by the mate's order; and, again lowered by the captain's. This was repeated three times. At last the captain had the shirt brought to him and threw it over-board. This so exasperated Smith that he perched himself upon the monkey-poop, and began to chaff the captain. Placing his thumb on the top of his nose in a peculiar manner, he said "captain, I think I saw you in Boston, selling locofoco matches at a half-penny a box." This piece of slang Smith was in the habit of using frequently among the soldiers and crew, and it was pretty well known among the passengers. The captain, not having heard it before, thought that Smith really meant what he said, got into a rage, and threatened to put him in irons, and ordered him to be confined to his cabin till he knew how to behave himself, and apologised for his conduct. Shortly after this, Smith became so intoxicated that he was removed to his berth, and we saw him no more for that day. At five o'clock in the evening, the English Consul sent us two Portuguese seamen. They were the only hands that could be obtained in Angra; and were small men, although good sailors. One understood not a word of English, and was comparatively young; the other was well acquainted with our

language, and had been in the British merchant service several years, engaged in the trade between Scotland and the Azores. A number of boats accompanied them to the vessel, for the purpose of pulling us down the bay. The crew were satisfied with the addition made to their number; and when the order was given to weigh immediately, it was responded to in a cheerful manner. The boats towed us several miles, and we parted amid the hearty cheers of the boatmen—cheers which we returned with interest. One peculiar feature in the boating of these men, we would notice in passing, that is, when not using their oars, they allow them to float on the water by the side of the boat, to which they are made fast by strong cords.

We had a light breeze all that night. Next day we could still perceive the white houses on the northern extremity of Terceira. During the day the wind began to freshen, and towards night the Azores gradually faded from our view.

The morning after we left Terceira, the mate sent a note to the captain, in which he apologised for his conduct on the previous day. He was therefore reinstated in his office. The passengers had now plenty of good things; and peace and harmony prevailed around.

Five days after we sailed from Terceira, we got into the Gulf Stream, and sailed in it many days. Quantities of sea-weed and other marine plants,

floated round the ship the whole of that time: Several of the passengers fished up some beautiful specimens of these plants to preserve as relics of that remarkable ocean current, and to remind them of "a life on the ocean wave."

A week after, we met with a barque from the Black Sea, laden with corn, bound for Falmouth. She came so near that we had a few minutes conversation with the captain, who had his wife and two children with him. Our captain invited him to dine with us, but he declined. Longitudes were then compared, and we parted. He promised to report us when he arrived at Falmouth.

The wind prevailed from the south-west, with fine clear weather. Sometimes it veered round to the west, blowing steady and strong, all the canvass that could be used with security was hung out, and

"Away, away, our good ship flew,  
Old England on our lee."

The log-line was cast several times during this favourable wind, and our utmost speed was eleven knots and a half per hour for a portion of a day; during the remainder of the four days which this fair wind lasted we made about ten knots an hour.

On the morning of the 21st of August, we were in the Channel, opposite Start Point. In the course of the day we passed the Isle of Wight. Next morning we were beyond Beachy Head, and before

noon, opposite Hastings, where we were boarded by one of the channel pilots, a quiet, venerable looking gentleman, 60 years of age, with hair white as snow, and with a slight cast in both eyes. This latter peculiarity of countenance and a habit of whistling which he had attained, amused us very much, and frequently elicited the merry ringing laughter of light-hearted Mrs. Turner.

We soon reached Folkstone. Here Mr. Marlow, Miss Conolley, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Fanny and the children, went ashore in a large boat, and took the rail for London. Our mail was also landed here. Fanny cast a "last fond look" towards the second mate whilst making preparations to leave, and even a few tears were shed at parting. Miss Martha seemed to brave it out till they were gone, and then retired to the cabin to give vent to her sorrow. A short time afterwards I found her in her berth, with eyes red with weeping; for she had unfortunately fallen in love with the fascinating Mr. Marlow, who had gone, and probably for ever. Such is life.

We now lay becalmed. A London steam-tug offered to take us up for £20; but the captain preferred waiting for a favourable breeze. The tide glided us slowly towards Dover, opposite which we lay contemplating the white cliffs, and the corn-fields dotted with the golden sheaves recently piled by the industry of the harvester. We could

see the greensward on the top of a land-slip which had given way only a few days before. The engine and train on the Dover railway darted into the tunnel in Shakespere's cliff, as if affrighted at our approach. We had an excellent view of Dover Castle, with its dark frowning battlements, as it stood in grim defiance on a hill to the east of the harbour. As night approached, its dark shadow was extended towards us as a hand of welcome to long absent friends.

The night, though calm, was exceeding dark. We dropped anchor a short distance from Deal. Numerous boats came laden with fresh provisions, and we got another supply. By way of having a little amusement in the dark, the captain burned a blue light, and let off a rocket. This brought several boats round us from Deal; they thought something was the matter with the ship. The cry of "barque do you want something?" was heard on all sides. Mr. Berry sung out at the top of his voice—"No!" and they went back; but we burned no more blue lights that night.

At nine o'clock the captain, Mr. Berry, and the doctor went ashore, and got a supply of porter, fresh mutton, and spirits. When they came on board, the pilot said there would be a change in the weather before morning. The captain told the watch to keep a good look out, and beware of the Goodwin. Shortly before daylight the wind blew

at a furious rate, and the sea tumbled about in a frantic mood. The vessel reeled to and fro; the anchor began to drag upon the bottom. All hands were called up. Owing to the darkness, the ship was in a state of confusion. The anchor was got up as soon as possible, and we moved a few miles up the channel to a more secure anchorage. Before evening there was a dead calm. Another steam-tug came soon after midnight, and the captain engaged it immediately.

At daylight we were opposite Ramagate. Soon after passing Margate we parted with another passenger, and it was not without feelings of regret that the separation took place with many of us; he had been our constant and faithful companion, and the sharer of our hardships for five months. This friend was no other than Mr. Marlow's dog, Snob. Stoic he was not; but if ever there was a true philosopher among dogs, Snob was one. Night and day he stood his watch, through cold, storm, and sunshine, without ever once losing his temper. In the high latitudes he had no shelter but the bulwark, from the "pelting of the pitiless storm." Once only during that time did he incline to become civilized, and go to bed like a christian. One night the mate found him in his berth when about to turn in. Snob found it so comfortable that he would scarcely be compelled to leave. During the hot weather he had rare fun in hunting rats,



scampering about the decks, and licking up all the fresh water he could meet with. Many a salute he gave me in his familiar way as I ascended the companion, with the ruins of carcasses which constituted his daily food. His colour was tawny, or rather roan, his hair long. He had a broad, honest looking face, and dark grey eyes. M'Glin (a soldier) thought he could improve Snob's appearance by shortening his hair and putting the quarters up to the fifth rib, and the tail under bare poles; the body and shoulders remained full length. The face he operated upon in the same manner as the quarters. The most amusing result of this performance was the very striking resemblance Snob's face had to M'Glin's, after the operation. They had both grey eyes, and the colour of their hair was not much dissimilar. Snob's appearance now approached the monstrous, but he cared little about it. He wagged his tail at a kind word, and scampered about as before; and if he did not crack his joke among the rest of the company, it was because he was a standing one himself. Mr. Marlow gave him to the mate, and the mate gave him to a Thames waterman who boarded us after passing Margate. Poor old Snob got a good breakfast that morning, but I thought he looked sorrowful and depressed. The cook feasted the waterman well in the galley before they took leave. I was called below on some business, and when I returned my friend was gone.

About eight o'clock in the morning we passed Sheerness, and were soon winding our way up the Thames. The day was remarkably fine, and numberless vessels were on the river. Smith was much surprized at the scene before us. As we approached Gravesend, sweetest music from the gaily-rigged steamers floated on the breeze. Shortly before noon we arrived there and landed the soldiers. The wharfs were thronged with crowds of well-dressed people intent on business and pleasure. The river pilot boarded us, and by five o'clock in the afternoon we were passing through the various locks and gates into the London Dock. The basins and entrances were surrounded by crowds of people. The vessel was soon well-supplied with dealers of various kinds, who politely tendered us their services in various ways. I received a handful of address-cards in a few moments. Soon after, we passed through the last gate beyond their reach, and our vessel was moored to the *Regina*, a barque which had arrived from Sydney a few days before. Thus ended our voyage from New Zealand to England; from the day of departure from Auckland to that of arrival in London making a period of one hundred and thirty-four days.

I remained in the ship till the provision accounts were made out for the soldiers. As soon as the vessel arrived in the dock, the mate and crew, except the two Portuguese, left her. The captain

with Mr. and Mrs. Barry, went ashore before we entered the dock.

The mate came next morning about ten o'clock. He was astonished at the size of London; he had lost his reckoning several times outside the dock gates; and he had to give an old man a shilling, after he got within, to find the ship for him. He "calculated" that London was a "tarnation sight" larger than New York; he had never been so well lost before.

While walking on the side of the dock I saw the *Maid of Auckland*, and I could not resist claiming acquaintance with her again. She had been roughly handled by an eight months' voyage from Adelaide. She was green up to the bends, and in a filthy state all over. I went into every place I had been familiar with; and so intent was I in examining my old seafaring friend, that I did not observe the dock police who had been following me and watching my movements.

We arrived in London on the 25th of August, 1853, and I remained on board the *Saint Michael* till the 29th; on that day I was paid off by Captain France in the presence of Shipping-master William Bontell, in the office on Tower-hill, and legally discharged with a certificate of character and abilities for seamanahip. The rest of the crew, excepting the mate, were paid at the same time. I was anxious to see the green fields once more,

and on the morning of August 31st, got into a cab and drove to Euston-square railway station. We had scarcely gone half-a-mile when one of the horses stumbled and fell on the pavement. After a short stoppage we resumed our journey, and without further mishap arrived at the terminus.

Having once spent several happy hours in Berkhamstead, I resolved to re-visit it, and see the birth-place of the poet Cowper. I got a ticket—took my seat in the train—and in a few minutes reached my destination. Here amidst most beautiful scenery, pure air, "free from the city smoke," strolling through green pastures, and wandering along shady walks, time pleasantly glided by. The hospitalities of a neighbouring inn left nothing to be desired. In the evening I visited the Mechanics' Institution, and heard a lecture delivered by the celebrated George Cruikshank. Afterwards I returned to the inn, and retired to rest; the bed on which I slept would have rejoiced the heart of good old Izaak Walton with its white sheets and snowy counterpane. Next morning, I took the earliest train to Liverpool, which, after frequent stoppages, many dives into divers dark tunnels, and a pleasant ride through the lovely valley of the Trent, landed me at the Lime-street station, Liverpool, about nine o'clock p.m.

