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SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.





# SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

## AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND :

BEING AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF COUNTRIES AND  
PEOPLE AT THE ANTIPODES.

With numerous Illustrations.

BY GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW ZEALANDERS ILLUSTRATED;" "SOUTH AUSTRALIA  
ILLUSTRATED;" "A RAMBLE IN MALTA AND SICILY," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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TO  
HIS EXCELLENCY  
CAPTAIN GEORGE GREY.

GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND,  
AND  
LATE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA,

These pages are dedicated,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE,

EXPRESSING THE HIGH ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION

FOR THE

CHARACTER OF SO ABLE A NATURALIST,

SO ENTERPRISING A TRAVELLER,

SO GALLANT AN OFFICER,

AND

SO DISTINGUISHED A LEGISLATOR ;

WHICH IS UNIVERSALLY FELT

BY

THE COLONISTS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA,

AND BY

THE AUTHOR.

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LIB SETS



## PREFACE.

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DURING my wanderings on the outskirts of civilization, and among savage tribes who had never beheld a white man, I invariably noted down on the instant whatever facts and impressions seemed worth recording. "*Nulla dies sine lineâ*," was my motto; and, however much exhausted by fatigue, I never lay down to rest without having entered in my journal such observations as could not be registered by the pencil alone. My sketches have been exhibited in London and other large towns, and are being published separately; my notes are offered to the public, not without diffidence, in the following pages.

Much as has been written about South Australia and New Zealand, there yet appeared to be room for the remarks of a disinterested observer, who went to the Antipodes actuated by an ardent admiration of the grandeur and loveliness of Nature in her wildest aspect. My aim has been to describe faithfully impressions of savage life and

scenes in countries only now emerging from a primitive state of barbarism ; but which the energy and enterprise of British colonists, and the benign influence of Christianity combined, will eventually render the peaceful abodes of civilized and prosperous communities. Having penetrated into the interior of Australia and New Zealand, and been on friendly terms with the natives, sharing the hospitality and journeying in the company of the New Zealand chiefs, I may perhaps be entitled to the merit of originality on this score. But it is principally as a faithful describer of what struck the mind of an artist seeking to delineate the characteristic features of the countries and people, that I rest my claims to public attention.

Writing as an artist, I make no pretensions to literary skill, having attempted nothing beyond arranging in a readable form the rough notes that I made at the moment ; and the constant demands of my profession on my time have compelled me to perform this task in a more hurried manner than I had anticipated. I must, therefore, claim indulgence for any marks of crude or hasty composition, from those readers who are accustomed to the studied paragraphs and flowing periods of accomplished writers.

GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS.

*Gloucester Place.*

*Sept. 1846.*

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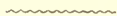
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# SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES

IN

## AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

IT was in the month of September that I left England, when the golden tints of autumn had overspread the landscape with their mellow touch. No day had ever before appeared so lovely as the one on which we embarked. There was a clear frosty morning, and the sun rose without a cloud; the summer flowers still filled the gardens, and the apples and mulberries lay scattered over the dewy grass-plats, with the early sunshine glittering upon them. I opened my bedroom window; the air was balmy and fresh, and the blackbird sang melodiously; it seemed as if everything was more beautiful than usual,—perhaps it was because I was going to leave it all so soon.

The last parting sounds from the shore were the gentle and distant tollings of the Sabbath bells. Were ever Sabbath bells so full of meaning before? They almost appeared to murmur to the parting ship—

“Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth :  
Many are thine no more again to track  
Their own sweet native earth.”

The next Sabbath dawn rose upon us in the sunny latitudes of Portugal, nine hundred miles from our native land ; our gallant vessel speeding through the waters, dashing back the snowy foam into its own blue depths, and with not a living thing to break the boundless line of the horizon.



[Off the Lizard, the first week at sea.]

The most picturesque interior on board a vessel is the fore-castle, belonging to the seamen. The descent through the hatchway is by a steep ladder, and in the centre of the apartment hangs an old rusty lamp, fed with whale-oil, dropping a copious distillation on the shoulders of those who pass beneath it. The dim flame has scarcely strength to penetrate its furthest recesses, where dubious twilight gives scope to the fancy to supply other rows of hammocks as a continuation to those slung, like white canvass boats, from the deck above. A sailor prides himself upon his hammock: moreover, it is a snug thing; it is his constant bed, and may be, oftentimes, his shroud, when his resting-place is the deep wide sea. The lower-deck, kept bright by constant scrubbing, is surrounded with a semicircle of chests of all descriptions, though varying but little in size. It is evening, and the "watch below" are assembled, pipe in mouth, without a thought of care, listening to the music of a violin. I should like Bill Wilson's mother to have seen her boy then: every inch a sailor; a brave, free-hearted, careless one; half-sitting, half-lying on his sea-chest, and drumming his fingers to the merry tune, as happy as a king. Alas, poor boy! he dreamed not of the dark and troubled future.

Lat.  $33^{\circ}$  N. The setting sun seems to add new splendours to his pavilion of glory, in the transparent atmosphere of these latitudes. Streams of molten gold have streaked half the horizon with their intense brilliancy, brighter than the glow of

ten thousand pyrotechnic fires bursting athwart the sky. There poured such a flood of living crimson around, that every blue wave changed from the hue of the sapphire to that of the amethyst, and the whole arch of heaven was full of purple light. A rainbow, like a reflex of the sun's parting smile, swept its gay colours across the eastern clouds, and the pageantry of the sky was gone; then came the calm, grey night, and the awful stillness of the ocean, as it slept beneath a shower of moonbeams. Surely if there were sea-nymphs, or green-haired mermaidens, they would have chosen just such a glorious night for their syren-singing.

The little petrels, or Mother Cary's chickens, are constantly careering about the vessel, now skimming through the sunshine, and now tripping along, gently touching the waves with their little black feet, as though they received fresh vigour by contact with the element, or fluttering, moth-like, above some object in the water. As I leant over the vessel's side, watching these ocean birds, the following stanzas rose to my mind, and I could not refrain from putting them on paper.

Bird of untiring wing,  
 Whence art thou wandering?  
     Has the broad blue sea  
     A home for thee  
 On its bosom of murmuring waters?  
     When the red sun is born  
     At the coming of day,  
     From the night to the morn,  
     Thou art round our way,  
 Like a spirit upon the waters.

A thousand miles and more  
From our native northern shore,  
    O'er the broad blue sea  
    Wanderers are we  
On the breast of the faithless ocean ;  
    For we seek far away  
    Green hills again.  
    But night and day  
    Thou art skimming the main  
With thy swift and silent motion.

Where is thy place of rest ?  
Where is thy moss-weaved nest ?  
    The broad blue sea  
    Will cheerless be  
When its tempest winds are sweeping.  
    There must be a spell  
    In the salt sea foam,  
    That thou lov'st it so well  
    As to make it thy home,  
Thou nursling of ocean's keeping.

Bird of untiring wing,  
Pursue thy journeying.  
    The broad blue sea  
    Thy home must be  
From the dawn to the set of day ;  
    For the Spirit of Power  
    Hath been thy guide,  
    From thy earliest hour,  
    O'er the waters wide  
To teach thee thy trackless way.

On the 7th October we saw land. The sun had just risen, and darkly grey against the bright east the high peaks of Porto-Santa were defined by a sharp cutting outline. Beyond us, to the south-

west, wrapped in the mantle of fog and clouds that had been gathered during the night by the freshening wind, rose the far-famed Isle of Madeira; the shroud of vapour partially cleared away, and revealed to the sunshine this gem of the ocean. Still, masses of heavy cloud lingered around the mountain tops, and the central peak was wholly concealed. As the vessel glided along in full sail, the land on both sides presented ever-varying points of view; the crisp blue waters were crested with foam, and the bright sunshine chasing away the dull fog, lit up scene after scene of enchanting beauty. It appeared as though we had reached some paradise belonging only to the regions of fancy. It was delicious to watch the sunlight gild the rugged peak, throwing dark shadows along the mountain glen—to see the white cottages sprinkled about the valleys, and the green vineyards sloping down as it were from the bosom of the clouds.

The south-east portion of the coast is girt by stupendous cliffs and sharply pointed rocks, against which a high surf runs. Beyond these rise, till their summits are concealed by the clouds, vast mountain slopes, scattered with forests and vineyards; where we could discern, as on a miniature model, villages, cottages, and convents, and trace the paths along the winding glens, and the vivid green patches of the gardens. The effects of light and shade and mist on the landscape were surprisingly grand, and all looked gay in the morning sunshine;



grampuses bounding through the waves, and the sea-fowl skimming round, imparted life to the scene.

Three islands called Desertas lie to the south-east of Madeira; they are high, and rise abruptly from the sea, whilst their summits are jagged and serrated in a peculiar manner. A sharp, isolated column of rock, resembling a ninepin, occurs at the extremity of the northernmost island: they all present a barren and desolate aspect.

We sighted several of the Canary Islands. On the morning of the 9th, Palma was visible, distant 15 miles; owing to the haze, its only indication was a huge shadowy mass, scarcely distinguishable from the atmosphere, rising to an immense height from the sea. On the 11th, we fell in with the north-east trade wind in latitude  $26^{\circ}$  N. The moon rose of a deep and clear amber colour, and though now waning, flashed its powerful rays, like a second sun, from behind occasional masses of cloud. The crisp indigo-blue waves, with their moon-spangled foam, the purity of the milky way, the unusual brilliancy of the planets, and the strong yet balmy-breathing wind, are characteristic of the nights we now enjoy. More congenial than the scorching heat of noontide, with its hot and misty glare, is the reviving breath of the atmosphere after sunset, when down comes the awning on deck, and a host of bright stars gem the canopy of the sky.

On the 13th, we crossed the tropic of Cancer. Seated on the bowsprit, I have been watching our

progress through the waters. The white waves are dashing back as the vessel's prow cleaves its way through their midst; no smoky dull atmosphere is around—no chill and gloomy blast: all is light and sunshine; above, around, beyond, to the farthest verge of the horizon, the blue sky and the blue sea seem to smile at each other. Southward, a blaze of light and heat marks the noontide sun flashing his tropical splendour around; and thin clouds, like specks of wandering down—

“Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind,”

steal most gently along the sky. There are gannets wheeling on their strong pinions, in pursuit of the timorous flying fish, as they leap up to escape the jaws of the green and golden dolphin. A bird, supposed by some to be a grey parrot, settled on the fore top-gallant-yard this afternoon, but it was only a little downy owl; and since the moon rose, I have watched it flying briskly around the masts, vainly searching for the moths and bats of its own ancestral trees in Africa.

Within the tropics we frequently observe the beautiful *Phasalia* or “Portuguese man-of-war:” its transparent membrane or sail is of a bright rose colour. It is a delicate toy with which the breezes sport, yet it skims on unhurt, for it is one of ocean's progeny.

*17th October.*—The islands of San Nicholas and San Antonio are in sight: the more northerly of

the Cape de Verdes. Sunrise was a magnificent spectacle: rugged masses of fleecy gold, strangely hurled about the sun, were succeeded by lines and streaks of exquisite splendour, with mountains of dark cloud; and, in another hour, the might of the tropical day had chased back the morning vapours, pouring an unchecked flood of light over the sea.

It was evening as our vessel rapidly neared the rugged coast of St. Jago. One vast and lofty peak towered high above the others in the shape of a huge, irregular pyramid. All eyes were directed towards the mountains as we sailed along abreast of the land, distant from the shore not more than four or five miles. It was an enchanting sight: the irregular and wildly-broken peaks, hurled and piled in careless grandeur one above another as they stretched inland, presented a more striking outline than the heights of Madeira. There we sat in a row, mounted on the top of the longboat, feasting our eyes with the pleasant sight of land; rendered more delicious by the hope that in a few hours we might be treading those shores which now appeared to us like some oasis in the desert, or some bright dream realised. As we watched with feelings of admiration, fresh peaks, and glens, and ridges of golden green, presenting themselves in succession to our view; gradually they grew darker: the mists began to settle in the deep valleys, the outline of every mountain became sharp and cutting, and a thousand rich mellow tints of brown and purple

spread over their steep sides as the full burst of a tropical sunset flashed up its splendours behind them, leaving a background like glowing amber, above which lay masses of heavy grey clouds looking as dense as though they were charged with the thunders of a tornado. Peak after peak yielded up its parting gleam, cast from the setting sun, and melted into the repose of night so rapidly, that almost before we were aware of it, the stars shone out, and darkness surrounded us: not heralded, as in our northern lands, with the gently gloaming twilight that makes the day steal imperceptibly into the night, but sudden and impetuous, stretching like a vast extinguisher over the bosom of the ocean.

Before the first gleam of day-break I was on deck. We were at least twelve miles from our destination at Porto Praya, which lies at the southern point of the island, in a small bay. The wind was light, and I feared we should hardly reach the port before noon. Telescopes were in great request. The mountains seemed, if possible, more beautiful and inviting than they did on the preceding evening. A grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, and a few scattered date-palms, reminded us that we were approaching the climate of tropical Africa. But little cultivated ground was visible, and flats of elevated land above the shores were covered with parched grass, on which the cloudless sun poured down its withering and fervid rays. Clusters of pulga bushes sprinkled the sides of the valleys with patches of a vivid green

colour ; higher up the mountains might be discovered tracks of forest and scrubby brake interspersed with bold grey rocks ; and above all rose a conical peak like that of a volcano—which, I believe, is an extinct crater, and the highest point in the island—with thin vaporous clouds hanging round its sides, and spreading along the summits of the less elevated mountains. Indeed, the whole island presents volcanic appearances, and lava soil is noticeable in many places. Large flocks of cattle and goats were scattered over the sunny, brown-looking plains above the sea, and small clusters of thatched huts constituted the farms to which they belonged. The surf, rolled in by the north-east trade-wind, beats violently against the shore along the whole of the coast ; and, as we rounded the south-east point, the rocks assumed a bolder form, strewn at their base with black fragments, over which the surf boiled like a whirlpool, dashing up to a great height.

On rounding the point, we came in sight of the town of Porto Praya ; which is built on an eminence of rock overlooking the bay, exhibiting a row of wooden houses painted white and buff colour, and roofed with red or white tiles : to the right extended the cane-thatched huts of the Black Town. The descent from the town is steep, and leads to a fine shingle beach ; on the left the shore is sandy, where a stream of water runs into the sea. Cocoa-nut trees were scattered pretty thickly along the water's edge, till the beach terminated in barren sand-hills

with a rocky bluff, against which the angry breakers lashed with violence. In the background rose the mountains, clustered in a variety of picturesque and romantic forms. The glow of a tropical noon gilded the whole. The feathery leaves of the cocoa-trees moved gracefully in the air, large hawks hovered fearfully around us, and all had a strange and foreign air, as we cast anchor about half a mile from the shore. After an hour's delay, the Consul came off to us in his boat, under the shade of a huge umbrella, bringing with him the health and customs' officers. The usual ceremonies being over, we were permitted to land. The gig was lowered alongside, and the chair rigged for the ladies and children to go ashore. No sooner had the ship's boat pulled off towards the land than other craft came round us, with oranges and cocoa-nuts for sale, eager to convey equally eager passengers at the rate of sixpence ahead. Several of us descended into one of these boats, and were rowed safely enough till we reached the commencement of a surf, about a dozen yards from the shore. Instead of landing us at the rocks as they should have done, they pulled across to the sandy shore on the left of the town, fully a mile from the ship. A whole group of negroes were drawn up on the sand awaiting our arrival, and no sooner had we entered the breakers than we were swamped in the surf, and drenched from head to foot. In a moment eight or ten black fellows were round us, up to their waist in the foam, with no other artificial

adornment than the beads round their necks. At first we imagined that they were going to carry the boat with ourselves in it upon their shoulders to the shore, instead of which it appeared that we were to mount their backs, whilst they waded with us through the surf. In an instant we were all astride upon their shoulders, each man triumphantly bearing off his load as fast as possible. We presented a most ludicrous sight, all laughing at one another, and several were on the point of upsetting. They put us down on the hot sands that extended some little way above high water-mark, beyond which grew a trailing plant of great beauty, called by the natives *la coccoon*. It grows about eighteen inches high, with a round leaf, and a fleshy-jointed stem ligneous near the root, the blossom convolvulus-like, and displaying a disc seven or eight inches in circumference, of a brilliant lilac colour. We plucked the delicate blossoms almost instinctively, as if to admire them still further by the sense of touch, though they withered almost immediately in our hands. We met several negresses on the shore in their gay costume, consisting of a petticoat of printed blue or brown cotton, worn tightly round the hips, and reaching to the ankles in loose folds, a portion of it being twisted up at the waist, and descending on the left side like a scarf. A white body, or jacket without sleeves, and a red or yellow kerchief tied round the head, with necklaces, ear-rings, and silver bracelets on one arm, completed their dress. Goats'

skins are an article of trade here with America, and bundles of them lay on the sands ready for exportation.

On reaching the stream we directed our course inland, following its banks amongst the luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nuts and bananas, with a profusion of *la coccoon* blossoms starring the surface of the ground. We hired one of the negro boys called "Jokim," who accompanied us as a guide, promising his services all day, first for three shillings and afterwards for one. But it was useless hiring a single lad: we were fated to have them all for our guides, whether we liked it or not, to the number of seven. One carried my insect-net, another the forceps, a third the collecting box, a fourth my sketch-book, and so on; thus escorted, we sallied forth with our negro phalanx. The stream, which here empties itself into the sea, is the residue of a mountain torrent, after the greater portion of it has been led off for the use of the town; where it is received into a tank or fountain—a deep translucent basin, brimming with the cooling element—whence the damsels of Porto Praya dip their water, in calabashes and jars, which they carry on their heads. Brilliant tropical butterflies floated swiftly through the sultry air, now sporting like spirits of light and beauty round the tops of the palm trees, and now chasing each other amongst the broad leaves of the banana and the plantain. Other species were hovering about the pulga bushes, or expanding their gay wings on the mimosa thorn, or the drooping leaf of the sugar-



cane. There had been recent heavy rains, and in some places the ground was exhaling moisture, and cracking on the surface with the heat of the sun. The musquitoes along this glen were numerous and troublesome; the stream was stagnant in places, emitting unwholesome exhalations; huge sows wallowed in the mire with their numerous litters; and wasps and other noxious insects were buzzing about us continually.

Wishing for some cocoa-nut milk we knocked at a garden door by the wayside, leading through a shed into a luxuriant garden of rich black soil, filled with lofty cocoa-nut trees, bananas, tamarinds, papaws, mammees, and other fruits. Presently a little black fellow, in a state of nudity, climbed dexterously up a cocoa-nut tree, clinging with arms and legs round the tall trunk of the palm, when down came the heavy green nuts bump upon the ground. Beneath the shade of a spreading fig-tree, we rested ourselves on some felled dates, whilst our young guides were busy dashing the nuts against the stone wall to break the green husk; they pricked a small hole in each, and pouring the colourless milk into a calabash gave it to us to drink. Behind us grew a plantation of millet, and vines were trained along over bamboos, but they bore nothing but unripe grapes. Seeing a fine goat and her kid outside the hut, we explained to the old negro man that we wished for some milk, when two boys laid hold of the udder and commenced milking her into an old

teapot without a spout, whilst the man held her by the horns. The teapot was filled with froth, and the difficulty now remained how to get at it, for the rim rendered it next to an impossibility; however it was too great a treat to refuse, and though the teapot had evidently been used for every purpose except the right one (for tea is not drunk here), and the milk had flowed through the little black hands, still we enjoyed the draught as a luxury after our sea voyage. We next tasted the bananas and the papaws, which they gathered off the trees; the latter fruit resembles a soft pumpkin, being of a reddish or yellowish-green colour, about six inches long, and grows in clusters at the top of a high stem, above which branch out the leaves, something like those of a gigantic mallow. This fruit is anything but pleasant; a soft juicy pulp surrounds a mass of globular seeds, like mustard-seed, very hot and disagreeable; the pulp is the part eaten, but the skin has a fetid odour which pervades the whole. The blossom resembles yellowish wax, is of a jessamine form, and grows out of the top of the trunk, without a stalk; it emits a faint primrose-like scent. The back part of the town overlooks this valley of vegetation, and the owners of the gardens sit at their doors and look down beholding all that goes forward there. The negro who sold us the fruit pointed to his master who was sitting in a distant verandah upon the cliff above. A well of clear water stood near the entrance of the garden. It was thatched

with canes, and the water was raised by means of a large wheel set round with red earthen jars, placed one after another, so that as the wheel revolved they kept coming up full.

We followed the course of the stream till we reached another large well, where several negro women were engaged in washing. They beat the clothes with a baton as the continental Europeans do. The gay bright hues of their cotton dresses imparted a liveliness to the scene, which was here very picturesque and pleasing. This valley runs a long way inland, the vegetation marking its course by a belt of richer green that mingles with the golden brown of the hills on either side. As we advanced, troops of locusts rose up from the ground at every step, reminding me of the multitudes of these insects I had encountered when crossing the arid plains between Syracuse and Catania in Sicily; then old Alosco was my escort, now I had Jokims and Johnies, Marsalins, Vincents, Penas, and many more—an army with which one might have penetrated into the opposite forests of the shores of Senegambia. We ascended a steep winding path that led back to the town, by the side of which stood a wooden crucifix, supported by a rude heap of stones.

As the island belongs to the Portuguese, the prevailing religion is the Papist faith; though but few priests, or in fact any other visible demonstra-

tion of their creed are to be seen, excepting a chapel, and the wooden crucifix.

About two leagues inland lies Trinidad, where the Governor resides. In its neighbourhood oranges and lemons, for which the island is famous, are cultivated; as are also most of the articles which supply the market of Porto Praya. We now reached the commencement of the huts or cottages of the coloured population. They are chiefly square, substantial-looking sheds, built of rough stone one story high; but few contain a second or third apartment; a screen of canes being used as a partition. They are thatched with the leaves of the date palm, or with dried reeds. Inside there is no plastering; a hole in the wall serves for a cupboard, and the windows are merely square apertures, closed at night by a board that fits in as a shutter. The back door is usually opposite the entrance, so that in looking through the open doors of the cottages overhanging the glen, the eye is feasted with the refreshing sight of leafy bananas and cocoa-nut trees, shutting out the view. The streets consist of rows of these low cottages, varying but little in outward appearance; some are detached, but they are mostly built close to one another. Not a single wheel-carriage, cart, or conveyance of any description is to be seen in the streets, which have a dull and deserted appearance. The only beasts of burden are mules and asses, slung with paniers; and in this way the fruit, sugar-canes, poultry, and vege-

tables brought from the interior are conveyed to the market.

We saw but one mode of travelling that was at all distinct from the plebeian style; an officer was riding out, seated on a mule, whilst a slave ran behind him, holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the rays of the sun. The shops consist of stores of various descriptions, but they are neither commodious nor well supplied. At one end of the town is the square, and in the centre of it stands a stone column, not very ornamental, nor classical, nor useful either. The houses surrounding it are in some instances two stories high, with large verandahs, and constitute the residences of the Portuguese inhabitants. The soil is a parched barren earth, scattered here and there with tufts of scanty grass. Porto Praya itself looks like a deserted village, through which some plague has swept its blighting influence; especially when the coloured people are lying asleep on stools outside their doors, or taking a siesta on the floor, while a solitary formal-looking Portuguese in military uniform is the only being that struts along the grass-grown streets during the heat of the mid-day sun. The women lay basking on narrow benches, apparently too indolent to turn their heads to obtain a view of the English strangers, and contentedly raising their eyes just during the moment of passing; though they were evidently inquisitive, still it was too much trouble for them to move, and the lazy eyeballs just

rolled round mechanically from one corner of their orbits to the other, and all they did not take in during their revolution was probably to become a subject of speculation or nightly gossip. We visited the Portuguese inn, which they had the face to call an hotel; the room *pour l'étranger* was furnished with a table, a sofa, and a few crazy chairs, and the walls were hung with English and Portuguese prints of rather ancient dates; there was a picture of Mary Queen of Scots landing at Loch Leven Castle, and another of a monstrously stout Queen of Portugal. On one side was a door opening into a kind of store-room, filled with a confused medley of bottles, jars, bundles, &c., where probably the old Portuguese landlord kept his dollars hid away in some sly corner. Opposite this was the bedroom, with a mattress in each angle of the apartment; the rest of the floor being strewed with immense oranges. The landlord was evidently a character—a short dark Portuguese, dressed in a long frock coat, with a navy cap and a gold band—and he looked at us, all the while thinking to himself how he could make the most of us. He could not speak English himself, but his interpreter, a knavish-looking boy about twelve years old, was as expert a rogue as the other. This little creature was lank and sallow, with very sharp black eyes; not like the mild love-speaking black eyes of the beautiful Sicilian, fringed with long shadowy lashes, but rolling like ripe sloes, and every glance was cun-

ning. His dress consisted of an old white cotton garment with large red flowers upon it, something after the fashion of a dressing-gown; made, I imagine, out of his grandmother's skirt. At the window stood an intensely black slave, and near the door, playing a slow, melancholy air upon a guitar, sat a placid-looking Creole: he was perfectly blind, and the nails of his hand with which he touched the strings were half an inch long. We took a slight refreshment, for which they charged most exorbitantly. I asked them what they would require for a night's rest on the sofa, when the urchin here completed his roguery by asking us ten shillings. After telling him pretty plainly what I thought of him, we rejoined our guides, who were laughing and talking in a body under the passageway leading from the road. A fine turkey that I had seen sitting on the wall, was to form part of a feast that afternoon; and the little interpreter, in the flowered dressing-gown, caught it with a fish-hook and line, hooking it in the fleshy part of the throat. A novel method of catching turkeys.

Leaving others to feast on the turkey, we roamed along in the glory of an afternoon's sunshine; descending a steep ravine to the shore, through a brake of pulga bushes, aloes, and other plants, the names of which were unknown to us. The delicate trumpet-shaped blossoms of the stramonium grew amongst the bushes, and many of the native grasses were exceedingly curious. The sea-sands were like

emery, scattered over with purple echinidæ and small crabs. Some remarkably brilliant blue and orange spiders, with backs resembling mosaic work, were busy weaving their webs amongst the fleshy leaves of a small species of spotted aloe. A large and fruitful plantation of bananas extends from the sea up a valley: apparently, in the rainy season, the channel of a watercourse; madder, spurge, and many curious creeping plants grow along the sands. On each side of this valley the cliffs rise precipitously, scattered with straggling and stunted date palms jutting from their rocky declivities, and the vulture wheels in slow steady circles high above their summits. Bushes of naked grey thorns of enormous size were clothed with creepers, and on the topmost spray the brilliant jacamar sat like a feathered king, conscious of the beauty of his own gay plumage. The sun was rapidly sinking, and aware of the few moments of twilight that would elapse before night came on, we turned our steps homewards. Not choosing to visit the Portuguese hotel, we agreed to take up our quarters at Jokim's house; he promising to make us beds, and prepare us some coffee and cakes of Indian corn; so we traversed back through the dark streets, serenaded by the barking of the lean hounds that rushed out as we passed the open doors of the negro cottages.

We now arrived at Jokim's dwelling, taking by surprise his mother, a respectable looking negress who rose on our approach. There were ourselves, Jokim, now filled with vast importance in the cha-



acter of our host, Marsalin, a pretty Moorish boy, Johnny, a lazy rascal, whom one could not help liking withal, Vincent, Pena, and little Antonio. Our guides here left us, and whilst our hostess prepared the supper, I had time to survey our novel habitation. It was a substantial stone cottage, with two apartments; the inner one being the sleeping-room of the family: this inner room too formed the repository for all manner of household utensils, articles of cooking, fruits, onions, &c. Here my sketch-book and other articles were carefully deposited by Jokim's mother. As there are no fire-places or chimneys in the houses, the cooking goes forward in a small round hut outside the back-door—a very snug and picturesque little place. We discovered the one in which a negress was preparing our coffee. There was no aperture but the entrance; the floor was sunk partly below ground, and in the centre, over a charcoal fire, raised on a triangular iron-stand, supported by three round stones, stood an earthen pipkin, holding our coffee; the cakes were baking in the embers, and a semicircle of drowsy turkeys, apparently enjoying the warmth of the place, stood with their tails to the fire—not unlike some old commercial gentlemen one has sometimes seen in the coffee-room of a country hotel on a frosty morning. Struck with the primitive appearance of this hut, and the habitual composure of the row of sleeping turkeys, I at once made a sketch of the scene by the dim light of the central fire.



[Negro Cooking Hut, Porto Praya.]

The chief apartment of the house contained but little in the shape of furniture. Some of the utensils were formed of red clay, of unique and not inelegant proportions—far more shapely than the generality of English jugs. Above the table, occupying a small niche in the wall, stood a little rag virgin, like a six-penny doll, with a string of beads round her neck, and a piece of blue printed cotton fastened down the wall beneath. The window was closed to keep out the night air, our hostess set our repast on the table, and we ocean wanderers were comfortably seated at the humble, yet inviting board of a negro cottage, cheered by the light of a brazen lamp, with long protruding beaks. The night was remarkably sultry, a piece of matting was laid on the earthen floor, and some sheets, beautifully white and clean,

were spread out for us. The grasshoppers in the thatch above, sung loud and long, till the time of the rising sun, and the troops of lean and miserable dogs that rambled up and down the streets during the night, howled most dreadfully. A little before daybreak we were stirring. Jokim opened the back door, and we beheld a sky, half the breadth of which glowed with rose colour and pale saffron, freckled with myriads of small scattered clouds. Presently all was gilded with the sun, and we walked abroad in the first blush of a tropical morning. It was delightfully cool, with a fresh north-east breeze blowing; the negro women were stirring briskly about, balancing large calabashes and earthen vessels on their heads with the utmost grace and ease; some were milking the cows and goats into these vessels, from which the milk was immediately put into glass bottles and corked up for the market. This takes place at six o'clock in the morning, and is held in the square at the end of the Rua direita de Pelorinho. The skin panniers are taken off from the backs of the mules and placed promiscuously about, together with calabashes of hens and guinea-fowls' eggs, bottles of milk, fish, bananas, cassava, sacks of oranges, and heaps of limes, cocoa-nuts, and onions, all displayed on the ground.

We now made preparations to return to the vessel. We were favoured with a second ride through the surf, and again narrowly escaped being swamped by the rolling in of the breakers. Some hours elapsing

before we fairly got under weigh, we busied ourselves in stowing our fruit to the best advantage in our cabins. I found it rather puzzling to make room for anything more. When I had finished, it presented something the appearance of a garden, at least I thought so; and I was fain willing to cherish the idea, for to pluck the fruit off the trees in one's own garden is always pleasant. Bunches of bananas hung suspended by rope-yarns; pine-apples, dangling over the wash-hand stand, sent forth a fragrant smell; cocoa-nuts and limes were stowed in various snug corners; some tall sugar-canes branched up from behind my black trunk; and oranges were everywhere pervading the vessel, from the fore-castle to the stern. Whilst thus engaged, two large intelligent eyes, with whites upturned, suddenly stared in upon me through the port-hole. Unaccustomed to a vision of the "human face divine" in such a situation, I started up, and gave a more strict survey of the intruder's face. It was quite black; the eyes were fixed on me; and a grinning mouth, revealing a row of pearly teeth, was stretched by a most interesting smile, two-thirds astonishment and one-third recognition. Who could it be? It was no less a personage than Jokim himself, who was in his boat cruising about the vessel, and had just discovered me through my port.

We now bade adieu to St. Jago. Our white sails were filled by the swelling breeze, and the island quickly receded from our view, as we hastened fast

to the southward. Before dark, a wildly broken line of misty grey, appearing above the horizon, was all we could discern of the island. After sunset a waste of sweeping waves, and countless stars gemming the canopy of night, with the arch of the milky-way stretching across the clear heavens, bespoke us on the solemn sea once more. There is something in the sight of the gay and smiling land that is peculiarly charming to the eye, weary of the expanse of the wide ocean—of the blue and level plain stretched all around to the distant horizon—that desert of waters, now dashing in huge ever-varying masses of surge, and anon deep slumbering, like a weary monster sunk to rest. The vexed and troubled billow, and the glassy calm of the smooth sea, are portraitures of human mutability; they are as a mirror, in which we see reflected the fluctuations of sunshine and shower, the tempests and calms of life. It was with reluctance that we returned to our rocking ship, and settled ourselves contentedly down for a still longer voyage within the limits of its wooden walls.

Away, away—let visioned scenes  
Of other lands elate thee,  
Nor vainly cling to those behind  
While brighter ones await thee.

Though many a thousand weary miles  
Of ocean are before thee,  
The beacon-star of hope shall shed  
Her cheery influence o'er thee.

Onward—still onward—comes the day  
When smiling shores shall meet thee;  
Thy beacon-star reposes there,  
And hopes fulfilled shall greet thee.

Nothing is now to be seen on deck but oranges. Every one I meet is eating an orange; every one's pocket is filled with them; orange-peel and orange-pips are a real nuisance. Oranges are being eaten in vast quantities: one of the boys consumed thirty yesterday. We eat them in the day, the captain eats them in the night, and the men are always eating them. Poor Symes has a vast supply: he says he is squeezing them to make Scotch marmalade. One of the steerage passengers is surfeited, and he lies extended on the water-casks, with a broom for his pillow. Snap can eat no more; and little Harry's two hundred have disappeared miraculously soon.

In lat. 8° N. we lost the trade wind, and fell in with the "variables," and for a whole week we had squally unsettled weather; sudden gusts of wind, and equally sudden calms. The heavy tropical rains poured down with a violence unknown in more temperate climes, and the vertical sun rendered it very oppressive; added to this, the upper-decks were so leaky, that several of us were compelled to sleep in our Macintoshes.

During the sullen calms in the neighbourhood of the line, we were frequently surrounded with numerous sharks, and some were caught by hooks

baited with pork. A blue one was secured, that measured eleven feet in length; but its struggles were so violent that it became unmanageable, and breaking both ropes and harpoon, it escaped in a mangled condition. Its colour was of an intense blue, with the belly silvery, and the satanic expression of its eyes was truly dreadful. A shark is a horrible monster: it has a cold, calculating look, full of treachery; and it is the only one of God's creatures I enjoy to see slain.

In 5° N. lat. we spoke the "Roseanna" of London for Pernambuco; we supplied her with some necessaries, and as her boat's crew pulled off they were pelted with showers of oranges by our men. After this, we saw no more strange faces till we arrived at our destination.

Speaking a ship at sea is a moment of excitement to all: a welcome break in the weary hours. Every soul on board, from the captain to the cabin boy, is on deck surveying the stranger with eager eyes.

On the 2d November we crossed the line;—many of the passengers looking very pale at the mention of the awful rites of Neptune.

The colours of the sky at sunrise were exquisite: tints of light blue, green, rose-colour, brilliant purple and violet, with all the various shades of amber, yellow, orange, and red, were blended in beautiful and harmonious contrast; while the light and flickering clouds overhead assumed every variety of playful and fantastic form, too fleeting to repre-

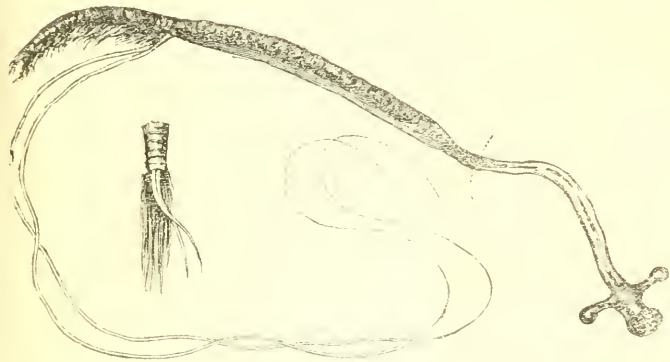
sent, and too full of light and glory to be approachable by the pencil.

*November 9.*—We are sailing on through a region of perpetual summer, breathing the balmy air of the southern hemisphere; whilst, probably, in our native land, cold sleet, and dismal fog usher in the day; the crackling furze blazes high on the cottager's hearth, and the chill breath of the nipping frost makes the little ones blow their rosy fingers and gather closer round the sparkling embers. And, perhaps, in an atmosphere of yellow fog, through which thousands of lamps twinkle feebly from the shops and streets of mighty London, the busy crowd are crushing on the city pavement to gaze at the civic procession on Lord Mayor's day. But we have witnessed an ærial pageant surpassing the most regal of earthly splendours. The clouds, that had all day wandered along the sky, rested at eventide, forming a ridge as of vast mountains along the horizon. Specks of cloud, radiant and glowing as molten copper, were scattered like dark lustrous garnets against the dazzling brightness of the setting sun; then, huge storm clouds rose up and spread themselves in smoky wreaths against the light. No sooner had the sun gone down behind them, in a bed of gold and vermilion, than broad rays flashed up around, and the most exquisite tints of colour pervaded the sky; while these glorious hues yet lingered, in the centre of the amber space but just left by the sun, the planet Venus shone forth as a sparkling brilliant set in jewels; shedding



her mild rays for the first time to us in the Southern Hemisphere, as an evening star. Constellations that never rose on England spangle the heavens. The "Southern Cross" and the "Magellan Clouds" are nightly visible.\*

\* In lat.  $11^{\circ} 54' S.$ , long.  $27^{\circ} W.$ , I found a new and remarkable parasite belonging to the genus *Penella*, subsisting on the body of a dolphin (*Coryphæna*); it was buried in the fish near the gills, as far as the junction of the neck with the abdomen.



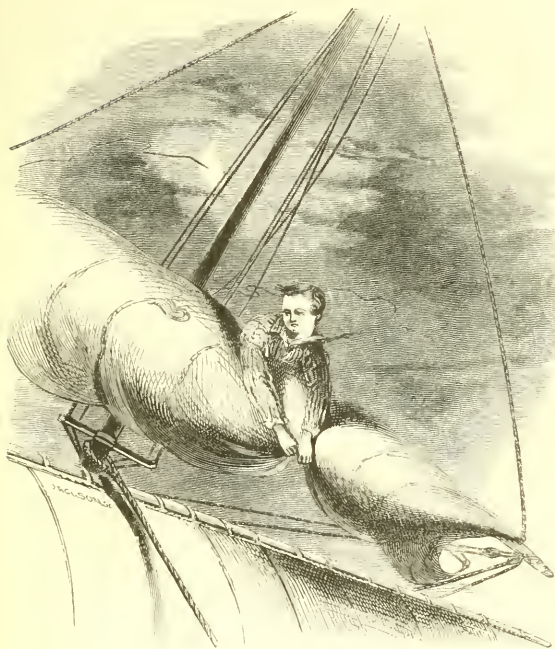
I am favoured with the following description of it by my friend Dr. Baird, of the British Museum:—Class, Crustacea; Division, Entomostraca; Legion, Siphonostoma; Order, Lerneida; Family, Lerneocerida; Genus, *Penella*; Species, *P. Pustulosa*. Baird.—Head rounded and furnished with small fleshy projections of a light red colour. Two fleshy prolongations at its base, short and obtuse, terminating at the tip in a small round knob. Neck long and slender, and as well as the head transparent, showing the intestine and red blood. Abdomen of a very dark purple colour, and studded all over with small whitish pustules. Plumose appendages simple. Oviferous tubes very long and slender. Length four inches. Hab. on the *Coryphæna*. Lat.  $11^{\circ} 54' S.$ , long.  $27^{\circ} W.$

*Nov. 14.*—We crossed the tropic of Capricorn. It was an angry, tempestuous-looking night, with a wild stormy sky, and the sun set in grandeur. Alas! it set for ever to one who was intently watching it from the vessel's deck. Wilson, the sailor-boy, a noble, generous fellow, stood looking over my shoulder, as I made a hasty sketch of the evening sky. It was the last sunset of the tropic, and the black clouds seemed to portend the outburst of a tempest. Poor boy! he knew not that that sunset was to be his last; that he should no more watch it sink over the blue horizon; that before the morrow dawned, his fair forehead should be laid low in the dark and stormy sea; and that the sun should shine upon his grave—a silent, unknown place of waters—as the ship held on her way, amid the glories of its next setting. About midnight he was ordered aloft to stow the royal.

Presently the cry of “a boy overboard!” broke the solemn stillness of the night. It was a wild and fearful cry: one to be remembered through a lifetime. They pointed towards the spot where he fell. The Pleiades were shining above it like a cluster of diamonds, and the waning moon silvered the edges of the dark clouds as they hurried past.

“He oft by moonlight watch had tired mine ear  
With everlasting stories of his home  
And of his mother.”

I can feel for that mother. What will be her anguish when they tell her that her boy—her only boy—is



not? And his little sisters—will they not look up mournfully, and ask why he comes no more back again to play with them?

In these latitudes I have several times observed the very singular effect of a perfectly *green* sky after sunset, looking like a vision of some celestial meadow in the fairy regions of cloudland.

In the southern ocean we fell in with some heavy weather, with strong gales from the south-west. It was very cold, with frequent hailstorms; though

nearly midsummer in this hemisphere. The waves are occasionally magnificent ; and it is extraordinary, considering their vast size, all breaking into sheets of foam, how easily the vessel rolls along over them. Around us is a wide waste of solitary waters : all is drear and desolate ; and the dim horizon but shuts out more distant tracts of wild breakers that foam and surge unheard by human ear.

The albatross has long since joined us. These noble birds soar along with plumage of dazzling whiteness, looking as pure and unspotted as the stainless air through which they sail. I have watched the albatross taking his nocturnal flight over the moonlit waters : now skimming on the breast of a half-seen wave ; anon mounting in mid air, and wheeling his steady course in one vast sweep, till he appears in bold relief against the unclouded moon. Wandering, with silent and majestic flight, over the desolate waters of the ocean, thousands of miles from land, the giant albatross has an appearance in keeping with the lonely grandeur of the scene.

We had a violent gale ; the mainsail was stowed, and little Charlie, one of the lads, after vainly endeavouring to hold on, was sent on deck by the men. The captain threatened to beat him, and as he turned away there was an inward struggle to conceal the rising tear. I could guess his thoughts : they were of home—the home he had so lately exchanged for a life of hardship amongst strangers ; and then he

thought of the boy who had bade farewell to all his troubles, and maybe, for the moment, envied him his calm and quiet resting-place.

I delight in watching the sea-fires rolling in the wake of the vessel at night as she dashes onward : they are the stars that light the unfathomable abysses of ocean, gleaming upon many a cold seaweed bank and many a coral cavern ; they sparkle along the dolphin's path, and dash back as the grampus cleaves his way through the briny waters, begemming the crest of every surge above which the wandering albatross sweeps with silent pinion through the nights of the southern ocean : aye, and they sparkle, too, like dim tapers, over many a grave, and burn and glow with their green phosphorescent light amidst the multitudes of dead that are there.

It is Saturday night, and we are drawing nearer to our destined port. All is gay, and somehow every one appears in good spirits ; flutes are sounding on the quarter-deck, and the sailors are dancing on the fore-castle ; the poor German is blowing his French horn, exalted high on the top of the long boat, and the children are playing at horses up and down the deck, in the clear cold twilight.

Eight hundred miles from Cape Lewin, we fell in with a violent south-westerly gale. The scene, when the storm was at its height, was truly magnificent. The extreme fury of the wind beat down the sea, which appeared as one mass of boiling

surge, the spray drifting along like smoke; whilst all beyond the abyss we were descending, and the side of the next sweeping mountain, that seemed as though it would bury us in foam at its approach, was obscured by an impenetrable mist.

*Christmas-day.*—A merry Christmas and a happy New-year to all we love far away! May the Yule-log blaze brightly, and a gleam of sunshine smile through the frosty air; and may there be a merry gathering of glad faces around the social board!

Christmas brings thoughts of frost and snow, and nipping wind—of bare trees and grass strung with sparkling icicles—of blazing hearths, ruddy faces, breath like steam in the keen pure air—of merry schoolboys and holiday sports—of swift skaters and muffled sportsmen—of windows decked with ever-greens, and church-aisles garnished with bright holly—of good old English cheer, roast-beef and plum-pudding. But of all these associations, we wanderers of the ocean have only one present—it is the last. We have *our* Christmas cheer—mince-pies, and plum-pudding; aye, and our wassail-bowl also: it is the captain's blue wash-hand basin full of punch, with a wreath of lemon-peel swimming in the midst. And that the enjoyment may be universal, little Charlie is feeding the cat with fresh meat, and making a currant-dumpling for the monkey's Christmas-dinner.

We are all beginning to feel, more or less, that excitement which the prospect of a release from a

long sea-voyage necessarily must produce. We are anticipating the joy of once more rambling over hills and along green valleys, with other scenes around us than the horizon of blue, broken only by the wandering albatross; and we can sympathise with the impatient schoolboy as he peeps through the faded green curtains of his school-room window at the blue and sunshiny sky and the green meadows, and counts the days and hours to his holidays.

The moon off the New Holland coast is exquisitely clear, and the mackerel sky most beautiful; it reminds one of a brilliant gem reposing on a cushion of the whitest and softest wool. The stars are twinkling out at every break in the spotted clouds, that steal like downy flocks along the upper regions of the atmosphere, with the cool night breeze for their shepherd.

At two p.m. on Friday the 29th of December, the joyful cry of "Land ahead!" was echoed along the deck, and many a strained and anxious gaze was directed towards the distant blue line of land on the water's rim. There it lay stretched along, a level streak, just discernible above the horizon, but growing every hour more and more visible. It proved to be the westernmost coast of Kangaroo Island. It was an evening of pleasant memories: we had reached the Australian shores, and had had a glimpse of the land of promise; the sun went down magnificently in red and purple, and the

land shone golden in its lingering rays. The reflection on the rippling sea made the waves also appear of a rich purple colour, and the fragrance of the land breeze came balmy and sweet across the water, from the acacia woods that clothed the hills, like the odour of a summer copse on a dewy morning: reviving recollections of the green woodlands of our own distant homes.

The cliffs of Kangaroo Island are in some places 300 feet high, of a whitish colour, and rising abruptly from the sea. The general appearance of the land is that of swelling rounded hills clothed with thick scrub and clumps of trees. At a place called Western river, we saw smoke ascending from some sealers' huts. There are no native inhabitants on the island.

Next morning as we lay becalmed in Investigator's Straits, numerous brown sharks came round the vessel. One was caught measuring nine feet long: it was a droll sight to observe one of the sailors over the bows of the vessel, with his head and shoulders just peeping above the jaws of the monster, and his arms round its body, whilst the men were hauling him in with ropes. The circumference of the creature was as large as that of a good-sized innkeeper—a tun-bellied Boniface. His head and tail were cut off, and knives were soon operating in all directions on his tough skin; the jaws were preserved by the sailors; the carpenter took the backbone to convert into a walking stick;



a piece of the liver was cut up for young "Tim," the kitten—so called after old "Tim," who perished mysteriously at St. Jago—and the pigs savagely fed on the viscera, and glutted their foul snouts in the blood of the dying shark.

The last day of the year proved, singularly enough, the last of our voyage also; and we commenced a new year in a new land. At daybreak we saw the red sun come up from behind the darkly-purple hills. How gloriously it gilded the land of our hopes! We gazed on South Australia: that high jagged ridge was Mount Lofty; yonder the mouth of the Onkaparinga river; and before us was Holdfast Bay. At last the buildings of the City of Adelaide were descried glittering in the sunshine, and a shout of joy rose from the vessel's deck.

As I stepped into the boat that conveyed the mail to the shore, I gave a parting look at the gallant ship, with her tall masts and her white sails, and felt I was taking leave of something to which I was unconsciously, yet irresistibly attached. I thought of the bright sunny day when we bade adieu to our native land, and left the white cliffs of Albion behind us; and of the changes that had taken place since then.

"They left their native land, and far away  
Across the waters sought a world unknown;  
Yet well they knew that they in vain might stray  
In search of one more lovely than their own."

