David Scott Mitchell.

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of the

Forlorn Hope

1865.

BY J. P. STOW.

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.
MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND LONDON.
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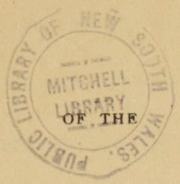

OF THE

FORLORN HOPE

1865

By J. P. STOW

GEORGE ROBERTSON AND COMPANY
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"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR COMRADES,

ARTHUR HAMILTON AND WILLIAM McMINN,

WHO HAVE LONG SINCE FINISHED THEIR EARTHLY VOYAGE,

I DEDICATE

THIS RECORD OF OUR EXPERIENCES WHEN TOGETHER, ON BOARD THE "FORLORN HOPE," OFF THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN COASTS OF AUSTRALIA

WE FACED THE PERILS AND SAW THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

J. P. STOW.

ADELAIDE,

10th October, 1894.

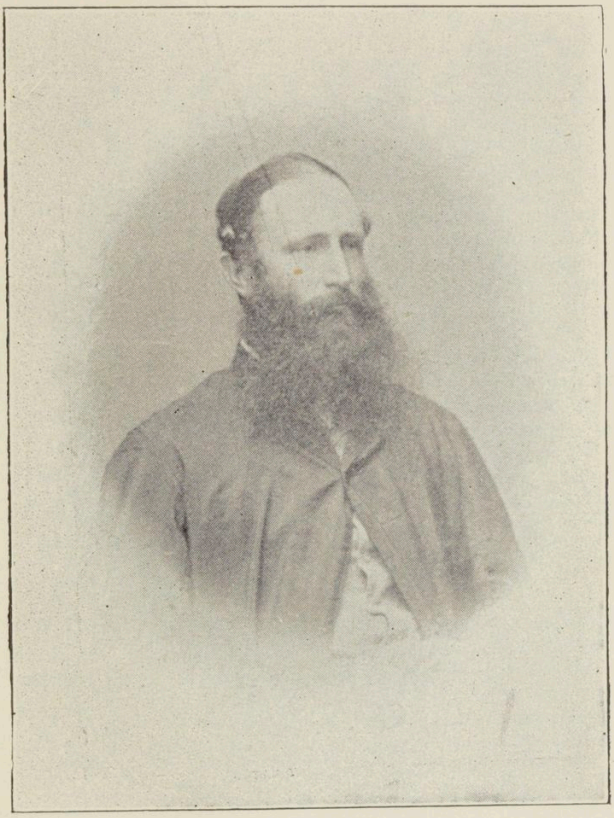
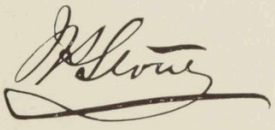


Photo by Freeman Bros., Sydney] *[November 1864.*



THE VOYAGE OF THE FORLORN HOPE.

Chapter I.—Introductory.

Most Australians and a great many other people have heard of the voyage of the Forlorn Hope from Adam Bay, in the Northern Territory of South Australia, to Champion Bay, a pleasant and promising little seaport some 300 miles north of Fremantle, the chief shipping place of Western Australia, and bearing the same relation to Perth, the capital of that colony, that Port Adelaide does to Adelaide. The interest this voyage awakened in South Australia and beyond the limits of this province about the time of its accomplishment amounted to excitement, which was intensified by many doubts as to the fate of the adventurers who embarked on what was considered as a foolhardy enterprise, during the week or two that elapsed between the arrival of the first news of the little craft having sailed and the intelligence that was flashed from Glenelg to Adelaide that all had ended happily, and that the most wonderful voyage ever achieved by a vessel of so small dimensions had been brought to a successful issue without loss of life or any injury to health or limb. It is more than a quarter of a century since this feat was performed, and I have often thought of gratifying the wish of many friends by issuing a fresh edition of the account of this trip, which was first published in the columns of the South Australian *Advertiser* in August and September, 1865, and then in the form of a pamphlet, that met with a large sale and was read before a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison presiding; but the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches have hitherto prevented me from carrying out this pious intention. I am as far now as ever from having reached that condition of ease and freedom from all imperative demands upon my time and attention that makes an undertaking like this a mere question of getting into the proper humor or overcoming native indolence; but with advancing years and not decreasing work it is becoming a question of now or never.

When the "Voyage" was published in a complete form it was represented to me that more might have been made of the subject and that the account was altogether too brief. This I thought the most gratifying and encouraging criticism upon any literary work since the sententious comment of Mr. Weller, senior, upon the epistolary effort of his young hopeful, and it would be a mistake now so to expand the first description of the Forlorn Hope and its trip as to cause the readers so far from wishing there was more to feel sincere regret that there is so much. The circumstances were not favorable to giving a lengthy and elaborate account of the excursion. In such an adventure the difficulty of taking notes is too often the greater the more sensational are the experiences to be recorded. When wrestling with the storm, baling out the briny that no seamanship could prevent the little vessel from shipping, battling for dear life with cross-seas or breasting the mountain wave, the memory has to be trusted for a few hours before the pencil can be employed to record facts, to convey impressions, or to picture ocean scenes, however grand or terrible. Then there was a sameness about much of the voyage very unfavorable to picturesque description. A great extent of the coast was low and monotonous, and at one period we were for eight days out of sight of land.

While, however, it would not be easy now to extend very far beyond its original dimensions my account of this coasting trip without, like the worthy Teuton who sketched a lion, drawing too much upon my moral consciousness, it is nevertheless practicable and perhaps desirable to make some modifications in the form of the journal, or at any rate in the earlier portions. At the time it was written I was not very eager to publish the account, and when I did so it took the shape of a continuation of letters previously addressed to *The Advertiser* and *Chronicle* journals, with which I was connected for many years afterwards. Some of the allusions in the opening pages of the "Voyage" as published in 1865 would, to the majority of my readers, not be intelligible now, though at that time they were fully understood by every South Australian whose education had extended a few degrees beyond the alphabet and whose intellect permitted him to condescend to the perusal of the daily or weekly newspapers.

The voyage of the Forlorn Hope was a wonderful event of itself, but as this account is reproduced very much for the

sake of persons connected with our Northern Territory, and who are accustomed to regard that voyage as only one, though a particularly prominent one, of many remarkable incidents of our settlement upon the northern coast of Australia, it is perhaps as well that a brief reference should be made to the early proceedings connected with that attempt at colonisation. But for the Northern Territory and the South Australian colonising expeditions thereto there would have been no Forlorn Hope voyage, and what the world would have been without either is a question to which it would be presumption for me to attempt any reply. It was, as far as human knowledge goes, no essentially necessary consequence of sending 80 men to the swamps and mud flats of Adam Bay to found a new colony of enterprising and hard-working Europeans to win fortune or competence by their labors under a tropical sun, that seven of their number should seek to vary the monotony of existence by an open boat trip of between two and three thousand miles in search of a milder climate and a change of scene, but at any rate it was a not unnatural result, and as the crew comprised Government officials and their subordinates and one-third of the independent male settlers, their excursion necessarily became part of the early history of the Northern Territory.

That one-third of the male settlers consisted of the writer. The "Voyage" was not an altogether unimportant portion of Northern Territory history, for it pretty nearly closed the first chapter. Adam Bay was soon afterwards condemned as a site for the capital and abandoned. After a time all work except some exploring was stopped, and then for a year not a single white man was in the Territory. Goyder, with his survey of half a million acres; the litigation with English land order holders; the frequent, prolonged, and sometimes excited discussions in Parliament and press as to what on earth we could do with our "white elephant;" the overland telegraph; Port Darwin with its wharfs and public buildings; Fanny Bay and its garden; Rum Jungle and its pleasant or painful associations; the mines, good and bad, of tin and copper, and gold and silver, with all the mining and all the undermining on 'Change; the Pine Creek railway—all these are of later date. Few probably of the present settlers of the Territory have ever seen Adam Bay, and those who have been so favored have been lost in amazement that any one supposed to be sane should have attempted to found there the capital of a great and rising country. It is, however, from that spot, which I shall more particularly describe in the next chapter, that the adventurers in the Forlorn Hope started. Not one of them, I believe, ever saw Adam Bay again, and only one ever returned to the Territory. The expectation of most of them certainly was to go back under more favorable auspices, and undoubtedly this was the intention of the writer. Fate, however, ruled otherwise. The long delays in making anything approaching to a reasonable start in testing the capabilities of that region were altogether too disheartening. The Forlorn Hope crew scattered. Some entered into different avocations in and about Adelaide; one or two left the colony. One became a journalist; another acquired a good position as an architect; another fell back on his profession of a surveyor; one or two obtained Government employment for a time. The two surveyors, however, Messrs. Arthur Hamilton and William McMinn, who directed and mapped out the course of the boat, and who were about the youngest of the party, have finished their earthly voyage and passed that bourne whence no traveller returns. I miss their counsel and assistance in preparing this new edition of the account of our trip together and can never forget how greatly its successful issue was due to them.

As a sequel to the voyage proper I published "Notes on Western Australia," at that time a colony of which few South Australians knew much and concerning which very few interested themselves. Those who do now understand something of that province and who read this little work will find much to agree with in the impressions I formed 29 years ago of the capacities of the country and its probable developments; but more of this anon, after the Forlorn Hope is safely moored in Champion Bay.

Chapter II.—The Northern Territory—The First Two Expeditions—Leading Up to the Forlorn Hope Voyage.

Has South Australia profited by Stuart's crossing the continent and the consequent annexation of the Northern Territory, is a question the answer to which lies outside the scope of this work—perhaps it is too soon for any one to answer it. Stuart's wonderful journey was in some respects a great disillusion. Even after McKinlay's dashing ride from the scene of poor Burke's troubles to the Queensland coast there were still persons who clung to the hope that some rich and gorgeous tropical region was yet to be found north of Cooper's Creek and Chambers's Pillar. They rejected alike the belief in a hopeless desert and the theory of an inland sea. Stuart solved the mystery and dispelled all the old illusions. The desert was not so vast and continuous as had been supposed; the interior was not all worthless, and there was no inland sea. The country was

thoroughly Australian, much of it useful, but little or none of it giving the idea of great tropical luxuriance. It was then thought by many that the fertility, the rank vegetation, the rich and varied natural resources would all be found near to the coast, for if Stuart did not encourage such hopes it would be observed that he passed very rapidly through that country as he neared the Indian Ocean and returned with little delay. A careful study, however, of the accounts of all that region by Stokes, Gregory, Leichardt, and other explorers, and of the history of the Raffles Bay and Port Essington settlements might have moderated such expectations; but still, after abating all exaggerated hopes, there was reason enough for believing that a successful settlement might be made upon our northern shores.

The one great mistake in connection with this colonising enterprise was leaving out of consideration the difference between a tropical and a temperate or non-tropical climate. It was soon understood that it would be useless to attempt the cultivation in tropical Australia of wheat and other cereals that yield large crops in the southern portions of the continent; but much more than this required to be learned, and it has taken a long time to teach the lesson that the laws of nature, which forbid the profitable employment of European manual labor on cultivation in the tropics, are not suspended in Northern Australia. Such questions as these, however, did not trouble the pioneers who sailed with high hopes by the Henry Ellis in April, 1864, for the new colony. They were, with few exceptions, resolute men in their different capacities, and believing they were going to a region rich in natural resources and with boundless capacities for profitable development they calculated on having the first and best chance of picking up the good things offering. Some thought of gold digging; others would establish sheep and cattle stations; the chances of lucrative agencies and hopeful commercial ventures attracted a few, while Government billets were in other cases the lure. All the members of that expedition were in the Government service, but the majority considered this as a temporary arrangement until the progress of the settlement should afford a wider and more profitable field for their energies. Naturally they were all banqueted before starting and this festive celebration took place at Port Adelaide. It was then and there the motto *Finis coronat opus* was applied by the Government Resident (Colonel Finniss) or some other speaker to the enterprise, and this motto became the subject of much merriment and not a little sarcasm in after days. Well, the Henry Ellis sailed with about 40 pioneers, and six months afterwards the most extraordinary news came from Adam Bay, where the first landing was made and where the Government Resident determined the capital should be.

There had been trouble with the blacks, bickerings in camp, endless complaints not only about the site but about discipline, food, sanitary matters, and all sorts of things; but I have no intention of unearthing the dead and buried strifes of a quarter of a century ago; I am simply leading up to the circumstances under which the voyage of the Forlorn Hope was determined on and successfully undertaken, and will not say more about those troubles than sufficient to explain generally the condition of affairs and the state of feeling existing when the kedge of that little craft was hoisted and she started on her wild career.

About the end of October a second party, equal in number to the first, was organised and dispatched from Adelaide by the steamer South Australian to the scene of action, or inaction. With them went three private settlers, namely, Mr. Stuckey, one of the earliest colonists of South Australia and father of the first white child born after the proclamation of the colony; a German gentleman of scientific tastes, who seemingly devoted himself principally to rain gauges and barometers; and the writer of this account, who is the only survivor of the trio. The German settler and one of the surveyors were each accompanied by a wife and child, the first women and children who commenced family life in our northern dependency. The passage from Adelaide was a glorious pleasure trip. The steamer, one of the intercolonial clippers of that day, kindly got out of order, burst her boiler or sustained some injury of that sort, and we stayed nine days at Melbourne and six at Sydney, the passengers having gay times of it in both cities. At Brisbane there was another stoppage of three or four days to take in horses and other cargo, and here the sultry atmosphere, the mosquito plague, the bananas, pine-apples, and other fruits flourishing best in the torrid zone spoke of a near approach to the tropics. Leaving the Queensland capital there came the voyage off the east coast, often sail ng by picturesque isles and islets and sometimes in sight of reefs and one or two old wrecks, till Cape Yorke, Booby Island, and Thursday Island were left behind, and one fine hot morning we steamed into Adam Bay and caught sight of the tents of the settlers studding the ground about Escape Cliffs, so named on account of two of Captain Stokes's officers, more than 20 years previously, escaping a tragic fate by dancing at their base and so distracting the attention and diverting, or suspending till help arrived, the murderous purpose of savages, who having

surprised them unarmed stood on the summit with spears poised ready to hurl at the white men's breasts.

It would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the feelings of disgust and indignation with which the members of this second expedition viewed the spot at which they were expected to land, and where, if they did disembark, they were necessarily destined to spend some weeks or months. Escape Cliffs are about 28 or 30 ft. above the sea level and the land slopes downwards rapidly inland, so that at a distance of a few hundred yards the sea is not visible. Vessels of any considerable tonnage must anchor a mile and a half from the shore, and for a great part of that distance when the tide has ebbed there is nothing but mudflat. On shore there is a scrubby forest, with swamps in all directions in the wet season, just outside where the camp was fixed. No high land of any description is in sight, and a more wretched, hopeless-looking spot it would be difficult to imagine. When some of the first party came on board to welcome the reinforcements the accounts of the country in the neighhorhood and of the state of affairs were disheartening, and would have been still more depressing but for the amount of comedy with which these descriptions were flavored. The discipline, to put it mildly, was exceedingly lax, but this was not of much consequence, for there seemed to be nothing to do, and except malaria and bad weather nothing to fear. The younger members of the first expedition made no concealment of their opinions ; they appeared to consider that official reticence was out of place in the tropics, at any rate under such exceptional circumstances. This was the case on shore with the greater number of officers and men alike ; the older officials and some of the more cautious of the rank and file said little but smiled grimly, and did not speak with much freedom till terms of confidence were established between themselves and those who sought to ascertain their real views. There were some half-dozen loyalists, including one junior officer, who like true conservatives maintained that whatever was was right, but with these exceptions there was a general feeling among the unfortunate members of both expeditions that they were wasting their time and suffering unnecessary hardships and incurring danger to health till orders should come from Adelaide to abandon the location. It was a time of misery and endurance ; Escape Cliffs became their purgatory till they should be transferred to the tropical paradise waiting for them perhaps less than a score of leagues away.

One or two persons remarked strongly upon the fact of the new-comers condemning the place directly they saw it, but that was what any sane individual was almost certain to do. A glance was sufficient to show the madness of attempting to form a settlement there. Afterwards a few feather-bed bushmen and Cockney colonists in Adelaide affected not to be satisfied with the evidence proffered of the unfitness of both harbor and land ; but the site was condemned by all responsible persons employed to report upon it after the protestations of the settlers and the views of members of the Government expeditions were made known to the Ministry, and by the press to the public. Adam Bay was deserted and the old encampment abandoned to the savages, who must have been greatly puzzled if they ever endeavored to arrive at any conclusion as to the objects of the white-fellows in going to that spot and staying there so long.

Here, however, the settlers and Government employés had to remain for five months more before another opportunity arrived of forwarding a fresh batch of complaints to the South Australian Government. Their first impressions of the place were strengthened by further acquaintance. The moist heat was incessant and debilitating. The mosquitoes swarmed and were wonderful in their variety, size, and the pertinacity of their attacks. No curtains were a protection against them ; only smoke of some pungent kinds, as, for instance, from bullock's dung or white ants' nests would keep them off, but to gain this protection it is necessary to breathe the smoke, which is objectionable. Of course sultry heat and mosquitoes must be looked for in the tropics ; but it is no necessary part of life in the tropics to live among swamps, mudflats, and scrub, without any occupation or outlook to make such an abode tolerable. There was no redeeming feature in the locality. The grass was rank, but possessed no nourishing qualities, while it was known that thirty miles away there was good pasture. The well water was bad and produced daily sickness in many of those who used it. There was no escape to better country, for with the exception of a little boating expedition up the River Adelaide at Christmas of 1864 and a small trip by a small mounted party late in the following April to Port Darwin, during the five months I speak of the members of the Government expeditions were not allowed facilities to explore, and the three settlers had only two horses between them, one of which was drowned or eaten by alligators ; and in such a region and climate, with tribes of natives about the rivers and a few miles back from the coast, long excursions on foot by two or three white men would be neither safe nor practicable even in the dry months. What travelling in such a country is in the season of the tropical rains the experiences of McKinley sufficiently showed in his memorable trips

from Escape Cliffs to the Alligator River and back again, when he and his party escaped from the floods in a punt made of horse hides.

But beyond all the other miseries of this life there were the disappointment, the enforced idleness, the dreary or doubtful prospect of the future to depress the spirits and create an irresistible longing for a change. The officers and crew of the Government surveying vessel Beatrice, which arrived on April 8, were the only persons not strictly belonging to the settlement that we saw during that period. There was a little shooting to be had, but the game was not very near to the camp at Escape Cliffs. The surveyor's parties at the Narrows, a point on the River Adelaide, six miles from the head camp, were rather more fortunate, and one or two good shots relieved the monotony of sticking town allotment-pegs into swamps by bowling over the red wallaby. The Narrows was understood to be a portion of the town of Palmerston at Adam Bay, the space of four or five miles between the two divisions being perhaps liberal allowance for park lands. Local politics and official proceedings and deliverances at times afforded some diversion, and for a considerable proportion of what enjoyment could be extracted from current events the little community was indebted to the local poet and the comic artist. A representative of the Melbourne *Argus*, who was a passenger to Adam Bay with the second expedition, spoke with qualified approval of the cartoons ; he appeared to think that they were pleasant but wrong.

But the poet went away with the special correspondent, who protested against any workings of the muse during the return voyage ; and the artist grew weary or the sources of his inspiration were dried up, and the colonists had to be satisfied with word paintings, while prose, in which nervous Saxon was very conspicuous, was the vehicle for censure and criticism, satire and epigram. Among such a mixed community, composed of persons of very varied tastes, experiences, capacities, and attainments, thought and conversation were, of course, not confined to the gossip and doings of the camp ; but let anyone living in a civilised community, and by means of telegraphs, telephones, and a daily press kept in constant touch with all that is going on in his own land and other countries far and near, whether just over the border or across the wavy waste, endeavor to fancy himself existing for four months in enforced idleness, without any object to be gained by his unhappy position, without newspaper, letter, or telegram, or any news from the outside world, and he may form some idea of the feelings and the cravings prevailing among the few score people in their scrub, sea, and swamp-girdled camp on the shores of Adam Bay in April, 1865. Some of their miseries had by this time been alleviated. The heat was less intense, and during April the mosquito affliction abated ; the pastilles and pungent smoke were dispensed with and ordinary mosquito curtains were sufficient protection against such few bloodthirsty insects as hummed about in the night time. The settlers were not like Pharaoh, who hardened his heart as each plague was stayed, for in their case as relief came from portions of their trouble there was a vast improvement in the conversation and deportment of the camp ; the attitudes and gestures were less maniacal, the language less furious and less sulphurous.

Chapter III.—Still about Adam Bay—H.M.S. Beatrice — The Bengal—Purchase of the Forlorn Hope—Preparations for a Start.

The Beatrice, a vessel that for some years was employed in surveying the coasts both of South Australia proper and the Northern Territory, arrived at Adam Bay on the 8th April, 1865. This sailing craft belonged to the Imperial Navy and was properly enough utilised in connection with our first colonising expeditions to the Northern Territory. She was commanded by Commander Hutchinson, R.N., who had been an officer in one of the North Pole expeditions, and his health had suffered seriously from the hardships inseparable from Arctic exploration. He might possibly have supplied the Government of the day with useful advice and information respecting the management of the first expedition after its arrival in the Northern Territory, the state of affairs there, and the peculiarities of the site chosen for the capital city of Palmerston, on the shores of Adam Bay, but such a duty did not come within the scope of his commission, and whenever he did on these matters depart from severe official reticence his observations were too lacking in particularity, and if anything a trifle too much flavored with bias in favor of constituted authority, such as it was, to be of any value.

On this second trip Lieutenant Howard, R.N., who succeeded to the command of the vessel after Commander Hutchinson's death in 1868, had charge of the Beatrice, and for a long time remained in Adam Bay or elsewhere about the northern coast. He brought a mail from Adelaide and dispatches for the Government Resident, in which he was informed that the Government would not have the site of Palmerston fixed at Adam Bay, and that he must explore further in search of a better position for the metropolis. He accordingly sent a small party to Port

Darwin by land, while he proceeded there by sea. The land party on horseback, having reached their destination and examined some of the country inland, returned, reaching Escape Cliffs after an absence of eight days. Most of the people in camp regarded this expedition as a farce, and as it was understood that no alteration would be made, either with respect to site or management, a large proportion of the Palmerstonians determined to clear out on the first opportunity.