Next day I walked through the streets; what a length of time it seemed since I left! and yet all

was the same. The old man was still making "night hideous" by his doleful cry of "shoe-black-ing," on Shaw's Brow. St. George's Hall was little or no further advanced towards completion. I went down to Salthouse dock; there was a large vessel in the same berth where the *Anna* lay scarcely two years before, and destined for the same part of the world. Many other large ships lay in different parts of the dock bound for the East. The *Sovereign of the Seas* was at anchor in the river, ready for sea, bound for Melbourne. I next visited the landing-stage, crossed the Mersey, and landed at Birkenhead. After a short stay here I returned to Liverpool, where I stayed until the *Queen* steamer started for Whitehaven. I took my passage in her, and left Liverpool on the night of the 6th of September. At seven next morning we landed at West Pier, Whitehaven. From thence I came by train to Brigham, the place of my departure, after a journey of THIRTY THOUSAND MILES.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Australia—Its extent—Bays—Deserts—Mountains—Rivers—Salt Lakes—Discovery—Colonies—Governors—Progress—New Constitution—Extension of the Franchise—Vote by Ballot—Squatting—Aborigines—Geology—Coal—Gold—Its supposed origin—Gold-bearing Rocks, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ornithology—Botany—Climate—Winds—Tides—Storms—Earthquakes—Magnetism—Explorers—their dangers.**

• **AUSTRALIA**, the Southern Land, comprises the continent of New Holland, or Australia Proper, and the neighbouring island of Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania. The several British settlements on that continent, including those in Tasmania, constitute what are termed the Australian Colonies.

This fifth division of the world is in the southern hemisphere, being nearly the antipodes of Europe. It lies south of Asia, and between Africa and South America. Western Australia is 5,000 miles east of the Cape of Good Hope. The northern part of the continent approaches the equator, being 4,000 miles to the south-east of India, and 4,000 to the south of China. Timor, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Singapore, in the Indian Archipelago, lie between Australia and India; New Guinea, the Spice Islands, and Phillipine Islands, lie between Australia and China; and the Polynesian or South Sea Islands, lie between Australia and America.

New Holland is an immense tract of land lying between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$  south latitude, and  $110^{\circ}$  and  $155^{\circ}$  east longitude. Its length from east to west, is 2,500 miles, and its mean breadth 1,200 miles; having an area of 3,000,000 square miles, which is fifty times that of England, and one hundred that of Scotland or Ireland.

The continent has been divided into five parts, in each of which English settlers are located. New South Wales lies between longitude  $141^{\circ}$  and the Pacific, and north of the Murray river; its capital is Sydney, and this division extends over an area of 450,000 square miles. Victoria is situate south of the Murray, and east of longitude  $141^{\circ}$ , has Melbourne for its capital, and an area of 100,000 square miles. South Australia lies south of latitude  $26^{\circ}$  and between longitude  $132^{\circ}$  and  $141^{\circ}$ , has Adelaide for its capital, and covers an area of 300,000 square miles. Western Australia lies west of  $129^{\circ}$  east longitude, has Perth for its capital, and covers an area of 1,000,000 square miles. North Australia is situate between Western Australia and the Pacific Ocean, and north of latitude  $26^{\circ}$ , and has an area of 1,000,000 square miles.

On the north side of New Holland is the Gulf of Carpentaria; on the west is Shark's Bay; on the south are the Australian Bight, Spencer's Gulf, St. Vincent's Gulf, Encounter Bay, Port Phillip, and Western Port; on the east are Botany Bay, Port Jackson, and Moreton Bay.

Three-fourths of the interior have been untrod-  
den by civilized man. A great inland sea may  
exist. There are vast sandy deserts. No high  
ranges nor large rivers are known, but on the  
eastern side. One chain of mountains passes through  
the island on that side from north to south; the  
southern portion of this is called the Snowy Alps.

The rivers of Australia seldom run direct from  
their sources to the sea; they exist simply as con-  
nected water-holes, or else are absorbed in swamps  
and sands, or lost in some subterranean drainage.  
Branches frequently strike out, and after a circuitous  
course, again unite with the parent stream; these  
are called *ana-branches*.

An amount equal to five-sixths of the known  
drainage passes through one channel into the sea.  
The waters of the great rivers, Maranoa, Balonne,  
Macquarrie, Bogan, Darling, Murrumbidgee, and  
Lachlan, fall into the Murray, and so reach the  
Southern Ocean, by an outlet of less than a mile  
broad and six feet deep.

Many salt lakes have been discovered amidst  
the barren wastes of the interior. One, Lake  
Torrens, of a horse-shoe shape, is about 500 miles  
long by 20 broad. No stream is known to reach  
the sea along a thousand miles of the southern  
coast, and a similar distance along the northern.

Nothing certain was known of New Holland till  
the year 1605, when a Spanish ship discovered



Torres' Strait, and a Dutch vessel part of Northern Australia. A chart, bearing date 1542, shows a country south of the Spice Islands, called Great Java, supposed to be part of New Holland.

Western Australia was discovered by the Dutch in 1616; New South Wales, by Captain Cook, in 1770; Victoria, by Bass and Flinders, 1798; and South Australia, by Captain Flinders, in 1820. The aboriginal population is less than 30,000. North Australia was discovered by the Dutch and Spanish, in 1605; and in that year Torres passed through the strait bearing his name.

Each of these colonies is governed by councils, under the superintendence of a governor appointed by the Queen of England. The governor-in-chief of Australia resides in Sydney.

The colony of New South Wales was founded on January 18th, 1788. Captain Arthur Phillip arrived there in the *Supply* and *Sirius*, with 212 soldiers, 558 male prisoners, 228 female prisoners, 28 wives, and 17 children. The public stock consisted of two bulls, four cows, and seven horses. The first huts were constructed of the cabbage palm. Merino sheep were introduced by M'Arthur in 1797, and in 1810 had increased to one hundred and twenty thousand, and in 1821 to five millions. There are now (1857) ten millions of sheep, three millions of cattle, and a million of horses. The population is 300,000, out of which number Sydney

alone has 80,000. Since 1853, many of the bad streets in Sydney have been repaired; numerous old houses rebuilt; the circular quay, Sydney Cove, improved and extended; and Hyde Park greatly beautified. The revenue for 1854 was £991,683, of which £351,059 came from the land; the exports were £3,619,630, of which the wool was £1,044,000, and the gold £891,759. The export of coal from the thirteen Hunter River mines, last year, was one hundred and ninety-two thousand tons. The imports from the British colonies amounted to £545,000, against £1,824,700 exports. The public schools number four hundred and sixty, with twenty-eight thousand pupils. The railway to Paramatta is now completed.

The several governors of this colony and the dates of their arrival are as follow:—Captain Phillip, 1788; Captain Hunter, 1795; Captain King, 1800; Captain Bligh, 1806; General Lachlan Macquarrie, 1810; General Sir Thomas Brisbane, 1821; General Darling, 1825; General Sir Richard Bourke, 1831; Sir George Gipps, 1838; Sir Charles Fitzroy, 1846; Sir William Denison, 1855.

The colony of Victoria was founded in August, 1836, by Mr. John Pascoe Fawkner, who belonged to the original colony of Port Phillip, having been a lad in Governor Collins' fleet in the year 1803. Victoria was a dependency of New South Wales,

under the superintendance of Mr. Latrobe, and remained so until July, 1850, when Mr. Latrobe was declared lieutenant-governor of Victoria. In 1854, Sir Charles Hotham was appointed governor. The present governor, Sir Henry Barkly, was appointed in 1856. The gold discovery took place in July, 1851. The exports for the year amounted to £11,787,226, of which gold came to £8,779,798, and wool to £1,800,000. The imports were £17,742,996. The expenditure of the government for 1854 was £4,394,695. Gold is subject to an export duty of 2s. 6d. per ounce; and the total amount obtained during 1856 was 6,533,527 ounces, valued at £14,134,108 against 2,964,073 ounces, valued at £11,956,292 in 1855, and 2,192,600 ounces valued at £8,770,796 in 1854. The total revenue of the colony during the present year amounted to £8,346,671, or about £10 per head—an enormous ratio, and the more astonishing as it is raised without any perceptible pressure upon the people. Of this amount, the sum of £1,600,000 is raised by the customs, £90,000 from gold duty, and £750,000 from the sale of crown lands. The entire debt of the colony is £1,962,385, all of which has been expended on the erection of public works, which as necessary and permanent improvements, are most fairly made a charge upon the present and future generations. The quantity of crown land sold during the year

was 463,525 acres, realizing £738,493. The increase of the quantity of land brought into cultivation has been very great; and so much attention has recently been paid to agriculture, that the colony will soon be self-supporting, so far as the great staples of subsistence are concerned.

The population of Victoria is 310,000. That of Melbourne and its suburbs, 110,000; of this, Collinwood has 22,000, Richmond 10,000, Parham and St. Kilda 9,000, Flemington 700, Hawthorne 600, Northcote 500, Port Williamstown 4,000, Port Sandridge 5,000, and Emerald Hill (Canvass Town) between Sandridge and Melbourne, 3,000.

The number of sheep in this colony is about nine millions. The stock of the unsettled districts is—horses, twenty thousand; cattle, five hundred thousand; sheep, six millions. The exports of the produce of Victoria are, in proportion to the population, fifteen times that of the British Islands, and the government expenditure eight times as much. The revenue in September 1856, exceeded three millions.

Mails arrive at Melbourne from Sydney twice a week, and *vice versa*, travelling day and night. The road out of the city is metalled for a distance of twenty miles, and is in a passable state the whole way. A railway now connects Sandridge with the city, and a branch from thence runs to St. Kilda. The electric telegraph has been in operation some time,

from Queen's Cliff to Melbourne, a distance of seventy miles, and another line from Geelong to Ballarat will shortly be opened; thence it will extend to Bendigo, and the various important diggings. The railway from Geelong is open for traffic half way to Melbourne; from this line a branch runs to Williamstown. The new houses of parliament are open for business, but not finished. The streets and roads are in excellent condition; gas and water have been introduced. The Yan Yean reservoir supplies the water from the Upper Plenty streams. Large tanks are placed upon pillars in different parts of the city, from which the water-carriers fill their carts. The corporation received at one-time 2s.9d per load of 100 gallons, but at present the charge is 1s.9d. A steamer runs to and from Prince's Bridge to Richmond every half-hour; fare 6d. A theatre, estimated to hold fifteen thousand people, has been erected in Great Bourke-street; and a portion of one narrow street has been transformed into a splendid arcade. An exhibition building and several large chapels have been erected since 1853.

