

# A Mother's Offering to Her Children

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**A Mother's Offering to Her Children** by a Lady long resident in  
New South Wales  
**Sydney**  
**The Gazette**  
**1841**

## Preface.

TO MASTER REGINALD GIPPS,  
SON OF HIS EXCELLENCY SIR GEORGE GIPPS,  
*Governor of New South Wales and its Dependencies,*  
AND OF LADY GIPPS,

THIS little work is dedicated by permission, and the author hopes the incidents it contains may afford him some little entertainment in the perusal: its principal merit is the *truth* of the subjects narrated; the accounts of the melancholy shipwrecks being drawn from printed sources; and perhaps it may claim some trifling merit also from being the first work written in the Colony expressly for Children.

The Author is fully aware how greatly the value of these little Books will be enhanced by the high and kind patronage of Master REGINALD GIPPS, to whom she begs to subscribe herself his

Truly obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

And well-wisher,

THE AUTHOR.

*Sydney, New South Wales, 29th October, 1841.*

# A Mother's Offering to Her Children

## Extraordinary Sounds.

*Mrs, Saville* engaged at her needle.

*Clara,*

*Emma,* Amusing themselves by Drawing.

*Julius* and

*Lucy,*

*Emma.* —

How very extraordinary those tremendous noises were Mamma, which we heard at the Coolondal Mountain; while you and my brother were from home. You cannot think how alarmed we were! It sounded like the loudest cannon: and then there was such a splash in the River; it seemed as if some of the rocks had given way: and yet, when you returned home and went with us to examine the place, there did not appear to be any change in them.

Was it not very strange, Mamma?

*Mrs. S.* —

It was my love. The rocks certainly did not look as if they had been disturbed for ages.

*Clara* —

Did you ever hear of any similar occurrence, Mamma?

*Mrs. S.* —

I have. And in this country such sounds, have been heard several times.

*Julius.* —

Oh! do tell us all about it, Mamma?

*Mrs. S.* —

What little I know about the matter I shall be happy to relate to you, my love.

A Gentleman was telling me sometime ago, of an extraordinary circumstance of the kind, which took place at Yass. I will endeavour to repeat it, in his own words.

“On my way to our Sheep Stations, in the year 1833, I passed a night at

the residence of the hospitable Mr. Hamilton Hume, at Yass. While we were engaged in conversation, in the Evening, we were surprised by the apparent report of musketry, as if a smart fire of about five-and-twenty guns was kept up, near the house. We hastened out, supposing the Mounted Police had come to the spot, and were engaged with Bushrangers.

The evening was dark and we could discern nothing, though the firing still continued; but, it now appeared ascending into the air higher and higher, till it gradually ceased, as if those who were firing had ascended as they fired their muskets.

We remained a short time listening with awe; wondering what this strange Phenomenon could pretend.

All was still. After expressing our astonishment, we withdrew within the door way; when Mr. Hume related a similar Phenomenon, which had occurred during an exploring journey which he took with Capt. Sturt.”

They were on their return from an expedition by the Castlereagh River, and had encamped.

Mr. Hume and Captain Sturt were tracing the Chart, which was laid on the ground, when they were startled by what appeared to be the report of a cannon at, about four or five miles distance.

They consulted, and all agreed that it was the report of a gun; but they differed as to the direction it came from. Captain Sturt and Mr. Hume thought it came from the North-west: but they had been so busily occupied with the Map at the time, that they could not be certain. They however sent a man up a tree immediately, but nothing unusual was to be seen:

Clara. —

Do you know what description of country it was, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They described it as flat on all sides, and thickly wooded.

Emma. —

Do you think there were Rocks near, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I can give no information on that subject, my dear. But they relate as a remarkable fact, that not a stone or pebble was picked up during the expedition, on any of the plains and after leaving Mount Harris for the Castlereagh, the only Rock-formation discovered, was a small freestone tract near the Darling River.

There was not a pebble to be found, either in the Castlereagh River, or in the Creeks leading into it.

Julius. —

How unlike the Shoalhaven: we have pebbles of every size and description.

Lucy. —

Oh, yes! Some are so large and flat that you used to call them your Dampers, Julius.

Clara. —

What time in the day did the report occur, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

About three in the afternoon, my dear.

The weather was remarkably fine. Not a breath of air was to be felt.

Clara. —

The day when we heard similar sounds was also free from wind; but the weather was misty and rainy.

I think it was about 2 o'Clock, when we heard the noise. It began with just such a sound as is made by pulling the trigger of a gun, only, of course, much louder. Then an explosion, as if a mighty cannon had rent the rocks; and they actually seemed rolling into the River, and forcibly falling on its pebbly bottom.

We were so terrified that we ran to Mrs. Hefron, to ask her what it could be.

She could give us no information on the subject. Hefron thought some of the large Rocks must have given way and hurled down others in their fall into the River; but you know this did not appear to be the case.

Emma. —

What did Captain Sturt and Mr. Hume think when they heard the report, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

At first they thought that Government mindful of their too probable sufferings, had sent a Vessel to their assistance, and this was one of the Ship's Guns; but when this was found to be delusive, they confess, though it made a deep impression on them, it must for ever remain a mystery.

Julius. —

Did you ever hear such sounds accounted for, Mamma, in any way?

Mrs. S. —

I have, my dear Boy. I can tell you some of the causes; but it would be presumptuous in me, with my contracted knowledge in these matters, to fix on any of them, as the actual causes of the noises we have been describing.

Clara. —

Nevertheless, be so good as to tell us some of them, if you please, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

You remember reading of the Statue of Memnon?

Julius. —

Yes, yes! Mamma. Belzoni took so much interest in it.

Mrs. S. —

He did, my dear. At sunrise extraordinary sounds were heard to proceed from this Statue, and also from a Mountain in Carnac.

Emma. —

I am glad you have told us of this, dear Mamma, we took so much pleasure in reading of poor Belzoni's persevering discoveries in Carnac.

Clara. —

Can you describe the kind of sounds heard there, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They were snapping, twanging sounds, like the breaking of a gigantic harp string, and are supposed to proceed from expansion and contraction, the Mountain and Statue being composed of a mixed kind of stone, though they are generally called granite.

Emma. —

Our Mountains contain a great variety of stone, do they not, Mamma? How often we thought we had discovered a vein of marble!

Julius. —

And how we tried to burn it into lime!

Mrs. S. —

Lime would be a treasure in that quarter, where nothing but shell lime can be procured, and that from a distance.

Clara. —

What were the other causes of strange sounds, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Sir John Herschell (who has studied the subject) considers where extensive caverns exist which communicate with each other, or with the atmosphere, by means of small openings, considerable differences of temperature may occasion currents of air to pass through these openings, with sufficient rapidity to produce loud vibrations. Sir John Herschell is also of opinion that subterraneous steam may be produced, which, in the process of forming and condensing, would occasion loud noises; but which, if either of these causes produced the gun-like sounds that we have been describing, we, my dear children, must leave to wiser hands to determine.

Julius. —

So we must, dear Mamma, for they are more difficult to understand than I thought they would be.

Mrs S. —

I lately read of a very extraordinary circumstance which happened in England not many years ago.

Lucy. —

What was it, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

It was at a Quarry belonging to Dr. Hughes, in Toxteth Park.

Whilst the workmen were at their work they saw a great mass of rock, with at least one hundred tons of earth upon it, heave and rise at least six inches, and then it immediately settled down as it was before.

Clara. —

Did any proofs remain of what had occurred?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; the rocks were cracked in many places; and there were other signs of the convulsions which had taken place.

Emma. —

I am glad of that, or some people would have doubted the truth of the workmen's report.

Mrs. S. —

Most probably they would; but the subject was to be investigated by a very able geologist of Liverpool.

Clara. —

I suppose you have not heard what his opinion was, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear, I have heard nothing further about it.

Clara. —

The country is very magnificent all about those Mountain Ranges.

I dare say there are many wonderful things yet undiscovered. I should like to spend many weeks exploring in the neighbourhood.

Julius. —

So should I; I would take my spears and try to spear some of those beautiful birds for Mamma to have stuffed.

Mrs. S. —

Thank you, my dear boy; I have no doubt, if it were possible for us to travel by slow stages, about those Mountains, all the way to Wollongong, it would afford us much delight, as well as information. We should find abundance of subjects for our pencils.

I have often thought that Mr. and Mrs. Gould, the naturalists, must spend their time very pleasantly; though, of course, they must frequently suffer from fatigue and bad weather.

Emma. —

What beautiful flowers there are that no one sees.

Mrs. S. —

What does the poet Gray say on that subject, Emma?

Emma. —

Oh! I remember, Mamma.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

Clara. —

I really think a great deal of gold could be collected in that part of the

country; do not you, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I do, indeed, my love. I feel convinced that there is much, in a very pure state, though in very small particles. How easily I could bend it round the point of a penknife.

Julius. —

Of course there is some way of separating it from the sand, or pebbles, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my dear, the process is well known, though above our power.

Emma. —

How sparkling it looked when the sun shone upon it, Mamma.

Clara. —

Those immense Rocks at the tops of the Mountains fill the mind with wonder and awe! the large round holes in them look just as if cannons had perforated them.

Julius. —

I do admire that fine scenery so much! Look which way you will there is such a mass of Mountains hovering one above the other, and then the magnificent *Bobbatoo* Mountain overtopping them all! I long to be a great painter, to take a view of the scene.

Mrs. S. —

That would certainly be very delightful; but very difficult, I should think, even to a talented artist.

Emma. —

I dare say Salvator Rosa would have tried.

Mrs. S. —

Very likely, dear Emma, and I dare say he would have succeeded in making a charming picture.

Julius. —

Are not the Boorowangs a species of palm, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, they are a dwarf palm, and very handsome plants, I think. They

bear a beautiful fruit resembling the pine-apple in form, but composed of a cluster of nuts: these nuts have a husk, or covering of bright scarlet; they grow in pairs supported on a solid stem of a dark green color, which contrasts pleasingly with the red; the whole grow around a thick stalk, and hang drooping on either side the palm.

Clara. —

What a magnificent fruit it looks! It is a pity that it is poisonous.

Julius. —

It cannot be poisonous to animals, Mamma. I have frequently found their little hoards in small caves among the rocks, and plenty of the shells after they had eaten the nuts.

Mrs. S. —

Providence has, no doubt, provided them as the winter food of such animals as inhabit those regions where they grow, there being few berries when the Boorooang is in perfection, which is about July. But the aboriginal inhabitants also make use of them as food. Clara, oblige us with a description of their mode of preparing them.

Clara. —

They roast the nuts, which removes the husks, and then place them on flat stones in which they have hollowed out places to receive them, and pound them with round stones, this cracks the shells, which are not thick, or it removes them as may happen; it also bruises or cracks the nuts; they next place them on bundles of coarse grass, and put them in a running stream for twenty-four hours, this removes the poison and renders them a wholesome and palatable food.

Mrs. S. —

Thank you, my dear; you have given us a very good description. Naturalists call the Boorooang the Zunica Palm.

Emma. —

Then there are the Cabbage Trees, the Bangalees, the Tree Fern, and the Boorooang, all Palms and all beautiful; but very different from each other.

Julius. —

The Natives find the Bangalee very useful. You know their little baskets are bits of bark of the Bangalee, tied up at each end; and their canoes are just the same, only larger.

Lucy. —

How droll they look paddling along so fast. Their little oars look like fishes' fins.

Mrs. S. —

So they do, Lucy.

Julius. —

Mamma, we ought not to overlook the fine Fig Tree.

Mrs. S. —

Indeed, we ought not, Julius. It is not only a splendid, but a very remarkable tree. The stem, or trunk of the tree appears to be enveloped in drapery. The Red Cedar is also a handsome tree; and so is the Sassafras. I think the smell of the bark very agreeable; and you know it is used medicinally.

Clara. —

What extraordinary trees the Nettle-trees are, Mamma.

Julius. —

How? Mamma and I were stung by brushing the leaves, as we rode along.

Emma. —

Was it very painful, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Much more so than the common Nettle; otherwise, just the same tingling sensation.

Clara. —

I admire the Parasitical Plants growing on the rocks and trees so much; they look so Tropical.

Lucy. —

Do you remember the beautiful delicate white blossoms of one which grew on a large Rock? It smelt so delightful.

Mrs. S. —

It did, my dear little Lucy. I remember we were unwilling to leave it in the Wilds; but could not carry it.

Emma. —

It is very strange that Sea Shells should be embedded in Stones, on these Mountains, and in the Neighbourhood. Once when we broke a bit of Sandstone Rock, there was a Cockle Shell distinctly seen in the middle of the Stone.

Lucy. —

And I showed Mamma a Schollop-shell in a Stone, as we came up the Worrenderri Mountain.

Mrs. S. —

In my opinion, every thing confirms the Tradition of the Blacks, that these Mountains have once been under water. No doubt the Sea. The Rocks seem undermined and crumbling away; with evident marks of having, at some distant period, been subject to the friction of the waves, and all those extraordinary excavations were most probably produced by the same cause. The Shells we saw are called Fossil Shells.

Clara. —

I have seen Oyster Shells also in the Stones.

Mrs. S. —

The Bones of Animals no longer inhabitants of this Country, have been found in a Fossil State.

Emma. —

Do you know where they were found, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

In a Cavern, near Wellington Valley.

Julius. —

How I should have liked to have found them.

Mrs. S. —

It required much perseverance and courage I should imagine; for they were found in a large deep Cavern by Mr. Rankin, of Bathurst, after he had penetrated through several smaller Caverns.

Julius. —

I should not have cared for that, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Perhaps not, my dear. I know Gentlemen are brave, and do not indulge in fears like Ladies. I remember a little Gentleman whose name I will not

mention, who bravely rode his horse through a deep Salt Water River, while his Mamma was afraid to venture, till this little Gentleman had returned more than once, to re-assure her.

Lucy. —

Oh! I know who it was, Mamma. The Gentleman was about eight years old. Aye, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Nay, Lucy we will leave you to guess who I mean.

Clara. —

How did they know the Bones belonged to a description of Animals, no longer in existence in this Island?

Mrs. S. —

From their size. They had belonged to Animals much larger than any ever seen in this Country. Possibly they were Antideluvian Remains. That is, existed before the Deluge.

Fossil or Petrified Woods, have been found about the Hunter's River Districts; some bearing the exact appearance of the Stem of a Tree, newly sawn off. In others the bark could be distinctly seen.

Clara. —

What kind of trees were they Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Principally Pines and Cypresses. These petrified portions of trees were found over an extent of more than 80 miles.

Emma. —

How extraordinary that is. Were they all the same kind of stone, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear! they differed greatly. Some were Slatey; others Limestone; and some when broken, were found to contain Chrystals or Spars; Iron pyrites; and Chalcedony of a blueish white colour.

Emma. —

How beautiful! I should much like to obtain a few specimens.

Mrs. S. —

There is a great quantity of this Petrified Wood found about the

junction of the Hunter, with the Goulburn River. Some of the specimens were so hard as to admit of a beautiful polish. Some were found in a perpendicular position, and of great height; others embedded in Sandstone.

Fossils are also found among the Coal.

Lucy. —

What curious Stones we found on the beach, at Swan Lake, Mamma. You told us to try if they would float on the water; and they did, just as if they had been cork, instead of stone.

Mrs. S. —

Those were pieces of Pumice Stone, and are volcanic productions.

Swan Lake appears to me to have been the Crater of a volcano many years ago. Its agitated appearance, the desolation and barrenness that reigns around, fill the mind with an indescribable sensation of awe. At least, these were my feelings.

Emma. —

I felt just the same, Mamma; and you know, Lucy, was so affected by sea sickness, that she could not stand.

Julius. —

What swamps there are at such distances from the Lake. Do you think it ever overflows so far, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I have no doubt that at times it is greatly agitated, and boils and bubbles over with violence. I account thus, for those immense patches of land covered with large trees, all dead; and that, not only close, but at a great distance also, while others, evidently of later growth, are green and vigorous, not only near the Lake, but in patches between the dead forest. The salt water merely overflowing would not cause this.

Clara. —

Oh! no Mamma. The Wannandian which is a salt water River, overflows a great deal; but the vegetation is not destroyed by it. You know St. George's Basin overflows and makes it very swampy in places, without however, appearing to do any harm to the trees about.

Mrs. S. —

The overflowing of Swan Lake, when it causes such destruction, must I think, be occasioned by some Volcanic eruption beneath, which forces it out of its usual bounds, in a heated state; throwing it with force to a 3.

considerable distance, and literally scalding the trees. This would account for the barrenness, which threw such a gloom over our spirits.

Julius. —

What numbers of Ducks there were on the Lake and flying about it.

Lucy. —

I saw them keep flying out of the Fresh Water Creek. I dare say they make their nests among the reeds on the banks, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Very likely, my love.

Emma. —

There were a great many Black Swans too, and that lovely Pelican! was it not beautiful, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

It was, dear! and so large, that at first I thought it was the white sail of a little Boat.

Julius. — (Laughing.)

So did I, Mamma. I think it must have been stretching and flapping its great wings. It was at the opposite side of the Lake when we saw it first.

Clara. —

We had a better view of one at St. George's Basin. I saw its pouch distinctly.

Lucy. —

I think it was fishing then.

Clara. —

Are there any Volcanoes in this Country, Mamma, that are burning now?

Mrs. S. —

That of Mount Wingen. The Rev. Mr. Wilton has visited it several times, at distant 3. periods; and found it always burning. He represents it as increasing greatly! He collected sulphur, lava, &c. He also found pieces of agate, on the burning Mountain.

Emma. —

I should like to visit Mount Wingen. Do you think we ever shall,

Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

At present there appears little probability of it, my love; but our future destiny is so veiled in obscurity, that it is quite impossible to say, with truth, what any of us will do at a distant day. One of you may probably become a resident of Newcastle, or its Neighbourhood; and may form one of a party, to visit the Burning Mountain.

Clara. —

I think the Grass-tree, of which the Natives make their Spears very handsome, when in full vigour, and that kind which grows with a stem, still handsomer.

Julius. —

Some of them have two or three stems to them. How curiously they separate in rings when they are decayed and you break them; and they are so full of maggots. I do not like the Spear part though, they are so hard and thick; and the blossom part so low down that it leaves little besides, and they are so often crooked.

Lucy. —

Do you remember, Julius, how many grew hooked round, and we used to play with them for Shepherds' crooks.

Julius. —

Oh! yes, when we are near where they grow, I am always getting them for walking-sticks or something, they are so light and pleasant to play with.

Emma. —

Well, of all the trees, I still admire the Tea Tree, with its little white blossoms, and its delicate, though ragged, bark. I know it is a great favorite with Mamma, too.

Mrs. S. —

It is, Emma. There are several kinds; some large trees, growing, perhaps, fifty or sixty feet high, with large rambling branches, but I prefer the smaller, more compact kind; the bark is very soft and beautiful. The aborigines lay their new-born infants in it. All the kinds delight in moisture.

## Wreck of the Charles Eaton.

Emma. —

How very melancholy an appearance that ship bore which was towed in by the steamer the day after the storm, with its flag hanging so mournfully, and its ragged bits of sails dangling. I fancied they had the dead body of the Captain on board.

Mrs. S. —

Death had, indeed, visited the crew, but the Captain, I believe, was safe.

Emma. —

Had they lost any of the sailors, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they were near the “Heads” during that awful storm of thunder and lightning.

Julius. —

Were they struck with the lightning, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear, they were, I believe, taking in their sails, when four of the men were carried away, with the fragments of broken masts, &c.

Emma. —

Poor things! Did they put out a Boat to save them, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

That was quite impossible. You know the night was unusually dark between the flashes of lightning, which were indeed very frequent. You may remember my dear Emma, how we stood for a short time in awful admiration of the power displayed by the Almighty. What a magnificent scene it was! and then came a violent tempest of wind and rain. Well was it for the survivors in the Vessel we have been speaking of, that a Steamer came in sight of them, for they had been beating about all night,

at the mercy of the winds and waves. Had they been driven on the rocky coast, how terrible must have been their fate. It is during such awful scenes that we are made more particularly to feel our own insignificance, and entire dependence on the goodness of God.

Clara. —

Do you know the name of the Ship, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I heard it was a whaler, called "*The Mary.*"

Julius. —

Could you tell us about any Ship that was wrecked, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I could relate a small part of the 3. the sufferings endured by many of our fellow-creatures, under the dreadful calamity of Shipwreck, my dear, if you would wish to hear about them.

Julius. —

Oh! Thank you, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Clara, do you remember hearing of a little boy, of the name of D'Oyley, who had been rescued from the Savages in Torres' Straits?

Clara. —

I remember the name, Mamma; but I do not know any of the particulars.

Mrs S. —

I will endeavour to recall to mind what I have heard and read on the subject.

*Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Charles Eaton:* —

The *Charles Eaton*, commanded by Captain George Frederick Moore, sailed from the Downs on the 25th December, 1833.

Clara. —

Was it a Merchant Ship, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

It was a fine Barque laden principally with Calicoes and Lead. They were bound for Sydney, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Clara. —

We will have our Maps before us, Mamma.

Julius. —

Did they have a pretty good passage *here*, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I did not hear, my dear. They left Sydney on the 26th of July, 1834, for Madras, by the way of Torres' Straits:

Emma. —

Were there many passengers, Mamma!

Mrs. S. —

Captain D'Oyley of the artillery, his wife, their infant son (about two years of age), a little nephew (I believe about ten), their female servant (a native of Bengal), and a gentleman of the name of Armstrong.

Julius. —

I suppose they had a good many sailors to work the ship.