On the 20th April the Bengal arrived, bringing sheep and stores and more dispatches and private letters. Things now were comparatively lively. The purport of the official communications to the Government Resident was tolerably well known, but still there was no change in his policy. Then the settlers and many of the Government employés, official and non-official, used strong language, and after having relieved themselves in this way for some time settled down to write letters—formal and informal, private and official. Volumes of epistles, written in a great variety of mood and style, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, sad or sardonic, serious or sarcastic, pungent or pathetic, came like a deluge upon the Ministry, the press, and the public of Adelaide a couple of months later. A few apologetic efforts were lost in the flood of complaint, denunciation, and ridicule. There was no doubt that the régime must be changed and Adam Bay abandoned. But the revolution was coming too late. The enterprise was wrecked, and with it vanished the hopes and calculations of those who expected to gain the natural reward of those first on the spot when new country is thrown open for occupation, new industries started, new townships laid out, and perhaps new mines and goldfields discovered. Forty thousand pounds had been completely squandered and another £20,000 would soon follow, leaving only a fourth of the capital, drawn from the sale of land orders, with which the Northern Territory started. The prospects could not well be more hopeless. It was well known that the time elapsing before the arrival of the next dispatches would be absolutely wasted, and the patience of the settlers and most of the Government officials and employés was exhausted. On the departure of the Bengal a number of officers and men left by her, though her course was a roundabout one, by way of the Dutch Settlements ; about fifty were left at Adam Bay and of these about forty were intending to leave by the first reasonably favorable opportunity.

The three private settlers were at that time resolved to hold the fort, but one day Mr. Arthur Hamilton, a junior surveyor, came to me as I was engaged in my tent and proposed that some of us should sail in an open boat to some port in Western Australia, and there take a passage in some vessel to any Australian port from whence we could proceed to Adelaide. After some consultation, during which my friend burnt an immense quantity of the soothing weed, I consented and the party was made up ; and we signed an agreement specifying the objects of the trip and certain places at which we were to stop within South Australian territory, the object being to obtain some knowledge of the coast as well as to leave the mudflats of Adam Bay. Port Darwin was omitted from these places of call, as it lay considerably out of our track and ample knowledge had already been acquired respecting that harbor and the ground on which the present city of Palmerston stands. After having spent as much time as we could afford about our own coast we were to proceed to Camden Harbor, the new settlement of Western Australia, distant about 600 miles from Adam Bay, and if a vessel was there bound for Perth, Melbourne, or Adelaide we would sail by her ; if not, we were to continue coasting till we fell in with a ship or reached Fremantle, when our voyage was to end. This was the origin of the Forlorn Hope voyage and such was our little programme.

The boat was waiting for us and we paid pretty stiffly for it. It was found that the captain of the Bengal, a simple-minded Swede with a smile as childlike and bland as that of the heathen Chinee, would part with one for the sum of £60. This was somewhat of a staggerer, but the honest navigator commanded the market and we had the choice of either making the purchase or doing the other thing. We looked long and carefully over two fine boats, one with a square and the other with a pointed stern, but the worthy captain, in spite of all our efforts to persuade him, would not part with the former. It was well for us that we did not have our wish, for beyond doubt the one in whaleboat style was the safest in the terrible seas we encountered, and our escapes were so very narrow that the least advantage was of vital importance. Had the captain obliged us, in all probability the Forlorn Hope would never have been heard of after leaving Camden Harbor. The boat we purchased was a beauty, not very fast, but wonderfully safe. Like the captain, she came from Sweden, where I understand, in the winter, when the ground is frozen or covered deep with snow and agricultural operations are suspended, the farmers employ their time in making these boats, which when first put together are fastened with wooden pegs and are then taken to the ports and sold for about £5 each, the purchasers putting the

finishing touches to them. This craft was 23½ ft. in length, 6 ft. across the beam, and 2 ft. deep. She had two masts and spritsails, to which we added a jib, so that with a fair wind we could carry a great amount of canvas for so small a vessel. I have seen her in later years with only one mast at Port Adelaide; perhaps her owners could manage her better in that rig. After we had finished our voyage a captain of a merchant vessel capsized her in Fremantle harbor going to his ship, so that there must be something in the style of handling a boat. However, with her one mast she behaved very well some years ago to several young men who started in her from Port Adelaide for a short sail and got into a breeze that they felt obliged to run before, so that they did not pull up till they found shelter and safety in Victor Harbor. We bought her on the 4th May and brought her ashore, and on the following day we added washboards to her and a little decking to her bows and stern, thus guarding as far as possible against shipping water, and at the same time making lockers for our provisions. On the 6th, after the departure of the Bengal, we got our luggage and provisions on board. We had 200 lb. of bread and biscuit, some cheese, 20 6-lb. tins of beef, a few medical comforts, some cakes, about 70 gallons of water, and some firewood. We carried as little luggage as possible and a chest with photographic apparatus belonging to Messrs. Hamilton and Hake.

I may as well here give the list of the crew:—J. P. Stow; Arthur Hamilton and William McMinn, surveyors; John White and James Davis, seamen; Charles Hake and Francis Edwards, men of the survey parties. Messrs. Hamilton and McMinn were to determine our course, and John White, who had been in the pilot service in Victoria and was well known at Port Adelaide, was to have the management of the boat. James Davis was also an able seaman. We had maps from Melbourne, tracings from the charts of the captain of the Bengal, two sextants and several pocket compasses. As ours was to be a coasting voyage it was not necessary to take longitude, and latitude was of course taken at noon. There was no professional star-gazing except for steering purposes. All was now ready for the start.

Chapter IV.—Valedictory—The Cliffs—The Narrows—Parting on the Water—The First Night at Sea.

The universal depression caused by the disappointed hopes and dreary prospects of the settlers and members of the Government expeditions was greatly relieved by the excitement of the two days on which the Forlorn Hope left the Cliffs and the Narrows. The name we had selected for the craft sounded ominous, and some old tars shook their heads and expressed a wish that she might sail under some more encouraging appellation, but on this point we were inexorable. Not a few urged upon us the foolhardiness of the undertaking and the great preponderance of chances against our ever seeing white people again. We were bound for the coral reefs and the mermaids, according to the not unnatural fears of some of those among whom we had dealt in complaint and consolation, walked and talked, lived and laughed. We were lost men, of whom a final farewell was about to be taken. Something of this impression flavored a passage in an official dispatch of the Government Resident, who, however, kindly facilitated our departure by selling us such stores as we required.

Our craft being all in readiness, with everything taut and trim, the people of Adam Bay, towards evening of the 6th May, collected to bid us good-bye. We met in the Government bakehouse, when various toasts were proposed, including "A safe and successful trip" and "Our next meeting." A sarcastic toast, which reflected upon officially-directed exploration efforts, was responded to with considerable merriment. About 18 officers and men were accompanying some departing comrades for some distance in the Bengal, but everyone remaining in camp, except the Resident and two or three others, accompanied us to the place of embarkation. We walked along the Cliffs to the landing place of the Bengal's cargo. Here was our boat close in shore and the tide nearly at the full. We proceeded to unfurl our flag, everyone showing the most breathless interest in the ceremony. No one knew what standard we intended to hoist; whether it would be the red rag of rebellion or the flag that braved a thousand years; whether it would exhibit simply the name of our vessel or an anathema upon the Government of Palmerston. When it was unfolded and the freemen of Alexandra Land read the motto, now become historical, "*Finis coronat opus*," their feelings found vent in a wild and instantaneous burst of applause. Cheer after cheer rent the air, resounded from rock and wood, was borne upon the breeze and echoed along the shore. When from pure exhaustion the display of enthusiasm had a little abated a few enquiring minds sought for an explanation of the motto. Various replies were given to enquiries, the most common being of a very general kind, such as, "Oh, something about Finniss." One gentleman possessing some acquaintance with aboriginal lingo, but of whose attainments as a Latinist I had previously been unaware, informed those assembled that the English of the sentence was "Finniss corroborees to his opponents." More toasts, expressed in

nervous English, were then proposed and drank, and we took a hearty farewell of our friends. The boat, with all canvas set and colors flying, sailed slowly away amidst vociferous cheering ; the free translator, exhausted by his emotions, sunk upon the sand and feebly waving his hand, cried "Hooray !" while a jolly tar rushed along the beach screaming nautical advice, which he accompanied with the wildest gesticulations and the most extravagant contortions of limb and feature. Gently we moved away ; the cheering subsided ; the hats were replaced upon their respective craniums ; the Cliffites, including the jolly tar and the free translator, wended their way up the banks, and we steered for the mouth of the river, feeling that we had taken leave of Escape Cliffs and our fellow-sufferers there.

It became dark before we had proceeded far up the Adelaide and the tide was against us. We were obliged to pull up under the banks and land, about three-quarters of a mile from the camp of the survey parties supposed to be engaged in laying out South Palmerston. We were expected, but it being nearly 10 o'clock nearly all the party had gone to their bunks, and our first cooey not being answered those of us who were gifted with pleasing and effective voices treated them to imitations of the melodies of many animals, wild and domestic, besides various unearthly yells and cries, till at last they were made aware that somebody was coming and responded in an appropriate manner. By the time we reached the camp all were aroused, and we spent several hours discussing the affairs of the settlement. Those remaining looked forward with loathing to the months that must pass away before they could be relieved from the reign of idiocy. Some would gladly have joined us had we room for them. Nearly all at this camp intended to leave by October at the latest should opportunity offer.

The Narrows presented few attractions beyond the River Adelaide itself, which is indeed a noble stream. There is no high land in sight—nothing but swamp, forest, scrub, and mangroves, and for want of horses and permission the men here could not explore the better land a few leagues away. In 1864 the first expedition had a camp higher up the river, from which they could reach more elevated ground and open promising-looking country, but now they were in a sort of prison. Their lives would have been less endurable but for the comedy of the proceedings in which they were engaged. Much of their town was under water at certain states of the tide, some of it constantly. Surveyors' men climbed mangroves to drive poles 6 or 8 ft. long or longer through mud and water as corner pegs. One coming up to a creek would say, "I think the corner must be about there," pointing to the stream, and pitching in the corner peg would leave it to float away to the mighty ocean. As a port the place was connected with no good country ; produce from better land higher up the river would be shipped higher up if shipped at all. Officers and men knew the place would assuredly be abandoned, and this conviction, so abundantly justified, naturally made them regard their labors as superfluous and absurd. They had to make the best of their lot till the day of their deliverance came. They could not even get the enjoyment out of the river that the swimmer would in the streams of the temperate latitudes of Australia, as the alligators make bathing difficult and unsafe. These creatures devoured a great many dogs belonging to the expedition. Floating quietly on the water the alligator, from its color and shape, looks much like a log of dead timber and dogs would swim about them, and perhaps into their mouths, without any suspicion of danger.

On our last night at the Narrows we were worried by a somewhat smaller animal. The mosquitoes had gone, but not the sandflies, a more irritating creature by far. Even in the southern portions of the continent I have in certain localities and seasons seen cattle bleeding at nostril, dewlap, and flank from the attacks of these minute insects, which are no larger than fleas, and what a plague they are amid tropical swamps and vegetation may perhaps be imagined. But we got through the night by the aid of smoke, curtains, and medical comforts, and naturally were in no great hurry to sleep with so much to talk about among friends and comrades.

We did not hurry away on the morning of the 7th May. The boat was rather too deep in the water, but there would of course be an improvement in this respect as the stock of provisions was consumed. The two casks of Adam's ale and the photographic apparatus were so placed and secured as to make admirable ballast ; in fact, the boat could not have been trimmed better. At 10 o'clock we took leave of our fellow victims on the banks of the Adelaide, and on pushing off were encouraged on our way by great and continued cheering, while parting volleys were fired from carbines and revolvers. Some of the camp, including G. McMinn, C. Hulls, W. Stow, and others accompanied us for some distance in a dingey. They hoisted a blanket for a sail, but not being able to steer very close to the wind we took them in tow and sailed down the river against the tide, through the mouth, and for some miles towards Point Charles across the Bay, leaving the Beatrice and the Cliffs far to the right. Soon we approached the open sea and it was necessary for the dingey to return. What a parting was that on the waters of Adam Bay between

friends and brothers! Some embarked on an adventure full of novelty and not destitute of peril, others doomed to months of weariness and monotony. After the shaking of hands, the interchange of good wishes, and the hoisting of the blanket sail, the two crews, with their mud-soiled garments, long beards, and faces flushed with emotion, cheering and waving their hats, formed a scene that must be forever photographed upon the memory. How as the boats increased the distance between them those British hurrahs sounded across the water, and as a last form of farewell revolvers were fired, and we felt that we had commenced our voyage, and left Adam Bay with its horrors and absurdities, its bitter recollections and pleasant reminiscences, its strifes and friendships behind us. We passed the Vernon Islands early in the afternoon, taking the inner channel and going over shoals. We were favored with good winds most of the day. After sundown the weather had a threatening appearance and there came on a stiff breeze, but about 7 o'clock the weather cleared and the wind abated. We had pleasant gentle breezes during most of that lovely night. How beautiful when the moon rose and spread its silvery light upon the calm water. We became deliciously sentimental. The everlasting ocean could never really become monotonous; one could never tire of gazing upon its broad expanse and watching it in its various moods. Waking and sleeping, in dreams and reverie, the first night passed away.

CHAPTER V.—ALONG THE COAST—PORT DARWIN AND PATTERSON BAY LEFT BEHIND US—REEFS—ROUGH AND DAMP WEATHER — ANSON BAY — IMMENSE ANTHILLS—GAME—COOKERY.

We made fair progress during the night, and at daylight on the 8th saw the mainland. During the day we sailed over a reef marked upon our chart, and having left Port Darwin behind us passed the entrance to Patterson Bay. The coast was low and dreary. All along it were native fires. Our course now was northerly, but about 8 p.m. we were stopped by reefs and turned to the west, when we were again blocked and found it necessary to anchor. We had become used to our work as though all were to the manner born. When sailing one of the crew was employed as look-out in addition to the man at the helm. As the voyage progressed we made the work of the able-bodied sailors as easy as we could, in order that their strength might be husbanded for the time of storms, when their strength would be tested to the utmost, and we afterwards proved the wisdom of this arrangement. At 1 a.m. on the 9th, still at anchor, we found ourselves surrounded by reefs and were thankful for our escape from shipwreck. At high water the reefs were all out of sig t, and we sailed pleasantly enough for three or four hours, when the wind shifted and we went to seaward till the sea became so rough that we tacked to the east and ran inshore, anchoring about 11 a.m. two miles from a sandy beach free from breakers. Here we had some queer weather and thought we should be safer where we were than out in the open ocean, so we remained at anchor till the following morning. We had a rough sea and high wind with plenty of rain. We were saturated with rain and spray, and some of our bread was injured. The night was uncomfortable, but all slept a good deal, some soundly. At 7.30 a.m. we steered for the mainland. In the afternoon at 3.30 Cape Blaze bore south-west, distant about eight miles, and there was a fine range I should say 40 miles distant, south-east half east. We were sailing very near the coast. There were plenty of the finny tribe, but in the Australian tropics fish are very shy of the hook however it may be baited. Among those we observed during this day's sailing were kangaroo fishes, so called from the fact that they leap along the surface of the water on their tails. We heard snipe and plover on shore and longed to be at them, and were not at all consoled by the visit of sandflies from the land. At 5 p.m. we sighted the peak of Peron Island. The sea became rough, and not knowing the passage into Anson Bay, where we intended to call, we made for the shore and anchored at 10 p.m. about two miles from the land in six fathoms. During the night the wind was cold and violent, with a rough sea. Our anchor being light we drifted eight or ten miles to the north-west. At sunrise on the 11th we were out of sight of Peron Island, but soon viewed it again. Its peak first becomes visible, appearing like a solitary rock, but soon the rest of the island shows itself and afterwards the smaller island. The winds were light and variable, sometimes dying away altogether, till there came a dead calm and we anchored about 8 p.m. There were numerous fires on the island and along the coast; other signs of life were the cooeying of natives and the howling of dingoes.

At midnight we weighed anchor and commenced tacking through the channel into Anson Bay. At 11 a.m. on the 12th, there being a strong tide against us and the wind dying away, we anchored in three and a half fathoms. Cliff Head was in sight south-east by east and land just visible to the east. During the afternoon we drifted slowly in with the tide, having scarcely a breath of wind to assist us. There was a range of hills bearing east-north-east from the south end of the smaller Peron

Island and a round hill bearing east-south-east. The wind ceasing and a strong tide setting against us we anchored at 8 p.m. in six fathoms.

At this anchorage we lay till sunrise, when we made a start in spite of a foul wind, having the tide in our favor, and anchored about four miles south-west from Cliff Head. There was deep water near shore, six fathoms one-third of a mile distant, and three fathoms close to the beach. The bottom was a kind of quicksand with barnacles underneath. We landed with firearms, provisions, &c., and besides a good feed we enjoyed a pot of tea, the first we had been able to indulge in since leaving Adam Bay. There were a few mangroves about, and a few acacias, like the kind most common in Victoria. Some of the party, including myself, started for a walk inland and went about five miles westward. We saw a red wallaby and shot a pheasant and some plover. The pheasant of the Northern Territory, though not gaudy or even handsome in plumage, is the true pheasant with the sweeping tail, and very unlike the plump bird popularly so called in South Australia proper. There were swamps, salt and fresh, close to the beach. We followed a salt swamp for some distance, then, finding it difficult walking, turned into the forest. The soil was much like that at Adam Bay, but with less of iron-stone pebbles. A great deal was light sand of a yellow, and sometimes a darker color. The grass was not so tall as at Escape Cliffs, but as worthless and very rank. Much of it was broad in the leaf with saw edges. The timber was much like that at Adam Bay, but of a more useful character. There most of the trees of any size are hollow; but these at Anson Bay are generally sound, judging from their appearance, the absence of dead branches, and the small quantity of hollow logs on the ground. There were forests of paper-bark trees and box; stringybark, bastard gum, and a kind of ironbark abounded. The trees were of small diameter; few exceeded 5 ft. Some ran 30 or 40 ft. without branches. The best specimens were stringybark and bastard gum. In portions of the land we crossed, or viewed, honeysuckles were numerous.

So far as we walked no change in the character of the country was observable. White anthills of great size were plentiful, varying in height from 10 to upwards of 20 ft. We noticed one 17 ft. and another 22 ft. in height. Some were more than 20 ft. in circumference. They were of different styles of architecture, all, however, corrugated, the ridges sometimes conical at both ends; some ended in a peak like a church spire, and others were castellated. Returning, we went north to an opening in the timber and found ourselves at the head of a large fresh swamp leading towards the sea. It was drying up, moist to the feet, but without surface water. On the north side were paperbark trees, and many sorts of timber were on the south side. Had there been any of those fine gum trees Mr. Earl speaks of as likely to form an article of export from Anson Bay we should have found them about this swamp, but large gums will not grow on such a soil as that at Anson Bay. It is true we only landed on one side of Cliff Head, but all the coast is low and presented the same appearance. Turning from the swamp into the timber to the left we found the grass dreadfully rank and tangled and fatiguing to walk through. It was some time after dark when we reached the beach. Our boat, according to arrangement, had been moved to Cliff Head, and we were glad to make a fire and refresh ourselves with the bushman's beverage and stimulant, tea, not despising the grosser viands of bread and tinned beef. This was almost a teetotal voyage. We brought from Adam Bay two bottles of exhilarating extract of barley, which was mostly consumed on shore, in celebration of the birthday of a lad we left behind us; and later on at Cambden Harbor we shipped a bottle of rum, with which we afterwards doctored an invalid who narrowly escaped Davy's locker. After emptying our "billy" of tea at Cliff Head and expressing satisfaction with the condition of affairs in the region of the epigastrium the crew went on board and slept. The night was beautifully calm, but cold. I was glad of two blankets and could have borne a third.

On the 14th we had an early breakfast of grilled pheasant and plovers, which were excellent eating, the former delicious. There is no cookery equal to grilling on the coals in the bush, if the operator understands his work. We brought no "deadly frying-pan" with us, and were not lacking in amateur talent when the stewpan was in requisition, an iron bucket answering the purpose of this utensil. When cooking in the boat a camp-oven served for a fireplace and the bucket was hung over it.

The morning meal over, a portion of the party started on another excursion. Between our camp and the point of the cliff a creek, deep at high water and coming from the south-west, joins the sea. It runs parallel with the beach. Some of us followed it up about three miles to the head, crossed dry foot, and found abundance of fresh water in swamps. We went back along the creek for some distance and then turned inland to a large plain two or three miles square. We shot some teal, snipe, and plover in fresh swamps. There were paperbark trees all round the plain, their white stems forming a very conspicuous feature in the landscape. We returned to the coast, crossing the creek at low water.

Fresh water was close to the coast in swamps. We now walked about two miles along Cliff Head and found the cliff at its highest point about 100 ft. above low-water level, though viewed from the Bay it does not look nearly so high. It is composed of red sandstone, very much disintegrated conglomerate ironstone, and red earth above all. Near the edge the timber was small and consisted of box, gums, and stunted palms. One hundred yards back the trees were large and many of them straight-stemmed; all beyond is a dense forest. All along the base of Cliff Head is a smooth, sandy beach, with scarcely a sign of rock, but at high water the sea touches the cliffs. We had a very excellent view of Peron Island and the Bay, which is a fine open harbor. The air was clear and bracing, and without doubt this is a healthy locality. We had seen no sign of high land except the range mentioned on the 12th, visible from most parts of the Bay, and some hills bearing south by east, that we supposed to be the Barthelemy Hills. There are cliffs about six miles from Cliff Head to the south-west and others nearer to Cape Ford. There is no lime or building stone near Cliff Head, and we did not find any surface water that appeared to be permanent.