Before us lay spread out a shore of white daz-

zling sand, rising into a scrub of evergreens, like a shrubbery of strange vegetation. In a few moments the boat's keel scraped the smooth sand, and we trod on the shores of South Australia. Shells lay scattered along the beach; star-bright and new flowers peeped up from the soil; the *Banksia*, the *Euphorbia*, and the *Casuarina*, lent a peculiar character to the foliage, and all presented a strangely foreign air. To feel the firm ground once more beneath our feet, to pluck unconsciously the simple blossoms studding the sand, and to hear the notes of the parroquet and the wattle bird, were indeed pleasant and joyful sensations.

Yet a strange charm binds me to the ocean; and whenever I take my farewell of its eternal bosom—so grand and beautiful, yet solemn and terrible—there are many high thoughts, and many memories, sad yet sweet, that will ever mingle with its remembrances.

## CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO THE MURRAY, THE LAKES ALEXANDRINA  
AND ALBERT, AND THE SHORES OF THE COORONG.

Soon after my arrival at Adelaide, I started for the lake country, in company with Messrs. Giles and Randall ; their object being to select fresh sheep and cattle runs for the South Australian Company, and my own to examine the aspect and productions of that district. A light cart was sent forward with a tarpaulin, to serve the purpose of a tent, and a supply of flour, tea, and other necessary provisions. Mounted upon our horses, each with a tether rope slung round its neck, we might have been seen very early one bright morning in January, crossing the plains to the eastward of the city of Adelaide. The sun was already scorching. We soon commenced a gentle ascent towards the hills, and pursued our way along the great eastern or Mount Barker road, which suddenly enters a winding romantic pass between abrupt hills, scattered over with gum trees ; this is

Glen Osmond. At the entrance of the pass is the only turnpike in the colony, and further up the glen there stood the picturesque little tent of Poole, the surveyor,\* appearing at an angle of the road, amidst a cluster of red-blossomed castor-oil trees.

A rustic bridge and embankment add to the romantic effect of the glen, and the steep declivities of the hills on each side, and the zigzag character of the pathway, are varied by scattered gum trees, grouped in ornamental and picturesque positions.

The road becomes very steep as it ascends the Mount Lofty range, and on gaining the heights, a stupendous and magnificent scene presents itself. Looking back, the plains we had recently left were stretched out far beneath us, extending to the shores of St. Vincent's Gulf; the hazy blue of its calm bosom being discernible to its whole extent, and the faint outline of the opposite coast of Yorke's peninsula bounding the horizon. From this point the scenery on all sides is enchanting; and whoever the settler may be who has perched his habitation amidst these mountains, he has certainly shown his taste in selecting one of nature's loveliest positions, commanding some of the finest views in the colony. The port and the creek, with its tortuous windings, are seen like a map below; and the vast extent of the Gawler plains, separated by the river Parra

\* Mr. Poole has since perished in the interior of Australia, on the expedition with Captain Sturt,—a martyr to the toils and fatigues of so arduous an enterprise.

from those of Parra and Adelaide, extend northwards till they melt away in the remote distance.

We now pursued our path through the leafy shades of the "stringy-bark" forests that clothe these mountainous ironstone ranges. They consist of tall primeval trees of a kind of *eucalyptus*, their erect and massive trunks blackened, in many places as high as fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, by the tremendous fires that sweep through these forests, and continue to blaze and roll along, day and night, for many miles, in one continuous chain of fire. These conflagrations usually take place during the dry heats of summer; and frequently at night, the hills, when viewed from Adelaide, present a singular and almost terrific appearance: being covered with long streaks of flame, so that one might fancy them a range of volcanoes.

The leaf of the stringy-bark is darker and broader than that of the gum-tree, and the texture of the bark is tough, fibrous, and easily convertible into a species of cordage, for which purpose it is employed by the Mount Barker natives. Amongst the low flowering shrubs, the bulrush-like heads of the grass-tree (*xantharea*) impart a singular character to these Australian forests; and from the deep ravines to the topmost summits, shutting out the glare of daylight, rise belt upon belt of noble trees, towering to the elevation of from eighty to a hundred feet.

A great quantity of the timber of the stringy bark is used for fencing, "shingles" for roofing

houses and other purposes. The men who prepare the wood are called "splitters;" and occasionally in some deep glen in the mountain forest there is suddenly revealed a group of busy workmen, with their gipsy-like encampment around them scattered with felled timber and planks on all sides, while the sharp sound of the axe rings echoing through the solitude, proclaiming the dawn of civilization and industry. These men get good wages; and a free and crusoe-like life amongst the "tiers," as they call these successions of hills and valleys, is their favourite mode of existence. After the rainy season is over, the brushwood is a mass of tangled flowers; and even during the hottest weather some species of *epacris* and everlasting are still to be seen in blossom.

These ironstone ranges retain moisture for a long time; from which circumstance, and partly also from the shelter and shade afforded by the trees, the grass looks green and verdant through the summer; whilst on the plains, in the months of January, February, and March, it is sere and yellow from the scorching heat.

The singing of the *cicada*—an insect belonging to the order *Homoptera*—was loud and incessant throughout the whole forest, interrupted by the occasional notes of the musical magpie, whose shrill pipings are known to every Australian settler. The "laughing jackass," too, sends forth his hoarse laughter from the bare and solitary limb of some stricken tree.

On approaching Echunga springs, the land becomes undulating, and is less densely wooded. The she-oak (*casuarina*), the blackwood (*acacia*), and the vivid green of the *exocarpus*—the native cherry of the colonists—with the elegant *Banksia*, covered with tall cones, form a change in the character of the foliage. The “native cherry” somewhat resembles an “arbor vitæ,” and the fruit, from which it has obtained its name, is a small red berry, with the stone or kernel *outside* attached to the end of the fruit. I would observe, by the way, that all the indigenous trees of South Australia, in common with those of other parts of the Australian continent, and also of New Zealand, are evergreens. Though this perpetual verdure has the appearance of one eternal summer, yet English trees and shrubs introduced into the soil shed their leaves as usual; reminding us, by their bare branches, of the varied seasons of the north.

The picturesque little township of Macclesfield is situated on the river Angas. This stream has its source in some clear bubbling springs near the township that gush up from the earth, shaded by mimosa trees, supplying a running brook of delicious water that is never dry. Macclesfield is a pretty spot: the white cottages and tents of the settlers, intermingled with corn-fields and gardens, and groups of cattle reposing under the shade of the gum trees, bespeak the nucleus of a future town. Its native appellation is Kangooarinilla. Here

some of my shipmates have taken up their abode, and exchanged the scenes and turmoils of busy London, for the calm and peaceful recesses of this sweet solitude—

“ The pride to rear an independent head,  
 And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ;  
 To see a land from shadowy forests won,  
 In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;  
 To skirt our homes with harvests widely sown,  
 And call the blooming landscape all our own,  
 Our children’s heritage in prospect long :  
 These are the hopes—high-minded hopes, and strong,  
 That beckon England’s wanderer o’er the brine,  
 To lands where foreign constellations shine.”

The distant thunder, that had commenced its rumbling over Mount Barker, drew nearer, and shortly after torrents of rain began to descend ; in a couple of hours it cleared off, the evening sunlight gilding the vaporous mists that still hung over the hills ; the ground sent forth a sweet fragrance from the moisture, and all nature looked fresh and revived.

From the summits of the Bugle range, the eye wanders over crowded hills, thickly sprinkled with wood, in all the beauty and grandeur of their primeval state. The rich purple of evening had settled over them, and the rolling mists lay wrapped as a mantle around their sides ; the grasshopper chirped briskly ; and at the brimming pools, left by the afternoon’s shower, the parrots might be seen slaking their thirst ; whilst the air was filled with that



aromatic fragrance, so frequent in the woods of Australia, arising from the young shoots and blossoms of various trees. The long grass-like foliage of the *casuarina* now appeared as though it were strung with diamonds, every tuft glittering with thousands of rain drops, that fell off in little showers as we brushed past them on horseback.

The night was dark and sultry, without moon or stars; the extreme stillness of the woods was interrupted only by the melancholy cry of a small owl (*athene boobook*), the native cuckoo of the settlers. It was a memory of home—strange, yet pleasant—to hear the song of the cuckoo, sounding at intervals, like some spirit's voice through the gloom, in a lone forest of the Antipodes. Unlike the gay, cheerful note of our spring harbinger, its cry was sad and plaintive, and better suited for the solemn hours of night.

We found, to our dismay, that the horses were no longer pursuing the track; and, without a ray of light or even a star to guide us, we groped for some hours amongst rocks and brushwood, anticipating the pleasures of a night in the bush, with neither fire nor food to cheer us, and no other resting-place than the wet ground. At last we regained a path of some kind; for the tread of our horses' feet sounded more hollow, and in less than an hour we saw a light twinkling amongst the trees: its friendly ray bespoke a settler's cottage, and we found ourselves not far from Strathalbyn. Instead of our

anticipated night in the damp woods, we here found good cheer of household fare, and sofas whereon to rest.

The country between Strathalbyn and the river Murray is flat, with a poor and sandy soil. We crossed the river Bremer, which is here a chain of pools, between high, steep banks. These deep channels are a peculiar characteristic of the smaller rivers of Australia; though frequently almost dry in the hot season, a mighty flood rushes along during winter: as is shown by the residue of sticks, scum, and grass, left in the branches of the gum trees that line their course, for many feet above the supposed ordinary height of the stream. The bed or ravine of the Bremer is full of large blue gums, many of them appearing blackened and bare from the ravages of a recent fire, that has swept across the river, leaving a black and withered track to mark its progress. After these fires, a sweet and luxuriant grass springs up, and the other vegetation sprouts with new luxuriance during the rainy season. Hence the reason why the roots of the shrubs and plants are in many places so large; being frequently burned off above, whilst the original vigour of the root below the surface continues unimpaired.

On the banks of the Bremer I found one of those singular scaly lizards (*trachydosaurus asper*), lying curled round; its speckled brown and yellow sides, at the first glance, conveying the idea of a snake.

On being disturbed, it assumed a most threatening aspect, raised itself higher on its legs, elevated its neck, and opened an enormously wide rose-coloured mouth, from which a black tongue was protruded: it seemed a dragon in miniature. Knowing it to be a sluggish and harmless animal, I took it up by its round blunt tail, and carried it to the opposite bank of the river; it stood perfectly still, all the while displaying its throat and tongue, until it imagined us gone, when it began most cautiously to look round in every direction, and descended the bank with measured steps, making straight for its former hiding-place.

Beyond the Bremer is another creek, with fine gum trees, and then commences the great *eucalyptus* scrub, which extends nearly to the river Murray, and runs northward for a considerable distance. The "scrub" is one of the characteristic features of an Australian scene; belts of it frequently intersect the good country, and many miles are covered with it, extending almost like a blue and level sea towards the horizon, unbroken by an object of any magnitude. The gum bushes, of which this scrub is composed, rise from 3 to 10 or 12 feet high, and grow close together, forming one vast copse; and the soil is little better than a loose light sand. The road lying through it to the Murray has been formed by bullock drays constantly following the same track, and is full of the stumps of the gum tree roots, which stick up from

the sand, and render travelling for the horses unpleasant.

Northwards, beyond the line of the scrub, Mount Barker, with its saddle-backed summit, forms a conspicuous and interesting object; and, indeed, for many leagues in the interior, beyond the Murray, this mountain forms a landmark for overland parties from New South Wales, by which they steer for the settled districts of this colony. Still further to the north, the Barossa heights are seen faintly jutting above the clear blue line of the horizon.

Half way through the scrub, a herd of wild cattle rushed past us; probably making their way through this parched and inhospitable region to the water-holes and pastures of the Bremer.

The scrub gradually changes to a sandy heath, scattered with she-oak trees and occasional groups of pine. White and yellow everlasting flowers grow abundantly over these plains, which continue all the way to the Murray river; and a parasitical plant, not unlike the mistletoe in its growth, ornaments the she-oak trees, bearing bright scarlet flowers, tipped with pale green.

The she-oak is generally considered indicative of an inferior soil; whilst, on the other hand, the presence of the blackwood tree denotes a rich and good country.

It was a bright, sultry day, with brilliant clouds scattered over the sky; and we frequently rested beneath some tree that afforded a small spot of shade.

Salt lagoons are scattered over these heathy plains, in considerable numbers: some extend for half a mile, and others are no larger than a moderate sized pond. They yield a vast supply of pure salt, which lies encrusted on the surface, when the power of the sun has evaporated the water which held it in solution, and imparts a singular appearance to this desolate region; the white salt glittering like snow over their shallow beds.

The ground is covered with a variety of salsalaceous plants, amongst which the Hottentot fig (*Mesembryanthemum*) is the most abundant. The berry, which is one of the few indigenous fruits of Australia, is eaten by the natives, and tastes not at all unpalatably. During spring, the plains resemble a crimson carpet, from the profuse and beautiful blossoms of these salsalacidæ.

It was plainly indicated, by the numerous birds enlivening the bushes, that we were not far from the Murray: their varied notes sounded cheerfully, after the stillness of the inhospitable desert we had crossed.

Suddenly we came in sight of the river: the noble Murray, half a dozen miles above its junction with the lake, was flowing gently beneath us; its deep blue waters meandering through a vast extent of reeds, the vivid green of which was truly refreshing to the eye. Its course was so gentle as to be barely perceptible: deep, and broad, and smooth as a glassy mirror, it flowed tranquilly and majestically

onwards in silent grandeur to the ocean. Rising from the snow-fed sources of the Australian Alps, it waters, for 1200 miles, vast districts of the interior, and then enters Lake Alexandrina, where it is rendered unapproachable from the sea, for vessels of any size, by its sandy and dangerous mouth.

Gazing on this noble river for the first time—a river, till within the last few years, unknown to the civilized world—one cannot forget that little band of bold and adventurous men, who, headed by Captain Sturt, were the first Europeans to explore this river. They cast themselves fearlessly upon its bosom, and were borne down for 1000 miles, through savage tribes and desert regions, until they traced its junction with the lake, and arrived at the shores of the southern ocean.

Overlooking the banks of the river stands the station of mounted police, generally known as "Mason's Hut:" the only dwelling that marks the site of the Utopian "City of Wellington." Mason, who is a corporal of police, has lived for some years on the Murray, possesses great influence amongst the natives, and speaks their language better than any other individual. Mason's hut was built by himself, and is truly a Robinson Crusoe-like tenement. The sides and roof are formed of the long reeds of the Murray, and the doors of sheep-skins stretched upon wooden frames. All within is kept in the nicest order: fire-arms, cutlasses, and culinary utensils are arranged round

the walls; and stretchers, with opossum-skin rugs, supply the place of beds. The humble board, set out with bright tin plates and pannikins of hot tea made in the kettle, a piece of salt mutton or some fish, with an enormous "damper" just out of the ashes, affords a welcome sight to the hungry traveller; who is sure to meet with hospitality at the hut, unless he be a bushranger, or a runaway convict from the other colonies.

Through the kindness of his Excellency the Governor, Mason had orders to accompany me to the Lakes and the Coorong; and with such a guide; armed and mounted, I went fearlessly onwards, to visit the tribes of Milmendura and Lake Albert.

The neighbourhood of the police-house is the grand rendezvous of the Lower Murray natives; and, owing to the judicious treatment they have received—kindness and protection, blended with the strictest discipline—they are generally peaceable and harmless. The mounted police are regarded by the natives as belonging to the highest order of white men; and, indeed, when first seen by the tribes higher up the Murray, they were supposed to form a part of the horses on which they rode, and were regarded with terror as fearful centaurs.

Three or four native boys were sitting round one of their small fires, outside the hut, roasting a sheep's foot in the embers, and besmearing their bodies with some of its fat. These little creatures,

all in a state of nudity, fetch wood and water, go after the horses, and make themselves generally useful about the station. The men were out fishing in their canoes, and the women and girls being busily employed in gathering bulrush-root for supper, they did not arrive at their fires until after sunset. I crossed the river in one of their canoes; which are made merely of a sheet of bark from the blue gum-tree, warped up at the sides by the application of moisture and fire, and stopped at the ends with strong clay. They are paddled by means of a long spear, having a sharpened kangaroo-bone fixed at one end, for spearing fish. The spear is held in both hands, and the paddler wields it standing; preserving the most delicate balance, which a breath of wind is sufficient to upset. During cold weather a fire is invariably carried in the canoe, raised on a small platform of clay, supported by wet weeds and mud; and by these fires they frequently cook a portion of their fish whilst on the water. Two, or, at the most, three individuals, can be conveyed in these frail shells of bark.

Floating islands, covered with reeds, are frequently to be seen on this river. These masses of earth, originally detached from the banks by floods or otherwise, are frequently drifted from side to side, and not a few find their way to the lake. A species of stinging nettle grows abundantly amongst the reeds; and, especially in times of scarcity, it is



eaten by the natives, who bake it between heated stones.

Very deadly are the large black snakes that conceal themselves amongst the long sedgy grass, on the margin of the river. Several native women have died, in consequence of bites received on their naked feet, whilst seeking for bulrush-root amongst the reeds; Mason also was bitten in the hand, whilst tethering out his horse, and would, in all probability, have fallen a victim to the fatal poison, had he not had the presence of mind to cut out the part instantly.

The fresh-water mussels found in the muddy flats of the river are much sought after by the natives, who cook them by burying them in the ashes of their wooden fires. The shells are used to scrape the fibres of the bulrush-root, after it has been well chewed, for the purpose of making cord for their mats and baskets.

The simplicity and sharpness of the native children is often amusing. They were particularly struck with the appearance of one of our party, who was inclined to be rather corpulent; and they danced about their fires, singing, in their broken English, "He berry big man—he plenty tuck out:" imagining my friend's size, like that of their own distended paunches, arose from too plentiful a "tuck out" of green and juicy diet.

Corporal Mason kindly gave me up his stretcher for the night; but, unfortunately, myriads of that

scourge of all warm climates, the parasitical flea, had been introduced with a neglected sheep-skin, and I was driven out of the hut by my tormentors, to enjoy the splendour of the moonlight reflected on the calm surface of the Murray. The air was perfectly still, mild, and balmy, and the distant fires of the natives, along the opposite banks of the river, were visible for many miles.

The native plum is a bushy shrub, growing in sandy places, on the margin of the Murray and the neighbouring lakes; it is also found amongst the scrub of the sand-hills, and on the salt and barren shores of the Coorong and the sea-coast. The whole plant appears of a salsalaceous character. The fruit, when ripe, is about the size of a sloe, growing in clusters at the end of the branches, with a flavour partaking at once of salt, acid, and sugar. The fruit is first green, then amber, afterwards red; and, when fully ripe, of a deep, semi-transparent, purple colour, containing a long slender stone.

At a place called Wirrum-wirrum by the natives we met with a day's detention, in having to cross the river Murray. Here tolerably firm ground extends to the water's side, and the reedy flats on the other bank are very narrow. After taking the cart to pieces, and stowing it in a boat, we had to swim our horses across, one by one; which was a tedious undertaking, as they continually got bogged in the mud, amongst the reeds at the water's edge.

A fine view of the river is obtained from the high ground on its opposite bank, from which spot the eye may trace it winding in the most graceful sweeps, between "fields of living green." The hills rising from the valley or basin of the Murray are clothed with belts of pine, and beyond is the extensive country of scrub. Mount Barker, deeply purple in the shades of evening, shuts out the view to the westward. A few scattered gum-trees grow along the water's edge; and these are the resort of multitudes of black shags, or the less numerous white ibis, which roost on their decayed branches. The cry of spur-winged plovers feeding along the soft soil, and the flutter of an occasional bronze-winged pigeon coming to the river to drink, frequently broke the quietude of night. The musquittoes around our fire were a plague; and large ghost-moths fluttered into the embers, in such quantities that the natives made a capital supper on their scorched and roasted bodies. Wrapping myself up in my blanket I lay down near the fire, beneath the clear starry sky, till dawn.

The country along the right bank of the Murray towards Lake Alexandrina is a limestone tract, with level plains of desert-like appearance, covered with salsalaceous plants and salt lagoons. Our horizon eastward was bounded by the blue and unknown hills of the Tattayarra country.

A graceful broomlike tree, bearing clusters of yellow blossoms, grows amongst the reeds; and

bushes of the *Polygonum*, with its leafless and juicy stems, through which the brilliant blue wrens are constantly fluttering like blossoms, occur plentifully not far from the banks of the Murray.

In this district the natives were very numerous, their encampments being scattered along the narrow strip of ground between the limestone cliffs and the water's edge: there they find plenty of food from the fish, mussels, crayfish, bulrush-root, and other products of this large river. We frequently came upon their ovens or cooking fires, resembling kilns, beneath which the roots of the bulrush were being steamed between heated stones. The women at our approach ran into the reeds; the sounds of their low jabbering voices becoming less distinct as they sought their hiding-places.

Whilst encamped in a pine forest, we were approached by a droll-looking fellow: a tall, muscular native, perfectly naked, armed with a wirri and a spear, and having the hair of his beard, whiskers, and other parts of his body most carefully plucked out. From the crown of the head to the waist he was copiously plastered with red ochre and grease, which dripped from his long matted ringlets; and his hair was ornamented with kangaroo teeth, fastened into it with clay, which hung down over his forehead. He had just passed through those ceremonies of his tribe which consist of initiatory rites into the state of manhood; and he held in one hand a branch of *eucalyptus*: the green bough

being symbolical of his situation, according to the “rain-makers” or wise old men. This stately fellow came up to us in the most gentlemanly manner possible, stating that he was “berry good black fellow;” and as he had no card, he gave us his name, ‘Tom Ugly.’ Another young man, who had undergone similar rites, and rejoicing in the English appellation of ‘Jack Larkins’ also made his appearance. Both these gentlemen fetched in a supply of water, and then sat down to assist us with our meal.

An elderly native, who called himself “Mr. Mason,” ran up to us in great haste, greeting the corporal with all the demonstrations of the most cordial friendship. This old man had exchanged names with Mason, as a proof of his brotherly feeling: a distinction amongst his tribe of which he was not a little proud. The name given in return was “Mooloo,” by which title Mason was generally known amongst the surrounding tribes. “Mr. Mason” introduced us to his *lubra* or wife Charlberri, who was wrapped in a round grass mat, which supported her picaninny at her back: the little creature was chewing the favourite bulrush root, a large net of which was suspended from its mother’s shoulders. Beside her stood her son, a fine little boy, about four years old, called Rimmel-liperinery; also chewing a long piece of bulrush root, and looking up at us intently with the largest, darkest, and most penetrating eyes I ever beheld:

had not their whites been deeply tinged with yellow, and the long lashes been matted together with a mucous discharge from the eye, they might have been called beautiful. Rimmelliperingery is the pride of his tribe, and wears the upper mandible of the black swan round his neck; which is regarded as a *gunwarrie* or wizard charm.

As we journeyed on, about sunset, our attention was attracted to a dark-looking object between the forked branches of a casuarina, or she oak-tree; on examination, we found it to be the dried and shrivelled body of an old woman, carelessly pushed up into the tree, there to remain till the bones fell asunder, demanding an interment below the sand by the nearest relative. As the bodies of the old and infirm are considered unworthy of the trouble bestowed on those of young and favourite warriors, they are frequently put into trees in this way; without enrolment in mats and netting, or the careful covering of boughs, which distinguished the latter, whose sacred mummies are carefully deposited on an elevated platform of posts. Near this spot we noticed a circular hollow in the limestone rock, about twelve feet in diameter, and upwards of twenty in depth.

The low flats adjoining the junction of the Murray with the lake, bear evident marks of having once formed a part of the bed of the lake itself. The natives themselves concur in this; and motioning, with a sweep of their hands over the plains,

towards the blue hills to the eastward, signify that it was formerly all "big one water."

The shores of Lake Alexandrina looked bleak and desolate: a chill south wind was blowing strongly across its dark bosom, ruffling the water into short white breakers. We met several native women and girls, heavily laden with mussels, in net bags made of bulrush fibre, which they had procured from the mud of the adjoining lake. These mussels form one of their chief articles of food, and are cooked by being placed edgewise in the sand, close to the fire, and covered with heated embers. Heaps of the refuse shells lay scattered about, in immense numbers, along the neighbourhood of the water, throughout this thickly populated district.

During the night we had rain; our tarpaulin was converted into a tent, by being stretched across a pole from the back of the dray, and we encamped at the foot of some low sandy hills, covered with casuarina, about half a mile from the lake. Two natives started to fetch water, and a blazing fire of she-oak wood invited us to rest and partake of our evening meal, under the shelter of a spreading juniper tree. The night was fragrant with the perfume of blossoms, arising from a shrub now in full flower, somewhat resembling the white lilac of Europe; and the air was cold after the rain. About fifteen natives had encamped near us, sitting round their fires, chattering and cooking their mussels in the bright embers.

The natives were gathered in considerable numbers next morning, to witness us at breakfast; sitting before us in rows so close as not to be very agreeable, loudly vociferating and chattering. They were mostly in a state of nudity; one man however wore a round jacket, but nothing else, and a little girl was perfectly natural with the exception of a pair of old boots, that she had obtained at the Murray. The girl persisted that her name was William: probably derived from the donor of the boots; and a facetious fellow, on our inquiring his name, proudly told us it was "split-sixpence."

We frequently met with that large and beautiful straw-coloured amarryllis, the Murray lily; the perfume of its blossoms frequently betraying its locality, at a considerable distance.

From the woody hills about Point Malcolm, we gained a view of Lake Albert, which is connected with Lake Alexandrina by a narrow outlet; forming a considerable peninsula between it and the shores of the Coorong. The country around Lake Albert consists of light soil, covered in many places with fine kangaroo-grass, and scattered over with she-oaks, banksias, and tea-tree. The grass-tree and the elegant *corea*, a plant somewhat resembling a fuschia, with its scarlet bells, grow amongst the patches of underwood.

Wombats are numerous here, and their burrows interseet the rocky tops of the undulating hills in every direction.



We discovered several ambushes belonging to the natives, carefully concealed by she-oak branches, interwoven with grass. These are for the purpose of watching larger game, such as the emu and kangaroos, which they spear as they approach the water-holes to drink, at sunset.

We encamped one day at Bonney's water-holes, and in the evening the lake natives performed some singular dances. One, the dance of the frogs, consisted of a number of men painted and armed with wirris, which they beat together, singing all the time; then, squatting on the ground, they leaped along one after another in circles, imitating the actions and movements of a frog. In another dance they go through the performance of hunting the emu; one man imitating the voice of the bird. Their last amusement was that of sitting cross-legged round a fire, in a circle, singing and beating time with spears and wirris; suddenly they all stretched out their right arms as if pointing to some unseen object, displayed their teeth, and rolled their eyes in a dreadful manner, and then jumped on their feet with a shout that echoed for miles through the stillness of the night.

On the shores of Lake Albert plenty of fresh water is to be obtained by digging. We opened several wells, and found sweet and limpid water at four feet from the surface. As at times the lake is brackish, from the influence of the wind and tide,

mingling its waters with those of the salt Coorong, these wells will be invaluable.

Pelicans, black swans, and ducks of various species abound on these lakes; affording capital sport to a good marksman, with his rifle.

From a bleak hill at the southern extremity of the lake, a grand and extensive view is obtained, looking over the surrounding country; with the barren sand-hills of the Coorong, that loom like mountains in the distance, tinged with a rosy hue at sunset. The sullen roar of the Southern Ocean, as it breaks on the opposite side of those sand-hills, was heard by us distinctly all night; though we could not be less than twelve miles distant from its dreary shores.

The people inhabiting the margin of the lake, build for themselves winter huts, resembling beehives, to protect them in these exposed situations from the cold south and west winds, that prevail during that season. These huts are composed of turf and mud, over a framework of sticks, and have a small entrance on the leeward side. Along the shores of the Coorong they cover these huts with sand and shells, so as to form a hollow mound, impervious to the wind, beneath which they creep in stormy weather.

We encamped for two nights on the margin of the Coorong; which it may be well here to explain, is a back-water inlet from the sea, commencing at

the mouth of the Murray and the lake, and running parallel to the coast for 90 miles ; being divided from the ocean only by a ridge of stupendous sand-hills, varying from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth. It was on the inner shore of this water that we pitched our tent ; and, though frequently surrounded by more natives than were agreeable, we found them tolerably civil, bringing us fish, and monterries, or native apples. This fruit is a little berry, the production of a running plant that grows in profusion upon the sand-hills. These berries are precisely like miniature apples, and have an aromatic flavour, which is not unpleasant. When the monterry is ripe, the natives disperse themselves over the sand-hills in search of them, returning in the evening, with their baskets filled, to the camp. Mason had made good use of his rifle at Lake Albert, and we supped on ducks and fish, in true bush style around our fires : the ducks were roasted upon a stick that served as a spit, and the natives for a small piece of tobacco, brought us a basket of excellent mullet.

The Coorong is truly a wild and desolate place ; and the loneliness of the scene is heightened, rather than otherwise, by the occasional rude huts, and the naked forms of the savages. Instead of inspiring the traveller with confidence, and the feeling that he is amongst others of his fellow-species, these dark and treacherous beings, quivering their merciless spears, with their hands lifted against every man,

seem to complete the inhospitable picture, and fill him with apprehension and constant dread.

The natives belonging to this portion of the Coorong, are known as the Milmendura tribe: the people by whom the passengers and crew of the "Maria" were murdered, when that unfortunate vessel was cast away on this part of the coast a few years since.

The recollection of so sad a tragedy lends a melancholy interest to the dreary region. Those who accompanied the party that went in search of the shipwrecked passengers and crew, tell me that such as escaped from the dangers of the reef near Cape Jaffa, where the vessel struck, after subsisting on roots and shell-fish, toiled along the shore for 90 miles—men, women, and children—in the burning sun, hungry and thirsty and barefoot, till they arrived at the Milmendura tribe. Two more days' march, they trusted, would bring them to the sea mouth of the Murray, where the Encounter Bay natives had communication with the whalers; and they there looked for an end to their sufferings. But these terminated only in death: the savages stripped them of their few remaining garments, and deliberately murdered them as they came up in straggling parties; knocking out their brains with wirries, or chasing them with the spear. Many of the bodies were found buried in the sand; some pushed into wombat burrows, and others were never found at all. The fingers of some of the ladies had

been cut off with shells to obtain the rings that adorned them; and one of the saddest sights was to see the linen of the children, all stained with blood, lying about in the huts of these cruel wretches. Beneath one of the she-oak trees, in the neighbourhood of our encampment, was found a torn letter, which had been written by a young lady, one of the sufferers, to her friends in England, describing these very savages, who had since murdered her. Several watches were discovered in the native huts, concealed in an incredible number of wrappers; the savages probably imagining them to be alive, or possessing powers of sorcery. Sovereigns also were passed in barter to the Encounter Bay natives, of whom the whalers obtained them for shirts and tobacco. The party in search of these ill-fated voyagers, scoured the country in every direction; burnt the native huts to the ground, and succeeded in capturing two of the murderers; who were hung amongst the sand-hills, as an example to the rest.

The sealers and whalers from Kangaroo Island formerly used to come across and land upon the coast. They would surprise a small encampment of natives, kidnap the women, and, conveying them to their boats, return to the island.

Leaving the Coorong, our party proceeded to make a survey of the peninsula running up between it and Lake Albert. The country is here undulating and grassy, scattered over with she-oak and banksia trees. We observed narrow native paths in

all directions leading towards the water, and heaps of empty shells constantly denoted their camping places. The blacks on the Peninsula were so wild that they immediately took to the reeds; the women and children swimming to an island in the centre of a lagoon. Several tall fellows came running through the trees, holding up the right arm as a sign of peace; which salute we returned, and galloped towards them to learn the situation of the native wells; but they took to their heels and disappeared. We met with some fine kangaroos on the Peninsula, and wombats appeared to be in great quantity, from the numerous burrows we met with, and the abundance of their bones and skulls lying around the native encampments. The natives have a method of catching the wombats by stopping up all the entrances to their burrows, and lighting a fire of green wood at the aperture: the animal is suffocated, runs in vain to the entrance of his hole, and there dies. The wombat is about the size of the badger, and, like most of the Australian animals, is seldom visible but on moonlight nights.

The natives around Lake Albert and the adjoining portions of the Coorong use the skulls of their friends as drinking vessels. After detaching the lower jaw, they fasten a handle of bulrush fibre to them, and carry them, whenever they travel, filled with water; always putting in a twist of dry grass to prevent the contents from upsetting.

On our return to the Coorong, over which the

yellow sun was setting, we made our encampment a few miles higher up the beach towards Encounter Bay. Whilst sketching, accompanied by Mason, from an elevation overlooking the water and the long ridge of sand-hills towards the ocean, we were surrounded by about thirty of the wildest-looking natives imaginable. They had been gathering monterries on the opposite shore ; and after examining my clothes and taking a fancy to a pannikin we had with us, they filled our pockets and handkerchiefs with the fruit, and pursued their way back to their encampments. A number of natives had been prowling around our tent all day, to the great terror of the two men we had left in charge of the dray ; but the axe and guns, which they took care constantly to exhibit, proved a sufficient protection for themselves and property.

The natives catch the ducks here in a very clever manner. They swim along with their heads covered with a mass of sea-weed or grass, and, when near their prey, suddenly dive beneath the birds and catch them by the leg.

At night, whilst sitting round our fire, listening to the distant roar of the ocean, the demon-like shouts and wild chanting of the natives performing their corrobory amongst the opposite sand-hills, and the almost unearthly howl of the wild-dog, broke on our ears at intervals. All night these wild-dogs lingered about the encampment ; approaching to within a few yards of the fires :

their yells were responded to by those in the distance ; and from the noise they made in every direction they must have been very numerous. These Australian wild-dogs are exceedingly destructive to the sheep in some districts, and I have known them so daring as to eat off the tails of the bullocks, when those animals have been knocked up after a long march.

We proceeded from the Coorong across the extremity of the limestone country covered with scrub, known as the Desert, towards Bonney's water-holes. From these limestone hills, the entire surface of Lake Albert is seen, forming a landscape peculiarly Australian. Numbers of the brush-kangaroo (*Halmaturus Greyii*) were put up constantly, and though our dogs took after them, these elegant little kangaroos always outstripped them from their extreme swiftness. This new and beautiful species, named after his Excellency Captain Grey, who procured the first specimen, is remarkably local in its distribution ; being exclusively confined to the desert-scrub bordering on Lake Albert and the north-west end of the Coorong.

The *Mus Australasicus*, a singularly-variegated species of rat, burrows in the plains close to Bonney's water-holes ; but this animal only moves at night.

Several elevated native burying-places may be seen along the margin of the Lake Alexandrina. The wind makes dirge-like music amongst the reeds



where these tombs stand, and blows chill across the dark and dreary lake ; conveying a perfect idea of solitude and desolation and death.

The accompanying plate represents an elevated tomb at Myponga ; in connection with which I have been favoured with the following beautiful passage from the pen of my friend Mr. Miles of Sydney :—

“ Saw you the sedgy waters of the pool, gloomy and deep as death ?

“ Saw you the old trees scathed with age, whitening to each day’s sun and to the storm and wind ?

“ Saw you the whitened branches stretching into the air, with a blue and happy sky beyond ?

“ Saw you the little floweret on the bank of the deep and gloomy pool, blooming in its beauty ?

“ Heard you and saw you the tall reeds around the sedgy waters, waving in the wind—reeds of a mournful tone ; when all around was silent, when the roaming savage was far away, for the living dread the dead ?

“ Heard you and saw you the flesh-feeding bird, screaming and shrieking, hovering high in air over this lonely spot ?

“ Heard you and saw you the wild dog yapping impatiently, and watching where the dark birds feasted ?

“ This is the solitude of the wilderness.

“ The deep and sedgy waters tell of Lethæ. The old tree tells of withering age ; and the thin white branch upward raised, tell of withered arms in suppliant prayer, with a bright and happy light beyond. The humble floweret tells of fleet and fading joy. The tall reeds chafing in the wind, where all is desolate and silent, hymn forth a funeral dirge.

“ ’Tis the wild bird feeds ; ’tis the wild dog eyes the corpse that rots. ’Twas here a tribe have placed a chieftain in his once canoe ; he rests the sleep of time on the branches of minor shrubs flowering in their beauty, on the land which the white man has left uncursed by misery, slaughter, and corruption, to the savage in the wild.”

Returning to the Murray, we fell in with a small party of the natives from the Tattayarra country—a tribe unknown to Europeans, and dreaded by the natives upon the river, who describe them as cannibals. These people make periodical visits to the Murray, bringing with them various articles of barter, the production of their district in the interior beyond the desert. Their baskets are of exquisite workmanship. From their fine figures and superior physical appearance, I should be led to judge that they occupy a fertile country; only making excursions into the desert at certain seasons of the year in search of kangaroos, roots, or the sweet manna of the scrub. One of the men we saw was an individual of noble bearing: he trod the soil as though he were its possessor. There was no fear—no begging for flour or tobacco—no crouching to the white man: he stood before us in all the dignity of the savage—tall, erect, and strong. Tchadkai, a fine youth, was at his side, with his long black hair streaming in the wind, and his neck surrounded with ornaments of reeds strung upon the sinews of the kangaroo. This child of the desert looked at us with wonder. He put his wild-dog across his shoulder, and pointed with his spear towards the east, signifying that his home was there. The Tattayarras speak of a “great water” to the eastward, and of bark canoes upon a lake: which is probably Lake Hindmarsh. As to their being cannibals occasionally, there appears to be but little

doubt. According to the people of the Murray—who themselves kill boys for the sake of their fat, with which to bait their fish-hooks!—these natives devour their children in times of scarcity. One man was pointed out as having destroyed two children for that purpose; and none of them deny having recourse to so dreadful an alternative when pressed with hunger.

In connection with the subject of cannibalism amongst the New Hollanders, I would remark that a Moravian missionary amongst the tribes at Moreton Bay, on the east coast of New South Wales, who was an eye-witness to the occurrence, informed me that it is a custom for parents to partake of the flesh of their children after death, as a token of grief and affection for the deceased!

The wild-dog, or *dingo* (*Canis Australasicus*), is tamed by the Tattayarras, who carry these animals through the desert, as a last resource for food, when other means fail. An intoxicating root is also frequently used by them: it grows in the scrub, and when taken has much the same effect as opium. The Tattayarras are peculiarly expert in spearing the emu and the kangaroo. This they accomplish by sneaking behind a screen made of bushes tied together, which they carry in one hand, so as to conceal the figure; they then steal along, in a crouching attitude, silently towards their prey, until within a proper distance, when they suddenly start up, quiver the spear, and, when it flies from the

throwing-stick, it seldom misses the heart of the intended victim.

On reaching the upper crossing-place of the Murray, on our return, a busy scene presented itself: 3000 sheep, belonging to Messrs. Macfarlane, were being conveyed on rafts across the river, in order to take them to the new pastures near the lake; and as but few sheep could be placed in the pen upon the raft at one journey, the conveyance of so great a number becomes necessarily a tedious process.

Flights of the white cockatoo are continually on the wing, or sporting amongst the branches of the gum-trees along the banks of the river; and occasionally, when feeding on the ground, searching for seeds and insects amongst the soft soil, they completely whiten the surface for a considerable extent, so numerous are these birds in this portion of Australia.

After recrossing the river, we came suddenly upon several native encampments: the men were out hunting and fishing; the younger women and children had gone into the reeds in search of bulrush-root and mussels; and none were left around the embers of the morning-fire save two old women, who presented the most humiliating spectacle of human existence possible: extremely old, haggard, shrivelled, and naked; having limbs clothed only with loose and pendulous skin—blind, and tortured with loathsome vermin and disease—there they sat in the ashes, at death's door, beneath a rude shelter of boughs, looking scarcely human: soon perhaps to be

thrown out as food for the raven and the wild-dog; for their bones are old, and hence unworthy of the rites of savage sepulture.

Near these decrepit old women, we met with another gloomy picture of the lowest grade of our species,—a woman, and a mother, wandering in search of roots, with her digging-stick in her hand. She was almost naked, and her dark limbs were thin and poor; yet she carried a heavy load at her back. Night and day she bore her burden onwards, without complaint, though it was a loathsome and decaying corpse that she cherished. It was the dead body of her son, a child of ten years old; and she had carried it for three weeks in her bundle, as a tribute of her affection. Oh! how strong is a mother's love, when even the offensive and putrid clay can be thus worshipped for the spirit that was once its tenant. She begged some flour, and then passed on into the wilderness—a dark and solitary mourner, beneath the bright sky.

At night-fall we regained Mason's hut. On the top of the hill near the river, there is a grave: its place was once marked by a mound of sand, though it has since been almost obliterated by time. It is the grave of a bushranger: a lawless, yet a brave man, who had escaped from New South Wales, and, after combating with the dangers and toils of the desert and the scrub for hundreds of miles, was drowned in attempting to swim across the Murray. Mason found his body, and at the setting of the sun

buried him in the sand. The natives look on the spot with dread; and at night they avoid it, as they say the white man's spirit still lingers there.

An old native, who calls himself "William," has been made an assistant of the police, and resides at Mason's hut. This old man is clothed in a left-off uniform of the force, and has proved a most faithful auxiliary to them. He is of great service in tracking offenders amongst the native tribes, and in keeping peace between them and the white settlers. Not long since, Mason had occasion to proceed, on a special errand, to Adelaide, without being replaced at the station by another policeman. In this emergency, the whole of the stores, and the keys of the hut, were entrusted to the care of "William," who was desired to draw his own rations for one week from the supplies. So faithfully did this poor native discharge his office that, although Mason was detained beyond his expected time of absence, "William" had not continued to supply himself with rations from the stores, but had dined on fish and bulrush-root with his family; guarding the property placed under his care, with scrupulous fidelity, from the importunities and threats of several hundred natives.

It was the Sabbath-day when we were again at Macclesfield, on our return to Adelaide; there was bright sunshine all around, the cottages of the settlers peeped from between the groups of tall spreading gum-trees under which the cattle were

sheltering themselves, and the blossom of the mimosa smelt fragrantly. A white tent was pitched on the grassy flat near the brook, whilst the tall trees threw their shadows so as to protect it from the direct and powerful rays of the sun, and a gentle wind stole playfully by, making the white canvass of the tent to flap in its refreshing breeze. There seemed to be a gathering around that tent: small groups of children, and a few solitary individuals, were wending their way towards it, each one bringing his seat or camp-stool in his hand; others came on horseback from across the hills; and when the hour fixed for Divine service had arrived, there was a motley and pleasing group congregated to listen to the preacher in the wilds. Their song echoed sweetly along the valley—for it was a calm and glorious day—and the hymn of the emigrants worshipping their God in a new and adopted land, harmonized with the Sabbath of nature which was around them. Then the voice of the preacher succeeded to the notes of praise. It was a well-known and startling voice: I had heard it amidst the roar of the ocean; I had heard it when the vessel lay becalmed beneath a burning sun; and I never shall forget hearing it, one dark tempestuous night on that vessel's deck, when by the dim light of the lantern, and with a voice battling with the elements, that devout man proclaimed, in solemn tones, the words "Prepare to meet thy God:" for it was the sea-boy's funeral sermon.

## CHAPTER III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS  
OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The Natives of the Lower Murray and the Lakes of Moorundi—  
The Scrub Natives—The Parnkalla and Nauo Tribes to the west-  
ward of Spencer's Gulf.

THE aboriginal inhabitants of South Australia, like those scattered over other portions of the vast continent of New Holland, are divided into numerous tribes, each speaking a different language; and, though resembling one another in physical appearance and in the general character of their usages and customs, there are still certain habits and observances which are peculiar to a single tribe, and are totally unknown amongst their neighbours. Locality, the kind of food produced in particular districts, and other causes, are calculated to occasion these peculiarities; to which I shall refer separately, under their respective heads.

The South Australian natives are generally rather



below the average stature of Europeans; the women are disproportionately small, and their limbs are not so well formed as those of the men. Although I have met with men who measured six feet in height, and others stout and robust in the extreme, these are exceptions to the mass; who frequently exhibit limbs that are much attenuated, and forms extremely slight and thin.

The tribes on the sea-coast, and the people inhabiting the banks of the Murray and the lakes, are more athletic and better made than the individuals who seek a scanty sustenance amongst the scrub and on the hills of the interior; the former feeding chiefly on fish and wild-fowl, whilst the latter devour snakes, lizards, roots, and the gum of the wattle. The limbs, especially of the young people, are often disproportionately slender amongst these ill-fed tribes, and the stomach becomes so distended by the frequent use of juicy and green food, as to appear unsightly. The true colour of the skin is so disguised by dirt, ochre, and clay, as to be hardly discernible; it is of a purplish copper tint, and in some individuals is no darker than that of the natives of the Figi Islands. Their hair is black, or very dark brown, coarse, generally in curls, but never woolly; the beards and whiskers of the men are strong and abundant, and the whole body is often covered with hair, to a greater or less degree. Their eyes are universally of a dark reddish hazel, with very black lashes, and deep overhanging brows,

and the whites are tinged with yellow, which gives a degree of savageness to their appearance. Their heads are not wanting in the perceptive faculties, though in the reflective they are deficient. The skulls of the women are worse than those of the men; they are elongated and very narrow, the development of the intellectual organs being remarkably small. The cheek-bones are high, and the brows projecting; the nose is broad and depressed, with little distance between the eyes; the mouth is rather large, but it frequently displays a set of regular and beautiful teeth; the jaw-bone is narrow, and the chin diminutive and retiring. Independently of their want of cleanliness, there is a perceptible odour about them which is offensive, and often rendered more intolerable by the use of shark and whale oil, with which they anoint their bodies. As almost every tribe has a language, or at least a dialect, peculiar to itself, so that they frequently cannot hold intercourse together, difficulties present themselves in the acquirement of the native tongue; which is considered to be of Malay origin: many of their words are remarkably liquid and musical. It is stated that in the interior of some of the Eastern islands there is existing at the present moment, a race, whose physical appearance, manners, and language strongly resemble those of the Australians; which corroborates the theory of their having sprung from Western Asia, and crossing Torres Straits, spread

themselves over the wide continent of Australia. The New Zealanders, on the other hand, appear to have come from the eastward, bringing with them the arts and intelligence of the ancient races of Mexico, and, according to their traditions, peopling various islands now inhabited by the light-coloured tribes of the Pacific. Hence we can account for two distinct races, so different in manners, customs, and physiological character, inhabiting countries only one thousand miles apart.

The population of the native tribes inhabiting South Australia is not considerable. Constant wars and quarrels between the tribes, polygamy, and infanticide are amongst the causes of this. Their mode of life, too—not cultivating the ground, but seeking a scanty and precarious subsistence by wandering over large tracts of country in search of food, when the soil naturally produces but little comparatively for the support of the human race—necessarily causes their numbers to be limited. On the banks of the Murray, and about the lakes and Encounter Bay, the natives are numerous; but for days together districts may be traversed in one direction without meeting with a single native. Their places of encampment are always near the water, and the banks of a large fresh-water river like the Murray must offer inducements to them which few other localities afford.

Families are usually small; three or four children by the same parents may be considered as an ave-

rage proportion. When the boys arrive at a certain age they undergo initiatory rites, which vary amongst tribes. Some practise circumcision; others knock out the front tooth, as is the custom with the natives of New South Wales.

Tattooing is performed amongst all the tribes. They do not mark the face like the New Zealanders, but raise large protuberances upon the back and shoulders, and cut deep incisions longitudinally across the chest, which they fill with clay, rendering them hard and horny, resembling tubes of gristle.

There does not appear to be any distinct ceremony of marriage amongst them. In battle the successful warriors endeavour to possess themselves of the young women of the opposite party; and it generally happens that the old and experienced men obtain the youngest and most comely women, whilst the old and haggard females are left for the more youthful portion of the opposite sex.