Mrs. S. —

The crew consisted of 26 persons: Mr. Grant, the Doctor, Mr. Robt. Clare, chief officer; Mr. Wm. Mayor, second mate; Mr. George Piggot, third mate; two midshipmen of the names of Clung and Perry; William Montgomery, steward; Crant Doxtor and William Williams, sailmakers; John Derry, Lawrens Constantyn, George Lawn, James Millar, William Grindale, James Wright, Samuel Moore, Richard Quin, John Carr, Francis Howe, Wm. Jefferies, Samuel Baylett, Charles Robertson, Francis Ruail and James Price, seamen; and two apprenticed boys named John Sexton and John Ireland.

At 8 A. M. of the 15th of August, they saw breakers a-head as they were making for what appeared a reef, near Sir Charles Harding's Island. They endeavoured to tack but could not succeed. They now let go both anchors, which fell close to the reef.

Julius. —

Oh! Mamma, what will they do now?

Mrs. S. —

The ship struck violently on what proved to be "The Detached Reef," at the entrance of the Straits.

Clara. —

Dreadful! Was the weather rough at the time?

Mrs. S. —

It was blowing hard. The Captain had prudently avoided entering the Straits till daylight; when the ship struck, the keel and rudder were knocked off and immediately carried away; the sea made a clear breach over her, and the Captain declared the vessel totally lost.

Emma. —

This is terrible! How were they supplied with boats?

Mrs. S. —

They had four, viz: the long-boat, two cutters, and a small one called a dingy. The Captain gave orders for the boats to be got ready and furnished with provisions, in the hopes of being able to reach Timor. Upon lowering the long-boat it swamped; the smallest of the two cutters also met the same fate, and James Price was drowned.

Lucy. —

Poor man! was he a sailor?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my dear. The dingy was broken to pieces when the ship struck and fell on her side, so that there only remained the largest of the two cutters — this was lowered with difficulty, and the third mate, William Grindall, and Lawrens Constantyn jumped into her. The Captain and Officers thought it impossible the boat could be saved, and determined to remain in the ship. The boat, however, succeeded in getting clear of the wreck and across the reef. On the following morning Richard Quin and James Wright reached the cutter by swimming, at the risk of their lives. Five others were also anxious to join them, but they pulled away.

Emma. —

That was very unfeeling, to leave their poor comrades to perish.

Mrs. S. —

To have taken more would have endangered the lives of the whole party. The boat could not carry more than five in safety.

Julius. —

Had they a compass, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear, nor any other nautical instrument. The whole of the

provisions consisted of one ham, thirty pounds of hard biscuit, and a keg containing four gallons of water.

Clara. —

That would not last long.

Mrs. S. —

They, however, got into the current and pulled away, where we must leave them, and return to the other sufferers.

Lucy. —

Poor things! What will they do now, without any boats?

Mrs. S. —

They were crowded on the poop when the boat left, feeling, no doubt, the utmost distress of mind, but they did not give way to despair. After putting all hands on an allowance of two wine glasses of water a day, and a small quantity of biscuit, about half of one, which unfortunately was all damaged by sea water, they set about making a raft: this occupied six days. On the seventh they ventured upon it, but found the weight of the whole party too great, for it sank under water; consequently many of them were obliged to return to the wreck. The Captain and passengers preferred remaining on the raft, and it was made fast to the ship for the night.

Clara. —

How many were on the raft, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Nine persons, viz: — Capt. Moore, Capt. D'Oyley, Mrs. D'Oyley, the two children, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Grant, the Steward, and the Bengal servant. In the morning the raft could not be seen from the ship; it was thought that the Captain had cut the rope in the night and gone away.

Emma. —

Oh! dear! poor things. How melancholy to be left and no raft, nor any thing to aid their escape.

Julius. —

The carpenter was left behind, so I suppose they would make another raft.

Mrs. S. —

This was not easily effected in their situation. Lawrens Constantyn was

the carpenter, and he went in the boat. However, on the fourteenth day after the vessel struck, they were enabled to launch a second raft; and the whole of the party, fifteen in number, succeeded in getting on it, and pushed away from the wreck. One poor man had been washed off the wreck.

For two days and nights they continued making their way in the direction, as they supposed, of Timor, immersed to their middles in water, without food, and worn out with fatigue and want of rest. On the third day they fell in with some Blacks, in their canoes.

Lucy. —

I hope they will be kind to the poor shipwrecked people.

Mrs. S. —

They appeared willing to assist them. Took them, and the things they had with them into their canoes, and then suffered the raft to drift away. They then set their sails, and reached the Island about 5 P. M.

Julius. —

Where did they take them to, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

To the Island of Boydamy, of which they were natives. When they landed the treacherous savages pretended friendship, and went with them to procure food and water. Feeling great exhaustion from want of rest, and apprehending no danger, they lay down to sleep under some shady bushes. It was their last sleep on this side the grave!

Emma. —

Oh! dear! were they all killed, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The two apprenticed boys were saved. Ireland escaped most providentially.

Julius. —

How was that, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

About an hour after they had laid down to repose, the natives came with clubs, spears and knives, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Thirteen of the unhappy people lay lifeless corpses; when they cut off their heads and danced and shouted round them.

The two poor boys only remained: and one of the savages shortly

afterwards, seized hold of Ireland to cut his throat with a large English knife. Ireland tried to get the knife away, when his fingers were dreadfully cut, one of the fore-fingers quite to the bone. Poor Ireland struggled violently. It was for his life; and succeeded in getting from the savage and fled to the sea, which he reached; not however, till he had been speared in his left side. Notwith-standing, he swam out to sea as far as he was able, when he was again obliged to return to the beach. The same man was there awaiting his coming, and caught hold of the poor exhausted boy, who must have expected instant death; but the savage did not now ill-treat him; he gave him food and water, and made him understand that he was safe. He then took him up the beach to where the natives were sitting round a large fire. John Sexton was also sitting there.

The heads of the murdered people were arranged in a row.

Clara. —

What a truly distressing situation for the poor boys!

Mrs. S. —

The next morning the Natives took the two boys with them, in their canoes, to an Island where they usually lived. Here they saw the dog from the ship running along the beach.

Julius. —

I am in hopes the Captain and the rest of the passengers were there.

Mrs. S. —

No doubt the poor melancholy boys hoped so too. They presently saw the two little D'Oyley's, and asked what had become of their father and mother. George, the eldest child, replied, that the blacks had murdered them, and every body else, but himself and little cousin. He said, just as they landed at the terrible Island of Boydamy, the natives assembled on the beach and struck the people down with clubs, and then cut off their heads. Poor Mrs. D'Oyley had the little child in her arms when she was struck by a ruthless savage on the temple and knocked down. The child dropped from her arms and was picked up by a woman called Duppah, who carried it away and adopted it.

Ireland saw the watches and clothes of the Captain and passengers in possession of the natives.

Emma. —

Poor boys! they were completely in the power of the natives, without any hope of escape. I suppose ships very seldom came near.

Mrs. S. —

One came in sight, about a week after they landed. Ireland saw it passing the island, and told the natives, and asked them to take them on board, but these unfeeling people turned their backs and would not listen to them.

A fortnight after, two vessels in company, came within four miles of the Island, sailing with a fine breeze, and studding sails set. Ireland entreated to go with them, but the natives took them into the bush, carrying the heads of their murdered shipmates with them. One of the natives then fired at Ireland, and hit him on the breast, from which the blood flowed profusely. Another native now shot at him, but fortunately missed.

Emma. —

Poor things! Their situation was truly deplorable.

Mrs. S. —

Soon after this, they went to another island, and stopped a week. Then they sailed to another, when they remained a few days.

Julius. —

What a number of islands there seems to be!

Mrs. S. —

Boydamy is one of a group, called the Six Sisters. The natives are a migratory race, always travelling about like the natives of this country.

They continued sailing about from one island to another. They also went to a large island where there were yams, and staid a week, and then went back to the small island again.

A native from Murray's Island now came and took Ireland and little William D'Oyley to his own island.

Julius. —

What became of George D'Oyley and George Sexton, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They remained at Boydamy with the cruel natives about three months, when these bad people added to their crimes by murdering the defenceless boys. Master D'Oyley was a very handsome child, and they cut off his head to adorn the front of a canoe.

Emma. —

This is monstrous! How could such thoughts enter their heads?

Clara. —

Were they cannibals, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my dear. They ate the eyes and cheeks of the shipwrecked people; this they do with the idea that it increases their desire for the blood of white people.

Clara. —

What dreadful sanguinary creatures. It makes one shudder even to hear of it.

Lucy. —

Was Duppah kind to little William, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my love. She treated both the boys kindly; they called Ireland “Wawkai,” and poor little D'Oyley, “Ewass.”

The whole of them were, from the first, deprived of their clothing, which kept them in a continual state of suffering, under such a scorching sun, besides the annoyance of insects.

Julius. —

The musquitoes especially. I think the Murray Islanders do not appear so ferocious as their neighbours of Boydamy.

Mrs. S. —

They do not; at least, in their treatment of the boys they shewed themselves very superior.

Julius. —

Did Ireland know that his fellow sufferers were killed?

Mrs. S. —

Upon enquiring after them, of a native belonging to Boydamy, he informed him of their fate. Though the natives of Murray's Island had ransomed Ireland and poor little William D'Oyley, their old enemies of Boydamy wanted sadly to get Ireland back again, and then no doubt they would have killed him also; but in this they did not succeed.

Julius. —

I am glad of that. Did any more ships come near, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The *Mangles*, commanded by Captain Carr, came close to the island of

Murray some considerable time after. They put a boat out from the ship, and remained there two hours. The Captain says he could see through his spyglass a great number of natives on the beach, and many more concealed behind the bamboos. There was also a large canoe ready for launching.

They beckoned to him to land, but he was fearful of treachery.

A man held up an European child to him, but he would not let him touch it. He could not see a white man, but felt certain, a boat which was building under a shed, was done by European hands. Captain Carr says, he watched them with his glass the remainder of the day, and remained at anchor all night, thinking if there were any white people on the island, they might perhaps be able to escape.

The next morning they weighed anchor and sailed through the straits.

Emma. —

The child the man held up must have been poor little William, Mamma. What a pity Captain Carr left without getting him!

Clara. —

Did Ireland see Captain Carr, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Poor boy he was along side the ship in a canoe, with the natives, but dared not make himself known. He, as well as the natives, were wholly without clothing.

Emma. —

Surely, Mamma, he must have looked whiter than the natives, if he were ever so much tanned.

Mrs. S. —

No notice was taken of Ireland from the ship, and he was compelled to return quite in despair. No other vessel came in sight for some time; but we must leave them here. To-morrow I will give you an account of the adventures of the party who left the wreck in the boat.

Julius. —

We have been so occupied with the poor boys, that I really had forgotten the sailors. Were they saved, Mamma? Where did they go to? Was it Timor?

Mrs. S. —

Nay, Julius, your questions are too numerous to be answered to-night. I will only inform you that they were saved.

Julius. —

Dear Mamma, could you tell us about the shipwrecked people this evening?

Mrs. S. —

I think I promised to begin with an account of the five sailors who escaped in the boat.

Julius. —

They were in the current you know, and pulling away as hard as they could when we heard of them last.

Emma. —

There were George Piggott, the third mate; Lawrens Constantyn, the carpenter; and three sailors, whose names I have forgotten.

Julius. —

Could you tell us, Mamma? I should like to know their names, and what country they belonged to, if you please?

Mrs. S. —

George Piggott, third mate, who acted as boatswain on this occasion, was, I believe, an Englishman; Lawrens Constantyn, a native of Charlestown, N. America, about 35 years of age; William Grindall, aged 23, was a native of Whitehaven in England; Richard Quin, aged 30, a native of Wexford, Ireland; and James Wright, of Edinburgh, Scotland, about 20 years of age. These two last, you may remember, swam out to the boat the next morning.

Julius. —

Yes, Mamma; go on, if you please.

Mrs. S. —

After striving about fifteen days, steering by the sun by day and the stars by night, in hopes of reaching Coupang, the capital of Timor, they saw land, which they thought was the so much desired island of Timor; they went on shore, succeeded in finding some cocoanuts and water, and then continued along the coast in the boat. Unfortunately they fell in with a number of natives in their praaws, who attacked our poor sailors; the poor men were so worn out with fatigue that they could make but a feeble resistance, and at last were obliged to surrender.

The inhuman natives upset their boat, stripped them of their clothing, and brought them on shore. At first they seemed determined to kill them,

and the poor fellows gave themselves up for lost, but two Chiefs interposed and succeeded in saving their lives.

Emma. —

Kind men! Do you know what they were called, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Their names were Pabok and Lomba. These Chiefs took the sailors under their protection, and they were pretty well treated after this. The natives were even prevailed on to give them back part of their clothing.

Emma. —

That must have been a comfort to them. What did they give them to eat, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Indian corn, yams, a little rice occasionally, and fish, but in such small quantities they could barely exist.

Julius. —

Poor things! and I dare say they had to work hard.

Mrs. S. —

No; the natives did not make them do any work.

Clara. —

That was surprising. What island were they on, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Timor Laut. They remained principally at Oilliett, which is the principal settlement. The houses of the natives are almost like beehives, with an entrance about a foot and a half high.

The sailors remained thirteen months at Timor Laut, and then a trading praaw arrived from Amboyna; they pressed the Chiefs to permit them to depart in this vessel, promising to return with great quantities of English guns, cannon and ammunition, to assist them in overcoming their enemies.

The Chiefs at last agreed to their going on these terms; and they arrived at Amboyna on the 7th of October, 1835, after a voyage of five days.

Julius. —

I should like to see where Amboyna is.

Clara. —

Here it is. One of the Molacca, or spice, islands.

Mrs. S. —

They belong to the Dutch. Amboyna contains about 5,000 inhabitants.

From hence they reached Batavia on the 3rd of December, in the Dutch brig *Patriot*, commanded by Captain T. Clunies: here they underwent a rigid scrutiny, on oath, as to all the circumstances of the shipwreck; and His Excellency the Governor of Batavia sent all the particulars of the inquiry to His Excellency the Governor General of India.

Clara. —

Why did the Governor of Batavia send to the Governor of India about the men's arrival, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

You may remember the unfortunate *Charles Eaton* was bound to Madras, and a report had reached there that the vessel was lying "high and dry" on the Barrier Reefs. The Governor therefore thought very probable that some of the passengers and crew might have escaped and be detained on some of the numerous islands in the Straits. He therefore sent to request the Governor of Batavia to institute all possible inquiries respecting any person who might have survived. The despatch was dated 5th of August, 1835. His Excellency of Batavia had made unsuccessful inquiries in the July previous. In consequence of the receipt of another despatch from the Governor of India, dated November 20th, 1835, His Excellency of Batavia sent to request the Governor of the Molaccas to dispatch a small vessel to Timor Laut, Marabella, and the neighbouring isles, in search of the supposed survivors from the wreck, and further intimated his intention of sending a ship of war should he find they were detained by force. Whether the little Indian coasting barque that took them away from Timor Laut came there in consequence of this correspondence, I am not prepared to say.

Clara. —

Were they all well when they reached Batavia, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The mate was seriously ill, and obliged to be taken to the Hospital.

Julius. —

I suppose there would be more correspondence between the two Governors.

Mrs. S. —

Yes; an official report was drawn up by Daniel François Willem Pietermaat, Barrister at Law, resident of Batavia, assisted by Cornelis Heije, Post Captain in the Dutch Navy and Master Attendant, and Frederick Jacobus Stoetman, sworn translator for the English language at Batavia. It contained a formal account of the arrival of the seamen, the particulars they had related of the shipwreck, their escape in the boat, and all that occurred up to their arrival at Batavia. As I have related these events to you, we need not repeat them.

Clara. —

What a pity they did not know of the two poor boys being at Murray's Island; I dare say they would have sent a ship of war and soon made the natives give them up.

Mrs. S. —

It was, indeed, a great pity, my dear. The sailors said, while they were at Timor Laut, they heard that there was a white person at a neighbouring settlement at war with the one on which they lived — that this white person had belonged to an English brig, which had been wrecked several years before, and all the people murdered but two boys. One had died there, and the other was the white person in question. The natives gave them to understand that he had adopted the habits of the blacks, was quite reconciled, and did not wish to leave the island.

Emma. —

I can scarcely believe that, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I should, indeed, doubt it, my dear Emma.

At some future time, I will endeavour to tell you more about him; our conversation must cease for this evening.

Lucy. —

Can you tell us about the shipwrecked people to-night, Mamma? I want to get poor little William and John Ireland away from those terrible people.

Mrs. S. —

It is, indeed, time they were in safer hands, Lucy. In consequence of vague rumours which reached this country, India and England, that some of the ill-fated survivors of the *Charles Eaton* were still living among the islands, Sir Richard Bourke, then Governor of this country (New South Wales), dispatched the Government schooner *Isabella*, commanded by Captain Lewis; they left Sydney on the 3rd of June, 1836, and on the

18th of the same month arrived off Murray's Island.

The natives came off to the vessel in fine large canoes, and were soon brought to confess that there was one white man on the island. Captain Lewis easily persuaded them to bring him in a canoe. This, as you may conclude, was Ireland; he related the circumstances of the distressing shipwreck, the murder of all but himself and poor little Master D'Oyley, who, he said, was still on the island.

The dear little boy was soon sent for, but it was long before Duppah and he could be brought to part. The woman had become attached to the helpless little boy, and the innocent child had so long looked up to her for protection and food, insufficient as it was, that he could not easily be torn from her, and cried long and bitterly at leaving her.

Emma. —

That appears strange to us; and yet it is very natural to love those who are kind to us, even in the shape of a black savage apparently.

Lucy. —

And you know poor little William was such a very little boy when she first had him, that I dare say he had forgotten how his own dear Mamma was killed.

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear Lucy, he had not forgotten this melancholy event, for he frequently amused the people on board the *Isabella* in describing how his dear parents and the others were killed by the savages. This he could do by signs and vehement gestures, striking his temple, and then shewing how they cut off their heads.

He spoke the language of the natives very fluently, but could not speak his own.

Clara. —

I should suppose, then, Ireland had not much opportunity of talking to him.

Mrs. S. —

On the 24th, the Captain and a party, accompanied by Ireland, went on shore in a boat, to an island called by the natives Wyer. They intended to search the island, in hopes of finding something belonging to the *Charles Eaton*.

On landing, the Captain and one of the sailors entered a hut; in the inside they saw a number of skulls hanging, strung on a string. There were many conjectures and much examination of them, but they could come to no satisfactory conclusion about them. Ireland said he did not

know of any white people being killed on that island.

Julius. —

Did they leave the skulls, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I believe they did, my dear.

Clara. —

The entrances to the houses being so low, made it perilous to enter. I should have been fearful of a blow from a club when I put my head in.

Mrs. S. —

Very true; nevertheless, they ventured into many.

On the 28th, which was Sunday, Ireland told the Captain there was part of a ship's boat on shore; two boats' crews were sent to look for it; after being away for about half an hour, one of the sailors found a piece of a stern of a boat with a copper ring-bolt in it.

Clara. —

They had not left Murray's Island yet?

Mrs. S. —

In some of the huts on that island they saw the skins of hands hanging up; these, the natives wear as ornaments on days of rejoicing. About 8 A. M. of Tuesday, 28th June, they left Murray's Island, and steered for Darnley's Island. About 4 o'clock, as they were running down for the island, they struck on the Canoe Key Reef, which was only six feet under water, and looked like a ripple from the tide. Fortunately the weather was fine when she struck, and the shock was not violent, They got the stream-anchor out, and succeeded in getting off and brought to in twenty fathoms water. It was extremely fortunate for them that they managed to get the vessel clear of the reef, for it began to blow hard almost directly.

Emma. —

Had they been wrecked there, Mamma, it would, indeed, have been terrible. I dare say they would all have been murdered, if they had fallen into the hands of the natives, from revenge for their having taken the boys away.

Mrs. S. —

Very probable; but a happier fate awaited them. A week after this, namely, on Tuesday, 5th July, they weighed anchor and sailed for Darnley's Island, where they anchored. Shortly after, ten or twelve

natives came off to them in a canoe. Soon they appeared to be alarmed!

Julius. —

What at, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

It could not be ascertained; some thought at the fire arms; others believed their fears proceeded from seeing the white boys on board.

As soon as they saw the little boy, they set up a shout, calling out Ewass. One of the natives in the front of the canoe came forward and shook hands with him, and then kissed his own hands, in token of friendship it was supposed.

Julius. —

Did they not notice Ireland, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they called out to Wawkai also.

The natives are much more numerous here than at Murray's Island. On the 17th, two boats, well armed and manned, were sent on shore.

The natives were very uneasy at this visit; they said they were tired of them, and wanted them to go away.

Julius. —

What sort of people were they, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Very ferocious. Their shoulders were scarified, and the cartilage of their nose perforated like the aborigines of this country; their ears were also extended like the natives of Murray's Island.

Lucy. —

You did not tell us what the natives were like there, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

The men were a fine race; but the women were very inferior, both in beauty and make. The latter alone shave their heads, allowing only a small tuft of hair at the top; they wear a bundle of coarse grass tied to the waist, which reaches down to the knee.

Julius. —

What did the people say when the natives told them they were tired of them?

Mrs. S. —

I do not know what they said, but they did not leave for some days after.

Ireland told the Captain that the treachery and cruelty of the natives was not confined to white people, for they used each other no better when offended. They suffer their thumb nail to grow very long and sharp, and when offended will seize their victim by the throat and press the nail into it till it meet their fingers, thus destroying them. Sometimes they will lie in wait in the bush for their victim, knock him down with a stone, and then pour poison into the wounds they have made.