Numbers of natives were about, as we could tell by their fires, tracks, and other signs, but none showed themselves. Probably they had heard of the shooting of one of their number at Chambers Bay in the previous year by members of the first expedition, and the report of our firearms when we were practising upon the wild fowl deterred them from coming near us. Their wurleys were of the rudest kind, and we saw no canoes or rafts. We found some large worn-out baskets. Emu and dingo tracks were plentiful. We took in water and prepared to start in the evening, but the tide did not reach the boat, which had been brought ashore for the purpose of receiving a few additions and alterations. The night was calm and pleasant for camping, and setting a watch we made ourselves comfortable in our rugs. Except during our stay, which commenced a fortnight later, at Cambden Harbor, this was about the only night we passed on land during the voyage, as it was much safer for our small party aboard and in some respects more comfortable. The savages could not surprise the crew in the water, and we were more free from the attacks of mosquitoes and sandflies. However, on the shore of Anson Bay and under the starlit canopy of heaven the weary voyagers slept peacefully, little troubled by insect pests and undisturbed by war's alarms.

At dawn on the 15th we cut mangroves for levers and rollers, and after a little labor launched the boat. This was a work not completely free from anxiety. She was still heavily laden, and our skipper, White, warned us that if we were not careful we should break her back. Of course the greatest care was exercised; her poor back was not hurt, and the Forlorn Hope was sent afloat again without sustaining the slightest damage. We had lost no time, as not a breath of wind had stirred through the night. As we started a fine south-east breeze set in and carried us past Cape Ford by 11 a.m., and so ended our visit to Anson Bay.

We have naturally at times felt mortified that we did not see the River Daly, that was discovered some months later by explorers from the Government camp at Adam Bay; but we could console ourselves by the reflection that Anson Bay, into which the Daly empties itself, had been frequently visited by vessels of explorers, who one and all failed to observe this stream, and this fact naturally prevented us from having any notion that such a river was likely to exist. At that bay we did not consider we were exploring unknown country, but took it for granted that the whole of its coastline had been closely examined.

Chapter VI.—Unexplored Country—Too Much Water—Barthelemy Hills—The Dingo—Aborigines—Climate—Afloat Again—Phosphorescent Sea.

Having left Anson Bay behind us and sailed a little beyond Cape Ford the coast looks like that at Wallaroo, with a short sloping beach, then grass flats, and behind them small bushy timber. After this is passed we approach Cape Dombey; the coast here is generally sandy soil with occasionally cliffs. There were fires on shore. All day we sailed and on through the night, with light winds most of the time between eve and daylight. On the 16th the Barthelemy Hills were sighted. Calms and light winds prevailed for most of the day till about 4.30 p.m. We steered for what looked like an opening in the bight between Cape Dombey and Cape Hay. On approaching we found this appearance of an opening, which we hoped would prove to be a river, was occasioned by a break in the line of bushes that grew along the coast. This spot is left blank in the Admiralty charts and was of course unexplored. There are red cliffs to the south-south-east. The Barthelemy Hills bear north-east by east; high land is in the distance north-east and east half north. About dark we anchored in 1½ fathoms at the sandy beach. Close to us on our right was a large mangrove creek. Just before dark we saw large flights of cockatoos, and during the night we heard birds and the howl of the dingo on shore. The mosquitoes were

troublesome for the first few hours, but they died or became torpid as the cold increased.

At sunrise on the 17th we landed, walking through soft mud, and afterwards got the boat on to hard sand. There were numerous tracks of natives and dingoes on the beach. At breakfast a dingo made its appearance, and we thought of shooting it till one of the party suggested that it belonged to the natives. It made cautious approaches, now and then lying down and watching us. It took no notice of the report of firearms. That the animal was a "tame wild dog" was evident from its proceedings and the fact that it had a cord round its neck. At last the poor brute sniffed food and then made rapid advances, till we threw it some meat. After tasting this the dingo ate out of a plate and then from our hands, and finally showed its gratitude and the delicacy of its habits by cleaning all our dishes and cooking utensils, and remained at our fire all day. This dingo was of the orthodox sandy color, the ordinary size, and in no way distinguishable from the indigenous dog, or rather wolf, of the southern portions of the continent. In the early days of South Australia the tame dingo was quite a familiar object at the camps of the aborigines, or following the blacks about the town or country settlements.

At about 8 a.m. Mr. McMinn, White, Davis, and I started for the south point of the range, south of the Barthelemys. We steered east and at starting crossed and rounded a number of salt creeks, about which were numerous tracks of natives. We saw fishing weirs across the creeks with small openings, and near them mattings or nets, with which the natives, it may be presumed, closed the openings as they wished. After getting clear of the creeks and mangroves we came to a hard plain with grass and rushes; the grass wiry but better than we had seen on the coast before. Bush fires had swept over much of the plain. Before us was the range trending from south to north or north-west; the Barthelemy Hills to the north of the end of the range, and other hills beyond in the same direction. There was a beautiful south-east breeze; the day was mild and altogether like a May day in South Australia proper. We walked on briskly, elated with the idea of soon being on high hills and having a view of good country. About two miles from the sea we came to a fresh swamp and walking through it soon reached another and then found the swamps continuous. We walked two miles through water and then turned northward to some distant timber, hoping to find there dry land that would lead to the Barthelemy Hills, whence we hoped we could travel along the range and return by a different route. When we reached the first clump of timber we found it a mere island in the midst of the swamp. One of the party dropped into a hole up to his shoulders in mud and water, and was rapidly disappearing when he was pulled out. After this we found the water invariably deeper when we came to timber, which was principally paperbark. We waded through rushes and reeds or small bamboos till our party began to separate. We then went for a considerable distance through tall flags several feet over our heads, till the water reached to our waists and deepened so rapidly that in a few steps we should have been reduced to the necessity of swimming, so we reluctantly turned, seeing water in every direction. Logs were floating about and leeches abounded. I have no doubt that we were on the edge of a lake and that the water we walked through contracted as the dry season advanced. During our walk we had a view of at least a hundred square miles of swamp. By degrees our party reunited. All had been severely bitten by a kind of wasp, and our clothes were torn and hung about us in shreds. On our return we shot a number of small plover, and a swamp bird of a species quite new to all of us, nearly as large as a turkey. There was a large kind of pigeon here, but it was very shy. Roaming in search of game we saw many camping grounds of natives, and on the beach tracks that had been made during the day.

I wished to try and reach Barthelemy Hills by a different route on the morrow, but the party would not agree to this, so this was really our last stopping-place within South Australian territory. We were disappointed at not having seen any natives, as we might have obtained useful information from them; and however objectionable the aboriginal may be in some respects there is always something interesting about the unsophisticated savage, uncorrupted by the evil communications and uninjured by the evil deeds of the pale-faced scoundrel. People in Adelaide had read much in official dispatches calculated to give strong impressions of the numbers and daring of the natives about Adam Bay and the Adelaide River, and in the Territory for a time there was much military drill and setting of guards in order to protect the settlement against overwhelming onslaught or crafty surprise. Older hands smiled out loud when they read about these things, but for a change they were told that great danger was to be feared from the Malay fleets that visited the coast. The crews of these fleets were about as formidable as the natives, or less so, and it has since been found that a South Australian Customs official of the Northern Territory can keep the whole Malayan navy in those waters amenable to British

authority. We had not the privilege of meeting any of the sea lions from Malacca, and for some reason or other the aborigines, while swarming around us, never showed themselves. Those of us who did not belong to the first Adam Bay expedition had not seen a Northern Territory black, except once or twice with a telescope.

As far as this account of the voyage has proceeded the reader will not have observed much to make him think of a tropical climate, but the fact is we sailed from Adam Bay in the best season of the year. May seems a lovely month everywhere. In England, the southern portions of Australia, and in the Northern Territory it is mild and balmy, of course with the exception of those days when it is otherwise. On the sea we were at times really cold, but the atmosphere on land was perfection. For months afterwards the climate in that region is agreeable, until in September it is warming up again, and the moist, sultry, tropical weather follows. We had the trade winds in our favor too for the passage westwards, and when these winds are studied good running may be made without the aid of steam. A sailing vessel bound for Port Darwin will sometimes be off Port Jackson in six days from Port Adelaide, at the right time of the year for that voyage. We should have accomplished a wonderful trip had we made no stoppages, except such as were necessary to take in wood and water ; but we wished to see something of the country before returning to Adelaide.

At 9 p.m. we got the Forlorn Hope afloat and set sail, the dingo seeing us off, and looking very melancholy as he sat upon the beach, watching our preparations for departure and then the fast vanishing boat with its crew. We had treated him well, and perhaps the simple-minded savages thought the better of us for proceeding on the principle of love me love my dog. The sea on this coast is very phosphorescent—at Cape Dombey peculiarly so. As the wave spread along the shore it appeared like a sheet of blue flame. Each man standing in the water was surrounded by a halo of light, and when the boat moved she left in her wake a pathway of pale fire, shooting out myriads of blue sparks. The wind was gentle till midnight, when it freshened up from the south-east.

Chapter VII.—The Mountain Wave — Cambridge Gulf — Out of South Australian - Northern Territory Waters—Capes Bernier, Londonderry, and Bougainville — Reefs and Breakers—Breakage of the Rudder—A Wonderful Archipelago.

At daylight on the 18th May we were out of sight of land and out of South Australian jurisdiction, going across Cambridge Gulf with a high sea—very high for a cockleshell like ours. Sometimes she seemed to stand almost upright on her stern, reminding us of pictures of the lifeboat in a storm. We had confidence, however, in the craft and in our sailors, and with strength, spirits, and youth in our favor—the patriarch of the party not having reached half the three score and ten years that the psalmist considered man's fair allowance—we could enjoy a few hours' contest with the elements. After all this was a straight forward sort of sea that we could meet and ride over, unlike the buffeting and cross seas and avalanches of the briny we struggled with weeks later. Had we found the weather too much for us we might perhaps have run up the gulf and away into the River Victoria; but that would have taken us far out of our course, greatly delayed us, kept our friends in South Australia so much the longer in suspense and anxiety, and possibly led us into even still worse storms than those we encountered, or so timed our course that the storms might have caught us on a rocky lee shore. All day we sailed pretty closely reefed, and through the night we still crossed the gulf, till about two hours before daylight we saw land. We passed Cape Bernier and sailed along the coast of Western Australia's Northern Territory. About Cape Londonderry it is a fine bold coast —high cliffs and sometimes ranges of hills coming to the water's edge, with mountainous country in the background. The dry season must have set in early this year, for all on land looked parched and presented that desolate appearance Australian coast generally wears in the summer time. Of course May is not summer in any part of Australia, but in its tropical latitudes the heat and the rains come together, and so do the cool weather and the dry in other months.

We had now fairly turned the corner, so to speak, and were off the north-west coast of New Holland. We sailed by Cape Bougainville, and in the evening, as the navigation looked dangerous from the number of islands and breakers, we tried to find shelter under an island about 12 miles from the cape, but got above a reef with less than 3 ft. of water on it. As we were endeavoring to get clear of this danger a heavy breaker came rolling towards us. The boat answered her helm beautifully, went head on, and rode buoyantly over the surf. We then steered north-east, keeping a careful watch. After standing out for some miles the water suddenly became smooth and we struck on a rock. Soon after we saw breakers all around and land at no great distance. Bump, bump ; grind, grind, went our poor boat on the rocks. We tried hard to get her off, but she continued to catch on the reef. Our situa-

tion was now critical. We were a dozen miles from the mainland, with no chance of escape in case of shipwreck, which seemed inevitable, for the soft wood of which our little vessel was made could not long stand such severe usage. We believed our voyage of life was about to end with that of the Forlorn Hope, and it seemed that the motto on our flag would have a mournful significance. Mr. Hamilton lighted his pipe ; others of the crew submitted various questions, such as whether we should lighten the craft by pitching the photographic apparatus overboard, or jump out of the boat and try to shove her off, but the sailing-master, White, wisely brushed aside these suggestions, and at last we got clear, sailed back towards the island we had left in the evening, and anchored in two fathoms.

On the morning of the 20th we made another start, but had some very rough work, till a heavy sea broke our rudder and we anchored and repaired it. We sailed in various directions, trying to avoid the numerous reefs and shoals, till at last we resolved to go eastward till we got outside them and then still work round all these dangers, making a detour of 80 or 90 miles. The wind being against us we ran down to the eastern side of Vansittart Bay and found safe anchorage off a sandspit in five fathoms, about half a mile from the land.

On the 21st we got under sail at daylight, but as everything foretold rough weather we sought shelter and anchored in four fathoms at Troughton Island, a quarter of a mile from the shore. From here there is a grand view. To the west is Cape Bougainville—a round hill with a spit of land running out ; to the south the shores of Vansittart Bay, Troughton Island curving round and partly obstructing the view ; and behind all, in the distance, on the mainland, high ranges and an immense quantity of smoke ascending from them. The island had about 30 ft. elevation and the ground sloped away on either side. Some of the reefs about the shore presented the appearance of artificial walls, steep and regular. We landed and walked about the island. Near the shore were sandhills and grassy flats ; inland open forest. All the timber was stunted, including ironbark, paperbark, bastard gum, palms, and different kinds of tropical trees. We crossed a large hollow, in which grew better grass than I had seen in North Australia, and found that the ground rose inland. There were large blocks of freestone cropping above the surface. The soil was sandy and in places thickly covered with ironstone. We found a native well hardly dry, old camping-places of the aborigines, with bones and shells of fish and turtle, wurleys of the shape of beehives with semi-conical entrances, and spears. Some of the spears were simply wooden, others partly wood and partly bamboo. One had a simple point and another a chisel point of quartz ; others had knobs of wood of the shape of a tooth fastened to them, fitting into them as in a socket, and fixed with glue or gum. Here, as at other places, we regretted that the small carrying capacity of our vessel prevented us from taking with us numerous objects of interest that we might have collected during our long voyage. We wished that we could carry away some of the beautiful red coral we saw occasionally in those northern seas. The native weapons we might have appropriated in the absence of the owners could have been amply paid for with empty tins, knives, and other useful articles that we might have left in their places. The curiosities we did collect were thrown overboard in the storms we encountered.

A serious disappointment of more immediate consequence was that we never caught a turtle, though we saw many hundreds. These creatures are captured on land and require to be watched for, but from the natural perversity of things whenever we were at any island where, by the exercise of patience and vigilance, some might have been secured there sprung up a most favorable breeze for our voyage, and this could not be sacrificed even for the sake of turtle soup, or of what was of more value in our position, turtle flesh with its rich green fat. On Troughton Island we saw cockatoos and pigeons, but did not manage to make them contribute to our larder.

At dawn on the 22nd we started with a gentle breeze, smooth sea, and balmy weather, steering north till towards evening, when we ran west about 15 miles, and after a fine night's run struck at 3 a.m. on a reef. We got the boat off and anchored till daylight in 7½ fathoms. At dawn on the 23rd we were close to three remarkable rocks. All the forenoon we were among shoals and reefs. We tacked in all directions and at length, to simplify matters, sailed over a shoal. We rowed a great deal. We were tantalised by plenty of turtle and fish about us, and there were great numbers of porpoises. At night there were heavy dews. On the 24th we sailed by islands marked on the chart as south of Casini Islands. We were passing islands all day. The course was south-west by west. On the following day we were still passing islands, principally on our left ; course south-west half west.

On the 26th there was visible to the west a large reef with sandspit jutting out and prominent rocks sticking up. We passed between the reef and the islands. We sailed by a large breakwater of rocks, smooth and regular ; islets formed of boulders of rocks of many shapes, columnar, square, smooth, and

fretted. The base and walls of some islets were of dark rock surmounted by piles of what appeared to be a white freestone. There seemed to be on this part of our course an unbroken continuity of islands, till at last there appeared lofty ranges on the mainland beyond and Mount Trafalgar.

Still islands, islands, islands. After leaving Cape Bougainville we passed at least five hundred of every shape, size, and appearance. Some are several miles in extent, others mere detached rocks; some have stunted vegetation, others look quite bare. We sail pass islands that look like detached portions of hilly ranges and others that are conical; some are round or oval and flat-topped; here we see them sloping to the water's edge, and among or beyond these are islands bold and cliffy; here they are smooth, there diversified with sandhills; these are rugged and uneven, with large rocks piled together in a wild and fantastic manner; others exhibit a sandy beach, but there are islets you must not approach too closely, for they are guarded by barriers of reefs. Infinitely varied as these islands are—wild and picturesque, grand sometimes almost to sublimity—there is about them all an air of dreariness and gloom. No sign of life appears on their surface; scarcely even a seabird hovers on their shores. They seem abandoned by Nature to complete and everlasting desolation. The barrenness and silence were peculiarly depressing to us from the circumstances of our position. We had thought to find shelter among so many isles, safe anchorages when the storms rose and the sea raged, but the islands were more inhospitable than the wide ocean. There was deep fathomless water right up to their shores, except when we were on treacherous reefs. Whatever wind blew we were compelled to drift and were often forced out of our way by furious currents and eddies. It was a relief from weariness, anxiety, and danger when we escaped from this archipelago. We tried to get into Cambden Harbor through Rogers' Straits, but failed, being puzzled by islands and baffled by breakers and eddies.

Chapter VIII.—Out of the Archipelago at Last—Augustus and Byam Martin Islands—To the Oars—Level Scoring Between Wind and Tide—Cambden Harbor—Rest.

At 3 a.m. on the 27th we steered for an opening among the islands to the south-west and got among more currents, eddies, and reefs, the sea boiling like a cauldron. We found bottom at $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on a reef and pushing over worked out to sea. About 1 p.m. we were between Augustus and Byam Martin Islands and sailed for several hours, when the wind died away and we drifted back some miles. At 6.30 p.m. we took to the oars and the tide running in our favor made good progress till midnight, when the tide changing and a smart and favorable breeze springing up we managed barely to hold our own till dawn. It was a curious spectacle, all canvas set, the sails bellied out, and the boat stationary for hours. We considered we had an eight-knot breeze in our favor, and from this the power of the hostile current may be pretty accurately judged. The same experience had befallen voyagers who had preceded us in those waters. Some such exhibition, it is said, gladdened the eyes of the people of Escape Cliffs months after we had left. A few of the Government party who were stationed up the Adelaide, growing weary of their camp, constructed a square-built craft and sailed down the river and across the bay, till opposite the Cliffs their vessel, unknown to them, grounded, and three hours afterwards, to the intense delight of the spectators, the craft stuck on the white sand, while the helmsman handled the rudder with an expression of portentous wisdom on his countenance, and the rest of the crew blinked their eyes or slept in perfect security that all was well. That performance, however, was very much complicated with tanglefoot, but there was no suspicion of tanglefoot in our case, and we were not on white sand, but in deep water.

We had passed Byam Martin Island and were steering east-south-east for the entrance to Cambden Harbor, or as that portion of it is called on the charts, Brecknock Harbor. This was in the early morning of the 28th, and we soon exchanged the contrary tide for foul winds and kept tacking till obliged to seek for an anchorage, which was found at an island south of Augustus Island. The summit of this little isle was grassy and a number of diminutive palms were growing on it. The rocks were a kind of slate. We saw two kites and regarded them with ravenous eyes, for our provisions were nearly exhausted, being reduced to tea, sugar, and a packet of maizena. In the evening we sailed to another island and anchored under a ridge of dark rock in eight fathoms with soft bottom. The crews had had little rest for four days and nights, what with watching and rowing, and it was delightful to find ourselves in a harbor of refuge where we could sleep in security. Our experiences by this time had taught us that for this voyage we should avoid rowing, except where it was absolutely necessary to meet some special difficulty. The exercise was too severe after we had been reduced in strength by low diet, and moreover it produced thirst and thereby created too great a demand upon our small stock of water, which it was desirable to husband as much as possible.

At daylight on the 29th we felt considerably uncomfortable. Our provisions were out; we had been trying to catch fish, but although there were shoals they would not bite. There was no appearance of game on shore and no sign of a settlement. The appearance and the bearings of the coast, islands, and channels were so utterly different from the description on any chart we had seen that we had the greatest difficulty in determining which way to steer for the harbor, and some of our party became thoroughly sceptical as to its existence. At length we rowed through a narrow and tortuous passage between islands and soon, to our great relief, saw a boat in the distance. Now there was no doubt we had found Cambden Harbor, and it seemed probable that the voyage of the Forlorn Hope would end here, and her crew would sail in a larger vessel for some port whence they could take their passage for home. They were in this agreeable expectation doomed to disappointment; but I must not anticipate.

On coming alongside the boat we found in it a surveyor (Mr. Cowle) and party. They had a remarkably dull and despondent look that rather surprised us, expecting, as we did, to meet everyone looking happy in so thriving a settlement as we supposed Cambden Harbor to be. The worst news was soon told. The sheep were nearly all dead, the country was worthless, and the whole settlement a failure. After exchanging information respecting our rival settlements, we endeavored to proceed up the bay, while Mr. Cowle pursued the important duty of surveying the harbor. Everything in these waters seemed to go by contraries. The tide was flowing, but, coming from Roger's Straits, was against us, so we were obliged to wait at anchor and go in with the ebb. As we sailed up the harbor we saw the wreck of the ship Calliance, that had struck on a reef outside and afterwards sunk at the landing-place, about half a mile distant. To the left, on a red cliff with a range in the background, was the Government camp.

We were watched with no little curiosity by the people who had gathered about the landing-place, wondering what strange chance or mischance had brought a strange sail to that wild and outlandish spot. The first person who boarded the Forlorn Hope was a son of the Government Resident, Mr. Sholl. He asked, naturally enough, where we came from, and on receiving the reply "Adam Bay" exclaimed, "The devil!" Expressive, but perhaps irrelevant.*

His welcome, however, was very cordial, as was that of the Government Resident, who received us most kindly on landing. Messrs. Hamilton, McMinn, and I became his guests, and every attention was paid to the wants of our comrades. We found ourselves among friends. The Government Resident himself we discovered was a brother of a South Australian well known as a skilful and one of the cheeriest of physicians, who always seemed to bring confidence and cheerfulness with him as he walked into a sick room. It may be easily supposed that during the five days spent here we found plenty of topics of conversation in which host and guests could take an interest. A South Australian Ministry had burst up since we last heard from Adelaide. There had been general elections, and Mr. R. I. Stow, the Attorney-General, having, through not including East Wellington in his electioneering tour, offended the free and independent of that neighborhood had been defeated by a majority of three and retired from politics. Western Australia did not then enjoy or suffer responsible government, but she had her public affairs, and in discussing the politics and politicians of the two colonies and exchanging yarns the evenings passed merrily away, while the day time was fully employed in boating and walking and viewing this remarkable harbor.