One of the surest marks of the low position of the Australian savage in the scale of the human species, is the treatment of their women. The men walk along with a proud and majestic air; behind them, crouching like slaves, and bearing heavy burdens on their backs, with their little ones astride on their shoulders, come the despised and degraded women. They are the drudges in all heavy work; and after their lords have finished the repast which the women have prepared for them, these despised creatures contentedly sit at a distance, and gather

up the bones and fragments, which the men throw to them across their shoulders, just as we should throw meat to a dog.

The natives have no cultivated food; their garden is the waste, and their plantation the trackless forest. They go forth to the chase armed only with a slender spear and a short stick; depending more on their own subtlety and acuteness, when in pursuit of wild animals, than on the efficiency of their weapons. At one season of the year they live chiefly on roots and vegetable productions. During the spring, eggs and young birds, guanos and small lizards, snakes, and the larvæ of white ants and other insects, are sought after by them. They are especially fond of the caterpillar of a large species of moth; which, like the *Cossus* of the Romans, is regarded as a delicacy: it is a fleshy grub, of a cream-colour, about three or four inches long, and is found in the decaying wood of the *Eucalyptus*. The natives are very expert in discovering the retreats of these insects, and draw them out by inserting into their holes a thin twig, at the end of which a wooden hook is attached; this instrument is worn behind the ear of the men, and is called *pileyah*, or *pirri*. The kangaroo, the opossum, and the emu are taken in various ways. The scrub natives, to the northward, go out in large parties, and surrounding their game, drive them towards large nets, in which they become entangled. I have seen single nets of this kind forty feet in length, and curiously

manufactured out of the fibre of the bulrush-root. In other parts they steal upon their prey from amongst the bushes, when the animals come down at evening-time to the water-holes to drink ; and when sufficiently close they throw their spears, and then despatch them with the *wirri*. The wombat, and other burrowing animals, are either dug or smoked out of their holes ; and rats upon the Murray are caught in grass snares, baited with food. The natives can tell with astonishing precision whether an opossum has recently ascended or descended a tree ; the light scratches made by its claws upon the smooth bark disclosing the circumstance. As the gum-trees frequently run up to thirty feet without a branch, and the circumference of their trunks is too large to be encircled by the arms and legs, they have another mode of ascending. With a small stick, pointed and hardened by fire, they make a hole in the bark large enough to admit the toe, then, reaching as high as they can, they make another, and thus ascend from hole to hole ; their only mode of holding on being the insertion of the pointed stick into the bark, and the nail of the great toe, with which they cling as with a finger.

The women dig various roots, particularly those of the sorrel (*Oxalis*), and the smaller species of *Xantharæa*, or grass-tree ; for which purpose they use a stout pointed stick, about five feet long, called a *katta*.

Both sexes use but little clothing ; especially in

summer, and when in pursuit of game, fishing, or engaged in any kind of exercise. A cloak of opossum-fur, or a piece of kangaroo-skin, is worn by the women of the Mount Barker and Adelaide tribes. Those on the Lower Murray manufacture round mats of grass or reeds, which they fasten upon their backs, tying them in front, so that they almost resemble the shell of a tortoise. In the loose portion of these circular coverings the mothers carry their children astride round the shoulders; the sharp eyes of the little creatures just peep over the edge of the basket, and if alarmed they suddenly pop down, and nestle beneath its shelter.

On grand occasions—such as at a fight, or during a corrobory or dance—the men adorn themselves with the feathers of the emu, the pelican, and the cockatoo, and ornament their bodies with stripes and spots of red and white ochre. Bunches of the leaves of the gum-tree also enter into the decorations of their persons, at such times, amongst several of the tribes.

Like other savage nations, they practice various games and amusements. Sham-fights take place amongst the young men, in which they display remarkable dexterity. The game of ball, and throwing with small blunted spears, called *matamoodlu*, at a given object, or at one another, are also their common pastimes.

The only animal which they cherish or domesticate is the dog. Every warrior in the chase is attended

by several of them; and it is frequently dangerous to approach a native encampment, unless armed with a stout stick, to repel the sudden attack of a horde of lean and half-starved dogs, that rush out with the utmost fury to worry the intruder.

The sick are either entrusted to the care of sorcerers, or "wise-men"; or they are left to pine away in the encampment, amongst dirt and filth, unable to help themselves, and unaided by medical treatment. Old age and disease fall with aggravated weight upon uncivilized man; and it is heart-rending to witness daily, amongst these poor creatures, men and women tottering on the brink of the grave, and wasted away by European disease.

The dead, amongst the Lake tribes and those on the Coorong, are, as I have before stated, raised upon elevated platforms, and covered with rushes. To the northwards they bury in a sitting posture, and form small tumuli above the graves. At stated times the mourners, who are women, come to the tombs, and with their *kattas* dig up the ground about them, and put the place in order; this they accompany with the most violent howling and lamentations. Near the north-west bend of the Murray the widows shave their heads, cover them with a netting, and then plaster them with pipe-clay; forming, when dry, a skull-cap, or cast of the head, upwards of an inch in thickness, and weighing several pounds. These singular badges of mourning were found by Sir Thomas Mitchell high up



the Murray, lying scattered about near the native burying-places; and their appearance then caused numerous conjectures as to their origin and use.

Their habitations are extremely rude and simple. In the summer time, a few green bushes broken off from a neighbouring tree, and stuck in a semicircle in the ground, constitute their only shelter from the wind. At other times they construct huts of the branches of trees, open on one side, and about four feet high, somewhat resembling a beehive. As permanent residences are unknown, they bestow but little labour on these frail habitations, which, when deserted, are soon scattered abroad by the winds of heaven. In the open forest country the women frequently make little retreats of bark and decayed wood; building them amongst the roots of fallen trees, and in retired places, where they may remain unobserved during the absence of the men. The tribes meet on certain occasions, when they all come together and encamp in one neighbourhood. At such periods as these, their nocturnal dances take place on a large scale; numerous fires glimmer in all directions through the woods, whilst the air resounds with the tremendous and demon-like yells of their savage performances.

Their weapons and other works of art (if the term may be allowed) are rude and primitive; yet many of them display great ingenuity in their adaptation to the purposes for which they are constructed. Their carving seldom advances beyond a few lines

or angles, which ornament their *wirris* and wooden shields.

The native tribes have no distinct form of government; each man joins in the common hostility against his opposite tribe, and the men of most influence in matters of importance are the old and successful warriors. The possession of the soil is claimed by them, each tribe having its own hunting-ground or fishing locality, and the infringement upon these rights frequently leads to war amongst them. Their battles usually take place at daybreak. The two tribes meet on an open plain, naked and painted, with their spears and shields in their hands; a bunch of Emu feathers fastened at the end of a spear is sent as a challenge to the opposite party, and then raising themselves to a dreadful pitch of excitement—using contemptuous language, and uttering horrid shouts and yells—they quiver their spears and rush on to combat. When one man is slain the fight generally ceases, though many others meet with severe wounds inflicted by the spears and *wirris*.

They appear to have no religious observances whatever. They acknowledge no Supreme Being, worship no idols, and believe only in the existence of a spirit, whom they consider as the author of ill, and regard with superstitious dread. They are in perpetual fear of malignant spirits, or bad men, who, they say, go abroad at night; and they seldom venture from the encampment after dusk, even to

fetch water, without carrying a firestick in their hands, which they consider has the property of repelling these evil spirits. They impersonate death as a man of a short, thick, and ugly appearance, with a disagreeable smell. They place great faith in sorcerers; who pretend, by charms and magic ceremonies, to counteract the influence of the spirits, to cure sickness; to cause rain and thunder, and perform other supernatural actions.

The sun and the moon are believed by them to have once inhabited the earth. They say that the moon is the man, and the sun his wife; several of the planets are dogs belonging to the moon; the constellations are groups of children, and the meteoric lights are supposed to be orphans. The Magellan clouds are regarded as signals of disease, and an eclipse is considered to bring with it destruction and death.

The following remarks apply more particularly to the tribes of the Lower Murray, and are the result of my researches amongst them.

The staff of their existence is the bulrush-root, which the women gather amongst the reeds: it is to them what bread is to the European. It is cooked upon a heap of limestones, with wood laid over the top; fire is then applied; the roots are placed on the stones; another layer of heated stones is put over them; wet grass is used to create steam, and a mound of sand is then formed over the oven. Kangaroo and the flesh of the emu and the wombat

are cooked in a similar manner, between heated stones.

After the bulrush-root is chewed, they spit out the fibrous part in the shape of small quids or pellets, heaps of which lie round their camping places. These fibres, after being well chewed, are converted into rope, of which they manufacture their fishing-lines, and nets for hunting and fishing.

A mussel, a species of *anadon*, is also constantly sought after, and is eaten with the bulrush-root. The women dive for them in the deep water of the Murray, with a net round their necks, which they bring up full, after remaining under the water for three or four minutes. On Lake Alexandrina the women go out upon rafts, constructed of layers of reeds, to the beds where these mussels abound. Eight or ten females will occupy one raft, and propelling it with a pole about twenty feet long over the bosom of the lake, will venture several miles from the shore. On this raft they will sit and cook their food, over a fire elevated upon wet sea-weed and sand; every now and then they dive off in search of the shells, and come up with their net-bags loaded with mussels. For eight months in the year they gather crayfish, which they catch with their toes, and immediately crush the claws, to prevent being bitten; they then roast them in the embers of their charcoal fires.

A windy day is chosen for snaring ducks, which are taken in this way:—One man, having a long

slender rod, with a noose at the end, goes into the water and swims towards the ducks, his head being carefully covered with weeds, so that the fowl mistake it for something floating on the water; he then slips the noose over the head of one, drags it under water, breaks its neck, and fastens it to a girdle round his waist. Another and another are thus quietly despatched, until his girdle is filled with the spoil. Upright sticks are placed in the water, at a short distance from the shore, in such situations as shags and cormorants are known to frequent, and whilst the birds roost upon these sticks, the natives swim towards them and snare them in the same manner as the ducks. So expert are these people in stealing upon their prey, that I have known them approach pelicans whilst swimming, dive underneath the water, and catch them in their arms as they rise, breaking their legs and wings to prevent escape. During dark nights they drive out the shags from the trees in which they are accustomed to roost, and climb into those where the frightened birds take shelter, catching them in their hands as they settle. In this sport they frequently receive severe bites from the shags upon their naked limbs.

In the summer-time, when the fresh-water turtle of the Murray leave the river to lay their eggs in the sand, these sharp-sighted savages track them to the sand-hills, and seldom fail in discovering their retreat. Turtle's eggs fried in the hot ashes form a palatable article of food.

The cod of the Murray, and a fish in the lake resembling a salmon, are taken with rude hooks. A small cat-fish called *pomery* is speared from their canoes, in the shallows amongst the weeds ; and the golden perch are driven out of the rushes near the banks and struck with the fishing-spear.

Tadpoles are fried upon grass. Of the entrails of the pelican they make sausages, by filling them with fat ; when heated to the consistency of oil, an orifice is made at one end, and the delicacy is then handed round, each member of the family sucking out a mouthful of the fat.

The sharp edge of the mussel-shell is used as a knife, and the women crop their hair by this means ; Another shell, found in the reeds, serves the purpose of a spoon.

The Lower Murray natives derive their names either from the spot where they were born, from some trivial occurrence, or from a natural object seen by the mother soon after the birth of the child ; for example:—*Peroocoont* (centipede) ; *Murrunmeille* (make haste) ; *Chembillin* (chewing the bulrush-root) ; *Rolcoorolca* (the noise of the emu) ; *Roncoomoodther* (the barking of the dog) ; *Ungoontah-ungoontah* (stamping of the emu) ; *Peetpeerim* (the whistle of a bird).

Their chief ornaments are kangaroo-teeth fastened into their hair ; a bone through the cartilage of the nose ; and the down of the musk-duck and the black swan : this they twist into fillets and bind round

the head. They are also partial to small bunches of reeds or feathers, which, being tied upon sticks, they attach to the hair, so as to be continually dangling at every movement of the head.

Although the weapons and utensils belonging to the various tribes are many of them similar in appearance, they are often designated by totally different names. The round mat of the Murray is called *paingkoont*; the basket *taingkil*; the kangaroo skin *wernkoont*. A net three and a half yards long, which is worn as a charm round the waist during sickness, and is beautifully manufactured of the fibrous bulrush-root, is termed *mintum*. The boomerang is not known amongst them. They have three kinds of spears in general use; the large barbed spear (*woornd*), made of the blue gum wood; the tea-tree spear, which is tipped with the light stem of the grass-tree, and barbed with sharp quartz or glass, cemented by means of the resin from the pine that grows on the sandy hills near the river, or by grass-tree gum and sand, of which they form a kind of glue; and the reed spear, which is like an arrow, and pointed with wood hardened by fire. The throwing-stick, for projecting the smaller spears, is called *yeracool*, and a short wirri for striking, *puhr*. Their summer habitations of boughs are termed *muntum*, and the winter huts *pulgum*.

They have a custom of offering their wives to their friends when they visit them; it is also regarded as a mark of respect to strangers. Many

of the men possess four wives; the old men securing the greatest number. A sister is exchanged for a daughter, and if a young man has several sisters he is always sure of obtaining wives in return. Should the ladies object, or become obstreperous, they are mollified by a shower of very sharp blows on the head with a *wirri*. They are kind to their children, and never beat them; if they are displeased, they take them up and throw them to a distance.

When an individual dies, they carefully avoid mentioning his name; but if compelled to do so, they pronounce it in a very low whisper, so faint that they imagine the spirit cannot hear their voice. The body is never buried with the head on, the skulls of the dead being taken away and used as drinking-vessels by the relations of the deceased. Mooloo, the native whom I met near the junction of the lake, parted with his mother's skull for a small piece of tobacco! Favourite children are put into bags after death, and placed on elevated scaffolds; two or three being frequently enclosed beneath one covering.

The bodies of aged women are dragged out by the legs, and either pushed into a hole in the earth, or placed in the forked branches of a tree; no attention whatever being paid to their remains.

Those of old men are placed upon the elevated tombs, and left to rot until the structure falls to pieces; the bones are then gathered up and buried



in the nearest patch of soft earth. When a young man dies, or a warrior is slain in battle, his corpse is set up cross-legged upon a platform, with its face towards the rising of the sun; the arms are extended by means of sticks, the head is fastened back, and all the apertures of the body are sewn up; the hair is plucked off, and the fat of the corpse, which had previously been taken out, is now mixed with red ochre, and rubbed all over the body. Fires are then kindled underneath the platform, and the friends and mourners take up their position around it, where they remain about ten days, during the whole of which time the mourners are not allowed to speak; a native is placed on each side of the corpse, whose duty it is to keep off the flies with bunches of emu feathers, or small branches of trees. If the body thus operated upon should happen to belong to a warrior slain in fight, his weapons are laid across his lap, and his limbs are painted in stripes of red and white and yellow. After the body has remained for several weeks on the platform, it is taken down and buried; the skull becoming the drinking-cup of the nearest relation. Bodies thus preserved have the appearance of mummies: there is no sign of decay; and the wild dogs will not meddle with them, though they devour all manner of carrion.

When a friend, or an individual belonging to the same tribe, sees for the first time one of these bodies thus set up, he approaches it, and commences by

abusing the deceased for dying: saying there is plenty of food, and that he should have been contented to remain; then, after looking at the body intently for some time, he throws his spear and his *wirri* at it, exclaiming, "Why did you die?"—or "Take that for dying."

If a man is sick, his women rub excrement over their heads, which they imagine will cure him; reminding us of the ancient Jews who were accustomed to sit with ashes upon their heads in times of distress. The women, when mourning, singe off their hair with a small fire-stick; the men remove theirs with a mussel-shell; they also blacken their faces with charcoal, and scratch their nose until they fetch blood. They conceive that sickness is caused by the evil spirit of some person who had a spite against them when living; and that the sickness is inflicted by the spirit gently touching the individual with a kind of *wirri* called *millin*.

An elegant species of fly-catcher, of a black colour, which continually hovers about in search of insects, performing all manner of graceful manœuvres in the air, is regarded by them as an evil spirit, and is called *mooldtharp*, or devil. Whenever they see it, they pelt it with sticks and stones, though they are afraid to touch or destroy it. An earthquake and a whirlpool are also termed *mooldtharp* by them. They have a tradition that a very long time ago a big black fellow, whom they style Oorundoo, came down in his canoe, and commanded

the water to rise and form the river. The same Oorundoo is supposed to have made the bulrush root, and stocked the river with fish. His two wives proved untractable, and ran away from their lord; and to punish this unwarrantable behaviour on their part, Oorundoo very properly made two lakes to drown them, which correspond with the lakes Alexandrina and Albert.

They also say that after death the spirit wanders in the dark for some time, until it finds a string, when this same Oorundoo pulls it up from the earth.

The natives around Portland Bay, and at the south-eastern extremity of South Australia, burn their dead, by placing them in hollow trees in an erect position, and covering them with leaves and dry sticks, and then setting fire to the whole. During the ceremony the women make a dismal noise around the blazing tree, uttering shrieks and dismal howls that echo through the woods. Amongst the tribes of the Murray, and those to the northward and westward, the practice of consuming the dead by means of fire appears to be totally unknown.

I shall next proceed to offer a few remarks upon the Moorundi natives, who inhabit the banks of the river about 180 miles higher up than the Lower Murray tribe, towards the great north-west bend of the stream.

The natives of this locality believe in the existence

of a water spirit, which is much dreaded by them. They say it inhabits the Murray; but though they affirm that its appearance is of frequent occurrence, they have some difficulty in describing it. Its most usual form, however, is said to be that of an enormous star-fish.

When a boy arrives at the age of fourteen or sixteen years, the initiatory rites of manhood are celebrated. Two or more boys of the tribe being selected and caught by stealth, a friendly man seizes each one by the arms, and the operators commence by smearing their bodies all over with red ochre and grease. The women come up crying, lamenting, and cutting their own legs in the most dreadful manner with mussel-shells, until they bleed profusely. The boys are then led up by their relatives to a place where two spears are set up, inclined towards each other, and ornamented at the top with bunches of feathers. The boys lie down, with their heads towards the spears, and preserve silence during the whole ceremony. The *Wearoos*, or pluckers, who are persons selected from a distant tribe, come gently up and commence plucking out the hair from their bodies; at the same time, the spectators stand round carefully watching the operation. When this is finished, the friends gather green gum bushes, and place them under the arm-pits, and over the *os pubis* of the boys, who then walk away with much solemnity. The lads thus initiated, are entitled to wear two kangaroo teeth, and a bunch of emu

feathers in their hair. They are likewise allowed to possess themselves of wives, to join in the exercises of the chase, and to go to battle with the warriors of the tribe.

The scrub natives, who are called Wirramayo, and occupy the vast scrub country to the north-west of this part of the Murray, have a different method of initiating the boys into the privileges of manhood. The boy is brought by an old man to the encampment, and laid upon his back, with an opossum-skin bag put over his face, and five fires are lighted around him, each being composed of three firesticks, placed together in a triangle. The *wittoo wittoo* (a mysterious instrument, formed of an oval piece of wood, fastened to a string of human hair) is then whirled round, with great rapidity, over the fires, producing a loud roaring sound, which they consider has the effect of keeping away the evil spirits. With a sharp flint, the old man cuts off the foreskin, and places it on the third finger of the boy's left hand, who then gets up, and with another native, selected for the purpose, goes away into the hills, to avoid the sight of women for some time. No women are allowed to be present at this rite.

The emu and kangaroo are caught in very large nets, twenty yards long, and five feet high, which are here made of the roots of the marsh-mallow, baked and chewed, and then spun. Several natives will watch the emus as they go to drink at the lagoons, having heard the birds whistling, and set

their nets in readiness ; they then drive the emus towards the nets, where other natives are lying in ambush ; the birds get frightened and entangled, the natives rush upon them, and when in the net seize hold of them and kill them with spears and wirris. They catch the wallaby with nets about fifteen yards long, and two feet high : parties go out and set these nets across the paths which the animals take when they come out of the bush to feed, and women are sent round to the farther end of the thicket, where they make a loud noise, and drive the wallaby into the nets. Before they go a-hunting, they make a practice of smoking their nets, imagining it will give them better sport. In the narrow channels, connecting the back-water lagoons with the Murray, nets for ducks are hung suspended across from the trees : a native holding the lower rope on each bank ; a third native, with a triangular piece of bark, imitates the whistling of the duck-hawk, and throws the bark into the air, when the ducks, under the impression that it is really their enemy, the hawk, fly rushing into the net. In this way great multitudes are taken. Poles with nets are also put up in the passages leading to the water, and when the bronze-wing and crested pigeons come at dusk to drink, the nets are let go as they fly past, and sand is thrown at the birds to prevent their escape, or to make them alter their course into the net.

Fish are caught by diving with a long wooden

spear, with which they are transfixed beneath the water: one man will dive near the roots of an old tree, where a cod (*ponkoo*) is expected to lie, making noises to frighten out the fish, which, as it darts out, is speared by a semi-circle of natives, standing all in readiness to strike it.

During night, several bark canoes will go out upon the river, one keeping the middle of the stream, and the others on either side. In the stern of each of these frail boats is a round piece of bark, and on the bark, stuck upright in a coating of mud, are several pieces of *hordkoo*, the wood of a tree producing manna, which are lighted. A native stands with his back to the light, and as the fish rise he strikes them with the *mugaroo*, or fishing spear. Large nets are also used by the Moorundi tribes for the purpose of capturing fish.

Besides the produce of the chase, and the fish with which the river abounds, these people eat turtles, carpet-snakes, the larvæ from the ant-hills, and the eggs of the lipoa, or scrub pheasant: which makes a nest in the sand thirty feet in circumference. The roots of the bulrush, and of a triangular species of grass or reed, called *poolilla*, and the fleshy leaves and fruit of the *mesembryanthemum*, or Hottentot fig, are also articles of food. Higher up the river, towards the Darling, a root called *pou* is much eaten by them, and is prepared by being bruised on large flat pieces of sandstone.

Their dances are rather different from those of the

south. The Rankpareidkee people, twenty miles beyond lake Bormey, have brought down a dance with them which is much practised by the Moorundi natives. It is performed by a number of natives ranged in a line, having their bodies gaily decorated with stripes of red ochre; the women beat time in a group together, and the dancers, who are all men, commence dancing and singing, with their arms extended, shaking their fingers in a peculiar manner, and beating violently on the ground with their left feet.

The canoe dance of the Rufus is one of the most graceful of these savage amusements; both men and women join in this dance, and are painted with white and red ochre. The performers are ranged in a double row, each one with a stick placed behind their arms, and move their legs alternately to the time of the song, according as it is fast or slow. Suddenly and simultaneously they all remove the sticks from behind their arms, and hold them up in front, and then commence swaying their bodies alternately from side to side, in the most elegant manner, imitating in all their movements the paddling of their bark canoes.

The Kuri dance is practised by the scrub natives to the northwards, and is thus described by a friend who has frequently witnessed its performance:—

“Of the many corrobberies played in the vicinity of Adelaide, when the annual meeting of the different tribes takes place, not one, in point of



uniqueness and dramatic effect, equals the Kuri dance.

“But here, as with everything else connected with the aborigines, there seems to be a great deficiency of order and system; for the play of the Kuri with all its movements can be lengthened, shortened, or diversified according to the caprice of the players themselves; so that no general rules can be given, either respecting its *duration* or its *movements*: out of four or five times that the Kuri was performed, each differed from the other in many respects; therefore the description of one must suffice as an example for the whole.

“But first, the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced and particularly described.—The performers were divided into five distinct classes; the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows:—In nudity, except the *yoodna*, which is made, expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *katta* or *wirri*, and some a few gum leaves. The former were held at arm's length, and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted from each shoulder down to the hips, with five or six white stripes, rising from the breast; their faces also with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance: these were the dancers.

Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers, merely taking the part of supernumeraries; they were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook, and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood. Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta*: a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put cross-wise, and bound together by the *mangna*, in a spreading manner; having at the extremities, feathers opened, so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stuck sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs. Then followed a performer, distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the *mangna* was wound; he held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers—two elderly men in their usual habiliments; their musical instruments were the *katta* and *wirri*, on which they managed to beat a double note; their song was one unvaried, gabbling tone.

“The night was mild—the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a depth of shade over the earth,

which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene, that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance, a black mass could be discerned under the gum trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

“Two men, closely wrapped in their opossum-skins, noiselessly approached one of the *wurlies*, where the kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers; this done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down, and began a peculiar, harsh, and monotonous tune; keeping time with a *katta* and a *wirri*, by rattling them together. All the natives of the different *wurlies* flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep. By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators; after standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout, simultaneously: twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in: the regular and alternate stamp, the waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with the loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic

of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth their applause. For some time they kept stamping in a body before the singers, which had an admirable effect, and did great credit to their dancing attainments; then one by one they turned round and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left; and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers, they made a very odd appearance. The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted; shouts of applause ensued, and boisterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes, the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same part over again: with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear, instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect; others followed the concluding one as follows: after tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause; with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his back, standing on the left leg he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body and eye, and stamping with the greatest precision; he

remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same over with his left foot. In the meanwhile, the two men with the mystic *palyertatta*, kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motion of their heads and legs, and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it; two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest until every dancer was brought to the spear, so forming a circular body. The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round, and finally gave the arrival stamp—thrust in their arm and grasped the spear; at the same time all sank on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers, with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies heaved and tossed to and fro; when they had got about ten or twelve yards they ceased, and, giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say), dispersed. During the whole performance, the singing went on in one continued strain, and, after the last act of the performers, the rattling accom-

paniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

The Parnkalla and Nauo tribes inhabit the country around Port Lincoln and to the westward of Spencer's Gulf, beyond Coffin's Bay. During my visit to these people, I obtained some interesting and curious particulars connected with their customs and modes of life; especially through my friend Mr. Schurmann, a Lutheran missionary, who has for some time past been endeavouring, but in vain, to instruct these wild and savage tribes: they appear less tractable than those on the Adelaide side of the gulfs.

They believe in the immateriality of the soul; yet the residence of the shades of the departed Nauos is said to be upon the islands in Spencer's Gulf; whilst the ghosts of the Parnkallas are supposed to take their departure to the islands of the westward, towards the Great Australian Bight. They have an idea, universally prevalent amongst them, that after death they change to white men; and there are several Europeans at the settlement at Boston Bay, whom they believe to contain the spirits of some of their deceased relatives, and actually call them by the names of the deceased.

Of the general origin of things they have no definite idea; and many of the wonders of creation and remarkable natural objects are accounted for by them in a way that exhibits their gross ignorance

and grovelling ideas. For instance, three stars in one of the constellations are said to have been formerly on the earth: one is the man, another his wife, and the smaller one their dog; and their employment is that of hunting opossums through the sky.

In the vicinity of Coffin's Bay, there are hills of white sand 100 feet in height, extending a long way inland. The natives have a tradition that a raging fire broke out along the west coast, and in order to quench it two of their ancestors raised these sand-hills, which effectually buried the flames beneath them.

They affirm that the Nauo tribe was once entirely cut off by a great and powerful warrior, styled "Willoo" (eagle-hawk). This formidable individual attempted to possess himself of all the women, and destroyed every man except two, who escaped by climbing into thick trees. Their names were, "Karkantya" and "Poona" (two smaller species of hawk). Willoo climbed after them, but they broke off the branch upon which he sat, and he fell to the ground; that instant a dog deprived him of his virility, when he immediately died, and was transformed into an eagle-hawk. A small lizard is supposed to be the originator of the sexes. The men distinguish it by the name of *ibirri*, the women call it *waka*: the men destroy the male lizards, and the women the females.

Should an individual happen to die without any

apparent cause, they imagine that a great bird (*marralya*)—which is, in fact, a man of a hostile tribe who assumes that shape—pounces upon the sick person, squeezes together his ribs and causes him gradually to expire. A short time since a Parnkalla woman was bitten by a snake, but as no blood had issued from the wound it was not considered mortal; nevertheless, the woman died in a few hours. Her husband maintained that her death was not caused by the bite of the snake, but by the influence of an enemy of his who had assumed the form of the bird *marralya*; and, thirsting for revenge, he sought out his enemy and speared him: this caused a desperate war between the two tribes. These people also believe in apparitions, which are termed *purkabidni*; and at night when they go to fetch water they always provide themselves with a spear, in case of meeting a spectre.

They have various ways of attempting to cure disease. The most usual is that of pressing the wounded or diseased part with the hands, and repeating certain incantations over it. To cure fever, they take water in the mouth and with it sprinkle the patient all over; and in cases of diarrhœa, the leaves of the juniper tree are heated upon the fire and used as a fomentation. For the headache and some other disorders, they bleed the patient underneath the arm, below the elbow, using for the lancet a piece of sharp quartz. They are extremely careful that no blood is wasted, and they sprinkle it over



each other, under the impression that it makes young men grow, and adds to their strength. Women are not allowed to be bled, nor to have any portion of blood sprinkled upon their bodies. The doctors or sorcerers (*mintapa*) pretend to perform cures by sucking the stomach or other parts affected; and are supposed to draw out the disease in the shape of a hard substance.

The dead of the Parnkallas and Nauos are buried, in a bent posture, in a circular pit about five feet deep: sticks are placed horizontally across the top, leaves and grass are then strewn over them; and finally, a mound of earth, like an ant-hill, is raised above the grave.

Their weapons are the throwing-stick (*midlah*), which is made of the she-oak wood, larger and more clumsily shaped than that of the Adelaide tribes, and having no knob of grass-tree-gum at the extremity; the spear, usually with a single barb; the *wadna*, for striking fish; and the *wirri*. They carry in their wallets surplus barbs, which they attach to the spears by means of kangaroo sinews bound round them. These barbs are formed of very hard wood, scraped to a sharp point with pieces of quartz. With these spears they strike fish with extraordinary dexterity; and sometimes the fish may be seen swimming about with the barbs sticking in their backs, making it appear as though the spears were dancing upon the water.

It is a singular fact that these western tribes have

no means of kindling fire. They say that it formerly came down from the north; and the women, like the vestal virgins, always preserve it carefully, carrying it about with them in fire-sticks or between pieces of bark. Should the fire happen to go out, they procure it from a neighbouring encampment.

The roots of the grass-tree in the scrub are much eaten; and burning the grass for game during summer is practised. From January to April, their principal vegetable food is the fruit of the *mesembryanthemum*. Snakes, lizards, and the grubs from the ant-hills are also eaten; these latter they winnow from the rubbish of the cells in pieces of bark about three feet long, called *uta*, and devour them in large quids wrapped up in dry grass.

For hunting kangaroo-rats in the low scrub, each man is provided with a spear, having a bunch of feathers at the top. When one of the party surprises a rat, he immediately sticks his spear into the ground, at which signal the others all rush up and surround it.

They hunt fish in shoal water, by going in companies with bushes in their hands, and contriving to get outside the fish, which they drive on to the beach by throwing them up with the bushes. At the mouths of creeks, weirs of brushwood are constructed to catch the fish left by the receding tide. They frequently go fishing during the night, each man carrying a torch, which is replenished by a bunch of inflammable wood slung across his shoul-

ders; the light attracts the fish, which, as they rise, are struck with the *wadna* or the spear. Sea-fowl are killed at night with sticks, which they throw at them whilst the birds are asleep.

Infanticide is commonly practised immediately after birth; girls being the most frequent victims to this horrible custom.

Families of children have numerical names bestowed upon them: The first, if a male, is called *Peri*, if a female, *Kartanya*; the second, if male, *Wari*, if female, *Waruyau*; the third male, *Kuni*, female, *Kunta*; fourth male, *Muni*, female, *Munaka*; fifth male, *Marri*, female, *Maruko*; sixth male, *Farri*, female, *Yarrunta*; seventh male, *Milli*, female, *Mel-luka*.

Before the young men can be admitted into the privileges and distinctions of manhood, they are compelled to undergo three distinct stages or ceremonies of initiation. At the age of twelve or fifteen, the boys are removed to a place apart from the women, whom they are not permitted to see, and then blindfolded. The men who accompany them set up a loud shout of *herri, herri, herri!* swinging round the *witarna*, a mysterious instrument used in incantations; and then proceed to blacken the boys' faces, enjoining them to whisper. For several months the boys remain in this first stage, with blackened faces, and continuing to whisper, until released; when they are again permitted to speak aloud. The place where the whisperers (now called *Warrara*)

have been thus initiated, is carefully avoided by the women and children.

The second ceremony takes place two or three years afterwards, when the lads become *Partnapas*. Their hair is tied up in a net upon the top of their heads, and not allowed to be cut. While in this state they do not whisper. The *glans penis* is slit open underneath, from the extremity to the scrotum, and circumcision is also performed. They then wear a bell-shaped covering, like a fringe, made of opossum-fur, spun, and called *malbirrinje*, which is continued to the third stage. At the conclusion of the second period, the *Partnapas* are permitted to take a wife.

In the third and last ceremony the young men are styled *Wilyalkanye*, when the most important rites take place. Each individual has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back upon another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp, and blindfolded; the women lamenting and crying, and pretending to object to their removal. They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo-skins; the men uttering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time, the lads are raised, and, whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand in a semicircle around,

making a noise with their wirris and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild-dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow; and a platform of boughs is made, on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retained by him during life. These names all end either in *alta*, *ilti*, or *ulta*. Previous to this they have borne the names of their birth-places; which is always the case amongst the women, who never change them afterwards. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood. The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused to run over their backs, so as to form one coagulated mass; and when this is sufficiently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tattooing, by removing the blood with his thumb-nail. The sponsor now commences with his quartz, forming a deep incision in the nape of the neck, and then cutting broad gashes from the shoulder to the hip down each side, about an inch apart. These gashes are pulled open by the fingers as far as possible; the men all the while repeating very rapidly, in a low voice, the following incantation:—

“ Kanya, marra, marra,  
Kauo, marra, marra,  
Pilbirri, marra, marra.”

When the cutting is over, two men take the *witarnas*, and swing them rapidly round their heads, advancing all the time towards the young men. The whole body of operators now draw round them, singing and beating their wirris; and, as they reach the lads, each man puts the string of the *witarna* over the neck of every lad in succession. A bunch of green leaves is tied round the waist, above which is a girdle of human hair; a tight string is fastened round each arm, just above the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the back and is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part of their bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal. The ceremony concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, enjoining them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon them their advice as regards hunting, fighting, and contempt of pain.

All these ceremonies are carefully kept from the sight of the women and children; who, when they hear the sound of the *witarna*, hide their heads, and exhibit every outward sign of terror.

## CHAPTER IV.

NOTES OF AN EXPLORING JOURNEY ALONG THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, IN COMPANY WITH HIS EXCELLENCY, CAPTAIN GREY.

The Coorong—Lacepede Bay—The Desert—Rivoli Bay—The New Country—Mount Shanek and Mount Gambier, with their Volcanic Lakes.

*April 10th, 1844.*—His Excellency's party consisted of Mr. Burr, the deputy surveyor-general, Mr. Bonney, the overland traveller, Mr. Gisborne, and myself; five of the mounted police force, two men belonging to the detachment of sappers and miners, with servants and bullock-drivers, made us about eighteen in number. A couple of drays and a light two-horse cart conveyed provisions for two months, with tents, bedding, instruments, and other articles necessary for a journey through the wilds. The drays proceeded in advance of us to the Bremer, where our place of rendezvous was appointed, and whence we were to start together for the Murray.

The 10th of April was a sultry day; the ranges to the eastward of Adelaide were to be crossed; and it was not till late in the afternoon that we mounted our horses, at Mr. Burr's residence at Greenhill Creek, and proceeded on our way up those steep and romantic hills that I have described in a former chapter. Burr, Bonney, Gisborne, and myself, all in "bush" costume, with tether-ropes and pannikins slung to our saddles, jogged on through the winding paths and beneath the rich shadows of the stringy-bark forests, till long after the last rays of the setting sun had flashed up from beyond the blue waters of the gulf, that lay bathed in red and purple glory to the westward. From these mountains, it is a sight inconceivably grand to watch the day and the sunshine ebbing away over that gulf. The cicada had ceased to chirp, and the merry voices and ringing laughter of my agreeable companions broke the intense stillness of the forests at eventide. We reached one of those peaceful and secluded glens, where a clearing amongst the trees bespoke the hand of industry to have been at work, just as the last declining rays of the sun were struggling with the twilight of the forest. Several wooden cottages were scattered about; the splitters had left their work, and were eating their supper upon the fallen logs; a crystal stream of very sweet water murmured along the valley, shut out from the sight by tea-tree and mimosa bushes; and the aromatic fragrance of the cool evening breeze was peculiarly



refreshing, after the heat of the plains at mid-day. Yet in this tranquil spot there were signs reminding us of mortality and decay: death, with his swift and silent steps, had visited this Australian valley; and two picturesque graves, railed in with a wooden fence, occupying nearly the centre of the open space, remained to remind the traveller that no seclusion, however remote, can escape this visitation.

The night was dark, sudden gusts of wind amongst the stringy-bark trees raised whirlwinds of leaves and dust, and the crash of fallen boughs re-echoed through the woods. On our reaching Mount Barker, we found the settlers busy beating out a fire that was running furiously along the dry stubble of a corn-field, and had threatened to extend to the fences and buildings of a neighbouring farm. The effect of the fires glaring through the trees in the distance, and the dark figures seen in strong relief against the vivid light, beating down the flames with boughs, produced a strange wild scene, viewed in conjunction with the storm and the darkness of the night.

That genuine hospitality, so characteristic of the "bush" of South Australia, was not wanting amongst the settlers at Mount Barker. We passed the night with our respective friends, who gave us good cheer and a hearty welcome, and in the morning we all met at M'Farlane's station. The Mount Barker district is rich and beautiful, the soil very fine, and

the climate cool, and adapted for all kinds of English fruits ; many of which do not thrive in perfection on the plains, on account of the heat. The apples of Mount Barker are equal to any in Europe.

The site for the new township is selected on a fine undulating open spot, near the banks of the Bremer, scattered here and there with blackwood trees, and possessing a rich dark soil. Mount Barker itself is an imposing feature in the landscape : its summit rises 1681 feet above the plains, and is broken into two abrupt conical peaks. Undulating hills, thinly wooded, extend northwards towards Mount Crawford and the Barossa ranges ; while to the eastward the level line of the scrub, showing an horizon like the sea—Lake Alexandrina and the dimly distant hills just visible towards the interior, with here and there a column of smoke, denoting the course of the Murray through the scrub—presents a remarkable and extensive prospect, sublime in its vast expanse, when viewed from this elevated position.

We fell in with the bullock-drays close to Harriott's sheep-station, on the Bremer, where we encamped for the night. It was a bleak-looking place : all the grass had been eaten up by the sheep. There were two large pools of water, and on the margin of one of them stood a shepherd's hut. The unexpected arrival of so numerous a party had quite taken this miserable hut by storm ; and although half the roof was off, and one of the two apartments had no covering but the heavens, it now

formed a very acceptable shelter for a motley group of policemen, bullock-drivers, shepherds, bushmen, and others, who were gathered round the log-fire, beguiling the hours of night with "bush" talk and tales. Though half the roof was wanting, the party looked extremely snug by the blazing and cheerful fire-light. Across the hut there stretched a beam, or rather the trunk of a she-oak tree; and a sheep, just skinned and slung across it, formed a depending centre-piece. Bags, sacks, and bundles, resorted to by those who desired repose, were huddled together in a corner; a tin lamp, fed with mutton-fat, stood upon a block that served as a table; and a few chests formed enviable seats round the fire. In the thatch of reeds overhead, there were a variety of characteristic trophies; such as black cockatoos' feathers, wild-dogs' brushes, emu eggs and plumes, with here and there a native spear or a throwing-stick. The fleas were extremely active, as the re-inhabitation of the hut had only been effected a week previous to the arrival of our party. A gipsy-crock was boiling over the fire, containing salt meat; a large "damper"\* was just in the act of being removed from the ashes; and tin pannikins circulated freely, filled with the harmless beverage of "tea-kettle tea." One man was "gone to bed" upon the sacks, and the others were grouped in every possible attitude around the fire. The fol-

\* "Damper" is a colonial term for a large flat cake or loaf, made of flour and water, without yeast, and baked in the hot embers.

lowing is a snatch of their conversation as I entered the hut:—

*Old Bullock-Driver.*—Was it a blue-sided bullock, with white belly and a'top, and very cock horns,—her horns cock right up like that?

*Other Bullock-Driver.*—No; her's a blue-sided one, and poley,—a regular beauty; she'd weigh a thousand weight every pound of her.

Then followed more talk about drays and splitters, and some marvellously strange tales of shooting bushrangers, and making them spin round with bullets in their heads. It was not till a late hour that all the occupants of the shepherd's hut had wrapped themselves in their blankets, or opossum-skin rugs, to mingle the tales of the log-fire with the dreams of the night.

The next evening we reached the low flat shores of Lake Alexandrina, after travelling over the she-oak country beyond the Bremer, and encamped near Mr. Todd's sheep-station. It was a lovely afternoon; the lake appeared intensely blue beneath a cloudless sky, the reeds had assumed the yellow garb of autumn, and thousands of birds—pelicans, black swans, and ducks—were scattered over the smooth bosom of the water. Here we found several natives, and, what is unusual, a cripple: a man with withered legs, walking on all-fours, propelling himself along the ground by means of his arms, so as to resemble a beast at some distance.

A case had recently occurred in which some of

the Tattayarra tribes had come down to the lake and taken away several black children for the purpose of devouring them. It is not uncommon for the natives of this district to take out the fat from the kidneys of an individual of another tribe whilst he is living, should he happen to come amongst them! If they can catch him asleep, they generally avail themselves of the opportunity, and turning him over, cut out his fat; and the unfortunate victim lingers from two to eight days after this inhuman treatment. The fat thus procured they regard as a charm: they say it has the power of preserving them from spirits; and when their bodies are anointed with it they imagine they can fight more courageously.

The smallpox entirely depopulated this district, before the whites came to settle on the shores of South Australia. The natives tell us that a long time ago it came down the Murray, spreading its ravages from tribe to tribe: whole tribes were cut off by its destructive effects. Since that period, however, no contagious diseases have been known to exist within the province.

After dark a little animal was in motion about our tents, somewhat resembling a rabbit, with large sharp ears; snares were set in hopes of taking it, but unfortunately they did not prove successful.

*April 13th.*—Last night all the horses had been tethered among the reeds, but at sunrise Mr. Burr and myself found, to our dismay, that our horses had

vanished. We prepared to go after them on foot to Mount Barker, thinking they had probably taken that direction ; and with their tether ropes dragging after them, if they crossed the scrub, the chance was that they would be hung amongst the bushes. We had already succeeded in getting upon their track, when the good news arrived that they had been caught by Rowe (who was out after the bullocks), at a distance of four miles from the camp, trotting away in the direction of Strathalbyn. Our line of march was straight for Mason's hut, on the Murray, where the police were ordered to join the party, and an additional supply of flour to be placed in the drays. We passed over a flat country with poor soil, covered in many places with salsolaceous plants and everlastings ; dry salt-lagoons, surrounded with the salt water tea-tree, adding to the dreariness of the scene : the only signs of life were the black flycatchers snapping at the insects that buzzed about the tea-tree blossoms, with here and there a swamp parrot suddenly rising from the grass, uttering its short and rapid note of alarm.

Beneath a she-oak tree, human bones lay scattered about, whitening in the sun and wind, and the low sepulchral croaking of a raven causing us to look up into the branches, we saw a dead body resting on a rude platform of boughs. It was an exceedingly desolate place : no one was there, and we had not seen a native during the day ; a storm was coming on across the lake—the wind murmured over

the reeds, and its melancholy sighing through the branches of the she-oak tree caused an unceasing and almost fearful sound, that one might imagine to be the distant wail of spirits.

On our arrival at the Murray, we found a busy scene at Mason's hut: the drays were already there, and the place was full of people. We made an excellent supper off curried bream, that had been taken in the river during the day; but owing to the high wind, the dust from the dry reeds of the roof came down upon our mess like pepper. Large naked blacks crowded round the door of the hut; some of them were tall muscular figures, and one man, called Moriamalde (wombat), displayed a remarkably fine intelligent head, that would have puzzled phrenologists, had it been sent them as a type of the skulls of the New Holland savages.

We pitched one of the tents on an open grassy patch on the margin of the river, and all the men slept in Mason's hut or beneath the drays. The night was still; the wind, as usual, falling after the sun went down. Our arrival had attracted a number of natives, who lingered until it was quite dark, in hopes of obtaining more food; and it was a curious sight to see the women depart over the hills to their encampments, whirling fire-sticks about to keep off the evil spirits.

*April 14th.*—Heavy rain fell before sunrise; it was a cold damp morning, and the waters of the Murray rose so rapidly that we were compelled to

beat our retreat from the tent in a state of undress: Gisborne's bridle and sundry other articles disappearing in the flood. On regaining the high ground we were surrounded by a group of cold shivering natives, all earnestly imploring us to give them flour, as the disturbed state of the water prevented their obtaining any fish. The rain continued to pour, and we had a miserable breakfast of heavy damper and salt beef. In this drenched state we pushed forwards to the crossing place at Wirrum, encountering repeated hailstorms and a severe gale of wind from W.N.W. When we arrived there, we found the whole of the low ground on the banks flooded, and owing to the wind the boat which had been despatched from Wellington, manned by natives, was not yet arrived. We found Mason sitting down contentedly over his little fire, beneath the shelter of some juniper-bushes, in so philosophical a state, that it was not long before all the surrounding juniper-bushes had philosophers and little fires beneath their lee. The wind now freshened to a strong gale from the south-west. An old raft, though in a very ruinous condition, was considered the best means for crossing the drays, so their wheels being taken off and their contents deposited upon the raft, we took off our shoes and stockings, and waded, with long sticks in our hands, like pilgrims, through the mud and water, until we reached the raft. The blacks were very useful in helping us to cross; these naked fellows running along through the flood with bundles



on their heads, and swimming like fishes round the raft. It was a droll sight to observe some of our party now and then slipping on the mud, or sinking up to their middles in a deep hole, yet still holding up their bedding, which was anything but dry. It was so rough in the centre of the stream, that the raft was nearly swamped by the breakers, and many of the packages were saturated with water: the waves tossing like the sea, and the hail pelting down with extreme violence.

It not being safe for the horses and bullocks to swim the river during the gale, they were all left on the other side until the next day; when we expected the weather to moderate. There was a hut close to the landing-place, but it was already filled to overflowing by an overland party just arrived, consisting of six men, two women, and two children, who had been ten weeks from Port Philip and were emigrating to Adelaide. They had horses and a couple of covered carts, which formed houses and beds at night for the women and children. Our tent was erected near the water beneath the shelter of the bank, but the wind got into it, and we could not keep it closed; several times, indeed, we expected it to go up like a balloon, and we had a hard matter to retain the tent about us, as there were some awful squalls. Mr. Burr had sewn his blankets and opposum-rug together like a bag, into which comfortable case he contrived to introduce himself, and was snug for the night.

The waters of the Murray still continued to rise very fast, and about midnight they reached that side of the tent on which I lay. Retreat became inevitable, and, carrying my blankets with me, I sought refuge at the hut, about one hundred yards distant. Before I had proceeded half way, the dogs belonging to the overlanders beset me in a furious body; but after knocking for some time at various parts of the hut in vain search for the door, I gained admittance at last. By the light of a blazing fire of pine wood, I could just discern the walls through a strong pitchy smoke; they appeared to be lined with hammocks and drowsy people, and the floor was covered with a row of policemen half asleep, with red nightcaps on. Although bits of clay came pelting down with the rain through the orifices of the roof, and the heat of the fire encouraged a numerous army of fleas, this retreat was preferable to the uncertain state of things in the cold and flooded tent.

*April 15th.*—The morning was more moderate. The refuse of the flood had left a ridge of sticks and dead reeds, like a high-water mark, exactly twenty inches from the toes of my amphibious friend in the opossum-skin bag, and the two women, who had slept in their covered cart, narrowly escaped being blown into the reeds.