On the 21st they left Darnley's Island, and sailed N. W. to an island thickly wooded. The Captain ordered two whale boats to be well armed and manned, to pull to southward, and search two islands which the natives call Craddow and Masseed. As they neared the beach, the natives came down with branches and leaves in their hands.

Julius. —

That was to shew they wished for peace, I suppose.

Mrs. S. —

They appeared greatly alarmed. Ireland told the Captain that they had the skulls of some white people hid away in the bush. When accused, they persisted in denying it, and wanted to run away. The Captain told them he would fire upon them if they attempted to escape. Still they tried to do so, and at last succeeded in running into the bush. The sailors dragged one of the boats over a very broad flat, and then gave chase to a canoe, but it was too far distant to overtake before dark, so they were obliged to give it up, and return on board about 9 P. M.

Julius. —

I am sorry they could not be sure about the skulls, Mamma. I suppose their light canoes scud along so briskly that there is no overtaking them when they get the start of an English boat.

Mrs. S. —

On Monday, 25th, they anchored off the island of Aureed.

Julius. —

Did they go on shore, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; Ireland thought the white people's skulls were on one of these islands, and they determined to search as many of the islands as possible till they found them.

They saw native dogs, but none of the blacks seemed there. After searching the bush for about half an hour, they came to an avenue lined on both sides with shells painted red. At the top of the avenue was a hut much out of repair: on entering it, they were greatly surprised to find a number of skulls fastened to a tortoiseshell figure. Ireland said the natives had a dance round the figure on feast days. The skulls were fastened to the figure by a piece of European rope, and shewed marks of violence on them.

Emma. —

These are the skulls of the poor murdered people. Do not you think so, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I think there could be no doubt of it.

I must here go back to tell you that a brig of war called the *Tigris*, commanded by Captain William Ingleston, left Sydney on the 10th July, 1836. I believe on the same expedition as the *Isabella*, but this I am not sure of, probably they were dispatched by the Indian Government. The weather was very wet and blowing strong from the southward when they left Sydney, but they went on pretty well till they reached the neighbourhood of Cato's Bank, where they had a gale, and remained under close reefed topsails. It however moderated after a while, but the weather was so thick they could get no observation, therefore thought it prudent to lay to for the night, as they judged they were near the bank.

On the 26th they made the Eastern Fields, and the next day the Barriers. The weather was still squally, and so hazy they could not take the meridian altitude. When within two miles of the reef, the weather cleared a little, and they could see Murray's Island. They anchored for the night, and the next morning reached the island a little after 7 o'clock. Long before they reached the anchorage, by the aid of their glasses they could perceive the natives in a state of great excitement, waving branches, shouting and launching their canoes. Before the sails could be furled half a dozen canoes were alongside. The Captain was provided with boarding nettings.

Julius. —

Please to tell us what these are, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They are used to prevent people rushing on deck. By putting up boarding nettings they prevented more coming on board than they chose.

Emma. —

I am glad they had these nettings Mamma, or these dreadful savages might have overpowered them, as the New Zealanders, and many other savage people have done to ships. Go on, if you please, Mamma.

Clara. —

Before you continue, will you be so good to tell us how long it was since the *Isabella* had sailed with the boys?

Mrs. S. —

The *Isabella* left the island on the 28th June, and the *Tigris* arrived the 28th July.

Clara. —

Exactly one month between.

Mrs. S. —

Captain Inglesdon admitted a few of the natives, and barter was carried on with great eagerness. The *Isabella* having so lately traded with them, there was little worth having left.

The Captain invited three of the men to breakfast with him. Before they came to table, they were dressed in shirts and trousers; they ate and drank of every thing that was given them; but a boy (son of one of the men) stole a silver spoon and put it into the bosom of his shirt. The Captain's servant suspected who had the spoon — searched the boy and found the spoon upon him. The Captain tried, by signs, to make both father and son understand how wrong it was; he repeated “No good,” which they appeared to understand. However, the Captain's penknife, which was a very handsome one, disappeared also.

Emma. —

How provoking! What very bad ungrateful people they were.

Mrs. S. —

Whilst they were at breakfast, an old man named Guppar brought a letter from Captain Lewis, of the *Isabella*, informing Captain Inglesdon that he had recovered the two boys, the only survivors of the *Charles Eaton*.

Captain Inglesdon gave Guppar an axe, clothing, and plenty to eat and drink, for his faithful delivery of the letter entrusted to him. The Captain then exchanged names with him, in token of eternal friendship, and the old man went away highly delighted, and loud in his praise of Inglese.

Julius. —

I think the Captain was too good to such bad, wicked, creatures. If I

had been Captain Inglesdon, when I had read the letter informing me how they had destroyed the poor shipwrecked people, I am almost sure that I should have ordered them out of my ship immediately, telling them I could not eat with, nor take notice of, such cruel wicked people.

Mrs. S. —

In dealing with savages, my dear boy, it is necessary to be very cautious; you know the dreadful system of retaliation practiced by all uncivilized nations. Had they met with anything to offend, they were sure to avenge themselves on the first white person that fell in their power. The navigation of Torres' Straits is so very difficult and dangerous, that shipwrecks are frequently occurring. It is therefore desirable to conciliate these wretched blacks, as it is quite impossible to civilize them. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Acting in this spirit, the Captain of the *Tigris* thought it expedient to leave the islanders with a good impression of *white* people.

The reception which the old man reported he had met with, soon brought plenty alongside.

There were women among them, who came on board without hesitation. They were not remarkable for youth nor beauty. Being without clothing, the officers undertook to dress out one, and the boatswain another.

Emma. —

Had they women's clothes, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They had nothing but male attire; but the ladies were not fastidious. The old lady the boatswain had undertaken to adorn was unfortunately somewhat stout, and being encumbered with a huge bunch of strong coarse grass, there was some difficulty in getting her into the dress; she could not be prevailed on to part with the grass, so the boatswain was obliged to pipe for more hands, and by dint of squeezing and shaking, she was fairly crushed into the trousers, which not being intended, as the boatswain said, to carry much stowage, had a most ridiculous effect.

Julius. —

Ha! ha! ha! How I should have laughed to have seen the horrid old creature.

Mrs. S. —

I have no doubt of it; you appear pretty well amused even at this distance of time and place.

Julius. —

Yes, Mamma, and Lucy looks so grave, it makes me laugh more.

Lucy. —

Yes, Julius, because I cannot laugh at such naughty, bad, people.

Julius. —

Only conceive, Lucy, an old fat creature, like one of our old black women, stuffed into a tight pair of trousers. It would make a Judge laugh.

Clara. —

How did they manage with the other lady, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The dressing did not prove so difficult a task; she was neither so stout, nor so determined to retain her equipment of grass. It was therefore thrown aside, and she was not a little proud of her new dress; to which was added an Union Jack, for a head dress.

Lucy. —

Dear! how gay she must have looked. I suppose this would make them all wish to have a turban.

Mrs. S. —

They could not spare any more. This was an old boat's color, belonging to one of the officers. The natives, were very anxious for the Captain to go on shore. After breakfast he accepted their invitation, and went loaded with presents, instead of firearms.

Clara. —

I should not like to trust to any savages, Mamma, they are so very treacherous. Poor Captain Cook, and many others, have felt the consequences of putting faith in unprincipled savages.

Mrs. S. —

Very true; I think it was imprudent. However, the captain, surgeon, and mates went; the purser and second lieutenant taking passage in one of their canoes directly afterwards.

The Captain walked away arm in arm with the blacks (upon landing) to a hut, and began to distribute his gifts. The women were most extravagant in wanting everything they saw, and very difficult to satisfy.

Lucy. —

How greedy!

Mrs. S. —

They would attempt to snatch, and then the Captain closed up the canvas bag which held the treasures till silence and order was restored, when he began again. At last they became so vociferous, and crowded the Captain so much, in their eagerness to grasp the things, that he was almost suffocated. Some old women in particular, actually screeching in their anxiety to be heard above the rest, so that he hastily emptied the contents of his bag.

Emma. —

Did they give the Captain anything in return, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Some took off their necklaces and offered them to him, but he made them to understand by signs that he did not want anything in return.

Julius. —

What did his gifts consist of, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Of axes, knives, fishing-hooks, spike and small nails, for the men; glass beads, small looking-glasses, scissors and handkerchiefs for the women. He also gave the men some cigars and lucifer-boxes.

Julius. —

I dare say they were delighted with them.

Mrs. S. —

They were so stupid that the Captain could not make them understand how to get a light; and they teased him sadly, by their childish plaguing, to have their cigars lighted by him.

Julius. —

Did they like cigars, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they appeared to relish them very much; one, after smoking part of his, stuck it through the cartilage of his nose.

When the Captain returned to the ship he invited two of the men to dine with him.

Emma. —

I hope they will refrain from stealing, after all the captain's kindness.

Mrs. S. —

One of them had been dressed out by the officers, in some of their old clothes, an old hat, and a pair of doeskin gloves.

They gave him a stick to walk with, and he strutted about to their great amusement, aping the manners of the white people very cleverly. He sat down to dinner with his gloves on, and upon the captain giving him leave to help himself to some stewed fowl, he thrust his hands into the gravy, gloves and all, and then sucked the tips.

Lucy. —

Dirty man! what did the captain say, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

His visitor soon discovered that this was contrary to custom, and took off his gloves. They seemed to enjoy their dinner much, and soon managed a knife and fork very well — and they seemed to relish their beer and wine as if they had always been used to such things.

Julius. —

I hope they did not take too much; for I dare say they would be terrible creatures then.

Mrs. S. —

They were not allowed to do so. After dinner the captain went on shore again, accompanied by his two guests, taking with him more presents. He went more southerly this time, that the people on that part of the island might have their share.

The inhabitants were not so numerous, nor did they behave so well as the others.

After distributing his gifts, it being near sunset, the captain was about to return on board, when a fine powerful man said he wished to go with him, and to stay on board all night.

Julius. —

I do not like the look of that, Mamma; I think there was some treachery in it.

Mrs. S. —

No; I believe it was in consequence of the captain's kindness. The man had been on board in the morning and behaved well, so the captain allowed him to go.

Lucy. —

What was his name, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —  
Madoo.

Emma. —  
Did he behave well?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, very well; they were much pleased with him. The captain took him over the ship, which he admired much, but the armory he seemed most delighted with.

Coffee was then served, and a round of beef and biscuit. Madoo ate of every thing, using a knife and fork, and behaving very properly. They shewed him many pictures and prints; and then the captain played some tunes on his double flageolet. After this, the second lieutenant played the flute; then they set a musical snuffbox playing; but kept it out of sight at first. He was all wonder and delight.

The captain made him understand that he wished to take his likeness; and he sat very patiently while his profile was taken.

They then showed him some of the lower parts of the ship which he had not seen; and then Madoo and the captain sat down to tea.

Lucy. —

I thought they had taken tea, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

This was in lieu of supper, I suppose. About 9 o'clock (the usual time for retiring on ship board) the captain had a carpet spread on the quarter deck for Madoo's bed, and lent him his carpet bag for a pillow; he slept soundly; and in the morning the captain awoke him; and they took coffee and biscuit together.

The carpet was very handsome; purchased by the captain at Alexandria; the colors were very bright; and took the fancy of Madoo, who wanted the captain to give it to him; but the captain did not like to part with it; he therefore gave him several trifles instead, such as an axe, a knife, and a few other little things; and Madoo was satisfied. Just at this time, some of his friends came alongside; and he requested the captain to give them some presents also.

Clara. —

The captain required a large stock of presents to supply so many.

Mrs. S. —

No doubt he went well provided with such things as all savage people prize.

You remember the captain exchanged names with Guppar, who brought him the letter.

Julius. —

Yes, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Captain Inglesdon was aware that his surname would be too difficult for the natives to pronounce, he therefore gave Guppar his Christian name. They were now heard vociferating William, William, as loud as possible.

Lncy. —

Were they calling the captain, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my dear; and to those who know the respect which is paid by officers and crew to the captain of a ship, will imagine the amusement it must afford. They kept up this shouting and hallooing till out of sight. Poor old Madoo was greatly affected at taking leave, and shook hands again and again with the captain and officers, as if quite sorry to part with them.

The captain was in hopes, from the impression they had received from the two ships, they would have a kindly feeling towards white people and treat them better, should any unhappily fall into their hands.

At 7 A. M. they weighed anchor, and the natives took leave and departed.

Emma. —

I hope they will have a good passage. Where are they going now, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

To Timor. And soon after leaving the anchorage they got so among the reefs with which these Straits abound, that it was with difficulty they escaped shipwreck.

They found the chart they had with them a very imperfect guide, though the captain had part of it at the mast head, by mistake they bore away too soon, and got to the southward of Cumberland Passage. They had shoals on both sides of them, with the outer barrier beyond.

Emma. —

I tremble for their safety now.

Mrs. S. —

The captain soon found, from the bearing of the islands, that they were not in the channel, and that the reefs to the southward of them were not laid down in the chart. They found it would be dangerous to attempt to work back, as the sun shone full in their faces. Nothing could be done, but to keep a vigilant “look out,” but they were soon among such a quantity of rocks, some above, some just below the water, that they were in great danger. At noon they took an observation which gave them  $9^{\circ} 59''$ . The two largest islands in sight were about eight or nine miles distant.

Clara. —

Will you be so good to wait a little, Mamma? I should like to find the exact spot where they are.

Mrs. S. —

Do so, my dear.

Clara. —

It is here; I will keep my pencil on the spot till we have extricated them from this labyrinth of shoals and rocks.

Mrs. S. —

In the afternoon, finding their difficulties still great, they thought it advisable to look out for a place where they might anchor in safety.

Emma. —

I am glad they have come to that determination. I am sure they must be sadly fatigued, by constant watchfulness, and tacking to avoid dangers.

Mrs. S. —

They were indeed fatigued, and most anxious. However, they anchored under the lee of an extensive reef, about half a cable's length from it; having rocks under them at 26 fathoms.

Julius. —

Let me see, 26 fathoms are 156 feet. Pretty well as to depth, Mamma; but too near the reef, I fear.

Mrs. S. —

So it proved: for it blew hard in the night, with strong irregular tides, or eddies, and the ship drove so that they had to let go another anchor. In

the morning they had great difficulty in extricating their anchors. After much trouble, they succeeded in getting one of the two to the bows. The other they reluctantly left behind, with 60 fathoms of chain, every purchase in the ship being unequal to raise it.

Julius. —

It must surely have got under some of the rocks. What a pity! I hope they did not feel the want of it. Go on, if you please, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

At half-past 9 A. M., they made sail, and continued working through this puzzling labyrinth till 2 P. M., when they sighted Half-way Island, bearing W. by N. They expressed their thanks to Almighty God, who had brought them this far in their perilous voyage. They reached the island about halfpast 3, and let down the quarter gigs for a ramble on shore.

Emma. —

I am quite delighted! poor things, it must be such a relief to their minds after so much anxiety.

Mrs. S. —

As they were walking, they saw a tree with the words “Dig under” cut out of it. Through the kindness of His Excellency Sir Richard Bourke, the captain had been furnished with a copy of the *Isabella's* instructions and he knew that a letter would be thereabouts. They therefore dug as directed, and in a short time found a bottle containing the wished-for letter which the captain read aloud, having assembled the officers and boat's crew. It gave an account of Captain Lewis having searched the island where the victims were murdered; of his having found their skulls; and that he had burnt down the huts and destroyed all the plantain trees on the island. He said the natives had left the island in their canoes on the approach of the schooner.

Captain Inglesdon and his party concluded it would be quite impossible to surprise them, as they knew the intricate navigation so well, and were one day on one island, and the next on another. Aureed, where the skulls were found, was named by Captain Lewis, Skull Island. It is one of the Six Sisters.

The next morning they left Half-way Island for Mount Adolphus, skirting the York Islands at a distance, to endeavour to discover if inhabitants or habitations were visible. They could not see any, and bore away for Double Island, where, happily, they saw the *Isabella* at anchor, and at 4 o'clock came to, in company with her, in nine fathoms.

Lucy. —

Oh! Mamma, how glad I am now, it will be so much pleasanter for them.

Julius —

And safer also, for they can help each other if they get into any difficulties.

Clara. —

The two captains will meet and talk over what they have done.

Julius. —

How I should have liked to have been there. Which ship put off a boat, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The *Tigris* sent a boat on board the *Isabella*, and learnt that the *Thomas Harrison* had passed but a few hours before. Captain Lewis having gone on board of her, had not yet returned, he found it impossible to pull up against the tide, and had brought his boat to a grapnel about four miles off.

Lucy (to *Julius*). —

What does that mean?

Julius. —

Oh! just throwing out a kind of small anchor, called a grapnel. I suppose it fastened to some of the rocks.

Lucy. —

I undsrstand.

Mrs. S. —

They sent a boat from the *Isabella* for him, and soon after sunset he reached the *Tigris*.

The two captains now proceeded on board the *Isabella*, taking Dr. Hughes, surgeon of the *Tigris*, with them to examine the skulls.

Emma. —

How many were there, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Forty. They were strung round a rude resemblance of the human face, made of tortoiseshell.

Clara. —

Did the doctor think they had belonged to white people, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

He pronounced that seventeen of them had belonged to Europeans. The others were evidently skulls of savages, most likely of enemies, whom they had killed; these seemed much older, and in a decaying state. These they had concluded as belonging to Europeans, were comparatively more fresh, and shewed marks of great violence. One of these had a lock of auburn hair forced into the skull, and still adhering.

Emma. —

What a distressing sight!

Mrs. S. —

The *Isabella's* crew had picked up part of an old mast at Double Island, which had evidently been exposed to the elements for several years — it was of teak, and caulked with coir; all, probably, that remains to mark that another distressing shipwreck had taken place. Who can tell the fate of the poor people who sailed in her? — But to return to our vessels. They sailed from hence to Wednesday's Island. The people were terrible ferocious-looking folks. They sent two boats, well manned and armed. As soon as Captain Inglesdon and his men landed, the natives scampered off into the bush.

The captain gave his gun to one of his men, and walked up to the place where they had disappeared behind the trees, calling out Mabouse, Warragee, and other friendly words.

Julius. —

How did they learn them, Mamma? Did Ireland know anything of their language?

Mrs. S. —

Dr. Wilson, of Braidwood (a friend of the captain), had written a clever work about these islands, I understand, and collected what he could of the language of the natives. I have not met with the work, therefore cannot give you any account of it. Captain Inglesdon held out some beads in his hands, when one of the savages advanced, looking very distrustful; he snatched the beads and ran hastily away. As the captain did not wish to press his acquaintance upon them, they sat down under the shade of a tree, when the natives soon began to peep out of their lurking places.

One came up to Captain Inglesdon and tied a small branch to his wrist, which he allowed to remain.

Clara. —

They are wishing to become friendly, I see.

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they soon became more friendly from a few presents which had been given them, and allowed the people to wander round the S. W. point of the island, shooting birds. Captain Inglesdon endeavoured to ingratiate himself into their good opinion, particularly with a monstrous large fierce-looking man, who seemed as if he could eat him at a meal.

Julius. —

I like Captain Ingleston very much, Mamma; he seems so cheerful, just the right sort of man for this expedition.

Mrs. S. —

I am of your opinion Julius. The captain persuaded this savage to give him his mother of pearl oyster shell; which was suspended round his neck; and to tie it round his own. He then sang to them; and amused them in various ways.

Lucy. —

I dare say the natives liked them after that.

Mrs. S. —

No; they were still suspicious; and as the sun declined, gave them to understand they wished them to leave. Captain Lewis had brought Ireland on shore, and the latter endeavoured to learn if they knew any thing of white people, but the language which he had learned differed so materially from theirs, that they could comprehend only now and then a word.

This seemed to be a wandering tribe, like most of the natives of these islands, and subsist on fish, roots, and a species of fruit which, when roasted, ate very like a mealy potatoe. It was about the size of a hen's egg.

From this island they skirted Hammond's isle, but saw no signs of inhabitants. They then sailed to Booby Island. Seeing a pole erected, with a piece of cloth fluttering on it, they sent two gigs, with two officers, to call at the post for letters, while the ships lay to.

Julius. —

I like this fashion of posting, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

It was the only way the captains had of assuring those who followed of their safety. When they reached the pole they saw a board fastened to it, and soon found a bottle as before, with the expected letters. They proved to be reports of the safe arrival of the *Recovery*, *Clyde*, *Alexander*, *Lockerby*, *Henry Tanner*, *Surry*, and *Camden*.

The ships drifted so much, that the distance was too great to send a boat on shore again after they had returned, so they could leave no letters.

Emma. —

That was a pity.

Mrs. S. —

They now stood for Cape Wessel, distance from Booby Island about fifteen miles. They passed some shoal patches not noticed in their charts.

On Saturday, 6th August, they made New Year's Island and Cape Croker. Captain Inglesdon stationed himself aloft — he was anxious to anchor for the night, therefore pushed on ahead for the schooner; seeing only a line of breakers to the southward of their track, lying N. W. of Oxley's Isle, he wished to come to an anchor under the lee of Cape Croker. He was carrying regular soundings till the Cape bore S. three or four miles distant. It was now past sunset, and getting dark fast. All hands were busily employed to bring the ship to anchor, take in sails, and heave the deep sea-lead; it gave but seven fathoms; they hauled out to northward, and had but four fathoms three feet, and struck hard and fast on a bank of sand and coral.

Lucy. —

Dear! what can be done?

Mrs. S. —

It was quite dark by this time, and they felt very anxious about the *Isabella*.