There were points of similarity between the colonising enterprises of Adam Bay and Cambden Harbor. Both were utter failures. In both cases the wrong place had been selected; in both the feed was worthless and the live stock fell into wretched condition, though they fared worse at the Western Australian settlement. At Adam Bay, however, the party were close to good country, to which they were not allowed to remove; from Cambden Harbor good country was inaccessible by land, except to determined explorers well fitted out for a very difficult, if not desperate, trip. The Cambden Harbor project was got up principally, if not altogether, by an association in Melbourne, acting upon incorrect or imperfect information. The settlement was doomed almost as soon as the settlers landed, and when the Forlorn Hope arrived the Government Resident was expecting his recall, and the people under his rule were merely waiting for the first chance of getting away from the spot where they had met with nothing but disaster and some had lost all they possessed. The Government party were

* This gentleman, Mr. Trevarton Charles Sholl, who was a fine specimen of Young Australia, soon afterwards had terrible and at last fatal experiences of the perils of the deep. In the year of the Forlorn Hope voyage he, his father, and a crew, when sailing in a boat in Cambden Sound, were capsized. One man was drowned; another reached land, but was speared by the natives and died of his wounds. The Sholls were in the water for six hours and the father begged his son to save himself and leave him to his fate or both would be lost. This request was disregarded and both swam to shore. About two years afterwards the son was lost in the Emma, a coasting vessel, with all hands, on her voyage from Perth to Nicol Bay.

not idle, however. As far as the heat would allow they explored, worked at wharf improvements, and surveyed the land and harbor. A few months after our visit the place was abandoned.

CHAPTER IX.—BEAUTY OF CAMBDEN HARBOR—COUNTRY WILD AND WORTHLESS—RUIN OF THE SETTLERS—DREADFUL HEAT—THE MALAYS—CAMBDEN HARBOR AND ADAM BAY COMPARED.

We remained five days at Cambden Harbor and gained ample information respecting the history of this unfortunate settlement and the character of the land in its vicinity. The harbor is most beautiful. It stretches to the west for eight miles to where it is entered by three channels, coming through reefs and islands. It is bounded on the south by the high rugged hills of the mainland, the loftiest eminence being Mount Lookover; on all sides are bights and inlets, while high round-topped islands complete the picture. The rise and fall of tide is 37½ ft.; and at low water islands and forests of mangroves are visible that were out of sight a few hours before, except to persons boating over them, by whom the trees could be seen plainly enough through the clear water.

The country is wild and rugged. There are dark and irregularly-shaped hills that seem to be composed of masses of loose rocks. Stones everywhere, but upon every every spot of soft ground a luxuriant growth of rank grass. Some of it was kangaroo grass, but in quality utterly different to that of the southern colonies. Far away are bold mountains and ranges, and leading to them a succession of hill and valley, but all of the same stony character. The trees were scarce and stunted, the most remarkable being the baobab, or gouty-stemmed tree. The specimens of this tree I saw were of about 8 or 10 ft. height in the stem, large at the base, bulging out in the middle and contracting at the top of the trunk, then throwing out short, gnarled branches disproportionately small in circumference The bark is very white and the wood pale colored. One of these trees was 26 ft. in girth. There were a number of species of indigenous fruit and vegetables. I gathered several pods of beans a mile or so from the camp. They were about the size of our most common culinary species and were eaten by both blacks and whites. I also saw melons about the size of a large walnut and very fair eating. Water was readily obtained by sinking at shallow depths, and there are plenty of permanent springs and streams at no great distance. The most common rocks are sandstone, ironstone, basalt, and quartz. There was a quartz reef to the south of the Government camp. I found a piece of lead on the surface and saw specimens of copper from Augustus Island.

The air during our stay was remarkably clear and pleasant, and in the early morning quite bracing. We visited the settlers, who were encamped about two miles from the Government camp. They were all ruined and longing for the first opportunity of leaving. They gave dreadful accounts of the weather at the time of their arrival. There had been several deaths from sunstroke; in one case a man was picked up dead in the bush; in another a settler returned, after spending a day on shore, to the vessel by which he had arrived and expired in a few minutes after going on board. It should be observed that in these cases of *coup de soleil* the victims had not landed many days and probably did not take the precautions necessary to guard themselves from the power of a vertical sun. The effect of the heat upon the sheep probably exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed. Their feet seemed burnt with walking on the stones. All night they were in agony; their panting almost amounted to roaring. The extraordinary fierceness of the temperature was supposed to be increased to a great extent by the refraction from the rocks.

At this time there was little grass, but when it did grow, and even after it had arrived at maturity, it was worthless. The few sheep that were left fed on it greedily till their stomachs were enormously distended, but they still fell off in condition. I saw the flocks at grass, and hardly upon the worst run, after the worst drought in South Australia, could such wretched objects be seen. They did not weigh more than 18 lb., and the sight of one killed and dressed could not readily be forgotten. It was an anatomical spectacle, and was translucent, if not transparent. The Government sheep, however, had not lost condition to any great extent, but the fact that they had been there all through the best season of the year without improving was sufficient to condemn the country. It was necessary to feed the settlers' horses with corn and bran, although they did no work and the grass was abundant. The Government horses were low in condition. They had done some exploring, but certainly in South Australia horses grassfed would accomplish three times the work and look in fair order. A more unfit spot for stock of any description could not be found anywhere. There is probably good country inland, but too far off and the route too impracticable for it to be connected with Cambden Harbor. One settler found and took on lease a small piece of land with good grass and useful timber eight miles from the camp, but such spots were very rare.

The settlers had been blamed for not looking for good country, but they were given to understand that they would find land fit for grazing and agriculture at Cambden Harbor; and it is not probable

that men with one or two hundred sheep would go to a new territory to look for country fit for settlement. They expected that was ready for them. The whole scheme for settling Cambden Harbor was rash and ill-considered. How far the association that started this project were to blame I would not venture to say, but it is fair to suppose they knew nothing of the character of the country they induced so many poor men to try and settle to their ruin. The victims blamed principally Dr. Martin, who visited that part of the coast and published a journal of his examinations, more valuable as a scientific work than as a guide to squatters and other settlers, for having given most inaccurate accounts of the country. Having read Dr. Martin's work I came to the conclusion that his description of the land was in the main correct. He described it as dreadfully stony and as bearing high rank grass, but then he unfortunately concludes by giving an opinion that sheep would thrive there.

I went over the site that had been selected for the principal town of the district. It was very dry and would have the advantage of a rocky foundation. It was elevated, but did not occupy a commanding position, the prospect being obscured by the neighboring hills. At some parts of this proposed town, which was to be named Elliot, there was a view of the inlets and bights of the harbor. Wild turkeys were roaming about. The Government Resident had not commenced the survey of the town, as he expected the settlement would be abandoned.

Mr. Sholl gave me much interesting information respecting his explorations about the Glenelg and between that river and Cambden Harbor. The country was mountainous, with loose rocks and stones almost everywhere. The difficulties of travelling were immense. The horses were continually losing shoes and if not reshod were lame almost instantly. There were many high ranges, and Mr. Sholl's party did not succeed in finding an outlet into a more practicable region. The territory he passed through was well watered by rivulets and larger streams. Not much good land was seen except on Hampton Downs and along the banks of the streams. Captain (Sir George) Grey's descriptions of this region, which he explored a quarter of a century previously, were found to be wonderfully correct.

Some few weeks before our arrival the settlement at Cambden Harbor had been visited by about 300 Malays in seven proas and 30 canoes. They were a wretched-looking lot of people and had for firearms but a few old rusty flint muskets and two or three small rusty cannon. The natives drove them away from the watering places and killed one of their number. These were the formidable pirates against whose attacks the public of Adelaide had been informed the party at Adam Bay might have to maintain a desperate defence. At Port Essington the Malays were afraid of the natives, who themselves were remarkably harmless in comparison with other tribes of Australian blacks. In Jukes's work there is a full description of the character and habits of the aborigines and of the Malays that visited that part of the coast. Notwithstanding all this grave doubts were suggested as to whether, if the Forlorn Hope should fall in with the flotilla that had visited Cambden Harbor, some insult might not be offered to our flag. We resolved to risk it.

Before leaving the settlement we supplied ourselves with provisions sufficient to take us to Nicol Bay. The Government Resident allowed his mechanics to make us a heavier anchor than the one we possessed and a binnacle for our lamp. We also had a new rudder made here. We purchased a ship's compass from a settler, and Mr. McMinn took tracings of the coast as far as Fremantle from the Admiralty charts.

Cambden Harbor is about 600 miles from Adam Bay, but owing to our deviations in visiting bays on our own Northern Territory coast, and being forced out of our course so often and so far by reefs and shoals and contrary winds, we really sailed a much greater distance. At Escape Cliffs, where we had left our South Australian fellow-sufferers, the latitude is about 12°. At the settlement at Cambden Harbor about 15° 30′, so that we had between six and seven degrees more of the tropics to pass through, but this was the cool season, and we found it at times very cool and decidedly damp before we camped again among white men. Unlike as Adam Bay and Cambden Harbor are to each other with respect to position, scenery, geological formation, and the character of the surrounding country, they have their points of resemblance. As for the climate, there is not much to choose between them, though perhaps the rocks impart additional fierceness to the heat at the Western Australian location. At both places the grass is rank and worthless. At both crocodiles are among the perils threatening the too adventurous bather. Mr. Sholl and his party had seen these gigantic reptiles swimming round vessels in the harbor, but we did not observe any during our stay. Another point in common between the two settlements was that both were certain to be abandoned before long. They were so abandoned, and the abandonment was complete.

CHAPTER X.—HOSPITALITY AND KINDNESS — DEPARTURE FROM CAMBDEN HARBOR — AN AWFUL STORM—PORPOISES AND SNAKES — THE GALE MODERATES — LAND IN SIGHT — ALONG THE COAST.

On the 3rd June we took leave of our host, the Government Resident, from whom we had received every assistance in preparing for the continuation of our voyage and every attention to our comfort that courtesy and kind feeling could suggest. From his son also, Mr. Sholl, jun., and all the good people at Cambden Harbor we experienced nothing but kindness, and ever after had pleasant recollections of that settlement. We took with us a vast number of messages to people in Perth. On leaving the landing at the Government camp we sailed over to the wreck of the Calliance. Here several of the Victorian settlers who had purchased the wreck had their tents pitched on the shore, and were busy preparing to burn the hull as the only way to get the copper from her. We purchased a cable, and soon after sailing an enormous column of smoke arose from the wreck. The Calliance was on fire as if in honor of our departure. Had that vessel been wrecked at Adam Bay a cutter would certainly have been made from her for the majority of the people there to escape by.

We did not get out of the harbor till 4 a m. on the 4th June. Our course was west-south-west ; the wind south and light all day. The weather looked threatening in the evening, but there was little wind through the night. On the morning of the 5th we were out of sight of land. There were plenty of fish about, including barracouta. At noon the latitude was 15° 40′ 24″. Macleay Islands were in sight, bearing south by west. In the afternoon it was cloudy and drops of rain fell, but we were favored with a beautiful sunset. During the night we encountered violent puffs of wind and lowered the mainsail and jib. We experienced one smart shower of rain.

On the 6th all sail was hoisted about 6 a.m. and the wind soon died away, leaving a heavy swell on the sea. Brue Rock was on our right at daylight. There were fish and turtles about, and seabirds sailing over our heads ; course, west-south-west. We got into shallow water at 7 a.m., two and a half, two, and three fathoms ; we supposed we were on the edge of a reef. Cafferelli Island bore east-south-east. At 7.30 the water shallowed to 2¼ fathoms, and we stood south-east till greater depth was obtained. The bottom was coral or rock. We were continually getting into shallow water till a little after 9 a.m., when we got clear. The wind was variable all day and south in the night.

On the 7th the boat had drifted northward ; latitude 16° 1′ 55″. We were now away from all the shallows and destined for the next week or more to behold the ocean in all its grandeur and in all its terror. We were blown out for about 200 miles and did not see land for eight days. What has perhaps seemed to persons whose knowledge of tropic seas is limited, and who have not made zoology a favorite study, most strange in my account of that week of tempest has been the recurrence of references to snakes. These creatures are familiar enough to explorers and other navigators in those waters, and they are doubtless more easily seen from the level of a small boat than from the deck of a barque or ship. They have no connection with the sea serpent and vary in length, as far as our observation went, from 3 to 5 ft. They are generally rather pretty to look at if you can get over the natural repugnance to such reptiles. Some of the species are poisonous, but we did not reckon these animals among our perils. One day we managed to pull one into the boat, but felt more satisfied when we had returned it unharmed to its native element.

There was a strong breeze all night and a rising sea, and about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 8th the ironwork of our rudder broke. We lowered sails and put out a steer oar. The sea was high and rough. Latitude, 16° 38′ 35″. We were still drifting. The sea moderated after noon and we mended the rudder and baled out the boat. Some of the party were unwell, two having cramps, another was bilious, another down with dysentery, and a fifth was very sick but still preserving his appetite. The wind was variable and high at night.

On the morning of the 9th the sea was getting worse till after daylight—a dreadful cross sea, that our sailing-master, White, said was enough to swamp all the boats that ever were launched. At sunrise the sight was terribly grand—the long swell, the mountain wave, the deep hollow, the white foam—as far as we could see the scene was one of wild disorder. When upon the crest of a mighty wave we saw ourselves about to descend into a vast depth like the crater of an extinct volcano. Down we went, high seas foaming all around us. The bowsprit just kissed the water, and the Forlorn Hope rose like a duck upon the next wave. The storm did not increase after sunrise and at 10 a.m. showed signs of moderating, and before noon we had all canvas set. Latitude, 17° 14′ 35″; wind, south-east by south. Porpoises followed us ; shoals of fish were about ; yellow snakes with black spots floated on the surface ; jelly-fish were abundant. In the afternoon the wind rose till it increased to a gale. The sky wore a hard, cold appearance. The waves were awfully

high and we shipped some heavy seas; one in particular sunk the boat low and we had to bale for our lives. We passed a dreadful night, expecting every minute to be our last. We were half drowned and bitterly cold; we were laying to with a leg-of-mutton sail and constantly baling.

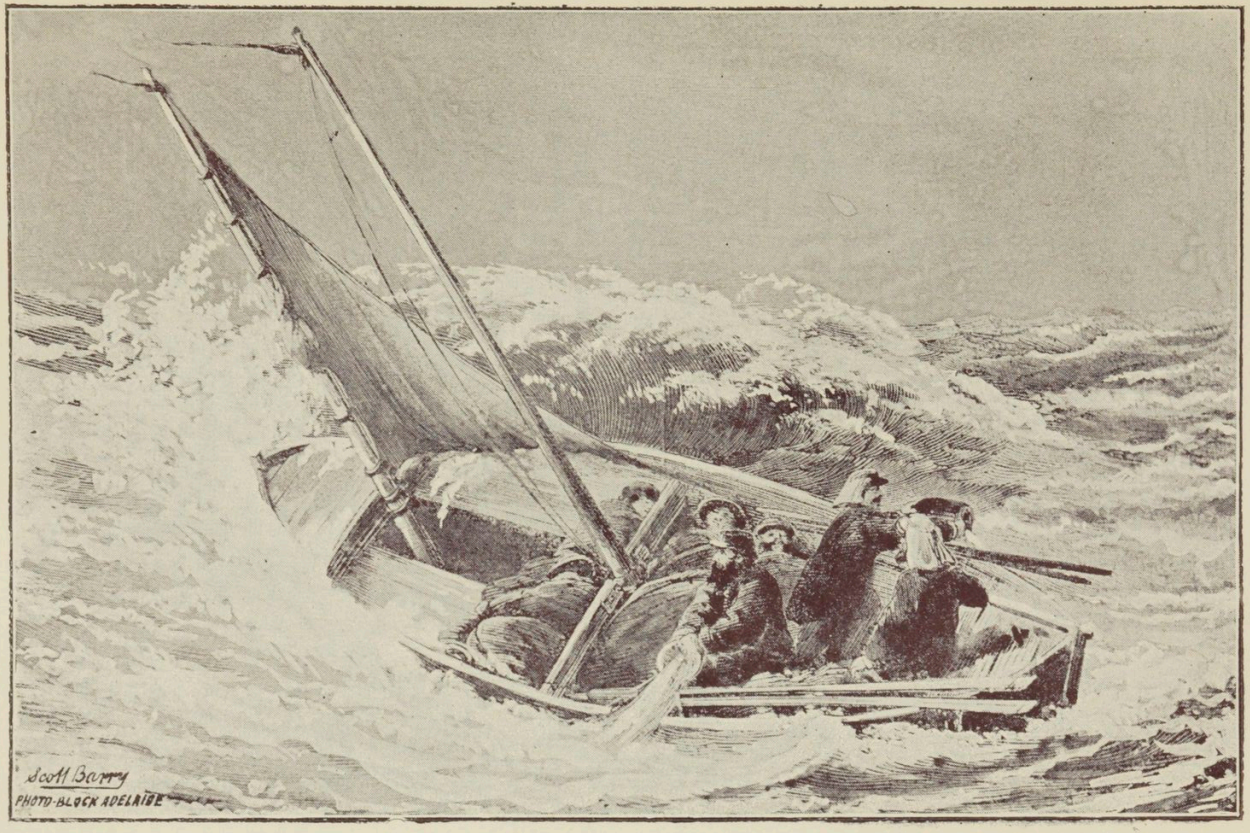
At daylight on the 10th the scene was frightful and all longed for a ship to deliver us from our peril, but we knew that we were out of the track of all vessels. Snakes were floating on the billows. About midday the storm exhibited signs of moderating and there were hopes of making sail again, but as evening came on the wind rose to a gale and there followed another night of suffering and extreme danger. One of the party was seized with shivering fits; we had no medicine, but administered rum and essence of ginger, rubbed his feet, and covered him up in his bed. Blankets, clothing, and everything were saturated with water. The cold was biting, but in all the fury of the storm the sky was clear.

An awful Sabbath morn broke on June 11. We had passed through a night of tempest, peril, and pain, and the storm was now worse than ever; the waves were not higher, but there were cross seas, with the billows breaking over the boat and dashing her round. The invalid suffered very much and we were unable to cook or do anything for the poor fellow but give him the rum and ginger. As the day wore on the tempest still raged. There was an appalling feature in the storm that morning. The waves were high and steep, and as two of us sat watching the terrible scene we saw an immense sea approaching, almost perpendicular, and a few feet at the summit quite so, and of a bright green color and capped with foam. "We shall never get over that," both exclaimed; but there is no craning at those fences and on we went. The top of the sea broke over the boat, nearly upsetting her, and dashed her down the steep descent, and then the mass of water surging under dropped us down on the other side. "Bale, quick!" was the cry and we prepared for the next sea. Three of these walls of water met us with their green tops and crests of foam, and it seemed a miracle how we escaped from being swallowed up. Each time the boat was dashed down in the same way and a quantity of water was thrown into her. At noon we were once more deluded with a hope of the gale lessening and the leg-of-mutton sail was changed into a double-reefed foresail. The two surveyors managed to take latitude—17° 36′ 32″. In the evening the sea and wind increased again and it was necessary to take in canvas. The waves broke against the boat from three different directions. We were now so exhausted that in the danger we could sleep, and even the man at the helm was continually dropping off and waking with a start. We were cramped and tortured by rheumatic pains, caused by being so long wet and remaining in the same posture. During the night the mainmast was cut down and allowed to float away. We could not unfasten it and take it down without moving about and probably in that sea upsetting the boat.

The morning of the 12th broke upon us still battling with the storm. In that time of dreadful danger there was a fierce and almost pleasing excitement in seeing the gallant way in which the Forlorn Hope rode over the mountain billows or recovered herself after being dashed against by cross seas. During the day the storm abated. A few boatswain birds came round us. We ran all night under a close-reefed foresail.

On the 13th our situation looked still more hopeful; we could see over a greater expanse of wild ocean and white surf. The breeze was strong, but we were getting under the influence of the land, and with a south-east wind the sea moderated fast as we approached the shore. Our worst danger was over and we felt deeply thankful. No men were ever in greater peril for so long a time. Fortunately we had moonlight; the sky night and day wore a hard, glaring appearance, with scarcely ever a sign of cloud. About 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 14th smoke was visible in the direction of land and at a quarter past 11, to our intense delight, land itself was in sight; latitude 19° 45′ 54″. The coast was low and barren looking. Along the shore were white sandhills with little vegetation. We endeavored to land in the evening to dry our clothes, but there were heavy rollers on that rendered this dangerous, so we stood out and anchored in four fathoms.

We sailed at daylight on the 15th, steering west-south-west. The coast was still low. Smoke was often visible. No land was in sight. The night was warm, which was extremely agreeable after our late experiences. On the following morning our course was still west-south-west, with a wind generally south-east, but occasionally varying for a time. The weather cloudy, with a cold wind and drizzling rain. On the 17th a breeze sprang up and we sailed till midnight, when we lay to for fear of passing Turtle Island, where we intended to try for turtles and eggs. Soon after daylight we sighted the island, and having a good breeze and all sail set rapidly overhauled it. It was guarded by much worse reefs than we had expected. Large rocks warned us off; tremendous breakers sent up volumes of water bursting into spray that looked at a distance like clouds of smoke. There was of course some way of getting to the



The Forlorn Hope in a Storm.

island with an oared boat, but it would not have been prudent to risk the Forlorn Hope, so all our visions of turtle soup and pelicans' eggs were dispelled. The smaller Turtle Island lay too far out of our course. Point Larry was in sight in the morning. Afterwards we saw nothing of the main land, but smoke was visible all day in that direction. The breeze was east to east by south till noon. We passed over Geographe Shoals, where there were hundreds of turtles. We passed Cape Thurim. Our meat was now all finished for the second time during the voyage, but on the last occasion we were entering Cambden Harbor, where we were able to recruit and lay in a fresh stock of food. We hoped to do so at Nicol Bay, now not far off, but were disappointed, as we found no whites there, the settlement, as we subsequently ascertained, being at Tientsin Harbor, many miles to the north. Jellyfish were floating about, but probably no one has yet tried these creatures as a diet. The wind was variable in the afternoon. Since trying to land on the 14th we heard day and night the sound of heavy rollers on the beach. Latitude 20° 19′ 18″.