To-day we commenced swimming the horses across the Murray, though the landing-places were still flooded, and the wind was blowing fresh, with squalls of rain. They had all crossed in safety, ex-

cepting mine and another, when I suddenly noticed that my horse had become entangled in some way at about a dozen yards from the shore: his hind right foot was firmly wedged in a deep groove in the limestone rock below the water, where it had slipped down, and the hoof twisting round, it was impossible for the animal to extricate itself. The depth of the water was about five feet, and it suddenly increased to twenty or thirty just beyond the rocks. There was not a crowbar within thirty miles, and a number of natives, after trying every possible means for releasing the poor creature, with hammers, stones, and the handle of a frying-pan, attempted to heave him up by main force with a log underneath his belly; and one of the policemen and myself went into the water up to our necks, and remained at work with hammers, until we were cramped with the extreme cold. The natives ran back to their fires, saying, "no care if big sheepy die:" their love of self-comfort being far stronger than their pity for the situation of the suffering animal. At last, after five hours of unsuccessful attempts, Jimmy, a black boy who had accompanied the Governor from Rapid Bay on a former journey, asked for the hammer and jumped into the water, saying, "I get him out." The rest laughed at him; but surely enough Jimmy had not been working away under water for more than five minutes, before, to our surprise, we beheld the horse swim away out towards the stream, and Jimmy swimming after him,

shouting with triumph. Unfortunately the poor horse had broken his leg, and the lower joint was so crushed, that although every care was taken of it, and my blankets were turned into horse cloths for the occasion, mortification ensued, and the poor beast died three days afterwards: whilst yet alive, the ravens picked out its eyes, and the body was no sooner buried in the sand than the wild dogs tore it up and left nothing but the skeleton. I much regretted losing so fine and valuable an animal, especially at the commencement of our journey; however, I purchased another horse from the overlanders, which proved equally serviceable.

*April 16th.*—We started for the Coorong. The Murray lily and the *calostemma* were in full blossom: the latter flower in some places completely studding the plains with its bunches of small purple bells. We camped near the junction of the Murray with the lake, amongst a number of the Lower Murray blacks, who brought us mullet and crayfish. Some of the girls had their cheeks painted bright red with *karkoo*, and one skinny little fellow, having an air of extreme gentility, wore a bunch of the head bones of a mucilaginous fish in his hair as an ornament.

*April 17th.*—We had an awful night. The rain poured down in torrents, and our tent was blown about our heads, so we were compelled to get our breakfast in the best manner we were able. Burr gave one old native man a lump of fat, which he spat out at us; and after this we could eat nothing more.

The girls paid us a visit, asking for "piccaninny damper," but they had lost their red cheeks owing to the rain.

On the 18th we reached Bonney's water-holes, near Lake Albert. Three overlanders had just arrived from Sydney, after a four months' journey. They had brought with them about fifty horses from the other side, and had taken a new route, by the way of Mount Arapiles, in order to find better pasture and a more abundant supply of water. For some time they had well nigh perished from hunger, and were glad to eat wild-dog, or any other carrion they could obtain. As they rode past our tent, their appearance was truly comical; especially the grotesque look of one "en militaire," with a long rusty sword at his side, and a Spanish cloak carelessly flung round his shoulders, a beard of four months' growth, and his ten toes looking out of a pair of patched articles that once were boots. The "faded red" of the cloak, and the formidable grizzly beards and savage aspect of our friends amused us; but when we went across to the spot where they had made their fires for the night, our attention was further arrested by the remainder of their party, who had manufactured divers strange and uncouth garments of the skins of the animals they had killed: they appeared like so many Crusoes, in their bivouac amongst the bushes.

This evening we had music; but it was the roaring of the sea against the sand-hills of the Coorong,

and the tinkling bells of the sheep belonging to the Company's station.

From Bonney's water-holes a number of sheep were driven forward with the drays, to afford a supply of mutton for the party; and at night they were secured close to the tents, in a temporary stock-yard made of bushes, to preserve them from the attacks of the natives, and (more especially) the wild-dogs. On the lagoons, Stewart brought down some Cape Barren geese with his rifle, and the dogs killed one of the new kangaroos (*Halmaturus Greyii*) in the scrub, between Lake Albert and the Coorong.

Mr. Bonney, who had left us at the Murray to ride across the peninsula, now rejoined the party, and enlivened our way by a recital of his adventures. He had slept one night by his little fire in the bush, not a hundred yards from an encampment of the Lake Albert tribe, without their discovering him; and the next day he dined with them upon roast wombat, which he describes as like young pork, and very palatable. They dug out the animal from his burrow, by making a shaft about ten feet deep, and then cooked him whole between hot stones in the sand.

We halted at the Coorong until the evening of the 19th, awaiting the arrival of his Excellency the Governor, who reached the camp about sunset, attended by an armed and mounted orderly.

From this point, barren limestone hills, covered with low scrub and stunted vegetation, extend to the

east and south-east for a distance of at least seventy miles. In all this district there is not a blade of grass nor a drop of water during the dry season. To avoid so dreary a region, which is appropriately termed the "great desert," the party followed down the inner shores of the Coorong; where, by digging in the sand, water was always obtained, and the grassy flats bordering upon the scrub afforded pasture for the horses and bullocks at night.

The night was exceedingly tempestuous, but our tents were well sheltered in a hollow, and completely surrounded by juniper-trees; though, on the top of the bleak sand-hills overlooking the Coorong, the wind was so violent that we could not stand. It was a dismal scene: the water was very rough, and the shrieking of countless sea-fowl mingled with the hollow roar of the ocean beyond the mountains of sand that shut it out from view; the evening-sky looked black and dim, and the spray drifted like mist in the wind. Though we could not see the ocean, we heard its billows dash with the sound of thunder against that lonely shore.

We were now amongst the Milmendura tribe. The natives were very shy at first, seeing the armed policemen; and they no doubt expected that our object was to search out more of the murderers of the *Maria's* crew. None of the older men could be persuaded to approach the tents, but about twenty young men and boys came up to us, and lighted their fires close to our encampment. Their hair was

mostly in curls, and had it not been for the grease and ochre with which they had bedaubed their heads, many of them would have displayed beautiful hair. We obtained specimens of it, and they insisted upon having locks of ours in return, which they carefully stowed away in their rugs. Amongst this native group I met with several excellent subjects for the pencil: nothing could exceed the patience of my sitters, who felt amply rewarded by a slice of damper, and began to scream and dance with astonishment when they saw their own portraits in my sketch-book. They roasted us some fish at their fires, using two slender sticks as tongs for lifting the lighted embers, which they laid over the fish. Along the margin of the water innumerable remains of fires occur in the samphire and dry weeds, where the natives have cooked a small species of spotted dog-crab, which is very plentiful in the Coorong; vast heaps of the crab shells, together with those of a *donax*, were scattered in every direction.

*April 20th.*—This day's route lay along the shores of the Coorong. From the limestone hills of the scrub, into which we occasionally made a detour, the scenery that presented itself was singular and often very picturesque: little bays and miniature harbours were formed by the waters of the Coorong, into which jutted out headlands and peninsulas, often crowned with rocky eminences, or descending in limestone cliffs abruptly to the water. Beneath, on the circling silvery sand that lined these smooth



little bays, red-legged gulls, plovers and sandpipers were for ever busy in search of marine insects, or paddling in the gentle ripple of the mimic waves, in undisturbed enjoyment; numerous limestone rocks and small islands, the resort of pelicans and shags, were scattered here and there over the blue surface, and when the sun shone upon them in the evening, and threw a rosy tinge over the opposite sand-hills, it seemed a fairy scene of birds and solitude. Further on, many of these islands are sprinkled with she-oak trees, and look extremely picturesque; but the cheerless hills of the desert, covered with inhospitable scrub, tell of a dreary region, as they rise away towards the blue distance, where the eye sees nothing but one vast rocky wilderness.

Passing through a scrubby flat of salsolaceous bushes, we surprised a very infirm native man who was accompanied by a girl about ten years old: too aged and enfeebled to run away from us as the other natives had done, he in vain attempted to screen himself from observation beneath the low bushes, for the smoke of his fire-stick betrayed his situation; and finding it impossible to escape, he commenced vociferating most loudly, shaking his head and crying out, "Me very good—me old man." It was a melancholy sight to see an aged and dying savage, with skeleton limbs so feeble that they had almost ceased to support his tottering frame, trembling before the sudden appearance of the white man, and pleading his age and harmlessness. Forsaken by

all but the child, whose only anxiety was the safety of her aged relative, he had sat down in the scrub to die ; and yet, at the appearance of a momentary danger, all the love of life returned, and he clung to existence with more apparent eagerness than the girl, who kept close to his side, and, like "little Nell," forgot her own fears in those for the safety of her grandfather. By kind treatment and a supply of food, we won the confidence of this solitary couple, who dismissed all their fears, and were persuaded to accompany us on the drays for a few miles to the next water-holes. The girl carried a human skull in her hand : it was her mother's skull, and from it she drank her daily draught of water !

Amongst the belt of she-oak trees bordering on the scrub, we put up two fine emus, and pursued them for a couple of miles, when they took to the thickets and we lost them. Hunting these large birds is admirable sport, especially when the nature of the ground affords a good run, and the birds keep the open country. We killed another bush kangaroo, which provided us with a savoury meal ; and shortly before sunset we reached some water-holes on the Coorong, called M'Grath's wells, where we encamped for the night. It was a lovely evening after the rains, and the spot where our tents were pitched was a green and flowery lawn, backed by groves of casuarina and banksia. Hundreds of black swans were swimming on the surface of the Coorong, that here looked like a very broad river,

glittering in the calm sunshine of evening. Yet this sweet place had been the scene of a massacre. M'Grath, with two other Europeans, had left Lake Albert in company with four of the lake natives, who had agreed to carry their provisions and other articles for a certain remuneration. They were on foot, and their intention was to proceed to Portland Bay. At these wells they rested for the night, and lay down to sleep, weary with the day's toil. In the grey of the morning the treacherous natives stole upon the Europeans, and, for the sake of obtaining the flour, beat out M'Grath's brains with their waddies, and decamped with their ill-gotten booty. The two other travellers fortunately escaped, and returned to the settled districts to tell the tale of the murder of their companion.\* The body had been buried in the sand by the natives inhabiting the place; but the wild-dogs had scraped away the sand and feasted on the flesh. Little Lanyerri, a Milmendura boy, took me by the hand, and led me to the spot where the bones of the ill-fated M'Grath were lying scattered about beneath a clump of she-oak trees, not 100 yards from the tent. The moon was very bright, and I could see that a beautiful ice-plant, studded with blossoms, was creeping over the grave.

\* Wira Maldira, the principal murderer, eluded the active search of the police, and even of the native tribes, by taking to the reeds of Lake Albert; but after living in perpetual fear and alarm for three years he was at last captured, and was tried, condemned, and executed, at Adelaide, in June 1845.

The boy looked up mournfully into my face and shook his head, and by signs made me understand that he was an eye-witness to the whole tragedy. We gathered up the bones and covered them over with the sand ; but the child kept close to my side, for he was afraid of the *mooldtharp* or evil spirit by that lonely grave at night.

*April 21st.*—We made an early start ; the morning was balmy, and the red east betokened a day of finer weather than we had lately enjoyed. One of the bullocks had lamed itself at the wells ; and as it became necessary to leave it behind, we entrusted it to the care of the natives, who were promised a reward of flour on the return of the party, should the animal be found with them.

To-day I struck off to the right, accompanied by Mason, to visit that part of the Coorong called “The Narrows,” where the water is less than half a mile in breadth : two promontories jutting out towards each other from the opposite sides. From the extremity of one of these high promontories an extensive view of the Coorong, with its numerous islands and its indented shores, is obtained. Myriads of ducks, swans, pelicans, and every variety of sea-fowl, darkened the water beneath us ; and, whilst sketching this island-studded scene, we were surrounded by innumerable flies, of a brown colour, which proved very annoying. Humming-bees wandered over the odoriferous plants in the scrub, and bustards, ground-parroquets, bronze-winged pigeons,

robins, and a variety of birds of brilliant plumage, constantly appeared, as we re-crossed the country towards the appointed camping-place for the night. We waded our horses half-way across the Coorong; but a strong tide and a deep channel flowing in the centre of the stream, between "the narrows," stopped our further progress. The bed of the Coorong is here a soft white clay, and many lagoons of salt water, which occur along its margin, are connected with it at high tide, and are surrounded by tea-trees, which impart a gloomy character to the scenery. The limestone reefs which run out into the water are so fretted away by the action of the sea-air, that they resemble castles and ruins covered with rich tracery. The entire country, from the water's edge, is covered with surface limestone, in small rugged pieces, amongst which grow the dwarf *eucalyptus* and the *xantharæa*. The natives here construct elevated seats or platforms in bushy she-oak trees, for the purpose of watching and spearing the emu and kangaroo as they pass towards the water to drink.

We had been informed by the overlanders at Bonney's water-holes that two bushrangers were following their tracks to this colony, and had made several proposals to join their party, which were rejected. These bushrangers were described as being the two men who tied a shepherd to a tree near Port-Philip, and shot him, whilst they ransacked

the station, and possessed themselves of the fowling-pieces and powder.

This evening, on arriving at the brow of one of the desert hills, we suddenly descried a suspicious-looking cavalcade, which was immediately pronounced to be the expected bushrangers, for whom the police had kept a sharp look-out since leaving Lake Albert; but there were now four men instead of two, with five led horses, having packs on their backs, and only one saddle between them. They were certainly cut-throat-looking fellows, and everything about them had an air of suspicion; especially their refusal to be searched by the police, and the unsatisfactory account they gave of themselves. Two of the four individuals wore smock-frocks, and had hook-noses; one carried a formidable pair of horse-pistols in his belt; and the fourth, a huge grizzly fellow, who clenched his teeth more than once at us, looked as though he could, without any scruples of conscience, have tied all the party to trees, and shot them in succession. On being searched they poured forth volleys of abuse; but the sergeant-major very coolly took their arms from them, and they found it most politic to obey orders. As there were no witnesses to identify them, and they had nothing about their persons which could authorize their being secured, they were permitted to pass on. But careful notes of their appearance were taken, to forward to the Murray, so that should they venture into the

settled districts of the colony they might be traced and taken. The murder of the shepherd having occurred within the limits of New South Wales, it was beyond the cognizance of the South Australian police, until information of a more exact nature could be received from the Port-Philip authorities, communicating the details of the case.

It was a dewy night, and so calm and still, that we burnt our candles outside the tent, and supped round a bright fire of she-oak logs, made by Black Jimmy; but the wild-dogs howled so dreadfully during the night, coming in packs close to our tents, and *rushing* the sheep, that we could obtain very little repose.

*April 22.*—This day's journey brought us to the Salt Creek; a river of salt water flowing out of the Coorong, and running through the desert to the eastward. Open green flats, skirted with she-oaks and a few gum-trees, occur along its margin, and tolerable feed for the cattle was found about our camping-place. Luxuriant tea-trees embower this sluggish stream, the vile waters of which are covered with a green scum. About a quarter of a mile up the creek we found a well of clear fresh water, beneath a projecting ledge of rock: it was surrounded by moss and flowers; and the recent foot-prints of the emu and kangaroo, showed that these creatures of the wilderness had been slaking their thirst there during the heat of the afternoon. We called it "Bonney's Well."

Conglomerate masses of recent shells, cemented together by lime, with a small portion of sand, occurred for some way along the bed or ravine of the Salt Creek; and in other places *recent shells* lay in immense numbers upon the plains that we crossed, at a distance of three or four miles from the water. These shells retain their colour and enamel, and exactly correspond with those on the sea-beach. It appears probable that the sea has greatly receded from this part of the coast, and that the formation of the Coorong has arisen from the sand gradually thrown up upon a reef which extended along the shore, causing a back-water. The inner beach of the Coorong would thus appear to have originally been the boundary of the waves; which seems extremely likely, as its steep headlands, rocky projections, and little bays, look as though they had been formed by the lashings of a mighty ocean.

In the hollow valleys bordering upon the scrub we frequently put up kangaroos. These timid creatures, which we disturbed whilst they were feeding, immediately took to the desert; and many a famous chase we had after them, over gum bushes and the rough surface of the loose limestone rocks. It is an extraordinary sight to see so large an animal clearing the bushes, and springing high into the air, with such astonishing agility. To-day we put up a "boomer" and a couple of does: we took after the former, the dogs following close upon his track. Down-hill our horses were the losers, the kangaroo



gaining on us rapidly by his enormous flying-leaps; but at two miles the dogs closed with him, and we came up as he stood at bay. He was a noble creature, and fought desperately with his fore-paws; a single kick with his hind-feet would have laid any one of the dogs dead. It was a cruel sight to see the poor beast struggling hard for life beneath the bright sky, in his own free deserts; his large and eloquent eyes filled with tears, and his head and shoulders covered with blood.



[Kangaroo at bay.]

On the opposite side of the Salt Creek, we were surprised at seeing a covered cart, precisely similar to the one we had met at the Murray belonging to

the overland party of "Woods;" presently we heard voices and saw smoke, with a kettle boiling upon the fire. Our astonishment increased when two women, with little caps on their heads, emerged from the bushes, one leading a horse, the other carrying a double-barrelled gun; and we were still more amused when we learned that this party with the covered cart consisted of precisely the same number of individuals and horses as the former, and also answered to the general name of "Wood." Inquiries were put to them about the supposed bushrangers, which confirmed the suspicions hitherto entertained regarding them.

*23rd.*—Discovered a remarkable lagoon: the entire surface of its shallow bed and the surrounding sand were of a beautiful pink colour, caused by gelatinous and apparently vegetable matter, of a bright rose tint, which covered the whole extent as with a film. The singularity of the effect was further heightened by a border of red samphire encircling the shores of the lake.

Numerous salt lagoons were passed during the day; from many of which the water had evaporated, leaving a crust of salt and pipe-clay of dazzling whiteness. This crust is so hard that the horses' hoofs ring upon it as though they were crossing a surface of metal, yet it suddenly gives way in places, revealing a bed of soft and unctuous clay beneath. Further on we found a well of stinking water, but as it was the best we could meet with, the kegs were

filled and taken on in the drays. A signal-staff was erected and a trench dug to mark the position of this well.

For some miles we travelled along the firm sandy beach of the Coorong, which is here not more than a mile in breadth. Finding the water shallow all the way, several of our party waded the horses across, and reached the sand-hills of the other side, which we had contemplated for the last seventy miles as unapproachable; though we frequently longed to stand upon their summits and behold the great Southern Ocean, whose boundless waves they shut out from view. The scene that we thus entered upon was wild and desolate in the extreme: a region of the most dreary and melancholy aspect lay before us, where the white man's foot had never before trod, and pervaded by a profound stillness, scarcely disturbed by the low moaning of the ocean. Some of these sand-hills or dunes are of immense height, presenting the appearance of barren mountains; and in one place a vast chasm, resembling an extinct crater, rent these sandy heights, surrounded by masses of sandstone and projecting rocks. In every direction were seen hollow tubes of sand, cemented by moisture and lime, forming an arenaceous limestone, rising perpendicularly, and varying in height from two to twelve inches; appearing as though they had originally been formed by a gathering of sand and lime around sticks, which having decayed had left the hollow tubes.

We met with several cinders or scoriæ, like the dross from smelting-houses, lying about on the sand; probably produced by the vitrification of the sand by native fires.

After toiling for nearly a mile over these sandy mountains, the roar of the surf grew nearer and more distinct; and as we gained the summit of the final ridge, the first sight of the ocean burst upon our view. It was a grand and solemn scene: a dull haze shut out the horizon, and the utter and almost awful solitude was unbroken by any living thing. There were no white sails glittering over the waves; no proud ships bearing their precious freight of life across the tumultuous bosom of the deep; all was one vast blank—a sublime and terrible wilderness of nature. The roar of that ocean had responded to the winds of heaven unheard by human ear; and no eye, perchance, but that of its great Creator had looked upon this scene of desolation.

24th.—Leaving the drays to pursue their course south-east, we struck out to the east and north-east, across the desert ranges, to examine the country in that direction. Passing through a barren and dreary region of scrub, rendered more cheerless by the dark clouds that were gathering all round the horizon, after about seven miles we ascended a limestone ridge, from the summit of which we descried extensive swamps to the eastward. Further on we crossed several of these swamps, which consisted of loose, black, rotten, vegetable matter and

sand: they are occasionally flooded during the rainy season, and at the time of our visit were covered very thickly with the dead shells of a reverse *bullimus*. We regained the shores of the Coorong, which here terminates in a series of salt-lagoons, after passing successive swamps intersected by belts of grassy soil and low hills, scattered over with casuarina and a variety of smaller shrubs. Wombat holes were very numerous, and traces of these animals occurred in every direction. Emus were also abundant in the neighbourhood of the swamps.

*April 25th.*—Rode along the shore in search of Cape Bernouilli. We found only a single granite rock rising abruptly out of the sand, but which, at a distance, has probably been mistaken for a cape by the French navigators: not the slightest projection was discernible along this sandy coast until we arrived at Lacepede Bay.

This granite ridge crops up in several places above the ground in the shape of huge fungus-like rocks, forming clusters, which occur at intervals, and run in a north-eastern direction. No other granite is to be found anywhere along the coast, the whole formation being of an exceedingly recent character. There can be no doubt that it has been gradually reclaimed from the ocean, by little and little, for successive ages. We encamped amidst sand-hills, scattered with shrubberies of casuarina and flowering bushes, and carpeted with emerald grass, forming fairy dells and miniature scenery as picturesque as

it was curious. We dug a well in a sandy loam, and obtained a soft mineral water at about four feet from the surface. No native wells were observable, nor had we met with any traces of inhabitants for several successive days along these dreary shores.

*April 26th.*—We kept near the coast until we reached Ross's Creek, where, although a strong westerly breeze was blowing, the water was nearly smooth, rippling in small waves against the sea-weed bank. It was evident that a breakwater or reef exists here under water, forming a secure shelter between it and the shore. At the mouth of the creek, thousands of ducks and teal were feeding on the marshy weed and rushes, and our guns did considerable havoc amongst them. The slightly-wounded birds escaped out to sea, but enough were killed to afford an ample and delicious supper for all hands—the prospect of which considerably heightened our usual flow of spirits.

About this creek we began to find various indications of natives; the most remarkable being wicker-work snares for bird-catching, about four feet high, erected on the flats. Near these snares were formed small covered places, just large enough for one person to squat in; the native, concealing himself in this ambush, with his snaring rod protruded from a small aperture in the side, imitates the voice of the birds, and, as they alight upon the wicker work, dexterously slips the noose around their necks, and snares them into his retreat.

Amongst the she-oak trees, we surprised an encampment of native women, who flew off in the greatest terror and consternation, making a loud chattering noise, and leaving their digging-sticks and baskets behind them in their hurry. A curl of smoke from their little fire betrayed the spot they had so lately occupied, and we amused ourselves by examining their utensils and domestic arrangements. Before we left, the Governor good-naturedly put a slice of "damper" into each of their baskets: these were of beautiful workmanship, and somewhat resembled those of the Tattayarra natives.

*April 28th.*—Last night the wild dogs broke into the temporary fold erected for the sheep, and we lost the only two that were left. Vowing vengeance on the wild-dogs, and with "mutton" for our war-cry, we hunted down these marauders in every direction; for they had latterly become so bold as to approach within a few yards of the tents.

Beyond Lacepede Bay, we found a good cattle country, consisting of grassy flats scattered over with banksia or honeysuckle-trees. During the day's march, we passed through a forest, in which were many trees of stringy-bark and blackwood. In some places the underwood was dense, but as the country began to rise, it became more open, and again descended into banksia flats. On these plains we met with many tracks of the natives, and their old encampments were numerous. Heaps of the melliferous cones of the banksia were lying round these

deserted wirlies. The natives steep the cones in water, which extracts the honey, and produces a sweet beverage.

We steered south by compass through another wood to reach Mount Benson,—a round-topped eminence, about seven hundred feet above the sea, and the highest of a range of limestone-hills, visible from the sand-hills at Lacepede Bay. We ascended the ridges, which were thickly clothed with banksia and she-oak, but had some difficulty in finding Mount Benson, owing to the density of the foliage. The view from the summit was most extensive, and of a peculiar character. It appeared as though we were looking over a sea of wood, with the blue plains melting away into the invisible distance. To the westward, we traced the shores of Guichen Bay, with Baudin's rocks and a reef beyond the bay, against which a heavy surf was breaking. The white and rugged limestone of the range was intersected in every direction with wombat holes, that perforated the rock like a honeycomb. The top of the hill was bare, and the few old gnarled trunks that clung round its sides seemed to have combated with the blasts of centuries. It was very cold, and the hills attracted flying showers that frequently enveloped us in mist. We collected together a quantity of dry wood, and made a signal-fire that must have been visible for many miles. It was soon responded to by the natives towards the south and east, many columns of smoke rising in that direc-



tion; and before we descended the hill, the natives were signaling all around, giving indications of a larger population amongst these banksia woods than we had anticipated. Upon the plains beyond Mount Benson, and those around Lake Hawden, until we reached the neighbourhood of Rivoli Bay, our attention was arrested by the flats being covered in many places with a limestone tufa, in shape and appearance exactly resembling biscuits. Their size varied from that of a large captain's biscuit to the smallest ratifia-cake, and the ground for miles was completely overspread with them. To a hungry traveller they must prove a sad disappointment, for the deception is so perfect that at first sight a person is easily led to mistake one for a biscuit.

*April 29th.*—We reached Lake Hawden—a flat, swampy plain, which, in the rainy season, is covered with water. There is good pasturage in the surrounding country, which rises into gently undulating hills lightly wooded with she-oak. We here fell in with Scott's party, who had brought several thousand sheep, in search of fresh runs for the next season. They were all well armed, and had experienced some annoyance from the natives. Their sheep were folded in two large stock-yards, which they had erected of boughs, and their horses were tethered near their encampment. This was rudely constructed of reeds, and not nearly so snug as the huts of the natives; and the approach to it was rendered perilous by a semi-circle of furious dogs that guarded it with

the incessant and fierce watchfulness of Cerberus. We encamped about half a mile from the sheep-yards, amidst drenching rain, and passed a cold, miserable night; for our fires were put out by the rain, and the wood was so damp it would not burn. It seems as though it always rained upon these eternal swamps and low flat scrub: Scott told us that he was constantly washed out of bed about one o'clock in the morning, but he now had become so thoroughly accustomed to it as rather to like it.

*April 30th.*—A dozen sheep were obtained from Scott's flocks, and we travelled onwards across a succession of soft spongy swamps, the ground being full of holes, and completely undermined by the rats. The sheep stuck in the holes, and could scarcely proceed for the long grass, which caused us considerable delay. Tufts of a gigantic species of plume grass, with sharp-edged leaves, grew in vast quantity upon several of the flats, and others were scattered over with heaps of the dead shells of a reverse *bullimus*; occasional swamp parrots fluttered up from the grass, and a few striped wallaby were met with during the day. We passed the night in a scrubby place without water, though we saw flights of parroquets crossing from the eastward, and heard the frogs croak around us during the night.

*May 1st.*—This morning, at daybreak, we discovered, to our consternation, that old Fooks, one of the bullock-drivers, with the whole of the bullocks,

were missing ; we were in the midst of dense thickets which merged into a low scrubby forest of stringy-bark, without a distinguishing object of any kind : Fooks had been out all night watching the bullocks, and had wandered farther from the tents than he was aware of. Guns were fired off, and the party began to *cooey* most vigorously, but no *cooey* was heard in reply : all was still, and we feared we should never see poor old Fooks any more. A general search was immediately set on foot, and after scouring the country in every direction, he was found wrapped in his wallaby cloak, lying asleep in a stringy-bark forest, nearly three miles from the camp. Being mounted upon a horse, he was brought back in triumph by the police, presenting a droll appearance amidst the cheers that greeted his return. The voices of the natives uttering their loud shrill *cooey* echoed along the undulating and wooded ground, rising on each side of a vast swampy plain which we had traversed for several miles, and five of them came running after the men who were behind with the sheep, but they fled from our horses. Mason at length succeeded in persuading them to come up to us, as we were most anxious to find water, and they showed us a place in the swamp where, after digging about nine feet, muddy water was obtained ; the cattle and horses were exceedingly thirsty, and almost jumped into the well, having been two days without a drop of water.

These natives belonged to a tribe totally different from those of the Milmendura, whom we had met with along the shores of the Coorong, and were very inferior to them in physical appearance: their features were remarkably ugly, with a simple silliness of expression, and their figures extremely slight and attenuated, with the abdomen of a disproportionate size. They were filthy and wretched in the extreme; all their teeth were black and rotten; their skin was dry, and that of one man presented a purplish-red colour. They approached our fire with their arms crossed over their shoulders; a position that they constantly retained, until some grease was given to them, which they commenced eating, rubbing over their bodies, and daubing upon their hair. One of them had an old cotton handkerchief which he kept concealed under his arm-pit, and as they were destitute of clothing, the oldest man was put into a blue shirt, which created the greatest possible astonishment amongst his companions; they grew very noisy and merry, ate damper and grease, and constantly touched us with their filthy shrivelled hands. After the disgusting operation of sketching them was over, I was truly glad to see them return to their women in the bush: who, if they bear any resemblance to their husbands, can seldom be the occasion of jealousy, for more hideous wretches it were hardly possible to conceive.

Before sunset we left the camp, and walked to the summit of a barren limestone ridge, whence we

obtained an extensive panorama; Mount Muirhead bore E.S.E., and the sea, with lagoons like a second Coorong, stretched away to the south and west. The unexpected sight of two vessels lying at anchor in a bay about twelve miles distant, distinctly visible by the aid of a telescope, pointed out the true position of Rivoli Bay, towards which we were now steering our course by compass. We could not account for the appearance of the vessels in an unsurveyed and almost unknown harbour, but we afterwards found them to be two whaling schooners from Hobart Town, which had piloted themselves into the bay, and were unconscious either of the name or locality of the spot. It was a splendid evening; the distant hills of the interior looked intensely purple, and gleams of golden sunlight stole across the scrub, interspersed with little rainbows, the offspring of the mists lit up by the smile of departing day.

*May 2nd.*—We penetrated thick woods, amongst which the elegant *corea*, then in blossom, attained a considerable height; and we crossed more spongy plains, covered with shells and tufa “biscuits,” and subject to occasional inundations. On some of the swamps the natives had built weirs of mud, like a dam wall, extending across from side to side, for the purpose of taking the very small mucilaginous fishes that abound in the water when these swamps are flooded. Low wooded ranges skirted these plains, and kangaroos were abundant. Some of the swamps were covered with an exceedingly rich black soil,

and produced luxuriant sow-thistles and other rank vegetation; the more solid plains were overspread with beautiful green feed, and it was evident we were once more approaching a good country. We came so suddenly upon a native encampment amongst the trees, that the savages had barely time to take alarm at the noise of our horses' hoofs, and we could just distinguish their heels as they were scampering away beneath the bushes: most probably we were the first Europeans they had caught sight of. The party we had thus unceremoniously disturbed had evidently assembled to a convivial dinner, for there were two large wombats roasting in the ovens, several choice heaps of roots lay amongst the ashes, and a fine parrot, not yet cooked, was suspended to a stick. In their precipitate flight they left all their things behind them—spears, baskets, snaring rods, and a variety of curious implements; these we examined, and left precisely as we found them, though we feared the guests would eat their wombat dinner in a state of continual trepidation and alarm.

We found an extensive swamp intervening between us and the shores of the bay, and as we progressed it became more difficult to cross, being covered with sharp dense reeds and tea-tree bushes; at length we turned back, finding our horses up to their knees in fresh water, their weight sinking them deeper at every step in the spongy soil. A depôt was formed where there was plenty of fresh water

and good feed for the cattle ; and it was determined to leave the drays, with a portion of the party, at this place, whilst the Governor, accompanied by my friends and myself, and attended by several mounted police, proceeded on horseback to Mount Gambier. Immense beds of very recent fossil shells extended to a depth of several feet, from within a few inches of the surface of the soil. Our well was dug through a solid mass of shells ; many of them retaining their colours perfectly, though at a distance of three or four miles from the sea.

This evening all was bustle and preparation for our expected start, and the cook was exceedingly busy making a large supply of “ dampers.” As each person was to carry his own provision in the best manner he could behind his saddle, those who were the fortunate possessors of a pair of clean socks, filled them with tea and sugar, and others made bags by sewing up their towels. We each provided ourselves with a blanket, which formed a saddle-cloth during the day, and a covering by our fires at night ; and every one had a bright pannikin slung behind him, to serve the united purposes of a kettle and tea-cup.

*May 3d.*—Long before sunrise we were moving, to travel across on foot to Rivoli Bay. The first approach of day was heralded in the east by streaks of red, amber, and pale green, above the purple hills of the desert ; while before us the full moon was setting in a bright rose-coloured sky, like a silver

shield upon a bed of roses. The air was extremely sharp and cold; and as we had to brush through grass and matted reeds breast-high, we became drenched with the heavy dews, and were wet through to the skin on emerging from the swamps. On a grassy knoll, surrounded by she-oaks, we met with a mound of limestones, like a cairn, which we conjectured to have been placed there by the natives above the bodies of their dead, to protect them from the wild-dogs. After a tedious march of six or seven miles, through swamps and forests of she-oaks, we gained the sand-hills of the sea-shore, where we halloed and fired off guns to hail the schooners, which were lying at anchor inside an island at the north-west extremity of the bay. We walked towards the vessels along a fine sandy beach strewn with shells; the water smooth, and a line of surf breaking on the shore at regular intervals. Our appearance at the huts of the whalers, which were temporary erections close to a rocky point near the island, created great surprise amongst them; for they had mistaken our firing for the fluking of a whale, and our hallooming for the *cooeys* of the natives. When they saw in the distance a group of Europeans plodding on foot along the sands, they imagined that we were some distressed individuals who had been shipwrecked upon the coast; but as we drew nearer, and they descried our guns, they said one to another that we were bushrangers, and prepared to receive us accordingly.



No sooner had they ascertained from the Orderly that the Governor had arrived, than these rough-looking fellows grew very polite; they produced a large jug of rum, and a number of tall pannikins with "cabin" scratched upon them, and invited us to regale ourselves until their breakfast was ready.

The life of these shore-whalers, living apart from the world for months and years together, is a strange mixture of idleness and industry. When a whale appears in sight, none can be more energetic and reckless of hardship and toil than these men; but at other times, during a long period, they pass their days in listless indolence. At night they dance and drink grog, of which they always carry a plentiful supply; and some of the more ingenious of them find amusement in carving pieces of whalebone with elaborately wrought designs, generally descriptive of the whale-fishery. One of these ornamented bones was presented to the Governor; it was carved with a series of scenes, representing the chase and capture of the whale; and on the reverse side were the following lines, surrounded by emblematical devices:—

" Cruising off Tasmania's shore,  
Eager in search of prey,  
The enormous whale we chased and killed,  
Wherein this bone did lay."

The whale-boats were manned, and we visited the island lying off Cape Jaffa: we called it Penguin Island, from the vast quantity of these birds

which we obtained there. The entire island was perforated with their burrows, and out of many of the holes we took their eggs, which resembled those of a common fowl, and were good eating. The species of penguin found here is the *Aptenodytes minor*; it is about the size of a duck, and has scaly feathers of a bluish colour upon the back, with a white breast. Owing to the extremely small wings with which these birds are furnished, they are incapable of flight, and we easily took them up with our hands; for it is only in the water that they appear to be in their proper element, and they always run towards it as a means of escape.

The surface of this rocky island was overspread with a low green weed, and with sea-shells, brought up by gulls and other birds; and its seaward extremity was so perforated and fretted away by the action of the elements, as to present a very curious appearance. On the edge of a chasm, which had cleft the island nearly in two parts, there stood an eagle's nest, about four feet high, and built of layers of dry sticks. The white-tailed eagle was hovering round its eyry; and a little robin had fearlessly constructed its nest amongst the sticks of that of the monarch bird.

Beyond Penguin Island we visited a low sandy reef, on which several sea-lions (*Phoca jubata*) were basking in the sunshine. These the whalers described as "seals as large as donkeys, which were too big to catch;" but the Governor shot one through

the head with his rifle, and we soon despatched it with clubs. It was a male specimen, and measured 8 feet 1 inch in length; and after I had made a careful drawing of the animal, the skin was taken off, to preserve for the national collection at the British Museum. Its exact measurements were as follows:—Total length, 8 feet 1 inch; girth, 6 feet; length of hind-flipper, 11 inches; fore do.  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches; tail, 5 inches.

Our visit to Rivoli Bay had occupied the best part of the day, and we returned to the depôt to complete the arrangements for our journey on the succeeding morning. Our cook had not been idle: there were “dampers,” “dough-boys,” “leather-jackets,” “johnny-cakes,” and “beggars-in-the-pan,” awaiting our arrival; for in the Australian bush, flour and water are transformed into a variety of shapes, designated by as many colonial appellations. Mr. Burr good-naturedly jogged off by moonlight to the whalers’ huts, mounted on old Nelson the cart-horse, to secure the purchase of a supply of biscuit for the depôt, and also one of the tall “cabin” pannikins for his own private use.

*May 4th.*—Started at daybreak for Mount Gambier. We had not proceeded far, when a jingling noise discovered to us that Gisborne had provided himself with *two* pannikins; this created a feeling of envious admiration that almost amounted to jealousy, as we were scalding our lips with the hot tea,

boiled in our single pannikins, while Gisborne was drinking his delightfully cool.

We travelled along between parallel ridges of sand-hills, scattered with she-oaks, forming beautiful vistas carpeted with grass. As we progressed, the sand-hills grew larger, almost becoming mountains in aspect; and amidst their intervening dells beautiful magic scenes presented themselves, displaying scenery of a character quite different from anything I ever before witnessed. From the summit of these sand-hills we overlooked Rivoli Bay, with the rocky point of Cape Buffon at its southern extremity. Around several native wells we saw lying quantities of limpets and large haliotis shells; which latter the natives use for carrying water.

Leaving the sand-hills, we skirted the shores of a considerable lake, which we called Lake Frome, in compliment to the Surveyor-General. We afterwards crossed more swamps and flats, and again met with the biscuit tufa. Mount Muirhead and the Bluff bore south-east of us; and, on ascending a wooded range, we discovered the peak of Mount Gambier, distant about forty miles, with several large lakes to the south-west. We were now in a beautiful and verdant country, where fine young grass was springing after the late rains. We encamped at sunset in a green and fern-clad valley, where we each built ourselves small huts, or *wirleys*, of boughs, which we broke from the surrounding

trees. This was truly life in the wilds; and our various little bowers, each with a separate fire sparkling before it, looked extremely picturesque, as the moon, nearly full, rose over the dark masses of foliage that shut in the valley. But there is no Eden on earth: beautiful as our romantic encampment in this sweet valley appeared, we had to pass the night without water; the air was frosty, and, instead of sleeping, we were constantly moving through the bushes, and startling one another, in search of sticks to supply our fires; and, finally, the wind changed, and we were completely smoked out of our green and fairy bowers.

*May 5th.*—The morning was extremely chill; the early mist was so thick that we could see but a few yards before us, and the gossamer, drenched with dew, hung from every spray. Quite unexpectedly we came upon an encampment of natives, and before we could draw up our horses, we saw the naked forms of the savages with their spears quivered at us. It was a dangerous moment; for, in their sudden alarm, they generally throw their spears at the first impulse, and we were not a dozen feet from the points of their weapons. Their women and children fled under cover of the mist, and the men now stood regarding us with astonishment, uncertain whether or no to let fly their spears. Our horses frightened them, and they motioned with their hands for us to take them away, jabbering and chattering as loud as they were able. The Governor dismounted and

approached them, holding up his arm ; but they continued to chatter away at us, frequently repeating our words as nearly as they could, and calling out " white fellow." It was in vain to make them understand that we wished to find water, so we left them still vociferating at the highest pitch of their voices. Mr. Burr had shot a turkey, which was roasted upon a stick ; but as we could procure no water to make our tea, it was unanimously voted that the turkey, on its wooden spit, should be carried by turns by one or another of the party, until we reached a place where water was to be found. It was ludicrous to see roast-turkey borne onwards, like a standard, by a hungry horseman, whose mouth was constantly watering for a morsel of his savoury trophy. About noon we found a delicious spring amongst some reeds, where we made our fires, boiled our tea, and breakfasted upon the turkey, which was relished without salt.

We steered south-east by compass for some miles over a good country, with banksia flats and plenty of grass. Pieces of opaque flinty wood-opal, lay about the ground, and the country continued to improve as we went onwards. No more swamps occurred, and the soil presented a firmer and richer aspect. Numerous fine blackwood-trees were interspersed with *eucalyptus*, and the New South Wales wattle (*mimosa*), with its feathery and elegant foliage, for the first time attracted our attention.

The grass was here very thick, like an emerald

velvet carpet, and the *pyrameles* and other small animals were occasionally seen. We had now entered upon the marine formation raised by volcanic action from the sea: coral limestone appeared on the surface, presenting rugged points; and in one place we crossed a complete beach of coral thrown up, and wholly destitute of grass.

For some distance the country was perfectly level, and scattered over pretty thickly with trees. Towards the afternoon a vast circular cavity was discovered in the coral limestone, about 260 yards in circumference, its perpendicular sides perforated with holes; and at the bottom, about fifty feet below the surface, was a lake of pure fresh water, that looked black from its extreme depth. Attempts were made to fathom it by fastening tether ropes together, but at 130 feet no bottom was obtained close to its precipitous margin. This singular phenomenon was named "the Devil's punch-bowl."

After passing these tracts of white coral limestone, we came abruptly upon dark volcanic soil with stones of flinty opal. This seems to be accounted for by the coral islands having been raised through volcanic action from the sea, with their usual central lagoons; whilst the opal stones and lava soil from the active volcanoes of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck surrounded them on all sides.

At two miles further on we discovered another coral basin, which was divided by a rocky wall across the centre, forming two semicircular lakes,

with shrubs growing down the steep sides of the basin. The country for some distance was now a vile scrub, full of dangerous holes half hid by the brushwood, and very difficult for the horses to cross. The surface was hard white coral, raised into little hollow mounds like cups, many of which were filled with rain-water, and afforded a draught for our horses. This scrub terminated as suddenly as it commenced, and we next entered upon an extensive and beautiful country, covered with luxuriant grass, and studded with blackwood, wattle, and gum trees like a nobleman's park. As far as the eye could reach, this magnificent region presented itself, stretching away towards the mouth of the Glenelg and the districts of Australia Felix. Here was a country fresh from the hand of Nature and complete in its native loveliness, with green pastures, shady trees, and wells of pure and limpid water. Beyond the picturesque craters of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck: the latter appearing as a truncated cone, not more than six or eight miles from the place where we stood.

In another hour we came upon a dray-track, and presently we heard the bleating of sheep and the barking of dogs. Two huts, built of coral limestone and thatched with bark, stood on the margin of another volcanic basin filled with exquisite water; and troughs, hewn out of the soft white coral, had been constructed for watering the sheep and cattle, the water for which was raised by means of a pulley



from the never-failing reservoir below. This was one of the sheep stations of Messrs. Arthur, who had penetrated into this charming country from the New South Wales side, and had brought several of their flocks for the purpose of squatting upon these new pastures. Mr. Arthur—who had watched with mingled astonishment and curiosity the distant approach of nine horsemen from a direction whence no European had been observed to proceed before—soon made his appearance on horseback; he received the Governor with great politeness, and conducted us into one of the huts, where he invited us to assist him in demolishing his supper, which was just ready. We ate heartily of mutton chops and various fried vegetables; the latter being the produce of a small garden adjoining the hut, which spoke well for the fertility of the soil and the industry of our host. Mr. Arthur, adorned with a beard of twelve months' growth, and seated in his rude dwelling, surrounded by his dogs and tame magpies, possessed that feeling of freedom and thorough independence which one can never know in England. The walls of the hut, the troughs, seats, and various utensils, were entirely formed of white coral: this substance, when fresh cut, is soft like salt, and easily hewn into any shape; but on exposure to the air it gradually hardens, and becomes perfectly durable.

*May 6th.*—All night it was “*fleas versus dew:*” the shepherds and bullock-drivers belonging to the station occupied every legitimate resting-place, and

the warmth of the fire within the hut rendered thousands of parasitical insects lively to an unmerciful degree. Bonney, like a true bushman, rolled himself up in his cloak, and sought repose on the dewy grass; whilst Burr declared that he had passed the night undisturbed within his favourite bags, having taken the precaution to close the orifice on entering.

At the foot of Mount Schanck are several caves; and in one of them, which his Excellency explored, were found numerous organic remains, with bones of the emu and several gigantic species of kangaroo: also, a tooth, which must have belonged to a marsupial animal of prodigious size. Heaps of black cellular lava lie around the base of the crater, which rises very abruptly from the plain to an elevation of about 700 feet; the outer sides being clothed with grass, and scattered over with she-oak trees. On gaining the summit, a grand and stupendous scene opens to view. The rim or outer edge of the crater is not more than a couple of yards in breadth, and the interior of the mountain is one vast hollow basin upwards of two miles in circumference, and so deep that the trees growing in the rich soil of the windless valley at the bottom appear like minute shrubs dotted over its surface. Looking beyond, the panorama is bounded only by the blue haze of immeasurable distance; and the line of the southern ocean stretches away until it is broken by the high land at Cape Nelson. The windings of the Glenelg—

separating South Australia from New South Wales—Bridgewater, and Discovery Bays—and the bold headland of Cape Northumberland, may all be traced from the brow of the crater. At the northern base of Mount Schanck there are more circular limestone basins, but they do not contain lakes; a spring of excellent water, however, rises in one of them, and near it I found growing several plants of the blue forget-me-not.

A ride of nine miles through a rich country, thickly studded with stringy-bark and lofty blackwood trees, brought us to the foot of Mount Gambier; which is composed of the united shells or walls of three distinct craters (each containing a lake of water) that rise in abrupt peaks from a rich and level country composed of a dark volcanic soil. After toiling up the outward slopes of the mountain, at the most accessible place we could find, the sudden view of the interior of the largest crater burst upon us, and called forth our rapturous admiration. It was, indeed, a glorious and enchanting scene: a vast hollow basin, as it were, shut out from the world by the walls of lava that surrounded it, and covered with emerald verdure, burnished to a bright *metallic* green by the golden tints of evening, that now lit up with a fairy-like radiance this smiling solitude, once the region of subterranean fires. Small hills, like miniature craters, interspersed among plains and valleys carpeted with grass of the most velvet smoothness, scattered about with a few blackwood

or mimosa trees, formed one portion of this enchanted dell. At its western extremity, terrace above terrace rose along the side of the mountain; and caverns of beautiful red lava opened here and there. But the most fascinating sight, as we stood gazing on this scene of preternatural beauty, was the deep still lake that filled the other half of the crater: its black volcanic waters, never ruffled by the wind, lay in calm repose at the base of lofty cliffs of pure white coral, every line of which were mirrored on its tranquil bosom. Some tern were skimming over the lake, and several smaller lakes or ponds ornamented the green carpet of this wondrous spot; that appeared more like some scene of enchantment, conjured up by the magic wand of Prospero, than a bright and palpable reality. The declining sun threw orange and amber reflections across the sky; and as the light faded away, the steep walls of the crater loomed solemn and terrible, the cold mists of night settled upon the lake, and the scene of fairy loveliness was changed to one of lonely grandeur. All was still, save the shrieking of the owl; and as the moon rose up from behind the dark peaks of lava, the effect was beautiful in the extreme: the soft silvery light bathing every object in that vapoury splendour which adds sublimity to the landscape. We bivouacked for the night within the crater, our fires glimmering like stars along the edge of the lake.