It was thought advisable to fire minute guns, and burn a blue light, to apprise her of their situation. This was soon replied to by lights and a rocket to the N. E. of them. The *Isabella* had seen them haul up to the northward, which enabled them to escape the danger. It was about 7 o'clock when the *Isabella* heard the first gun fired; and shortly after five minute-guns. This convinced them the *Tigris* was on shore, or in some kind of danger; they therefore tacked, and stood towards her. Captain Lewis thought it prudent to bring up; and run down to the brig in the boats; they therefore hoisted lights; fired a gun and let off a signal rocket: then hastened with all speed towards her. The *Tigris* rolled so heavily

when they came along-side that they had great difficulty in boarding. The gunner informed them that the brig had struck violently; and that the rudder had been carried away.

Clara. —

I suppose there was no possibility of recovering it.

Mrs. S. —

Oh! no. The rudder had been wrenched off; and its head forced through the poop-deck. It was fortunate for them that the vessel was a particularly strong built one: or it could never have borne the shocks it received. She was at length forced over the banks by the united force of sail and the lifting swell; having only 9 feet water under the fore chains; and the vessel drawing 12 feet forward. The shocks she received were dreadful: but through the mercy of Providence, they succeeded in getting her once more afloat; and anchored in three and a quarter fathoms, having ascertained that the water deeped to the N. W. They had begun to run the guns forward; as the stern hung: when she was lifted by a heavy swell, which made every mast tremble. As soon as Captain Lewis had provided for the safety of his own vessel, he went on board the *Tigris*: but happily by that time, they were saved; and the vessel afloat. They got under weigh; and stood out about a mile; and then anchored for the night, in company of the schooner.

Emma. —

How thankful they must have felt. I suppose they were in safety now?

Mrs. S. —

Captain Inglisdon describes the night as most wretched: and passed by all hands in the greatest anxiety: hoping for morning, which seemed as if it would never show its much wished-for light.

Julius. —

Was it blowing, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

From the time of the accident, the wind continued to encrease; and the tide was setting all night with great velocity to the E. S. E. and caused such a heavy swell, that the vessel rolled terribly. They were obliged to take in the guns and altogether they were in a deplorable situation.

In the morning they took bearings of Cape Croker; had found instead of terminating in a point, as represented in the chart, it embraced 4 points; at the distance of 4 miles.

They now weighed anchor, for Raffles Bay.

Julius. —

How did the *Tigris* manage, without a rudder Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They got on surprisingly well: keeping along shore: in company of the schooner.

It was about 10 A. M. when they entered the Bay. There was not much wind, which caused them a good deal of trouble in tacking: but they anchored in safety about 3 in the afternoon; a mile and a half from the old Settlement.

Clara. —

What settlement was that Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The Government formerly had a Settlement there; which not succeeding to their satisfaction, it had been abandoned.

Emma. —

Did they go on shore Mamma? I should like to know what kind of people the natives were,

Mrs. S. —

Both Captains went on shore, about 4 o'clock; accompanied by some of their officers. They were met by 6 of the natives, two were known as Wellington and Waterloo. The names of two others were Argeddie and Alleah. The Captains had taken presents with them; such as knives, handkerchiefs, axes, &c. and received in return barbed spears and a throwing stick.

They then returned on board taking four of the natives with them; to whom they gave something to eat; which, from the voraciousness of their appetites, they seemed much in need of. After they had shown their visitors about the two ships; and exhibited the guns; Captain Inglesdon put one of the 18lb. shot into Wellingtons hands; which alarmed him greatly; he exclaimed no, no, no.

Lucy (Laughing). —

I dare say he thought it would shoot him.

Mrs. S. —

Very likely. The Captain then took Wellington with him, into his cabin; and showed him the accident which had happened to the ship: but he did not appear to see that any thing was amiss.

Julius. —

I think he was rather a stupid fellow.

Mrs. S. —

The next morning the crew went on shore to fall some trees, for making a new rudder. The officers amused themselves in looking for kangaroos.

Clara. —

Did the men succeed in getting timber fit for their purpose?

Mrs. S. —

The trees which they cut down were without exception decayed at the heart, and swarmed with white ants. They managed however to procure sufficient to make a rudder. The carpenter of the *Isabella* was a very powerful man, and assisted them greatly: with an assistant; the carpenter of the *Tigris*; and the caulker; they were a strong party.

Clara. —

Was there any remains of the settlement, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They felt much regret in finding scarcely a vestige, of all the labour, fatigue and expence, which had been bestowed upon it. Some of the strong palisading of the fort; a little fencing; and the pole of the marine weather cock, alone remained. Captain Inglesdon tried to discover some of the many exotic trees and plants, which had been brought there. Half a dozen plantain trees were all they found alive; which from growing in a swamp, had escaped the conflagrations caused by the natives setting fire to the dry grass.

Emma. —

What a pity! It reminds me of the fate of all the useful things planted by Captain Cook in New Zealand and other islands.

Mrs. S. —

It is difficult to make uncivilized people attach value to any thing, not growing spontaneously. Raffles Bay was considered an ill-chosen spot for a settlement. Croker Island was preferred by some people capable of judging.

The atmosphere of Raffles Bay is very oppressive. They remained there ten days; and though Captain Lewis and the officers made many excursions, they never met with more than a few straggling natives at a

time: but they could see fires burning all around them, for several miles distant.

The people from the ships brought their clothes on shore to wash; when they had procured sufficient wood and water for their vessels. Wellington's party stole some of the gunner's clothes; and he retaliated by stealing some of Mr. Wellington's spears.

Julius. —

I hope that will teach him to be honest in future.

Mrs. S. —

He was a covetous, dissatisfied fellow; wanting all the presents; and continually whining and complaining; till he quite wearied them all. Indeed the impression received of the natives of Raffles Bay in general, was very unfavourable. They appeared to have little intellect, courage, or gratitude: while their habits were very disgusting. They were greatly inferior to the inhabitants of Murray's, or even the ferocious Darnley, islanders. They manage to cross Bowen's Straits, in the frailest of canoes. While at Croker Island, the purser shot the largest wild duck they had ever seen. Captain Inglesdon preserved it, as a stuffed specimen.

One day when the boat's crew were going on shore, to fill their water casks, they saw several large animals on the beach; about fifteen feet long; which plunged into the water, as soon as they went towards them.

Lucy. —

What could they have been I wonder?

Mrs. S. —

The men supposed they were alligators: but I must leave you to form your own conjectures on the subject: as I must be otherwise engaged:

Emma. —

Could you tell us any thing about Master D'Oyley this evening, dear Mamma?

Wrs. V. —

It is indeed time we returned to him and his companion in suffering, John Ireland. We have been so busied among the islands, we appear to have nearly forgotten them. However, I am happy to be able to tell you they reached Sydney in safety: when a lady who was acquainted with the relatives of Master D'Oyley, took him to live with her. It was well for him that he met with such a friend, or he might probably never have lived to have seen his friends in England. He was troubled with a sad cough; was very thin; and unusually tall for his age. The lady and

gentleman with whom he now resided, had been intimately acquainted with his poor papa and mamma: who were very amiable people. Captain D'Oyley had been much esteemed, as an officer and a gentleman.

Julius. —

What became of Ireland, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Poor lad! he had no kind friend to take care of him; for, though he was capable of earning his living, he was sadly out of health, from want of sufficient nutriment for so long a time: constant anxiety of mind; exposure to the burning sun, &c.; and he was quite penniless. He very much wished to return to England, where he hoped to find his father and mother still living. It was long before this wish was gratified: he sailed however at last; and I have never heard any thing further of him.

Lucy. —

What was the name of the lady and gentleman, who took such kind care of Master D'Oyley Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Their names were Slade my dear.

Lucy. —

Did they send him to England Mamma, to his relations?

Mrs. S. —

When his health was restored; and he could speak his own language tolerably; he went under the care of Captain Lewis, who had rescued him from the Murray Islanders. They sailed in the *Buffalo*; and had a very dangerous voyage; very narrowly escaping shipwreck.

Emma. —

Poor little boy! this would indeed have been terrible.

Mrs. S. —

Lieutenant Thomas D'Oyley, his eldest brother, whom he had never seen, was on his passage to Calcutta, and must have passed them on the voyage.

Emma. —

I am sorry for that; many years may pass, before they meet. How eventful his life has been.

Mrs. S. —

It has indeed. May the remainder be as happy, as the former has been unfortunate; and above all my dear children, we should pray, that the uncertainty and fleeting nature of all worldly happiness, may be so fixed in his mind, as to ensure him a happy eternity!

Clara. —

What became of the skulls Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Governor Bourke caused them to be interred in the Sydney burial ground, and a monument to be erected, to the memory of the unfortunate sufferers. It stands near the entrance. at the north end; and is a square tomb, with a raised top; very chaste. It has the following inscription: —

Within this tomb were interred, on XVII November,  
MDCCCXXXVI,

the remains of seventeen human bodies, discovered, after the most diligent research, in the island of Aureed, in Torres' Straits,

BY MR. C. M. LEWIS,

Commander of H. M. Colonial Schooner *Isabella*, and by satisfactory evidence identified as the mortal remains of certain of the officers, crew, and passengers of the barque *Charles Eaton*, who, after escaping from the total wreck of that vessel, on the XV August, MDCCCXXXIV, were savagely massacred by the natives of the island on which they landed.

His Excellency Sir RICHARD BOURKE, K. C. B., Governor in Chief of this Colony, by whose command the expedition to ascertain the fate of these unhappy persons was undertaken, caused the best offices of piety to be discharged towards them, by directing the interment of their remains with the rites of Christian burial, and the erection of this Monument to record the catastrophe by which they perished.

“And they told David, saying, that the men of Jabesh-Gilead were they that buried Saul. And David sent messengers to the men of Jabesh-Gilead, and said unto them, blessed be ye of the Lord, that ye have showed this kindness.” — 2 Sam. 2 chap. 4, 5.

Clara. —

Very affecting and appropriate, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Particularly so, I think, my dear. I will take an early opportunity of shewing you the tomb. And now my narrative must conclude: it has been longer than I had intended.

Clara. —

Thank you, Mamma, we have been greatly interested in it.

## The History of the Swallows.

How short is life's uncertain space,  
Alas! how swiftly run.

Emma. —

Mamma, could you relate anything to us this evening?

Mrs. S. —

The evening is already far advanced.

Emma. —

I fear there will not be time.

Julius. —

Tell us some little story then, if you please Mamma?

Lucy. —

Yes, do tell us a short tale, Mamma? I like tales very much.

Mrs. S. —

I suppose I must think of something then: but seat yourselves quietly.

Clara. —

We are quite ready now, Mamma.

Mrs. S.

then began

The History of the Swallows.

In the spring of 1829 a pair of Swallows which I shall distinguish by the names of Rapid and Lightning, anxious to procure a safe retreat for the residence of their expected little ones, accidentally flew into the verandah of a rustic little white cottage, whose pillars overgrown and shaded by sweetbriar, greatly charmed the little wanderers: who chaunted many a merry lay, as they skimmed to and fro; now mounting high in air; and again, diving into the further-most corner of the verandah. Nor were these excursions made, with a view to pleasure only; the quick eyes of

the little strangers, were examining every nook; in the hopes that further search would prove unnecessary: by their being enabled to build a warm and snug little nest, on one of the numerous ledges, formed by the rough materials of which the roof was composed. Before, however, they had commenced the arduous task of building their little nest, a circumstance occurred which induced them to change their plan.

It was one of those lovely days so frequent in spring, when the sun shines forth in all its splendour; and all nature seems enjoying the blessings which a bountiful Providence has showered upon us. Under these impressions, the lady who inhabited the white cottage (the parlour of which opened into the verandah) sat busying herself with her needle; while her darling baby lay wrapt in soft slumber, in her little cot. All seemed peace and serenity; and the little swallows emboldened by the quiet which reigned within, flew into the parlour; now peering into this recess; and then chirping with approbation, in the opposite corner of the room.

At length, they evidently fixed on a nook formed by the chimney, as a secure and pleasant place of shelter; and by degrees, finding themselves undisturbed, seemed regardless of the presence of the lady; who watched their little movements with much delight.

The mighty task now commenced: and with quick and undulating notions, each little bird flew in search of the necessary materials; which instinct pointed out to them as suited to their purpose; and soon the white wall bore signs of the clay, or mortar with which the active little masons compose their nest: lining it with soft feathers; in order to make it warm for their tender little ones.

Thus far all had prospered: but alas! what a fate awaited them!

When fatigued by their frequent rambles in search of building materials, the little birds were accustomed to alight on the window of a sleeping apartment, which opened into the verandah; and there with loud warblings, pour forth the gratitude which glowed in their little hearts. Whilst thus engaged, poor Lightning was one day suddenly seized by the remorseless cat; which had long watched the familiarity of the feathered songsters; and marked them for her prey.

The shrill shriek of the helpless bird warned the friendly lady of its sad fate; who instantly calling to a servant for assistance, flew to rescue her little favorite; which after much buffeting and chasing of the cat, was happily effected; and the little sufferer with palpitating heart and trembling limbs, was caressed and examined by its preservers; who pronounced it but little injured.

After taking the precaution to drive the cat to a distance, poor Lightning was taken to the back of the house; and upon the servant who held it opening his hands, it instantly darted down the hill. But sad to tell! a greedy magpie which no doubt had been watching its captivity, with

fell swoop darted upon and caught the defenceless trembler in its talons; whose piteous cries, at again finding itself in the power of a terrible foe, filled the eyes of its compassionating friend with tears.

To save it now was impossible; though the magpie flew on the garden fence; and commenced pecking the poor little prisoner.

The man again ran to its assistance: but ere he could reach the spot, the cruel magpie flew swiftly into the adjoining forest; and poor, tender little Lightning, was lost sight of for ever!

Of the fate of Rapid the lady never could learn. Whether he was a witness to the said end of his affectionate mate, and shunned the spot ever after; or missing Lightning, in his search after her, met an untimely end himself.

However, from that time the building ceased; and after a short interval, the unfinished nest was removed as unsightly.

Lucy. —

Thank you, dear Mamma. What a pretty story. Is it true, Mamma? Did it really happen?

Mrs. S. —

It is quite true, my dear. And really happened, just as I have described.

Emma. —

Poor little things! what a pity to be thus cut off by such a painful death: when so busily making its nest for its young.

Mrs. S. —

Nothing can be more ingenious than the nest of a bird: so carefully and beautifully woven. Hurdis says —

“It wins my admiration,  
To view the structure of that little work,  
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without,  
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
No glue to join; his little beak was all,  
And yet how nearly finished! what nice hand  
With every implement and means of art,  
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,  
Could make me such another. Fondly then  
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
Instinctive genius foils.”

## The Purple Beetle.

See the proud giant of the beetle race;  
What shining arms his polished limbs enchain!  
Like some stern warrior formidably bright  
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light:  
On his large forehead spreading horns he wears,  
And high in air the branching antlers bears:  
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,  
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

BARBAULD.

Lucy. —

Could you be so very good, as to tell us of something amusing this evening, if you are not too busy, dear Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

My business is not of a nature to be interrupted by conversation, my dear.

Emma. —

I am glad of that, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

What do you wish me to converse about, Lucy?

Lucy. —

If you could tell us of something about insects. Something that you saw in England, if you please, Mamma: and then it will be quite new to us.

Mrs. S. —

Smiled; and after a short pause, said, suppose I tell you of a strange circumstance which I observed, respecting a beetle.

Julius. —

A beetle! It is an insect that we do not like at all, Mamma.

Emma. —

But you know there may be pretty stories about ugly things: besides, some beetles are very handsome; for instance, the spotted ones, which we call elephant beetles; and those lovely green ones. So do tell it us, if you please, dear Mamma? and Julius do not interrupt Mamma; we like her to tell it, in her own way. So will you begin. dear Mamma?

Thus solicited Mrs. S. began.

During a sojourn which I made in the north of England some years ago, I was very fond of rambling about in the woods, or forests; which consist chiefly of fir trees; and are here called mosses. Probably, from the numerous mosses of every shade and variety, which clothe the ground: while the trees are frequently covered with beautiful lichens. There is also an endless variety of beautiful little plants, and wild native fruits; such as the wortleberry; the bilberry; the English cranberry, &c. Some of these curiosities I delighted to draw; others I dried, and thus made a pleasing addition to my herbal. I will draw you a little sprig of the cranberry. It is a pretty little plant, and trails along the ground. The flower is very much the form and color of the autumnal cyclamen; and the berry is about the size of a pea; and the color of a ripe apricot.

In one of these botanizing excursions, I saw a beetle of a large size; and beautiful purple color: apparently in great pain; and unable to walk. I immediately took it in my hand to examine if it were hurt, and perceived that it was entirely covered underneath with small spiders of a drab, or fawn color; which appeared in a great bustle. I have no doubt they were feeding on the poor beetle. And hard as the skin of the beetle appears, the parent spider most likely laid its eggs within it; that its future progeny might thus find warmth and food.

Lucy. —

Oh! how very painful it must have been to the poor thing. Would it not die?

Mrs. S. —

I dare say it would my love.

Lucy. —

What did you do for it, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I took a little twig and pushed all the little spiders away; to go seek some other food. This I had some difficulty in effecting; for they ran about very briskly; and frequently returned before I could make them fall to the ground. I did at last succeed; and carried the suffering beetle to a little distance; and placed it out of the reach of its little tormentors; and I dare say it recovered.

I frequently met with the same kind of beetle afterwards; and always in the same predicament: when I invariably proved their friend and champion.

One day when I was walking in a park, I perceived a purple beetle, apparently very angry and struggling violently with (as I supposed) a new enemy. I ran to defend it: but found the beetle was the aggressor this time. It was tugging along a poor little white slug, which kept spitting a milky liquid over its enemy's face. I felt quite vexed with the beetle, for I was young at the time, and imagined that this description of beetle, having such powerful enemies to contend with itself, should be the more merciful to other insects; having experienced the want of it. I did not consider that a wise and good God, has destined one thing as food for another.

Lucy. —

Tell me if you please, Mamma, what a slug is?

Mrs. S. —

A snail which does not inhabit a shell; and being a very soft slimy insect, has I dare say no other means of defence than to cover the eyes of its enemy with saliva.

Lucy. —

How did you help the poor little slug, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I snatched it away from the beetle and ran far away with it; laughing, and saying, now you will not be able to find it, you cruel ungrateful creature.

Julius. —

I am glad of that, Mamma. I should have done just the same.

Mrs. S. —

And yet my dear little boy, I do not think we should like any one to snatch a fowl, or any thing which we were about to have killed for our food.

I was never so fortunate as to find a dead purple beetle; and you know my dear children I am unwilling to destroy life.

Lucy. —

Yes, Mamma. You taught us those lines —

“Take not the life you cannot give,

For all things have a right to live.”

Julius —

When I am going to catch a butterfly. or perhaps any other pretty insect, some of those things which you teach us come into my mind, and then I do not do it, Mamma; for fear I should kill them.

Mrs. S. —

I am glad to hear you apply so well what you learn, my dear boy; for that is the use of all learning: to make us wiser and better. It is not merely acquiring a great many things by rote, that will make us better; unless we apply what we learn, as we have an opportunity; and by checking yourself from catching a beautiful butterfly (which I have no doubt you much wished to have), because you thought it would not be right, is a sacrifice well pleasing to the Being who formed it, as well as you.

But to return to the purple beetle. I have frequently searched in works of natural history, but could never meet with an account of such a beetle. They speak of a violet beetle: but from the description, I am sure it is not my purple beetle.

Clara. —

Do you think, Mamma, that the eggs of those spiders, are only laid in the skin of the beetle?

Mrs. S. —

I once found the same kind of spider in the wing of a bee.

Lucy. —

What the good little busy bee, Mamma?

I am sorry for that: then he could not go about to gather his honey, I am afraid.

Mrs. S. —

It was the industrious honey-bee, dear Lucy. I was looking into a melon frame, which was placed upon a hot bed.

Lucy. —

A hot bed, Mamma! What is that?

Mrs. S. —

It is manure made into a heap; which fermenting, keeps up a continual warmth; for you may remember I have told you, that England is much colder than this climate; consequently melons would not ripen in the

open air: so they place a frame, without any bottom to it, on the hot bed. It has a top composed of panes of glass; and as it is sloping like a desk, the sun shines upon it very strongly.

Emma. —

Oh! yes Mamma; we have often found glass quite burning hot, when the sun has been shining upon it.

Mrs. S. —

And glass decanters and other bottles formed like these, have actually set fire to such things as paper, or rag; and many fatal accidents have occurred from bottles of this description being left in a window exposed to the sun.

Clara. —

I could not have thought it possible that it could have set fire to anything; though it might have burned any one's hand who touched it. Will you continue your account of the bee if you please, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I heard the buzzing of a bee in pain, and found it whirling round and round. I caught it at last; and found one of its wings so full of these little spiders, that it looked just as if a pea was inside it,

Lucy. —

Oh! Mamma, how could you get them out?

Mrs. S. —

I was a good deal puzzled; for it struggled so, that I was fearful of hurting it; and I had no needle with me to open the wing. I however reluctantly made use of a pin for that purpose; and succeeded in ridding it of its tormentors; and then placed it on the melon frame. It appeared weak, but I dare say it recovered.

Julius. —

I wonder it did not sting you, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

I had on kid gloves, and perhaps that prevented it, my love.

Clara. —

I should like to see the purple beetle, Mamma. How big was it?

Mrs. S. —

I think about an inch or more in length, and thick, and strongly made. Somewhat larger than those beetles which we find with bronzed wings. They are sadly tormented by the little black ants.

Emma. —

Oh! yes Mamma; and we have carried many of them away from the ants and placed them on the boughs of small trees.