Chapter XI.—Nicol Bay—Picturesque Coast—Fish and Snakes—The Natives—A Dry Land—A Day With the Aborigines—Starvation Allowance.

On the 19th June we sighted Cape Lambert, which we reached about 2 p.m., and entered Nicol Bay, sailing between the mainland and Bezant Island. The coast was bolder than any we had been accustomed to for some days. The hills appeared to have a good deal of ironstone about them. The rocks at the shore were rough and strange looking, some washed into arches and concaves, others into the most rugged and fantastic forms, with vast numbers of excrescences like stalactites. Patches of sandy beach appeared and in places reefs jutted out from the shore. In the evening we were hugging the land on the south side of the bay. We sailed principally by solid rock of the colors for some distance of copper ores. We almost fancied we could see the green and yellow carbonates. The land at the other side of the bay was plainly visible. There were plenty of turtles. Jellyfish were conspicuous, of different colors and a peculiar shape like a mushroom with a horsetail attached. Snakes followed the boat. About 4.30 p.m. we heard a cooey and saw natives on the summit of a rise. They motioned to us to come to them and we steered towards the beach, but could not land on account of rocks and the swell. We tried to communicate with the blacks, but we were unintelligible to each other. It was necessary to turn away and when we did so they all gave a tremendous groan. There were about 20 men, women, and children. On seeing the boat moving up the bay one ran along the top of a hill to watch our movements. At sundown we fancied we could see tents and just after dark saw a light, when we cast anchor. We fired two barrels of a revolver and were answered by three distinct signal lights, when we fired another barrel in reply and rested satisfied that we had found the settlers. Latitude at noon, 20° 32′ 6″. During the night we began to doubt whether the camp was not simply a native one.

At daylight on the 20th all doubt as to whether we had found civilised beings was removed, for we heard a cooey and immediately afterwards I saw a native, unaccompanied by any whitefellow, inviting us ashore. As, however, the shore was some distance from us and we had a fair wind we pushed on, thinking the settlers must be higher up the bay, as we had seen no sign of a landing-place. We passed islands, rocky points, and long stretches of low shore fringed with mangroves. About noon we steered for a sandhill, sailing for the last mile or two over 3 ft. of water. We took the boat up to a rocky edge and some of the crew landed, while others pushed her out and anchored in muddy bottom. The boat was soon high and dry, when all landed and we distended ourselves with porridge and scones.

In the afternoon several of us started to walk across a plain to a range of rocky hills to the south, about two miles distant. We found wiry grass, a little saltbush, a great deal of spinifex, and a few bushes. Crossed a dry watercourse with pebbly bottom. The ground was very dry and hard, and the grass had been burnt. White men's tracks were plain enough, though very old. We reached the hills and followed their summits west for a mile to a point from which there was a fine view of the bay and surrounding country. We had noticed that the bay was apparently bounded on the west by a reef, but now we saw water beyond that. When I looked from the hill the tide had receded and left a dry swamp trending round to the south as far as the eye could reach. The country everywhere looked desolate and barren. In all directions, except seaward, were hills similar to that we were upon. There was no sign of timber upon them, except a few stunted trees. Far to the south higher ranges appeared; they looked blue and wooded and probably were in better country. Smoke rose in different places from their summits. The hills we were on were composed very much of ironstone. There was quartz about them and on the plain. Numbers of sandhills dotted the flat country to the east and south. We saw a rock wallaby and observed numerous traces of others. We followed the

hills eastward and descended till we cut the creek we had crossed lower down. Stunted gums, with bark of a remarkable whiteness grew in the bed. We ran the creek down about two miles till we came to a little water, of which we drank heavily. There was limestone all along the creek. Having rested ourselves by the waterhole we returned to the boat. The sandhill by which we were camped was a camping ground of the natives. There were many old fireplaces, fish and turtle bones, and breakwinds of bushes. Here were two curious contrivances that we were quite unable to comprehend. They were constructed in this fashion:—A log about 4 ft. in length and 8 in. in diameter, having at each end a log about 1½ ft. long and pegged on diagonally. A notch was cut round each short piece and a cord attached and running from one end of the machine to the other. One of these articles was carefully covered up with grass; the other lay on the beach. We supposed these things were floated with fishhooks attached to them; but why the division into three pieces. The limited time at our disposal compelled us to leave these questions unsolved, and we resolved to defer exhaustive investigation until our next visit to Nicol Bay. This part of the bay goes further inland than appeared upon the charts. Latitude, 20° 47' 18".

At daylight on the 21st three of us went to the spot where we found water in the creek, hoping to find more by sinking, but were disappointed. At a depth of 2½ ft. we came to decomposed slate. There was shale about and plenty of talc. A native burying ground was situated almost in the bed of the creek. We started a quail and saw emu and dingo tracks. We returned to the boat and sailed for the opposite side of the bay. About eight or nine miles from shore there was a depth of five fathoms. At 4 p.m. anchor was cast two miles from land, the wind having died away.

Hoisted sail at 2 a.m. on the following morning and rounded point after point of the mainland and an island running north of it, till a little before 8 a.m., close to the north point of the island, we saw a small sandy bight and determined to land and get a view from the hills. On nearing the shore a native made his appearance and ran along the beach and then along the rocks, making great gesticulations. We spoke to him and made signs that we were going to land, when he ran to meet us, and three or four other men appeared with four boys. Two of the adults had spears and shook them at us, but as we approached nearer they laid them on the beach. Not knowing how many savages might be in the background we loaded all the firearms, and running the boat ashore two of us landed, one having a revolver in his belt. The rest of the party stopped for some time in the boat. Eight natives met us and were friendly enough. An old man kept in the distance and did not come to us during the day. He was probably behind the times and the slave of antiquated prejudices against foreigners. With this anti-cosmopolitan was a remarkably fine dingo, large, broad-chested, and in good condition.

The natives knew nothing of the European settlement supposed to be in that part of the country, but they had seen white people. They used, of their own accord, about eight or ten English words, including water, baccy, sugar, by-and-bye, and thank you. They begged for food, but that was too scarce with us to allow of our parting with any. We gave them knives and tobacco. They offered us fish ready cooked, but we were afraid they would expect us to pay for the meal with interest out of our small stock of provisions, or such a change of diet would have been welcome. These sons of the wilderness appeared to have some notion of the habits of business men, for it was not till evening that they offered to introduce us to their families, an invitation that the necessity of proceeding on our voyage prevented us from accepting. They showed us water in the rocks, nearly at the summit of the hills, about three-quarters of a mile from the boat, and we took in a full supply in six journeys, several of these friendly savages assisting us. The natives showed us some of their drawings on the rocks. There were sketches of fishes, turtles, lizards, and different kinds of birds, including emus. One aboriginal artist made a sketch of a turtle on the sand. If the performance would not have satisfied a critical eye it had at any rate the merit of being dashed off with a free hand. One of our party then drew the outline of a horse, which sorely puzzled the darkies, and possibly any European accustomed to the noble animal might have been bewildered by this drawing unless, like the crew of the Forlorn Hope, he enjoyed the advantage of being informed what it was intended to represent.

One of the natives stood more than 6 ft., without his stockings, of course, and most of his companions were above the medium height. The flies, though neglecting us almost entirely, pestered in great numbers and with great pertinacity the blacks, who exhibited a peculiarity mentioned by Dampier in his description of the natives of that portion of the Australian coastland named after himself, of having their eyes nearly closed, the result of continually keeping them almost shut to exclude the flies; so that to look at anyone in the face they throw their heads back and elevate their chins. The great navigator in this particular has been abundantly confirmed by subsequent explorers, and now the natives of Nicol Bay

and all along the west coast of Australia, with all their peculiarities of custom, habit, and appearance are well known to pioneer settlers, squatters, and pearlers. We found the friendliness of these savages almost amounted to affection and they were obedient to our requests. Their spears were unbarbed. They had short pointed sticks from one to two feet in length that they informed us were used for stabbing turtles.

A beautiful crested dove here fell a victim to the gun. Rock oysters were abundant, but too small to be of much use. We found a bivalve of a remarkable kind, the size of an ordinary oyster of the Port Lincoln coast, but with a thinner, smoother shell. The meat was yellow, and in places a very bright yellow, and there was a tuft of bristles passing quite under it and overlapping the upper edge. A native told us these creatures were excellent when cooked but objectionable in a raw state. There were wallabies in the rocks. The hills were composed of piles of loose rocks. Ironstone and talc were observable, and in places limestone. Scarcely any timber grew on the island, but in the hollows, through which a dry watercourse ran, there were some stunted gum trees. A few mangroves were near the shore. All along the island was a succession of stony hills. We spent an enjoyable day wandering about, viewing the scenery, observing the geology and fauna, and talking to the aborigines, with whom we remained on excellent terms to the last. In the evening we prepared to start, and not having been able to find any signs of the European settlement, were determined to make for Champion Bay. We had about 60 lb. of flour, 22 lb. of rice of the worst quality, and 2 or 3 lb. of oatmeal and maizena. We determined that after finishing the two latter articles we would put ourselves on three pints of flour and rice per diem for the whole of us—rather less than half a pint each man, and we faithfully adhered to this determination. Having taken in wood and water we went on board and lay at anchor for the night.

Chapter XII. — Another Start—A Strong Current—Islands and Reefs—Clear of Nicol Bay — Turtle, Fish, and Snakes—Safely Round North-West Cape—Sharks Bay—Sport with Line and Gun—A Little Fish Dinner.

At daylight on the 23rd June we weighed anchor, and rounding a point steered west-south-west for what appeared an opening ahead of us. After four or five miles we got into shallow water—one and a half to two fathoms. We passed several low, square, rocky islets and a grassy island; then tried an opening to the north abreast of us. On reaching it we found it very narrow—not above 20 yards wide. The current was very strong; at least eight miles an hour. Some times there were three fathoms of water and then rocks only three feet below the surface. Sail was lowered on approaching this dangerous passage, but the current was so strong the only course was to go through with it. We backed water with the oars and shoved the boat off the rocks as she rushed through like a racehorse. The difficulty over, instead of being in the open sea we were surrounded on all sides by islands and reefs except to the east, the direction from which we came. We turned in that direction, and the wind being against us, pulled till nearly midday, when we passed the last night's anchorage and had a full view of our old landing-place. Oatmeal and flour were now cooked. According to our usual plan when afloat we lit the fire in a campoven and boiled the food in a bucket. Since running out of meat and finding our stock of other provisions getting low we boiled everything to make it go further. The flour was made into what the sailors called skilly; the rice was left stewing till it absorbed all the water. We never made tea on board, as it was necessary to be extremely economical with wood and water. About 1.30 p.m. we took to the oars again and continued pulling till after 4 p.m., when the wind enabled us to sail. At sunset there was a strong current against us and we anchored between Legendre and Delambre Islands in 11 fathoms. Both islands are rocky, but grassy on their surface. The passage between Legendre and Haay Islands appeared impracticable on account of breakers. A north-west breeze during the night made us anxious; we could not help thinking of the much-dreaded North-West Cape, and feared that the most dangerous wind had set in.

At daylight on the 24th, to our joy, the wind had shifted to the south-east and we felt that we had probably taken leave of Nicol Bay. This confident anticipation was realised. We steered north by west about four miles, north-west seven miles, west-north-west ten miles, then west. At 11.30 a.m. Delambre Island was out of sight and four hours later the course was altered to west-south-west, the farther point of Legendre Island bearing 8½ west. In the evening the wind died away, but we had light and variable winds through the night. Morning came, and a glorious sunrise over clouds reflecting from their edges the most varied and brilliant hues. There were light fleecy clouds in all parts of the sky, interspersed with others of a darker color. Turtles were about. Latitude, 20° 27′; Rocky Point, Enderby Island, bearing east by east; wind, east-north-east. At sunset there were cloud-banks and dark scud all round. The

winds were light and variable all night. Variable winds bothered us all the forenoon of the 26th, and a calm settled over the Forlorn Hope at midday and lasted till evening. Latitude, 20° 35′ 30″. Dark scud floating about at dark; variable winds all night; drops of rain. The dews had not been so heavy after reaching Nicol Bay. At daylight on the 27th rocky isles were visible to the south-east. Porpoises and snakes were about the boat. Latitude, 20° 40′ 23″. We were really making very slow progress, and again we had light and variable winds all day and night. There were, however, indications of a change, and it was especially ominous that stormy petrels should be flying round. The night was cold, with heavy dew.

At dawn on the 28th we saw on our left the north-east island of five trending to the south-west. Immense shoals of fish kept rising and playing on the surface of the water and making a noise like a tempest. Latitude, 20° 58′. We sailed to the island sighted at daybreak, and landed. Here were large bushes and plenty of driftwood. We took in fuel. The island had a ridge of sandhills running round it and a plain in the middle, on which grew spinifex and other worthless vegetation. There were curlews on shore, but very shy. We shot four seabirds in the water, but the strong current bore them away before we had a chance to get them. Turtles abounded close to the beach; if we could have stopped at night we could have supplied ourselves, but a fair breeze springing up between 3 and 4 p.m. we set sail, with three fishhawk's eggs and some firewood as the reward of six miles' rowing and a loss of eight miles on our course. We needed the firewood, however; and the eggs, few as they were, made the next pot of skilly more satisfying than it would otherwise have been. We had islands on our right; the five on our left are called Rocky Isles, but they have merely a few rocks round their base and grass or vegetation of some kind on their summits. The sea all along the coast about here is studded with islands. The wind lulled at 7 in the evening and died away.

Just after midnight a fine breeze came from the south-east and we had a splendid run all night. During the forenoon it shifted, till it stopped at north-east; course south-west. At 11 a.m. passed a sandy island south-east by south. Immediately afterwards we saw bottom and sounded from 1½ to 4 fathoms and then passed into deep water. Abundance of turtle. Breakers to the south-east. A reef extends fully three miles north-east from the island, which is seven or eight miles, according to the chart, from the Rossilly Island of the French. Latitude, 21° 19′ 28″. The breeze freshened, till our jurymast, made of an oar shortly after we got safely through the great storm, cracked and had to be stayed. At 1 p.m. Thouvenard Island lay on our port bow. During the afternoon we passed a line of low, sandy islands, keeping them to the east. About 10 p.m. we saw a sandy island unnamed. Here we shortened sail in order to time our progress so as to round the North-West Cape in the morning. The night was pleasant; the wind at midnight from south-east.

It was cold towards the morning of the 30th. At daylight Muiron Island was in sight, and we passed between the island and the Cape, within two miles of the former. The island, or rather islands, for there are two, are low, grassy, without timber, and with shelving shores. Approaching the Cape the land looks bold, but is still higher along the Exmouth gulf. On the gulf shore the hills looked wooded, and smoke was visible. We turned west about 8 a.m. and took in the mainsail. Resisting all temptation to run up the gulf, we had well rounded the cape at noon. Latitude, 21° 49′ 52″. The run round was a beautiful one. There were sandhills along the shore, both on the gulf and ocean sides as far as we could see. The night was fine. Point Cloates was passed at 11.30 p.m. We nearly drifted on to a reef. All night we heard the roar of the breakers and before dark had seen them beating heavily on the shore.

At dawn on the 1st July the spray was rising up like mist clouds Latitude at noon, 23° 8′ 18″. We had been running within from five to eight miles from the shore, and the coast from the North-West Cape to this point was as wretched looking as any part of the continent—barren, desolate, treeless, and of a dingy-brown color. True enough it was the season when in those latitudes Australian landscape presents a withered appearance, but here were large patches without any vegetation whatever. About that line of coast is no element of the sublime to redeem its horrible barrenness. There is a long range of 600 ft. elevation; no beetling crag, no steep mountain or dark ravine, no chasm or overhanging precipice. The hills are smooth-sided, with a dull uniformity of height, and appear to be elevated only to render more conspicuous their sterility and monotonous hideousness. Twenty-five miles from the cape the hills looked a little more irregular, but there was the same absence of forest, the same appearance of desolation.

At daylight on the 2nd we could indistinctly see the coast through the haze and mist. To the north were perpendicular cliffs; to the south was lower land, trending away in a kind of bight and then coming out in the form of bold cliffs of reddish-white color. We passed Cape Cuvièr and Cape Cuvièr of the French.

The view during the morning was indistinct up to this point, but the land appeared desolate—partly cliffs, partly steep slopes, with sandhills here and there. Latitude 24° 22'. We were now fairly out of the tropics and might expect the weather to become more and more wintry as the Forlorn Hope sailed southwards. The wind was north-west in the afternoon and we steered for Shark's Bay and ran under the shelter of the Bernier and Dorre Islands, the former of which was sighted between 3 and 4 p.m. The afternoon was cold and the succeeding night calm.

At daylight on the 3rd we had passed Bernier Island and had Dorre Island on our right, distant about 10 miles. The shores were steep and cliffy, some of the cliffs being extremely white. There appeared to be scrub or stunted timber about the island. We took soundings at 6, 5, 4, and 3¾ fathoms and then anchored, there being a calm. After leaving Nicol Bay the most common wind had been south-east, or from that to east-south-east, but the wind went all round the compass nearly every day and often stood a long while at north-east. We were perpetually in fear of it setting in from the north-west, and no colonial Saxbys—no mariners—ever watched the signs of the weather more earnestly than we did.

Before anchoring we enjoyed some sport. I had undergone some peculiar experience with my gun in some of our shooting excursions in the early part of our voyage. The weapon, a double-barrel muzzle-loader, though an old one, was new to me ; I purchased it just before leaving Adam Bay for twenty or thirty shillings, and unfortunately did not give it a trial before closing the bargain or starting on the Forlorn Hope trip. When brought into action it did good execution among a flock of teal, but if aimed at a single bird the result was very uncertain. To make sure whether the fault lay with the shooting iron or the shooter I fired at the sea at a distance of about twenty or thirty yards, and the piece scattered like a blunderbus. The obvious moral is that when proposing to purchasing a second-hand fowling piece you should, if possible, try before you buy. Now, however, in Sharks Bay, with all hands starving, the best gun in the boat was handed to me; thus in great emergencies does modest merit sometimes meet with proper appreciation. Though usually an uncertain shot, on this occasion I justified the confidence reposed in me by my comrades. There was a bit of a sea on, but I missed nothing. From six shots we gathered six shags, some of which were killed on the wing and some on the wave. One got away wounded, but this was made up for by dropping two at another attempt. We now gathered the birds in, and eyed them ravenously as we sailed on. Jack White baited a hook with the head of one of the shags, and caught a fish of a species not one of the crew had ever seen before. It weighed 12 or 14 lb. and was something like a cod, particularly about the head. It had no scales, and the skin was shiny, with black spots. It distended its stomach with wind and then let it collapse. White quickly baited with the flesh of this fish and caught two more of about the same size. We did not like the look of the creatures, but the flesh appeared wholesome, and we determined to run all risk and feed on them. We anchored, and just afterwards caught a schnapper and looking into the water saw shoals. Our delight can be imagined. There was no shyness about these fish. White hauled them up as fast as two men could take them off the hook and refix the bait. We caught 28 in less than that number of minutes, when we desisted, for we had as many as we could use, or the Forlorn Hope might have been filled in a short time. We now threw away our spotted friends. Afterwards, when the voyage was over, we discovered that they were called blow fish, and it was said they were deadly poison and that cats died within 20 minutes after eating their flesh.

In the afternoon we commenced boiling the schnapper. The crew were ravenous, and while the boiling was in progress everyone clustered round the fire and grilled and toasted for himself. There were two boilings, and altogether we ate nine schnapper, weighing at least 50 lb., when all hands felt satisfied and most of them more than satisfied. A gorge like this is depressing, if not demoralising. It is followed by a gloomy and degraded feeling, like that which overtakes as a certain retribution the sinner who tarries over the wine cup too long and too often. The sensation passes away more rapidly, however, in the case of him who, made reckless by starvation, eats not wisely but too well, provided the viands are wholesome. For some hours we all slept peacefully, except, of course the watch, and only one of our party suffered seriously from this tremendous feed. Schnapper is a light diet ; had we gormandised on beef or mutton in that style we probably should not have been let off so easily, and it makes one shudder to imagine what might have been the consequence had we devoured 50 lb. weight of shags. As we dined the wind set in south-east, which would be dead against us outside the bay, so we remained at anchor.

CHAPTER XIII.—SHARKS BAY—MORE SCHNAPPER—A WHALE—DIRK HARTOG'S ISLAND—AWAY FROM THE BAY—SPLENDID RUN ALONG THE COAST—CHAMPION BAY—THE FORLORN HOPE VOYAGE OVER.

On the Glorious Fourth of July we sailed a few miles along Dorre Island and then anchored for the rest of the day and all night. We caught 14 more schnapper, when sharks appeared and drove from the ground those waiting for the hook. The water was beautifully clear, so that all the performances of the finny tribe were plainly visible. The schnapper swarmed till suddenly, on a shark of 5 or 6 ft. length appearing among them, they scudded in all directions. Schnapper, blowfish, and shags, as we found on opening them, all fed on crabs. While the schnapper lasted — between three and four days — we ate nothing else, so that we saved our flour and rice for the time when we should be reduced again to that diet. We only had two meals a day and by way of dessert the roes of the fish were served up and were found to be delicious eating, though the richness and delicacy of this dish seem to be unknown both to the professional and the domestic cook. The sailor, as well as the bushman, is competent to impart useful instruction in such matters. Latitude at this anchorage 25° 7′. The weather was cold and topcoats were felt to be a necessity. On the 5th a glorious sunrise and a warm balmy day succeeded a beautiful night. The wind being east we sailed at early dawn, going along within two miles of the island. The shores were low cliffs of rock, partly loose and partly solid ; inland grassy, with bushes. The nearer we were to the island the more bare of timber it appeared to be. We were still feeding on schnapper. The water was smooth, but a swell was perceptible as we approached the channel between the island and Dampier's reef. At 10.30 a.m., the wind dying away, we anchored in seven and a half fathoms. The anchorages in this bay are sandy, often with great quantities of weed. From the point of the island a reef runs out about two miles. The land abreast of us showed hills with sloping summits, very bare of bushes or grass. Ahead, at the point of the island, the ground was much higher. Having made another start, after a short time, about 1 p.m. Dirk Hartog's Island was in sight. Here a large whale was in view. To us in our little craft this monster of the deep presented a much more magnificent appearance than he would if viewed from the deck of a large vessel. A sleepy good-tempered looking creature he was. It would doubtless have been possible to irritate him, but we were not capable of the ill-nature to give sufficient provocation. We let him spout, and were too anxious for a peaceable ending to our voyage even to embroil ourselves with any one of the sharks that swarmed in the bay, aggressive as they might be in manner and conduct.