About three miles from this place there is a cattle

station belonging to Messrs. Henty, of Portland Bay. One of the stock-keepers fell in with our party and promised to send over a piece of beef to our encampment at the bottom of the crater; some hours elapsed, but the beef never came. A strange rumbling sound was noticed by Mr. Burr, but it was ascribed to the falling of loose rocks down the sides of the mountain. I accompanied the other stock-keeper to the huts, which we reached after clambering strange and dreadful paths along the edge of precipices, by the uncertain light of the moon; sometimes sinking in loose volcanic soil and at others stumbling over rocks. About midnight the unfortunate man, who had started with the beef, returned; crawling back to the hut half dead, with his shoulder dislocated and his collar-bone broken. He had tumbled down the crater, and the noise heard by Mr. Burr was the bucket containing the beef rolling down the precipice into the lake: whither the poor fellow would have gone with it, had he not been saved by the trunk of a tree, against which he rolled in his perilous descent. At the hut one of the stockmen showed me a quantity of the beautifully spotted skins of the *dasyurus*, or native cat, which abounds in this locality; his only pastime appeared to be the preparation of these skins, for which he obtains nine shillings a dozen at Portland Bay, whither he goes twice a year. At this station they procure their water from a subterranean lake, in a cavern not far from the huts. I visited it at

night, my guide carrying a lamp of fat to direct our rugged path. A steep descent, clothed on each side with creeping plants, led to the entrance of the cave, an old gum tree had fallen across its mouth, and several glow-worms sparkled upon the rank vegetation surrounding it. As we entered, it reminded me of the Istrian caves. Swallows came out of the ledges of rock, and flew against the lamp. The lake was at the farther extremity, and its average depth about twenty-five feet.

*May 7th.*—At sunrise we started from the crater of Mount Gambier, and, descending the outward slopes, passed through a splendid country towards the Bluff ranges; keeping more to the eastward than we had done on our former route. Numerous flocks of large kangaroo were feeding beneath the shade of the trees, and nothing could exceed the freshness of the vegetation and the luxuriant character of the soil. On ascending the Bluff, we saw Rivoli Bay to the north-west, and a vast panorama extending to the eastward like a level sea, with here and there the smoke of native fires rising in the distance. Bearings were taken from this point; and a spring of fresh water being discovered gushing from beneath a limestone rock at the foot of the range, we bivouacked here for the night, after a tedious day's ride of more than forty miles on tired horses.

*May 8th.*—A small black and green cockatoo, of a species never seen before, was observed in the eucalyptus trees by several of our party. We

passed through a continuation of good country, with tea-tree swamps and grassy plains, leaving a range to our right, called Burr's range, and arrived at the reedy flats bordering on Lake Frome. The water of this lake was very slightly salt; biscuit tufa lay in abundance along its shores, and native camps were numerous. On the brow of a steep, wooded hill, we surprised a party of natives, cooking their food around their fires. At our approach they flew down the descent and hid amongst the bulrushes; but one old woman, unable to escape as speedily as the rest, finding flight useless, began to chatter very loud and fast, pointing to her blind eye and her lean and withered arms, as objects of commiseration. "Damper" was given to her, and she continued in her terror to chew it very fast, without swallowing any, until she was almost choked; when suddenly she got hold of Gisborne's handkerchief, and made off with it: with a vigorous leap she plunged into the mud and reeds beneath, effecting her escape by crawling into the swamp and joining her wild companions; to whom she doubtless recounted her adventures that night, over a dish of fried tadpoles. We examined the encampment from which its occupants had fled so precipitately, and found various baskets resembling those of the Tattayarra tribes; with a narrow triangular shield, very similar to that used near King George's Sound. One of their baskets contained a piece of lava from Mount Gambier, a large biscuit tufa, a long white stone,

a sheep bell, a boomerang, and a lump of ochre and fat. Before one fire were frying a quantity of very small mucilaginous fishes, which the natives catch in weirs upon the swamps and in the shallow waters of Lake Frome ; and at another fire they had been roasting aquatic beetles, which here form an article of food amongst these miserable creatures.

At night we regained the depôt at Rivoli Bay, after having traversed nearly 200 miles of country ; the greatest portion of which was a rich soil, affording excellent pasture, and was plentifully supplied with water.

During our absence, a survey of the bay had been made by the sappers and miners ; the cattle had refreshed themselves, and the sea-lion was carefully skinned and preserved for the Museum. In the stomach of this amphibious animal, which was very lax, were found five stones weighing several pounds, and the remains of *squid* and small fish-bones ; the flesh was exceedingly muscular, and the skin was so heavy as to be a good load for a horse.

*May 9th.*—Leaving Rivoli Bay we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp ; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supplejack : he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day. When we encamped at our old resting-place, near Lake Haw-



den, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires; which we allowed them to do, and gave them, for supper, the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed, "Good Native." In the dead of the night we were all roused by the unusual barking of the dogs; at first it was supposed the wild dogs were "rushing" the sheep; but, as the tumult increased, the Serjeant-Major unwrapped his opossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise, he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion, who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for the morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the Governor's canteen—pannikins, and other articles were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night.

A council of war was held: black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks till the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had, doubtless, taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows; who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amidst the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in conveying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations, and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak.

*May 11th.*—Several of our horses were lost this morning, and we searched for miles through grassy valleys in various directions before we found them; expecting every moment to meet a group of hostile natives rising from behind a clump of bushes: we saw some with far too many spears for ordinary use, and imagined that our return had been anticipated in this quarter. Near Guichen Bay, a plain was crossed, strewn with tufa of a globular shape. The appearance of these peculiar forms of tufa may be thus accounted for: the water on these flats, which is very shallow, holds lime in solution, and the lime gradually forms round a nucleus, producing the flat biscuit-like tufa of various sizes, which covers so many of the plains; whilst the round balls have their origin in deeper water saturated with lime, where the nucleus, having rolled over and over, has become equally

clothed with a deposit of lime on all sides. A luminous fungus, of a cup-like shape, occurred in the neighbourhood of our tents.

This night we found ourselves to be 220 miles from Adelaide. Whilst we were encamped a thunder-storm broke over our heads accompanied by torrents of rain; the noise of the thunder exactly resembled the rending of canvass.

*May 12th.*—To-day the Governor left us, and pushed on for the settled districts, attended by four of the mounted police.

On the 15th the drays reached the Salt Creek. During the night we had a dreadful gale; the tent was torn up by the violence of the wind and we passed a miserably wet night. At daybreak Gisborne and myself started across the country for Adelaide, a distance of 160 miles, steering by the sun for Lake Albert. We struck across the desert, to avoid passing the night amongst the Mihmendura tribe on the Coorong. At sunset we saw the lake from a hill, distant about fifteen miles, but we despaired of reaching it, as our horses were so knocked up that we had to drag them after us, and not a drop of water was to be found in this inhospitable desert. Late at night we gained its shore, and both ourselves and our horses rushed into the muddy and brackish water, to slake our extreme thirst.

It was a dismal night, and the low moaning of the ocean lashing against the sand-hills, made a

melancholy sound. We followed the margin of the lake, in hopes of finding the farthest out-station of the South Australian Company's shepherds; and the welcome sound of the barking of a dog directed us to a shelter: it proved to be a miserable hut—a most wretched hovel—without any door, and through the doorway the violence of the storm beat most unmercifully upon the repose of its unfortunate tenants. Gisborne and I sat by the fire during the remainder of the night, for the insects were too annoying for us to attempt a reclining position. We gladly breakfasted upon a piece of filthy mutton, without plates; while our forlorn hosts, whose looks and appearance bespoke them to be in the extreme stage of despondent misery, stood over the fire in their shirts, recounting happy days that to them were past, never to return. Their bedding had been retained at the Murray, and their only source of amusement was an old history of England and a very dilapidated copy of Shakespeare. Like many others in a similar condition, they had once moved in the sphere of gentlemen, and their present situation was indeed one ill-suited to their tastes.

*18th May.*—We crossed the Murray in safety with our horses; and, according to directions we had received at the crossing-place, followed up the right bank of the river, in hopes of finding a cattle station at which to obtain food and shelter for the night. The shades of evening drew on, but no station appeared in view: we had been misinformed

as to the distance; and after leading our worn-out horses, till long after dark, in a hopeless search, we were compelled to pass a dreary night, without food, fire or shelter, in a pine forest on the banks of the Murray. It was freezing all night, and the wild dogs came round us in packs, mingling their fiendish yells with the cry of the curlew and bittern feeding in the marshes. We were benumbed with cold; the white frost spread over the grass, and a chill mist hung along the margin of the river. There was no moon, but we anxiously watched the stars from their meridian to their setting, and the first gleam of light in the east was the signal of our departure. Our horses were too fatigued for us to ride, and, leading them behind us, we struck into the scrub; steering, without a path, direct for Mount Barker, which rose as a beacon in the purple distance, about thirty miles beyond. All day we toiled along on foot; and, parched with thirst and nearly dead with hunger, we pushed our way through a dense scrub, over a barren and sandy desert, until the evening closed in. We saw the sun go down over the direction of Adelaide, as we sat on the brow of a rocky hill, from which the good country looked like a promised land, and the course of the Bremer was distinctly visible. We had had neither food nor water for a night and two days, and both ourselves and our horses were well nigh worn out: more than once Gisborne's mare lay down, as if to die. We listened; and, borne on the still air of the evening, we thought we heard the

bleating of sheep. We listened again, and were not deceived. I, being the least exhausted of the two, made for the direction whence the welcome sounds proceeded, and reached a shepherd's hut, near which many hundred sheep were folded for the night. As I was preparing to start back with water and "damper" for my friend, I heard his voice at the door of the hut, asking charity. We passed the night here in a truly wretched hovel; but it was to us a luxury, in exchange for starvation.

We were regaled with tea out of a huge tea-kettle, whose functions were evidently disorganised; the holes in its sides were stopped with rags, and the accumulated tea-leaves of several months had formed a black and unsavoury mass, which half filled its capacious interior. We lay on a crazy chest, as the only safe retreat from the fleas; whilst the three shepherds occupied a stretcher of sheep-skins in one corner of the hut. Next day we reached Mount Barker, a distance of ten or a dozen miles, where we met with kind friends, good cheer, and a warm welcome; and on the following afternoon we reached Adelaide. There we forgot the perils and privations of the Bush, amidst the bright eyes and the fair forms that joined in the festive dance at his Excellency's ball.

## CHAPTER V.

## KANGAROO ISLAND AND PORT LINCOLN.

IT was late in the evening of a fine autumnal day that, in company with his Excellency and a few friends, I embarked on board the Government cutter commanded by Captain Lipson, R.N. It was arranged that we were to visit Rivoli Bay, and from thence proceed to Kangaroo Island and Port Lincoln. A brilliant full moon was rising over Mount Lofty, as, with a fair breeze, we sailed down the Gulf. Next day we passed Rapid Bay and rounded Cape Jervis. Off Haynes's whale fishery it fell calm : the sun was very hot, and the penguins continually popped up their heads above water, uttering their singular cry. In the evening we landed in a romantic cove between Cape Jervis and Encounter Bay ; the hills rose steep on each side, and down the glen ran a stream of fresh water : it had been a favourite camping-place with the natives, and numerous remains of their ovens were scattered

along the beach. In Backstair's Passage, which separates Kangaroo Island from the main, the tide runs three knots an hour. We again set sail with the tide; two flat-topped rocks called the Pages, bearing E.S.E. The moon rose grandly over the Mil-mendura shores, and a light breeze during the night carried us forty miles in a direction parallel to the coast. In the middle watch of the following night, the cry of "breakers ahead all along, and a low sandy point," caused the course to be altered, and we stood out to sea. Next day we made the coast again near Ross's Creek: the depth of the water at a quarter of a mile from the shore was only two and a half fathoms. We entered Lacedepe Bay, where the water was very smooth inside the reefs; and the bearings of the top of Mount Benson and the low ranges beyond Cape Jaffa were taken. The wind from the southward now freshened into a strong breeze, and in endeavouring to beat round Cape Jaffa we encountered a tremendous sea, that made the cutter flounder about in an unusual manner. It was evident that reefs extend a long way out from this dangerous point, and from the way in which the surf boiled and foamed, we must have been in very shallow water. Presently, down went the cutter, plunging her head in the waves, and carrying away her bowsprit and all the fore-rigging. It was nearly midnight; the cutter was almost unmanageable, and we were tossing about in a tempestuous sea, full of rocks and dumb breakers.



A square sail was rigged, with a jury bowsprit, and we ran back dead before the wind, which favoured our return to Kangaroo Island. All the following day it blew a south-east gale, and in twenty-four hours after our disaster amongst the breakers of Cape Jaffa, we cast anchor in Nepean Bay, on the north side of Kangaroo Island.

Nearly opposite to our anchorage was the settlement of Kingscote, where the South Australian Company first established themselves, before they crossed to the mainland. This place is now all but deserted; only a few scattered families occupy several of the houses, and the numerous and expensive buildings erected by the Company, stand as monuments to tell of the fearful wreck of property that occurred here. The position of Kingscote, as viewed from the Bay, is pleasing, and the flags displayed on shore on our arrival lent an air of gaiety to the scene.

The want of water, and the almost total absence of good soil, have been the causes of the settlers abandoning this place. Indeed, no one in their senses would think of settling upon a rocky and barren island, three-fourths of which is covered with an inhospitable and dense scrub of eucalyptus, and where water is in many places very scarce. The geographical position of Kingscote, on the map, might appear an El Dorado to those at home, but in selecting it as a place of settlement, the all essential requisites were overlooked. A road is cut through the scrub for several miles to the Com-

pany's farm, where there is an open flat of grassy land; and numerous little clearings, or corn-gardens, mark the labour of the early colonists, who had the misfortune to land on this barren spot, instead of proceeding at once to the rich and fertile districts across the Gulf.

Before the European settlers landed in 1834, Kangaroo Island had been for many years the resort of whalers and sealers, who led a Crusoe-like life, without law or restraint; they hunted the seals along the coast, and the wallaby through the scrub, and at certain periods bartered the skins they had procured for clothing and European commodities, tobacco, powder, &c. These articles were supplied them at enormously high prices, by a class of men commanding small vessels from Sydney and Hobart Town, that touched at Kangaroo Island, and derived a lucrative profit from trading in these skins. The sealers went by the name of "Islanders," and lived in small huts in the various bays, especially at a place called American river. Occasionally they made excursions in boats across to the mainland, about Cape Jervis, where they would surprise the natives at their encampments, and carry off several of their women, with whom they lived as wives. Some of these primitive "islanders" are still residing here: we met with one man who had lived twenty-two years on the island before the European settlers landed. He told us that formerly emu and kangaroo were

numerous, though they are now extinct : the last emu having been killed by his wife several years back ; and that their native women were so expert in hunting wallaby through the scrub, as to procure many thousand skins annually.

Of the wallaby skins the native women manufactured large sleeping rugs, which are used in all parts of the Australian "bush" by the settlers, and form most comfortable wrappers when passing the night on the bare ground.

Ant-eaters and opossums are still frequent, and pelicans abound on the lagoons. The poem of the "Pelican Island" is stated to have originated in the author reading Flinders's description of the Pelican Lagoon near Nepean Bay.

Many romantic and sandy bays indent the coast of Kangaroo Island ; and on some of these sheltered beaches, that elegant and delicate shell the Paper Nautilus is occasionally thrown up in considerable numbers : a strong northerly gale drives them out of Spencer's Gulf, and they are washed on shore, in a good state of preservation, amongst the soft grass-like weed in which they lie embedded. The mutton bird, a species of petrel, which breeds on the rocky sides of Althorpe Island, is periodically sought after by the islanders who visit the Althorpes in search of the eggs and the young birds : the latter are dried and pickled, and, though rank and fishy to most palates, they are esteemed as a delicacy by these men, and valued accordingly. A species of prickly

acacia grows luxuriantly amongst the scrub on most parts of the island. It is only known on the main land as occurring in the immediate vicinity of Cape Jervis, but, owing to its rapid growth and compact bushy nature, it is now becoming cultivated around Adelaide: it forms an admirable garden hedge, impervious to all intrusion.

After a few days spent at Kangaroo Island, we proceeded to Port Lincoln, on the western side of Spencer's Gulf. In Investigator's Straits we had fine easterly weather, and Kangaroo Island presented at sunrise a most beautiful appearance; the dewy mists lying in voluminous wreaths over the land, and the long line of cliffs that form its northern boundary, glowing in the transparent sunshine. We anchored close to Althorpe Island during the night; where the confused tumult arising from the screams of innumerable sea-fowl uttering their wild harpy-like shrieks, was deafening to us, and is distinctly heard for miles. These strange discordant sounds contributed not a little to the dreary aspect of this sea-girt rock, that rose darkly, with its saddle-back summit, against the light of the ascending moon.

Next morning we passed the Gambier Isles, one of which makes like a wedge from the eastward. To our left was Thistle Island, which is several miles long, and affords good pasture for sheep. Two brothers, who were shipmates of mine from England, have settled here with their flocks, and

are the sole occupants of this picturesque island. On its northern shores immense numbers of the nautilus shells are thrown up ; it being the barrier to Spencer's Gulf, the placid waters of which afford shelter to these delicate creatures, which are driven by the northerly wind on to the shores of Thistle Island.

Between Thistle Island and Cape Catastrophe on the mainland, is Thorny Passage, a dangerous strait interspersed with islands. In this passage, Flinders lost his boat's crew, and the various islands bear the names of those who were drowned on that melancholy occasion.

On rounding Cape Doddington we came in sight of the entrance to the splendid harbour of Port Lincoln. The first object that strikes the eye is Stanford Hill, on the summit of which is a white obelisk, erected to the memory of Flinders by Lady Franklin : marking the spot from whence that celebrated navigator first beheld Spencer's Gulf.

At the entrance of Boston Bay, which forms one of the two harbours called Port Lincoln, is Boston Island ; a hilly and romantic-looking spot, scattered here and there with casuarina trees and clumps of various shrubs, and its shores indented by a succession of deep bays. It is uninhabited : only a solitary grave occupies a glen, on that side of the island which looks towards the settlement from across the Bay. It is a sweet spot to rest in ; for every setting sun bathes that glen in its departing splendour, tell-

ing of still brighter glories beyond the tomb. My friend Mr. Hailes, of Port Lincoln, has favoured me with the following sonnet, which he entitles

THE ISLAND GRAVE.

“ Pining, she reached this shore ; and our bland air  
 Upon her lovely cheek prolonged the smile,  
 And held his prey from grisly Death awhile.  
 The respite o’er, we, *as she bade us*, bare  
 Her clay to yon lone isle, and laid it where  
 Trees, clustering, shade the vale—a most sweet grave—  
 Reached by the moan of the surrounding wave :  
 Nought else that’s human lives or moulders there.  
 If viewless things the ranks of being swell—  
 Fairies or nymphs—upon that isle they dwell ;  
 And there, perchance, her gentle soul doth brood—  
 Where beams, hues, odours, sounds, do ever meet  
 From dawn till starlight dies—sweet chasing sweet ;  
 And from man’s cloudy world no shadow dares intrude.”

The settlement of Port Lincoln is beautifully situated, as regards picturesque appearance : the hills around are clothed with casuarina, and fine sheep-runs occur in the vicinity ; but the houses are mostly built along the sand near the water’s edge, and many of them have been deserted by the settlers, who have left for Adelaide. Perhaps about thirty families compose the entire population of this little settlement, which is almost shut out from the world ; their only communication with the more settled and flourishing portions of the colony being by means of two small cutters that trade to Adelaide. My last letters informed me that for ten weeks no vessel had entered the harbour. The

remote position of the district, and the outrages committed by the natives upon the earlier settlers, are amongst the causes of the decline of this otherwise favourable settlement. Yet, as South Australia continues to progress so rapidly, I doubt not but that in a few years, Port Lincoln, with its magnificent harbour, will become a place of importance and resort.

The Government cutter cast anchor in Boston Bay, and no sooner was the flag hoisted, than all the inhabitants were drawn up upon the beach to receive his Excellency. It was extremely amusing to observe the contrast between the half-dozen soldiers, who presented arms upon the beach at the moment of our landing, and the groups of savages rushing down from their *wirlies*, and running naked along the sand. All work was suspended, and the occasion was celebrated by a general holiday throughout the settlement. Several hundred natives had assembled—belonging chiefly to the Parnkalla, the Nauo, and the Battara tribes—in expectation of having a supply of flour served out to them as a present on the arrival of the Governor, in which they were not disappointed. During the evening they were all gathered together in front of the barracks, and desired to sit down; which they did, the men forming one large semicircle, and the women and children sitting apart, at a distance of some yards. They each received the flour in their dirty kangaroo-skins, and then set to making “dampers.”

It was very amusing to see them all attempting to knead their flour and form their cakes after the fashion of the Europeans: some mixed their allowance with water into a paste on their skin cloaks, and ate it immediately; while others, who had more patience, baked their "dampers" in the ashes of the neighbouring fires. Amongst the natives congregated on this occasion were one or two connected with the murder of some of the settlers a few years since; and, although well-known accomplices in those crimes, no evidence can be brought forward to convict these individuals: they, however, have, until lately, fought shy of the neighbourhood of the settlement, and been living in continual dread of punishment. One of these men, Milliltie—who was marked out as having thrown one of the spears that killed young Hawson—being a remarkably wild-looking fellow, I began sketching him; when he suddenly bolted, imagining that I was exercising some witchcraft over him, by which means his evil deeds might be discovered.

Up to the month of March, 1842, the white and black races of men inhabiting the neighbourhood of Port-Lincoln had pursued their widely different modes of existence without hostile collision, save in the instance of poor little Frank Hawson. His fate was a sad one. Near Kirton Point, behind a ruined house, once occupied by his friends, that stands alone in the scrub overlooking the sea, is his solitary grave, enclosed by a wooden paling, and overgrown



with a few geraniums and other cultivated flowers. He met his death at a lovely and romantic spot, about seven miles from the settlement. The now unoccupied hut is situated on the edge of a long and winding valley, and from the westward runs a small stream, which terminates near the hut in a sheet of water. On the forenoon of Monday, the 5th of October, 1840, a party of natives, consisting of ten or a dozen men and boys, called at this hut, and invited Frank Hawson, who was only twelve years old, and alone in the hut, to accompany them in the pursuit of kangaroo. On his refusal they asked for food, and he supplied them with bread and rice, and fire to cook with. They also asked for his gun, which stood by his side, but this he refused to part with; he also kept a sword in his hand to intimidate them, but made no demonstration of using it. They desired to enter the hut, which he would not permit them to do. Closing the door, he boldly placed himself on the outer side to obstruct their entrance; when two spears—one thrown by a middle-aged man, the other by a boy—entered his chest and lungs. Though thus desperately wounded, the brave, high-spirited boy found strength to fire at his assailants; and the man fell, but getting up again, ran off with his companions. The gallant fellow was alone all that day; and when, late in the evening, one of his brothers arrived at the hut, he was found with the spears still sticking in his body, and engaged in endeavouring to burn off the shafts at the fire. His

brother was unable to extract the barbs; but some little relief was afforded by cutting the shafts off close to the wounds. Placed on his brother's horse, the suffering boy was carried to the settlement, where but very inefficient aid was to be obtained: the nearest hope of surgical assistance was at Adelaide, whither he must have been conveyed in an open whale-boat across the sea for nearly 300 miles! The spears being barbed, could not be extracted; and after enduring the most excruciating pain, almost without a murmur, for six days, the heroic boy expired on the night of Saturday, the 10th October.

In March, 1842, other murders were perpetrated, which, from their wholesale character, and the absence of all provocation on the part of the victims, spread a feeling of dismay throughout the small community at Port-Lincoln. On the 2nd of that month Mr. John Brown, a flockowner, and a youth named Joseph Lovelock, who was acting as hut-keeper, both fell by the hands of the natives. The site of Mr. Brown's station was in a hollow, immediately surrounded on all sides with hills; so that the natives might approach close to the hut, and yet awaken in the occupants no suspicion of their presence. On the evening of the fatal day, Mr. Brown's shepherd, who had been out with the flocks, was tending them homewards; when arrived within a mile or so of the hut, his master's dog came to him and howled dismally. Approaching nearer, he was

surprised to find that his flock would not cross a small brook, which intervened between them and their fold; and on searching to discover the cause, he found the dead body of Mr. Brown on the slope of a hill, immediately above the brook. He was lying on his back, with one arm stretched out; his face was smeared with blood, his head was much battered, and he had received no less than eight spear wounds in different parts of his body. In his bosom was thrust a book—a circumstance which renders it probable that he was reading when the attack commenced. Near the corpse lay a belt of opossum fur, and the foot-marks of the natives were numerous around the spot.

The shepherd proceeded to the hut, the door and window of which were open, and the fowls went in and out unmolested. He called, but no one answered. He then repaired to the station of a neighbouring flock-holder, whose hut-keeper returned with him to the premises, which they carefully examined. The store-room had been forced open, and the flour taken away, and tea and other articles were scattered about on the floor. The watch-dog was found beneath his kennel, which had been overturned; but Joe Lovelock, the lad who had been left in charge of the hut, was nowhere to be seen. Next day, the mounted police found several tracks of natives in the rear of the hut, which led them to suppose that the lad had escaped on that side, and been pursued by the blacks. At a distance of five

yards was found a spear fixed in the ground, the top of which was broken off; and about twenty yards farther lay a musket recently discharged, with the stock much shattered. The poor boy had evidently kept up a running fight with his merciless pursuers. The whole day was spent in vainly searching for the body, and it was not until the evening of the fourth day after the murder, that the remains of Lovelock were discovered in a dry part of the bed of the river, about seventy yards from the hut. His face and skull were much bruised, as if with *wirris*, and a spear-wound penetrated nearly to his heart. At his feet was found a pistol loaded with ball, which had been snapped, but without effect.

Scarcely had the excitement produced by these sad occurrences subsided, when others yet more melancholy, because involving a greater loss of life, succeeded. The scene of this latter tragedy was at the sheep-station of Mr. Rolles Biddle. About noon on the fatal day, the 29th March 1842, Mr. Biddle, with Charles Tubbs and his wife, who were elderly people, and a man called Fastins, were at the hut. Several natives had been observed lingering about in the neighbourhood, and the voices of others were heard shouting at a distance. Fastins went out to them, when three spears were thrown at him, and he retreated towards the hut, followed by a shower of these barbed weapons; but he again went out and threw them a loaf—with which, and a quantity of potatoes previously dug, they

retired. In an hour's time they returned, surrounding the hut to the number of forty, and flinging from all sides a volley of spears, one of which wounded Fastins in the leg. Mr. Biddle then fired off a pistol. This was immediately followed by a general rush of all the savages, who surrounded the hut; and the Europeans, who had hitherto presented a face outside, were forced into the interior. Tubbs then fired his double-barrelled gun, and two of the blacks, as he thought, fell. Exasperated at this, the natives began to break down the wall, and through the breach, as well as the windows, poured an incessant volley of spears. Fastins snapped his gun, but the charge did not go off, and Mr. Biddle then fired a second pistol; when, at this moment, all the Europeans were forced to the ground by the influx of their savage assailants. Old Tubbs, the only survivor, in narrating the matter, says, "The hut appeared filled with spears." The poor old woman crept under the bed; all received separate wounds, and each pulled out the spears as they were thrown, no farther effort on their part being possible. At length a spear entered the breast of Mr. Biddle, who could only exclaim,—“Oh, Charles, I am a dead man!” and immediately expired. One of the natives seized a pitchfork, and with this horrible weapon made repeated thrusts at Fastins in several parts of his body; then, drawing the bedstead from its place, they inflicted the same torture on Mrs. Tubbs, whom they also shockingly wounded

with a pair of sheep-shears. Fastins complained of extreme pain, and, pointing to a pistol which lay on the floor, implored Tubbs to blow out his brains. Old Mrs. Tubbs, seeing that her husband was not mortally injured, said to him,—“Charles, if you escape alive, promise me that you will go to England.” She had scarcely ceased speaking, when a spear entered his left eye, and he became insensible. He had previously extracted six of these weapons from his own body! Some hours after (he thought near sunset) the old man recovered consciousness. The natives had disappeared, naturally believing that their work of death was complete. On the floor of the hut lay the three murdered inmates: though in the body of his wife life was not yet extinct. The fence was on fire, and the roof of the hut had just ignited. Weak as he was, he yet tore down part of the fence, and drew two pails of water; but, finding his efforts to extinguish the fire unavailing, he dragged the three bodies to the outer side of the hut, beyond the reach of the flames, and then commenced drawing out the spears from the bodies of his murdered companions. After sunset, the shepherds arrived with their flocks at the scene of carnage, and found Tubbs lying by his wife, too weak to answer their eager inquiries, and only able to make them understand that he implored them not to leave him alone. It was very touching to hear the blind and bereaved old man relate the events of that fearful tragedy in his own artless

manner. Two of the natives most prominently engaged in these ferocious deeds, called Narraby and Nultia, were taken and executed ; and a third, named Moullia, less active in the attack, but present on the occasion of the massacre, was imprisoned at Adelaide for three years.

In the month of June, the same year, Mr. C. C. Dutton, with four assistants, left Port Lincoln with a herd of cattle, intending to drive them to Adelaide overland, by travelling round the head of Spencer's Gulf. Several of the settlers accompanied them for the first day or two of their journey, amongst whom was my friend Mr. Hailes, who thus described to me his visit to Biddle's station. "The dray-track, which, for the most part, winds through a succession of grassy valleys, was here possessed of much melancholy interest. A mile or two on our left lay the scene of young Hawson's murder ; a few miles further on to the right stood the deserted station of Mr. Brown ; and shortly after, we arrived at the spot where Mr. Biddle and his people had so recently been massacred. The ashes of the hut were still fresh ; mignonette, stocks, and many other European flowers, yet triumphed over the trampled wreck of property, and bade fair to weave a flowery covering above broken ware, old rusty implements, and a variety of shreds and patches that were profusely scattered amongst their roots. There was also a field of self-sown wheat ; and a variety of small birds darted to and fro in the sun-

shine, and, with their simple and cheerful music, seemed to rejoice in the prospect of a harvest all their own. Yet these natural blandishments had but the effect which the sound of boisterous mirth has on the ear of the bereaved mourner.”\*

Mr. Dutton and his party went forth confident of success, but they never reached their destination; and it is supposed that they also were cut off by the natives at the head of the gulf. The Parnkalla tribe would not admit that they had been massacred; but last March two natives arrived at the settlement from a distant excursion to the northward, bringing intelligence that leaves but little doubt of their fate. Near the head of the gulf, say they, two of the five white men came suddenly upon a group of native women belonging to a tribe called Nukunnu, which differs widely in dialect, customs, and in the implements that they use, from the tribes that wander in the neighbourhood of Port Lincoln. They state that the white men took hold of two of the natives by the wrists—probably to detain them in order to elicit information respecting water; and the women, being much alarmed (having never before seen individuals differing in colour from themselves), uttered that shrill and peculiar cry which penetrates so far into their native solitudes; when the men of the tribe, throwing aside their skin mantles and spears, bounded to the spot and despatched the Europeans

\* A gallows has since been erected on the spot, upon which the two principal murderers were executed.



with their waddies. The remaining three, who afterwards came up with the drays, shared the same fate as their companions. The natives possessed themselves of the clothing; but the flour they scattered on the ground, being totally unacquainted with its use. Mr. Dutton's horse and several of the bullocks returned to their accustomed pastures at Port Lincoln.

With one other mournful narrative, I will complete this chapter of horrors. In August 1844, Messrs. Darke and Theakston left Port Lincoln, accompanied by two other individuals, for the purpose of exploring the country to the north-westward. On the 22nd of October, the expedition being then about 150 miles from Port Lincoln, natives for the first time made their appearance. Mr. Darke gave them sugar, damper, and some other articles: the sugar they ate, but would not make use of the damper. On the following morning Mr. Darke proceeded unarmed to a short distance, leaving Mr. Theakston in the tent with one of the men; the other being at a distance getting in the bullocks. Mr. Darke had not been absent many minutes, when he was heard to utter a cry, as of pain, which was followed by a shout from the natives. Theakston instantly ran towards the spot with his rifle, and seeing a native in the act of throwing a spear, fired, but missed his aim. The native quickly disappeared in the scrub, followed by about twenty others, whose presence was not previously suspected.

Mr. Theakston found his companion on the ground ; one spear had entered the abdomen, a second the hip, and a third (a barbed one) remained fixed in the knee. The spears were, with great difficulty, extracted, and the wounded man complained much of pain ; observing that no doubt could now be entertained of the fate of Mr. Dutton's party. With reference to the attack on himself, Mr. Darke expressed an opinion that the natives had intended to surprise and cut off the whole party, but that his appearance amongst them alone and defenceless had tempted them to a partial and premature development of their plan. Much anxiety was felt for the man who had gone in search of the bullocks ; and had he not returned, the two survivors of the party would probably have perished, as the bullocks would not have been recovered. After two hours, their driver, who had not seen a single native, returned. He owed his preservation to the instinct of the bullocks ; which, during the preceding night, had strayed in a direction contrary to that they had usually taken : doubtless to avoid the concealed natives ; for it is a remarkable fact, that Australian cattle, warned probably by scent, become aware of the approach of natives at a very long distance ; and, should accident bring them into closer proximity, they toss up their heads and scamper away like a herd of wild buffaloes.

Mr. Darke having been slung in the dray, the party turned their steps in a homeward direction ;

the wounded man groaning heavily from extreme pain. Next day mortification ensued, and before midnight he expired. Disliking the idea of being buried in that solitary wilderness, Mr. Darke expressed a hope that he might reach the settlement, or at least the sea-shore alive. As the power of the party to effect their own return was problematical, to attempt to carry forward the body was impossible. A grave was therefore dug for it on the spot; and the simple and melancholy funeral over, the survivors set fire to the grass, and thus eradicated all traces of the grave: which might otherwise have excited the curiosity of the natives, and induced them to disturb the remains. The diminished party travelled night and day, and at last reached the settlement, in a state of dreadful fatigue, having suffered much from thirst during their forced march.\*

The settlers at present inhabiting Port Lincoln and its neighbourhood are, like the generality of those in Australia, remarkable for their hospitality. In this retired and distant portion of the colony, a visit from any one is hailed with pleasure: and the arrival of a stranger is quite an event amongst the

\* The natives at Port Lincoln and on the Murray river are now perfectly quiet. On the Adelaide peninsula, indeed, and around the settled districts, the aborigines have never been otherwise than peaceable and harmless. But had they any other desire, they are too feeble, and too thoroughly impressed with fear of punishment—which, in several cases that occurred a few years ago, promptly followed the aggression—to be troublesome; so that the settlers have long ceased to entertain the slightest apprehension of injury from the natives.

little community. After the Government cutter sailed for Adelaide, I prolonged my stay at Port Lincoln; where I met with that homely and genuine hospitality which is sure to be remembered by the traveller, and to recall pleasant associations to his recollection.

About thirty miles to the north-west of Boston Bay is a range of mountains called the Marble Range, near which is a beautiful lake of fresh water, known as Waungarrie Lake. I started with two companions, on horseback, to visit this interesting tract of country; which was only known to a few of the settlers, and promised to afford good subjects for my pencil. At three miles from the settlement we reached "the Swamp," so called from a reedy lake adjoining the farm: it is the present residence of the family of young Hawson, whose sad fate has been told. Several other stations were passed, belonging to flock-owners and agricultural settlers, and we then struck into a grassy country studded with casuarina and banksia trees. Farther on, the aspect of the scene was very similar to that of the districts around Mount Benson and Lake Hawden, towards Rivoli Bay. Here also I observed the biscuit tufa, much of which was extremely small, being no larger than a wafer, and lying very thickly scattered over the ground. We met Smith and Hawson returning from hunting in the scrub, each with a large kangaroo slung across his saddle, and their stock-whips curled round their shoulders.

They presented admirable examples of full bush costume, in their blue woollen shirts, with appendages of pannikins, tether-ropes, and rifles. We prevailed upon them to accompany us; and the kangaroo and an emu that we had killed were *planted* (to use a colonial term) in the boughs of a she-oak tree, to remain in safety until our return. Upon the open scrubby plains and the low grassy hills, we observed numerous kangaroos. They frequently appeared in flocks of eight or ten at a time, and gave constant sport to the dogs. A low species of *xantharæa*, or grass-tree, grew abundantly in the open scrub, affording, at this season of the year, food for the natives. They eat only the lower portion of the leaves at their junction with the root, drawing them out of the ground, and biting off that part which was underneath the soil: the flavour resembles that of a nut. The natives had made such havoc among this shrub on these plains, that the uprooted leaves were scattered in every direction for a distance of several miles.

The rain poured down heavily until near sunset, when it cleared off, and we were amply rewarded for our ride by the enchanting prospect before us. The mountains of the Marble Range, rising abruptly, and presenting their steep sides of quartz to the evening sun, sparkled in its rays as though inlaid with diamonds; and a richly verdant country stretched out all around, scattered with park-like trees, in the centre of which, surrounded by green banks of velvet turf,

lay Waungarrie Lake. The calm surface of the water mirrored the sunset clouds, and was besprinkled with multitudes of black swans; while some kangaroo were quietly feeding near the water, undisturbed by dogs or savages: for no traces of natives were discernible. It was indeed a lovely region, fresh from the hand of nature: a sweet solitude, where one enamoured of repose might surely hope to dwell in peace. A deep river, bordered on each side by tall reeds, runs out of the lake, connecting it with a smaller one about three miles beyond. In the distance, to the northward, another mountain range is visible, consisting of abrupt lofty cones; the most remarkable of which, called Albert's Peak, is visible for a considerable distance. Mount Dutton and Mount Greenly are also seen towards the westward, beyond the Marble Range; and the high sand hills of Coffin's Bay shut out the scene to the south.

My companions had already built a tolerably snug shelter of boughs for the night, and we sat down in front of it, with our pannikins of tea, around a blazing fire, busied in roasting kangaroo steaks upon the ashes. The heat of the fire brought out an unwelcome intruder in the form of a large scorpion, which I discovered on my bare foot just in time to prevent my being bitten. The night was mild, with thunder and lightning, and large moths flew into the fire by myriads, seeming as if wilfully destroying themselves in the red hot embers: they would have furnished a dainty meal for the natives. This country, which is

entirely uninhabited, would afford an excellent district for sheep or cattle, and I know of no situation more enticing for a settler's homestead, in the neighbourhood of Port Lincoln, than the banks of Waungarrie Lake.

The next night we returned to "The Swamp," and there partook of the good cheer that awaited us; dining sumptuously upon roast goose, and other equally savoury productions of the farm. We had brought with us kangaroo, emu, and some ducks from the lake, as the result of our sport in the wilds.

My only means of returning to Adelaide was in a miserable little cutter of fourteen tons, which had come to procure salt at Sleaford Bay. The weather was exceedingly boisterous, and we made the passage in four days; during this time the only eatables I could procure on board were a few potatoes and a coot, which I had intended to preserve on account of its plumage. On the following Saturday this cutter again put to sea, and returned on the Monday with only the "captain" on board: one man fell overboard in the night, off Cape Jervis, and was lost, and the two others, having put out in the boat in search of their shipmate, lost sight of the cutter; after cruising about till next day in hopes of finding them, the distracted captain worked back his vessel alone to bring the intelligence of his misfortune.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SETTLED DISTRICTS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

HAVING hitherto confined myself to "savage life and scenes" in this colony, and endeavoured to portray from actual observation "things wild and strange," it would be unjust to permit my readers to take leave of South Australia without a hasty glance at the settled portions of this flourishing and popular colony.

Port Adelaide is situated near the head of a creek, about seven miles from the sea. This creek, which is sheltered from every wind, is navigable for the largest vessels; and affords a secure and commodious harbour for the increasing amount of shipping annually arriving at this port. Both sides of the creek, from the sea to the wharfs where the vessels discharge cargo, are thickly skirted with mangrove trees; the brilliant evergreen foliage of which extends for some distance from each bank of the stream. Two wharfs, one belonging to Govern-



ment, the other the property of the South Australian Company, have been erected at the port; and, owing to the influx of vessels from all parts of the world, others will no doubt be shortly constructed. Substantial warehouses and custom-house buildings are situated adjoining the wharfs; and although only such of the population reside at the port as are connected with the shipping or the harbour, Port Adelaide presents the appearance of a small town.

Level plains extend between the port and the city of Adelaide; which latter stands on the banks of the river Torrens, about seven miles distant from the port. The road between these two places lies across a level plain, over a fine stiff soil; and the traffic of goods is carried on by means of bullock-drays. Between the port and Albert Town, a small village about a mile distant, an excellent road has been constructed across a mangrove swamp, the foundation of which is of stone brought from Kangaroo Island: this road is equal to any in the United Kingdom, and cost, at the expensive period when it was begun, a sum of nearly 14,000*l.* Most of the roads in this colony are good,—remarkably so for a new settlement, considering the few years it has been established, and the enormous amount of various kinds of labour to be accomplished by the colonists. Many of them, however, are entirely natural, being formed merely by the drays passing to and fro, and these appear like carriage-drives through a park: any kind of equipage might be

drawn along most of them with comfort, for an almost unlimited distance.

The situation of Adelaide is pleasing and picturesque; it is surrounded by rich level land with park-like scenery, and backed by a range of bold mountains, that in their ever-varying tints afford a constant succession of delightful pictures throughout the day. In the early mornings of winter, the mountains may be seen wrapped in mist, with here and there a peak struggling with the sunshine; or anon, with black and angry clouds hanging about their summits. During the sultry heat of a January morning, before the sea-breeze has set in, they frequently assume a strange, milky appearance, while in the sunshine of the afternoon they look radiant with mellow tints; but when the unclouded sun sets over the gulf, the mountains are bathed in a *violet* splendour, known only to the brilliant climate of Australia. This is peculiarly observable on the Mount Lofty range, from its position facing the western gulf. At the moment the dazzling sun, that has all day blazed in unclouded glory overhead, touches the deep blue horizon of the gulf, the whole range of mountains to the eastward exhibits an effect more like the result of some chemical fire than of the ordinary course of nature: sometimes they appear of a purple or violet hue, at others, the entire range glows with the most exquisite *rose colour*. This pageant is but of momentary duration; and it is a most beautiful sight to watch, from be-

neath the checquered shade of a vine-trellised verandah, the changes from violet to purple, until the mountains stand out in hard relief against the still roseate sky, their masses appearing deeply blue in the clear evening atmosphere.

Adelaide is built on a gently rising ground, on both banks of the Torrens, which divides it into north and south. Several bridges cross the river; which, although in summer it is frequently but a chain of deep broad pools, in the winter pours down a vast foaming torrent from the mountain-fed streams that swell its course. Some of these tributaries have their rise in the glens of Mount Lofty, and during their downward course to the plains, form several fine waterfalls: these, in the rainy season, are well worth visiting, in connection with the romantic and enchanting scenery that surrounds them.

The city of Adelaide covers a large space of ground: the streets are very wide and intersect each other at right angles. Hindley Street, which is nearly a mile in length, is the principal place for shops and public business, and presents an animated and bustling appearance. North Adelaide, on the opposite side of the Torrens, is approached by Frome Bridge, and consist chiefly of private residences and gardens. Many of the public buildings and places of worship are neat and substantial edifices, and the shops are on a scale equal to those of many of the first market-towns in England.

The population of the province is now estimated at nearly 21,000; and out of this number about 7000 are residents in Adelaide and its vicinity. On both sides of the river, between North and South Adelaide, reserved allotments to the extent of 200 acres have been set aside, with the view of hereafter forming pleasure-grounds and public gardens for the benefit of the citizens. These open spaces, called the "Park Lands," are beautifully scattered over with large and spreading gum-trees, that afford an evergreen shade throughout all seasons of the year. Beneath the leafy canopy of these umbrageous *eucalypti*, the tents and marquees are erected for the annual horticultural and agricultural show of South Australia—a gala-day with all classes in Adelaide—when the colonists from far and near arrive with specimens of their produce, and the result of their garden labours. I have been present at two successive exhibitions of this kind, and was astonished at the profusion of specimens displayed on both occasions: not only the most perfect and delicious fruit and vegetables, of almost every variety, but also numberless articles of export and domestic economy, raised by the enterprise and industry of the settlers, were exhibited; besides models for agricultural implements, and samples of corn, wax, honey, leather, starch, and a variety of other valuable commodities.

In allusion to the extent of Adelaide, as laid out by the late talented Colonel Light, my friend Mr.

Dutton, in his interesting statistical work on "South Australia and its Mines," observes,—“The size of the whole at present may appear a great deal too large, and, doubtless, many years will elapse before anything like a regularly defined line of buildings will be seen throughout; but we must remember that Adelaide was not made for us alone: that South Australia will go on increasing in the number of its inhabitants long after we are dead and gone, and, in after ages, the benefit will appear of having provided for the accommodation of a large population on a liberal scale; and Adelaide will then become a noble city. Sydney, with all its wealth, and its thousands of inhabitants, must always retain the unseemly appearance of its narrow and crooked streets; and a more recent instance of the mistake of laying out a town within narrow confines is now seen in Melbourne, Port-Philip, the ground-plan of which does not exceed 600 acres, which have been already covered with buildings; and the limits of the town being daily extended, the inhabitants will soon have the burial-ground in the centre of their town. Let us, therefore, not quarrel with the size of Adelaide: it will conduce much to the health of the inhabitants, securing a plentiful circulation of fresh air; and most of the houses, except those in the immediate business part of the town, where the ground is very valuable, having pretty flower-gardens and shrubberies attached to them, the effect is very pleasing.”

Around Adelaide are the suburban villages of Hindmarsh, Thebarton, Kensington, Bowden, and Walkerville; and at Holdfast Bay, the marine townships of Glenelg and Brighton. At these latter places there is a good beach, and many of the inhabitants of Adelaide visit them for sea-bathing: a charming ride of four or five miles, along an excellent road, brings the citizen to the bay, which is a favourite evening's excursion after the heat of the day is over.

Several German villages are situated in various parts of the province: the largest of them is Klemsic, on the Torrens, about three miles from Adelaide; the others are, Hahndorf, amongst the Mount Barker hills; Bethany, which is beautifully situated near Angas Park, at the foot of the Barossa Range, with Lobethal and Langmeil. The occupants of these villages are entirely Prussians, who, from religious motives, have emigrated from Europe (aided by benevolent individuals), and seek in South Australia that liberty of conscience and security from persecution denied them in their native land. Their chief pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kavel, is unceasing in his labours amongst them; visiting the different villages, and endeavouring to promote peace and good feeling everywhere: his influence is very considerable, and he is looked up to by them on all occasions, whenever moral control or advice is required. As settlers, they are less enterprising and spirited than the British; but a plodding, hard-working set,

doing everything after their own fashion, and jealous of innovation or interference. They usually cultivate small corn-patches and gardens, and are the proprietors of a considerable number of cattle and working bullocks. Many of them, however, gladly take work from the English proprietors, as they get better paid than amongst their own people. They seldom intermarry with the other settlers, and are very exclusive in their opinions: still they are sober and contented, and their general good behaviour outweighs the bigotry and prejudice that many of them retain. These being consequent upon their early position as serfs in Prussia, and deficient education, the rising generation will, doubtless, become more enlightened, and amalgamate in time with the colonists at large.

Throughout the settled districts generally there are townships springing up: here and there the nucleus of some future town is denoted by a dozen or twenty houses, tenanted by as many families; including amongst them a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a general store. In Adelaide, all the comforts and luxuries of life may be obtained; and an individual who is pining in the cold-catchling and uncertain climate of Great Britain—struggling to keep up the necessary appearances of fashionable life, and to be a “somebody,” upon a very limited income—may, by changing his abode to the genial climate of South Australia, live like a little prince, and become a “somebody,” with the same amount

of income upon which he could barely exist in England.