Clara. —

Do you like the brown beetles, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I cannot say I do, Clara. When I was a little girl about your age, I had the measles severely. I was a little better; and was sitting in an easy chair, propped up by pillows; when the servant threw some coals from a skuttle on the fire; and with them a poor brown beetle: which endeavouring to escape from the smoke and heat, ran into the fire. I was a tender-hearted child; and tried to tell the servant to take it out; but was too weak; and seeing it drop into the fire, it turned me sick; and I fainted: much to the alarm of my kind friends, who anxiously endeavoured to understand what I wanted to say to them. If I had not been very ill, this could not have occurred; for I think it exceedingly wrong to feel so much for animals, as to make ourselves uncomfortable about them: though it is right to save them from being hurt, when we have an opportunity of doing so.

Since I have been in New South Wales, I saw a particularly large flat-made beetle; of a dark brown color: running about in great distress, upon a log of wood, which was upon the fire. I took a small piece of stick and held it so, that the beetle could get upon it; which it instantly did; and ran up the sleeve of my dress, to my great annoyance; and clung so perseveringly, that I could not get rid of it for some time.

We should be careful how we touch insects, they may sting, or otherwise hurt us.

Some people have a sad cruel habit of throwing insects into the fire! I always consider it not only a sure proof of want of feeling: but of having had a neglected education also: for

“The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal suffrance feels as great a pang,  
As when a giant dies.”

## Joseph Forbes.

Clara. —

When the sailors who had escaped from the wreck of the *Charles Eaton* were at Oleillet in Timor Laut, they heard that there was a white boy in a neighbouring settlement; did you hear who he was, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

His name was Joseph Forbes: he was the only survivor of the *Stedcombe*: formerly commanded by Captain Barnes; who you may remember died in Sydney about two years ago.

Emma. —

Were they wrecked on the coast, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No, my dear; they were overpowered by the natives of Laoura in Timor Laut; and all but Forbes and another boy were cruelly murdered.

Julius. —

Oh! be so good as to tell us all the particulars, dear Mother?

Mrs. S. —

In 1821 Forbes, who was then quite a little boy, sailed from London in the *Stedcombe*, as cabin boy: he had a brother on board; who was one of the sailors. The vessel was commanded by Captain Barnes; and bound on a trading voyage among the islands of Torres' Straits.

In 1822 upon their reaching Melville Island, where there was a settlement, Captain Barnes and two or three others landed.

The chief officer now took command of the schooner; and proceeded on their voyage.

They arrived off Timor Laut in the night; and cast anchor. The following morning the captain and boat's crew went on shore: leaving only the steward; Forbes; and another boy named John Edwards, on board. As the time for dinner drew nigh, the boys became anxious for their return. Forbes took a telescope to see what they were doing; and perceived with horror that the natives were busied in slaughtering their

poor companions. The captain and most of them were already murdered. Forbes ran to inform the steward of their situation: but I suppose the man did not give credit to his assertion; for he bid him go about his business. Forbes begged him to help to slip the cable; but he would not. The two boys therefore with all haste endeavoured to do so; thinking the savages would be sure to come on board. The wind was favorable; but the poor boys had not strength: and before they could effect any thing, the inhuman savages were alongside, and the vessel surrounded by canoes. They immediately boarded her; and began the work of slaughter. by knocking out the brains of the steward; who was then thrown overboard.

Lucy. —

Poor boys! now they are quite alone. What did they do, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They ran up the rigging; and sprang from one part to the other so nimbly, that the natives could not catch them. The savages discharged arrows at them, but still the poor boys dared not venture down, till the natives assured them by signs that they would not hurt them if they did. Tired out by their exertions; and the terror which they felt, it was impossible to contend longer; and they accordingly surrendered: when they were immediately bound; and dragged on shore.

The first sight that presented itself, was the bodies of their murdered captain and shipmates. Their heads had been cut off and ranged on the beach.

Emma. —

How dreadful!

Mrs. S. —

These monsters in human form made the defenceless boys walk over the bodies. One over which Forbes was forced to walk, he recognized as his brother!

Lucy. —

Oh! poor little boy! how sorry I am for him.

Mrs. S. —

The savages threw the bodies into the sea: but the heads were strung together and hung on a tree; and the natives amused themselves by dancing round them, with hideous yells, for several hours at a time, night and day, for some days. When the heads became very offensive, the natives again arranged them on the beach. The two boys watched an opportunity and buried them; unknown to the natives.

Clara. —

What did they do with the ship, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They fastened a rope to her; slipped the cable; and hauled her on shore: they then stripped it of every thing they thought of value, and burned it.

Julius. —

What a pity!

Emma. —

What did they do with the boys?

Mrs. S. —

They made slaves of them.

Julius. —

What work did they make them do, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They employed them in fishing, planting cocoa-nuts and tobacco. The food of the natives was principally fish and yams.

Emma. —

Did the natives treat them kindly' except making them work hard?

Mrs. S. —

They treated them with great barbarity. Poor boys! they endured much suffering.

The natives bored large holes in their ears; into which they put such heavy ornaments, as to produce great torture, from the constant strain upon the ears. They burned their arms; tattooed their bodies; and filed their teeth down to the gums.

When they had been about three months on the island poor Edwards died, His remains were placed in a basket by the natives, and hung on a tree; and afterwards buried secretly by poor melancholy Forbes.

Clara. —

Did not any vessel touch at the island during all that time, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Forbes says several Dutch vessels called at the island; to whom he appealed to rescue him: but they would not interfere.

Emma. —

What could be their motive for such inhumanity?

Mrs. S. —

Fear of offending the natives probably, with whom they wished to trade. I know of no other motive that could impel them to such upardonable cruelty. When avarice gets the better of people, they seem to lose all feeling for their fellow creatures.

For a considerable time before Forbes was rescued, whenever a vessel came in sight, they would seize him; bind him hand and foot; and remove him from all chance of observation: where they kept him guarded till it had sailed.

About four years before he was removed from the island, two vessels touched there: the commanders had heard there was a white person there; they offered to ransom him, but it was finally refused. About a month before his rescue, Forbes says a Dutch man of war anchored at the place: but although the natives would have released him for a trifling ransom, the barbarous Dutchmen refused, and sailed away.

Lucy. —

Mamma, they deserve the same terrible fate themselves.

Emma. —

How did the poor lad get away at last, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The Dutch captain who so cruelly refused to ransom Forbes, fell in afterwards with the *Essington*, commanded by Captain Watson, and informed him of the circumstance of there being a white man at Timor Laut.

The *Essington* had sailed from Sydney about September, 1838, for the new settlement, which Government was forming at the Coburg Peninsula. They carried with them the church, which had been purchased in Sydney.

Lucy. —

A church! Mamma. How could a church be put in a ship?

Mrs. S. —

Not such a church as you have been accustomed to see, my dear little girl. I suppose this was the wooden frame of a church.

Julius. —

Like putting together some of our toy buildings, Lucy.

Lucy. —

Oh! yes, I understand.

Mrs. S. —

Several ships sailed from Sydney for the new settlement: among the rest the *Brittomart*.

On the 18th March, 1839, the *Brittomart* left Victoria, the capital of the settlement, and proceeded to Timor Laut. It was dark and squally when they reached it, so they stood off and on till daylight.

Julius. —

What part were they near, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Oleillet. At daylight on the 21st they worked up for the island; and at 9 A.M. saw two large canoes under sail, coming towards their vessel. They shortened sail several times, as if afraid to venture: but at last came alongside: when several of the natives came on board, and told them there was good anchorage. The *Brittomart* therefore stood in for it; taking the two canoes in tow. An elderly man, who seemed to be the head of the party, whose name sounded like Gamble, handed them a small basket, containing several odd leaves of an old remark book, written in pencil; a torn leaf of a navigation book; and two small pieces of black lead pencil. On examination, it appeared that they must have been taken from one of the men who left the *Charles Eaton* in a boat: you know that they were at Oleillet thirteen months. They were further confirmed in this opinion, by this Gamble having on a blue striped shirt, marked J. P. Clung: who you may remember was one of the midshipmen of the *Charles Eaton*.

Julius. —

But he was murdered with those who were on Ireland's raft, you know, Mamma: how could *his* shirt come there I wonder.

Mrs. S. —

After the wreck I suppose little respect was paid to individual property: most probably each appropriated to himself whatever answered the necessity of the moment: thus, one of the sailors might have worn one of Mr. Clung's shirts when he left the ship.

Emma. —

Most likely, Mamma. Did the captain of the *Brittomart* get those things from the natives?

Mrs. S. —

No; he could not prevail on the old man to part with them, for any thing he had to offer. So a copy was taken of such of the contents as could be decyphered.

At half-past 1 P. M. they anchored in twelve *fathoms*, sand and coral: about half a mile from the nearest land. While they were getting in, numbers of natives came off; and by the time they had anchored, at least one hundred were on board.

Julius. —

How did they behave, Mamma. They wanted Captain Inglesdon's nettings I think.

Mrs. S. —

They were very friendly; and appeared to take great pleasure in assisting to work the ship. Numbers went aloft, some even to the truck; out to the flying-jib, &c., with the greatest activity. One took the wheel; which he appeared to know the use of. They soon landed in a sandy bay; near which was the village the natives told them. Two of the head men who had come off to them in their canoes, landed with them; and offered to show the way to the town; of which nothing could yet be seen: it being quite over their heads.

On their landing, several hundred men and boys were waiting to receive them; who all paid them the greatest respect.

They began the ascent to the village by a long flight of steep rough steps; close to the place they had landed; partly cut out of the rocks; and partly formed of logs of wood, laid across; for about two-thirds of the way up: after this, they had to climb up two wide and perpendicular ladders; which were very long and apparently very old; curiously carved; and made of hard red wood. Under the top step of the upper ladder, in a hollow, cut out of a rock, were two little wooden figures; like the idols of the south sea islanders.

Clara. —

What a deal of trouble the natives must have, every time they wish to leave or enter this town: what could induce them to live on such a precipice?

Mrs. S. —

The difficulty of getting to their town, rendered it the more secure from their enemies. And when our sailors had ascended, they found

themselves on a considerable level; perfectly impregnable from the sea.

Emma. —

What kind of houses had they?

Mrs. S. —

They were neatly built on piles; about six or eight feet from the ground; and were well thatched with palm or cocoa-nut leaves. The walls were upright; but seldom more than four feet deep; some thatched; others formed of bamboo. The gables project at the top four or five feet; at the end of which are two crooked pieces of wood, like stags' horns, pointing upwards; and three lines hanging down, within a few feet of the ground; tastefully ornamented with shells. Having no door, they enter by a trap in the floor, by means of a ladder. The windows are small; and few in number: but one or two had them neatly finished.

The houses are in rows, very close together; on the side of a tolerably wide street. About half way up the street, they were introduced to an old man; who appeared a chief: they were invited to sit on each side of him; on a wicker bench. Two or three hundred natives formed a semicircle in front. The space thus left open, appeared to be much respected: several little dogs from time to time intruded into it; and were kicked out without any ceremony. The natives kept a profound silence. As the visitors could not converse with the old chief, they soon took leave: they forebore to examine the village, for fear of giving offence.

Emma. —

I am not surprised at that. I am very uneasy for them: surely they were very imprudent to put themselves in the power of so many savages; though they might appear friendly for a time: the least thing might give offence; and I suppose, if they chose, they could have taken the ship while the officers were away.

Clara. —

Did they see any women, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

None made their appearance. One of the officers on going under one of the houses to make a bargain for some birds, saw two women; but they ran away directly. They had many ornaments on their ankles and wrists; but no other dress than a wrapper which reached from the waist to the knees.

Julius. —

What were the men like. I suppose they were black?

Mrs. S. —

No; they were of a light copper color; well made; and strikingly handsome when young. Their hair is naturally black; which they allow to grow very long: and dye the tips for four or five inches of a bright sandy yellow. They dress it in a fastidious manner; fastening it on their heads with clumsy wooden combs. One or two had fine semicircular tortoiseshell combs; which appeared to exceed their powers of workmanship.

Almost all the boys and some of the young men had their hair cut very close; and smeared over with a white paste.

Emma. —

What taste!

Mrs. S. —

This was supposed to produce the yellow color, which I mentioned before.

Clara. —

Did the men ornament themselves?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they wore rings on their arms of ebony, ivory, or tortoiseshell. They had immense holes in their ears, some both in the lower and upper part; in which they wore enormous ear rings; in the shape of a padlock.

Clara. —

What were they made of?

Mrs. S. —

Mostly of ivory, or ebony: but some wore massive ear rings of apparently pure gold: though of rough workmanship. Several of them had two of these in one ear.

Julius. —

What clothing had they, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Simply the *serce* or waist cloth? which was very neatly ornamented with small white shells.

Julius. —

What weapons did they use, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Spears; and bows and arrows: many of these had iron heads, and were very sharp; and neatly made. There were also a few creeses, or dirks among them.

Julius. —

Did they make good canoes, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They were about twenty-five feet long; and much deeper than they were broad; with large clumsy outriggers on each side. They build over the centre a sort of deck, with split bamboo: which enables them to carry a number of men.

Julius. —

What are their sails like, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They have large mat sails, bent to two bamboo yards: one of which is triced to the mast-head by a coir rope, rove through a very roughly made block.

Julius. —

They do not seem stupid people. I wonder they could make a block at all Mamma. But I suppose it was copied from one they had seen.

Mrs. S. —

I think that is very likely. They came off with Dutch colors flying; and there was also a Dutch flag flying in the Fort.

Emma. —

They seem on very good terms with the Dutch.

Mrs. S. —

In the bay were several small islands, on which they place their dead. One or two of them were covered with bones and human bodies, in a state of decomposition, in light shells, or boxes: the effluvia was scarcely bearable; there were several little flags on a long bamboo staff over them.

On a little rock close to the beach, were two or three upright bamboos, from one of which was suspended a human hand and wrist; the meaning of which they could not understand.

Lucy. —

Do you think it was the hand of a white person Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They could not tell my dear. The sun had completely blackened it.

Clara. —

Was any trade carried on Mama?

Mrs. S. —

The visitors would gladly have purchased some of their numerous pigs and fowls: but, though they repeatedly offered them their most tempting articles of barter, they would not part with any: and offered them cocoanuts, of which they had abundance. They seemed to set a great value on ornamental things; and wanted the uniform buttons off the officers' jackets; for which they sold several of their bows and arrows.

Julius —

Foolish creatures!

Mrs. S. —

From the numbers they saw, they concluded the population could not be less than 1000. The men were mostly athletic; and not at all tattooed, or scarified on the skin.

Clara. —

I am surprised at that; when their neighbours where poor Forbes was, tattooed themselves so much.

Mrs. S. —

At sunset they returned on board their ship. The natives promised to bring them some vegetables off the next morning.

Soon after 7 the next morning, about 300 natives came in 27 canoes, bringing numerous trifles to barter. There was little worth having, except cocoanuts and Indian corn: some of which they bought; for beads, buttons, needles, pins, nails, empty bottles, &c.

Lucy. —

Did not they bring the vegetables they promised Mama?

Mrs. S. —

They brought a few yams and pumpkins; but asked so much for them, that they were not worth having.

They learnt from the natives that Laoura was in a bay, about two miles further northward. They also told them, that the inhabitants were hostile

to themselves and to the English.

The captain weighed anchor about 9 a. m., and ran along the coast under easy sail.

The coast of Timor Laut is very picturesque and beautiful; they perceived two other villages similarly situated to Oleillet; but did not put in.

The coast abounded with numerous coral rocks, and they did not think it right to keep too close to the shore. By the aid of their glasses, they could see canoes on the beach; but they could not see any natives: there were abundance of cocoanut-trees in all directions. They ran as near the coast as they could venture, till sunset; when the wind having gradually headed them, when they were 4 miles from land, they saw rocks and shoals; some with very little water over them; they therefore thought it prudent to tack; and bear to the eastward; intending to visit some of the numerous islands in the vicinity: where we will leave them to prosecute the object of the voyage, while we enquire after the *Essington*.

Julius. —

I remember the captain's name was Watson: he fell in with the good-for-nothing Dutchman who would not ransom poor Forbes.

Mrs. S. —

Yes. This Dutch man-of-war was at the island the beginning of March 1839, and soon after met Captain Watson; who upon hearing that a white person was detained among the savages, humanely determined to rescue him. He therefore sailed immediately for Timor Laut; and arrived there on the 30th of the same month. Captain Watson found the *Brittomart* had been there; but had not taken the white person; he was determined, if possible, not to leave the island till he did get him. He had not been off the island long, before he was surrounded by 11 armed canoes; which came to attack him. The chief wished the captain to go in and anchor; but this he refused; and shewed the chief that they were ready and willing, to defend themselves, should they attack them. The cunning chief pretended friendship: thinking to entrap them. Captain Watson allowed him and his crew to come on board. The chief told him there was a white man on shore; and tried to persuade Captain Watson to go and fetch him: this he declined; but he spread out an immense quantity of tempting things; which he said he would give for the white man; and told the chief to send his canoe for him: adding that he should detain him, till the white man was brought; and if that was not as soon as possible, he would *hang*, or *shoot* the chief; for which purpose, he ordered a rope and a gun to be laid ready.

Julius (Clapping his hands)

well done captain; you'll get him now.

Mrs. S. —

This appeared the right course to take, for the chief immediately dispatched his canoe to the shore: but they did not bring off Forbes that day nor the next.

Lucy. —

I am afraid they have killed him.

Julius. —

Oh! It was only a trick. Do not you know that they did get him at last?

Lucy. —

I forgot. So they did.

Mrs. S. —

The captain kept cruising off the island for two nights and days, with the prisoner chief on board; towards the close of the third day, however, they sent off the boy; but would not put him on board; till Captain Watson placed the rope round the chief's neck; as they came alongside. This had the desired effect. As the crew of the *Essington* were hoisting Forbes up into the ship, the active chief jumped overboard into his canoe. Captain Watson, however, made the chief come on board again; and then told him, that, although he had behaved so badly; and had wished to entrap him: still he would show him, that white people were as good as their words. He therefore, not only gave the chief all he had promised him; but likewise distributed presents, among the crews of the other 10 canoes. They seemed highly delighted; declared they would never harm another Englishman, and bound themselves to keep their word, after their custom, by one person cutting the arm of another, so as to produce blood: a little of which was dropped upon a sword; and tasted thereon by the chief and Forbes.

Emma. —

Poor wretched Forbes! I am glad he is taken away from such horrid people and customs. I suppose he was in a terrible state.

Mrs. S. —

Deplorable indeed! my love. He had forgotten his own language; and appeared quite a savage. The effects of sixteen years of suffering such as his, must of necessity give a wild and haggard expression to the finest countenance. How different is the expression of the face when the heart

feels happy and buoyant. The countenance is then open, the eye sparkling, the mouth decked with smiles. Behold the contrary picture: when the sufferer is oppressed by continual care; and bodily pain; with the dread of more direful evils to come! The brow is then contracted; the eye wild, or heavy; the corners of the mouth drooping; as if in sympathy with the sinking, aching heart!

Poor Forbes' hair was so long, that it reached to his knees; his ears were sadly disfigured from the clumsy ornaments he had been compelled to wear in them; his feet were dreadfully diseased from the effects of the burning sands he had so long walked on, barefooted. The sinews of his legs were much contracted; and his body and legs covered with ulcers. Indeed he was altogether so emaciated; and in so bad a state of health; that the surgeon, (whom they fortunately had on board the *Essington*,) declared that he could not long have survived: he was however put under a regular course of medicine; and he was enabled after a while to recover his native language, sufficiently to give them the account I have related: of the capture of the *Stedcombe*; the massacre of the crew; his own sufferings; &c. He told them also, that the savages of Oleilet in Timor Laut, had seized a Dutch vessel about three years before, when they murdered the crew and burned the ship.

Julius. —

That is the place where the sailors who escaped from the wreck of the *Charles Eaton* were. What a narrow escape they had!

Mrs. S. —

When the Dutch Government at Coupang heard of it, they dispatched an armed vessel to the place; destroyed the village, plantations, and growing crops. Most of the natives escaped by hurrying into the interior, on the first alarm; so that the aged, or such as could not leave the huts, alone perished.

Clara. —

I trust this will teach them that punishment may follow their wicked practices; and may account for the scarcity of vegetables when the *Brittomart* was there. Perhaps they had not recovered the loss of their growing crops.

Mrs. S. —

Very likely.

Julius. —

Stay, Mamma, if you please. Is not Coupang the capital of Timor?

Mrs. S. —

It is, my love. I will at my leisure give you a short account of Timor: now we will continue our narrative. Forbes told Captain Watson that four other ships besides the *Stedcombe* had been taken at Timor Laut: when they murdered the people, and destroyed the vessels.

Emma. —

There may still be white people among the savages, in some of these islands.

Mrs. S. —

I fear there are several. Forbes spoke of three, he had heard were among the natives of the neighbouring islands. And some missionaries told Captain Watson of two men, who were on Bala Island: who had formerly belonged to the *Lady Nelson*: which vessel had been missing some years. The missionaries had endeavoured to buy the men of the savages; but could not succeed.

Julius. —

I suppose Captain Watson would go to get them?

Mrs. S. —

He would gladly have done so: but the winds were contrary; and he was obliged to hasten to the settlement; and from thence to Sydney.

He arrived at the latter place on the 18th of July, 1839, and poor Forbes who was still ill, was placed in the hospital: where he gradually recovered his health in great measure: and felt great anxiety to inform his relatives of his situation.

Lucy. —

Had he a mother and a father, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

He hoped they were living, my dear: but in seventeen or eighteen years we lose so many dear friends that I fear there was not much chance of it. He left home so young, that he could only recollect that his father was a shoemaker; and lived at Deptford in Kent: where he worked about the Military Barracks. I have not heard whether he found his parents: but he sailed for England in October last, 1840. A subscription having been previously made for him and a passage taken.