Education has also progressed rapidly under the fostering hand of government. In 1852 there were 54 public and 99 private schools; there were also 89 denominational, 9 national, and 17 other private schools, having 7,850 children. In 1853, the denominational schools were 132, and the national

schools 25. In 1855, the denominational board of education had 306 schools and 16,500 children, and the national, 57 schools and 4,500 children. The sum voted for the schools in 1854, was £100,000; and in the same year the government granted the sum of £36,180, to be divided amongst various christian bodies. In 1855, the church of England had about a hundred places of worship; the Roman catholics forty-five. The church of England had 48 ministers, the Roman catholic 32, independent 15, baptist 6, united presbyterian 13, wealeyan 17, kirk of Scotland 10, and the Scotch free church 15.

The new constitution of Victoria permits every man receiving £100 a year, either as wages or otherwise, to enter the list of electors. The diggers, by receiving a document called a "miner's right," which costs annually the sum of £1. This also secures the right to dig, and protection whilst so employed. In addition to this, the present ministry have carried a new electoral bill through the lower house of parliament, which confers the franchise on holders of real property of the value of £50, and on tenants paying a yearly rent of £5.

The electors vote by ballot. This measure was introduced by Mr. William Nicholson, a Cumbrian, who was subsequently offered the premiership. This he declined, owing to the sudden death of Sir Charles Hotham, the governor. The mode of voting

is very simple. A returning officer is chosen in the usual way, who declares the time when the poll will open. A list of electors, with ballot-papers corresponding, are placed in a public room. Each elector receives one of these ballot-papers, on which are the names of the candidates. He is then passed alone into a private room, where he may mark out the name of the candidate for whom he does not vote. The paper is subsequently folded and placed in the ballot-box. The returning officer affixes his signature to all ballot-papers, and each candidate has the privilege of appointing a scrutineer to sit beside that officer till the poll is closed. Melbourne has 8,500 electors, and amongst them the ballot system works well. At the close of the first election on this principle, so favourable was the impression generally made, that the *Melbourne Punch* eulogised Mr. Nicholson in the following strains :—

“ Briskly and gaily we wended home  
 From the scene of our present story,  
 To carve this tribute and pen these lines  
 To Nicholson's honour and glory.”

Fifty-three years ago, Tuckey, the colonial historian, in recording the failure of Colonel Collins's attempt to establish a settlement on the banks of the Yarra, exclaimed—“The kangaroo seems to reign undisputed lord of the soil; a dominion which, by the evacuation of Port Phillip, *he is likely to retain for ages.*” What a mistake! Look at Melbourne now!

The colony of South Australia was founded by Governor Hindmarsh, in December, 1836. Colonel Gawler became governor in 1838; Captain Grey, in 1841; Colonel Robe, in 1845; Sir H. F. Young, in 1848; Sir R. Macdonnell, 1855.

The population is 110,000. Of this Adelaide contains 19,000, and Port Adelaide, eight miles from the city, 4,000. Between these places are Hindmarsh and Albert Town. In this colony the proportion of females is greater than in any other Australian colony; and in 1854 the proportion of labourers was 1 in 17, farmers 1 in 16, shepherds 1 in 80, publicans 1 in 240, clergymen 1 in 870, lawyers 1 in 1418. The proportions of the several denominations were as follow:—Free church 1, church of Scotland 3, Congregationalist 3, Roman catholic 6, wesleyan 8, church of England 24.

Adelaide and Port Adelaide are now connected by a railway, which was opened in April, 1856. The fares for the respective classes, during the first fourteen weeks, were 1s. 6d., 1s., and 8d.; after that they were raised to 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s. The result was, that in the following ten weeks the receipts showed a decrease of £386 10s.

Captain Cadell explored the river Murray in the year 1852. His boat was made of canvass, so that he might the more securely pass the rocks and snags on the river. He sailed a thousand miles down the Murray in twenty-two days. About a



year after, through the liberality of Sir H. F. Young's government, he was enabled to conduct a steamer up the river, far beyond Swan Hill, off Victoria. Now seven steamers and ten barges ply on the river through a distance of 2,000 miles. The runs in the vicinity have advanced from 25 to 50 per cent. since the opening of the navigation. Of cattle stations there are 58 on the Murray, and 70 on its tributaries; 30 sheep stations on the river, and 31 on its tributaries; the cattle number 3,000, and the sheep 1,300,000. A railway, six miles long, is in progress from Goolwa, off Lake Victoria, to Port Elliot, Encounter Bay, whence the produce can be taken to Adelaide, or exported. The exports of flour for 1856, were 20,000 tons, 80,000 bushels of wheat, and 5000 tons of copper ore. 758 persons are now finding employment in the Burra mines: 385 miners, 200 ore-dressers, 113 labourers, 47 mechanics and engine-drivers, and 13 officers.

The colony of Western Australia was established through private enterprise on June 1st, 1829. The several governors have been, Capt. James Stirling, 1829; John Hutt, Esq., 1839; Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, 1846; Captain Charles Fitzgerald, 1848; Arthur E. Kennedy, Esq., 1855.

The population is 14,000; of which Perth, the capital, situate on the Swan river, has 3,000, and Freemantle, the port at the mouth of the river,

twelve miles below Perth, has 3,000. At the head of King George's Sound, in latitude 25°, is Wyndham, and on its west side Albany. These towns are 250 miles from Perth, by land, and 450 by sea; and 2,000 miles west of Melbourne. The exports of this colony are wool, lead, sandal-wood, and mahogany. In 1854, they amounted to £35,350, and the imports were £121,000. In that year the public revenue was £39,000 and the expenditure £48,000. The colony has 200,000 sheep and 20,000 cattle. At present it receives British convicts.

The colony of North Australia has not, as yet, become a government settlement.

With respect to squatting, the first thing necessary for the settler is to apply to the Commissioner of the Crown lands for a depasturing licence. This will secure him the run for six months; at the expiration of that time he will, however, be required to pay an annual sum of £10 for as much land as will graze four thousand sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle; and for every thousand sheep the run may be judged to carry over the four thousand, he will have to pay £2 10s. This not only gives full right to the run, but also the presumptive right to purchase when the government is disposed to sell. In addition to the sum paid for the licence are the assessed taxes, collected half yearly, viz.:—0½d per head on sheep, 1½d on cattle.

and 3d. on horses. The squatter is burthened with no other taxes; there are neither poor-rates, church-rates, tithes, excise duty, nor any of those multitudinous imposts which are a constant drain on the resources of the English graziers. Having secured his run, the squatter has an almost permanent interest in the land, which he may purchase at the lowest price—£1 per acre.

The chief portion of the wool in Australia is produced by the squatters. They are indeed, the wealthiest men in the colonies. In forming a sheep run on a piece of maiden country, tenanted only by the wild dog, kangaroo, and emu, the settler collects his sheep, cattle, horses, and men, and proceeds slowly to his destination, allowing the stock to feed on the rich pasturage by the way. A team of eight or ten bullocks conveys the baggage of the party, together with a supply of provisions and a few carpenter's tools. Each night the party encamps, taking it by turns to watch the stock until the station is reached. A place for the hut and stock-yard is then marked out as near a supply of water as possible. Huts are erected in various ways, according to the skill of the architect or the materials at hand. Logs, mud, slabs, and bark are indiscriminately employed. The stock-yards for sheep are made of brushwood; for cattle, of strong posts and rails. A kitchen-garden and a few paddocks for the culture of wheat and other grain, and the station is formed.

The furniture of the hut is in the highest degree primitive, and like it, is more useful than ornamental, the bedstead being the item on which most attention is bestowed. It consists of four stakes driven into the ground; upon these, rails are laid, with a few cross-pieces to support the occupant. The table is constructed on the same principle, and is crowned by a piece of bark. A frying-pan, an iron pot, a spade, bucket, axe, and a few other trifling, but highly requisite articles, complete the inventory of the bushman's dwelling.

With respect to the management of a sheep station, much depends upon the quality of the country. In thickly wooded districts, from 700 to 1000 sheep constitute a flock; but on the open plains, in the vicinity of the Murrumbidgee and Murray rivers, 3000 or 4000 may be attended to by one shepherd. The flocks are driven daily to the pastures, and brought home at night, when the watchman takes charge of them. His duty is to watch them during the night, and to cook for the shepherd, each being constantly attended by a dog. In the squatting districts of New South Wales, three acres per sheep is the average capabilities of the runs, or 213 to the square mile. Many of the early settlers allowed their ewes to rear two crops of lambs in the year. It is now deemed bad farming to have more than one lambing season; as the second crops are sickly, and their fleeces un-

sound. The proportion of rams is from ten or twelve to a flock of a thousand. Some settlers have their lambing-seasons in September and October; others in March and April. The September (spring) lambs are generally the best. The lambing season is a busy time with the shepherd, and forms a test of his skill and industry. From eighty to ninety per cent. is a good crop. Premiums are frequently paid on the extra lambs above ninety. The number reared, sometimes, though seldom, equals the number of sheep. The lambs are weaned at five months old; males and females are formed into separate flocks; they begin to breed at the end of eighteen months. Shearing season in Victoria commences in October, and closes in the western districts about the end of December. Great pains are taken in washing; spouts are in general use; and by their aid the fleece is stripped of all filthy matter—a task which could not be accomplished by the old mode of hand-washing. After washing, the sheep are allowed three days to dry; they are then shorn in large sheds built for the purpose, where the wool is packed in bales and sent to the nearest seaport for sale, or consigned to agents in England.

The diseases sheep are most subject to in Australia are scab and catarrh. The latter is a kind of influenza, rapid in its spread and progress, and fearfully fatal. The best remedy is removal from

place to place, and killing and burning those affected to prevent the contagion from spreading. A sheep attacked will shew symptoms of sturdiness, become giddy, and cease to feed. In all cases this disease is brought on by too close breeding, sufficient attention not being paid to crossing. Scab is easily cured by a solution of tobacco and arsenic, prepared in large tanks. The mode in which this solution is applied is as follows:—About 30 sheep are driven upon a tilting platform resting on the side of the tank, and upset into it. They are then taken out, placed on a wooden grating, and allowed to drain over another tank, and then are driven into the field. This process goes on until the whole flock is similarly treated. On the whole, however, sheep farming is a profitable investment; the stock increases at a rate which beats compound interest, even at twelve per cent.