Turning the point of the island the sight of the breakers was grand. Some rose in columns to a great height ; others broke in high bodies of water and foamed over the rocks. The whole of the west half of the point seemed enveloped in spray and mist. We listened to the tremendous roaring and felt thankful we had not tried the passage in the night time. At sunset the wind ceased and we rowed till 9 p.m., when a light south-east breeze started and during the night we got through the channel and put the boat on her course—S.S.E.

In the morning of the 6th the sea was rather rough, with a long swell on. A mist hung over Dirk Hartog's Island all the forenoon. It is high land, appearing like ranges of hills, dark and gloomy. Occasionally we could see the steep cliffs overhanging the sea. About midday we were off the false entrance between the island and the mainland. Latitude, 26° 9′ 45″. The coast on the mainland is low ; sandhills are near the points, then yellowish cliffs of small elevation, their summits showing dry grass, but perfectly bare of timber. Snakes followed us and albatrosses sailed round the boat. We finished all the schnapper remaining that were eatable ; some had become too stale. For the second meal it was resolved to cook all the shags shot on the 3rd. We cut them up and stewed them with rice. I assisted Davis, the seaman, in the preparation of this dish, and freely gave my share to my comrades. The flesh was red and rank ; the odor can never be forgotten. It stuck to our hands, clung to knives and cooking utensils, and hung about the boat ; for several days all creation seemed to be flavored with shag. One of the party was ill, the writer abstinent, but the remaining five devoured the whole of the delightful preparation, two-thirds of a bucketful at a meal, and pronounced it delicious—infinitely to be preferred to the insipid schnapper. It was a pure matter of taste. Light winds prevailed during most of the night and the weather was alternately cloudy and fine.

Towards daylight on the 7th the breeze freshened and about an hour before dawn it was necessary to take in the mainsail. Wind, north-east ; getting stronger during the forenoon, and the sea very rough. We had got out 20 miles from land and the sea being on our broadside we received a good wetting. About 10 a.m. the weather moderated, and soon afterwards the sun came out and the sky lost its wintry appearance ; even the wind was warm. Latitude, 27° 18′. In the afternoon the wind was north-west and the weather threatening. All were

longing to reach Champion Bay before a burster should come on. We pulled in towards the coast and ran within seven or eight miles of it. The land was high, but little of it could be seen, the atmosphere being so hazy. Sometimes cliffs were visible, and timber in places. We saw smoke on shore, the first since leaving Exmouth Gulf. Albatrosses were numerous and there were a few Cape pigeons. In the latter part of the afternoon the land became more distinct and we could see the green foliage of trees. Gantheaume Bay was passed about 7.30 and could be distinctly made out although the moon had not risen. No part of the trip was more enjoyable than this. We were making speed and nearing the end of a long and perilous voyage. We had a splendid run all through the night, hugging the shore, with a smart breeze and a high sea in our favor. After passing Gantheaume Bay the limestone hills were very conspicuous, and had a strange effect by the light of the clouded moon. They were lofty and white with dark summits. We noticed Shoal Point, but passed, without observing, Port Gregory and the mouth of the Hutt River. During the night the wind shifted once or twice, and on one occasion the jurymast cracked and nearly went over the side. Just afterwards an oar that was being used for a boom broke in half, striking the watch on the head, knocking him into the bottom of the boat and occasioning a flow of the circulating fluid from the nasal organ.

The morning of the 8th July broke unpromisingly, with a mist so dense that the land was not discernible at a distance of a quarter of a mile. It was feared that in the fog we should pass Champion Bay without seeing it, but at last we recognised in what looked like a cloudbank the high land, and after a heavy shower of rain had to a great extent cleared away the mist the weary voyagers were refreshed by a delightful view of lofty and picturesque ranges. We were prepared from all we had heard of Western Australia to find a barren coast, even in the more southern latitudes, but whether this part of the coast were fertile or otherwise it presented a bold and varied scenery. There were hill and valley, peak and bluff, long ranges, flat-topped hills, trees scattered over the upper portions of the elevations and heather upon the mountain side. The effect of this view after the dreariness and desolation we had left behind was most enchanting. Then the mist came over again, obscuring all the prospect and leaving only the dull outline of the land. Once more it partially cleared, and in the distance were visible Mount Fairfax and the Pinnacle, with other hills of strange shapes. Hugging the shore we passed over a shoal marked on the chart, with five fathoms of water on it and a rough sea. Shortly after this we perceived a green spot in the scrub, then discovered a hut, and observed that the verdant patch was a cultivation paddock. How welcome was this first sign of civilisation after 1,600 miles of wild ocean and desert shore. The coast after this took a sweep, and the boat was steered for a distant point of land with a reef stretching out from it. In vain endeavoring to reconcile our course with the chart, we suddenly saw houses, then flagstaffs, shipping, and a jetty. At last our toils, privations, and perils were over. We turned our boat for the pier, and disregarding the buoys to our left, sailed over the end of the reef on the south-west side of the bay, with soundings at from 3¾ to 5 fathoms, till regular bottom was found at 6 fathoms, which lasted till we nearly reached the shore, when it shoaled suddenly.

Our arrival created great excitement. It was at first thought that ours was a whaleboat from Port Gregory, but the course we steered and the fact of our taking soundings proved us to be strangers. Nearly all the population were on the beach, of course thinking we were part of a shipwrecked crew, and fifty willing hands helped to drag the Forlorn Hope on shore. Our story was soon told, and we were loaded with expressions of kindly welcome and offers of assistance, and, although undoubtedly the crew presented a suspicious appearance, the authorities did not trouble us with enquiries till we had been warmed by the fire and comforted by the good cheer of mine host Barton's excellent hotel. After satisfying the claims of hunger we proceeded, according to our several tastes, to give ourselves the appearance of civilised beings. Before the metamorphosis was completed in my case I was waited upon by a police functionary, who enquired if I was the "ringleader" of the party. I looked steadily at him as if for an explanation, when he modified the expression by lopping off the first syllable, and dwelt upon the extreme importance of caution and vigilance in a convict colony. I satisfied him, however, by exhibiting the official clearance of the little vessel from Cambden Harbor, and still further by allowing him to see her Majesty's mail for Fremantle.

The day continued rainy and cold, and rendered us doubly grateful for the warmth and shelter after our weary voyage. In the evening several of us visited the Mechanics' Institute and buried ourselves for hours among the colonial, but of course more particularly the Adelaide journals. Those who in our own beautiful city have been accustomed to their morning and evening paper will hardly appreciate the zest with which we devoured several

months' news, with all their topics of interest, including the rise and fall of Ministries, accidents by flood and field, the catastrophe that had befallen Panter and his party in Western Australia, the shooting of desperate bushrangers in Victoria and New South Wales, the deaths of great men in the old country, the end of the great confederate struggle in America, and the assassination of President Lincoln. We returned very late to our inn, thankful that the voyage of the Forlorn Hope had ceased. Her crew was disbanded. A better lot never pulled together. Under Providence we were all much indebted for our lives to the skill and judgment of John White, the sailing master, and to his coolness in times of the greatest possible danger, and we felt grateful that we had the assistance of another British tar, James Davis. To my friends, Messrs. Hamilton and McMinn, who took observations and laid down our course, we owed the exactness with which we ascertained our position and pursued our way. Their earthly voyage has long been ended, but to their assistance I owe much in preparing this account, and to their labors is to be attributed the geographical accuracy that must constitute its chief value. Those who were neither seamen nor navigators did their duty as Englishmen, and the recollection of the perils we faced and the hardships we endured together formed a tie that time could only strengthen.

Chapter XIV.—Champion Bay—The Settlers and Natives—Convicts—A Trip Inland—Birds and Flowers—Farming and Grazing—Mines—Sail for Fremantle.

We spent a week at Champion Bay, of which the seaport town is named Geraldton. The day after our arrival was Sunday and the place was remarkably quiet. There was a small Anglican Church, used during the week as a schoolroom, but Geraldton was just at that time without a clergyman, the incumbent having recently left. Under these circumstances the service was usually conducted by the resident magistrate, but he being absent there was no public worship while we were at Geraldton. On the Sabbath the convicts were marched to the church, but returned unedified and unprayed for. I walked about the township, across grassy flats and over sandhills, with their vegetation of bushes, including small teatree, sarsaparilla, the hibiscus, and many other shrubs. Among hills of white sand are wells of the purest water. From the highest elevation is a grand view of the country. Eastward are the Pinnacle and Mount Fairfax, two remarkable looking hills, forming landmarks for mariners at a great distance from the bay. In the distance are dark ranges and leading to them large plains and tracks of tableland, apparently scrubby, but really comprising blocks of good pastoral and agricultural soil. Some holdings were pointed out to me, but they were distant and far apart.

Turning from this view the harbor next strikes the eye, the reef on the south side extending and curving round so as to afford complete shelter for vessels. No accident had ever happened to a ship in this harbor. During our stay a schooner was being built near the jetty and the launching had commenced when we left. A timber barge, named the Sea Bird, arrived while we were at Geraldton. There were a number of boats anchored about the bay or drawn up on the beach. The town consisted of about 60 houses, nearly all built of stone. Some were extensive and substantial buildings, the principal one being Mr. Crowther's store, opposite the jetty. In Adelaide there were then hardly any merchants' buildings more extensive than these. There was a large store more to the eastward, and two or three of smaller size about the town. Two inns supplied the wants of the residents and of visitors, and were as comfortable and well kept as good hotels in more advanced townships. West of the jetty was the courthouse, a long low building of the true Australian pattern ; and opposite was the church, a small erection of an extremely simple and unpretending style of architecture. Still further west appeared the resident magistrate's house, a capacious, one-storied dwelling, with several acres of lawn attached, and surrounded by a stone wall. Other private residences completed this part of the town. At the back, on a high hill, was the flagstaff, from the summit of which at night-time a lantern gave a feeble light. A quarter of a mile eastward of the Geraldton Hotel and the business part of the township stood the convict buildings and the residence of the assistant-superintendent.

All around were sandhills. The climate is wonderfully healthy, the air pure and bracing. The juvenile population looked plump and strong, though few of them were ruddy. Diphtheria had visited the district and had been fatal in some instances. The natives appeared to be strong and muscular, and their clean built frames, open intelligent countenances, and large full eyes were a treat after the skinny, ill-shaped, and blear-eyed specimens of humanity we met with at Nicol Bay. They are a lively joyous race. We saw the greatest number on Sunday, and their notions of Sabbath observance seemed rather Parisian than English. All were in a happy mood, laughing, singing, and even dancing. One sat on the summit of one of the highest hills chanting his corroboree and beating time with sticks. At a distance were two going through some peculiar terpsichorean performances. Others met us as they were

indulging in melodies of a somewhat monotonous character. Of one vocalist we begged a translation of the ditty he had been warbling; but after hesitating some time he expressed it as his opinion that it was impossible for the aborigines and Europeans to make themselves mutually intelligible in poetry. This would not satisfy anyone remembering the charming translations given to the world half a century ago by Sir George Grey in the account of his Western Australian explorations. Some of the blacks make efficient constables, and during our week at Geraldton native police captured several of their countrymen on a charge of cattle-stealing. I was in court for a few minutes while this charge was under investigation and was struck with the perfect acquaintance with the English language displayed by the native interpreter. The magistrate, in conversing with him, did not use any other style of phraseology than one would in talking to a British laborer.

I visited the penal establishment with the Resident Magistrate, Mr. Lewis John Bayly, from whom I received a great deal of kindness and much valuable information. The felons and their keepers are accommodated in a collection of substantial stone buildings. We first inspected the local prison, with lofty cells for holding three prisoners each, and dark cells for solitary confinement. Here were irons of different weights for refractory prisoners None were suffering this penalty during my visit. We next examined the gaol for Imperial convicts from the old country, an extensive lofty building, ventilated by a large square opening at each end, guarded by iron bars. The bedsteads or bunks were in two tiers, and the building formed only one apartment, in which all the prisoners slept—an arrangement universally condemned in the other colonies during the days of transportation. The hospital was roomy and comfortable. Ten or a dozen miserable men were in it suffering from various complaints, the most common being debility. The kitchens, stores, and stables were kept in perfect order. The officers' quarters were spacious and comfortable. In every department perfect neatness and cleanliness met the eye. A stone wall ran round the whole of the public buildings, and outside, but close to this, was a quarry, where some prisoners were working. Other parties were employed on the road between the bay and the mines. Apart from the establishment were the house and garden of Mr. Snowden, the assistant-superintendent.

On the 12th July I started for the mines with several settlers. Our road lay northward, and parallel with the shore for some ten or twenty miles, and we travelled for the first hour or two over deep sand and through scrub full of flowers of many varieties and of every shape and hue. The banksia tree resembles the honeysuckle of South Australia, except in the blossom, which, though of the same cylindrical shape, is very beautiful, varying in color from scarlet or more commonly crimson to purple. Some kinds are of a palish pink with longitudinal stripes of crimson. Thousands of birds filled the air with their music. Like all the winged musicians of Australia, their songs were brief and the notes few, but this was to a great extent compensated for by the immense number of the performers and the variety of their melodies.

We crossed the River Chapman five or six miles from the bay; it contained very little fresh water near the crossing. About nine miles from Champion Bay the country begins to improve, and after going over a couple of miles of good grass land we came to the station of Mr. Drummond, one of the earliest settlers in that part of the colony. To him the district owes much for his management of natives in the infancy of the settlement. When they were hostile and treacherous he acquired so wonderful an ascendency over their minds by his fearless bearing and perfect acquaintance with their customs, habits, and character that he was at all times able to make any capture he wished, till at last the aborigines became reconciled, or submitted to European ascendency and occupation of the land. We did not see the stock on this run, but the homestead was extensive and looked like that of a prosperous settler. Mr. Drummond cultivated a vineyard of some acres, and we tasted a sound full-bodied wine made from the Shiraz that when mature would be excellent. After leaving this station we visited a young vineyard several miles farther north, in a sandy hill, where the prospect of having healthy vines or a large yield of grapes appeared very small.

We next saw a copper mine of Mr. Drummond's, from which we took a fine specimen of black ore. There were a few men working at this mine, which presented a promising appearance. We crossed the Bowes River, which was spanned by an excellent bridge. The water was low and the river, like most in that part of the colony, was simply a chain of ponds. A number of creeks were also crossed during the day, till a halt was made at Hoskin's Hotel, centrally situated in the mining district.

The following morning, under the guidance of Dr. Elliot, J.P., I visited the Wheal Fortune mine, where we met Captain Penworthy, who was turning out some very fine copper ore. The crushing machine was at work. The water was not so troublesome as at many of the South Australian mines, and the facilities for drainage were admirable. This was the leading mine of the district and was being worked by an English company. Some of the ore was of high

quality, exceeding 40 per cent., and had realised £35 per ton at Swansea. At the Yangandka we obtained specimens of grey and peacock ore, and observed the operations that were being carried on with every prospect of success. The Gwala, to the south-east of the Wheal Fortune, was turning out good black ore, and this, with visiting two or three abandoned shafts, completed our inspection of the mines in this part of the district. All that I saw impressed me with the belief that the country to the north and north-east of Champion Bay would prove rich in paying mines were capital found to work them; but there were really no capitalists in Western Australia. Two or three thousand pounds was generally about all that could be raised to work a mine, and often far less; then if there was not sufficient ore raised to carry on the expenses operations were necessarily discontinued. Probably not so much money had been spent on all the mines in the district as the New Cornwall Association had expended in their workings on their property near Wallaroo. Copper was the principal mineral in that part of Western Australia to which these remarks apply, but there were quantities of lead in some of the shafts. Malleable copper had recently been discovered on the surface over a considerable piece of country near the River Irwin, and the discoverer had taken out a lease of several hundred acres.

Nearly all the mining country I passed over was excellently grassed and some of it fit for wheatgrowing. There was a good deal of the poison plant, but principally on patches of stony ground and about the higher hills. The sheep had to be tended closely to keep them from it. They were large and longwoolled, but scarcely a flock existed wholly free from scab. The squatters resorted very much to local dressings, and a flock I saw were daubed and spotted about as if with the idea of checking to some extent the progress of the disease instead of curing it. The settlers almost universally admitted the necessity for an efficient Scab Act, like that in force in the neighboring colonies.

The country I travelled over was high land I had seen from the Forlorn Hope on the last day of our voyage, but it did not appear so wild and picturesque as when viewed from the sea. After leaving the plain extending from the bay we ascended by a succession of slopes till a considerable elevation was reached and then steep bluffs rose up apparently from 100 to 250 ft. above us. Stunted gums grew about the beds of creeks, elsewhere the timber consisted principally of different species of wattle. There are teatrees and another wood that in Western Australia is called ironbark, but which South Australians would describe as a species of teatree.* Among the shrubs and plants were hibiscus, sarsaparilla, and the Sturt pea. The grass was similar to that in the hilly country of South Australia, and the runs appeared to be under-stocked. The rocks are principally granite and ironstone. To the south of Geraldton, about 12 miles distant, are the Grenough Flats, running along the river of that name, where about 30,000 acres of rich agricultural land were under cultivation. I regretted that I had not time to visit that part of the country. The Champion Bay district is considered the pick of Western Australia. It was spoken of in high terms by Sir George Grey, but his reports were contradicted. Repeated testimony had been borne during the seven or eight years preceding the date on which these notes were first penned to the accuracy of his descriptions of the land he explored, and the settlement of Champion Bay has afforded perhaps the most remarkable instance of his truthfulness and sound judgment having been recognised after years of misrepresentation.

I looked in at the courthouse at Gwala, where justice was administered in a manner that left suitors no reason to complain of the law's delays. Between 50 and 60 cases, civil and criminal, were disposed of between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. The lock-up was small and scarcely equal to the requirements of the district. In the evening, in company of nearly all the magistracy of those parts, I left the mining neighborhood and rode to the station of Mr. Burgess, a J.P. and leading settler, whose homestead was prettily situated on the Bowes River. There was abundance of water; the country was undulated and well grassed; large patches of wattles were sprinkled over the slopes, and at a short distance were ranges of hills. The house was large and roomy; all the buildings, including barn, stables, huts, &c., were well built and well arranged; large cultivation paddocks stretched away in different directions; a flourmill worked by six horses was in operation. In the stables we inspected a thoroughbred horse—powerful, short in the barrel, and with splendid legs. Some good mares were about the yards. The whole establishment looked very much like the homestead of a prosperous squatter in one of the other Australian colonies.

Here we stayed for a night, and taking leave of our kind host in the morning returned to Geraldton by a somewhat different route from that we had chosen on our journey from it, and travelling nearer to the

* This wood, speaking of the whole genus, is now, by persons writing about the scenery and flora of Australia, commonly called "ti-tree," but I stick to the nomenclature to which old colonists are accustomed and which was universally in fashion when Teatree Gully and various swamps in South Australia received from this tree their names, familiar to excursionists, sportsmen, and others ever since.

sea kept the White Peake on our left and passed close to the hut and paddock that gladdened our eyes on the morning on which we finished our dreary boat voyage. At a spring on the road we met Mr. Von Bibra, a successful breeder of horses for the Indian market and then the only settler on the Murchison. He had with him a supply of ales and spirits, of which he hospitably invited us to partake. Having during the morning had the principles of the Permissive Liquor Law expounded to us at great length by an amiable enthusiast, we gladly availed ourselves of its provisions. Reaching the bay late in the afternoon we found that the Seabird was to sail in the evening for Fremantle. Five of the Forlorn Hope crew collected, and leaving behind Messrs. Hamilton and Hake, who intended following for some time the avocation of photographers, went on board about 10 p.m. There being no wind we lay at anchor all night, tacking slowly out next morning, and so left Champion Bay with its pleasant recollections and the friendships we had formed during our short sojourn. The settlers were frank, hospitable, genial, abounding in all those virtues that find their highest development in young or struggling settlements.

CHAPTER XV.—FROM CHAMPION BAY TO FREMANTLE—YARNS WITH THE SKIPPER—ROTTNEST ISLAND — FREMANTLE—GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF OURSELVES—THE SWAN RIVER—OLD FRIENDS—PERTH.

On the 16th July in our little tub of a vessel, which was employed principally in the timber trade, we passed low coast and in the evening ran into a small bay just past the mouth of the Irwin, where we were sheltered behind formidable reefs and breakers. It was strange that after the long voyage in our little cockle-shell we should be afflicted with *mal de mer* in this more capacious boat, but such was really the case with some of our party, therefore this stay in smooth water was very welcome. We gained much information at Geraldton and on this vessel respecting the coast we had passed in the Forlorn Hope. The skipper, Mr. Cooper, had commanded the Flying Foam, that carried the exploring party under Dr. Martin to the Glenelg and other places, and knew almost every foot of the coast between Cambden Harbor and Fremantle. We learned that there were no settlers within 40 or 50 miles of Nicol Bay, the settlement being at Tien Tsin Harbor, near Depuch Island. There was a passage at Sharks Bay between Dirk Hartog's Island and the mainland, a fact that we were unaware of, what presented something like the appearance of a passage being marked on the chart as False Entrance. On the mainland at Sharks Bay we should have found a party collecting guano; and there was a squatter's station being formed some distance inland. The natives on that coast were exceedingly cunning and dangerous. At Nicol Bay on one occasion, thinking some white visitors were unarmed, they endeavored to make them lead the way down a rocky descent, intending, probably, to throw stones after them. The sight of a brace of pistols, however, produced a happy effect and, adopting the better part of valor, the blacks preceded the palefaces down the hill. At Exmouth Gulf the natives attacked a party, including Mr. Cooper and some settlers, and it was necessary to fire on them repeatedly with effect.