Emma. —

Oh! Have you finished, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

For to-night, my dear. Besides I have told you all I know about Forbes.

Julius. —

I wish you could have told us all about his getting to England, finding his mother and father; and so on.

Mrs. S. —

It would be very satisfactory to hear all this: but there has not yet been time: possibly we may, at some future period. You know mine are true narratives. I am not at liberty to invent.\*

Emma. —

That makes me like to hear them so much, Mamma. I like to hear of things that really happened; they are always much more interesting than imaginary tales.

Mrs. S. —

May you always be an admirer of truth, my dear Emma! If you feel any interest in the return of the *Brittomart* to the settlement, we can accompany them there to-morrow evening if you please. You may remember we left them to trade among the islands.

Julius. —

Yes, dear mother, I should like to hear about what they saw there. And then be so good as to tell us about the settlement. And you said you would tell us about Timor.

Mrs. S. —

You have plenty of subjects in store for me I think.

Mrs. S. —

You are all seated with your maps before you, waiting the fulfilment of my promise I see.

Clara. —

Yes, Mamma. You know we left the *Brittomart* sailing away from Timor Laut, as they thought it unwise to continue longer near its rocky coast.

Mrs. S. —

They afterwards visited several islands: but were able to do very little in the way of trade among them: and as nothing remarkable occurred, until they arrived at the Ki Islands, I think we had better join them there:

we will suppose them come to an anchor, at 8 A.M., in sight of numerous shoals and rocks. The captain's intention was to visit Doulla, for which they started after breakfast in their gig. They pulled along a sandy beach, the land was low, thickly wooded and abounding every where with cocoanut trees. They found Doulla but an insignificant place; though it had the appearance of being very old: there were very antique ornaments, carved on the principal gate to the village; and on some small oblong building; in which they deposit their dead.

Like all the villages they had seen in these islands, it was surrounded by a wall; which enclosed a large space of ground: but there were few houses in it. There were six or seven entrances to these enclosures; after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe, viz: by short ladders both outside and inside.

Clara. —

What were the natives like, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They were a dark, dirty people; many of them covered with leprous diseases; possibly the consequence of their want of cleanliness. Their only dress was the waist cloth. They did not appear very numerous. Their houses were built on piles; and every way similar to Oleillet. Their weapons were also the same.

They build a vast number of boats and canoes, of various forms and sizes; with much ingenuity. Our voyagers purchased several of them; and admired them greatly.

There were two Macasser prauhs hauled into dock, on the beach; where they were undergoing repair. One was a fine large vessel, gaily decorated. The crews were living in houses, close to the beach; which were fitted up for the purposes of trade.

Doulla is very prettily situated; the country all round it looks like a garden.

Julius. —

They got vegetables here I dare say.

Mrs. S. —

No. Though the natives appeared to possess abundance, they did not care to part with any: so they could neither obtain vegetables, nor stock. They however bought some cocoanuts and a few fowls, from a small village near where the *Brittomart* was anchored. And then sailed round the island to the westward. They were all day passing a numerous group of small islands, attached to the Ki Islands. They then stood southward and saw the Nuda Tillo Group to the westward. All night they kept

southward, under easy sail; and fresh breezes, from the S. E.

At half past 8 A. M. they saw the Island of Vordate a-head; and Mula to leeward. They stood into the anchorage of the former island; and at 8 P. M. they came to, in 20 fathoms; pretty close to the shore. On Tuesday, 9th April, they landed with their articles for barter, in hopes to procure stock. They were received on the beach by a great number of natives, who were mostly unarmed; and ornamented with very curious head-dresses of feathers, of various colours.

A very old man, one of the chiefs, came down to them; making the most humble salam; touching their feet with both his hands; and bowing low several times, to each of them.

Lucy. —

How droll it must have looked.

Julius. —

I think he is too polite. I fear it will not last: but go on if you please Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

This courteous old chief produced a certificate in Dutch, from Mr. Kolff; which as far as they could make out, gave him the highest character for honesty and integrity; during Mr. Kolff's stay among the islands: where this old man acted as his interpreter, with the natives. The captain gave the old chief and his son, each a handkerchief.

Julius. —

Did the natives seem inclined to trade Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

There appeared a good deal of excitement among them, and while the captain and people from the *Brittomart* were on the beach, the numbers rapidly increased; every fresh comer being armed; and sticking his spear upright in the sand: within a few yards of the circle. Our voyagers gave them to understand, that they wanted to purchase pigs, poultry, &c. but the natives made them plainly perceive, that they were unwelcome visitors.

Emma. —

Dear me! I wish they were safe away.

Mrs. S. —

They began to wish so themselves; for the numbers of the natives now increased so fast, that they thought it advisable to return on board. The

old chief promising to send the things they required.

Julius. —

What could make them behave in this way, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The captain supposed it proceeded from fear, or doubt of the meaning of their visit. It appears, that some months previous to this, the Dutch Government had sent three men-of-war, viz., the *Diana* frigate, *Nakuling* brig, and the *Hoake* frigate, to the neighbouring island of Laerat to punish them for the murder of the captain and greater part of the crew, of the English barque *Alexander*.

The Dutch vessels destroyed their village; and took several of the natives, who had acted as ringleaders, to Amboyna; where it is supposed they were executed.

Julius. —

Did the natives keep their word about sending off the things Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

As soon as the captain shoved off the whole of the natives crowded together; and continued deliberating for about half an hour: after which, one of the chiefs brought off a pig and a he goat.

Julius (laughing). —

Did they buy old Billy Mamma? He could not be a very pleasant companion, on board ship.

Mrs. S. —

Quite the contrary, I should think; and of little use: nevertheless they bought him; as the chief had had the trouble of bringing him. Upon the chief's return, the natives again crowded together for a short time; and then dispersed.

When the captain and crew landed the natives saluted them with a swivel, from a prow on the beach: so the captain thought it might please them to receive a salute in return; they therefore fired 3 guns, on leaving.

The *Brittomart* was unwilling to depart without obtaining more stock; but good reasons presented themselves why they should. In the first place the impossibility of making the natives understand that they did not come with hostile intentions, would prevent them from being able to trade; the anchorage was also unsafe; and the weather unsettled: they therefore weighed; and ran round to the N. E. end of the island.

Julius. —

What were the natives like Mamma? I hope they were more cleanly than their neighbours of Doulla.

Mrs. S. —

They were very like the inhabitants of Oleillet: but not so robust; and apparently more troubled with leprosy. Their arms appeared the same. One man had a large breast-plate, apparently made of hide. Dutch colors were flying in several directions. As they sailed round the island, they could see patches of cleared and cultivated land.

It was very rainy and squally during the night; but moderated towards morning. They made Timor Laut in the afternoon of the 10th. On Thursday the 11th they arrived off Oleillet, at 1 P. M. As they passed Laoura they saw a long line of breakers.

At 2 o'clock a large canoe with 35 natives came off to them; among whom was their old friend the chief; who had brought them the manuscripts, &c. formerly belonging to the sailors of the *Charles Eaton*.

He now showed them two papers from Captain Watson, of the *Essington*; who had touched there it appeared, only two days after the *Brittomart* had left. One was dated the 31st March 1839, and stated Captain Watson's determination to cruize round the island, in the hope of finding the survivors, if any remained, of the *Stedcombe*; who were captured by the natives of Laoura. The other paper was dated a few days later; and informed them, that he had rescued an English lad from the natives.

The captain landed in the afternoon; and the natives appeared delighted at his paying them another visit. The women now shewed themselves; and among them, they saw several very pretty girls; with bright brass ornaments round their wrists and ankles. Young and old all wore a dark colored wrapper; which reached from the waist to the knees.

Clara. —

Did they invite them into their houses this time, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The visitors took advantage of their friendly feeling, to look into one of their houses: it was very clean and neat. The floor consisted of a beautifully made bamboo mat. The bamboo was split; and sufficiently thin for every thing that was passing underneath to be seen.

Emma. —

I suppose they were able to get vegetables and stock now, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Excepting a few cocoanuts, they could procure nothing; so they retired

on board, the natives promising to bring down a great quantity of things the next morning.

They stood off and on all night, and landed in two boats at 10 in the morning. As they approached, they could see numbers of the natives coming down from the village, with vegetables, and many others coming armed.

When they landed they found all the chiefs and a considerable number of natives waiting for them. They had not been on shore more than ten minutes, when a very powerful man in a state of intoxication, came rushing down from the village; armed with a strong iron-headed spear.

Lucy. —

I am afraid they will all be killed now.

Mrs. S. —

There seemed every reason to fear so, for the man made towards them, apparently with a view to attack them. This several of the natives prevented, by struggling with him; and getting the spear away. After which he rushed unarmed among them, purposely running against them; insulting them; and with violent gestures, pointing to them to be off. No doubt with a view to produce a quarrel: the strangers however were upon their guard. There was a great deal of scuffling among the natives on the beach; and it was thought some were wounded: but it was quite impossible to understand what was taking place distinctly: the noise, crowd and confusion, was so great. Finding that nothing advantageous could be done, under such circumstances; and that the least thing would be sufficient, as a pretence for attacking them, the party from the *Brittomart* determined on returning on board. When the chiefs understood their intention, they were very eager to induce them to stay; professing much friendship: but not being satisfied with them; and their vessel being a good way off, they insisted on leaving; and at half-past 11 reached the ship; hoisted up the boats; and made sail for Port Essington; with fine weather.

Clara. —

I am quite relieved at their escape; it is more than I expected. Surely, that excitement must have been on their account. I should think some wished to kill them; and others objected.

Mrs. S. —

It is impossible to be certain, my dear. It certainly looked very like it. All the party were of the same opinion; from seeing all the old chiefs on the beach: which it appears was unusual; the great number of armed natives; and excitement that prevailed. Probably they were cautious of

immediately attacking them; as they landed with two boats' crews that day: had they delayed leaving, I fear none would have survived to tell the catastrophe.

The natives of all those islands, are considered by the persons who trade with them, as a very treacherous people, that ought not to be trusted; though they should appear friendly.

On Sunday, the 14th, they saw the coast of Australia to the westward of Trepang Bay. The next morning they were off Vashon Head, and in working up touched lightly on the edge of Orontes Shoal: but did not sustain any damage; and at 2 P. M. anchored off Victoria.

Emma. —

Thank you, Mamma. I think they have had at least two very narrow escapes. I am glad we have brought them safely to an anchor. Tomorrow, if it is not too much trouble, will you tell us a little about Victoria and the new settlement?

Mrs. S. —

It is not at all troublesome, my Emma. It gives me pleasure to see you take so much interest in our little conversations.

\* Since this little work was in course of publication, I learn that Forbes reached England in safety; and was brought before Alderman Pirie, as a fit object of charity, by Mr. Brooks, shipowner of Broad-street. It appears that poor Forbes was in a hopelessly ill state of health; and still quite crippled. His case excited much commiseration; and a subscription was raised for him; and they add "the tears trickled down the pale and withered face" of poor Forbes on the occasion. Alderman Pirie remarked, that it was a singular fact, that *he* was the very person who sold the schooner *Stedcombe* just before it set out on its fatal expedition: and it would give him sincere gratification to receive subscriptions for the poor sufferer. Alderman Pirie and Mr. Brooks each subscribed £5. The Committee of Lloyd's sent the following complimentary letter to Captain Watson: — Lloyd's, 4th May, 1841.

SIR, —

The Committee for managing the affairs of Lloyd's having had their attention called to your highly praiseworthy proceedings in so skilfully rescuing an unfortunate fellow-subject of the name of Forbes, from the savages, at the island of Timor Laut, after a captivity

of 16 years, I am directed to acquaint you, that they have unanimously resolved, in token of their estimation of the humanity shown by you on the occasion, to recommend the Subscribers, at the next general meeting, to vote to you the honorary Silver Medal of that Establishment, in order to mark the sense entertained of your kind and generous conduct. I beg to assure you, that upon the concurrence of the Subscribers being obtained — which it is expected will be readily accorded — I shall have great pleasure in transmitting the Medal to S. A. Donaldson, Esq., the Agent for this Establishment at Sydney, N. S. W., in order to its being delivered to you.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. DOBSON, SEC.

Captain Thos. Watson,  
Schooner *Essington*,  
Sydney, N. S. W.

## Port Essington.

Mrs. S. —

You may remember I told you there had been a settlement at Raffles Bay some years ago. The new settlement was not many miles from that, in the Coburg Peninsula.

Clara. —

What a pity they did not remove all the things, from the one to the other.

Mrs. S. —

It was, my dear: but I suppose at that time, there was no idea of forming another establishment so near. One of the inducements I believe has been, that in the event of shipwreck, which too often happens in these parts: Europeans would have a safe retreat.

On the 27th September, 1838, the expedition started. It was commanded by Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, C. B. & K. C. H. of the *Alligator*: accompanied by the *Brittomart*, the *Orontes*, which took the stores, provisions, &c., and the *Lady Kennaway*.

The latter vessel was going to India: but sailed in company with them. The *Canton* was also to have accompanied them: but was detained: so the *Brittomart* was sent back for her; and was to join them off Smokey Cape.

Julius. —

Quite a fleet, Mamma. How did they get on?

Mrs. S. —

But slowly. The *Orontes* was very deep in the water; and sailed very badly: the winds were strong from the north; and the current rapid from the south: all these things combined, rendered the passage very tedious. They however entered the Straits with fair winds and beautiful weather; which continued all the rest of the voyage.

Going slowly, they had time to admire the picturesque scenery of the Straits: which is of a mountainous description; extremely magnificent; and greatly resembling the finest parts of the coast of South America. On

the 19th October they anchored off the largest of the Albany Islands, and found after a careful examination, that the anchorage was very good, two miles from the main land, at Cape York. Formal possession was taken of the Cape and adjoining territory. British colors hoisted, on a rise, under a salute from the guard on shore, and three cheers; which was answered by a royal salute from the ship.

Emma. —

It is just at the point, Mamma. Was it a pretty place?

Mrs. S. —

Extremely so; and the land good, and covered with fine trees.

On the eastern side of Prince of Wales Island they saw the wide openings put down on the maps; and thought it must be an extensive port.

Julius. —

Did they see any inhabitants, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

As they were coasting along in their boats, they saw fifty or sixty, who tried to induce them to land, but they did not think it prudent.

They reached Port Essington on the 27th, and found the *Essington* schooner off Point Record, watering. It had sailed from Sydney before them.

Lucy. —

It took the church I remember, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

Yes, my love. It also brought from the islands afterwards, pigs; Timor ponies; buffaloes; and many other useful things; for the settlement.

Clara. —

Did the *Brittomart* join them off Smokey Cape?

Mrs. S. —

No. It arrived at the settlement about a week after the *Alligator* and *Orontes*; and anchored off Middle Head. They were employed many days in search of a good site for the town. It was requisite to combine so many advantages, that due consideration was necessary. For instance, it should be of easy access for the shipping; possess good fresh water; with a fruitful soil. All these they at length found; and fixed on a spot for the township: which they called Victoria, in honor of the Queen.

Julius. —

They will be very busy now.

Mrs. S. —

All hands were employed in putting up houses; digging wells; &c. Very excellent water was found about twenty feet from the surface.

The North Point which is seventy feet high, Sir G. Bremer named Minto Heads.

Emma. —

Why, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

After the First Lord of the Admiralty. They intended to make this a battery; and place plenty of cannon on it. The South Head was a perpendicular cliff, fifty feet high; they named it Adam Head; this also was well supplied with cannon. So woe to the enemy who should venture inside of Point Record.

They made a pier for the convenience of landing: it was 150 feet long; 15 broad; and 8 high. Indeed, if we include the road that was cut to it, the length was 280 feet. It was built of black sandstone; and erected under the direction of Lieutenant Stewart, of the *Alligator*.

Julius. —

That must have been very useful. I suppose they made gardens too, Mamma. I dare say they brought trees and seeds with them; and you know the land is pretty good.

Mrs. S. —

Yes; they laid out several gardens; and the trees and plants which they brought from Sydney and elsewhere, did well. Tropical productions flourished best: such as bananas, pine apples, water melons, island beans, lemons, oranges, guavas, yams, arrow-root, sugar canes, maize, cotton, tamarinds, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, &c. Pumpkins did not seem to do well; neither did cocoanut trees: but I dare say they would after a time.

Lucy. —

You know cocoanut trees are growing on all the islands about.

Mrs. S. —

So they are Lucy, and no doubt will become accustomed to the soil of Port Essington. It was thought that rice would do well, on some of the low lands, that were flooded. The soil on the high lands, was mostly

covered with iron-stone: but the low lands were very rich and good. They were of opinion, that coffee and spice might grow well: also that sugar plantations might be cultivated with advantage: indeed they found one species of wild sugar cane, growing in sandy soils. The nutmeg was also found indigenous; and of a fine flavour; though of a different species to those at the Molaccas. A species of cotton was also found.

The principal trees were (as elsewhere in this island) the eucalyptus or gum trees; the casuarina or swamp oak, growing on the coast and banks of rivers; and the banksia or honeysuckle.

There appeared to be few herbs; and the grasses did not afford much variety: they grew long and coarse.

Clara. —

I suppose it was very hot?

Mrs. S. —

Extremely so: but particularly healthy. Its salubrity was put to the trial; for the surveying parties frequently slept out for more than a week at a time: either in the boats, or in the bush; exposed to the open air: without feeling any inconvenience from climate. I cannot say as much for mosquitoes and sandflies; they were sad torments to them.

Emma. —

Did they see any natives, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Oh! yes; they appeared an inoffensive friendly people; and not very numerous. It was thought there might be about 200 on the whole Peninsula.

They once gave a convincing proof of their friendly feeling towards the white people. One of the sailors rambled into the bush and could not find his way back. He was there four days; and was found by the natives in a dying state. They took him carefully to their encampment; washed his feet; gave him food; and then kindly and carefully took him to the settlement.

Lucy. —

That was very kind of them.

Mrs. S. —

It was. They appear a simple wandering race, entirely without clothing; but a much finer people than our natives of New South Wales. They found them very useful at the settlement; for they would assist as laborers; and bring them fish and honey.

Julius. —

Is Port Essington a good harbour, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A particularly fine one; and possesses numerous delightful bays. It extends for nineteen miles. The entrance is seven miles, with ten fathoms water. The settlement is about midway between the entrance and the head; in what is called the Middle Harbour: this is about six miles long; and from two to five wide.

They discovered several streams of fresh water running into the harbour; in which were excellent fish: they caught some very much like trout.

Julius. —

Did they see any kangaroos, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Plenty. And a surveying party fell in with a herd of buffalos, feeding on the banks of a fine river; about five miles S. S. E. of Raffles Bay.

Clara. —

Could they have belonged to the old settlements?

Mrs. S. —

It was supposed so.

Julius. —

When the *Tigris* stopped at Raffles Bay to get a new rudder made, they found most of the trees swarmed with white ants; was it the same at Port Essington?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; about the coast: but they disappeared inland.

Julius. —

That was fortunate: did they pay a visit to the old place, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; Lieutenant Stewart went in the decked boat, to ascertain its exact condition. And on his return, he discovered between Point Smith and the West Point of Raffles Bay, a very fine harbour; to which he gave the name of Port Bremer: the west side is a mile and a half from Berkley Bay, in Port Essington.

Mr. Macarthur discovered a small fresh water river, about three miles inland. They also found an excellent bed of brick clay, which answered well for their buildings; and iron stone, which worked well into blocks; these also were very valuable for building purposes.

Emma. —

How favored the place seems, Mamma; as if Providence had designed it for a settlement.

Mrs. S. —

It might indeed have been so ordained, my dear: you know nothing happens without God's knowledge: the party might have been under His especial providence, when they selected it.

The French discovery ships *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, arrived at Raffles Bay.

Clara. —

Did they, Mamma? You know we saw the officers in Sydney.

Mrs. S. —

Yes. They were under the command of Commodore D'Urville.

Julius. —

Did they go to Port Essington, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Lieutenant Stewart went in a decked boat to visit them: and to invite them to enter the harbour: which they did; and distributed some medals; and after exchanging civilities with the officers, they took leave.

Emma. —

That made a pleasant change for them.

Mrs. S. —

Sir G. Bremer was anxious to have a personal knowledge of the islands to the north; he therefore sailed in the *Brittomart*, on the 13th February, 1839. When he visited the Island of Kissa; and the Portuguese settlement of Dellie in Timor, where he was received with much respect; and great attention shown him by the Governor, Colonel Cabrera. Sir G. Bremer was enabled to open a channel of communication of great value to the expedition, during the N. W. Monsoon. At Dellie they took much interest in the New Settlement at Port Essington.

A schooner was just starting for Macao, which would convey the intelligence to China. So they expected that they should soon be able to

carry on a good deal of trade.

The Island of Kissa is small: but it is thickly peopled: containing more than 7000 persons, 150 of whom are Christians; and the rest Pagans. The Rajah and principal men are Christians; and under the spiritual charge of a worthy Missionary of the name of Bier.

Clara. —

Did Sir G. Bremer trade at all Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. They found plenty of stock at Kissa; which they sold very cheap; viz.: a pair of fowls for a cotton handkerchief; a pig for 4 yards of calico; a pumpkin for 4 inches of brass wire; and a melon for 6.

Lucy. —

What a curious way of buying things Mamma!

Mrs. S. —

The Island of Moa is the largest of the group: but the people did not appear so intelligent, as those at Kissa. They had numerous herds of cattle.

While they were there, Sir G. Bremer heard that there was a man still living at Timor Laut, who was one of the survivors from the *Stedcombe*.

Emma. —

It must have been poor Forbes.