The first herd for a grazing farm should consist of cattle of all ages, in about equal proportions. Five hundred head of cattle is a good start. They are allowed to graze *ad libitum*, and are collected two or three times a year, to be inspected and branded. The process of mustering is a very exciting amusement, though, like other field sports, not unattended with danger. When the time comes, the cattle holder sends for his neighbours, who assemble at the summons, expecting similar aid in return. Ten or a dozen horsemen are then dispatched on their

errand, armed with stock whips. These are very formidable weapons; having strong handles a foot long, and thongs from twelve to fifteen feet, made of green hide, tapered to the end by a cracker of silk, the report of which resounds through the forest, and spreads consternation among the cattle. Thus terrified, the scattered herds come pouring in from all directions, the stockmen following in hot pursuit. The whole herd is now in a state of the greatest excitement, and ready to dash at anything in its way. The air is filled with the most dissimilar noises—cows lowing for their calves, calves bellowing for their dams, horses prancing as if going to start for the Derby—on they rush at full speed, meditating mischief or escape, and checked only by the dread of the stock-whip, till at length they are enclosed in the stock-yard, from whence they are drafted for cutting and branding, and the fat ones selected for sale, or dispatched by the butcher on the spot. Cattle are subject to no diseases if proper attention be paid to crossing. A disorder called "the blackleg," sometimes proves fatal to degenerate herds. Since the gold discovery, cattle grazing has become a most lucrative employment; a fat bullock weighing about 800lb. is worth from £12 to £15 to the breeder; the butcher sells the meat at 6d. per lb.

The majority of cattle holders in Victoria buy lean animals in the north, and drive them south to

the rich pastures of the gold country, where they soon fatten, and are disposed of at remunerative prices. A beast purchased in New England country for £4, when fat, will bring £12 in Victoria. The settlers in this colony prefer purchasing store cattle to breeding, for fattening purposes, the return for capital being much quicker. Cattle are very troublesome when first brought to a new run, having a strong predilection for returning to their old haunts; they require to be closely watched. They have frequently traveled hundreds of miles towards the country of their birth, and months elapse before they forget this patriotic propensity.

Horses are another source of profit to the bush farmer—they are in universal use—every man in the bush can keep his horse. The demand for good animals, both for colonial use and the Indian markets, is great. Good horses are selling at from £84 to £120, inferior sorts from £25 to £30. They are sure footed, remarkable for their endurance, and manifest high spirit. The climate of Australia is peculiarly favourable to the development of this noble quadruped.

The aborigines are employed by the squatter during the sheep-washing and shearing season. The young men are expert horsemen; they would astonish an English steeple chaser by their daring feats. I have known a New South Wales black boy exceed, in reality, all the feats we read of respecting



Arab horsemen in the romances of travellers. The race, however, is becoming fast extinct. One remarkable instance of this may be mentioned—out of a tribe of five or six hundred, known as the Western Port tribe, there has only been one birth within the last ten years. In the settled districts of Victoria, and in the vicinity of the gold fields, their appearance is revolting, reminding the European of the link between himself and the Ourang Outang. They impress the beholder with anything but the philanthropic idea, “Am I not a man and a brother.” They build no houses, nor would they inhabit them if built by others. They practice polygamy; and some of the tribes kill their old people when they are unfit to travel. Mr. Birkett once saw an old woman submit her head to the waddie with the greatest indifference. Their mode of marriage would hardly be approved of by his late reverence of Gretna. When the sable lover has made choice of his future spouse, (generally a young female of another tribe) he steals into their encampment, and knocks her senseless by a blow upon the head with his waddie; he then drags her off as a tiger would his prey. A fight between the tribes ensues, in which a few on both sides are wounded, and the loving couple are then declared married. The men are good shots, and hunt their prey by track or scent, hence, they are often employed to bring back runaway prisoners and stray cattle. Their

religion is a puzzle—they worship no idol—but they have a great dread of the devil. Mr. Westgarth properly observes—“The untutored savage shines with a lustre of his own, which appears so much superior, as in others it is manifestly inferior in the comparison with civilized man.” It is not fair to judge of the aborigines by ourselves. Their roving life—their love of freedom and fun—and the supply of their natural wants are antagonistic to their becoming civilized. Without the anxieties of our refined existence, they have no relish for our pleasures, any more than for our work. They have no need to cultivate the ground and build houses like the Maories—who are obliged to settle together from the different character of their food, which with them is abundant, consisting of kangaroos, opossums, emus and other birds, fruits, seeds, roots, turtles, eggs, shellfish, and grubs. They bake the turtle in the shell to save the gravy. Natural death is not believed in; an evil spirit, or one of another tribe is considered the murderer. This is a frequent cause of war. The name of the deceased is never mentioned. Mourning is manifested by loud wailings, plastering the head with pipe-clay, and the women shaving off their hair. The dead bodies are burnt or buried, though some in North Australia place the corpse in the paper bark of the tea-tree, and deposit it in a hollow tree. Instances occur of loving

mothers carrying the remains of their children in a basket behind them for many weeks.

The mountain ranges of Australia are composed of slate, granite, and basalt. The plains are of recent sandstone and limestone. The highest mountains in Australia are from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. At Moreton Bay, trachytic lava, quartz, porphyry, and red granite, constitute the rocks; in the vicinity of Sydney sandstone abounds; Melbourne stands on a slate formation; to the east and west of it, the rocks are dark basalt or bluestone; large blocks of magnetic iron are found at Cape Otway; soapstone and a valuable hematite iron are found near Flemington. Wilson's Promontory and the adjacent islands are of granite; Cape Patterson is of soft limestone. The recent limestone cliffs of the Great Bight are 500 feet high. On the coast of Western Australia, the basaltic rocks assume the appearance of the Giants' Causeway in Ireland. The south-eastern coast is of Murray limestone, forming cliffs of three or four hundred feet high along the shore, for hundreds of miles. Coral reefs abound on the coast of North Australia. In South Australia, the Murray runs for more than two hundred miles between cliffs of marine limestone, containing abundance of fossil remains of the recent tertiary period. The white marble country is fifteen miles across; on the western slope of Barossa are talc,

crystals, soapstones, glauber salts, rock silk, agate, jasper, garnets, amethysts, topazes, diamonds, veins of opal, and fibres of asbestos; the precious stones are not of the most valuable description.

Hunter valley is the chief seat of bituminous coal; the mineral was observed to crop out at the mouth of the river, and convicts were sent to work it as early as 1804. The Newcastle mine was subsequently held by the Australian agricultural company. In 1855, the coal district was leased in small fields, subject to an annual rental, and a royalty charged on each ton raised. On the Kaura at Port Stephens, a seam is known of above thirty feet in thickness. In one of the Hunter pits, 200 feet deep, the following strata were penetrated:—conglomerate 23 feet, coal 3, grit 44, coal 5, clay rock 43, coal 5, sandstone 50, coal 3. The presence of ferns and the lepidodendron fossil wood proved the coal to be of the true European character. At the Macquarrie may be seen an imperfect coal, with stumps of trees, not yet thoroughly changed. Bituminous coal is found in Doubtful Island bay, Western Australia. The Western Port coal measures, in Victoria, extend along the south-eastern side by Cape Patterson, to the Tarwin river. These are constantly interrupted by basaltic veins. As elsewhere, the coal which is highly bituminous rests on slate immediately below the tertiary series. A pit sunk in 1840 gave the following results:—blue

clay 3 feet, yellow stone 11, clay 16, coal 3, clay 9, coal 3, rotten stone 6, coal 5. Near Cape Patterson is a seam 6 feet thick, of first-rate mineral. The Queen seam, four feet thick, is below high water mark; some doubt, however, exists as to the permanent thickness and extent of these veins. In 1840, the coal was discovered twelve miles from any landing-place in that bay, and a fossil tree twenty feet long was found embedded in the coal. Seventeen years ago, a company sought to work this mine. Occasionally, there are found in the soft sandstone over the coal, silicious balls a foot in diameter.

Various are the opinions of Australian geologists as to what is the origin of gold. Some speak of a volcanic scattering of a shower of yellow crystals; others dilate on the potency of heat and the magic influence of chemical agency. Mr. Astead, a geological writer, tells of the auriferous veins being first mechanically deposited, and then transmuted; their materials being derived from other gold-bearing rocks in gneiss. The Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, one of the first Australian savans, refers the gold and silicious impregnations to the steam of siliceous, forming quartz veins; and this action was beneath the surface of the ocean. He thinks that the gold and quartz were formed at the same time; and yet he finds evidence to show that some of the crystalline rocks must have been

sedimentary in their character. He notices the passages of indefinite variety, from true granite to sienite, &c., and declares the hornblendic rocks to be the source of transmutations associated with the occurrence of gold.

The question of the volcanic origin of gold-bearing slate rocks has been settled since the discovery of fossils in them, by the Victorian geologist, Mr. Selwyn, and others. In similar silurian rocks, in Bohemia, 1,200 different species of fossil remains have been found. The thickness of the Australian silurian formation is thought by Mr. Selwyn to be 35,000 feet. Gold is also found in the granite of New South Wales, &c. There is a barren as well as a fertile quartz. The burnt quartz of diggers is a chemical cement of iron and gravel, without a fiery origin. The pipe-clay differs from slate in having more alumina with its silica, and no iron and potash. Mr. Selwyn considers the vast deposits of pipe-clay in Bendigo White Hills to be *in situ*—not derived from the washings of other rocks. The presence of gold, as of other mineral veins, is accounted for on chemical grounds alone, by Mr. Evan Hopkins. This gentleman believes that metals are mineral trees, dependent for growth and transformations upon the acids and alkalis in solution. The alluvial gold deposits of the Australian valleys are frequently of immense depth. With reference to this subject, Sir T. L. Mitchell

observes—"Vast lapses of time have contributed most of the accumulations of the fluvialite gold." Fresh water currents, and not marine, have borne such deposits, as there have been found in them several specimens of fresh water mollusca, as well as the remains of extinct marsupial animals. This would suppose Australia at one time to have received much more rain than at present; and also involves the supposition that the mountain ranges of Australia occupied a loftier elevation, and thereby attracted the moist atmosphere of the tropical regions.

The gold does not appear to lie deeply embedded in the rock, although it may exist in very minute particles, or in another unmatured form, awaiting the polarising action of terrestrial magnetism near the earth's surface; for, as Mr. Hopkins says—"Gold only becomes developed by crystallizing or efflorescing towards the surface." The operation of terrestrial magnetism is evidenced in the curious meridional direction of the auriferous bands. Humboldt, when among the Andes of America, in 1792, first noticed the parallelism of these crystal-line rocks in the line of north-east and south-west. As the cleavage of slate has been artificially produced by the slowly continued action of the galvanic battery, we may yet live to see the production of metallic veins by a similar agency, and the dreams of alchymist gold-makers realised.

Experiments on the red earth of the gold-fields may not be without important results. As to the extent of the auriferous deposits, we believe that not only in the quartz and slate mountain districts will the search be made, but beneath the sandstone floor of the Murray and Darling rivers, and the basaltic bed of Australia's fertile plains.