The township of Noarlunga is beautifully situated near the mouth of the Onkaparinga river, about twenty miles south of Adelaide. A large steam mill is erected here, and some lodes of copper-ore have been discovered in the neighbourhood. Beyond Noarlunga is the township of Willunga. The scenery in every direction is peculiarly charming. Morphett Vale, the Willunga hills, and the plain of Aldinga, with Mount Terrible beyond, present scenes of unequalled beauty. Towards Rapid Bay and Cape Jervis the country is more broken and mountainous, and the scenery romantic in the extreme. Many settlers' stations are scattered throughout this district. At Rapid Bay, the cliffs, which are of micaceous schist, rise perpendicularly to a great height, and the character of the landscape surrounding the bay reminds one of the scenery of Wales. The valleys are fertile in the extreme, and the neighbouring districts of Yankallilla and Myponga are amongst the fairest in the colony; being equal in richness of soil and good pasture to those of the Barossa and Mount Barker surveys. The valleys of the Hindmarsh and the Inman also are as fertile in their productions as they are beautiful in scenery.

The district of Encounter Bay lies between the abrupt cape called Rosetta Head and the sea-mouth of the Murray, which is its boundary on the eastward. This district consists of several beautiful val-



leys, covered with luxuriant grass, and backed by ranges of hills, scattered with a variety of timber. At Encounter Bay the settlers are numerous, and during the winter months the whale fishery is carried on there with considerable success.

The Mount Barker country is situated to the eastward of the Mount Lofty range, and is separated from Adelaide by a forest of stringy bark. The hills are intersected by luxuriant valleys, and the manner in which the trees are grouped about conveys the idea that it is one immense park, skilfully arranged by the hand of man, rather than a natural paradise prepared for his reception. The climate in the elevated districts of Mount Barker is similar to that of the Barossa; the heat being felt less than on the plains, and during winter slight frosts are of frequent occurrence. Apples, strawberries, and other English fruits, which do not thrive well upon the plains, grow admirably at Mount Barker, while upon the sunny lowlands all the fruits of the Mediterranean are produced in abundance.

From Mount Barker northward, following up the ranges of hills, a rich and fertile country extends to the Barossa, and from thence stretches still further north; gradually becoming more open, and affording splendid runs for sheep, hundreds of thousands of which find pasture in this part of the colony. The country around Lynedock Valley and the Barossa range is of a very superior character; it consists of well-watered valleys and

gently swelling hills, covered with good grass. The rich verdure and the deep foliage of the ever-green trees, together with the park-like style of the scenery, render these luxuriant districts most beautiful to the eye; whilst the settlers' homesteads frequently display an air of comfort quite inviting: the white buildings peeping through the trees, and the lazy cattle reposing beneath the shade of some umbrageous eucalyptus.

The township of Angaston, at German Pass, is most picturesquely situated at the head of a glen, looking towards the Greenock hills, over which the setting sun throws a purple radiance as he sinks behind their wooded summits. Through this glen there runs a petrifying stream, the banks of which are beautifully encrusted with a calcareous tufa, that has gradually been deposited during its course. The hills surrounding German Pass abound in minerals: chalcedony, opal, iron, marble, copper, and an almost endless variety of mineral substances, are found on the surface of the ground; and when, after a lapse of years, these treasures have been more fully examined and brought to light, they will doubtless become of great value, and increase in quality as they are worked below the surface. About twelve miles to the north-west of Angaston, close to the river Light, is the rich copper-mine of Kapunda, the property of Messrs. Bagot and Dutton, which produces the valuable muriate of copper or acatamite, hitherto

found only in South America : 1200 tons of ore have already been raised from the Kapunda mine, which, at the Swansea sales last year, realized an average price of 24*l* 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton.

From the river Light, vast plains extend towards St. Vincent's Gulf, stretching southwards as far as Adelaide ; and about half way, these plains are intersected by the river Gawler, on the banks of which Gawler town is situated. It consists of some fifty or sixty houses, has two good inns, and is the general rendezvous for all the thoroughfare of the northern settlers proceeding to and returning from Adelaide.

Between this good country and the river Murray, extends a belt of scrub, the average breadth of which is from twenty to thirty miles. This sandy district is covered with dwarf eucalyptus, and other desert shrubs : the kangaroo, the emu, and the wild-dog, seek shelter in its unvisited solitudes. Here also the *meyarako*, or scrub-pheasant (*lipoa*), makes its nest : it is formed of sand, like an ant-hill, and is thirty feet in diameter ; in the centre, which is hollowed out, the bird lays four eggs of a delicate salmon or pinkish colour, and, covering them with sand, leaves them to hatch by the heat of the sun. A dray road extends through the scrub for a distance of thirty miles, forming a communication with the Government station at Moorundi on the banks of the Murray. Beneath the bushes of *eucalyptus*, in the scrub, lumps of manna occur in

such abundance, that many bushels might be gathered in a short space of time. It is sweet and very palatable, greatly resembling the manna from the Sicilian ash; though this is more probably the result of an insect than entirely a vegetable production. I have no doubt but if this manna were carefully collected, and its production attended to, it would prove a valuable article of export as a medicinal drug.

At Moorundi there are barracks and a station for mounted police. Mr. Eyre, the enterprising traveller, has for some time been located on the Murray as resident magistrate. He is now on a visit to England, and has published an interesting account of his various expeditions in Australia. It was to this gentleman that the Royal Geographical Society awarded the founder's medal for the discovery of Lake Torrens at the head of Spencer's Gulf, and his overland journey from Adelaide to King George's Sound in Western Australia. In the vicinity of Moorundi, there are many rich alluvial flats, and several flourishing settlers occupy the banks of the river. The scenery is singular and picturesque: high cliffs of yellow fossiliferous sandstone form a basin or valley about two miles in breadth, through which the noble Murray winds in a series of magnificent reaches from side to side; at one spot the cliffs will descend abruptly to the water's edge, whilst at another the river flows on through verdant meadows, shaded by clusters of enormous gum-trees, the rich deep foliage of which casts a broad shadow

on each bank of the stream. Birds of the most brilliant plumage adorn their branches; and I have seen thousands of the white-cockatoo, and also of the elegant crested pigeon of the Murray (*Ocyphaps lophotes*), enlivening the evergreen *eucalypti* with their sportive forms.

The natives, in their canoes of bark (*mungo*), are constantly on the water during calm weather, busied in striking fish from these frail vessels; and their encampments may be traced along the banks by the little wreaths of smoke that curl upward, through the sylvan recesses where they build their huts, from the leafy boughs of the overspreading trees. Once a year a distribution of flour and blankets to the Moorundi tribes, and those coming from the interior, takes place here: usually on the first week after the first full moon in May. Many natives come a long distance from the inland tribes to be present on the occasion; and it has been found to have a beneficial influence in promoting a good feeling amongst the natives, who are gradually becoming more peaceably disposed towards the Europeans. Mr. Eyre presided at the last distribution.

Much gypsum occurs in layers amongst the sandstone of the Murray cliffs; and, imbedded in this substance, are found fossil-shells perfectly transparent, which have been converted into gypsum. They are very beautiful, looking like shells wrought out of glass, and are mostly spirals of the genus *turbo*. *Pectens*, and a variety of other shells, are abundant

in a fossil state in the sandstone, together with *echiniæ* and corallines.

A few miles below Moorundi is a cave, extending for several hundred yards into the side of the cliffs; the entrance to which is an arch accessible only from the water, the river running close beneath the cavern's mouth. When I visited it, the bats were so numerous as to endanger our lights, some of which they extinguished, as they flew hurriedly about in all directions. No bones were observable in this cave, the numerous cavities in the sandstone being all filled with a soft mud.

A natural avenue of gum-trees extends between Mr. Eyre's residence and that of Mr. Heywood, on the right bank of the river, consisting of two rows of noble trees growing at almost equal distances; the open grassy space between each row being at least 100 feet in width: so regular are the intervals between them, that it is almost difficult, at first sight, to persuade one's self that they were not planted by the hand of man.

The climate of South Australia is one perpetual succession of spring and summer: no leafless trees spread out their bare branches against a wintry sky—no sharp-nipping easterly winds pierce to the marrow—never does the glittering mantle of snow cover its verdant plains, and the rigours of our northern winters are unknown. The so-called winter, or wet season, is an intermixture of heavy showers and occasional days of continued rain, with the most

charming weather imaginable; when we breathe the air of paradise, and the sun rises and sets in unclouded glory. In the months of August, September, and October—the spring of Australia—nothing can exceed the loveliness of the climate: the whole earth is carpeted with green, and the turf is gemmed with native flowers, amongst which are many of the *Orchidæ*. January and February are frequently very hot, especially on those days when the sirocco or N.N.W wind blows: then I *once* saw the thermometer standing in the shade at  $107^{\circ}$ ; but it was only for an hour or two, and on the succeeding evening the air was cool and pleasant, and the wind blowing from the south-west. Although the thermometer frequently registers a very high degree of temperature, yet, owing to the extreme dryness and transparency of the air, that lassitude and oppression which are experienced in the tropics—even at a lower temperature, as indicated by thermometer—is totally unknown in South Australia: indeed, I have but little hesitation in stating it to be one of the finest climates in the world; and certainly far healthier, especially for those troubled with delicate lungs, than the severe and changeable one of England. There is said to be a great similarity, in many respects, between South Australia and Palestine; and, from my own observation, I can testify that the climate of South Australia is equal to that of the finest districts I have visited on the shores of the Mediterranean.

South Australia is destined to be a great country ; for it contains within itself all the integral elements of a wealthy and prosperous state. Its mines ; its corn, wool, and oil ; with all the other various productions it yields, if turned to good account by a free and enterprising population, cannot fail to ensure its increasing prosperity, and ultimate wealth and importance.

In drawing a comparison between the former and the present state of South Australia, Mr. Bennett says : “ The grass which then sprung only to wither and rot, is now cropped by flocks of sheep and herds of cattle ; plots of the beautiful green sward have been torn up by the plough, and are seen covered with crops of waving grain ; the original quiet solitude is disturbed by the merry ring of the blacksmith’s anvil and the carpenter’s hammer ; the uniformity of the far-stretching plains is relieved by the scattered cottages of the settlers ; and the ever-green but dreary forests, which then only echoed to the howl of the wild-dog, the screech of the parrot, or the yell of the savage, now resound with the bark of the shepherd’s dog, the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle.”

In this distant spot, ten years ago, a few enterprising settlers—a little band of pioneers—began to clear away the scattered trees, and to erect temporary shelter for their families : they had to struggle with disappointments, hardships, and trouble ; but they toiled on, and others came ; the tide of civili-



zation swept onwards like the sea, and their prospect brightened, as the rising of the sun lights up point after point in the dusky landscape. The dark days of trouble are over, and a city now smiles on the plain where the first emigrants pitched their tents amongst the trees; the hills are covered with flocks and herds; the fields wave with corn; the vineyards and the gardens display their wealth of fruit and flowers; and the little children have learnt to call this adopted country their home: they know of none other than Australia, where they play beneath the evergreen shade of the *eucalyptus*, and gather the sweet scented blossom of the wattle—

“ To twine their tame young kangaroo with flowers.”

## CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—MOUNT EGMONT—PORT  
NICHOLSON—TOWN OF WELLINGTON—PORIRUA—  
RAUPARAHA AND RANGIHĀATA—MANA AND TAUPO  
PAH.

ONE evening in the month of July, whilst sitting in my verandah at Adelaide, I took it into my head to visit New Zealand: a friend had shown me some beautifully ornamented weapons he had brought from thence, and that night I went to bed and dreamed of native “pahs,” and stately tattooed chiefs. In the morning I was packing up my trunk to go on board a schooner, belonging to the South Australian Company, which was to sail with a supply of flour for the European settlements in New Zealand. Next day the schooner dropped down the river and lay at anchor off the light ship; and in the afternoon I strolled amongst the hills that embosom the wild glen through which the Moriatta creek pours its foaming and rock-beaten falls. I had wandered along its banks, embowered

with mimosa, tea-tree, and the brilliant clusters of the native lilac, until the bright sunny day stole by; and as I pursued my solitary way back to the ship, along those hills clothed with verdure and beauty—looking over the broad plains melting away in the soft and hazy light of the setting sun, inhaling the sweet perfume of the wattles in blossom, and gathering the blue and yellow orchises that peeped freshly from the fragrant earth—I saddened at the thought that all this beauty must be exchanged on the morrow for the dull and melancholy sea.

The breeze was fair, and as it freshened after sunset, we lay our course down the gulf. The round moon, like a golden globe, rose above Mount Lofty, shedding a gentle misty light over the lessening land; till, rising higher, it streaked the waves with a shining track of restless lustre, and its pure radiance fell broadly over our decks, bathing the sails in its silvery beams.

On the following day we were off Kangaroo Island, with the high land of Cape Jervis in sight; and before evening the shores of South Australia were below the horizon. I once again found myself on the wide and desolate ocean—

“With only waves and stars in sight:”

there was no sign of living thing, save the majestic sloop of the snowy-breasted albatross, whose broad wing seems eternally stretched forth, like a guardian

spirit, over the melancholy wastes of the Southern ocean. As we proceeded on our voyage, albatrosses became more numerous. I have no sympathy with these melancholy and mysterious creatures, that for ever hover, spirit-like, over the deep mid-ocean: there is something drear and almost fearful about them. Let their wail, the only living voice that mingles with the sounding blast, be lost in utter loneliness. Give me the gay warbler of the forest, that weaves its green nest amongst the flowers, and, swelling its tiny throat on some leafy bough, sits and sings to its mate and the setting sun.

Eight days after leaving port we sighted land: the tops of the high mountains of Wilson's Promontory were discernible, like islands on the horizon. This promontory is the most southern extremity of New Holland; and between it and the small island of Rodunda is the entrance to Bass's Straits. Cape Liptrap bore north of us, presenting a long unbroken line of moderately high land; whilst to the east rose the jagged and irregular summits of the lofty chain of hills forming Wilson's Promontory; and detached from their southernmost point, like a huge pyramid rising abruptly from the sea, the rocky island of Rodunda presented itself. Still further off were Sir R. Curtis's islands and the Devil's Tower. A dangerous sunken rock, called the Crocodile Rock, the position of which is laid down as uncertain, lies between Rodunda and the Devil's Tower. The navigation of

Bass's Straits, amongst so many reefs and rocky islands, is often dangerous and difficult, especially at night and in thick weather. The latitude of Wilson's Promontory is  $39^{\circ} 12'$  south, longitude  $146^{\circ} 22'$  east. All night we were beating up against a foul wind, in vain endeavouring to get through the passage between Rodunda and the main; a strong tide was running against us, and the night was wet, misty, and very dark. It was anything but an enviable situation, to be near so many wild and fearful rocks, jutting up from the deep water, with their bare inaccessible sides, which are the resort of myriads of sea-fowl that nestle undisturbed amongst these inhospitable isles. Both the promontory and Rodunda have a singularly rugged aspect. The latter, around which the morning clouds hung in voluminous wreaths, is little better than a huge rock, having a few straggling bushes that clothe its more sheltered sides; but the still loftier eminences of the promontory are covered to their summits with a dense forest of eucalyptus. One vast ironstone rock, the barren resort of multitudes of sea-fowl, lies but a short distance from the shore, marking this as the most southerly point of the Australian continent. With a strong breeze from the westward, we cleared Bass's Straits, passing to our right Hogan's, and finally Kent's group; while, far away to the north, the dim outline of the summits of a ridge on the mainland was visible for some time, distant about fifteen leagues.

In Bass's Straits lines are always put out astern of the vessel to catch a fish from two to three feet long, called "barracôuta," and the hooks are baited with a piece of red rag. This fish somewhat resembles a bonito, only its form is more slender, and it attains a larger size: it is by no means unpalatable eating, being infinitely superior to dolphin. The barracôuta is very abundant amongst the islands in the Straits, and frequents the shallow water off most parts of the Australian coast; and the men belonging to the vessels trading between Adelaide and Sydney frequently obtain them in great numbers. They cut them open and preserve with salt, and when they arrive in Sydney find a ready market for them at six shillings a dozen.

A gale of wind blowing from west to south-west hurried us along over the now tempestuous waters of the Pacific, and in less than eight days from our leaving Wilson's Promontory we sighted the land of New Zealand. The lofty summit of Mount Egmont, at the entrance of Cook's Straits, reared its snow-capped cone high above the horizon; and, as the afternoon sun shone upon the snow, it looked like a small white cloud resting along the sea. When we first discerned it, we were distant eighty-five miles from its summit; and as we sailed onward the line of this snowy limit became more distinct, and a grey mist hung over the land beneath. Very gently did the faint and shadowy pyramid reveal itself amid the haziness of the sky; but there it stood, lifting

its crown of everlasting snows as a mighty beacon over the blue Pacific.

At early daybreak I was on deck to enjoy the first sight of sunrise behind the volcano of Taranaki; and, peculiarly beautiful as the first vision of land is at sunrise, the scene I now looked upon was beyond description magnificent. A deep orange flush kindled more and more brightly, throwing up its glare from behind the dark slope of the mountain, until the vault of the heavens was embroidered, as it were, with fantastic patterns of richly wrought cloud, woven into the most delicate tracery by the fresh east wind; while, as if to exhibit the scene beneath, this glorious curtain seemed to have been drawn up, and revealed the pure spotless ether of the morning sky, of a deep and lovely sapphire blue, against which towered the mighty volcano: its pearly summit standing out in bold relief, serene and majestic, in the unstained purity of its gleaming snows. During the day, clouds stole along its lofty sides, resting about halfway down; but the topmost peak of the cone still stood out clear and cutting against the sky.

My friend Dr. Dicffenbach, who is the only individual that has attempted the ascent of this mountain, calculates its elevation at 8839 feet; and he gives 1635 feet below the summit as the lowest point at which the snow is perpetual. In Norie's chart of 1833, Mount Egmont is laid down as being 14,000 feet above the level of the sea; but

in Betts's map it is more correctly computed at 9000.

As we drew nearer the shore, we observed smoke in many places, and we also distinctly heard the roar of the surf dashing against the beach ; but a contrary wind sprang up, and at two o'clock we were compelled to stand out to sea. We had been making for the settlement of New Plymouth, or Taranaki, which is inside the Sugar-Loaf Islands, near the base of the mountain. This settlement not having a harbour, and the whole coast being a lee shore during the prevailing winds from west and north-west, it is at such times an unsafe and hazardous part of the coast to anchor off.

Perhaps there are few places more subject to sudden changes of weather than the coasts of New Zealand. Last evening it was serene and calm as though sky and ocean slept together, but before daybreak it commenced blowing strongly from the north-west, and the wind soon freshened into a violent gale. The whole sky assumed a leaden aspect, a thick mist with drizzling rain set in, and the sea ran furiously, the violence of the wind sweeping the waves along in drifts of foam. We had narrowly escaped being driven ashore at New Plymouth, where we should inevitably have been wrecked had we rounded the Sugar-Loaf Islands a few hours sooner ; for the whole force of the gale setting in so suddenly from the north-west would have prevented our getting off shore. We lay to,



the gale raging terrifically for twelve hours: during the succeeding night it moderated, and we ran for Port Nicholson in Cook's Straits.

The morning was lovely, with bright sunshine, and a fresh westerly breeze carried us briskly through the Straits which divide the two large islands of New Zealand from each other. On each side of us land was visible, looking beautiful in the morning brilliancy. To our right, the coast of Middle Island displayed a long range of wildly broken ridges of very high land, backed by mountain peaks covered with snow. Entry Island, and Mana or Table Island, were visible to the left, with the shores towards Port Nicholson. Presently we opened out the entrance of Queen Charlotte's Sound, with the high Cape Kumaroo and the rocks called the "Brothers" in the foreground; and afterwards the shores of Cloudy Bay, the celebrated resort of the South Sea whalers, came in sight, backed by a ridge of snowy mountains: the lofty peak of Mount Tako rising above the rest of the Kaikoras, or Lookers-on, as these mountains are termed.

About noon we were off Port Nicholson heads, and a pilot came on board from Evans's Bay to take us into the harbour. The entrance is narrow, and surrounded with rocks; some sunken, but the greatest portion of them jutting sharply out of the water, often assuming remarkable pyramidal forms. But, on entering between the heads, this fine harbour

presents a most imposing appearance: a vast sheet of water, completely land-locked, with two small rocky isles rising near its centre, and backed by rugged hills clothed with forest or fern to the water's edge; the distant view inland being bounded by the snowy range of the Tararua mountains.

The wind being north-west was dead against us, and we had to beat into the harbour with short tacks, so that it was past sun-down before we reached our anchorage. At seven P. M. all was still and quiet as a mill-pond; down went our anchor, splashing and rumbling; and on putting my head out of the companion-hatchway, I discovered that we were but a gunshot from the shore. The whole town of Wellington, with its tiers of wooden buildings, lay extended along the margin of the Bay; made manifest by the row of twinkling lights that multiplied themselves in the watery mirror beneath.

Sunrise revealed to us a picturesque and beautiful bay, backed by thickly wooded mountains, and enlivened with the wooden houses of the settlers; several vessels lay at anchor in the bay, and the appearance of the town from the anchorage was more imposing than I had anticipated. Wellington is the principal of the New Zealand Company's settlements, and contains about 3000 inhabitants. On each side of the town is a native "pah," or village: that on the right, facing the water, is called Te Aro, and occupies a portion of the open flat termed "Te Aro-flat;" the one on the left is known as Pipitea. In

the centre of the town is a small patch of land, reserved by the chief, E Tako, where he has erected a substantial weather-boarded house for himself and family. Along the shores of the harbour are several other native villages: the principal of which are Kai Warra Warra, belonging to Te Ringa Kuri; Nga Hauranga, in possession of the people of the late chief, Warepouri; and Petoni, at the head of the harbour, near the entrance to the valley of the Hutt, which is the residence of E Puni and his tribe. The country, for some miles around Port Nicholson, is little else than a succession of steep irregular hills, clothed with dense forests; the nearest available land, of any extent, is the valley of the Hutt, where there are some open tracts of rich soil. The site of Wellington has been chosen entirely on account of the fine harbour; and the want of good and level land near the town is now sadly felt by the colonists there. By an enormous and almost incredible expenditure of labour and money, they have cut down the lofty trees and cleared patches here and there amongst the forest, on the mountain sides, to sow their wheat; but, owing to the steepness of the hills, the heavy rains wash down much of the seed sown, and the unfortunate settlers have not been able to raise sufficient for their own consumption: they are still dependent on the supplies of flour constantly arriving from South Australia and Van Dieman's Land.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery,

when viewed from the heights at the back of the town: the harbour, on a sunny day, looks like a large blue lake embosomed deep in hills and rocky precipices, the islands in its centre glistening in the sunshine; to the northward the valley of the Hutt stretches up towards the snowy range of Tararua, whose white peaks stand out against the azure sky; and a beach of fine white sand meets the water's edge: the scattered residences of the Europeans, intermingled with the paha and villages of the natives, adding life to the scene. The green and umbrageous forest, displaying foliage equal in magnificence and luxuriance to that of the tropics, forms a leafy canopy, from beneath which it is delightful to look down upon so glorious a landscape.

For a few days I took up my quarters at Barratt's hotel, a large wooden erection overlooking the bay. This is the only good hostel in the place, and is *the* rendezvous for all the "gentlemen" of Wellington; in fact, it is the exchange, coffee-room, auction-mart, public-house, and general place of meeting and resort for all the merchants, idlers, and speculators with which this settlement abounds: billiards are played without interruption, and liquors and champagne circulate rather too freely for a new colony. The state of "society" may be inferred, from the not unusual circumstance of the most fashionable of these "gentlemen" being trundled home in wheelbarrows from a ball, at the late hour of ten in the morning, on two succeeding days. Meat, butter,

milk, and many of the necessaries of life, are dear in Wellington, and the poorer class of settlers live almost entirely on pork and potatoes: these they purchase of the natives, who carry on a profitable trade by bringing in pigs, and the produce of their cultivation, for sale or barter to the Europeans. With the money thus obtained, the Maories buy muskets, powder, and blankets; and natives of the gentler sex possess themselves of dresses, ear-rings, and various articles of European finery.

On the morning of my landing I visited Pipitea pah: several canoes were drawn up along the beach; some of them beautifully carved at the head and stern, and all coloured with *kohowai*, or red ochre. At this place I met Nga Tata, the chief of Pipitea and Kumototo, who stood to me for his portrait. This man is father of E Tako, the present chief of Port Nicholson, and in former days was an atrocious cannibal. He boasts of having roasted slave children alive, and then partaken of their flesh; and is notorious for his sanguinary deeds of cruelty. His eyes have a bloodshot and savage appearance, and his character is borne out by the expression of his countenance. He has six toes on his left foot: a peculiarity that characterizes Rauparaha and several other chiefs. Close to Pipitea is a *ware karahia*, or chapel, belonging to the Christian natives, which is built of *raupo* and *tohi-tohi* grass, according to the native fashion. A small bell was struck outside the building, and it was an interesting

sight to watch the effect it had upon the dwellers of the pah: one by one they came out of their houses, or crossed the little stiles dividing one court-yard from another, and, wrapping their mats and blankets around them, slowly and silently wended their way to the place of worship. On entering, each individual squatted upon the ground, which was strewn with reeds, and, with their faces buried in their blankets, they appeared to be engaged in prayer; they then opened their Maori Testaments, and a native teacher commenced the sacred service. It would have been a lesson to some of our thoughtless and fashionable congregations, to witness the devout and serious aspect and demeanour of these tattooed men, who, without the assistance of a European, were performing Christian worship with decorous simplicity and reverential feeling.

Te Aro pah is larger than Pipitea, and stands at the south-east extremity of the flat on which most of the town of Wellington is built. The houses, or huts, are mostly of reeds, sheeted with bark. But few of their elaborate and finely ornamented wooden buildings are seen in the vicinity of the European settlements; where the natives have certainly degenerated, and become more avaricious and indolent than they are in the interior.

A party of natives had arrived at Te Aro, in their canoes, from Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the opposite shores of Cook's Straits. Amongst them were several fine old chiefs, most elaborately tattooed, and adorned

with the *topuni*, or war-mat; which is made of dog's hair, assorted, and interwoven with a garment of fine flax, so as to resemble a cloak of rich fur. On entering one of the enclosures, where their friends were assembled, these visitors commenced their salutations by pressing noses with each in succession, and then sat down in silence; the women setting up a *tangi*, or "crying of welcome." Baskets of hot potatoes were then brought in by the slave women, and the whole party sat down to their evening meal, until the bell struck for *karakia*, or prayers.

A whale having been lately driven ashore by a gale, in one of the bays near the entrance of the harbour, the natives had been busily engaged in collecting the oil, to supply the lamps of their sleeping-houses, and to sell to the Europeans of the settlement. The mode they employed for conveying the oil was curious: having no bottles, they obtained a number of the large pods of a species of seaweed that grows on the rocks off Evans's Bay; these they filled with oil, and then tied them up at the mouth with flax. Each pod held upwards of a quart, and resembled in appearance a bottle of eaoutehoué.

The potato is the staff of life to the New Zealander; it supplies every meal, and its cultivation occupies a considerable portion of their time at certain seasons of the year. Before putting the potatoes into the ovens, they are washed by the slave women in the stream which runs past every village. The woman, having the potatoes in a flax-basket or

“kit,” with two handles, goes into the stream, and putting one foot into the basket with the roots, takes hold of the handles, and commences shaking them furiously, her foot acting as a scrubbing-brush; in this way the potatoes are effectually cleansed in a few minutes.

I spent several days amongst the natives around Port Nicholson, remaining with them in their paha, sketching, and taking portraits of their principal personages. To accomplish the latter required considerable tact, which I only acquired by experience; for had I painted a slave, a child, or some unimportant individual, it was in vain afterwards to attempt to obtain the portrait of a superior. My plan was, therefore, first to pay this compliment to the chief of highest rank amongst his tribe, and then the whole population were candidates as subjects for my pencil.

My last afternoon at Te Aro was quite a gala-day with the natives; Kutia, the wife of the celebrated Rauparaha, and his son Ko Katu, having arrived on a visit to Port Nicholson. Kahoki, the daughter of the chief of the Roturua lakes, and niece of Rauparaha, was also there; and she prevailed on her relatives to sit to me for their portraits. Ko Katu wore his native costume, but not half an hour afterwards he came to wish me good evening in an English dress suit, as he was about to dine with one of the settlers at Wellington. Rauparaha's wife is an exceedingly stout woman, and wears her hair,



which is very stiff and wiry, combed up into an erect mass upon her head, about a foot in height, somewhat after the fashion of the Tonga islanders ; which, combined with her size, gives her a remarkable appearance. She was well dressed in a flax mat of native manufacture, thickly ornamented with tufts of coloured wool ; and one of her nieces wore silk stockings, and slippers of patent leather : this gay damsel was, moreover, a very pretty girl, and knew how to set off her charms to advantage ; for, over a European dress, she had retained her native ornaments, and wrapped herself coquettishly in a beautiful kaitaka,\* displaying her large hazel eyes above its silky folds. Kahoki had recourse to a looking-glass, before which she made her toilet ; and so delighted was she with the painter's art, that she offered to accompany me with her attendants on a sketching tour to the lakes at Roturua, promising me her protection and influence amongst her friends to obtain all the portraits I might desire.

In the evening there was a *haka*, or dance and song : the performers, stripped to the waist, went through all manner of strange gestures, rolling their eyes and making hideous faces, as an accompaniment to the song ; which was very loud and boisterous, and frequently sounded in the throat, with a

\* *E kaitaka* is the finest kind of dress, made of the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax ; it is highly valued, and is ornamented with a richly embroidered border, in vandyke patterns, from one to two feet in depth.

peculiar shaking and twirling of the fingers, with both hands extended. Draughts and card-playing occupied them until nearly midnight. Of the former game especially, the natives are very fond; it is played throughout the interior, where it is called *E mu*; and many doubts are entertained whether it was introduced by the Europeans, as it is played in a different manner. Neither in this amusement nor that of cards do the natives play for money; yet the success of the game frequently occasions quarrels between the opposite parties.

Nga Hauranga is a small native settlement, about three miles from Wellington, picturesquely situated at the mouth of a glen, where a gurgling stream issues into the harbour. Half a canoe, ornamented with an arabesque work in red and black, and surmounted at the top by a bunch of *kaka*\* feathers, denotes the tomb of the late chief, Warepouri, who died here a few months ago. The tropical-looking dragon-trees (*dracæna*), called *ti* by the natives, and the *karaka*-tree, grow up the steep sides of the hills that rise behind Nga Hauranga: the surrounding scenery is pleasing, and the native clearings, with here and there a cooking hut or a *patuka* (an elevated storehouse for grain) erected amongst the trees, diversify the scene.

Farther on is Petoni, where I found the old chief, E Puni, with a number of his people, who were

\* *Kaka* is the native term for the *nestor meridionalis* or southern nestor, a species of brown parrot, indigenous to New Zealand.

busily employed in carpentering. Several good wooden houses have been erected by the natives, after the European manner; and large canoes were drawn up on the beach. The natives here have all embraced Christianity, and style themselves "*mihonari*," or missionary people.

From Petoni, flax marshes extend to the river Hutt; on both sides of the stream there are numerous settlers' cottages, and further up, some extensive clearings. The alluvial valley of the Hutt is considered the best agricultural district near Port Nicholson, from which it is distant about 10 miles. The only road to it from Wellington is along the beach; close to which the hills rise abruptly, clothed with beautiful evergreen shrubs.

When wars amongst the New Zealanders were frequent, and each tribe lived in constant expectation of an attack from those surrounding it, it was customary to erect fortified strongholds, on the summits of steep hills, whence a good look-out was kept over the adjacent country. A romantic-looking position of this sort still remains not far from Petoni: a cluster of native houses crowns the summit of a steep eminence, and at the foot of it is a winding stream. An unusual firing attracted me to the spot, where I found a group of natives gathered together in the central court, discharging their muskets successively: intelligence had been received of the death of a neighbouring chief at Petoni, and at such times it is the custom to fire

away large quantities of powder ; the amount being regulated by the rank of the chief. The women then commenced howling and lamenting in the most woeful strain, and cutting themselves with sharp *pipi* shells. After this effusion of grief was over, I supped with them on fish and potatoes, out of their flax baskets ; water being fetched from the stream below, by the slave women, in large calabashes. At sunset, the people of this settlement being “ missionary ” natives, a bell was struck, and they then went through their evening devotions, previously to retiring to rest.

Many of the natives around Port Nicholson have become greatly Europeanized : they are literally “ hewers of wood and drawers of water ” to the inhabitants. Some act occasionally as servants, but in general they are too independent to remain longer in a state of servitude than suits their own inclination ; others make good boatmen, and most of the whale boats at the fisheries of Cook’s Straits are partly manned by Maories.

The position of the harbour of Port Nicholson, at the south-eastern entrance of Cook’s Straits, is open to the heavy gales that frequently blow from that quarter in the winter season : between the high lands that rise on each side of the entrance to the harbour, the wind, at such seasons, rushes in, as through a funnel, with unrelenting fury. These “ south-easters,” as they are termed, generally continue two or three days, the storm being at its

height on the second day. During a very severe gale of this kind, we were unable to hold communication with the vessel for three days; and in many of the houses no lights could be burned. So great was the violence of the wind that it was impossible to stand out of doors, and the wooden houses rocked in such a manner at night that many were afraid they should be blown out of their beds. Not long since, a sudden gust of wind, during one of these gales, actually raised a large boat that was on the beach, and carried it along for a considerable distance, a woman being killed on the spot where it fell. The vessels in the anchorage were rolling about tremendously; several dragged their anchors; boats were swamped and driven ashore; and the squalls swept down from the hills with an impetuosity that almost stove in the houses.

My friend, Mr. Percy Earl, the enterprising naturalist, was, happily for me, at Wellington during the period of my visit; and we spent many pleasant hours together, talking over the natural history of New Zealand.

Mr. Earl had recently been travelling and exploring in the Middle Island, where there are but few inhabitants; and he intended shortly to return to Europe with the collections that were the result of his researches. Amongst other most remarkable specimens, he had obtained some recently fossilized bones of the gigantic *moa*, a struthious bird, formerly inhabiting New Zealand: this creature, according to

the measurement of the bones, could not have been less than seventeen feet in height! Mr. Earl found his specimens at the mouth of a river on the East coast, buried in an alluvial deposit; this had been carried down by the stream from the mountains of the interior, and the bones were partly exposed by the receding tide. The natives have strange tales and legends respecting this bird; and some of the inhabitants about Otago affirm that it still exists in the extensive and unknown plains of the Middle Island. Another bird, indigenous to New Zealand, and now nearly, if not totally extinct, is the *kakapo* of the natives: an enormous parrot of a dark speckled colour, having a green metallic tinge. The natives attribute the destruction of this singular bird to the introduction of dogs and cats into the island, for as it perched upon the lower branches of trees it was easily seized when asleep. The natives used to hunt it by torchlight, for the sake of its feathers, which were very much esteemed as ornaments for the head. A single skin, now in the British Museum, and a few tufts of the feathers, cut for insertion into the hair, are all that now remain extant of this magnificent specimen of the parrot tribe.

From Wellington I started on foot, through the mountainous forests, for Porirua harbour, to visit the settlements of the chief Rauparaha, and his fighting general, Rangihaeata; whose conspicuous deeds at the late massacre in Wairau valley were still fresh in the minds of the Wellington settlers.

My only companion was Tuarau or Kopai, a nephew of Te Rauparaha; being the son of Na Horua, or "Tom Street," the elder brother of that crafty and powerful chief. For three or four miles from Wellington, a road has been formed through the forest, but the path afterwards becomes a narrow track, little better than a Maori foot-way; in some places knee-deep with mud, and in others so overgrown with tangled liands and supplejacks, as to be scarcely passable: fallen trees constantly obstructed the way; and owing to the late heavy rains, we were frequently compelled to wade for a considerable distance. The scenery along this forest track is, for the whole twelve miles, exceedingly picturesque. The lofty forest—filled with noble trees of gigantic growth, clothed not only with their own evergreen foliage, but with innumerable parasitical plants, ferns, mosses, and orchidæ, climbing up to their very summits—presents a scene of luxuriant vegetation not to be surpassed in the tropics. Beneath the upper canopy of forest trees—such as the *rimu* pine, the *kaiikateu*, the *totara*, *kahikatoa*, *rata*, and many others of enormous growth, all affording excellent timber and ornamental wood—there is an undergrowth in these damp and windless twilight solitudes, composed of the *nikau* palm (*areca sapida*), and the beautiful tree-fern, which is the glory of the New Zealand forest, and has been aptly styled the king of ferns. It is in New Zealand that the *cyathca dealbata* and the

*cyathea medullaris* may be seen in their native luxuriance, towering to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and occasionally attaining even a still higher altitude. Every valley in the forest is intersected by a gurgling stream; and the banks of the glen on each side are generally clothed with one leafy mass of magnificent ferns and *dracænæ*. Some of the mosses are extremely beautiful; a scarlet fungus enlivens the decaying trees, and there is scarcely a spot of an inch square that is not the receptacle of vegetable life, in these dense and teeming woods.

On emerging from the forest, we came upon the shores of the harbour; low sandy flats stretch out for some distance, and the hills around are covered with fern and belts of forest descending to the shore. Many native houses are scattered along the margin of the harbour; and as the tide was out, the women were busily employed in gathering *pipis*, a species of cockle, from the uncovered flats. The *pinna mussel* (*pinna Zealandica*) was found in considerable abundance, sticking in the mud at the mouth of a small river that discharged itself into the harbour. To the left were extensive native cultivations, and a small *kainga* or Maori\* settlement, at which we halted; my companion informing me that it was the property of his father, Na Horua, or "Tom Street." We found the old chief sitting in his potato ground, superintending his people and

\* *Maori* is the native term for New Zealander: it also implies anything indigenous, as *wai maori*, "water."



slaves, who were at work clearing the ground in readiness for the next crop. He is the *tohunga*, or priest, of the family; and though he does not enter into active warfare, or the struggle for power, like his brother Rauparaha, yet his influence is very great, and his counsel is sought on all occasions of importance connected with his tribe. He is a fine-looking and venerable old man, much tattooed; though, from the length of time since the lines have been retouched, many of them are nearly obliterated: for engraving on *flesh*, as well as on metal, requires retouching. His person is regarded as strictly sacred; and, according to the custom of the New Zealanders, his wife, E Wai, who had recently been ill, was made “*tapu*,” or sacred, for a certain length of time; during which period everything that she touched became “*tapu*” also, for the space of three days. It was singular to observe the various places where she had sat upon the ground, or rested to partake of food, fenced off with a slight circle of boughs stuck into the earth, to prevent any one trespassing on these sacred spots, and thus breaking the “*tapu*.”

After leaving the old chief, we proceeded to the mouth of the harbour, which we crossed in a canoe, and arrived at Porirua pah. Close to it is a substantial house belonging to Jordy Thoms, a master whaler, who has been engaged in his occupation along the shores of Cook's Straits, for upwards of twenty years. He married the sister of Rauparaha,

by which alliance he secured the friendship of the powerful Nga ti toa tribe, and also several fine tracts of land for his children. Thoms's wife died a few years since, and was buried at Te awa iti, near Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the opposite shores of the straits, where Thoms has another house and whaling-station. Here Kopai left me for the night; and, whilst I was sharing pot-luck with the whalers—eating my supper of potatoes and buttermilk, by the light of a tin lamp filled with most odoriferous blubber-oil—my young guide proceeded a mile further along the beach, to Taupo pah, where his young and handsome wife, E Wai, resided. The beach between the two pahas is strewn with the ribs and skulls of whales. Exactly opposite to Taupo pah is the island of Mana, or Table Island, distant about five miles from the shore; and further on, to the right, looking towards the straits, is Kapiti, or Entry Island,—both which have long been Rauparaha's strongholds. A few hundred yards beyond Taupo pah, a new and very substantial stockade has been erected by Rangihaeata, since the massacre at Wairau, as a place of retreat in case of attack.

The history of Rauparaha is one of the most eventful of any of the New Zealand chiefs on record. His birth-place was at Kawhia, on the west coast; from which, with his powerful tribe, he was expelled by the Nga Pui hosts, from the Bay of Islands, in conjunction with the tribes of Waikato. He afterwards conquered the people on both shores

of Cook's Straits, and took forcible possession of their lands, where he has since dwelt. By his skill in warfare, and wily cunning, he has acquired great reputation amongst his tribe. He came from Kawhia as the fighting general of Ti Pahi; and, after the latter was slain at Otago, he became chief of the tribe. The slaughter of Ti Pahi was attended with the most revolting traits of cannibalism: he was tied up to a tree by his heels, and his throat cut; his enemies sucking the blood that flowed from the wound. Rauparaha, to revenge the death of Ti Pahi, engaged with the master of an English vessel, of the name of Stewart, to carry him and a detachment of his people, under pretence of a trading voyage, to Otago; where the master coaxed on board a leading chief of the tribe and his family, some of whom were immediately despatched. Rauparaha and Stewart, with their party, then landed, and, laying waste the settlements, killed every man, woman, and child indiscriminately that came in their way. The chief, who had been enticed on board, was made fast in the cabin by a hook through his throat; and, in despair at seeing his daughter the victim of these monsters, he killed her with his own hands. During the voyage back to Kapiti, the old man was murdered; and it is a fact, that one of the ship's coppers was in use for cooking human flesh for the guests, and that Stewart and his crew participated, if not in the feast, in the atrocious murder and revolting preparations for it. By similar

treachery, Rauparaha has acquired his power in other parts, and become the terror of the surrounding tribes. The Nga ti awas, who inhabit Port Nicholson and Queen Charlotte's Sound, are frequently in alliance with him; and more than once, in the midst of a fight against their common southern enemies, Rauparaha has deserted them, with his people. In traffic with Europeans, this chief displays all his subtlety and craftiness, alternately begging and extorting, and using threats if he thinks that he has a superiority of power. It is in conjunction with Rangihaeata, his fighting general, that Rauparaha now carries on his plans of warfare. Rangihaeata, though one of the most ferocious chiefs of New Zealand, has less of deception and cunning than Rauparaha. He is a man of strong passions, and enormous strength; and, whilst Rauparaha gains his end by treachery and plotting, Rangihaeata fights like a lion when once roused to action.

In the month of April, 1843, the massacre of the Europeans at the Wairau valley took place; in which tragedy both Rauparaha and Rangihaeata took the most prominent part. The occasion of dispute between the settlers and the natives, was owing to the surveyors belonging to the New Zealand Company persisting in surveying land in the Wairau valley, which they alleged had been fairly purchased from the natives. Rauparaha, on the other hand, denied this, and forbade their proceeding. After burning the huts which the sur-

veyors had erected upon the land in question, the natives removed the property of the Europeans, untouched, to the sea-side, and desired them to discontinue measuring their land; at the same time informing them that they must quit the place, and remove back to the opposite side of the straits, from whence they came. The surveyors refused, and Mr. Thompson, the police magistrate, on hearing the intelligence at Nelson, issued a warrant against Rauparaha, on a charge of arson. Meanwhile, the natives gathered at the Wairau, to the number of one hundred or upwards, all resolutely determined to protect their land, and to drive off the surveyors belonging to the New Zealand Company. The magistrate having issued his warrant, proceeded himself to the Wairau, with an armed force, amounting, in all, to about fifty individuals, and determined to attend the execution of the warrant himself: thinking that the natives would be awed by the authority of the law. On the evening of Thursday, June 15th, the party landed at Wairau from the Government brig, and ascended a few miles up the river. On the Saturday following they proceeded still farther up the river, and found Rangihaeata and his party of natives encamped on an open space, before a wood, on the right bank of a deep stream called Tua Marina, which flows into the Wairau, and is here about thirty feet wide. A canoe was placed as a bridge, and the leading individuals connected with

the Company, amongst whom was Captain Wakefield, stepped over.

The police magistrate then called on Rauparaha and Rangihaeata. The former alone came forward, and Mr. Thompson told him that he was the Queen's representative; that he had warrants against him and Rangihaeata for the destruction of the property of Mr. Cotterell the surveyor, and that he required him to go on board the brig, taking with him some of his followers, where the matter should be investigated. Rauparaha said that Mr. Spain, who was not yet arrived, would inquire into and settle the business in a little while. Mr. Thompson explained that Mr. Spain's business lay in deciding as to land-claims; that this was a question about destruction of property, and had nothing to do with the ownership of the Wairau. Rauparaha requested to have the matter decided on the spot; and professed his readiness to make the compensation to Mr. Cotterell required by the magistrates, provided their decision pleased him. Mr. Thompson replied that the case must be heard on board the Government brig, whither Rauparaha must accompany him. On Rauparaha's reiterated refusal to comply with this proposal, put in direct terms to him, Mr. Thompson declared he would compel him. Rauparaha said he did not want to fight, but that if the white people fought he would fight too. Mr. Thompson, pointing to the armed men, threatened

that he and his party should be fired upon. Sixteen natives immediately sprang to their feet and presented fire-arms. Rangihacata now came forward and vehemently defied the magistrates and their power—exclaiming that “they did not go to England to interfere with the white people, and demanded why the latter came there to interfere with them.” The conversation now became very rapid and violent, and the chief Pualha (who, by frequently attempting to intercede, seems only to have rendered matters worse) again stepped forward with his bible in his hand, and prayed that there might be no strife. At last Mr. Thompson called out, “Captain England, let the men advance.”

The conference with the chiefs lasted about twenty minutes or half an hour. Great trouble was taken to explain to them the non-connexion of these proceedings with the land-claims; and every assurance was given them of a fair hearing of what they might have to say in their defence. It was, besides, abundantly explained that they were not now to be taken to punishment, but to trial: that Mr. Cotterell had complained against them, and that the complaint must be examined into. Mr. Thompson addressed them through the interpreter Brooks; and a native of the Bay of Islands was present, who explained to them every word that was said.

In the mean time, the men left on the other side of the stream had been divided into two bodies,

consisting of sixteen and seventeen respectively ; one under the command of Captain England, the other under that of Mr. Howard. When the dispute was at the highest, Captain Wakefield, perceiving the danger of being separated from the men, should a collision arise, proceeded to the creek with the intention of bringing them over on a canoe, which, with the consent of the natives, was laid across it. In the canoe the men met Captain Wakefield, whom the rest of the gentlemen were apparently following. "Keep your eyes on them, my men—they have their guns pointed at us," said Captain Wakefield, with characteristic coolness, to the advancing men. At this moment (observing some movement among the natives towards Mr. Thompson or the gentlemen), he exclaimed in a loud voice with great energy, "Men, forward! Englishmen, forward!" and a shot was fired, according to the explicit and consistent evidence of Joseph Morgan, by one of the Maories, which laid his comrade Tyrrell dead at his feet. These two men, with Northam, also killed at almost the same time and spot, were in advance of their party, and on the opposite bank of the stream when this occurred.

It was then, apparently, that Mr. Thompson gave orders to fire, if any were given at all. Before he could be obeyed, however, the Maories had fired a volley, which was instantly returned. The gentlemen were crossing while this went on; Captain



England, the last of them, wading through the water, into which he had fallen, holding on by the side of the canoe. Those of Mr. Howard's party who had reached the other bank returned at the same time. The firing was kept up briskly on both sides for a few minutes; but in this skirmishing the Maories had greatly the advantage, the bushes on their side being much closer and affording far better concealment. This, and their previous confusion from meeting in the canoe, may account for the greater loss of life among the Englishmen.