Mrs. S. —

It was. Sir G. Bremer hastened back to the Settlement; and dispatched the *Brittomart* on the voyage which we have in imagination taken with them. Lieut. Kuper I believe had the command.

Clara. —

How kind it was of Sir G. Bremer to send the *Brittomart* so promptly.

Mrs. S. —

It was. While they were away, 6 Malay prahus paid the Settlement a visit, each containing 25 men; 14 others were seen and heard of in the immediate neighbourhood.

Julius. —

We do not care if there were 500 of their frippery vessels: our roaring cannon will soon teach them to keep among their islands; and let white people alone. I wish I had been there, I would have helped to fire away

upon them; leaving only a few to go back; and tell the rest, how we will treat such bad people in future.

Mrs. S. —

Stay Julius. You have brought your roaring cannon into use too soon: these Malays are only come to ask the English to let them be under their protection, while they collect and cure the Trepang.

They had heard of the Establishment; and now came on the beach about 110 yards from the Government Garden; and asked permission to erect houses, for curing and dressing their articles of trade: as they would be secure from the attacks of the natives. The Malays had an establishment at some distance; but were obliged always to keep half their party to guard it: while the other half were fishing. Under the protection of the English, they could employ all the people fishing.

Clara. —

Did they promise protection; and allow them to build?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. It was thought that numbers of the Malays would come in consequence, and that a very lucrative trade might be carried on with them.

Emma. —

What did they trade in Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The Malays would bring bees'-wax, pearls, tortoiseshell, and perhaps sandall wood. When the *Essington* returned to Sydney with Forbes, she brought 5 cases of tortoiseshell, 30 cwt. of bees'-wax, 10 cwt. of sandal wood, &c. The Malays were very anxious to exchange these things for English calicoes, knives, &c.

Clara. —

They must have a vast number of bees to be able to sell so much wax: do they ever part with any of their honey?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. That is another article of traffic.

A party of 9 persons was formed to explore the interior of the Cobourg Peninsula; it consisted of Lieut. Stewart, Mr. Drury, Mate; Mr. Sharp, Assistant Surgeon; Mr. Meynell, Midshipman; Mr. Armstrong, Botanist; 2 seamen, and 2 marines. They started on the 1st May; and carried with them a week's provision, on 2 ponies. They were each well armed. It was

4 o'clock when they started; and being unaccustomed to pack, their baggage was very troublesome to them; frequently slipping from the ponies' backs. This hindered them so much, that they only went 2 miles that afternoon; and then encamped: making a snug hut, or gunyah, with boughs.

They greatly admired the country as they proceeded; comparing it to the fine forests of South America; it did not possess that sameness, so much complained of, in most parts of Australia. They saw plenty of magnificent cedar trees; and a kind of reddish wood, of which the natives make their canoes: it is as buoyant as cork; and grows to a very large size.

Fresh running water abounded every where. Near a pond they found the bleached bones of a buffalo; the bones of a turtle; and also the bones of an animal which they thought must be a seal. There were tracks of the natives about that part. Some miles further Mr. Drury saw a large black buffalo, very wild; and their tracks were numerous.

They did not see any natives; but could hear their calls to each other. This was their third day of travelling; in the night a serious accident had nearly occurred. They encamped about 5 o'clock; and lighted a fire, at the foot of an old tree: the fire burned freely; and gradually undermined it: so that about midnight, when all but the watch had fallen asleep, down it came. Just as it was falling, an alarm was given. Mr. Meynell had scarcely time to scramble out of the way, when it fell, just where he had been sleeping! Had it fallen three feet more to the right, Lieut. Stewart and three others, perhaps more, would have been killed: as it was, only Mr. Armstrong received any injury: one of his hands was struck by a branch; but he was not severely hurt.

Clara. —

How very fortunate. We have known so many shocking accidents, from the falling of trees, that we can imagine they must have been much alarmed. My heart always beats so fast; and I tremble from head to foot, when I hear a tree fall: though it may not be near me. It sounds like cannon.

Mrs. S. —

In the course of the next day they saw two native encampments; but the people were not there: their nets, &c. were lying about. In the second encampment were two large huts, in one of which they found a bundle of human bones, carefully bound round with a net; and secured with a small line. The bones were not at all offensive; the flesh had been quite removed; and the bones probably dried in the sun.

Emma. —

I should have been fearful of the natives coming.

Mrs. S. —

Some of the party thought the natives were yelling, because they were examining the bones: but Lieutenant Stewart did not think it possible they could see; so their yells must have proceeded from some other cause.

Lucy. —

Oh! they were near then?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; but they did not see them.

Clara. —

What was in the other hut, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They saw a Malay axe: but they did not disturb the contents of the huts: for fear of giving offence; as it might have cost them their lives. They could see large fires about Alligators' River; and on the beach, about two miles to the eastward. The mosquitoes had been very troublesome hitherto; this night they did not annoy them: but a native dog kept prowling about all night.

Lucy. —

That was very unpleasant: what could he want I wonder?

Mrs. S. —

Perhaps he smelled their provisions. They found the mangroves thick and troublesome to travel through; every where near the beach; and they got into a bog, over which their horses could not travel: they had to unload them; and to carry the packs for half a mile: when they rested for breakfast.

After which they started again; but were greatly embarrassed to extricate themselves from a succession of swamps: they however succeeded at last; and came to a salt water river: there fortunately was a canoe on the other side; and one of the party swam over to get it. They found in it proofs, that honesty, was not among the good qualities of their black friends.

Julius. —

What did they see there, Mother?

Mrs. S. —

A Canadian axe, with the Queen's mark upon it; two bars of rod iron; and several pieces of old iron hoop. On the opposite side in a hut, they found an iron dog, which had been made for the pier: another piece of rod iron: which they had sharpened into a point: several handkerchiefs; old canvas; and pieces of red cloth.

Julius. —

How did they get over?

Mrs. S. —

They all managed well, except the two last: who were clumsy; and upset the canoe; and out fell the stolen things: they were all sorry for this: though they were stolen: so they left them some bread instead.

After walking for some miles, they fell in with a party of natives; consisting of seven men, three women and two children. They had a canoe with them. Several were recognised as old friends, whom they had seen in the Settlement: one was called Alanget; another Arradunga; none of them showed the least fear: but came forward with great confidence. They asked for bread; of which they gave as much as could be spared. There was a poor blind man, who had been to the Settlement. They all expressed surprise, at seeing them so far from the Settlement: they took our travellers about a mile inland, to a river; where they encamped for the night; quite tired with the adventures of the day. The natives brought them plenty of fish; and left them at sunset; and did not come near them all night.

Our travellers had prevailed on two of them, to act as pilots: who promised to join the party on the morrow. Numerous tracks of buffaloes were seen during the day; and the natives told them there were plenty, close to them. Lieut. Stewart felt convinced there were hundreds of them; certainly far more, than could have escaped from the old Settlement.

The next morning at daybreak Alanget and Arradunga came to act as guides; they started soon after: but would not take them exactly, in the direction they wished: probably there were impassable rivers: however, they took them across a beautiful plain, with scarcely a tree upon it; having plenty of fine water holes. They saw three buffaloes lying in one of them, which they felt convinced were not landed from the *Essington*: they were much larger; and they thought they had never seen finer, nor fatter cattle: one was a reddish cow. They would have shot one; but none of their guns were loaded with balls.

Emma. —

I am glad of it: why should they kill the poor things; they could not have carried one away; and it would have been much more than they

could have eaten.

Mrs. S. —

You are right, my dear Emma. We should never destroy any thing wantonly. The natives then took them to a very nice well; which they could never have found without them: here they encamped for the night. They were surprised next morning to make the coast, at Cape Croker: they wished to have gone much farther to the southward; but their guides would not understand them. They marked the spot; and then began their journey homewards.

They found abundance of cabbage trees, on their return; extending over about fourteen miles. The country was not nearly so fine; nor the land so good; as that on the south side of the Peninsula: which seemed in every way more highly favored: there being a greater abundance of fresh water; and it appeared quite free from the ravages of the white ant.

They greatly regretted that the cabbage tree did not grow in the neighbourhood of the Settlement: they ate some of it and greatly admired it, as a vegetable.

Lucy. —

We all like it very much Mamma.

Emma. —

Yes: but I think it is a great pity to cut down the tree, for so small a portion of it.

Mrs. S. —

It is. The natives were very useful, in taking them to fresh water; and it was quite surprising to our travellers, to find how exactly they brought them out to Middle Harbour; where they wished to arrive at. How they effected it, over an extent of twenty or thirty miles, was incomprehensible to them: who could not have steered so exactly with the best compass.

It was sunset when they arrived at Middle Harbour: where they soon procured a boat, to take them over. They returned on the 8th, and had travelled over an extent of about 90 miles.

They saw few kangaroos, perhaps the buffalos might disturb them. The native companion was seen on most of the plains, where there was fresh water.

We have now brought our party in safety to the settlement; and it is time my narrative was concluded. When the *Alligator* left, the harbour had the appearance of a considerable village. There was the government cottage; the public buildings; the officers' quarters; and numerous neat cottages and gardens.

Captain Macarthur was left in charge.  
At some future day I may tell you further particulars of the settlement.

All the Children. —

Thank you, dear Mamma, it is a very delightful account.

## Timor.

Clara. —

Could you indulge us with the account of Timor this evening Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Willingly, my dear.

Emma. —

You know Sir G. Bremer went there. How far is it from Port Essington?

Mrs. S. —

Between four and five hundred miles.

Julius. —

Timor Laut does not appear half the distance.

Mrs. S. —

No. With a fair wind it is about a day's sail. The people who inhabit the two islands differ greatly from each other.

Dellie, where Sir G. Bremer went, is under the Portuguese Government; and is situated at the north side of Timor.

Emma. —

What kind of town is it Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

It has a pretty appearance from the bay; the houses being whitewashed; and standing in the midst of groves of cocoanut trees; lemon; orange; and banana trees. The inside of the houses are miserable; having only ground floors and bare rafters. The inhabitants are some of the most kind and hospitable people in the world, to strangers; from the Governor downwards.

There are four or five Portuguese ladies, residing in the town: but they appear in indifferent health. The natives are a well-made hardy people; honorable in their dealings.

Julius. —

What do they sell their ponies for Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Twenty-five shillings. Their buffaloes twenty-eight shillings; fowls eight shillings per dozen; pigs and sheep four shillings each: and as they are for barter, of course it makes them much cheaper.

Clara. —

What are the productions of the island, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Rice, maize, sugar cane, coffee (growing wild), beeswax, turmeric, cocoanut oil, sandal wood in abundance, rosewood, and a species of cotton. All kinds of fruits in abundance; besides those I have named, they have pomegranites, pine apples, tamarinds, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, &c.

Clara. —

It is a valuable island.

Mrs. S. —

They have beside plenty of copper in the mountains, and gold in the beds of rivers.

Emma. —

What do they take in exchange, for their property?

Mrs. S. —

Chiefly muskets, fowling pieces, powder, all kinds of handkerchiefs, iron and lead.

Clara. —

I suppose as the ladies are so unwell, the climate is sickly?

Mrs. S. —

It is considered healthy; but you know it is very hot. Agues and intermittant fevers prevail part of the year: but it is thought these may easily be guarded against. Coupang is considered the capital of the island; it was formerly in possession of the Portuguese; but the Dutch drove them out in 1613. In the hands of the English it would be a very valuable place.

Julius. —

How large is it, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

About 120 miles in length, and 37 in breadth.

## Sea Shells.

LUCY ENTERING THE ROOM IN HASTE, CARRYING A BASKET.

Mrs. S. —

What have you there my dear?

Lucy. —

Oh! Mamma, such pretty shells: we have had such a delightful walk upon the beach. See what a number of pretty shells I have picked up, after the storm. Can you tell me the names of any of them?

Mrs. S. —

My knowledge in conchology is not very extensive my dear: though I used to take much pleasure in a collection of shells, fossils, ores, &c. which I had when in England; and which was lost in their way out to me, in the *Columbia*.

Lucy. —

What a pity Mamma!

Mrs. S. —

Yes. I regretted it much;—— but change your shoes my dear, and tell Thomas to bring a tray, to spread the curiosities upon.

Lucy returning. —

Now Mamma are you at leisure?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. Now we will examine them.

This is a trochus: the fish which inhabits this shell, is said to be most voracious. It hesitates not to attack any inhabitant of the deep, however large. The enormous though peaceful whale, remains not unmolested by this scourge of the ocean: which fastens firmly to its huge sides; and sucks its flesh, until it is satiated. All the efforts of the defenceless whale, to rid itself of its tormentor, prove unavailing. In vain does it lash the waves; and dive about in agony; spouting rivers of water from its

nostrils: its enemy remains unshaken. Nor do the testaceous, or shelly kinds escape its ravages: to them it also adheres; perforates the shell; and destroys the defenceless inhabitant.

Emma. —

I often see shells with holes in them. Do you think they are made by trochuses, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Very frequently they are; though probably there are other fish and worms, which also pierce holes in the shells.

Lucy. —

What is this, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A very different description of fish, Lucy. It is a pinna marina. This somewhat resembles the muscle; though it greatly exceeds it in size: frequently measuring 18 inches: how unlike are its propensities, to those of the trochus. The pinna marina like the muscle, suspends itself to rocks, 20 or 30 feet beneath the surface of the water; by fibrous threads: which it spins at pleasure; in the same manner as the spider. These fibres, which are long, silky and numerous, are spun into various articles of dress; by the ingenuity of man; particularly by the inhabitants of Palermo, the capital of Sicily. Thus firmly fastened to the rocks, the pinna escapes being thrown forward, by the impetuosity of the waves; which might otherwise dash it to pieces, against the many hard substances, at the bottom of the sea: but it would inevitably fall a sacrifice, to the eight-footed polypus, were it not for the pinnophylax, a species of crab, which has been aptly termed by poets its "Cancer Friend." This little animal which is entirely destitute of shell, or hard covering to protect it; seeks shelter in the strong abode of the pinna: from whence it issues in search of food. It returns loaded; and upon reaching its friend, it makes a motion that is instantly understood, by the pinna which opens its shell; and closes it as soon as the cancer is within, to secure itself from its enemy the polypus. The pinna then partakes of part of the booty, as a recompence for the security which it affords, to its foraging friend.

Lucy. —

Dear! kind little friends! I like them very much, Mamma.

Julius. —

What do you call this, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

A conch, or volute. This is a small one of the kind. I have seen some a foot long. They are used by savage nations, as a trumpet in time of war. The noise produced from blowing through it, is loud, harsh and powerful.

Julius. —

Thank you, Mamma, now I shall know what is meant by “Sounding the Conch.”

Lucy. —

Is not this a beauty, Mamma? All mother of pearl inside?

Mrs. S. —

That is a haliotus or ear-shell.

Clara. —

It is a good deal the shape of an ear. How curious that it should have a row of holes in it.

Emma. —

What is that brown shell called, that was given to us the other day?

Mrs. S. —

A nautilus. It is said that man learnt the art of sailing from the little animal that inhabits this species of shell. Its dwelling is so formed, that the fish can compress, or distend itself as it pleases. Thus, when it would inhale the air, or perhaps feed on the insects which are on the surface of the sea, it distends its body so as to fill every compartment of its elegant abode; and by excluding the water, it is rendered sufficiently light to float on the sea. These little animals are frequently seen thrust far out of their shells; making use of certain membranes, which may perhaps be called legs, in the manner of oars. When any thing alarms them, or they wish to return to the bottom, they contract their body, so as to admit the water; which increasing their weight, sinks them instantly.

There are several kinds of nautili; among these the *paper nautilus* is most admired; for the delicacy of its texture. It is of a pure white, excepting a little brown on the back part of the shell. The more common kind is much larger, stronger, and less delicate in appearance; though these possess many beauties. When the eperdermis or outer coat is taken off, it is then prettily streaked with light brown, or orange. When a still deeper coating is removed; it is a beautiful white mother of pearl. The Chinese frequently carve the shells in this state; with much ingenuity; and use them as vases, to contain flowers, &c. This would no doubt appear a great want of taste, to a conchologist; but it is nevertheless

extremely delicate and pretty.

Lucy. —

Here, dear Mamma, is a fine rubber out shell. It is for you.

Mrs. S. —

Thank you, my dear, I dare say I shall find it very useful. It is the bone of a cuttle fish.

Lucy. —

How curious!

Mrs. S. —

You remember Clara's attack on a cuttle fish at Bondi Bay.

Clara. —

I was most anxious to secure it: but was afraid to take hold of it with my hands, as you thought it would sting me.

Mrs. S. —

It is capable of inflicting great pain, by its feelers; which continues many hours. It is represented as the same kind of sensation, as a nettle causes: only much more severe; and leaves an itching, irritable feeling.

Clara. —

It had immense eyes; and two rows of spots along its legs, or feelers; and when I pressed my stick upon it, to prevent it from returning to the sea, it grasped the stick with great strength; and apparent anger. It came in with the waves; and was washed between the rocks: but the water kept thickening so, that at last it escaped.

Mrs. S. —

It contains a dark colored liquid, which it discharges when in danger, in order to thicken the water, so as to elude pursuit. This liquid when dried, becomes a hard substance; and is supposed to be used in the preparation of Indian ink; which you so frequently use.

Your paint called *sepia*, is also made of this liquid; it takes its name from the fish, which is called the *sepia* or cuttle fish.

Emma. —

It looks like a mass of jelly.

Clara. —

Its skin must have been very tough; for I pressed the stick strongly on

it; to hold it down.

Mrs. S. —

Yes. The skin is like leather; very coarse and strong. The kind you saw is destitute of bone, or other hard substance. Some are furnished externally, with a spiral shell; others have that kind of bone, of which Lucy has made me a present: that is like a back bone. It has a horny parrot-shaped mouth; and is furnished with a gizzard like a bird. These animals grow to a large size, within the Tropics; and have been known to seize a large dog; or a man, when bathing. They possess a great deal of cunning; and usually place themselves in holes in the rocks; putting out their long feelers, ready to catch their prey. They are very voracious; and notwithstanding their leathery skin, are extremely sensible of pain. These spots on its legs, are called suckers; by these it is enabled to fix itself to its prey.

Clara. —

I wish I had snatched the stick hastily up, when it was holding it, so passionately. I might have drawn it out and secured it. I should consider it the greatest curiosity our museum could boast. There would be much difficulty in preserving it. It would be necessary, I should imagine, to put it in spirits.

Mrs. S. —

I think that would be the only way we could keep it; and even then I fear it would contract greatly. We may find another some time hence.

Lucy. —

I shall like shells better than ever, Mamma, now I find there are such pretty little histories about them.

Mrs. S. —

When I meet with a little work on Conchology (as the study of shells is called) suited to your understanding, I will purchase it for you.

Lucy. —

Good, kind Mamma.

## Loss of the Stirling Castle.

Mrs. S. —

What are to be the amusements of the evening?

Clara. —

Could you favour us with the recital of something entertaining, Mamma?

Julius. —

Of shipwreck, please Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

You appear to take great interest in shipwrecks I think.

Emma. —

We are very, very sorry for the poor people who suffer through them, Mamma; but it is very interesting to hear of so many things that occur in consequence, quite new to us, you know.

Mrs. S. —

True my love. A very calamitous shipwreck occurred on this coast, to the north.

Julius. —

What was the name of the ship Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

The *Stirling Castle*.

Julius. —

Who commanded it Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Captain Fraser.

Clara. —

Julius let Mamma tell it without interrupting her so often: we shall understand it so much better.

Mrs. S. —

I can only recollect a few of the disasters, occasioned by the loss of the vessel: but I will endeavour to relate them in as connected a manner as possible.

It was on a Saturday evening on the 21st of May, in the year 1836, that the brig struck on Eliza Reef; and became a total wreck,

Clara. —

Eliza Reef is not marked on our maps, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

It is in lat.  $24^{\circ}$ , and long.  $155^{\circ} 12'$  E. They were sailing very steadily at the time it struck; at about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour, under the captain's orders. They were obliged to leave the vessel on the following day, which was Sunday; and take to the boats. These consisted of the pinnace; and long boat. In the latter were the captain, his wife, Mr. Brown the chief officer, Mr. Baxter, second mate, Joseph Corallis, steward, Robert Drag, Henry Gouldin, Robert Draymer, and Robert Carey, seamen; and perhaps a few others. In the pinnace were Edward Stone the boatswain, James Major, Robert Hodge, John Copeland, seamen, Jacob Allen, cook, a boy named John Fraser, and the carpenter.

They reached an unknown island on the 30th, when they landed; and turned over the boats to repair them, as well as they could; for they were in a leaky state. On the third day from their landing, they left the island, intending to steer for Repulse Bay.

Clara. —

Here is Repulse Bay, Mamma. It is in about  $20^{\circ}$  of lat. and  $148^{\circ}$  of long.

Mrs. S. —

The remainder of the stores and baggage were again placed in the boats; but the pinnace afterwards parted company with them; leaving in the long boat 4 lbs of beef; 13 gallons of beer and water mixed; 1 gallon of brandy; and 7 lbs. of biscuit: but it was unfortunately all wetted by the salt water.

Clara. —

Their provisions were very unfit for a long voyage.

Mrs. S. —

Mrs. Fraser had a dear little tender infant in the boat with her!

Emma. —

Poor little thing! How did they manage to preserve it?

Mrs. S. —

That was impossible! The dear baby perished; and its little lifeless body was carried on Mr. Brown's lap for some time; in the hope of being able to bury it on shore: but I believe they were obliged at last, to consign it to the deep!

Clara. —

How distressing to its parents.

Mrs. S. —

None but a parent can tell all its bitterness. Mrs. Fraser was very ill; exhausted by sorrow, fatigue, and famine. Captain Fraser was also quite worn out; when in the morning of the 26th June, they reached land. It proved to be some miles from Moreton Bay.