We had a long passage and did not sight Rottnest Island till 1.20 p.m. on July 20. It looked low and scrubby as we approached, but on the side nearest the mainland it is prettier looking and more fertile. We did not view this, however, nor did we see the Governor's residence on the island, as we passed in the dark.

After tacking about all night we anchored at dawn close to the jetty at Fremantle. There were about fourteen small craft, principally cutters, near the shore. Further out were a barque and a brig. A vast number of boats of every size and shape and every variety of rig were anchored or hauled up on the beach. Launching the Forlorn Hope, we pulled to the jetty, landed, and according to a request that the proper authority afterwards assured us was made under a misapprehension—it being supposed that we were a shipwrecked crew—proceeded to give some account of ourselves at the police office. We then went to mine host Hicks, a large well-furnished hotel, where we rested before surveying the town. Fremantle was compact, with good substantial buildings, without much pretension to architectural beauty. The people seemed dreadfully addicted to stucco. It could be seen at a glance that the best buildings belonged to the Government and were the result of Imperial expenditure. The town was painfully quiet; there appeared to be less bustle than in Wallaroo or Gawler. We met here a number of friends of Adelaide people, who welcomed us heartily and eagerly proffered us more kindness than we could have availed ourselves of in far more time than that occupied by our stay in Fremantle and Perth.

Perth is distant from Fremantle about twelve miles and a steamer ran to and from each place twice a day. A mail cart also travelled between the towns morning and afternoon. We took the second steamer and enjoyed the trip up the river exceedingly. There are scrubby hills occasionally, but large timber appears about the flats, gullies, and hillsides. Here and there were pretty clearings and

neat cottages. In one place, on a spot excavated from the hillside and close to the water's edge, were several buildings forming a small convict depot. About halfway from Fremantle the Swan takes a sudden turn to the right, and from this point we had a full view of the blue hills of the Darling Range. There is rather too much uniformity of height and general appearance about this range, but it is still a pleasing feature in the landscape. After passing the bend in the river the scenery generally improves, and we passed green paddocks, houses lying back in the wood or adorning the clearings, picturesque hills and rocky banks till we reached Perth, a well-planned clean little town, admirably situated on rising ground on the bank of the river.

Here, before landing, I was met and cordially welcomed by Mr. George Leake, then Solicitor-General and Police Magistrate, a well-known South Australian, who had passed through his articles under the late Sir Richard Hanson and been admitted as a member of the bar in Adelaide. Being introduced to a post-office official in the street I handed to him the mail from Cambden Harbor. It contained duplicates of dispatches that had been sent by a vessel which had not yet arrived at Fremantle, and had not arrived at the time of my departure from Perth for the Sound. Our appearance necessarily caused great excitement at Perth ; the continued bad news from Cambden Harbor and the scarcely less disastrous intelligence from Adam Bay, together with the details of our extraordinary and almost miraculous escape from that place of horrors, naturally formed the absorbing topics of conversation. Adam Bay and the Forlorn Hope filled the public journals and were in the mouths of everybody. I waited on the Governor, Mr. Hampton, who received me kindly and took the most lively interest in the prospects of our new country.

The most important work of the Government and people of Western Australia was the settlement of their own northern territory, and in this they appeared likely to be successful. The country at Roebuck Bay, though flat, stretches away over a vast extent of good pasture into higher land. The sheep and stock there were looking well. At Tien Tsin there is good pasture land, but apparently it was of limited extent. I met Mr. Maitland Brown, the great explorer of that country, from whom I obtained a fund of information respecting the West Australian coast and the country going back from it.

Rambling about Perth and enjoying the hospitality of its citizens would have occupied a much longer time than I had at my disposal. The town looked so still that one wondered how the inhabitants employed themselves. I seldom noticed a vehicle in the street, and only once saw anyone on horseback and he was a mailman. There were some tolerably large buildings, but none that attracted much attention except Government House —a lofty building, faced with brick and with stone dressings. It was ornamented with towers in the domestic Tudor style, the angle turrets being Elizabethan. The Government offices were a modest imitation of the old three-sided block of buildings that accommodated departmental officialdom in Victoria-square in the early days of South Australia. There were one or two neat-looking churches and chapels in Perth. The great difficulty in building was that there was no good stone within a reasonable distance of the metropolis. There was nothing striking about the places of business. There was no draper's shop at either Perth or Fremantle ; nothing but those establishments called general stores, where currants were sold at one counter and crinolines at the other.

I visited the Police Court and was courteously accommodated with a seat on the bench. The law was administered with promptitude. Besides the magistrate and myself there were no people present but witnesses, convicts, prisoners, and police. No morbid curiosity drew an audience to that temple of justice ; no feeling of levity induced idle people to consider it a legitimate place of entertainment. The offences were few and for the most part trifling. All the offenders were convicts ; one was remanded on the charge of having the clothes of some fellow sinner in his possession ; two or three were fined for being drunk, and another was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a rogue and a vagabond. The charge-sheet for the preceding three months had been very light, the most serious case being that of a man who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for forgery. This genius was possessed of considerable energy and determination and soon afterwards escaped, and was discovered with burglar's tools in his possession, when he was sentenced to an additional three months' imprisonment and 100 lashes. He was next found with a knife or dagger with which he entertained the pious intention of removing the police magistrate from the scene of his earthly toils and anxieties, and was accordingly rewarded with yet another three months' accommodation at Government expense and another hundred lashes. The public of the neighboring colonies had heard a good deal of the innocence of the convict population of Western Australia, but the general appearance and facial expression of the convicts in the Perth Police Court were the reverse of prepossessing.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GREAT CONVICT GAOL AT FREMANTLE—THE APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS—HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION TO WESTERN AUSTRALIA—MILD TREATMENT—LAZINESS—FELON INOFFENSIVENESS — EMIGRATION OF EXPIREES TO NEIGHBORING COLONIES.

Before leaving Perth I returned to Fremantle and visited the great gaol of the colony, over which Mr. Lefroy, the Superintendent of Convicts, kindly showed me. It was a capacious and lofty building, capable of holding 1,200 prisoners, but there were seldom 400 in it at once. It was four-storied, or had four tiers of cells, into some of which I entered. Each prisoner was allowed a separate apartment, and there were dark cells for the refractory and those sentenced to solitary confinement. I went into the kitchen ; dinner time was approaching, and the allowance of food was ample. There was excellent soup, good and wholesome bread, and an abundant supply of butcher's meat.

Such was a part of the treatment for serious offences. The convicts were never flogged for laziness, and the amount of work they performed in all parts of the colony was absolutely insignificant in proportion to their numbers. How different was the case in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in the early part of the century. In both those colonies many miles of well-formed roads, grand harbor improvements, bridges, and other triumphs of civil engineering were the work of felons from the old country. They were the pioneers of the free settlers, and much of their work remains to this day,* but in Western Australia the convicts if their labor were valued hardly earned enough to pay for sharpening their tools. Of this I was assured by officials who had them in charge, and the statement was not greatly exaggerated.

I saw the prisoners drawn up in rank to be searched for forbidden articles ; this performance was gone through four times a day in winter and oftener in summer. The convicts were ranged with military precision and exactness, and looking along one of the lines I had the gratification of viewing all their faces at a glance. Having heard so much of Swan River convicts, I observed this interesting band with some attention. Most of them were dressed in clothes of the plainest material, ornamented in various places with the everlasting broad arrow. Some, as a reward of personal merit, were distinguished from thei rcomrades by particolored garments, and were also adorned with chains and amulets of the very brightest steel. These decorations were fastened about their ankles and held up by one hand, and, however decorative, were, to say the least, somewhat cumbrous. To assert that these favored individuals bore their honors meekly would be to fall short of the truth. Some appeared subdued and overpowered by the weight of the distinctions bestowed upon them ; but there were others who hardly seemed grateful for what they probably felt they had so fully earned. They rather reminded one of meritorious individuals in other departments of the State who have received too tardy a recognition of their services, and who at last win preferment that was as well deserved and might as fitly have been granted long years before. These gentlemen and their less distinguished fellows at the Fremantle establishment had the peculiar expression of countenance observable in all who in the interests of the old country have suffered penal banishment from its shores —an expression seldom lost even after years of freedom and prosperity. In the hospital indigestion and the disorders arising therefrom were the most common complaints. In one bed was a warder who had been stabbed, of course in a fit of playfulness, by an inoffensive creature with the Government brand.

The circumstances under which transportation to Western Australia commenced were peculiar. In New South Wales the system had been discontinued, and every attempt to resume it met with the most strenuous opposition. In Victoria the people were goaded almost to insurrection by the avowal on the part of the Home Government of their intention to ship convicts to that dependency, and at a monster meeting a venerable colonist made a vow that the first convict who landed on those shores should walk over his dead body. In South Australia the proposition to import Parkhurst boys and Pentonvilleans excited the greatest indignation, and at public meetings inflammatory speeches were made, and memorials, embodying the most earnest and determined protests, were forwarded to the Imperial Government. Van Diemen's Land was the last colony to which Britain shipped her felonry ; but there the free colonists, after years spent in vain efforts at reform and improvement, were convinced of the rottenness and unutterable horrors of the system, and were determined to free their beautiful island from the degradation of being used as England's cesspool. When once they took this position their efforts were marked by an enthusiasm, an unanimity, and a determination that excited the admiration and sympathy of the other Australian colonies. It was indisputable that transportation to one Australian colony meant transportation to all, and the league was formed to obtain from the British Government

* Doubtless free men would have made better pioneers, but at the time when Australia was first colonised by England emigration from the old country, except to North America, had not come into fashion, and was hardly thought of. Settlement in these regions was undoubtedly founded by Imperial effort and expenditure.

the complete abolition of the system. What years of petition and argument had failed in securing was now wrung from Downing-street by the bold and determined front and united action of these colonies. It was decided that transportation to Australia was finally to cease, and we were about to be delivered from the stigma that hung about Australians in whatever part of the world they travelled. Just at this juncture the smallest colony of the group stepped in, marred the completeness of our triumph, and prevented the perfect freedom of Australia from the foulest blot that ever disfigured the escutcheon of a young community.

But our final victory was only deferred for about three lustres. At the time of my visit to Western Australia transportation had received its death sentence, and was only to linger till some time in the following year, when the last convict ship would arrive at Fremantle. The majority of Western Australians were very sore about this decision. Employers wanted labor, and the country required Imperial expenditure. They had secured both, but free labor was to a great extent driven away, and the Imperial expenditure was a wicked waste of money, for which scarcely any return was made in the improvement of the country. And if free laborers were driven from the country by the convict system, who shall calculate how many persons were thereby deterred from settling in Western Australia? A special objection to the system was the fact that the convicts were of the worst class. In the old days fearful scoundrels were transported to Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land, but they were accompanied by a very large portion of persons who would now receive a few months' or weeks' imprisonment, or perhaps be let off with a fine or a caution. Smugglers, poachers, machine breakers, rioters, political offenders were among the exiles, besides others whose offences were of a graver character, but who had yielded to a sudden temptation or provocation; but the convicts transported to Western Australia were all guilty of serious crimes. They were not all hopelessly irreclaimable, but as a rule they were the worst of England's criminals, excepting perhaps a few who were hanged, and they included some who ought to have been hanged. From the moment you landed in the colony villainy of some kind or another was thrust upon your notice. You jostled against murderers; garotters wished you good evening; boots was a burglar; and probably the ostler was transported for burning a hayrick. Walking along the streets you met hardened felons with all their character depicted in their countenances, doubtless longing for some fairer field for the exercise of their talents. In the shops were men of a different class, perhaps some whose manual dexterity admirably fitted them for the duties of a retail business. Behind the counters and in offices appeared smooth-tongued and smiling villainy; here were men who had come to grief by their passion for imitative autography or delusive statements in matters commercial or financial.

There was a good deal of truth in the statements made in defence of the system that serious offences were few in proportion to the population, and that on the whole life and property were not particularly unsafe, but there were special reasons arising out of the circumstances of the colony for these singular facts. Convicts did not commit highway robbery, because few people carried much money about them, and fewer had much to carry. They did not commit burglary, because the spoil they would gain would not repay the risk of severe punishment, and if they did take anything but money they would hardly know what to do with it in a small and poor population. They did not commit many assaults of an atrocious kind, because, scattered over a vast extent of country, their instincts found gratification among the native camps. The reason, however, that operated most powerfully in preventing serious crime was the certainty of detection. In a small and scattered population concealment is necessarily difficult. Everyone travelling about is a subject of observation. The natives track anyone fleeing from justice with unerring accuracy. Where the population is so sparse footprints are not very liable to be quickly obliterated. Even in Perth during my stay natives were tracking white offenders. It was almost impossible, too, for criminals whose arrest was desired to escape from the colony. There was no practicable overland track, and the capture of runaway felons was simply a matter of time. Now the defenders of transportation to Swan River could hardly argue that this state of things would always continue, that their colony would always be very poor, very thinly populated, and completely isolated from the other colonies.

It is worth pointing out that the prisoners had little provocation to steal. Their treatment was kind if not judicious; they had abundance of food, and did as little work as possible. If a settler found one useless he returned him to the Government, when he was again provided with a good allowance of food and could work as little as he liked. There were many prisoners in gangs about the country without supervision, and those who were provided with an overseer were not expected to distress themselves by anything approaching to severe exertion. For men treated in this way to plunder would be wanton gratuitous depravity; yet some did break out into violations of the law. During the time I was in Western Australia there were two bush-rangers loose and plundering the settlers,

and occasionally one of this interesting class of criminals was hanged. Small offences were innumerable.

The great objection on the part of the neighboring colonies to the system was that the convicts could not be confined to Western Australia. Considerable numbers, principally expirees, did reach the other colonies. It was spoken of as a pleasant joke in Perth that the favorite plan of escape was to ship for India, and then go from there to Adelaide or Melbourne, when, unless they were accidentally recognised as felons, they could land without any questions being asked. Chief Justice Cooper, of Adelaide, and Mr. Newland, police magistrate at Port Adelaide, and other authorities, bore testimony to the fact that many Swan River convicts found their way to South Australia, committed serious crimes, and were convicted and punished at the expense of that colony. The same statement was certainly true of Victoria. Then the temptations to crime were necessarily greater in the larger and more populous provinces than in the colony to which these felons were originally transported.*

Chapter XVII.—The Swan—A Trip to Guildford—Trees and Flowers—Fertile Farms and Waste Land—Vineyards and Gardens—Start for Albany—A Slow Journey, and Sometimes a Cold One—Forests, Cornfields, and Pastures—Wilderness—Convict Gangs—The Poison Plant—At King George's Sound at Last—A Sound Sleep, by George!

The day after my arrival at Perth Mr. Leake† drove me to Guildford, about twelve miles distant. Just outside the city we crossed the Swan over a well-constructed bridge. Like all Australian rivers the Swan is liable to tremendous floods, and at times rises much over its apparent and usual limits. Leaving the river we travelled on an excellent road, in some places planked, through forests of jarrah‡ and red gum and great numbers of saplings. There were vast quantities of the most beautiful wild flowers; among them blue creepers particularly attracted notice. The banksia was not in bloom in this part of the country. There were many handsome trees, of which I forget the names. A tree called ironbark was very much like a species of South Australian teatree. The blackboy abounded. It is a plant resembling somewhat the grass-tree of the neighboring colonies, and there was also what in Western Australia is termed the ground blackboy, having the root and blade of the true blackboy, but not the black gnarled stem. Almost all the land bearing this was considered by the colonists to be worthless, but yet if cleared the grass grew and patches were cultivated with success. The expense of eradicating this weed should not prevent the tillage of the land, for it would not cost more to clear an acre of that ground than an acre of wattle country in other parts of Australia. We saw paddocks bearing good corn crops, and land adjacent of exactly similar quality lying waste. Some of the soil was cold and hungry-looking. A few farmers had drained their ground.

Along the flats of the Swan and the Okagee Creek was a great area of land of the very best quality. As we travelled the landscape was lovely; there were frequent views of the river, hill and dale, fine stately timber, long reaches of water, and trees with dense foliage overhanging the banks; extended flats, stretches of undulating park-like scenery, and in the distance the blue range of the Darling.

Guildford was a pretty township with a number of cottages, buildings of a more pretentious kind, and a neat little church. Here we called on Dr. Waylen, whose grounds were on the river. The doctor had an excellent vineyard kept in admirable order. The soil was a red clay. We visited the cellars and tasted a wine that was called Fontainebleau, but appeared to be a Burgundy, full-bodied, and of excellent flavor, and a light fruity wine that promised well.

After staying some time with Dr. Waylen, by whom we were kindly entertained, we drove three or four miles to the estate of Mr. Brockman, where we found a hospitable shelter for the night. The following morning we walked over a part of the grounds, including an extensive garden, with a plantation of strong healthy vines. Citrons and lemons flourished, bananas were thriving, and the orange grew well, but, as in South Australia, required irrigation. There was farming ground of the best description, extensive riverflats, one a mile in length. The rising ground on the opposite side of the river was very beautiful.

Returning we gathered immense quantities of wild flowers. About the river were large flocks of wild ducks, and crossing the road were numbers of species of crane that had only appeared in that part of the country of late years.

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* This chapter is for the most part historical. Transportation to Western Australia was finally abolished in 1866, and years ago the South Australian Act was repealed, which required every person coming from that colony to produce a certificate of freedom from the convict taint. Western Australia has made great strides in population and prosperity, possesses constitutional representative institutions, and a liberal and comprehensive franchise, which gives all classes, including working men, a voice in the laws of their country, and any attempt to revive the system of transportation, if it were practicable, would be scouted by the great bulk of the people.

† Now the Hon. G. W. Leake, late acting-judge.

‡ In the original edition I have always spoken of this timber as mahogany, that being the name it was best known by in the sixties, and in still earlier days it was described as Swan River mahogany, but now to avoid confusion it is better to adopt the more modern terminology.

The time passed swiftly away at Perth and Fremantle till the 26th, when we started for Albany, or as it was more commonly termed the Sound. The Forlorn Hope and compass and gear had been sold for a fraction of cost price. and our crew, with the exception of the two we had left at Champion Bay, dined merrily together in celebration of past comradeship and our approaching departure for home. At about 1 p.m. we bid farewell to a number of our kind friends who saw us off. We experienced as much kindness in Perth and Fremantle as could by any possibility have been compressed into the space of time elapsing between our arrival and leaving. All five of us started by the same conveyance, which was a common spring-cart drawn by three horses in a line. An immense quantity of luggage was piled up and crammed into the vehicle, rendering it difficult for us to wedge ourselves in. A trooper accompanied us as guard, and was relieved at certain stages.

The road from Perth to King George's Sound runs about S.S.E. We crossed the Swan, and after a mile or two got into a jarrah country, the soil of which was very worthless — sandy or gravelly. After about 18 miles driving and walking we reached a small and very rustic-looking publichouse a little after dark, where we imbibed a villainous compound called "best stout," evidently some abomination concocted in the colony. Two miles beyond this inn we came to an eating-house, where ample and satisfactory preparations had been made for our arrival. After lying down for an hour we arose and pursued our way, walking a great part of the distance. The road passed through forests of jarrah and dwarf gum. The former has a bark very much like stringy-bark, and, like that tree, is most commonly found on poor stony soils. We crossed a number of creeks and small streams. A great quantity of rain fell during the night.

Our method of travelling was to stop four or five times during the 24 hours from an hour and a half to two hours at each halting-place for the purposes of eating and sleeping and resting the horses. We accomplished the whole journey of about 255 miles in four nights and four days and a half, but we could not have travelled at this lightning speed had we not chosen her Majesty's mailcart as our means of transit. Another vehicle, perhaps more generally patronised by the travelling public, journeyed at a more sober rate and spent seven days over the trips, doubtless to the comfort of the passengers; but we were young, rash, and impetuous. On the road we stayed at settlers' huts, police stations, eating-houses, convicts' depots, and sometimes camped in the bush. We found our own food and liquor, except at one or two eating-houses.

On the 27th there was heavy rain till after midday. We travelled through forests of jarrah and gnarled gum. All the country was hilly and worthless, even for pasture. Granite abounded. We passed many creeks and swamps. Groups of convicts were professing to be at work on the road. Evening set in with a young moon and bright starlight. The enjoyment of travelling under a clear beautiful sky and among dark hills, those skirting the valleys clothed with underwood, and through grand and gloomy forests, was somewhat alloyed by the feeling of excessive cold. This was felt severely by persons so newly from the tropics as we were, and we found it necessary to walk in order to keep our feet from freezing.

On the following morning our beards were covered with ice or frost, quite hard and as white as snow. Probably to an observer our appearance would have been picturesque, but in many scenes a mere spectator is more appreciative than the actors, and in other ways has the advantage. A number of kangaroos were started. During the forenoon, about 90 miles from Perth, the country changed and we travelled through good grazing and agricultural land, broken occasionally by patches of sand. A hundred miles from Perth we came to the Williams, a nice stream, with cultivation paddocks along its banks. Here a halt was made at a farm for rest, and here also the first change of horses took place. Excellent yields of wheat, exceeding 25 bushels an acre, were obtained on this farm. Leaving the Williams we passed through good and bad country alternately, much of it being excellent wheat land and a great deal more well adapted for pasture. The Arthur was the next stream crossed, and a short distance to the south of it were a few small farmhouses, at one of which we stopped. Here we were informed the crops of wheat were abundant. We crossed the Beauford River and plains at night, and the moonlight disclosed grassy country. During the night horses were changed again at a place rejoicing in the name of Koganup. On resuming our seats in the mail-cart we took the precaution of taking off our boots and wrapping our feet in blankets, and so, with halting twice, the night was passed through pretty well. The puddles were covered with ice.

On the 29th we saw good country. Banksias and wattles abounded, and there were forests of redgum. This eucalyptus has a very different appearance from that bearing the same name in South Australia, the former having a very rough and dark-colored bark. Like all large straight-stemmed gums it is a certain sign of good land. Hundreds of kangaroos crossed the road as we travelled along. To-day we changed horses for the last time. Again there were frosts and ice at night.