Immediately after crossing, Mr. Patchett received a shot in his left side. He leaped up, and fell mortally wounded on the spot where he had been standing. Captain Wakefield, observing his men already retreating—as well, probably, as the disadvantage at which they were fighting, their enemies being almost invisible and themselves exposed—ordered them to retire to form on the hill. At this moment, “it is ascertained that the natives were on the point of taking to flight, when Rauparaha, seeing the retreat, excited his men, who, raising a war-cry, darted across the stream in pursuit of the Europeans.” These latter retreated, without order, in the direction of the hill; Mr. Thompson, Captain Wakefield, Captain England, and Mr. Howard, urging them, “for God's sake, to keep together,” but in vain. On the first brow, the most strenuous efforts were made by these gentlemen to induce the men to stand and form on the hill. Mr. Howard

called to them to fix their bayonets and come to the charge. They, however, kept retreating up the hill, firing as they went. Captain Wakefield, therefore, in order to prevent a further sacrifice of life, ordered the firing to cease, and Captain England and Mr. Howard advanced towards the Maories with a white handkerchief in token of peace. Those in advance of the retreating party, however, still kept up a running fire as they pushed up the hill, which was returned by the natives on the whole party indiscriminately. Mr. Thompson was seen about this time, by one who escaped, stamping on the ground, and clutching his hair, as he exclaimed, "Oh, men! men!" in bitter regret and disgust at their conduct. The retreating party and the natives continuing to fire, Captain Wakefield and the gentlemen about him were compelled to proceed further up the hill, in order, if possible, to put an end to the conflict.

On the second brow, Captain Wakefield said, "Your only chance of life is to throw away your arms and lie down." He and Mr. Thompson and Brooks again shouted "Kati!" (peace) and waved a white handkerchief. Besides the last-named persons, there were present Captain England, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Howard, and some of the constables. The rest fled up the hill and in different directions, and were pursued a little way by some of the natives, who "had with them a dog, which they shouted to and encouraged in the same manner as

when they hunt pigs." The natives now ceased firing, and as they came up the white men delivered up their arms, at Captain Wakefield's order. He himself gave up a pistol to one of them. The whole party seem then to have gone a little further down the hill, where most of the natives, with Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, immediately joined them. The Maories having shaken hands with the prisoners, who were standing in a group, loaded their guns, and seated themselves in a half-circle before them, the two chiefs occupying the extremities. Mr. Richardson, who had received a shot in the hip, from which the blood flowed freely, requested Mr. Thompson to examine it, which he did. The Maories brandished their tomahawks over the heads of some of the defenceless men; Mr. Thompson observing this, said to Rauparaha, "Kati," which he repeated, and the others then desisted. Rangihaeata had wounded his foot by treading on a sharp-pointed stump, and Captain England, seeing the nature of the wound, took a penknife from his pocket, which Bampton handed to him to cut out the splinter with. Having succeeded in doing so, he offered to return the knife, but Captain England signified that he would make him a present of it. Gold was offered as a ransom, but ineffectually. Two natives then approached Captain Wakefield, and, seizing him, attempted to strip off his coat. Colouring highly, it seems he endeavoured to draw another pistol, as Mr. Howard was heard to say.

“For God’s sake, sir, do nothing rash!” or words to that effect. Other natives laid hold of Mr. Thompson, and were taking his coat and watch.

One of the party, by name George Bampton, succeeded in retreating, unobserved, behind some bushes, where he crept beneath a thicket. After having lain there near ten minutes, he heard about five guns fired; and immediately after, a heavy, dull sound, as it appeared to him, of a beating or chopping on the ground. He heard no cries nor screams. Another of the party, who left before the actual surrender, and lay hid at a greater distance, heard guns fired at intervals of about five minutes between each, and much shouting and hallooing by the natives.

According to native accounts given to those on board the brig, on her second visit to the Wairau, after the surrender of the white men to the natives, Puaha again endeavoured to become a peace-maker, and urged on his countrymen that enough blood had been shed. The number of killed being nearly equal on both sides, this was acceded to by Rauparaha, and the two parties shook hands. Whilst standing quietly in a group, they were joined by Rangihæata, who, having already killed the wounded on his way, demanded the lives of those who had surrendered. To this Rauparaha at first objected; but, on Rangihæata’s calling on him “not to forget his daughter” (one of Rangihæata’s wives, who had been killed before by a chance shot), he offered no

further opposition. Standing in the midst of the Maories, the white men were easily separated; and whilst in this defenceless situation, perhaps without even a thought of treachery, Rangihacata silently glided round, getting behind each singly, and with his tomahawk brained them all in succession: in spite of the intercession of the women, who cried to him to "save\* some of the *rangatiras* (gentlemen), if only to say they had saved some."

Messrs. Tuckett and Barnicoat, and a man named Gay, who left their party after the first ineffectual offer of surrender, with seven other men whom they overtook, one of whom was badly wounded, reached the coast, and with great difficulty obtained a boat from a whaling-station to put them on board the brig. Two boats having been sent ashore to pick up stragglers, none of whom appeared, the brig, shortly after dusk on the same day, sailed for Wellington, to obtain surgical assistance for the wounded, and aid in rescuing such as were believed to be prisoners. The brig reached Wellington early the following morning, which was Sunday. A public meeting was immediately called, and seventy volunteers enrolled themselves to proceed to Cloudy Bay. The brig set sail the same morning; but, it coming on to blow a violent gale from the south-east, she was obliged to anchor for two days. The mode of proceeding was then altered, and a deputation from the bench of magistrates sailed for Cloudy Bay on Wednesday. The weather prevented them entering

the river before Saturday ; and, on arriving at the fatal spot, they found that Mr. Ironside, the Wesleyan missionary stationed at Cloudy Bay, having preceded them with two boats' companies of whalers, had discovered seventeen of the dead bodies, and had already commenced their interment on the spot, according to the rites of the Church of England.

As soon as the news reached Nelson, persons were sent round by land with provisions, and orders to keep up large fires. Some returned this way, having subsisted on wild turnips for several days. Others, who had remained hid in the fern or bush till after the departure of the natives, were taken up by the brig on her return.

The first resolve of the natives, after this shocking massacre, was to conceal themselves till night, and, under its shadow, board the brig, kill every one they found there, and then massacre the whole of the Europeans in the Straits. This sanguinary scheme was frustrated by the sailing of the brig for Wellington early in the evening. They are said afterwards to have been seized with great terror, and to have determined to retire up the Manawatu (in the northern island) to a fortified pah in the interior, there to await the vengeance of the white men, whom they fully expected would follow.

This account of the massacre of Wairau is as narrated by the Europeans who were participators in the conflict, and interested in the land question

there. The natives have a different story to tell: they say that the Europeans fired first, and shot Rangihæata's wife, and that they themselves had no wish to fight until their passions were roused, when they fought in self-defence. The English were undoubtedly wrong in erecting buildings upon lands to which they had no established claim—upon land, the sale of which was disputed, and respecting which the commissioner, Mr. Spain, had not yet given his decision. They were also wrong in apprehending Rauparaha, who had committed no crime, and endeavouring to seize him by main force. But the natives, by putting to death in cold blood the prisoners who had surrendered themselves into their hands, were guilty of a crime that their barbarous system of warfare scarcely allows. It was an act of savage revenge, and was prompted by one individual. Indeed, I have heard it stated, by those who were connected with this sanguinary affair, that Rangihæata, with his own hand, massacred all those who were taken prisoners, in order to revenge the death of his favourite wife: who was one of the daughters of Rauparaha, and was shot whilst sitting at the fire.

At Rangihæata's pah, I found his second wife, E Pori, a diminutive old woman, with a most unprepossessing appearance. She was sitting on the ground wrapped in a flax-mat dyed purple, which was very much worn, and her hair was gathered up and tied in a knot at the crown of the head.

Hurihanga, Rangihaeata's *tohunga*, or heathen priest, was also present: he wore a very coarse flax cloak of the kind called *kakahu*, and was certainly one of the most villainous-looking old fellows I ever beheld: his eyes were bloodshot, and his cupidity equalled that of Rauparaha. I presented him with some tobacco, and whilst my friend Kopai engaged him in conversation, I sat down before him and commenced his portrait: every moment apprehensive that this sacred personage would suddenly rise and object to being thus represented, as was the case with Rangihaeata; but the old lady, who had previously honoured me with a sitting, kept his reverence in such a good humour, that he took no notice of me or my brushes, whilst the Maori children crowded round me in utter amazement at seeing the awful *tohunga's* visage gradually becoming manifest upon my sketch-book.

On the brow of a steep hill overlooking this pah stood a singular erection of sticks, almost resembling basket-work, elevated on four upright posts, and having a semicircular top. Within this cage-like building was placed a variety of different articles: household utensils, skins, calabashes, and dried fish; and several garments and baskets were suspended from the sticks underneath. This proved to be a "*wahi tapu*," or sacred place, of a peculiar kind, serving as a receptacle for goods and property that had become subject to the right of "*tapu*" for a certain length of time.



Many of the natives in the pah below the hills were employed in cooking the fish of the *pawa*, or pearl-shell (*haliotis*), in the ashes. It is tough and unpalatable; yet the Maories are partial to it, and gather vast quantities, for the purpose of food; and likewise to obtain the pearly portion of the shells, with which they manufacture the eyes of their grotesque wooden images. They also form their fish-hooks by attaching a thin layer of the iridescent *pawa* to a piece of wood, so as to glitter in the water like a fish, when dangling astern of their canoes. The hook itself is invariably manufactured out of a piece of human bone. With this *pawa*, they were regaling themselves upon small cakes made of potatoes, which had been steeped for several weeks in fresh water, and were of course perfectly putrid. The taste of these *delicacies* is so disgusting, that extreme hunger could scarcely tempt one to touch them; and their odour, when hot, is sufficient to drive out of the pah any European whose organs of smelling are in any degree acute. The houses or huts were many of them thatched with the leaves of the *nikau*, or cabbage-palm (*areca sapida*); and the black stems of the tree-fern frequently appeared amongst the fencing-posts that divided one courtyard from another. The fern-stems are porous and spongy, and the roots are used by the natives to cover over the entrances to their potato-stores: these are sunk in the ground, the porous nature of

the root imbibing the superabundant moisture from above.

With some difficulty I obtained a canoe from Rangihacata's wife, who pretended they were all “ tapu ;” and, with three of the slaves belonging to the pah, I crossed to the island of Mana, or Table Island, which is about five miles from the shore. It was a dangerous passage ; for, on getting out in the open straits, from beneath the lee of the high land to the eastward, we were nearly swamped in the trough of the sea : the canoe rocking from side to side, and taking in water faster than we could bale it out. Drenched with salt water and spray, we landed at a small pah, now nearly deserted, consisting of not more than a dozen houses. Here, however, still remained two of the most perfect and elaborately ornamented native buildings in this portion of the straits,—the celebrated house, belonging to Rangihacata, called *Kai tangata*, or “ Eat man ;” and the mausoleum of E Tohi, the sister of Rauparaha. *Kai tangata*, or “ Eat man ” house, is a wooden edifice in the primitive Maori style, of large dimensions, with the door-posts and the boards forming the portico curiously and elaborately carved in grotesque shapes, representing human figures, frequently in the most indecent attitudes : the eyes are inlaid with *puwa* shell, and the tattooing of the faces is carefully cut. The tongues of all these figures are monstrously large, and protrude out of

the mouth, as a mark of defiance towards their enemies who may approach the house. The whole of the carved work, as well as the wooden parts of the building, are coloured red with *kokowai*, an ochre, found principally on the sides of the volcano of Taranaki. The portico or verandah of Rangihaeata's house is about twelve feet deep, and the ridge-pole and frame-boards of the roof are richly painted in spiral arabesques of black and red; the margin of each spiral being dotted with white spots, which adds richness to the effect. The spaces between the wood-work are filled up with variegated reeds, beautifully arranged with great skill, and fastened together with strips of flax dyed red, and tied crosswise, so as to present the appearance of ornamental basket-work. Above the centre of the gable-roofed portico is fixed a large wooden head, elaborately tattooed, with hair and a beard fastened on, composed of dogs' tails. Within the house is a carved image, of most hideous aspect, that supports the ridge-pole of the roof: this is intended to represent the warlike proprietor, and is said by the natives to be entirely the work of Rangihaeata's own hand. Many of the chiefs, as well as the *tohungas*, or priests of New Zealand, excel in carving and tattooing; and it is not unfrequent to find, at the head of their canoes, richly executed figures and ornaments, which have been designed by the chiefs to whom they belong.

The tomb or mausoleum of E Tohi is erected

near to the "Kai tangata." It consists of a semi-circular erection of wood, within which the body was placed in an upright position. The roof is square, and projects like a verandah all round, sloping towards the back; it is supported by posts at the corners, and, like the central coffin or box, is richly ornamented with spiral arabesques. The ornamental work on the coffin is entirely red and white, whilst the other portions, together with the double row of paling that surrounds it, are coloured black and red. In front of the projecting roof is suspended a richly embroidered *kaitaka* mat; and tufts of the feathers of the albatross are arranged, at intervals, along the frame-work. This spot, and the ground for a certain distance surrounding it, are strictly *tapu*; and it would be more than his life were worth for a slave, or an inferior native, to infringe upon its sanctity. Like all the Maori works of art, these erections are entirely composed of wood, and other perishable materials; and owing to the humid climate, and the custom of never repairing these sacred edifices, they soon rot, and fall to pieces. The natives have now ceased to construct works of so much labour and ingenuity, and content themselves with building a *raupo* hut to dwell in. The consequence is, that in a few years not a single aboriginal edifice, displaying that skill in carving and ornament for which the New Zealanders have been so pre-eminently distinguished among savage nations, will exist throughout the whole country:

even at the present hour they are rarely to be met with, excepting in the heart of the interior. Day after day have I spent exploring ruined and *tapued* paha, frequently by stealth, searching for these primitive works of an extraordinary and ingenious people. In the most remote portions of the interior, between Mokau and Taupo, and in the neighbourhood of Otawhao, 150 miles up the Waikato river, I have found houses splendidly carved, in ruins, amidst the decay and overgrown vegetation of their long since deserted paha. A desire to preserve memorials of the skill and ingenuity of a race of savages, who themselves ere long may pass away, and become, like their houses, matters of history, induced me to make carefully coloured drawings on the spot of the most curious and characteristic specimens of Maori architecture and carving.

At the Island of Mana we found Ranghiaeata's only daughter, who is married to a whaler residing there. She is a tall, masculine-looking woman, about twenty-five years of age, with a profusion of black hair, which she ties in a knot at the crown of her head; she was dressed in the European fashion, in a blue cotton print, but retained the *mako*, or shark's teeth, in her ears, and wore suspended round her neck the *tiki*, or household god of green jade, which passes as an heir-loom amongst families.

Our return to the main land was a hazardous one. We hoisted a small sail, and the canoe darted

through the breakers like an arrow, but heavy squalls came down from the hills with such violence that we were nearly upset ; after taking in the sail. we paddled through a terrific surf till we reached a reef, against which the canoe was dashed by the waves, and we were for an instant buried in the foam of the succeeding breaker. Fortunately we were able to scramble on to the rocks, and the water not being more than breast high, we waded ashore, miserably wet and cold ; where we found Kopai awaiting our return.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CLOUDY BAY — TE AWA ITI — QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S  
SOUND — VOYAGE TO AUCKLAND — DESCRIPTION OF  
THE TOWN.

SOON after returning from Porirua and my visit to the Nga ti toa tribe, I crossed to the Southern Island; whither the schooner was bound to procure oil and whalebone from the fisheries at Cloudy Bay. A fair breeze carried us quickly out of Port Nicholson harbour; the day was clear and bright, and the sun shone brilliantly on the Tararua mountains, their snowy ridges appearing almost close to us, forming a grand and beautiful background to the valley of the Hutt. The course of the river lay between successive ridges of picturesque hills, dark woods, and sunny fern-clad heaths; and here and there a curl of smoke denoted some clearing, or native potato ground. Close to the water's edge, along the margin of silvery sand that met the blue

and lake-like harbour, the settlement of Petoni glittered in the sunlight; and the deep blue bosom of the water was enlivened by the white sails of fishing canoes thickly scattered over its surface in that direction. The night was very cold, and an extremely vivid orange glow pervaded the sky till long after sunset. So clear and transparent was the atmosphere, that during the night, whilst crossing the straits, the snowy mountains of both islands were distinctly visible, though miles apart.

In Cloudy Bay we were all day beating up against a contrary wind, to "fetch" the entrance to Tory Channel. This is an arm of the sea, running like a broad river for many miles amongst the mountains, and connecting Cloudy Bay with Queen Charlotte's Sound. All through this passage the water is so deep as to admit of vessels of the largest size, and a frigate might anchor in perfect security. The tide runs in and out at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. The shores of Cloudy Bay consist of high rugged hills, descending very abruptly to the sea. Beyond these a constant succession of mountain ranges present themselves, and the snowy Kaikoras, or Lookers-on, have a grand appearance as they stretch away to the southward, with their stupendous peaks covered with perpetual ice. We "stood in" towards the entrance of the Wairau Valley (the scene of the massacre), where that river empties itself into Cloudy Bay; the open fern hills rising on each side, and the extreme distance revealing other



snowy summits belonging to the unexplored ranges of the interior.

Old Thoms, the whaler, who is the owner of the house and fishing station at Porirua, has also a similar establishment at Te awa iti, about a mile up Tory Channel. When our schooner had brought up at the entrance of the passage in company with the "Nelson" brig, waiting until the turn of the tide which was now running violently out of the channel, Thoms's whale boats came out to assist in towing us in. They were curiously painted, and manned partly by Europeans and partly by Maories: the former were semi-barbarians, both in appearance and manners, and certainly acted more like savages than their so-called companions. The entrance to Tory Channel is narrow and surrounded by steep precipices and abrupt rocks, and beneath them are many caverns, into which the surf rushed with a sound like thunder. The air was very sharp and cold, and the deep orange glow of the sky after sunset, reflected on the snow of the Kaikora mountains, made them look strangely beautiful.

It was night before we cast anchor opposite the whaling station, surrounded on all sides by steep and wooded mountains; the lights from the whalers' fires casting a lurid reflection in the water, that lay perfectly land-locked and tranquil as a mirror.

The morning revealed a scene of romantic grandeur: the blue channel of the Tory seemed a noble

river, and the woods rose from the water's edge to the very summits of the mountains.

In a sheltered nook or bay, beneath these steep precipices, is the settlement of Te awa iti, composed of a group of native houses, inhabited partly by the Europeans engaged in the whaling, and partly by the natives, who constitute a portion of "Jordy Thoms's" establishment. The most prominent object was the substantial and comfortable looking house of the Thoms family—their seat at Te awa iti. They had just arrived from Port Nicholson in a schooner of their own, called the "Three Brothers," after the three half-caste boys left by Thoms's Maori wife. Since the death of his wife, who is buried here beneath a native mausoleum now nearly destroyed, Thoms undertook a voyage to Sydney, for the purpose of obtaining a second bride of his own European race, and he made choice of a most efficient helpmate. The present Mrs. Thoms is enormously robust, and takes an active share in the business of whaling, which appears to agree with her admirably: she can steer, scull, and pull a whale-boat as well as any one at Te awa iti. From the deck of our vessel we witnessed the landing of Thoms's party, and it was like the return of the royal family to their miniature realm; a bevy of whalers almost took the mansion by storm, vociferating loudly for grog, and even the very pigs—the domesticated swine at least—evinced their joy at the

return of their owners by following them to the door of the house. Canoes with natives were constantly arriving alongside the vessel, from the small pahs up the channel, bringing us pigs, fish, and potatoes, with their carved weapons and other articles, for barter.

We landed upon a beach strewn thickly with the vertebræ and ribs of whales, and the stench of the putrid carcass of an enormous whale that lay upon the sand diffused a most offensive odour throughout the whole settlement; yet no one but ourselves appeared sensible that the stench was at all unpleasant, and when we noticed it, they coolly remarked, "that they did not perceive it, they had become so used to it." Vast flocks of gulls were feeding upon the decaying flesh of the dead whale, which also furnished a daily meal for the pigs and poultry.

With George Thoms for my guide, I rambled along the hills, and through the intricate paths of the forest, shaded with deep luxuriant vegetation, and obtained a succession of the most enchanting peeps imaginable of sea and distance through the openings amongst the trees. We entered upon some fern hills, to the right of which were the ruins of a once strongly fortified pah belonging to the Nga ti kahunis, who were entirely cut to pieces by the Nga ti toa tribe from the opposite shores of the straits. We now descended on to a flat adjoining the sea, and entered the remains of a very extensive pah.

Few of the buildings, and a small portion only of the fences were standing; but the occasional straggling vestiges of its former condition, occurred in every direction. About a dozen huts were still inhabited, the occupants of which were at work in an adjoining plantation. Only one solitary slave-woman was left in care of the habitations, who was accompanied by her tame little pig; it being a frequent custom with the Maori females to pet young pigs in the same manner as the European ladies fondle dogs and kittens. The woman's limbs were anointed with *kokowai*, or red ochre and grease, to protect them from the attacks of the *namu*, a small species of sand-fly, the bite of which is peculiarly venomous and irritating. The poor creature showed evident signs of terror at our approach, but on recognising my companion she became pacified, and cooked us some potatoes with extreme good will. I then took her portrait as she leant against the rails, with her little pig standing beside her; during the whole time she stood as one transfixed to the spot, evidently fearful of moving a limb, and wondering, no doubt, what strange art was being practised upon her. We visited another pah, called Okukuri, situated just inside the entrance to Tory Channel, at the head of a picturesque bay, where we met with a number of natives, from one of whom I obtained a *kaka*, or New Zealand parrot (*nestor meridionalis*). These birds are frequently found about the dwellings of the natives, fastened by the leg with a cord of flax

to small perches covered with an awning of bark : they are fed on maize and potatoes. Like most of the New Zealand birds, these parrots will not live out of the island ; the change of climate almost always proving fatal to them. We returned in a canoe to Te awa iti, with a party of natives, who had brought several fowls and some baskets of potatoes to barter at the vessel. The water was very still and clear, and looked intensely blue. Gannets were constantly dashing down from overhead, plunging headlong into the water, and, with their strong beaks, seizing the fish which they had descried from above ; and multitudes of gulls, cormorants, and divers, made the water busy with their restless movements.

A monument to three native children stands not far from Thoms's house at Te awa iti. It consists of an upright series of flat boards, with a post at each end, on the top of which is a rude representation of a head ; and the boards are richly painted with black, red, and white, each board displaying a different pattern, in angular and spiral arabesque work. On the grassy slope of the hill that rises behind the settlement is another tomb, erected over the grave of a whaler who was formerly resident in the Sound : it is formed, according to the custom of the southern tribes, of half a canoe, stuck in the ground in an upright position, and ornamented with broad stripes of red and white ochre.

We took tea at Thoms's house, with his family, and learned from this veteran whaler that he was the

first European to discover and enter Port Nicholson; and that, thirteen years ago, he settled himself at Te awa iti, and commenced building his present substantial house, as a home for himself and his children. Nearly allied, by marriage, to the powerful Rauparaha, he has nothing to fear from the possessors of the soil; and his children, on the death of their native relatives, will become the proprietors of large tracts of land appertaining to the Nga ti toa tribe. Thoms also narrated to us the particulars of several cannibal feasts and deeds of blood, to which he had been an eye-witness; and he could not refrain from contrasting the present period with that only seven years ago, when the ghastly spectacle of twenty headless trunks brought in canoes, and roasted upon the beach in front of Te awa iti, marked the celebration of one of Rauparaha's victories over the Rangitani.

Anxious to explore Tory Channel towards Queen Charlotte's Sound, and to visit the recent Maori tomb of Huriwenua (a chief of great influence, whose death had taken place a few weeks previously), I obtained a boat from the vessel, and, with Thoms's half-caste boys and "Black Charley," an Australian native belonging to the schooner, I pulled for some miles up the Sound. The scenery on all sides is enchanting: numerous little bays, having beaches of bright and firm sand, indented the shores; and, amongst the various shells that lay scattered along these sandy bays, were many examples of the im-

perial or sun trochus, and several fine species of *Turbo* and *Venus*. In some places the progress of our boat was impeded by beds of kelp spreading over the surface of the water, and displaying gigantic specimens of marine vegetation. Gulls and cormorants were hovering over these sea-weed masses, busily watching for the fish that lay concealed beneath them.

About six miles up the channel we arrived at a small island, resembling a sugar-loaf; the summit of which was crowned with the ruins of a pah, once a stronghold of the Nga ti kahunis, who were driven out of the straits by Rauparaha and his tribe. On landing at some rocks at the foot of this steep island, it was curious, on looking down into the calm crystalline water, to observe the various shell-fish feeding, in families as it were, amongst the weed at the bottom, at a depth of many feet below the surface. It was a lovely day, and the view from the summit of the island was magnificent: the eye ranging over an extensive and varied prospect of endless mountains, clothed with gloomy forests, rested on their remote snow-clad peaks, catching a faint glimpse of the ocean beyond; while at our feet flowed the winding channel, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," with every object mirrored on its windless surface. But there was no sign of life there. Around us lay scattered the wreck of a former population, and the deserted and decaying ruins of their once fortified strongholds were undisturbed by the

tread of the living: our voices seemed to intrude upon the accustomed silence. The skulls and tombs of those who had fallen in the fight peered out amongst the rank overgrowth of vegetation, that, year after year, wove a denser covering over the mouldering traces of the slain; the thatchwork of the houses still remaining, had been scattered by the winds of heaven, and the fungus grew thick upon the rotten wood. In former days the inhabitants of villages were accustomed to retreat to a stronghold of this kind, when hard pressed by their enemies; and large stores were dug underground, for holding a supply of potatoes and *kumeras*, sufficient to provide the besieged with food for several months. Similar stores existed at this isolated fortification, and the entrances to them appeared like wells, half hidden by the shrubs and fern that had grown up around. The whole island was thickly overrun with wild cabbage, now in full blossom; which, at a distance, when the sun was shining upon it, resembled a hill of gold, crowned at the summit with the straggling posts and images of its ancient fortifications.\*

Not far from this island pah stood the village of Huriwenua, the gaily ornamented tomb of the late chief forming a conspicuous object in the centre. Here, although everything was in a state of perfect preservation, not a living soul was to be seen: the

\* The cabbage was introduced into Queen Charlotte's Sound by Captain Cook, in 1774.



village, with its neat houses, built of *raupo*, and its court-yards and provision boxes, was entirely deserted. From the moment the chief was laid beneath the upright canoe, on which was inscribed his name and rank, the whole village became strictly *tapu*, or sacred; and not a native, on pain of death, was permitted to trespass near the spot: the houses were all fastened up, and on most of the doors were inscriptions, denoting that the property of such an one remained there. An utter silence pervaded the place. After ascertaining that no natives were in the vicinity of the forbidden spot, I landed and trod the sacred ground; and my footsteps were probably the first, since the desertion of the village, that had echoed along its palisaded passages. On arriving at the tomb, I was struck with the contrast between the monument of the savage and that of the civilized European: in the erection of the latter, marble and stone, the most durable of materials, are employed; rapidly decaying wood, red ochre, and feathers, form the decorations of the Maori tomb. Huriwenua having been buried only six weeks, the ornaments of the *wahi tapu*, or sacred place, as these erections are called, were fresh and uninjured. The central upright canoe was richly painted with black and red, and at the top was written the name of the chief; above which there hung in clusters bunches of *kaka* feathers, forming a large mass at the summit of the canoe. A double fence of high paling, also painted red, and ornamented with de-

vices in arabesque work, extended round the grave ; and at every fastening of flax, where the horizontal rails were attached to the upright fencing, were stuck two feathers of the albatross, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted beautifully with the sombre black and red of the remainder of the monument.

“ Black Charley” the Australian, who had heard much of the cannibal propensities of the New Zealanders, was afraid to go ashore for fear of being devoured : he always exhibited the most violent signs of fear whenever any of the natives came on board the schooner, fully expecting they would purchase him for a “ cooky,” or slave, to be killed and eaten. The young New Zealanders, on the other hand, were greatly amused at the dark colour of his skin, and laughed at him for being so ugly ; calling him “ *Mango, Mango,*” or “ black fellow.” These boys were very inquisitive, and asked many strange questions respecting Europe, and more especially the Queen of England : they wanted to know if the palace was any larger than their house at Te awa iti, and what number of *taua reka rekas*, or slaves, the Queen had belonging to her.

We returned to the fishery in the evening, pulling against a strong tide that ran several knots an hour, and regained the vessel just as she was getting under weigh. That night we went out with the tide, old Thoms accompanying us as a pilot into Cloudy Bay. The pertinacious begging

of the whalers was extremely annoying: after the Captain had made them presents of tobacco and rum, they still continued asking and almost insisting for more; and even Thoms himself was unable to prevent them. When the old man parted from us, he took his leave in the most friendly manner; and as the receding boat left the vessel he waved his hand, saying, "Good-bye, tatta," in his artless and simple way.

The next day we encountered a gale of wind from the north-west, and had a tremendous pitching and knocking about off Cape Palliser. Our course now lay round the east coast of New Zealand, the destination of the schooner being Auckland, the Government town; which is situated on the banks of the Waitemata, in Hauraki Gulf, several degrees to the north of Cook's Straits, and about ninety miles south of the Bay of Islands. Our voyage occupied eight days, during which period we fell in with very tempestuous weather. Storms of hail were frequent during the squalls, the wind blowing from the south-east; and the sea ran terrifically. On the fifth day after clearing the Sound, we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, and recrossed again from west to east during the day; and at sunset we sighted East Cape, the most easterly point of New Zealand: the land was very high, and rose darkly against the amber sky of evening.

On the 16th September we sighted the Great Barrier Island, which extends across the entrance

of Hauraki Gulf; and was so called by Captain Cook, from its forming a complete break-water to this capacious gulf. With a fair breeze we rounded Aiguilles Point, where the rocks jut up from the water like so many colossal needles, and entered smooth water beneath the lee of Great Barrier Island. This island is about twenty miles in length, consisting of high mountains broken into rugged and fantastic peaks: a considerable portion of the hills appear like those of Cook's Straits, covered with forest and brushwood; but on the western shores much more open land shows itself. The whole of the island contains a vast supply of copper-ore, and has been purchased by a house in Sydney, who have raised a considerable quantity for shipment to Great Britain. Indeed the cupreous nature of the rocks was exhibited to us on sailing past; for at one particular spot, a huge mass of rock displayed large patches of vivid green on its surface, resembling malachite. The islands studding the gulf, many of which are very lofty and of volcanic origin, impart singular beauty to the scene; and amongst them the peculiar form of Rangitoto, with its triple-peaked crater, stands most conspicuous. Passing Rangitoto, we entered Waitemata harbour, on the southern bank of which the town of Auckland is situated. We were glad enough to land, in order to obtain fresh provisions; having discovered, to our great disgust, when anticipating some chicken broth off Cape Palliser, that

the fowls we had procured at Thoms's fishery were quite unpalatable, owing to their having been fattened entirely upon whale blubber.

The situation of Auckland is very preferable to that of Wellington, as, besides possessing a safe and capital harbour, it boasts of large tracts of land available for the purposes of cultivation in the immediate vicinity of the town: the climate also is more genial than that of Port Nicholson, being warmer, and less subject to the south-east gales that blow with such terrific violence through the funnel of Cook's Straits. At the change of the moon, however, easterly gales occur, which usually last two or three days; but afterwards the wind generally veers round to the westward, and fine weather succeeds. Owing to the insular position of New Zealand, great quantities of rain fall at all seasons of the year; yet such is the transparency of the atmosphere, from the constant winds chasing away the vapours and exhalations after rain, that the climate is remarkably healthy; and the temperature never varying to the extremes of heat and cold, as it does in Great Britain, renders it salubrious and delightful throughout the year.

The latitude of Auckland is  $36^{\circ} 51'$  south, and its longitude  $174^{\circ} 45'$  east. The channel of Waitemata harbour is, on an average, about a mile in breadth, and the town is situated between two and three miles from the heads. Its site is an undulating open space of fern land, extending for some miles

towards the harbour of Manukao, on the west coast ; between which and the Waitemata is the narrowest part of the island : the distance not exceeding five miles. Over all this undulating district are scattered numerous extinct volcanoes, the craters of which are shaped like the frustrum of a cone, and vary in height from 100 to 300 or 400 feet. These flat-topped craters, to the number of at least twenty, have a very singular appearance when viewed from the anchorage, rising abruptly one beyond another in the background of the town. The most remarkable of them is Mount Eden, the base of which is strewn with blocks of scoriæ, while the surrounding soil consists of the richest black vegetable mould. The district of Epsom extends in this direction, displaying some of the finest cultivation in the vicinity of Auckland. The Tamaki, also, to the eastward, is a district possessing excellent land on both shores of the inlet of that name ; where many settlers have located themselves for the purposes of agriculture. The population of Auckland is already more than 2000 ; and had it not been for the over-speculating spirit of its inhabitants, this would even now have been a flourishing place, by reason of its central situation, and the easy communication it possesses with the coast on both sides.

Many of the houses in Auckland are good, and the shops in Shortland Crescent, which is built on the slope of a hill leading to the church, are respectable even in the eyes of Europeans. The barracks

are built of scoriæ, and stand on the summit of a cliff overlooking the harbour. The church, too—a pleasing structure—is a conspicuous object from the sea. Government House is a long wooden building, with verandahs and gable-roofs; and, its trellises being covered richly with clematis and a variety of beautiful flowers, it has an attractive appearance. It stands on a lawn, looking towards Hauraki Gulf, across which a most extensive and varied prospect opens of picturesque islands, with the blue mountains of the Great Barrier visible to seaward. Some of the sheltered bays to the right of the town are extremely beautiful, and the tasteful houses and villas of the better classes of settlers, embowered amongst the dark foliage of the *pohutukaua* trees, with gardens teeming with European flowers, that thrive in unbounded luxuriance in the genial climate of New Zealand, appear remarkably enticing. When viewed from the water, they rise one above another, imbedded in rich verdure, forming an alluring picture of colonial prosperity. But, at the period of my visit, money was a very scarce article in Auckland, and payments were given and received in paper debentures issued by the Government; amongst tradesmen, private debentures were also in extensive circulation, and I have frequently received these promissory notes for the prodigious sum of sixpence!

A number of boys, reformed juvenile offenders, from the Parkhurst prison in the Isle of Wight,

have from time to time been sent out to Auckland, for the purpose of being apprenticed to such of the settlers as would take them ; the Government thinking that by banishing them to New Zealand they would be out of the reach of the influence of crime, and the bad example of their former companions in the mother country. A few have turned out well, but the greatest portion of them have left the parties by whom they were originally engaged on landing ; and having changed from one to another so often that at length no one would employ them, some have gone into the bush to live with the natives, and others pick up a precarious subsistence in the streets and about the town of Auckland. A few have obtained employment as sailors in the Government brig, and in some of the coasting vessels and Sydney traders ; and of these several have contrived to get back again to England. During my stay in Auckland, one of these lads, whose good conduct had encouraged his master to place him in a situation of considerable trust in his office, abstracted money to the amount of something beyond 100*l.*, and, in league with another of these youthful delinquents, attempted to decamp with it to Sydney ; he was, however, discovered, tried, and convicted : his destination was changed, no doubt greatly against his inclination, to the penal settlement of Hobart Town, where he was sentenced to remain for a period of some years.

About six miles from Auckland by land is the



native settlement of Orakai, on the banks of a deep and sheltered bay, near the mouth of the Waitemata harbour. At this spot a remnant of the Nga ti watua tribe, with their principal chief Te Kawaw, have latterly resided ; and many of them are of great service to the settlement by bringing in supplies of wood for fuel, and selling their potatoes and the various productions of their cultivated lands around Orakai, to the families resident in the neighbourhood. Several of the natives have in this way amassed considerable sums of money : sending their slaves to the town with loads of wood and baskets of potatoes for sale, they purchase with the proceeds various articles of European manufacture.

The sons of Te Kawaw have sold several tracts of land to the Europeans, and, in exchange, have obtained horses and the costume of English gentlemen. On one occasion I met young Moana, son of Kawaw, and his cousin Rawide, riding furiously along the road to Orakai, mounted upon spirited horses, and gaily dressed in blue coats with bright buttons. When seen in contrast with this innovation upon Maori customs and costume, the recently tattooed face of Moana had a ludicrous effect : the incisions were just commencing to heal, and his cheek presented a succession of spiral scars ; showing how dearly he had paid for his national vanity in being unable to abandon this barbarous custom of his ancestors, although he had so far adopted the manners of the Europeans.

In company with my friend Forsaith, one of the protectors of aborigines, I visited Orakai, where we spent the day in sketching and taking portraits of old Kawaw and several of the principal natives; the influence of my friend easily prevailing with them to sit to me on this occasion.

The walk from Auckland to Orakai is round several deep bays, the scenery in the neighbourhood of which is varied and pleasing. Official and Mechanics' Bays are near the town: the former contains the residences of many of the better class of inhabitants, such as Government officers and merchants; and situated as these houses are in luxuriant gardens, ornamenting the steep sides of the descent to the water, they present a charming appearance. In Mechanics' Bay the houses are of an inferior description, and are occupied by shipwrights, fishermen, and labourers. Many native canoes enter this bay, on their arrival from the Thames and Coromandel harbour; and the landing from them is often an animated and lively scene.

To our right, as we passed to the eastward, were several extinct volcanoes: Mount Eden, Mount Wellington, and One-tree Hill, being the nearest and most prominent ones; to the left, the islands of Hauraki Gulf—the belt of volcanic action being marked in that direction by the triple-peaked crater of the island of Rangitoto—presented a lovely scene, diversifying the calm, blue, expanse of the gulf with their bold and romantic outlines. Here and there

we entered a continuation of close thicket, composed of a variety of shrubs and low trees, some of which were adorned with a profusion of blossoms: through these woods, or native shrubberies, the road had been cut, leaving an infinite multitude of stumps jutting up from the ground, just of sufficient height for the traveller to stumble over without seeing them. The brilliant yellow clusters of the *Edwardsii*, and the large and star-like flowers of the *clematis*, or *piki-arero* of the New Zealanders, adorned these patches of close vegetation: the latter, spreading itself over the topmost branches, makes a dazzling display of its multitudinous blossoms, which cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the traveller; who may observe the native girls, as they pass through the woods, gather its starry garlands to wreath round their dark clustering hair.

Coming from Australia, the different colour of the New Zealand landscape, produced by the distinct character of its vegetation, at once strikes the eye of the beholder. The glaucous hue of the former, with its eucalypti, acaciæ, and casuarinæ, is here exchanged for forests of a perpetual dark and glossy green; the open land constantly intervening, tinged with a russet-brown hue by the fern which covers it, and the almost total absence of the family of *gramineæ*, or grasses. The New Zealand flax grows in every direction amongst the open fern-land; and the *tohi tohi*, a species of long rush-like sedge, is abundant on the margin of the water,

and in marshy and damp situations. This sedge is extensively used by the natives for forming the sides of their houses: it is fastened by bandages of flax to the wooden framework. The humble daisy peeps up from the ground amongst the vegetation of the New Zealand valleys, as well as in the meadows and upon the green lawns of Britain; the species being very similar in appearance to the white daisy that gems the grass in old England.

We passed through a native plantation, or potato ground, where the inhabitants were busily employed in planting their crops. They were using the *ho*, a wooden instrument something resembling a spade, with which they root up the matted fibres of the fern below the surface of the soil. At one corner of the plantation was a cooking-shed, erected with poles, and thatched with *raupo*, beneath which several native women were preparing the mid-day meal for the labourers in the plantation: their repast was composed of potatoes, served in flax-baskets, with a kind of gruel made of stinking maize, boiled with water; and their drink was limpid water from a neighbouring stream, contained in calabashes, the orifices of which were tattooed round their margin, so as to resemble the lips of the women.

On arriving at Orakai, we found Te Kawaw, who was much flattered at the idea of sitting for his portrait. He is a man of advanced years, with a fine intellectual head, from which the hair has

retreated, leaving only a small portion on each side of his temples: he wore a *kokahu*, or coarse garment of strips of black and yellow flax. Kawaw's son, Maona, and his nephew, Paora, with one of the priests of the Nga ti watua tribe, also stood to me for their portraits. Paora insisted on displaying his warlike propensities; and stripping himself to the waist, came forward with a couple of cartouch-boxes strapped round his body. Nga mako, his wife, is exceedingly vain; and during the whole time I was engaged in sketching her husband, she was occupied in viewing herself in a small mirror and arranging her ringlets according to what she conceived to be the acmé of beauty.

On our return, we met several natives coming from the direction of Auckland, to whom we showed the unfinished sketches; all of which they immediately recognised without a moment's hesitation.

Amongst the damp moss at the root of the *rata* trees, in the shady forests not far from Auckland, and also in various parts of the Northern Island, are found those extraordinary productions called vegetable caterpillars—the *hotete* of the natives. In appearance, the caterpillar differs but little from that of the common privet sphinx-moth, after it has descended to the ground previously to its undergoing the change into the chrysalis state. But the most remarkable characteristic of the vegetable caterpillar is, that every one has a very curious plant, belonging to the fungi tribe, growing from

the *anus* ; this fungus varies from three to six inches in length, and bears at its extremity a blossom-like appendage, somewhat resembling a miniature bulrush, and evidently derives its nourishment from the body of the insect. This caterpillar, when recently found, is of the substance of cork ; and it is discovered by the natives seeing the tips of the fungi, which grow upwards. They account for this phenomenon by asserting that the caterpillar, when feeding upon the *rata*-tree overhead, swallows the seeds of the fungus, which take root in the body of the insect, and germinate as soon as it retreats to the damp mould beneath, to undergo its transformation into the pupa state. Specimens of these vegetable caterpillars have been transmitted to naturalists in England, by whom they have been named *Sphæria Robertii*.

Some of the native women and girls in the vicinity of Auckland have almost entirely adopted European costume ; over this they will, however, frequently wear a mat of native manufacture, which has a picturesque and not unbecoming effect. The round straw-hats supplied by the store-keepers are eagerly purchased by them ; and around their hats they will, on certain occasions, twine a wreath of the *piki arero*, or clematis. Several of the daughters of influential chiefs have entered into a marriage alliance with Europeans, and the offspring of these marriages are perhaps the finest half-castes in the world. Ngeungeu, the daughter of Tara or Irirangi, a chief

of the Nga ti tai tribe, became the wife of one Thomas Maxwell, an industrious and enterprising settler, who for many years resided on the island of Wai-hake, situated in Hauraki Gulf, near the entrance of Waitemata harbour ; but about three years ago she lost her husband, who is supposed to have been drowned at sea. He had built himself a small schooner, which he called the " Sarah Maxwell," after his wife ; and from the period of his departure on his first voyage, he has never been heard of. A violent gale of wind from north-east set in shortly after he left the island, and it is generally supposed that his vessel foundered, with all on board. So deeply was his wife affected by her loss, that, although repeatedly solicited by more than one European to re-enter the marriage state, she has declined every offer, and still remains a widow. Her landed possessions are considerable ; but she has generally resided, since her husband's death, at the village of Omupuia, where her relations chiefly dwell. She is left with several very interesting children, who are dressed in the Maori costume, and know no language but that of New Zealand. Tara, the father of Mrs. Maxwell (by which name she is generally known in the settlement), has several sons, who are remarkably tall, good-looking young men ; one of them, the youngest, was for some time under the tuition of the Bishop of New Zealand, and made considerable progress in his studies.

Tara frequently visits Auckland for the purposes of trade, where he bears an excellent character. He is quiet and inoffensive in his disposition; and though he has not rendered himself conspicuous by any remarkable feat, he is known and respected as the friend of Europeans, and as a loyal adherent to the Government. The Government interpreter is also married to a native woman, the daughter of Tepene, or Stephen, whose native name is Moanarooa, one of the principal chiefs of Waingarua, on the west coast. She has proved herself an excellent wife, and has several children, whom she keeps remarkably neat and clean, and sends daily to school at Auckland, where they receive an English education.

Whilst staying with my friend Dr. Sinclair, the colonial secretary, we used frequently to observe from his verandah the various atmospheric effects that occur in this transparent climate. On one occasion, about ten o'clock at night, we were gratified with the sight of an unusually brilliant lunar rainbow, displaying a double arch, and exhibiting, though faintly, the prismatic colours. The following morning was ushered in with a thick fog, that, as it gradually rolled up from the tranquil bosom of the bay, revealed boats and canoes so vividly reflected upon the glassy surface of the water as totally to deceive the eye; producing an effect as though every object were multiplied in a succession of mirrors.

The rocks along the sea-shore, in the bays surrounding Waitemata harbour, and indeed on almost



every portion of the coast, are covered with a small species of oyster called the crested or coxcomb oyster (*ostrea cristata*), which is very palatable. Numerous fish are taken in the bays; and an annual fishery for the tiger-shark is carried on by the natives in Hauraki Gulf, at a certain season of the year. It is from this fish that they obtain the valuable *mako taniwa*, or shark's-tooth, which is worn in the ear of both sexes. The canoes are elegantly shaped, and elaborately ornamented with grotesque carvings, painted red with kokowai; they have elevated stern-posts, and carry low triangular sails made of *raupo* (a species of rush), and look remarkably picturesque. A fleet of canoes, adorned, as they often are, with the snow-white feathers of the albatross or the gull, and each manned by a numerous band of paddlers, presents a singular and beautiful appearance; gliding swiftly over the blue and crisp waves, and lowering their mat-sails as they dart into the bay, and run up on the beach, shooting like arrows through the white breakers. Many of the canoes that arrive at Waitemata from the Thames, will carry from fifty to sixty men, who all paddle together, singing in unison some Maori boat-song: their strokes and voices are timed by an individual who stands erect in the centre of the canoe, performing the twofold duty of conductor and prompter; beating each stroke with a staff, which he holds in his hand, and prompting the words of the song. The voices of the crew, shout-

ing in measured strain, may frequently be heard when the canoe itself is but a speck on the waves, and the distant sound falls on the ear with a wild and savage effect.

On the slope of a lovely glen, leading inland from behind the eastern extremity of Auckland, is situated the burial-ground belonging to members of the Church of England; and on the opposite side of a road which separates it from the open fern country extending towards Mount Eden, is enclosed a small piece of land, where those of the Catholic faith may find interment. The Jews also have railed in a neat parallelogram of ground, with a simple yet elegant entrance-gate, where they too bury their dead. The dissenters' grave-yard is next to that of the Jews, and is but partially enclosed; and further on, the burial-place of the Scottish presbyterians is pointed out, by a few flower-grown mounds peeping from amongst the fern and heather.

The country round Auckland was formerly occupied by large and powerful tribes, of which the only remaining vestiges are to be found in the terraced walls of scoriæ built on the slopes of Mount Eden, and others of the extinct craters, and the whitened heaps of *pepi* shells that lie scattered in immense quantities about these slopes, that once formed the sites of their fortified paha. Clearings in the scoriæ are also discernible at the foot of the craters, where the blocks of lava are piled up in heaps: these were evidently removed by the natives to form gardens

for the cultivation of their *kumeras*, and other vegetable productions, near their fortifications; for, in those days of constant warfare, the inhabitants were afraid to go to any distance from their pahs, expecting, if they did, to be surprised and killed by their enemies. Amongst the antiquities of this ancient race—the precise period of whose extinction is unknown—are large circular holes in the ground, intended, probably, as reservoirs for water. Not far from Mount Eden is an extensive cavern, formerly intended as a “*wahi tapu*,” or sacred place, where the dead were concealed; and many skulls have lately been discovered in its recesses. The visits of the European to it, however, have been but seldom, and always without the knowledge of the natives; who are very particular that the remains of their dead should not be touched or disturbed.

During my stay in Auckland, Pomare, the chief from the Bay of Islands, and Nene, the chief of Hokianga, arrived in the town. Pomare, who was accompanied by his fighting general, had pitched his tent close to the entrance-gate of Government House; and both himself and Nene lunched with his Excellency Captain Fitzroy on the following day. These two distinguished chiefs sat to me for their portraits, in their full native costume, wearing the *topuni*, or war-mat of dog's skin. Pomare, in keeping with his usual turbulent and offensive manners, was restless, and spoke very abusively of the queen; while Nene, who is all amiability and good

humour, after stepping into the garden to gather a flower, with which he decorated his hair before the glass, stood with the utmost composure and politeness. After the sittings were over the chiefs drank wine with me, when Pomare again exhibited one of his leading characteristics, by emptying the decanters. Since my interview with Nene he has become one of the leading actors in the late war; and during the whole period of the rebellion, he has remained the firm friend and ally of the British troops; affording an example of nobleness of character seldom to be met with.