Gold is now sought for on geological principles, with which the generality of diggers are now fully acquainted. Wherever the slate and quartz formations occur, there the precious metal is found, especially when the cleavage of these rocks is parallel with the magnetic meridian of the place, or north and south. It is also obtained in considerable quantities by pulverising the quartz, mixing the dust with water and quicksilver, and agitating the mixture in a cylindrical vessel. The gold and quicksilver unite, are drawn off, and placed in a retort, and submitted to a slight heat; the quicksilver evaporates, and leaves the gold behind. With careful handling, no part of the mercury is lost, and it may be used in the process *ad infinitum*.

Copper is frequently found in the mountain ranges of South Australia, from Cape Jervis to Mount Remarkable. In this neighbourhood a shepherd one day found an unusually heavy stone on his run; he shewed it to a Cornish miner, and afterwards inserted it in his chimney. The news spread rapidly; and after due investigation, the



South Australian Mining Association was formed in April, 1845. The original capital invested was £12,320, raised in £5 shares. They purchased 10,000 acres of land at £1 per acre, and opened the wonderful Burra Burra mines on September 29th, 1845. For a time the dividends were at the rate of £800 per cent! In 1851, they raised 23,000 tons of ore, estimated at £350,000. From this mine was obtained a block of blue carbonate of copper, called "the punchbowl," thirty inches across, full of beautiful mineral crystals.

Australia has numerous natural curiosities. Near Mount Shank are several limestone caves, in which have been found the remains of gigantic emus and marsupial animals. The Devil's Punchbowl, in the same neighbourhood, is 260 yards in circumference, and contains a great depth of water. The country round Mount Gambier and Tatiara, although it has no rivers, is well supplied by subterranean streams. Descending one of the curious well shafts, by a rope, a person alights on a small island, around which there is water and room to sail a man-of-war. Several of these subterranean rivers run through this district; two of them fall into the sea south of Mount Gambier. Near Coombing, in New South Wales, are the Abercrombie caves, 200 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 80 feet high. At Burra Gilong creek, in Bathurst district, is a stalactitic limestone tunnel 700 feet long; the entrance is

130 feet wide, and the egress 120. In some parts it is 100 feet high; and in the excavations is a splendid hall of alabaster. A mass of native copper, weighing 110lb. was discovered in a cave at Molong. Near Anguston, South Australia, is a dropping well, which possesses a petrifying power like the English Knaresborough.

The island of Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, was discovered by Tasman, a Dutchman, in 1642. It lies 200 miles south-east of Australia, and is separated from Victoria by Bass's Strait. It is 250 miles in extreme length, and 200 in its greatest width; containing 24,000 square miles, or 15,000,000 acres, of which 150,000 are in cultivation. The population is 100,000, of which Hobart Town, on Sullivan's Cove, near the mouth of the Derwent, contains 20,000. The aboriginal population consists of five males and ten females.

The island was colonised by Governor Collins from the deserted settlement of Port Phillip, in February, 1804. It became independent of New South Wales in 1825. Governor Collins died in 1810; Colonel Davey became governor in 1813; Colonel Sorell, in 1817; Colonel Arthur, in 1824; Sir John Franklin, in 1837; Sir J. E. Eardly Wilmot, in 1843; Sir W. T. Denison, in 1847; and Sir Henry Fox Young, in 1855.

The exports of the colony are wool, corn, timber, oil, potatoes, and fruits. The value of these in

1854 was £1,483,002, and the imports £2,604,680. The revenue amounted to £275,554, and the expenditure £276,650. The acres in crop were 175,000. The revenue for 1855 was £295,760. At that period there were 17,000 horses, 100,000 cattle, and 2,100,000 sheep. In 1841, the land sold amounted to 62,183 acres; and in 1853, to 35,800 acres. In 1855, the ministers of the church of England were 49, Roman catholic 17, church of Scotland 11, independent 9, Wesleyan 7, free church 3, and baptist 2.

The highest mountain in Tasmania is about five thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the coast is the celebrated Tasman's arch, through which vessels may sail; the key-stone is forty feet thick, and the height 200 feet. There is a chasm about 200 yards inland, through which the sea rushes with great force, and the noise of the air through the blow-hole may be heard from a distance of five miles. Near Deloraine are extensive limestone caves, whose passages are two miles long. Several magnificent halls are found in these caves, the stalactites in which are magnificent. Excellent magnetic iron ore is brought from Deloraine. Anthracite coal is also found in abundance in Tasmania.

The three New Zealand islands are generally termed the colony of New Zealand, although on the southern island, there is no government settlement.

The colony is divided into six provinces, viz.—Auckland, Canterbury, Nelson, Otago, Taranaki, and Wellington. The islands lie about 1,500 miles eastward of New South Wales, and 5,000 miles west of Cape Horn. They cover an area of 100,000 square miles. The English population amounts to 50,000, and the native population to 100,000. A portion of the islands was seen by Tasman in 1642; but the entire group were not circumnavigated till the days of Cook, in 1769.

The colony of New Zealand was established in 1841, by Lieutenant Governor Hobson. Prior to this, it had been a dependency of New South Wales. Captain Fitzroy became governor in 1843; Sir George Grey in 1845; and Colonel Gore Browne, in 1855. In 1852, New Zealand was declared to be under a governor-general and six elected superintendents. In the elections, the Maories have equal rights with the British settlers. The first six superintendents were—Lieutenant-colonel Wynyard, for Auckland; T. E. Featherstone, Esq., for Wellington; A. Stafford, Esq., for Nelson; J. E. Fitzgerald, Esq., for Canterbury; Captain Cargill, for Otago; and W. Brown, Esq., for Taranaki. Each of the provinces has a separate legislature subject to the central legislature at Auckland. The revenue of Auckland province for the year ending June, 1855, was £15,000. The imports for last year were £38,320, and exports £30,166.

The native produce, in 1854, came in 1588 canoes to Auckland, and was estimated at £12,417. The revenue of Nelson province exceeded the expenditure by £18,000. The acres in crop were 9,500 to a population of 6,000. Their exports for the last half-year were £19,700. In Wellington province the revenue for the last quarter, in 1854, was £18,023; and the expenditure, £10,329. Canterbury province exported wool, valued at £25,000, and the government funds are in a healthy state. Otago is flourishing. The colony imported from New South Wales, goods to the value of £872,190, and exported in return, to the value of £218,800. The public debt is £170,000.

The New Zealanders, though heathens, were never worshippers of idols. Their "atua," or gods, were the heavens, light, spirits of the dead, &c. These were the authors of diseases. The New Zealanders believed in witchcraft. Light and darkness they regarded as the first-parents of man. The spirits of the dead passed to the Reinga, near North Cape, and thence into the sea to the region of the blest. The "Tapu," or sacred prohibition of the use or injury of certain objects, exists amongst them, as amongst the other tribes of the Malay race found in the islands of the South Seas. One curious effect of this custom occurs in the arbitrary "tapuing," or forbidding the use, of certain words. The New Zealanders appear always to have been

slave owners ; their slaves were for the most part captives taken in war. Like the ancient Jews, the natives shaved their heads and wounded their bodies when they mourned for deceased friends and relatives. According to their traditions, it would seem that about five hundred years ago, three canoes, belonging to a mighty fleet from Hawaii, were driven ashore on the coast of New Zealand, which had previously been fished up from the bottom of the sea by one of their gods. Some persons have considered that there are two races among them ; one the *bona fide* Maorie, and the other an inferior, dark-skinned people, supposed to be the true aborigines of the New Zealand isles. Prior to the introduction of christianity the different tribes were always at war with each other, and thousands have been thus exterminated. On one occasion, the Waikato Maories, under To Whero, invaded Taranaki, and cooked two thousand people. Since their conversion to christianity, a great change has taken place ; cannibalism no longer exists, and the Maories are rapidly progressing in civilization.

When the Maories were first visited by Captain Cook, they were found living in well constructed houses, amply provided with food and mat clothing, and their canoes were splendidly finished. They were cannibals. Their knowledge was remarkable. They were acquainted with eight points of the

compass; reckoned thirteen months to the year; and to a certain extent understood numerical notation. At that period, the population is thought to have been at least half a million; but exterminating wars and raging epidemic diseases have reduced them to one fourth of that number. Up to a recent period, their intercourse with white men proved as destructive to their morals as their health. Now, however, being converted to christianity, through the praiseworthy agency of self-denying missionaries, and under the care of protectors appointed by government, brought into contact with a better class of British settlers, they are comfortable and happy. On the part of the colonists generally, there is a great desire to treat this intelligent and high spirited people with kindness. As aborigines they certainly are superior to their fellows, and perhaps more advanced than any in the uncivilized portion of the world. Their paha, or villages, are generally fortified. The readiness with which they acquire the habits of civilized life, is very striking; in a very limited space of time they become excellent seamen, mechanics, or agriculturists. Many of them possess extensive farms, tidy trading vessels, and considerable sums invested in the savings' banks. Their language is very comprehensive, and is divided into six dialects.

New Zealand possesses several high mountain ranges, some peaks of which are from 12,000 to

13,000 feet high. It is not so rich in minerals as Australia, although gold, copper, iron, and coal, have been discovered. Anthracite coal abounds; in the valley of the Waikato river, in the northern island of New Zealand, there is an area of 100 square miles of this mineral.

Many gigantic fossil remains have been exhumed in New Zealand. About fifty miles south-east of Cape Egmont, several remarkable specimens have been found. There were discovered the bones of the moa, a large apteryx, or wingless bird, measuring from four to twelve feet high, and whose upper jaw was indicative of great power in grubbing up roots. Along with these were also found fossil seals, nocturnal parrots, bones of dogs and existing birds. But more curious than all, there were the calcined bones of men, and spear heads and whale-bone weapons, thus proving that the moa was in existence during the time when cannibalism degraded the land. Several moa eggs were discovered, which measured a yard in circumference.