On Sunday, the 30th, we breakfasted at a convicts' fire. Most of the gang were young men. They had no guard over them, and could of course work or play as they liked, but the presence of an overseer would not make much difference in that respect. Here was witnessed an incident that made more impression on my mind than all the chains and broad arrows that had become so familiar to our eyes. We were some distance from the road, eating or warming ourselves by the fire, when a man passing quietly along was hailed by the trooper who accompanied us as mail-guard with the enquiry "Who are you?" The reply was that he was looking for someone from whom he expected work. "Come and let me have a look at you," said the constable. The traveller obeyed, was questioned and allowed to pass on. Western Australians thought this sort of thing a trifle, but it gave strangers the uncomfortable feeling of being in an open-air gaol. It reminded me of a slight passage in my experience in Perth a few days previously. While returning to my hotel from a friend's house some time before midnight a policeman came and stood before me and looked me steadily in the face. His gaze was returned, and in this position we remained for some time, neither speaking, till I reflected that however interesting the guardian of the peace might be as a physiognomical study, he had all the advantage in the game of patience we were playing, as he was simply killing the six or eight hours of his beat, whereas I felt as if going to bed was choosing the better part, therefore I said—"Free. I have come from Mr. So-and-So's." "I see you are," observed the man in blue somewhat ambiguously, and we parted amicably. A common practice when a constable met anyone unknown to him in the street after 10 o'clock at night was to put the question "Bond or free!"

To return to our journey by the mail express, we were now drawing toward the mighty ocean, and were much comforted with the reflection that this was the last day of the overland trip. We got into worthless country early in the morning.

During the forenoon the hills about the Sound became visible. We passed between Mount Barker on our right and some picturesque hills on our left. About midday a halt was made at a stream or chain of ponds, where we enjoyed a slight sleep. All of us were thoroughly knocked up with incessant travelling and want of repose.

The impressions I had formed of the country we had passed over were that for the first 90 miles from Perth the land was worthless. Then we came into good country, and for about 125 miles three-fifths or two-thirds of the land was useful—some for agricultural and more for pastoral purposes. Most of the good land was lying waste; the last 40 miles before reaching Albany was quite useless.

I gathered on the journey specimens of three different species of the poison plant, which I afterwards gave to Dr. Schomburgk, of the Adelaide Botanic Gardens. They were much alike to the casual observer, but upon examination showed distinctive peculiarities in the shape of leaf and branch. They were called respectively the box, the heartleaf, and the common poison, and all were about equally deadly. Their effect upon sheep is sudden and peculiar. The poor animals soon after grazing on the noxious herb start running at their utmost speed, and after going for some distance stop for a short time and then rush away again till they drop dead. It is said that the marsupial tribe feed on the plant with impunity, but that if a dog eats the entrails of a rat or wallaby that has so fed the effect is fatal and shown in the same manner as in the case of the poisoned sheep. Horses seldom eat the plant, and all stock prefer the young leaves. It grows mostly on the bad and scrubby land. In good country it is found principally in small patches of stony ground and inferior soil.

About seven miles from the Sound we came to a good macadamised road that lasted for five miles, when we got into sand. Soon the outskirts of the town were in view. The horses had bolted on the macadamised road and upon entering Albany, irritated by the injudicious application of the whip, they repeated the performance. There was no room for a straight run and a smash seemed inevitable, when the driver asked a passenger to take the reins of the shaft horse, and he pulling at the leaders that were harnessed abreast, the team were brought up. We next struck a gate, and immediately afterwards jamming a wheel against the corner of a building, confidence in the guidance of our coachman was so far shaken that we left the cart and walked up a narrow lane to Strickland's Hotel, where after a hearty meal we retired early on that Sabbath evening and slept for 14 hours.

Chapter XVIII.—A Week at Albany—The Town—The Scenery—Eyre's Rock—The Natives—A Ship Mutiny—The Coal Depot—A Grand Harbor—Its Imperial and Australian Importance.

We woke late in the forenoon of the last day of July considerably the better for our sleep, but not at all disposed for violent exercise. Here we were destined to remain quite long enough to recuperate. The P. & O. steamers were not remarkable for punctuality, unless there is such a thing as punctuality in excess, so that they nearly always came before or after the contract time. For some months

past, however, the Australian-bound boats had generally appeared at the Sound on a Sunday, so we might reasonably expect to wait a week for the next, and we were not disappointed. There was a branch steamer from Adelaide which brought the mails for England and received those from the old country, South Australia being burdened with this expense through the perverseness of the P. & O. Company and the selfishness and bumptiousness of Victoria.*

Albany was not exactly a lively place, and probably the residents found time hang heavily on their hands, and having no telegraphic communication with any other township or colony or country, and only monthly mail news from the old world, the arrival of the steamers from the neighboring provinces and Europe were very welcome as a relief from the prevailing monotony. It is needless to say that the voyage of the Forlorn Hope created no little interest if not excitement in this ordinarily quiet little seaport town, and the voyagers were received and treated as kindly here as elsewhere in Western Australia.

Albany contained from three to four hundred inhabitants. The town was straggling, but the houses were neat looking, and most of them very white. Strickland's Hotel was the most conspicuous building. There were two other hotels and a number of stores and shops, some of them of considerable dimensions. The gaol occupied a commanding position on the hill, overlooking the bay and most of the town, as though the citizens were rather proud of the institution. It did not, however, give one the idea of a prison, but looked rather like a gentleman's country residence. The Government Resident, Sir Alexander Campbell, from whom I received much kindness, showed me the convict depot, which was arranged on the same principle as the other provincial or branch depots of the colony. A number of prisoners were at work about the town, mending other people's ways if not their own.

I walked several times to the summit of Mount Clarence and enjoyed a magnificent view of the bay, the shipping, the islands, and the surrounding country. To the north the land is undulating with a prominent elevation here and there. Surrounding this lower land are high dark ranges with peaked, conical, and irregular-looking hills. A mile or two from Mount Clarence was the residence of Mr. Edward Spencer, situated prettily among the hills in a forest of red gnarled gum, with scrub and flowers all around. Beyond is Frenchman's Bay, with a fine beach running round it. Scrub, full of wild flowers, including the banksias, surrounds the Sound and this bay.

On the way to the summit of Mount Clarence is the rock on which Eyre stood when he had completed that awful journey of over 1,000 miles from Fowler's Bay along the coast. From this rock his black boy Wylie, the faithful companion of his wanderings, cooeyed to his sable countrymen before they rushed up in transports of joy at finding one whom they had long regarded as lost. Poor Wylie had been dead 10 years. The natives talked about him freely, contrary to the aboriginal custom of never mentioning those who have passed into the spirit land, but I could find none who remembered Eyre.

The native school lay some distance back from the town. Mr. and Mrs. Camfield managed this humane institution and gave Mr. McMinn and myself much interesting information respecting the children at the establishment and the natives in general. Half the pupils were laid up with influenza, but we saw no less than 20 black, half-caste, and quadroon juveniles. There were also one or two European children whose parents had deserted them. A married half-caste woman was assisting in the instruction of the scholars. We heard a class of boys, apparently from 9 to 12 years of age, going through the exercise of reading with great deliberation. Some of them spelt long words correctly, and a black girl, about 15 years of age, read from the New Testament with remarkable fluency. The specimens of their handwriting shown to us were decidedly good. Leaving the school we walked to some wurlies, where we mentioned the institution to the natives squatting by their fires. One of them, in reply to an observation, pointed to a half-caste woman who had evidently relapsed into aboriginal habits, and said—"Yes, that's a schoolwoman." During my stay at Fremantle I met numbers of natives wandering about the town and neighborhood. They must have been better cared for or possessed more vitality than the Adelaide tribe, the last of whom died years before our visit to the Sound.

There were two sailing vessels in the harbor with coals—the barque Beatrice and the Rocklight, a magnificent vessel of 1,700 tons burden. This grand ship had, while in harbor, obtained a disagreeable notoriety from an outbreak on board and the consequent shooting of one of the sailors. From the account of the affair given by the officers, which seemed to be generally accepted as strictly correct, it appeared that though the man owed his death to his own misconduct the tragedy would not have taken place but for departmental red-tapeism. It was known that the mutiny was planned, and application was made to the proper authority for police assistance, but was met with the objection that the application was made out of office hours. "But," was the reasonable reply, "the mutiny will not be delayed

* This was altered many years ago.

till office hours." This reasoning was entirely thrown away upon the official mind; things must be done regularly, so the mutiny came off. The chief mate was obliged to use his revolver and a ringleader lost the number of his mess. Then the mate was prosecuted on a charge of manslaughter, but the Executive promptly stepped in and stopped this proceeding at a very early stage.

I walked over the coal depot. The ground was floored with slag and the coal kept in stacks by walls of the same material.

King George's Sound is undoubtedly a grand harbor, and its merits were fully recognised early in the century, when a small body of soldiers and convicts, under the command of Major Lockyer, were first stationed here. Though little progress was made in cultivation or pastoral occupation for generations afterwards, and not very much has been accomplished even to this day, yet the harbor has constantly grown in Australian and Imperial importance. It is one of the great strategic points of the Empire. An enemy seizing this position would strike a blow at the commerce and even the safety of these colonies. At King George's Sound is the great British coaling station of this part of the world, and so it must ever remain as long as war is a possibility and steam is the chief propelling power for sea-going vessels, and coal the fuel in general use. This has been the strongest link by which Western Australia is bound in interest to the other Australian colonies. More than all else, the Sound as a port of call for the great ocean steamers, upon which the postal communication and the trade between these colonies and the old country so largely depend, and as a place of shelter and defence for British and Anglo-Australian navies, must ever preserve Western Australia from isolation, despite any tendencies in that direction special circumstances may produce.*

To Western Australians King George's Sound possesses the charm of historical associations. The pioneers of the colonists took up their abode there in 1826, three years before the first Governor (Sir James Stirling) and his band of adventurous settlers pitched their tents upon the banks of the Swan; a decade before Captain Hindmarsh proclaimed the colony of South Australia under the old gum tree on the shores of Holdfast Bay, and nearly that period before Batman and Faulkner squatted upon the present site of Melbourne.

*How fully these remarks have been borne out by the facts of recent years. All the Australian colonies share the cost of fortifying and garrisoning this great naval position, and South Australian soldiers, paid by Australia as a whole, form the garrison.

Chapter XIX.—Resources and Prospects of Western Australia—Soil and its Products—Mines—Timber—Causes of Depression—The Land System—The Constitution—Isolation—Better Times Coming—Climate—Characteristics of the People.

The Western Australians at the time of our visit were particularly sensitive to the opinions expressed in print respecting their colony, its resources and institutions, and doubtless they had not been treated by the press and people of the neighboring provinces with very great consideration. The question of convictism caused much sore feeling between them and their neighbors, but their isolation, the smallness of their community, and the fact that Western Australia was still a Crown colony were not only in themselves disadvantages, but were mainly the causes of the want of appreciation and want of knowledge of Western Australian affairs which prevailed throughout the rest of the continent. It was taken for granted that the prevailing feature of the colony was hopeless barrenness, except in a few localities of limited extent, and that, as in the past so in the future, poverty and insignificance were to be the lot of territorially the largest colony of the group. I formed different impressions, after doubtless a partial and hurried view of the country, but not without serious consideration. I had seen an immense deal of the coast between Cape Londonderry, on the extreme north, and Fremantle, the metropolitan port, on the south. Many miles had I ridden over the crack district of the colony—the Champion Bay neighborhood. I had seen something of the vicinity of Perth, with its farms and vineyards; passed, in going to King George's Sound, what the colonists consider their worst land; and made careful enquiries whenever opportunities presented themselves concerning the nature and capacity of the soil in other directions. The character of the country had been much misunderstood; good land was not so scarce as people in other parts of the world had imagined, and it was evident that the long-continued poverty and depression of Western Australia arose mainly from artificial causes.

I have already described the land I saw, and even where it was commonly supposed to be worthless there is a quantity of useful soil. Some on the South-road from Perth to Albany would at that time, if within 70 or 80 miles of Adelaide, be worth £5 or £6 per acre. yet most of this was lying waste. Miles back from this overland route the land is much superior and the good soil more plentiful. There were many persons who, beginning with nothing, had acquired competence by farming in the colony. The good land is scattered and in patches

more than in South Australia, but still there is a great deal of it. The country is well watered, although there are no large rivers, except in the newly-occupied territory in the north ; the streams and springs are very much distributed. The agricultural and pastoral interests are capable of enormous expansion. The soil and climate are admirably adapted for vinegrowing and the yield of grapes is immense. Almost all fruits flourish.

The mines claim attention. Any South Australian travelling in the mining district would notice mine after mine that had been abandoned when showing good copper for want of the funds necessary for the operations that must in almost all cases precede returns instead of following them. The extent of mineral country seemed almost illimitable, and fresh discoveries were continually being made.

The staple for which Western Australia has always been most celebrated is her timber, of which the supply is practically exhaustless. Even the forests that one passes through on the track from Perth to the Sound must excite the admiration of people from the eastern colonies, but the Western Australians think nothing of these trees. They are not comparable in size or quality to those in the forests about Bunbury or Vasse and in other parts of the colony. The most valuable wood is the jarrah—hard, tough, durable, of a pleasing color and capable of receiving an excellent polish. Probably the blue gum does not excel it as a timber for shipbuilding. The York gum is a magnificent tree and the red gum grows to a great height and circumference. Compared with these giant eucalypti other specimens of timber appear small, but are useful for various purposes. Such a character had Western Australian wood acquired that orders to an immense extent might have been obtained from India, but there was neither the capital nor the energy to carry out such contracts.*

The sandalwood trade had been rather dull latterly. Whether the devotees who purchased it had become less pious, whether another incense equally pleasing to the divinities had been discovered, or whether this was simply an ordinary case of a glutted market I am unable to say, but the trade was undoubtedly depressed. However, I saw large quantities of the wood, stripped of its bark and stacked in yards or being carted to the seaports.

It may naturally be enquired how, if Western Australia has such resources, the colony could remain so long in so depressed a state and had achieved so trifling an amount of progress during the first 36 years of settlement? The first great blunder in colonising Western Australia was, as everyone acquainted with Australian history knows, the land system —the practice of granting large blocks of land to persons without capital and often without the knowledge and energy necessary to enable them to make profitable use of what they had gained so easily. Many thousands of acres of good land even near the capital were lying as waste at the end of nearly 40 years as when they were granted. Large estates were fenced in, but no use was made of the ground except for grazing purposes.

Every great Australian colony has been indebted for its rapid progress in the early years of its history to the pastoral interest, and if the conditions were unfavorable to that interest progress was slow. In Western Australia the poison plant, with which all the colony seems more or less infected, was the ruin of many squatters. The isolation of Western Australia was most adverse in its influence upon her advancement. Separated from the rest of the continent by an impassable desert, she had no overland mobs of cattle and sheep when settling her country, and no market for her superfluous stock. All these evils brought others in their train. People became depressed by long years of adversity and disappointment. They lost heart and energy ; and operations in agriculture or squatting that would suggest themselves at once to people from more active settlements, they looked upon as hopeless struggles with nature. Many left in disgust, and with most of those who remained there was a perpetual longing to go to other colonies of whose prosperity and lively bustling life they had heard so much. There was also the want of new blood ; people left Swan River, but none took their places. The inhabitants had much the same ideas and habits as they had 30 years previously, only differing probably in a diminution of energy and determination. Now most or all of these disadvantages would, it was apparent to the competent observer, before very long cease to exist. The isolation from other colonies would not last long. Beyond doubt there would be land communication between the northern territories of Western and South Australia, and other overland routes between the two colonies would be discovered. Convictism was doomed. The poison plant pest could be grappled with. Growing in the good country only in patches, it could be eradicated probably as cheaply as the Scotch thistle that had infested South Australia.† In the early days

* Since this was written the capital and energy have been found, principally by persons in or from other colonies, and for long years past a large export trade has been done in Western Australian timber, especially jarrah.

†This was a slight error. The Scotch thistle has never been eradicated in South Australia. The eradicating policy was abandoned, and the plant then diminished instead of increasing in abundance and was found to be useful pasture instead of a ruinous pest.

of Swan River and South Australia, with sheep at from 2s. to 4s. per head, this operation would not have paid ; but with stock valuable, runs scarce, and rents high squatters would find it profitable to take land at the cheap rate at which it was leased in Western Australia, even with the expense of eradicating patches of poison plant. At any rate some of the most experienced sheepfarmers of South Australia thought so, and others were sure to follow. It is not to be questioned that as a pastoral and agricultural country Western Australia is inferior to the other Australian colonies, and while land was abundant and runs easily obtained in the more favored portions of New Holland people would not go to Swan River, but when the price of agricultural land became very high,* and a piece of new country almost impossible to obtain, persons would turn their attention to a colony where land for pastoral or agricultural purposes was so easily and cheaply obtainable. In Western Australia you could lease runs at 2s. per 100 acres and purchase good land at 10s. per acre in the settled districts, and in the north and east districts enjoy runs without rent for four years, and at a nominal rent for the next eight years, and purchase at 7s. 6d. an acre. The regulations for purchasing or leasing mineral lands were also extremely liberal. The new territory on the north-western coast promised to be a success, notwithstanding the failure at Cambden Harbor. The immigration of a few people from the neighboring provinces into Western Australia, carrying with them energy, enterprise, intelligence, and experience, would prove the commencement of the progress of that hitherto unfortunate colony.

The continued adversity of the colony was attributed by some persons to political causes, and petitions had been presented praying for an elective Parliament. That Western Australia suffered some of the evils of irresponsible government was beyond a doubt, but whether the people were ripe for the opposite system was another question. One thing is certain, there had been nothing like a spontaneous expression of public feeling in its favor ; it had its origin in the activity of a few individuals. It may fairly be concluded that if people are indifferent about obtaining the privileges of self-government they will be equally careless in the exercise of its duties.

The people complained of the sneering tone in which the press of the other colonies spoke of Western Australia and her public characters. The unpleasant bearing of her neighbors towards that struggling province had without doubt been produced by convictism and was certain to disappear with the cause that produced it. We could not think slightingly of a colony possessing explorers like Maitland Brown and his compeers ; mourning such a gallant bushman as Panter ;† that had given to Australia a Gregory ; and with whose early history a Grey was identified.

The colonists are hospitable and warm-hearted, strangers invariably find a welcome. South Australians in Perth or Fremantle might fancy themselves among Adelaide people, for the settlers have so many connections and friends in South Australia that their sympathies are more with that colony than with any other province of the group. What is called society par excellence has a thoroughbred character attributable probably to the poverty of the colony having been unfavorable to the growth of what are irreverently called mushrooms.‡

That the climate is on the whole temperate is sufficiently proved by the blooming complexions one sees in the metropolis, at the chief port, and at other southern towns. Whites born in the colony are commonly tall, and in general appearance more like the natives of Adelaide than those of either Sydney or Tasmania.

Chapter XX.—The Mail Steamers—Meeting with Adelaide Friends—Leaving the Sound—Not Convicts—Home.

About 11 p.m. on the 2nd August, the Rangatira, the branch steamer from Adelaide, arrived with South Australian passengers for the old country. There was also on board Mr. Flood, Reuter's agent, who was also newsagent for the Melbourne *Argus*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and the South Australian *Register*, a genial gentleman, very popular in his day. Mr. McMinn and I soon boarded the vessel and were welcomed as though we had risen from the dead. Little doubt had been felt in the neighboring colonies that we and all our comrades were down among the mermaids or sleeping on a coral reef. An hour or two passed quickly away among friends met under such circumstances. Adelaide news, Adam Bay, the Forlorn Hope and hot whisky were discussed with great earnestness, till at last we said good-night, stepped into the boat, and returned to the shore.

Two days afterwards the P. & O. Salsette arrived from Melbourne, and her homeward-bound passengers from that city and Sydney made things lively for two or three hours on shore till they returned to their vessel ; the Adelaide contingent joined them and the vessel sailed for old England. The Rangatira lay at her anchorage till on Sunday, August 6, as good people were returning

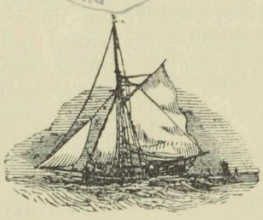
*This was written before any of the liberal Land Acts were passed in Victoria or South Australia.

† Killed by the natives.

‡ The pure merinos are not wanting now, but there is a considerable plutocracy as a result of the good times that were so long in coming.

from church, a gun was fired announcing the arrival of the English mail, and in little more than an hour all the Forlorn Hope crew, except the two amateur photographers who had stayed at Champion Bay, were on the deck of the Rangatira, steaming for Adelaide.

Mr. McMinn and I had previously waited upon the Government Resident and requested him to provide us with credentials to the effect that we were not convicted felons. He seemed very much indisposed to comply with our request and apparently thought we were having a joke at the expense of his colony and himself; but we were urgent and persistent, assuring him that we should have the strongest objections to being sent back from our own colony for want of a certificate of freedom from the convict taint, so at last he yielded and we thanked him and took our leave. The passage to Glenelg lasted between four and five days. This trip is rarely of an eventful character and it seemed to us slow after the Forlorn Hope. Though there were good fellows on board from the old country and elsewhere, for half the voyage one or two of us felt indisposed for much society and cultivated intimate relations with the steward alone. This state of things passed away, but pleasant as the last two days of the trip were never was the sight of the Mount Lofty Range more welcome to voyagers than to us. We were not allowed to land at Glenelg; there was no official there to examine our passports. It did not matter that we were well enough known. The provisions of the statute aimed at Western Australian convictism must be rigorously enforced, so while Mr. Flood landed at Glenelg to wire, amongst other items of intelligence, news of the safety of the Forlorn Hope, all the rest of the passengers were taken on to Port Adelaide, where we produced our certificates, were passed by a policeman as showing a clean bill of moral health, and were permitted to set foot upon the virtuous shores of South Australia. Among the crowds of people who welcomed us was that fine old English gentleman and sportsman, Mr. John Newman, who had already telegraphed to Adelaide that he had seen us, probably thinking some assurance on this point not superfluous, as our safety was regarded as little short of miraculous. We were soon in Adelaide, and surviving multitudinous interviewing, welcoming, and handshakings, and hearty and innumerable congratulations, sought our homes. We had returned safely, with memories of a voyage that would be ever fresh for the remainder of our days, furnishing food for thought and speech and material for narrative by the fireside for many long winters to come. Time flies, and the survivors of the voyage of which I now complete the account can hardly realise the fact that their adventure is an event belonging to a former generation. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."



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