Nene, or—as he is now more generally known by his baptized name—Thomas Walker (*Tamati Waka*), is the principal chief of the Ngatihao tribe; which, in common with many others, is comprised in the great assemblage of tribes usually called Ngapuis. The residence of this celebrated man is near the Wesleyan Mission station, on the banks of the river Hokianga; where he fully established his character, as the friend and protector of Europeans, long before the regular colonization of the country. In common with most of his countrymen, Nene was, in his younger days, celebrated for his expertness in acts of petty pilfering; and he himself will now laugh heartily, if reminded of his youthful tricks. On one occasion, when on a visit to one of the missionaries at Waimate, a fine gander attracted his attention, and he secretly ordered it to be seized, and prepared for his dinner in a native oven; but,

to prevent detection, the bird was cooked in its feathers. However, it was soon missed, and a rigorous inquiry instituted by its owner, but without success; until certain savoury steams arising from Nene's camp excited suspicion. To tax him with the theft, however, would have been contrary to all the rules of New Zealand etiquette; and the mystery of its disappearance was not unravelled until the morning after he had taken his departure, when the ill-fated gander was found concealed among the bushes; it having been found too tough for even a New Zealander's powers of mastication.

Some years after this, a chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's; and, according to the customary law in New Zealand of "blood for blood," Nene went in a vessel, accompanied by only one attendant, to seek revenge. Landing near the spot where the chief resided, Nene entered his pah, called the murderer by name, and, after accusing him of the crime, deliberately levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch the avenger: all were paralyzed at his sudden appearance and determined bravery.

But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New Zealander: for many years he has been playing a nobler part in the great drama of life; and his conduct has deservedly gained for him a lasting reputation. Some traits may be mentioned to his honour. About the year 1839, the body of a

European was discovered on the banks of one of the tributary streams of Hokianga, under circumstances which led to the suspicion that he had been murdered by a native called Kete, one of Nene's slaves. A large meeting was convened on the subject, and, the guilt of Kete being established, Nene condemned him to die; the murderer was accordingly taken to a small island in the river called Motiti, and there shot! So rigid were Nene's ideas of justice!

When Captain Hobson arrived, and assembled the chiefs at Waitangi, in order to obtain their acquiescence in the sovereignty of the Queen over the islands of New Zealand, the Governor was received with doubt, and his proposals were at first rejected; but when Nene and his friends made their appearance, the aspect of affairs was changed: Nene, by his eloquence and by the wisdom of his counsel, turned the current of feeling, and the dissentients were silenced. In short, Nene stood recognised as the prime agent in effecting the treaty of Waitangi. On another occasion his intervention was of great service to the British authorities. After the flag-staff at the Bay was cut down by Heki, Governor Fitzroy proceeded to the disaffected district with a considerable body of military, thinking by a show of force to overawe the rebellious natives. A large concourse of chiefs was gathered together, and many speeches were made; but amongst them all the words of Nene were conspicuous for their energy. "If," said he, "another

flag-staff is cut down, I shall take up the quarrel:" and nobly has he redeemed his pledge. During the whole course of the rebellion, up to the present period, he has steadily adhered to his purpose, and has on numerous occasions rendered the most essential assistance to the military. He fought in several engagements with the rebels, and each time has proved himself as superior in courage and conduct in the field, as he is in wisdom and sagacity in the council. The settlers in the northern parts of New Zealand are under the greatest obligations to this chief. But for him and his people, many a hearth, at present the scene of peace and happiness, would have been desecrated and defiled with blood—many a family, now occupying their ancient homes, would have been driven away from their abodes, exposed to misery and privation. Those settlers who were living near the disaffected districts, but remote from the influence and out of the reach of the protecting arm of Nene, have been driven as houseless wanderers to seek safety in the town of Auckland; and such would most probably have been the universal fate of the out-settlers, but for the courage and loyalty of this brave and noble chief.

Patuone, Nene's elder brother (whom I also met with and painted at Auckland), is equally distinguished for his attachment to Europeans and his loyalty to the Government; but he has not the strength of mind and energy of purpose of Nene. Patuone's character is one of amiability: he is mild

and unassuming in his manners, and a lover of peace. In former days, when quarrels between different tribes were not only of frequent occurrence, but were often attended with deeds of violence and blood, Patuone was indefatigable as a peace-maker. Travelling about from place to place, he would, by his persuasive eloquence, soothe the irritated passions of the excited disputants, and win them over to amity and peace. He has, however, taken an active part with his brother against Heki and his adherents; and is resolutely determined to support the authority of the Government. He has not resided so constantly at Hokianga as his brother; being related by marriage to the Ngatipaoa tribe inhabiting the circumjacent shores of the Thames, where he sometimes takes up his abode. He, like Nene, is a convert of the Wesleyan mission, and is baptized Edward (*Eruera*). At a late meeting of the Christian chiefs, Patuone made a speech, the following translation of which has been handed to me by the Rev. Walter Lawry, the highly respected superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in the South Seas:—"This is my thought, the thought of Patuone. I am from the seat of wickedness. When I heard of the Gospel, I thought to myself I would recline upon it. God hath made the world—the trees—the herbage; and He has given us His Word, and I will seek to be saved by it. This is all I have to say."



## CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE NATIVES OF NEW  
ZEALAND.

THE people of New Zealand belong to one of two great and distinct races of the human family inhabiting the vast ocean of the Pacific. The dark-coloured variety, termed the Austral negroes, have a skin approaching in colour to that of the African races, with hair occasionally curly, and in some instances woolly; their skulls are of bad proportions, exhibiting a preponderating development of the occipital region; their language consists of a variety of different tongues and dialects; their social relations are in an inferior condition, and they occupy a very low grade in the human family. To this dark-skinned variety belong the present inhabitants of the whole of New Holland or Australia; the now almost extinct natives of Van Diemen's Land; those of New Guinea, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Santa Cruz, New Britain, New Ireland, Salomou

Isles, Loyalty Island, and the entire population of the Figi group. In some of the eastern islands this race appears to have been the original possessors of the soil; but they were either driven into the interior, or exterminated by the superior races of Malayan origin, who landed and settled upon the coasts: and it is a remarkable fact that, at the present time, there are to be found, inhabiting the interior of several of those islands, tribes exactly resembling the savages of Australia in habits, customs, dialect, and physical appearance.

The light-coloured race of the Pacific—the one to which the people of New Zealand undoubtedly belong—have a skin of a light copper colour, in some instances no darker than that of the inhabitants of the south of Europe, with regular and pleasing features. Their language appears to be derived from one common root; though this race extends over the islands of the Pacific for a distance of six thousand miles—from the Sandwich Islanders of the north-east, to those of New Zealand at the south-western extremity of that great ocean. The nations comprehended under this race have superior faculties, both moral and physical; and with some of them a form of government, and domestic and social regulations have attained to a very advanced state. Under the head of this second great division may be classed, the inhabitants of the following groups:—The Marquesas; the Sandwich Islands; the Society Islands, including Tahiti; the Naviga-

tors ; the Friendly, or Tonga Islands ; Mangia, Savage Island, Easter Island, Roturua, New Zealand, and the Chatham Islands ; also, the Kingsmills, the Radak and Ralik chain, the Carolines, Mariannes, Ladrones, Pelew Islands, and the various groups to the northwards.

It has been frequently stated (though perhaps without good grounds of conjecture) that the present inhabitants of New Zealand have sprung from two distinct races : the one, a darker and inferior variety, who were the former inhabitants of the country ; and a later race, superior in intelligence and physical character, who, on arriving at the islands, amalgamated with the aborigines.

The early history of the New Zealanders is shrouded in doubt and obscurity ; yet sufficient may be gathered from their native traditions—taken in combination with their similarity in arts, language, and physical appearance, to other inhabitants of the Pacific—to enable us to trace their origin with some considerable degree of certainty.

All their native traditions tell us that they came from the *eastward* ; that their ancestors, in three canoes (all of which had names, and contained the progenitors of the most celebrated tribes) came from a distant land, and after a long voyage reached New Zealand : where they found no inhabitants, and a country covered with dense forest. Tradition further tells us that they came from the island of *Hawaiki* (which lies eastward), bringing with them

*taro* and dogs. The *kumera*, or sweet potato (*convolvulus battata*), which is indigenous to Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, also came from the eastward. It was brought, according to tradition, from the island of *Tawai*, by E Pani and E Tika, who arrived subsequently to the three canoes; and who, although strangers to the New Zealanders, resembled them in *colour* and *language*: a resemblance perfectly in accordance with that of the Sandwich Islanders at the present day. We easily recognise in the names *Hawaiki* and *Tawai*, those of two of the Sandwich Islands, *Hawaii* and *Tauai*: there being more consonants used in the New Zealand language, *Hawaii* would become *Hawaiki* in the dialect of these latter people. Maui, or Mawi, is the most distinguished person in the mythology of the Sandwich Islanders; and the New Zealanders describe him as their great ancestor, who drew the island out of the sea by means of a fish-hook. The Tonga Islanders have also a very similar tradition as to the origin of the islands they inhabit, which is probably referable to some geological occurrence; many of the islands of the Pacific being considered of comparatively recent formation. The people of Easter Island—whose ancient inhabitants cut out of the soft volcanic rock huge statues, resembling the grotesque figures carved out of wood by the New Zealanders—more closely resemble the Maories than any other of the islanders of the Pacific: if we may credit the accounts given of them by former navigators. The

easterly trade-wind that blows within the tropic might easily have carried canoes from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand; and the inhabitants of Waihu, or Easter Island, may owe their origin to a similar source. At the present day, migrations in the Pacific are very common: canoes containing frequently a dozen or twenty natives have been met with at sea more than a thousand miles from the islands to which they belong; and others, driven by the wind out of sight of land, are frequently carried along at the mercy of the waves, and their crews drifted upon the first shores that may fall in their way. Not long since, the brig *Clarence* of Sydney fell in with a canoe from the Kingsmills group, containing a number of natives who had been twenty-four days at sea, and knew not in which direction they were drifting.

For my own part, I am strongly inclined to suppose that the original stock of the Sandwich Islanders, and of the New Zealanders—for they are evidently the same race, and of one primitive origin—are descendants of the ancient Mexicans; who either emigrated in their vessels to the Sandwich Islands (which are at a comparatively short distance from the American coast), or were driven thither by the winds, in consequence of getting too far out to sea to be enabled, with their deficient knowledge of navigation, to regain the American continent. These people, though acquainted with the arts and learning of their countrymen, would not, when driven to

seek subsistence on an island, have either motive or means to practise such arts: their chief object would naturally be to produce food for themselves and their families; and men, however highly civilized, if placed in such a situation, would gradually degenerate into a more rude and primitive state, being engrossed with the pursuit of the means of subsistence.

We can trace in the carvings of the New Zealanders—in their huge *tikis* or *wakapohokos*, and in their ornamental houses—a strong analogy to the architectural ornaments of the Mexicans. The Mexicans carved in stone, and so did the people of Easter Island; but what is more likely than that the New Zealanders, retaining only a portion of the arts of their ancestors, finding timber in such abundance, and perhaps not possessing tools suitable to stonework, should have wrought their rude fancies in wood? The *kumera*, which they say their ancestors brought with them on their arrival in New Zealand, is indigenous to Mexico; and as all the traditions of these people concur in saying that they come from the *eastward*, strong grounds are afforded for supposing them to be of Mexican origin.

The men of New Zealand are generally tall and muscular; some of the chiefs are above the average height of Europeans, and a few (though instances are not of frequent occurrence) incline to obesity. The women, on the other hand, are rather short in stature, plump, and well made; their hands and feet being frequently small and delicately proportioned.

Their complexion varies greatly in different individuals: sometimes it is no darker than that of an Italian or a Spaniard, at other times it is considerably deeper in shade. The extent of latitude beneath which the islands of New Zealand are situated, may account for the diversity of colour amongst their inhabitants: the people of Cook's Straits, for instance, in lat. 40°, are considerably lighter than those of the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, which are five degrees further to the north. The hair of the New Zealanders generally is remarkably black, glossy, and luxuriant; especially that of the women, who wear it mostly loose and flowing over the shoulders. The hair of the men is often cropped short, but it was the ancient fashion for the chiefs to tie it up in a knot at the crown of the head. Occasionally their hair inclines to a brown colour, and I have seen one or two children in the interior with hair of a flaxen or golden colour, and a girl amongst the Nga ti watua tribe, whose locks were of a beautiful auburn tint; the hair of the men is generally curly, but no approach to a *woolly* nature is discernible. The eyes of both sexes are almost invariably of a dark hazel, and those of the young people are large and eloquent; but the effect of constantly sitting over the smoke of their fires soon destroys the beauty of their eyes, which, in the old people are generally bloodshot and contracted: their eyebrows are regular and well defined, and their eyelashes are strong, but owing to the practice of *tangi*, combined with the

effects of the smoke, they are seldom seen to perfection, except in the young people.

The New Zealanders are a more cleanly race than the natives of Australia, and there is not that perceptible odour about them which is so disagreeable in connection with the latter population. Their heads are good and well formed, and frequently approach in shape those of the most intellectual nations of Europe: both animal and intellectual faculties are strongly developed, and the facial angle is large. Their teeth are regular and remain good to a late period of life. In many individuals the nose is aquiline and well shaped, in others, it is flatter, more resembling those of the people of Luzon or Pelew. The mouth is rather larger than with us, and the lips, especially the upper one, are more fully developed. The countenances of some of the chiefs indicate a great degree of mind, and are totally divested of anything approaching the expression of a savage; while the nobleness of their appearance and bearing proclaims at once their superiority over most of the uncivilized races of man. It is only in moments of excitement and passion that their countenances are lighted up with savage ferocity: at other times they display a combination of dignity and mildness which is sure to win the confidence of the stranger.

The women of the better class, such as the daughters of some of the more important chiefs, may lay claim to be considered handsome; they possess a



gipsy-like style of beauty, which is heightened by a natural modesty and bashfulness. They frequently form matrimonial alliances with Europeans, and the result of these marriages is the finest race of half-castes, perhaps, in the world. The slave-women, on the other hand, are as coarse and unprepossessing as the daughters of the *Rangitiras*, or chiefs, are pleasing and comely. Both classes, however, soon begin to look old: the result of hard labour in some cases, and in others of early intercourse with the opposite sex, combined with their mode of living, which rapidly destroys their youthful appearance. The New Zealander is, nevertheless, long-lived; many of the chiefs having attained a great age: at the present moment, there is a chief residing at Coromandel harbour who distinctly remembers the visit of Captain Cook to Barrier Island, and several others of the inhabitants recollect events that occurred about the same period.

Throughout the whole of the islands of New Zealand but one language is spoken; only differing slightly in certain districts, where provincialisms occur, similar to those in England: the Taupo people, for instance, at the lakes of the interior, use a prefix unknown to the northern tribes. The Maori language is soft and euphonious, containing but fourteen letters, in which are included all the vowels; its syllables are remarkably liquid, and, if we except the *nga*, every consonant is separated by one or more vowels. The letter *r* is frequently pro-

nounced like *d*; and, although their alphabet has no *s*, words commencing with an aspirated *h* are sounded as if they commenced with the former letter: *hongi*, for instance, is pronounced *shongi*.

The language of the Tahitians and that of the Sandwich Islanders have a very close affinity to the Maori tongue; the principal difference consisting in the Tahitians using *t* for *h*, and *r* for *l*, and also in the omission of consonants at the beginning of words in the language of the Sandwich Islanders. The New Zealand language abounds in prefixes, and the pronunciation of the letters somewhat resembles the Italian.

The following native translation of the Lord's Prayer into the Maori tongue may serve to convey some idea of the language:—

“ E to matou matua i te rangi, kia tapu tou ingoa tukua mai tou rangitiranga.

“ Kia meatia tou hiahia ki te wenua me tou hiahia i te rangi.

“ Homai ki a matou aianei te matou kai mo tenei ra.

“ Murua mo matou o matou hara, me matou hoki e muru ana mo ratou e hara ana ki a matou.

“ Kaua matou e kawea atu ki te wakawainga, otiia wakaorangia matou i te kino: Nau hoki te rangatiranga, me te kaha, me te kororia, ake, ake, ake. Amine.”

Infanticide is frequent amongst the New Zealanders; though the introduction of Christianity by

the missionaries, and the gradually increasing intercourse they have with Europeans, have done much towards abolishing this shocking custom. Occasionally the doomed infant is buried alive; at other times the head is tightly compressed, which speedily causes death. But, in all such cases, the child is destroyed immediately after birth; maternal affection possessing too strong a hold upon the feelings of the mother after the first or second day. Both parents are almost idolatrously fond of their children; and the father frequently spends a considerable portion of his time in nursing his infant, who nestles in his blanket, and is lulled to rest by some native song corresponding to the nursery-rhymes of more civilized nations.

Many of the Maori names have a significant meaning; which in some instances, like those of the Orientals, is highly poetical and hyperbolic. Most of the individuals who have become converts to Christianity have, on adopting their new religion, taken Scriptural names, bestowed upon them by the missionaries, in addition to their former heathen appellations; but the natives are unable to pronounce many of these baptismal names, until softened down by the addition of vowels and the rejection of certain consonants incompatible with their own euphonious language. David, for instance, becomes *Rawide* with the New Zealander; Thomas, *Tamite*; William, *Wiremu*; Stephen, *Tepeni*; Solomon, *Horomona*; and so on.

The children are cheerful and lively little creatures, full of vivacity and intelligence. They pass their early years almost without restraint, amusing themselves with the various games of the country: such as flying kites, which are formed of leaves; the game of *maui*; throwing mimic spears made of fern-stalks, and sailing their tiny flax canoes on the rivers, or watching them tossed about by the waves of the sea. These are the most favourite sports of these merry and interesting children.

From an early age sexual intercourse is frequent, but not promiscuous; children of both sexes are often betrothed by their parents, and are thus rendered *tapu* or sacred to the affianced parties. After marriage, a woman is *tapu* to her husband, and adultery is often punished with death. Families are usually small in number, though twins frequently occur. This may be accounted for partly by the long period during which the New Zealand women suckle their children; not weaning them, as we do, at an early age. Another cause may be the speedy decay of youth amongst the women; a female losing her charms before she arrives at the age of thirty.

When a lad grows up to manhood, he is tattooed; a process which is undergone at intervals, the operation being tedious and attended with the most excruciating pain. The *Tohunga*, or priest, is most generally the operator in the ceremony of tattooing; he being supposed to excel in the art of carving both on wood and on flesh. The instrument used is

a little chisel made of bone, which is driven into the skin by blows of a small mallet. The point of the chisel is repeatedly dipped into a mixture of resin and charcoal, which, after the wounds have healed, renders the lines of an indelible blue colour. Great attention is bestowed upon this species of ornament; and in many instances large payments have been made by chiefs to men more than ordinarily skilled in the art of tattooing, that they might ensure the most regular and elaborate workmanship. Amongst the chiefs it would formerly have been considered the greatest possible disgrace not to have been tattooed, or to have only displayed a few lines of the *moko* upon the countenance. None but slaves were without the spiral carving of the face considered so indispensable to men of birth and courage. Not only are the faces of the men entirely covered with these spiral lines, where the individuals are fully tattooed, but the thighs, posteriors, and occasionally portions of the arms, undergo a similar process. At the present time, however, many of the sons even of influential chiefs—having either adopted the manners of the Europeans or joined the missionary converts—have dispensed with this peculiar and barbarous disfigurement; which certainly does not add to their appearance, at least in the eyes of a civilised community. Ko Katu, the only son of Rauperaha, is not tattooed; and Josiah Taonui, the son of Taonui the Hokianga chief, told me that he is too much attached to the customs of the *Pakeha* (stranger)

ever to disfigure himself with the *moko*. In some individuals the tattooing may be observed only partly completed; and I have met with several powerful chiefs who, having discontinued this custom on embracing Christianity, appear with one side of their face only, or a portion of their features, decorated according to the original method.

The lips of both sexes are generally dyed blue. It is a reproach to a woman to have red lips; and on arriving at a proper age they are invariably rendered blue. This is done by pricking them all over with a sharp instrument until the blood flows freely; soot or charcoal is then rubbed in, which produces the desired effect.

With the women the tattooing of the face only extends to the lips and chin; but they disfigure their breasts and arms with blue lines, which are the marks of their *tangi*, or lamentations for their deceased relations. These incisions frequently run in parallel lines, about a couple of inches in length; and are cut with sharp shells, and dyed, in a similar manner to the lines upon the face, with a mixture of carbonized Kauri resin. In a very few instances I have observed women, whose ankles, from the heel upwards, have been tattooed with ornamental spiral lines.

Polygamy amongst the heathen tribes is still customary. Te Heuheu, the principal chief of Taupo, has eight wives; others frequently possess two or three, all of whom live in peaceful submission to

their lord. Amongst those tribes who have embraced Christianity, this custom is now rarely to be met with; and instances are numerous of chiefs, who formerly boasted of small harems, having, on uniting themselves with the missionary converts, abandoned their surplus wives; reserving one only, as their future partner in life.

The women occupy a far higher position amongst the New Zealanders than they do with the aboriginal tribes of Australia; by whom the sex are degraded and despised to the lowest degree,—a sure mark of the inferior grade of those people in the scale of humanity. Many of the women exercise the greatest influence over their tribes; especially the widows of important chiefs, or aged women, some of whom are supposed to possess the power of witchcraft and sorcery.

Within the last fifty years—indeed, ever since the first visits of Europeans to the shores of these islands—the moral and social condition and habits of the New Zealanders have been undergoing a great and gradual change. Their native weapons have, to a considerable extent, been thrown aside and fallen into disuse, and muskets of European and American manufacture substituted for them; gunpowder and fire-arms being the chief articles of barter brought to the coast by the vessels trading with the natives for their timber, their pigs, and their flax. Blankets, too, are constantly worn; and have, unfortunately, almost superseded the beautiful native garments

formed of the fibres of the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax. This has hitherto proved to be a change for the worse; for the natives, being able to obtain blankets at a low rate, in exchange for their produce, abandon the manufacture of their indigenous flax, and grow lazy, and consequently vicious. Their health, too, suffers materially from wearing the blankets: these keep their skin in a state of constant irritation, and harbour vermin, and, in wet weather, retain the damp and moisture for a long period; laying the foundation for many diseases, to which the New Zealanders are now becoming subject.

The introduction of potatoes has also wrought a great change in their diet, probably for the worse. Potatoes were introduced by Captain Cook, along with maize, or Indian corn; and these two vegetables form almost the entire food of the natives; those on the coast, or along the banks of the rivers, add fish. They eat their potatoes without salt; and many, who subsist exclusively on them, do not take sufficient exercise to render such a diet wholesome. Fevers, too, are frequent, from the too abundant use of putrid corn; the natives steeping the ears of maize in water for several weeks, to render them soft, until they become perfectly rotten, and give forth a most offensive odour. Their only animal food is pork, which is not eaten constantly.

In the neighbourhood of the settlements, and in fact wherever they can get an opportunity of dis-



posing of their pigs, but little pork is eaten by the New Zealanders, excepting it is at a feast on some grand occasion : the supplies of food then collected together are astonishing. The improvident natives prepare for a feast for perhaps a year previously, by raising an extra quantity of provisions ; and then, owing to the extravagant waste that takes place during the festivity, they submit to be half starved until the succeeding harvest. At one feast of this sort, given by a chief in the neighbourhood of Auckland to all the surrounding tribes, the row of blankets intended as presents to his friends, and the baskets of potatoes and dried fish piled up together, exceeded a mile in length ! Thousands of natives were assembled ; many of them having come from distances occasionally exceeding two hundred miles ; and the war-dance was performed at intervals during the feasting. It was then anticipated that Te Wero-wero, the principal Waikato chief, would, in the following year, give a feast to the tribes, which should exceed, in the quantity of provisions collected together, that of the Auckland chief.

The natives generally have but two meals a day,—the one in the morning, the other at sunset ; these consist usually of potatoes, steamed in a native oven between heated stones, or boiled in a pot : their drink is water, contained in calabashes. The food is served in baskets made of flax, or the long narrow leaves of the *tawara* (*Freycinetia Banksii*), plaited so as to resemble coarse matting. These baskets are

usually made whilst the meal is preparing, and are thrown aside when the repast is over. The New Zealanders are very particular about their food; it being connected with many notions of *tapu*, which are as absurd as they are amusing: for instance, food must always be consumed in the open air, and never in a sleeping-house; neither may any one eat in a canoe, if it happens to be laid under a *tapu*, but must wait until they land. No food is permitted to touch the head of a chief; and anything appertaining to food, when mentioned in connection with the head or hair (which is peculiarly sacred), is considered as a curse, and revenged as an insult. A friend of mine, when residing in the north of New Zealand, once told a chief, whilst in conversation with him across the garden fence, that "he had some apples in his plantation nearly as large as that boy's head," pointing to the son of the chief, who stood by. It was too late to recall the unfortunate simile; the chief was highly insulted; and, though my friend assured him of the unintentional cause of the offence given, it was with great difficulty that a reconciliation was brought about again.

In making their nets and fixing weirs for catching fish, the natives are remarkably expert. Eels are greatly sought after in the deep streams of the interior; and crawfish are obtained by diving. Mussels, cockles (*pipi*), the fish of the *haliotis* (*pawa*), and a variety of other shell-fish, are used upon the coast as articles of food.

The *kumera*, or sweet potato, is extensively cultivated, and is esteemed sacred by the natives, many ceremonies being connected with its planting and propagation. It is chiefly eaten on the arrival of strangers, or upon the occasion of feasts and other ceremonies. The taro, the fern-root (which formerly constituted a considerable portion of food), the pulp of the stem of the tree-fern (*korau*), the heart of the *nikau*, or cabbage-palm (*areca sapida*), and the sweet and luscious bractæ of the *tawara*, are amongst the vegetable productions which they use for the purposes of food. In some districts they eat the grub of an insect taken out of decayed trees, and much resembling the white caterpillar so greatly esteemed by the Australian natives: the grubs are first roasted over the fire. Pork, as I before stated, is seldom eaten, except on particular occasions; then the pig, after being opened and cleaned, is cooked whole, in a native oven, and surrounded with heated stones: the flesh, when cooked in this manner, is very sweet and palatable.

Before the introduction of blankets by the Europeans, the clothing of the New Zealanders consisted almost exclusively of garments manufactured from the fibres of the *phormium tenax*, or native flax. These garments, or mats, as they are generally termed, display great ingenuity and taste in their fabrication: the threads are intertwined longitudinally with others placed crosswise, and every thread is carefully fastened at intervals of about half an

inch in the finer varieties, and an inch in those of a coarser material. The making of these mats rests entirely with the women ; who construct, within their dwellings, a framework composed of upright sticks, before which they will sit for hours, busily employed in sorting and arranging the threads, and passing the time in social gossip.

Both summer and winter dresses are composed of flax : the rougher garments, made of the dried leaves fastened into a fabric of stout fibres, are very warm and impervious to the rain, and give the wearer somewhat the appearance of a thatched haycock. These mats are of various descriptions, many of them being worn by both sexes indiscriminately ; but the *topuni*, or war-mat, belongs exclusively to the men, and is only possessed by chiefs, who assume it on all occasions of ceremony or importance. The war-mat consists of a large flax cloak, into which is fastened, with every thread, a portion of dog's hair, assorted into various colours, having the exact appearance of the most beautiful fur. The patterns are varied and handsome : they are often of a pure white, bordered with a broad band of black ; others are varied with black and brown, or black and white hair, arranged in narrow stripes, so as to resemble the skin of a tiger or a zebra. These war-mats have a shaggy collar, composed of strips of fur about six inches long, which falls over the shoulders. They are highly prized ; and their manufacture is a work of considerable labour and time.

The other garments of skins are the *huru huru*, and the *parawai*: the former is frequently worn, especially during the cold season, by the people of Cook's Straits and the districts south of Taupo; it consists merely of a number of ornamental dogs' skins, which, after having been properly prepared, are sown together, and form a winter garment, impervious to the weather. The other dress, called *parawai*, is exceedingly scarce; it comes from the Southern Island, and is made of strips of dog's fur, arranged indiscriminately all over a very large mat of the finest flax. These mats were formerly considered handsome presents, and were sent as such by one chief to another: Paratene Maioha, one of the chiefs of the west coast, possesses a robe of this description, which he only wears on particular occasions.

But the most beautiful of all these mats is perhaps the *haitaka*, or finest flax garment, wrought of a species of flax cultivated especially for the purpose, the fibres of which almost resemble silk: the whole surface is plain, the ornament being confined entirely to the border, which is, in some instances, a couple of feet in depth, and of the richest character, beautifully worked in vandyke patterns of black, red, and white; the angular character of which resembles the drawings on the tombs of the ancient Mexicans. The *kaitaka* is now becoming very scarce, the natives being indifferent about bestowing so much labour upon their own manufactures, when they are able to obtain European clothing at a much less cost. The

natives of East Cape excel in making these most elegant and delicate mats; and the women frequently devote a period of two years to the fabrication of a superior *kaituka*.

The mat most generally worn is the black-string mat, called *e korooi*: a flax dress thickly ornamented with black strings, or filaments of twisted flax, about a foot long; which are dyed by means of *hinau*, and have a remarkably graceful appearance over the folds of the drapery. Another kind, called *e tatura*, has fewer black strings, and is adorned with tufts or bosses of scarlet, and other coloured wool, with frequently an ornamental border of the same material. Formerly the natives used the red feathers from the breast of the *haka* (*Nestor meridionalis*), a species of parrot, and also from another bird inhabiting the forest, to decorate these mats; but wool of the gayest colours has long been preferred by them. Blue and scarlet caps, and the variegated "comforters" brought by the traders, find a ready market amongst the women, who pick them to pieces to form the tufted ornaments for their dresses. Frequently the mat is thickly covered with strips of flax leaves rolled up, like tubes, and dyed black at alternate intervals, resembling porcupine's quills; these dangle from the garment, and produce a loud rustling noise, as they jostle together, at every movement of the wearer. These tubes are thus formed: a strip of the flax-leaf is scraped on one side with a sharp mussel-shell, and the epidermis is cut crosswise at intervals, and alternately re-

moved or permitted to remain; the leaf is then steeped in a decoction of *linau* bark, and, on being taken out, those portions from which the epidermis has been removed, exposing the fibre, are dyed of a permanent and glossy black, whilst the parts where the outer covering still remains, having rejected the dye, retain their original yellow colour; the strips are then rolled up, and fastened in at intervals with the fabric of the mat. A garment thus ornamented is called *e waikawa*, and is much esteemed.

The *kakahu* is a very large and heavy mat, formed of broad leaves of black and yellow flax alternately, and is perfectly waterproof; the rain running off it as it would from the thatched roof of a house. There is also a commoner sort, made of coarse flax unprepared, which is usually worn by the slaves, and constitutes their most inferior garment. Besides, there are mats with white strings, called *e hima*; and others loaded with very slender strings variegated black and white, amongst which are introduced twisted filaments of a black colour, and very thick, like skeins of silk. Before being manufactured into these various garments, the flax is scraped to remove the epidermis, and then beaten upon a flat stone with a poulder somewhat resembling a druggist's pestle, but made of a species of granite.

The New Zealanders, like most savage races capable of civilization, are passionately fond of ornament, and adorn their heads with a variety of fea-

thers; amongst these the tail feathers of the *huia* (*Neomorpha Gouldii*) are the most valued: they are black, tipped with white, and have a beautiful appearance. The chiefs, most of whom possess a considerable number of these feathers, construct small boxes, called *e papa*, for their reception; and many of these boxes display the most elaborate specimens of their ingenuity in the art of carving. Bunches of the white feathers of the albatross or the gannet are frequently worn in the ears by both sexes; and occasionally similar feathers are stuck all over the head, forming a strong contrast to the raven blackness of their hair. Small birds, such as the fan-tailed fly-catcher (*Rhipidura flabellifera*), and occasionally the head and breast feathers of the *huia*, are also introduced into the ear as ornaments; and I have occasionally seen, in the interior, the wings of the eagle and the hawk fastened on each side of the head: the effect of this head-dress resembles somewhat the winged cap of the feathered Mercury; and the forms of the wearers, though more massive, were in point of symmetry not unworthy of the messenger of the gods.

Wooden combs, of small size, but very neatly made, were formerly used by the men for fastening up the hair into a knot at the crown of the head; but these now are becoming obsolete. Oil is employed in beautifying the hair: two sorts of this substance are in use amongst them; one expressed from the seeds of a tree called *titohi*, the other



obtained from the shark, which has a most disagreeable odour, and renders the approach of those using it very offensive. The face, before battle, and frequently on festive occasions, and also during their funeral ceremonies, is painted with *kokowai*, or red ochre; which is very similar to the *karku* of the Australian natives: this substance, mixed with oil, is also rubbed over the arms and legs to preserve them from the merciless attacks of the *namu*, or sand-fly. Flowers, such as the blossom of the *rata* or the clematis, are at times introduced into the ears; but the most usual ornaments are ear-drops made of pieces of nephrite or green jade, called *ponamu* by the natives: some of these ornaments are several inches in length, and vary considerably in form. Around the neck is worn a small and ludicrous figure, representing a man of grotesque proportions, with large red eyes, which is also formed out of green jade. These little images, termed *e tiki*, are regarded as amulets or charms; they pass as heirlooms from generation to generation, and are so greatly esteemed, that it is seldom a native can be persuaded to part with one. The term *tiki* is likewise applied to the colossal wooden images that formerly surrounded their paha; and the same word is used for similar objects amongst many of the South Sea Islanders.

The hair of the men is usually cut at certain periods, though a few still wear it fastened in a knot at the top of the head. The married women permit

their tresses to flow loosely over their shoulders; and the young girls generally adopt the fashion of letting their hair fall over the forehead, cutting it a little above the eye-brows. Boys and girls have their hair cut short; and occasionally it is fantastically displayed by closely cropping a line cross-wise, and leaving the remainder of the hair in tufts or bunches. The hair is sacred; and to put a lock of hair into the fire is considered a great insult, not only to the party to whom it belonged, but also to those who may happen to be present. The beard is usually plucked out, either with a pair of shells acting as nippers, or with tweezers, which are eagerly sought after by the men. It is a frequent sight to see a chief sitting in the verandah or court before his dwelling, busily employed for hours at a time in eradicating all traces of his beard. Occasionally old men may be observed wearing a beard, but such instances are not of general occurrence.

The principal amusements of the New Zealanders are singing and dancing: they also play at ball, swing, and pass much of their time at the game of draughts. Their songs are invariably accompanied with gesticulations, and frequently with distortions of the countenance, and a shaking or trembling of the fingers. In the *haka*, they strip to the waist, and, sitting in a circle, go through the song, accompanying the time with all manner of strange gestures and frightful grimaces, squinting, and turning up the whites of their eyes.

The war-dance is by far the most exciting of all their exercises, and is performed before commencing a battle, and for successive days previous to an engagement, whilst the warriors are mustering at the *pahs*. The purpose of this savage dance is to excite their warriors to the highest pitch of fury, and to bid defiance to their enemy; accordingly, in its celebration, the tongue is thrust out with the most insulting grimaces, the limbs are distorted, the whites of the eyes are turned up, and the dancing is accompanied by ribald and aggravating songs. On these occasions, the warriors bedaub their bodies with red ochre; for they fight naked, their heads only being ornamented with the feathers of the *huia*.

The only musical instrument of the Maories is one resembling a small flute, which produces but few modulations of sound. This instrument is sometimes made out of human bone—generally the leg-bone of an enemy; and, when this is the case, it is highly valued as a trophy, and worn, attached to the *tiki*, round the neck of its possessor.

Draughts are commonly played all over the interior; and it is questionable if they were introduced by Europeans, as the New Zealanders manage the game in a somewhat different manner from ourselves.

In New Zealand, the “*tapu*” is a custom which almost supplies the place of law amongst other nations. The laying on of the *tapu* literally means to pronounce the individual or the article in question to be sacred for a greater or less period of time.

This is done by the *Tohunga*, or "wise man." The rite of *tapu* is general amongst those Polynesian races possessing a similar origin with the New Zealanders: in the Sandwich and other islands it is known as "*tabu*." Burial-places, articles consecrated to the dead, property left in an uninhabited place, the corn and kumera plantations, and other objects, are made *tapu*; an entire *pah* is often laid under the same restriction, as are roads, houses, and canoes. An individual who has been sick is *tapu* until a certain period after recovery; and the head, and frequently the whole person, of a chief, is strictly *tapu*; so is a girl when betrothed in marriage; and a wife is always *tapu* to every one but her husband. Doubtless this law is the result of some wise regulation for the protection of property and individuals, and it has in many things a beneficial influence amongst a people who have no written or regularly-established code of laws of their own; each tribe being governed by one or more chiefs, whose rule may be considered almost despotic, as they have the power of life or death over their slaves. At the present time, however, the *tapu* is frequently carried to excess, and it is made use of for many foolish purposes: such, for instance, as not permitting any one to eat or drink in a canoe that is *tapu*, because a certain chief happened to injure his foot in stepping out of it; or forbidding any one from attempting to ascend a mountain, or travel along a road, because it is *tapu*.

Witchcraft possesses a strong hold over the minds of the people; and even those natives who have embraced Christianity are not altogether free from the dread of its supposed power. Diseases are usually attributed to the influence of witchcraft or sorcery, and not to natural causes.

On the death of a chief, or any individual of rank amongst them, a great lamentation ensues, which is called a *tangi*. The women cut their arms and lacerate their faces and breasts in a dreadful manner, with the sharp and broken shells of the *pipi* or the mussel; until they become covered with blood. The clothes and property of the chief are generally put into the tomb with him; or they are collected together and placed in a *wahi tapu*, or sacred place, surrounded with railings, where they rot away exposed to the winds and the weather. The body is enclosed in a mausoleum of carved woodwork within the *pah* for several months, and at the expiration of this period, the ceremony of lifting the bones takes place, which is performed by the nearest relation of the deceased. The bones, after being well scraped and cleaned, are then deposited in a *whata*, or elevated box, somewhat resembling a provision store; or they are secreted in a cavern, or some sacred place, known only to the *tohunga*.

The New Zealanders do not worship idols. Before the introduction of Christianity amongst them, they believed, as do the heathen tribes at the present day, in invisible spirits, called *atuas*, to which they

ascribed the form of a lizard. They believe that after death the soul goes to the *reinga*, or place of future abode, which they affirm is to be approached only down the face of a steep precipice at the northernmost extremity of the island: the place is known to Europeans as Cape Maria van Diemen.

The New Zealander has a fixed and settled habitation: he resides either in his pah, which is a fortified stockade; or in a *Kainga Maori*, or native settlement, which is not enclosed, where the houses are scattered about as in a village. In times of warfare the whole tribe seeks refuge within the *pah*, which is often erected on the summit of a steep hill, or on an island, or along the bank of a river. The *pah* is surrounded with a strong, high fence, or stockade; and the interior is divided, by lower fencings, into numerous court-yards, which communicate with each other by means of stiles; in each court stands the house and cook-house of one or more families, and also the *patuka*, or storehouse for food. The dwelling-house, and frequently the storehouse, is ornamented with grotesque carving, and coloured with *kokowai*, or red ochre. The cook-house is merely a shed, built of posts or slabs of wood placed several inches apart, so as to admit the air and wind, and roofed with beams, over which is a thatchwork of *raupo*: in these houses the domestic operations of cooking and preparing food, corn, &c. take place during wet weather; at other times they are carried on in the open air. The houses are partly sunk in

the ground, and a true native house is always built with a gable roof and a portico or verandah, where the occupants generally sit. The inner chamber, which extends a long way back, serves as a sleeping apartment, and towards evening is heated by means of a fire ; after the family enters for the night, the door and window are tightly closed, and in this almost suffocating atmosphere they pass the night : when day comes they creep out of the low door into the sharp morning air, dripping with perspiration.

Within the enclosure of the *pah* also stand the *wahi tapu*, or burial-places of the chiefs, which, being coloured red and ornamented with rich carving and a profusion of feathers, are attractive objects to a stranger. As the natives at certain seasons of the year are constantly in their plantations and potato-grounds, they erect in them temporary sheds, and long thatched buildings, beneath which to repose in wet weather, and also for the purpose of cooking their food. In the plantations, *patukas* or store-houses, are also frequent, in which they deposit the seed during the winter ; these *patukas* are always raised upon a pole, or placed between the forked branches of a tree, to preserve them from the attacks of the rats which overrun both islands.

Some of their *pahs* are very extensive, and contain a population of 1000 to 2000 people ; others are much smaller, and are inhabited merely by one chief, with his family and dependents. Since the introduction of Christianity amongst the New Zea-

landers, the use of these fortifications is become less constant, and in whole districts the natives may be seen dwelling at peace in their scattered houses, without either wall or fence to protect them from an enemy. As Christianity spreads, wars cease amongst the various tribes, and even those formerly the most belligerent are now quiet cultivators of the ground: the New Zealander finds it more to his advantage to produce pigs and potatoes, which he barter to the Europeans in exchange for other commodities, than to be carrying on an endless and mortal strife with his neighbours for no accountable reason whatever.

Although fire-arms have now almost entirely supplanted the native implements of war, a notice of the latter may be interesting. In battle a chief always carried a staff of hard wood with a carved head, the sharp point of which, designed to resemble the human tongue thrust out in an attitude of defiance, was urged forwards as a mark of insult towards the enemy; the eyes were made of small pieces of *pawa*, or pearl shell, inserted on each side, and the staff was still further ornamented with red parrot's feathers and tufts of dog's hair. This staff, called *e hani*, is not only used for the purposes of war, but is also carried in the circle of debate: the chief, whilst speaking, runs up and down before his hearers, holding in his hand the ornamented *hani*. The use of a rod or staff of this sort, as an emblem of authority, is of remote antiquity, and there is a



passage in Homer\* which alludes to a similar custom. The *meri*, or war club, is a flattened weapon, from one to two feet in length, which is used in single combat: it is commonly made out of a bone of the whale; when formed of green jade it is called *meri ponamu*, and is valued exceedingly. This weapon is fastened round the arm, suspended by a string, which confines it to the wrist when in use. None but chiefs carry the *meri*; and on the death of a chief, his *meri* is either buried with him, or it descends to the nearest male relation of the deceased.

The tomahawk was introduced by the European and American whalers, and is used in the same manner as the *meri*. Like the Red Indians, the New Zealanders have mounted the heads of these tomahawks upon handles of their own manufacture, either of wood elaborately carved, or of human bone adorned with grotesque devices. In the interior, a small wooden dagger is occasionally to be met with: it is carried for purposes of self-defence, by native travellers who go alone through the woods. Another weapon, called a *patu*, is a light wooden instrument, about four feet long, having a semicircular head resembling a bill-hook or chopper, which is sharp towards the edge; it is ornamented generally with a

\* Iliad, lib. xviii. v. 503 to 508; Κηρυκες δ' αρα λαον, το ιθοντατα ειπη. "The heralds at length appeased the populace, and the elders sat on rough-hewn stones within a sacred circle, and held in their hands the sceptral rods of the loud proclaiming heralds," &c.

bunch of *kaka* feathers, and the handle is sometimes adorned with carving. A spear, about twelve feet long, is mentioned by Captain Cook as being in use amongst the New Zealanders in 1774, but it has now become obsolete. In Cook's Straits, I met with one (of which I made a drawing) exactly similar to those mentioned by that celebrated navigator: it was ornamented with grotesque human figures, and the natives said it was the work of men long since dead.

The domestic animals reared by the New Zealanders have been introduced at various times by the Europeans who have visited their coasts. The pig, which is bred in great numbers throughout the country, is said to have been first left on the island by the Spaniards, before the period of Cook's visit: the native name for it is *poaka*, a word resembling in sound the Spanish term *puerca* (a sow), and the English porker. The dog is likewise called in some parts of the island by its Spanish name, *pero*; though it is more usually termed *kuri*. The horse, the goat, the cat, and domestic poultry are frequently to be met with amongst the natives; especially those on the Waikato, and towards the northern districts. Every *pah* abounds with dogs, which are used principally to hunt the wild pigs that run loose in the woods.

The population of the islands of New Zealand has never been correctly ascertained. The census of both islands, according to a computation made

by the missionaries, does not exceed 120,000; though others have estimated it as high as 200,000. Of this number, by far the greater portion belongs to the Northern Island; the only remaining inhabitants on the Middle Island being those under Rauparaha of the Nga ti toa tribe, who inhabit the shores of the Straits, and a small tribe at Otago, whose chief, styled "Bloody Jack," is recently dead. The last-mentioned people are making rapid strides towards civilization: their late chief, though designated by so savage a name, was one of the most intelligent and Europeanized of the natives of New Zealand. The east coast swarms with natives, especially about Hawke's Bay. On the Waikato and Waipa they are also very numerous: the Waikato tribe alone can bring 6000 fighting men into the field. The Nga Pui tribe, to the north, including the Bay of Islands and Hokianga, is an extensive tribe; and under E Hongi, their celebrated warrior, they carried on a series of wars which depopulated many once numerous and flourishing tribes. A colony of New Zealanders, headed by Pomara their chief, emigrated some years ago to the Chatham Islands, nearly 300 miles to the south-east of New Zealand: where they still reside, having conquered the aboriginal inhabitants of those islands, who are a distinct people.

The New Zealanders are universally friendly and hospitable to Europeans, and they exhibit traits of character worthy of the most highly civilized and

enlightened of the human race. Their change from barbarism to Christianity has been rapid; and it has also been complete, and will prove permanent. From a people addicted to cannibalism, and giving loose to the worst and wildest passions, they have, in a period of but a few years, become an intelligent and superior race, worthy of holding a high position in the scale of the human family, and frequently, by their noble and consistent conduct, putting to blush the more educated and advanced European.

The ever-galling question of *land-claims* is the only cause of all the various disputes that have arisen between the Maori and the stranger; and with reason. The Maori has now his eyes open: he looks forward; and in the perspective of a dark and gloomy future, he sees his children's land no longer their own, and his proud and swarthy race disappearing before the encroaching European. He broods over this; for he loves his country and the rights of his ancestors, and he will fight for his children's land. He reasons thus:—as the red Indian has been driven back into the far west, and the *mungo mungo*, or black man of New South Wales, has dwindled away before the civilization of the white man, so his nation—having no outlet, no untrodden wastes and silent forests, still further away, to which they may retreat—must pass into oblivion. It is this that rouses his feelings into jealousy and mistrust; and this feeling, which among *ourselves* would be called patriotism, that

kindles in him the seeds of so-called rebellion. When first the stranger came to dwell amongst them, he was well received; and, as long as there was no fear of his encroaching on their cultivations, they were glad to have the benefit of his aid and superior knowledge; but when avaricious and greedy men, who had never set foot upon the land, claimed whole districts and territories as their own, and had (almost before the natives themselves were aware of it) purchased for a mere bagatelle the choicest of the soil, the natives saw the approaching crisis, and the future result flashed at once upon their discerning minds. Sad and fearful as have been the effects of a simple, but brave and intelligent native population endeavouring to resist by force the tide of European immigration, it is still to be hoped, that, under the wise and prudent legislation of the present Governor, things may be so ordered and arranged that the original possessors of the soil may enjoy *all* their former rights and privileges; and that the natives and settlers may live and amalgamate together, so as to form a powerful and a distinguished nation, combining the good qualities, physical and moral, of two fine races of men.

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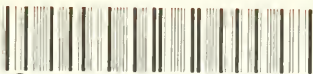




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