The ornithology of the colonies is extensive and attractive. Australia possesses forty-five genera of birds, thirty-five of which are purely its own. Of 600 species, 300 are found in Victoria. Parrots, honey-eaters, and nocturnal birds, are numerous. There is also a number of fine singing birds and others of most gorgeous plumage. The largest birds are the emu and ardea; the males of which



attend to the eggs. Honey-eating paroquets are more numerous than the grass-feeders. The black and white cockatoos are gregarious; the pheasant cockatoo skips about like a monkey, The brush turkey has a wattle, or fleshy pendent from the neck, and its eggs are usually deposited in a heap of sand or vegetable matter; the mound thus made by the mountain pheasant of North Australia is often fifty feet in circumference. The bower bird is either satin or spotted, and makes a bower or play-ground of shells, that is not a nest, but through which the male and female chase each other. Large wedge-tailed and white-bellied sea eagles, and falcons or hawks are numerous. The black swan has a melodious note; and is not found north of the Mackenzie. The Cape Barren island goose is a fine bird. The porphyrio is a diver, with red bill, blue breast, and black tail. The crow is the bushman's path-finder; and those acquainted with its habits will never be lost amid the labyrinths of the bush. When the colonists have missed their way, they generally kindle a fire, which attracts the crows from a great distance in search of prey; special attention is paid to the direction from whence they come and to which they return; the wanderer directs his course accordingly, and is sure to reach a settlement or a supply of water. The laughing jackass has a heart-shaped tongue, and gives out a merry laughing note, it is brown

and green, and feeds on fish, snakes, &c. The morepork is an owl. Among the honey-eaters, the regent bird has a golden head and black body. The bell-bird, or miner, has a splendid note; other honey-eaters have brush tongues, and tails fringed with gold. The wattle-bird makes a noise like a person vomiting. The lyre-bird of Victoria has a magnificent tail like the bird of paradise; after pairing, the male lyre loses his fine colours. There are penguins, pelicans, rails, ferns, shags, albatrosses, grebes, musk-ducks, herons, cranes, water hens, snipes, stilts, dotterels, and turned up billed avosettas. In North Australia are found barking birds, grass-singing larks, banded thickheads, white eye-browed robins, whistling ducks, and clucking night-birds. Pigeons are generally found in large flocks. Mr. Strut in his wanderings found ground doves in the desert, sitting on the burning rock. Ventriloquist and harlequin doves are found in the north. The cuckoo arrives in New South Wales in October, and leaves in January. Magpies, swallows, and crows are common. The piping crow is the musical organ bird. There are day owls in South Australia. No two cat-birds can meet without fighting. A flock of tribonix in one night destroyed whole fields of corn near Adelaide.

In Tasmania are the superb warbler, black-caps, cobbler's awls, robins, quails, nocturnal goat-suckers, fire-tailed finches, emu wrens, and elegant

diamond-birds; the last build their nests under ground. The little emu wren has seven feathers to its tail, like the feathers of the emu. The ground dove makes a loud whirring noise; the friar imitates the sound *four o'clock*. The coach-whip of New South Wales, called so from its note, has a black head and breast. The rifle-bird is gorgeously clothed in green, velvet-black, and lilac. There are twenty species of finches; the splendid fire-tail is a finch; and the painted finch of North Australia has a plain upper part, but black and red underneath. The wattled peewit alarms by a scream. The mutton-bird is the petrel of the islands in Bass's straits, and their flocks are so numerous as frequently to darken the air.

New Zealand has sixty genera of birds—and only one species of mammalia—a fruit-eating rat. The kiwi, is an apteryx, or wingless bird. It is nocturnal, and runs quickly; it has sharp claws, black and tasteless flesh, a hook at the end of the stump of its wing, and a snout at the end of the beak to enable it to search for worms. Its bones are not hollow, and its height is two feet. The fireman, a sort of kiwi, stands three feet in height. The uia, of the size of the magpie, has a beautiful tail of twelve feathers. A nocturnal parrot feeds on fern root. The poll is a honey-eater. The crow is dark green. The kukupa is a wood-pigeon. The oyster catcher is a species of duck. The crested

cormorant, or king shag, is peculiar. The moa is a kind of ostrich, two feet high, having red legs, green and gold back, and purple breast.

Of ninety species of quadrupeds, seventy are marsupial or pouch-bearing. The kangaroos have twenty-eight teeth, of which six are cutting above, and two below. Of these there are forty species. There is the grey of Tasmania, and the red of North Australia. The five toes, on the fore feet, have nails. One species in the north, has a nail at the end of its tail. The euro, by Lake Torrens, reaches the height of six or seven feet; there are none north of latitude 28°, in Strat's Desert. The kangaroo rat has dog teeth. The little rat of the Darling builds a pretty nest of twigs. The rabbit rat, of New South Wales, likes sugar. The kangaroo mouse has thick fur. The nocturnal wallaby is a kangaroo. The opossum has fifty teeth, including eighteen cutting teeth. Of the flying opossum there are five species, the smallest is the flying mouse, two inches long. In North Australia it is the flying fox. The kaeola has fifty teeth and no tail. The native sloth is nocturnal, with small ears, and no regular pouch; it barks, and smells badly. The bandicoot is the link between the opossum and kangaroo. The rabbit-like talpero of the desert, has a long snout, or rabbit-like gait, and forty-eight teeth. The wombat, or pig, is a stupid, flat-headed, thick-haired, root-gathering burrower.

The burrowing porcupine ant-eater is a foot long, has a long snout, short thick legs, no teeth, small eyes, a waddling gait, and yellow spines, tipped with black. The mother sits on the shell-less eggs; when hatched, the little one attaches itself to the nipple of the pouch. The duck-billed platypus, or ornithorhynchus, is amphibious; its home is a hole, by a stream. It has two horny teeth, without root, a membrane and five toes, flat tail, short hind feet turned backwards, small eyes, and no external ear. It lays two shell-less eggs, and suckles its young. It is eighteen inches long; the male has a spur. Like the porcupine, it rolls itself up. The dasyurns, or hairy-tailed family, is carnivorous. Of these are the Tasmanian tiger, five feet long, with short legs, and stripped body; the Tasmanian devil, with short fur, thick tail, black body, and white bands on the chest and haunches. The tiger cat, with its weasel-legs, brown skin, and white spots. All the dasyurni are fierce, blood-thirsty, cowardly, and nocturnal. The dingo, or wild dog, is not found in Tasmania; it is half fox and half wolf, of a reddish brown colour, bushy red tail, long thick hair, and white in the tail. The insectivorous shrew is the native mole. Lizards and snakes abound. The king lizard, of North Australia, has an expanding tippet round its neck. The moloch lizard has horns on its head, and spines on the back. The harmless guana feeds on insects, &c.; it can expand its pouch. The

coorong snake is twelve feet long; and like the black and diamond snakes is very poisonous. There are alligators in the northern rivers, fifteen feet long; and vampire bats, three feet across the wings. The tarantula is the bushmans' flycatcher. The little native-bee has no sting. The noisy cicada springs from a grub, which lives many years. Kangaroo-flies, sand-flies, and mosquitoes trouble the north. The locust is a honey-eater. The grasshopper differs from it, having longer and more slender legs and antennae. The white ants, of North Australia, build hills twenty feet high. The pearl oysters of Shark's bay, West Australia, are valued at £50 a ton. Pearls as large as peas have been extracted from the mother of pearls.

The botany of the colonies is peculiar; and plants of one colony closely resemble those of another. Of course, North Australia possesses plants which could neither grow in Tasmania nor New Zealand. The number of species in the entire colonies is conjectured to be about 7,000. The leaf-stalks of the Australian trees are dilated, and set edge-wise on the stems; the glands are on both sides of the leaf. There are 100 species of great forest trees. Of these there are the blue, red, flooded, white spotted manna, stringy-bark, poplar, and mountain gum-trees. The Yarra box, West Australian mahogany, and the iron-bark are heavy and durable, and well adapted to ship-building. The stringy-bark strips in fibres,

the gum-bark in ribbands, and the iron-bark in masses. There are sixty species of great timber trees. The manna, dropping chiefly from dwarf peppermints, is condensed by the cicada or colonial locusts. The *malle* scrub rises from a knotted root, in shoots of ten or twelve feet long. Of this there are three varieties; one with bright green leaves, the wood of which is used for spears; another with leaves of a darker shade; and the red, or water malle, from the cut rootlets of which water may be produced. On one occasion five pints were got in ten minutes. There are 120 species of acacia, some of which are 150 feet high. The he-oak and she-oak have no leaves, but instead, have long knotted twigs at the extremities of the branches; the male is upright and the female bending. The cherry-tree, with the stone outside the fruit, is also leafless. The pines are various; the Norfolk island pine reaches 200 feet; the Murray pine is often 40 feet high; and in addition to these are the mountain, desert, coast, and dwarf pines. The *huon* pine of Tasmania is valuable for cabinet work. The palms extend down to the mouth of the Snowy River, latitude  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . The corypha palm of New South Wales is 80 feet high. The head of the cabbage palm is an excellent vegetable. The *pandanus*, or screw palm grows near the sea, and has clusters of red pulpy fruit. The splendid tree ferns, from twelve to thirteen feet high, are

found in the gullies of the Illawarra, Latrobe, and Snowy rivers, and the mountain streams of Tasmania. The *xanthorrhoea*, or grass-tree throws up a spike of flowers from five to eight feet high, which contains both resin and balsam. The grass-tree of North Australia has scarlet centre flowers. Extensive grass tree plains exist in the Cape Otway district. The *banksia* has rigid leaves and bottle-brush flowers. The tea-tree has also rigid leaves, and many snowy flowers. The cedar of New South Wales will not thrive when removed from associate native plants. The sassafras is a tall pyramidal tree, whose bark is medicinal. The beech of Cunningham reaches 100 feet. The New South Wales nettle-tree is 20 feet high. The *corryong*, 40 feet high, has the form of an oak with the foliage of a poplar, and bears waxy flowers; its tenacious bark is wrought into native nets. The dogwood has fragrant orange coloured blossoms. Mr. Bunce found a flower, the bottom part of which was dead, while the top was fresh. The gorgeous *waratah* is a mountain laurel, from 20 to 30 feet high, with heads of brilliant scarlet wiry flowers, four inches across. The blue berries of the *dianella* hang in gorgeous festoons. The trailing *kennedia* is a beautiful crimson creeper. The pink lotus of the Campaspe, has a fragrant smell. The white star of Bethlehem abounds in the vicinity of Melbourne. Everlasting flowers are very common. There are 150 species



of the orchia. The three grasses are the kangaroo, the north barley grass, and the broad-leaved panicum or millet. The native bread is a fungus found in large lumps. The bottle-tree of North Australia, 40 feet high, tastes like a turnip. The *bunya*, a pine 150 feet high, bears a scented nut. The *nebulbium*, found near the lagoons of the Mackenzie, has one large leaf, on a leaf stalk, eight feet high, and a flower stalk of ten feet; the blossom is pink, and the seeds of the cone nearly an inch long. The Mackenzie river bean has a pod six inches long. The grass of the Isaacs river is fifteen feet high. There is a salt bush on the northern plains, which when dried, rolls about like a floating balloon. The *zomatia*, three feet high, has clusters of fragrant white blossoms. Van Dieman's Land vegetation is very dense. A gum-tree, near Brown's river, measures 104 feet in circumference. One near Hobart town is 88 feet round, at six feet from the ground, and 330 feet high, without the top. In 1853, a hollow tree of this species formed the dwelling of a solitary old man, in the neighbourhood of New Town, Sydney. There are myrtles 150 feet high. The *richsa*, or broad-leaved grass-tree, 15 feet, has spike-like panicles of white flowers, which before opening have the appearance of grains of rice. There are sixty species of the pea family in Tasmania. The native rose, 12 feet, has white blossoms, which appear like snow, when falling.

New Zealand is a land of ferns; 150 species are known to exist, besides three of the tree ferns, which are found 40 feet in height. There are more than 80 species of mosses. There is a species of palm, about 50 feet high. Myrtles are common. The juice of the berries of the *tupakihi* is made into a mild agreeable drink, by the natives; but the seeds are of a highly intoxicating maddening nature. The *phormium tenax*, or native flax, makes excellent rope. The honey is delicious. There are several good native fruits. The *kauri* is the only cone bearing pine: the others have berries. The *totara* is a good timber tree. The *rata*, or native oak, has been found nearly 60 feet in circumference. This wonderful tree, first runs up and embraces the trunk of some large tree, which it afterwards supplants, and becomes in its stead a tree of immense size.

The annual mean temperature of Melbourne is 60°, that of London being 50°. The mean temperature of Port Albert, according to Lt. Slade, is 54° having its heat modified by the sea and mountains. Dr. Davy records a singular coincidence on Jan. 28th and 29th, 1855; when the thermometer was 112° on each day at one o'clock; and 68° at the same hour of the night. Sydney has a higher temperature than Melbourne; being 4° nearer the equator; the mean temperature being 64°, that of Adelaide is 65°. It is repeatedly 120° in the shade,

in a hot wind. Captain Strat endured  $157^{\circ}$  in the sun, and  $134^{\circ}$  in the shade. Hobart Town experienced in a hot wind  $134^{\circ}$  in the sun, in 1823; the mean temperature of that place has been  $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  for the last eight years; the same as New York. The longest day in Hobart Town is  $15\frac{1}{4}$  hours; the shortest  $8\frac{1}{4}$ .

The mean annual quantity of rain at Melbourne for the last seven years is 31 inches, that of London being 24. The mean quantity at Sydney is 56 inches; the average for Adelaide 19 inches; Hobart Town 20 inches. As a contrast to the Australian rains, the following may be of interest:—Tahiti 150 inches; Cayenne 260. Near Cape Horn, 150 inches fell in 40 days. In the Khassa Hills, north of Calcutta, during the rainy half-year, there fell 550 inches, of which, 25 came down in one day. In Siberia, only 10 inches fell in the year.

The westerly breezes are very prominent during the summer months in Melbourne, Dr. Davy found the south winds to be by far the most frequent. The north wind prevails there in winter. Those at Bendigo, were noticed by Mr. Ludwig Becker, to be from the north-west. The most common wind at Launceston, is that from the north-west. Lieut. Slade gives the following courses of currents of air at Albarton, in 325 days, viz. :—west, 154 days; south-west, 28; east, 29; north-east, 16; north-west, 14; south, 10; south-east, 6; north, 3 days.

The mercury falls when the wind is from north-east, and rises with south-west.

The tides are peculiar, though the tidal wave rises but a few feet, yet local causes produce different elevations. At Cape Palmerston, the tide is 24 feet; Port Essington, 16; Port Stephens, 14; Western Port, 14; Port Macquarie, 8; Brisbane, 8; Lewis's Channel, Corner Inlet, 8; Port Dalrymple, 6 to 8; Kangaroo Island, 6 to 8; Newcastle, 7; Twofold Bay, 6; Sydney, 4 to 7; Port Lincoln, 4 to 6; Port Phillip, entrance, 3 to 6. On the north-west coast, the tide rises 37 feet. There is no tide running at Rockingham Bay. At Port Phillip Heads, the tides are seven hours and a half earlier, and Moreton, one hour and a half later than Sydney. The night tides are higher than the day tides at Sydney. The New South Wales alternating current is dependent on the Monsoons. It tends south-west in summer, within 20 miles of the coast, and then turns north-west; the contrary takes place in winter. The current often runs two miles an hour. Two tides, of eight feet, run 54 hours in Spencer's Gulf; one of four feet in Port Lincoln.

The storms are described by Mr. Dobson, of Hobart Town, as cyclones, immense whirling eddies in the air, extending vertically from the space of the atmosphere, down to the earth, and moving bodily over its surface. In the Southern Hemisphere,

the eddy turns north-east, round to south-west; while in the north it is from north-west to south-east. The W.N.E.S. cyclonic points correspond to N.E.S.W. of the compass. These hurricanes travel rapidly. That of October 13th 1850,—in which the *Grecian* was lost at Adelaide—was felt the next day at Sydney. The cyclone of Swan River, July 8th, reached Launceston July 10th. That of August, 1843, moved 40 miles an hour. The storms begin with a north wind, and end with a south one. One on May 12th, 1851, produced the waterspout of the Burra Burra, which drove 1,500 persons houseless, from their creek warrens. The great cyclone of June, 1851, proceeded from Swan River, to Tasmania and New Zealand. The violent wind on Black Thursday, February 6th, 1851, was not a cyclone. Its effects were remarkable. There were desolating fires, immense heat, and alarming darkness. Ships at sea were covered with burnt wood and dust. Some of the burnt leaves, &c., from Port Phillip, were carried as far as Port Otago, New Zealand, the day following.

Earthquakes—though occasionally slightly felt in Australia—are almost confined to New Zealand. On the morning of the 17th of September, 1855, a smart shock was felt in Melbourne, which split several walls of houses. Earthquakes have been repeatedly felt in New Zealand. One occurred at Wellington, on Sunday night, October 16th, 1848,

in the midst of a violent storm of rain. Houses and chapels reeled and fell. The hills rocked to and fro. The ground quivered like jelly. The noise was compared to the crushing of ten thousand forests at once. The shock lasted but one minute. The next great shocks came after intervals of 38 hours each. Smaller ones followed, for months after. Another considerable earthquake happened on January 23rd, 1853; which was simultaneously felt at Wellington, Nelson, New Plymouth and Canterbury, occasioning some loss of life.

The South Magnetic Pole is in lat.  $75^{\circ}$  south, by  $154^{\circ}$  east. At 160 miles distance the magnet dips  $88^{\circ}$ . The dip at Hobart Town is  $70^{\circ}$ ; at Wellington and Melbourne,  $67^{\circ}$ ; at King George's Sound,  $64^{\circ}$ ; at Adelaide,  $62^{\circ}$ ; at Sydney,  $61^{\circ}$ ; at Port Essington,  $35^{\circ}$ . One line of no variation passes very irregularly through Japan, Canton, Bombay, Java and Australia to the South Pole. In the South Pacific, Captain Ross observed the variation change from  $114^{\circ}$  to  $40^{\circ}$  in only 360 miles. The needle is progressing eastward. The variation of New Zealand, in 1643, was  $9^{\circ}$  east; it is now  $14^{\circ}$  east. Storm Bay was  $3^{\circ}$  in 1642; now it is  $11^{\circ}$ . The variation of Port Essington is  $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  east. King George's Sound,  $3^{\circ}$  west; Adelaide,  $7^{\circ}$  east. Portland Bay,  $7^{\circ}$  east. King's Island,  $9^{\circ}$  east. Melbourne,  $9\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$  east. In London, the variation was east before 1660; it is now  $24^{\circ}$  west;

the dip was formerly  $73\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; it is now  $69\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . A great magnetic storm was observed at the same time, on September 25th, 1841, at China, Canada, Swan River, Sydney, and Hobart Town. A simultaneous disturbance of the needle was observed for thirteen days, in Germany, Canada, and Hobart Town.

The principal explorers of Australia have been Cunningham, Mitchell, Kennedy, Bunce, Strut, Grey, Eyre and Gawler. In March, 1833, Allan Cunningham, the botanist, and twenty men reached the Bogan, on the banks of which Cunningham was lost; he was killed by the blacks. Sir T. L. Mitchell, the fortunate explorer of Australia Felix, in 1836, left Sydney on December 6th, 1845, to survey the country north of the Darling. He had a party of thirty, with eight drays, three carts, thirteen horses, and two hundred and fifty sheep. In his progress to that river he suffered much from thirst. For forty miles he sought in vain for water in the river Bogan. The heat killed his kangaroo dogs. After passing the Darling, he encountered few hardships. River after river appeared, with a large extent of excellent pasture land. From the Balome dépôt, he went ahead with ten men and light carts. In June he left the beautiful Maroon, and discovered new realms of fertility. Well might he exclaim—"These beautiful recesses of unpeopled earth, could no longer remain unknown." The Claude, the Salvator, the Nogo, the Nive, the

Warrego, the Belyando, the Maranoa and the Victoria were the principal waters he passed. The last named river, he concluded from its size and direction, would lead to the Gulf of Carpentaria; or, as he himself observed—"the country is open, and well watered, for a direct route thereto." They forsook the Victoria, with its perfume of lilies and waving grass, because their provisions were failing, and with the enumerated rivers the traveller complains of contending a whole year with scarcity of water. Observing no extensive or lofty ranges, he beheld lines of volcanic cones. The Claude, from its soft rich scenery, was named after a French landscape painter; and another picturesque looking stream, was called after the romantic painter, Salvator Rosa. The pastoral Mantuan downs, were named from the Mantuan pastoral poet Virgil; the Nive, from a battle in Spain; Hope's Table Land, after an officer, under whom Sir T. Mitchell served in the peninsula, thirty years before.

The enterprising Kennedy was sent in 1848, to explore York Peninsula. He had a party of twelve. They were provided with 27 horses, 250 sheep, and 4 tons of flour. They were landed at Rockingham Bay, and were to proceed to Port Albany, near Cape York. For four months they struggled over a frightful country, through which they could carry neither their flour nor their sheep. They killed their horses to sustain life. Leaving eight



of the party at Weymouth, Kennedy pushed on with the native Jackey Jackey, and three others, to gain the ship waiting with stores. An accident obliged him to leave the three whites, and hasten on with the aborigine, to get medical assistance. The natives beset them at Escape River, Dec. 13th; when near Port Albany, Kennedy was mortally wounded, by several spears. His last moments are thus described by his faithful servant. "He said, 'Jackey, give me paper, and I will write.' I gave him paper and pencil, and he tried to write, but he fell back and died; I caught him as he fell back and held him; and I then turned myself round and cried. I was crying a good while until I got well." The good fellow buried his master, and succeeded, faint and wounded, after thirteen days struggling with blacks and scrub, in getting to the vessel. The crew hastened to those left at the bay and in the bush. Two living skeletons alone remained, the others had perished from fever and hunger. Governor Fitzroy afterwards presented the faithful Jackey with an engraved silver plate, to be worn on his breast.

Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, a German naturalist, in 1844, organised an expedition with the aid of public subscription. To those who contributed money or stock towards the expedition, he showed his gratitude by naming rivers after them,—as Isaacs, Mackenzie, Cape, Suttor, Burdekin, Lynd, Macarthur, &c. In

their long journey of 1500 miles, the party's provisions were exhausted, and they fed on opossums, iguanas, and birds, until they fell in with wild buffaloes, towards the gulf. When they killed a beast, they dried the flesh in the sun. They were once fifty hours without water. On the Queen's birthday, they sweetened their tea by putting their last empty sugar-bag into the boiling water. Losing three horses in crossing the Roper, they were obliged to leave their botanical collection behind. Approaching the Alligator river, they found plenty of ducks and geese. They reached a home at Port Essington, Dec. 17th, 1845; and arrived by a vessel at Sydney, March 29th, 1846, having been long given up for lost. Assisted by government and private subscriptions, Leichhardt began a new journey, December, 1846, with a party of eight, and Mr. Daniel Bunce, as naturalist. They were provided with fourteen horses, sixteen mules, ninety sheep, forty cattle, and two hundred and seventy Cashmere goats. The object of this journey, was to discover the mountain source of the gulf rivers, to skirt Strut's Desert, and reach Swan River, Western Anstralia. This was an unfortunate expedition. The animals were often missing. The weather was unusually wet. Fever and ague constantly hindered their progress; the goats, and most of the cattle and mules were lost. The party subsisted upon sun-dried bullock's flesh, with birds,

occasionally, iguanas, snakes, &c. Want of nourishment and medicine prevented their recovering strength. They reached Sfrut's Desert, near Peak range, but were forced, at last, by sickness and weakness to return. Well might Leichhardt remark, that nothing but a continued chain of misfortunes attended them. Mr. Bunce in the homeward route, reaped the benefit of his benevolence and thoughtfulness, in unexpectedly eating of fruits and vegetables springing from his own sowing, months before. After a few months rest, Dr. Leichhardt courageously departed for Swan River. He took with him only three white men, Hentig, Glassen, Jack, a Bushman; and Mr. Bunce's Black Jemmy. He left Darling Downs, in March, 1848, and has not been heard of since. Mr. Haly went afterwards upon his track, and was told by some native women that the white men had been murdered. Mr. Bunce marked a good track 300 miles long, from the Darling, to Mount Abundance. Mr. Gregory—late Surveyor of Western Australia—left on his North Australian tour in 1855, for the Victoria River of Stokes, the Plains of Promise, &c.

Captain Grey was the chief explorer of Western Australia by land. In 1837-8, travelling inland, he discovered Glenelg River and some excellent land. He entered a cave, on the sides of which were many rude drawings of men and animals. The Red hand was there, and the figures had bandages on their

heads, and garments to their aacles. Being wounded by the blacks, he was obliged to retire. He then explored the country of Sharks Bay, observing the Gancoigne River and Colaina, or Deceitful Plains, from the Mirage. On his way back to Swan River he was shipwrecked at Gantheaume Bay, and had to walk 300 miles southward, to reach the first settlement. Several rivers, as the Murchison, Hutt, Irwin, Chapman, &c., were passed, and some good country. The party endured much from sickness, hunger and thirst, and nothing but the courageous conduct of Grey sustained the others. He sought strength from the scriptures. He very properly observes :—“In all my sufferings, I never lost the consolation derived from a firm reliance upon the goodness of Providence.” One of the party—Mr. Smith—wandered from the rest, and perished from thirst. Falling in at last with some friendly blacks, they were feasted with roast frogs and by-yu nuts. Mr. Eyre, in 1840, proposed an overland trip to Swan River. Leaving Adelaide in June, he explored the shore of Lake Torrens. Unable to proceed westward, through the frightful desert, scrub and barren rocks, he came to Port Lincoln, with the intention of following the sea coast, to King George’s Sound; a distance of twelve hundred miles. The danger was so obvious, that at Fowler Bay—the western limit of Australia—he sent back all but three black lads, and one

white man, the overseer. They journeyed over the Biscuit Cake Stones, and rounded the Great Bight, after three attempts. The poor horses were soon so reduced, that they could only carry twenty pounds each. All other things were then abandoned. The want of water was a great trouble to the wanderers, horseflesh supplying food. On two occasions they travelled for seven days without water. They found some by digging in white sand near the sea. One day Mr. Eyre returned to the camp, after seeking for his lost horses, and found his companion murdered, most of his provisions stolen, and his natives gone. Driving onward two or three horses, he set off on his journey through the desert alone. The lad Wylie, afterwards returned to him. When nearly perishing, the two walking skeletons fell in with a French whaler, by the coast of Rossiter Bay. There they were kindly treated. Pursuing their journey, they arrived at King George's Sound, in July, 1841. In 1831, Captain Barker was sent to survey the hill country west of the Murray. Landing on the shore of the Gulf of St. Vincent, he walked over the spot where Adelaide was afterwards built; passed over the Lofty Range—named a mountain after himself—and arrived overland at the mouth of the Murray. He swam over the river, with his instruments, to make observations, and was never seen again. The poor man was pierced

by the spears of the alarmed natives. Six years after, Captain Pullen and the Adelaide Judge were drowned, in trying to enter the Murray from the sea. Governor Gawler, in 1841, explored the country to the west of the Great Murray Bend. The party killed horses for blood to drink. Mr. Bryan, one of the number, was lost near the site of the Barra Mines, and was supposed to have perished for want of water. Mr. Drake surveyed the country north of Port Lincoln, in 1844, and discovered the barren Gawler range. He was mortally wounded by the natives, and died in great agony on his way back to the settlement. Mr. Horrocks—after whom a mountain is called—left Adelaide with a camel, on an exploring trip, believing this conveyance the best for so dry a region. On his journey he accidentally shot himself.

Captain Strut, Surveyor General of South Australia, in 1844, made an attempt in August 15th of that year, to penetrate the unknown interior. He followed the Murray to the Darling; striking off to the north west, he came to the Barrier and Grey Ranges. Approaching a rocky glen—in which there was water—the party formed a dépôt. Surrounded by deserts, they were completely shut in during the dry season, for 160 days; the heat on one occasion was 157° in the sun, and 134° in the shade. There Mr. Poole, the assistant, died of scurvy. Again and again did Captain Strut try to

discover water elsewhere. On one trip he reached the north eastern salt shore of Lake Torrens. At last they were permitted to move onward through the desert. A few channels of creeks were seen as O'Halloran and Strzlecki; also some salt lakes. Very few natives came near. Waterfowl passed in flocks towards the north west, as if some inland sea were still in that direction. No great mountain dividing range was observed. The rivers flowing inward from other hills, may be supposed to form a vast lake in winter, though the hot winds may pass over its dried surface in summer.

In lat.  $27^{\circ}$ , Strut entered the curious Stony Desert, one hundred miles long. Crossing this, the sand ridges reappeared. The dry channel of the Eyre Creek was passed, and the same dreary sand hills were spread out before him. So far were the party now from water, that they feared to go further. Their position was long.  $138^{\circ}$  east, by lat.  $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south. They hastened back just in time to get a drink, by straining mud through a handkerchief. Changing their course to the south east, they discovered a creek containing water, named after Judge Cooper, of Adelaide. The natives behaved kindly to the Englishmen, bringing them millet cake, baked fish and roast duck. Cooper's Creek is doubtless the continuation of Mitchell's Victoria River, and the outlet of the water is towards Lake Torrens. Loud cheers of welcome

saluted the worthy traveller, from the Darling and Murray tribes on his return. Captain Strut gained his happy home, January 19th, 1846. No discovery of importance has followed this expedition in that direction.

Sir John Franklin and his lady suffered much in a journey through Tasmania, from the capital to Macquarie Harbour. They ate wild greens for want of provisions. He was Governor of that island in 1837.

A few years ago, Mr. Brunner left Nelson, New Zealand, with two natives and their wives; he passed eighteen months in one of the most desolate countries in the world. They chiefly subsisted upon eels and birds. It rained almost continually. Water rose in one night twenty feet in a river. No good land was seen. The London Geographical Society rewarded Brunner's sufferings with a gold medal. His farthest point was lat.  $43\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south, near Mount Cook, New Zealand.



## NOTES.

1 BRIGHAM.—This village has long been famed for the salubrity of its climate, and the longevity of its inhabitants; in 1790 the population was 220; in that number 80 were 80 years of age, and upwards; the same test, as regards old people, may still be applied. Middle class houses are much wanted, the materials for building—good stone and lime—are on the spot, and sites easy to obtain. The advantages afforded by the place to people of limited incomes are many. The locality is connected by rail with all the great lines in the kingdom, fuel is cheap, rates and rents moderate, and the good market town of Cockermouth only two miles distant. The neighbourhood is also rich in classic ground; from the uplands above the village may be seen the birth-places of Thomas Tickell, Abraham Fletcher, Salathiel Court, William Wordsworth, Joe Faulder, Fletcher Christian, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Walker, and many others unnamed by Hutchinson. A well-penned Obituary of Joe Faulder, from the *Cumberland Packet*, 20th Feb. 1816, may be seen on the back of a print in the possession of Mr. John Jackson, Kirkgate, Cockermouth; and the unique study of Dr. Fletcher still remains at Little Broughton. Mr. William Tiffin, of Moorland Close, has a drawing of Fletcher Christian's Pony, and at Miresyke, in Loweswater, are some of Salathiel Court's paintings, also the names of John and Mary Mirehouse, painted at the same time, 1726. John Mirehouse, son of the above, was a remarkable character, he lived to the age of 101; in his 100th year he bought a new suit of clothes, a new hand-churn, and a new oak ~~arm~~ chair, jocosely observing, that with care these ought to see him through. Richard Cass, village tailor, and John Brown, parish clerk, were the chief historians of Brigham, in 1798; *vide* Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*.

2 CHURCH.—Is an eleventh century edifice, containing a noble window. Many excellent specimens of modern grave stones, executed by Mr. John Asbridge, of Brigham, may be seen in the grave yard.

3 NUNS' WELL.—Is the subject of a beautiful sonnet, by Wordsworth.

4 CHANTRY.—Is a rich pasture field, near the church, it contains a fine spring, and a hill, supposed by some to cover the ruins of an ancient chantry.

5 DERWENT.—Is one of the finest angling streams in the county; the present spirited tenant of Salmon Hall, Mr. John Glover, has, during the last four years, greatly multiplied the fish by artificial breeding. The river is protected by a special Act of Parliament.