Emma. —

Oh, I hope they will be able to get relief from the settlement.

Mrs. S. —

When they had been a short time on shore, they saw a number of natives coming down to them. Captain Fraser advised them all to give themselves up to them quietly, as they were in their power; and could not help themselves. He scarcely had time to make this proposal, before the savages rushed upon them; and seized all the men: each tribe taking one.

Lucy. —

Did any of them take Mrs. Fraser, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No. She wished to go with her husband; but they drove her away; and went without her.

Lucy. —

Oh dear, dear! poor lady! what will she do?

Mrs. S. —

She remained all day on the beach in the utmost distress of mind. Evening came, but it brought no relief to her sufferings; for her husband did not return. She passed that dreadful night in the utmost alarm,

trembling at every sound. Morning dawned, still there was no sound of human being. An awful solitude reigned around; and her state of anxious suspense was dreadful. At last a number of women and children came to the beach; and made her understand by signs, that she must go with them; and carry one of the children on her shoulders: dreadfully exhausted as she was, she took the child; and did as they directed.

Emma. —

I hope she will soon see Captain Fraser; which will be a great comfort to her.

Mrs. S. —

She travelled many miles thus burdened; frequently nearly fainting by the way. When they stopped, her cruel companions made her chop down trees; fetch wood and water; and frequently employed her to fish. One, two, three, long weeks passed away; and still no tidings of the Captain reached her. At length as she was struggling under a heavy load of wood, which the women forced her to carry; she fell in with her husband, who had sunk exhausted, under a similar burden. He was very ill from anxiety of mind; want of food; and the hard labour he had been subjected to. He implored Mrs. Fraser to help him to drag his load. This she would gladly have done: but dared not; as the blacks were watching her: she was therefore obliged to leave him; and hurry on with her load.

Emma. —

Poor man! I am very sorry Mrs. Fraser could not stay with him.

Mrs. S. —

She deposited her load; and returned to him in a short time: when she found he had been speared through the back of the shoulder.

Julius. —

Who had done it, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A cruel black man; because the poor captain made no progress with his load.

Lucy. —

I hope Mrs. Fraser was not obliged to leave him now, poor man?

Mrs. S. —

She remained with him till sundown; when death put an end to his suffering.

Emma. —

Did he die, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

He did my dear. The savages immediately dragged Mrs. Fraser from his body; dug a hole; and buried the poor captain. It would be quite impossible to describe the distress of his poor widow; at this mournful bereavement!

Clara. —

It is wonderful that her reason did not forsake her.

Mrs. S. —

We should never, my dear children, say we cannot bear this, or that. It is impossible to set bounds to human endurance. Who can tell how much misery may be borne, and yet the sufferer live to tell it! — May a merciful God, graciously spare us, my children, from such trials! — To return to Mrs. Fraser and the rest of the afflicted party. Mr. Brown was much attached to Captain Fraser; and unguardedly expressed his indignation, at the shameful manner in which he had been treated.

Emma. —

He appears a kind hearted man, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

He was, my love: but his attachment cost him his life!

Lucy. —

I hope they did not spear him, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

His death was still more terrible. some of the inhuman savages seized him; while others held lighted brands to his legs. The pain and his struggles in consequence were dreadful: he at last succeeded in throwing himself on the ground: but they held his feet and legs in the fire. Poor man in his terrible agony, he tried to suffocate himself, by burying his face and head in the sand. But it is far too painful to dwell on. The monsters succeeded in destroying them. This happened eight days after the death of Captain Fraser.

Clara. —

Such wanton barbarities fill one with horror and indignation; and a wish to exterminate the perpetrators, of such dreadful cruelties. Of course

Mr. Baxter dared not interfere. What must have been his, and poor Mrs. Fraser's feelings, during such a scene.

Mrs. S. —

Too terrible to conceive.

Emma. —

Did they keep the white people together now?

Mrs. S. —

No. Mrs. Fraser remained as usual with the women: and Mr. Baxter was many miles away: separated from her, by a large river.

Julius. —

Did the men who went in the pinnace, fall into the hands of the natives?

Mrs. S. —

I am not clear on that point: but I think they did not. The carpenter and boatwain set off along the coast, in hopes of coming to one of the settlements. Another of the men swam across the river and made himself a hut, which he unfortunately set fire to; and was burnt to death.

Lucy. —

What terrible things happened.

Mrs. S. —

They remained thus situated for two months longer. The natives allowing them no other food, than the entrails of snakes, fish bones, and such like disgusting things; and treating them with great barbarity; when Joseph Corallis contrived to reach the settlement at Moreton Bay; where he gave information of the situation of Mrs. Fraser, and her companions in suffering.

A party was immediately dispatched, under the command of Lieut. Otter, to the assistance of the shipwrecked people. A man of the name of Graham, who was well acquainted with the bush, volunteered to lead the party; and pledged himself to rescue the sufferers, from the blacks. Permission was granted him; and they departed on the 15th of August.

Lucy. —

I hope they may find them all, poor things.

Mrs. S. —

After a long search, they fell in with the blacks, who were assembled in

great numbers; having a grand corrobora, or native dance. The poor captives were placed in the middle; and the black were dancing and shouting round them. Lieut. Otter and his party managed to come near, unperceived by them; when Graham, (who I believe was known to some of the blacks,) went into the midst of them; snatched up Mrs. Fraser; and ran away with her.

Lucy. —

Oh! I am so glad.

Mrs. S. —

He afterwards rescued Mr. Baxter in the same courageous manner; and finally, they succeeded in liberating five of the seamen also; and reached Brisbane Town, Moreton Bay, on Monday the 22nd, with the grateful, but exhausted sufferers. The kindest attention was paid to Mrs. Fraser and the rest of the shipwrecked people, by the Commandant; Lieut. Otter; Commissary Owen; and several others.

Clara. —

They must indeed have required every care, to restore them to health; particularly Mrs. Fraser. I am astonished that she survived.

Mrs. S. —

She had almost lost the use of her right arm; and of one of her eyes: from exposure to the weather, for so long a time.

Julius. —

For three months! How did they get to Sydney Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Accounts of the loss of the vessel, had reached the Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, who dispatched Captain Roach in the Revenue Cutter *Prince George*, to search the coast to the northward for the survivors, from the wreck. His arrival at Moreton Bay was after the events I have been describing; he therefore went in search of the carpenter and boatswain; but unfortunately could not fall in with them. They were supposed to be on the coast to the northward of the M'Leay River: he came upon their footsteps; and could occasionally see places where they had encamped, for a long distance. He found in a hut which appeared to have been deserted some time, the remains of dried fish, &c. He concluded they had taken a southerly direction; and would probably reach Port Macquarie, or the M'Leay River.

Julius. —

I hope they will poor fellows.

Mrs. S. —

Captain Roach made enquiries at Port Macquarie, but nothing had been heard there of them; and all were fearful they would not survive, to reach any of the settlements. These two men were the only persons missing, from the *Stirling Castle*.

Captain Roach found the remains of the man who had been burnt to death in his hut: and caused them to be buried.

Emma. —

I am quite sorry those two men were not found; to come to Sydney with the rest.

Mrs. S. —

It is to be regretted much. They reached Sydney on Saturday the 15th Oct.

Clara. —

Poor things! I am glad they are fairly away from that horrid Moreton Bay. I hope Graham was well rewarded for his courageous conduct.

Mrs. S. —

I hope so too, my dear: but I never heard that he was. He most assuredly ought to have been.

Emma. —

Who was he Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A prisoner of the crown.

Emma. —

Then the least they could do, was to give him a free pardon.

Mrs. S. —

From the well known humanity and kindness of His Excellency Sir Richard Bourke, I think his good conduct would not be overlooked.

Clara. —

Did Mrs. Fraser return to England Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

She was a Scotch lady my dear; she returned as soon as she could, to

her native country; where she had a large family.

Emma. —

Oh! how sorry they would be, when they heard all about her sufferings; their dear father's death: and the loss of his ship. I suppose they would be quite poor now Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Previous to Mrs. Fraser's departure from Sydney, a subscription of several hundred pounds was raised for her; and as soon as she arrived in England, she was married to the captain in whose ship she had been a passenger home. He took her to the Mansion House, which is the large Court House, where the Lord Mayor sits as a Magistrate; and the captain told him of all Mrs. Fraser's sufferings, before she became his wife. The Lord Mayor was very sorry; and the English people, who are very charitable, immediately subscribed one thousand pounds; so I do not think she would be poor.

Julius. —

Well it ends much happier than I expected.

Emma. —

Or than Mrs. Fraser could have expected, at one time.

Mrs. S. —

Yes. When she was groaning in captivity among those terrible savages, she could have anticipated only a frightful, violent death; as a termination of her sufferings! This my loves, should teach us never to despond; however painfully we may be situated: God can when he sees fit extricate us from the greatest of calamities; and He no doubt frequently sends us a terrible reverse of fortune, loss of friends, &c., to prove to us how very, very fleeting are all earthly possessions. These trials are intended as a punishment to some and a lesson to all!

## A Visit to an Iron Mine.

Julius. —

Guess what this is, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A clinker I suppose.

Julius. —

What of, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I should say of melted iron.

Julius (laughing). —

Does not it look like iron, Mamma? And it is a bit of that old iron bark tree, which has been burning so long.

Clara. —

They really do contain a good deal of iron. I used to think the tree acquired its name from the hardness of the wood; and the black iron-like look which its bark has: but I am convinced they contain a great deal of iron; for there is a great appearance of rust, like iron causes, all about where an iron bark tree is burned.

Julius. —

There is a great deal of iron in this country, I think.

Emma. —

On our own place there is; and further up the country. Do you think mines will ever be opened, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Not for many years I should imagine: the first expences attending the opening of a mine are so great; that it is not likely people would venture to open an iron mine, in our time: but such wonderful progress is making in the improvement of the country, that it is difficult to determine, what

will, or what will not, be done. I heard lately that a company had been formed, to work something of a mine in South Australia; where among other valuable things, *silver* was discovered.

Julius. —

Could you tell us a little about mines Mamma? It will be quite new to us.

Mrs. S. —

I read when in England, of the descent of two gentlemen into the iron mine of Danamora, in Sweden: which is considered the largest in the world. What I remember of the circumstance, I think will entertain you.

The visitors arrived just at the time when the workmen were blasting the mine. That is tearing up the ore by means of gunpowder.

Julius. —

Like they blast the rocks in this country Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. This operation was performed every day at noon; and produced an awful and deafening noise; which can only be compared to subterraneous thunder, or vollies of artillery discharged in the bowels of the earth: throwing up stones to an astonishing height; and causing the ground on which they stood to rock and tremble.

As soon as silence was restored, they prepared for their descent; and placed themselves as the guide directed, in a spacious bucket; capable of containing four persons; and fastened by a chain, to a rope. Thus suspended, they at first felt much alarm: but soon regained sufficient composure, to survey the abyss. They minutely observed the time when they began to descend; and found they were nearly ten minutes in reaching the bottom: when they were struck with awe at the sublimity of the scene before them. At some places a faint glimmering of light was perceptible; at others, flambeaux supplied the more cheerful light of day.

They viewed with astonishment the composure of the workmen, employed in boring holes; for the admission of gunpowder, seated on beams of wood, placed for the purpose. The least giddiness must have been inevitable destruction to them; as rocks surrounded them in every direction; and beneath, in huge piles lay large masses of ore; separated from the mine by the explosion.

In these gloomy caverns they remained more than an hour; surveying every part where it was possible to penetrate: conducted by the guides.

Clara. —

Was it not very cold Mamma? The sun could never penetrate into those

deep caverns.

Mrs. S. —

It was excessively cold. Above, the weather was fair and warm: but in these abysses, eternal winter reigns: freezing every thing around.

Emma. —

How terrible for the workmen.

Mrs. S. —

They were surprised to find above 1300 workmen employed in these terrible caverns.

They entered a long chasm beneath a rock; which seemed but the vestibule to the grave; and were struck with surprise and horror, on beholding nine wretched beings, crouching round a little fire of charcoal; endeavouring to warm their half frozen limbs, over the glowing embers: while they ate their scanty fare; earned by their painful labours.

Julius. —

Why were those nine separated from the rest Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They were criminals, my dear: doomed to pass the remainder of their days far from friends and *home*; in those melancholy abysses: to them living tombs!

Emma. —

Poor men! whatever might have been their crimes, they have my commiseration: their punishment was so terrible!

Clara. —

I dare say they were glad to see the visitors. I do not suppose people often ventured down. Do you think they did, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I should imagine they did not; for it appears the poor men eyed the visitors with surprise; as they arose to make room for them, at the fire: which they were glad to approach; in order to dry their feet; which were wet and cold; from the melted ice.

Thus engaged, they had leisure to examine the group near them; and were shocked at the pallid and emaciated appearance of the poor men: thus doomed to drag out a miserable existence: to whom the light of day was never seen: nor cheering sun to enliven their drooping spirits.

Lucy. —

I hope the gentlemen were kind to them, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They appear to have been humane men, my love: they spoke kindly to them; gave them each a portion of some brandy, which they had brought down; and purchased some specimens of ore, which the men had collected.

“Hail to all those, who other's sufferings feel, And ills they pity,  
nobly strive to heal! Whether they rear the felon's orphan child, Or sooth  
the stranger from his home exil'd, Or helpless foundlings to their care  
receive, Or bid the captive's heart no longer grieve!”

Clara. —

Those lines are very beautiful and appropriate Mamma. Are they your own?

Mrs. S. —

No my dear girl: they were written by Mrs. Opie: but our subject recalled them to my mind.

Our travellers being anxious to breathe the fresh air again, took leave of the poor men; whom they left loud in thanks; and proceeded to that part of the mine into which they had descended: where they found the workmen busily employed as before. Here they staid awhile, to converse with the *Inspector*; who informed them that these valuable mines were discovered in 1488, and that there were no less than 25,000 persons employed, in the iron mines of Sweden: from which more than 57,000 tons of metal were annually obtained; and about 2,400,000 loads of charcoal were burnt in the furnaces and forges; before the iron could be rendered fit for use.

Julius. —

Oh! Mamma, I must give up all thoughts of an iron mine I see. How did the gentlemen get up? I suppose they had to jump into the bucket again.

Mrs. S. —

Yes: but they thought much less of its unpleasantness. So much less terrible, do difficulties and dangers appear, when we have essayed their extent.

Clara. —

I suppose the air felt very warm when they arrived at top?

Mrs. S. —

Yes, they felt quite incommoded by the sudden transition; but it soon wore off.

## Copper Mine.

Emma. —

Oh! Mamma have you finished?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. I have told you all that I recollect: but if you wish it, I will relate some particulars of a visit, made by a party of gentlemen to a copper mine, near Delecarlia.

Clara. —

If you please Mamma. This is in Sweden also. It appears rich in mines.

Mrs. S. —

Particularly so. The great copper mine we are about to visit, lies eastward of the town of Fahlun, or Coppersburg. We may, I think, imagine our party of four gentlemen starting from Stockholm; mounted on little horses peculiar to the country.

Julius. —

Like our little Timor I dare say.

Mrs. S. —

Their mode of travelling was both fatiguing and tedious; and their accommodations on the road generally very indifferent. On the evening of the fourth day from their leaving Stockholm, they reached Fahlun: where they slept; and on the following day repaired to the mine.

When arrived at its entrance, they beheld with amazement the wonderful depth and extent of the chasm, which presented itself to their view. Machines for conveying water to the different parts first attracted their attention; and a wheel of prodigious size was employed in raising ore in a bucket; from the mine to the surface of the earth.

They were told the mine had been worked upwards of a thousand years; and that the first opening was made, where they now saw a vast chasm; which was caused by the neglect or ignorance of the workmen; who excavated the mine to a great extent; which giving way, left the scene of desolation that now presented itself of precipitated rocks and

yawning abysses. But the miners assured them, that every possible precaution was now taken to prevent a similar accident: for whenever there appeared the least reason to apprehend danger, orders were immediately issued, for the miners to proceed no further; and an iron crown fixed on the spot; to prohibit for ever, the working of that part of the mine.

Our travellers now descended the enormous opening; by means of wooden steps; that cross in various directions; supported by huge masses of rocks. Before they could even approach the entrance of the cavern, they were obliged to descend thirty toises (or fathoms); and then to proceed horizontally a considerable distance within.

They now lost even the least glimmering of light and pure air; and saw with dismay huge columns of oppressive vapours rolling towards them. The heat was excessive; and the effluvia arising from these pestilential fumes, suffocating in the extreme. They almost sunk under the pressure of it, as they proceeded along the rough and rocky descent; where steaming sulphur and deadly stench surrounded them on every side.

Lucy. —

They had better not go down any lower Mamma; for the air is as bad as Belzoni found it in the caves.

Mrs. S. —

It was very bad indeed my love; and they felt unwilling to venture further; till assured by their guides that there was less danger than they apprehended. They added by way of encouragement, that they would soon see men who were destined to pass the remainder of their days there.

While they were still speaking, they entered a melancholy cavern; when several wretched beings more like spectres than human creatures, presented themselves to their view.

Julius. —

Poor fellows! I suppose they were criminals, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes. The guides when questioned as to how it was possible for these poor creatures to exist amid such sulphurous vapours and excessive heat; owned they did not live long: but being criminals, they were sent to the worst part of the mine. A little way beyond where they were, the steam was so great that it was impossible to go near it. In consequence of a volcano having burst out there not long before, walls had been built, to prevent the whole mine from suffering, should it occur again.

The travellers now expressed a wish to breathe a purer atmosphere; and

were accordingly conducted along winding galleries and vaulted caverns, where many workmen were employed; who owing to the excessive heat; and the great fatigue of their employment, were almost without clothing; and looked haggard and exhausted. Some were hewing the rocks; other making fissures for the admission of gunpowders Some were wheeling the brazen ore to the dark abysses; where buckets were suspended to receive it.

The various groups busily employed, almost in a state of primeval nakedness, upon whom the dim light of lamps, or trembling rays of torches shed an uncertain light; appeared a mournfully interesting spectacle!

The feeling visitors viewed them with compassion, as they implored the beneficent and merciful father of all men, to lighten their troubles; and if it seemed fit to his Divine Wisdom, to restore them to their families and friends. Or, should they be destined to finish their earthly career in this abode of woe, to grant them resignation to his Almighty will; and the cheering hope of a happy hereafter!

Julius. —

How many men were there, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

1,200. They heard with pleasure, that women were not permitted to work in the mine: on account of the suffocating vapours.

Lucy. —

I am glad of that, Mamma. Did the gentlemen come out of the bad air, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They left the most unhealthy part of the mine; and were shown a large saloon, formed among the rocks, near the bottom of the mine. This they were told was the “Hall of Senate.” So called from having been the resting place of many of the Swedish kings and their senators: when they came to inspect the mines.

It was here, said their guide, that the renowned Gustavus Vasa laboured for his bread; disguised as a poor man, after having been robbed by a peasant, who had served him as a guide.

Clara. —

Who was Gustavus Vasa Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

A very brave Swede; who delivered his country from the tyranny of

Christiern, king of Denmark. His countrymen in gratitude for his great services, elected him their king; and he reigned well; and was honored and respected so much, that he was enabled to render the monarchy hereditary.

To return to our travellers whom we are detaining in the mine——

Lucy (laughing). —

Really I think they would be wrong to stay there any longer.

Mrs. S. —

So *they* thought; and accordingly began their ascent, as quickly as their tottering limbs and the tedious windings of the steep and rocky eminences would permit; and mounting their horses, retraced their steps to Fahlun; but business detains *us* elsewhere; so we must here take leave.

Julius. —

Oh no Mamma; tell us more. You did not say how long they were going down.

Mrs. S. —

More than an hour. The mouth of the mine was 3960 feet across!

Emma. —

Thank you Mamma.

## **Anecdotes of the Aborigines of New South Wales.**

Mrs. S. —

Little Sally the black child has been accidentally killed.

Clara. —

Oh! Mamma, do you know how?

Mrs. S. —

She was playing in the barn, which is only a temporary one; and pulled down a heavy prop of wood upon herself. It fell on her temple; and killed her immediately.

Emma. —

Do you not think her mother will be very sorry, when she hears of it?

Mrs. S. —

Alas! my dear children, her mother also met with an untimely death. These poor uncivilized people, most frequently meet with some deplorable end through giving way to unrestrained passions.

Julius. —

Oh! do tell us all you know about little Sally and her mother; if you please, Mamma? It will make the evening pass so pleasantly; and I will be drawing plenty of animals, to fill the little managerie I am making.

Lucy (kissing her Mamma). —

Do tell us dear Mamma? My sisters are going to work; and may I set your work-box in order; and then we shall all be so happy.

Mrs. S.

warmly returned the fond embrace of her little Lucy; and after they were all seated, began the following narrative: —

**HISTORY OF NANNY AND HER CHILDREN.**

The mother of the poor little black girl, who has lately met with so dreadful a death, was called Nanny. I do not know her native name. She was a remarkably fine, well-formed young woman.

Surely Clara and Emma you must remember Nanny coming occasionally, with other blacks?

The last time I saw her she had this same little Sally with her; who could just then run alone.

Clara. —

Oh yes, Mamma! it was a pretty, fat, little brown girl, quite naked.

Emma. —

And I remember we asked you to give her a little frock: but before you could get one they were gone.

Mrs. S. —

That was the last time I saw the mother. The child was a half-cast, or brown child, as you call them; and soon after the time you speak of, Jane D.....n, a young married woman, who had lost her only child sometime before, took a fancy to little Sally. And her mother agreed to leave the child; as soon as it was weaned. You know the black children are not weaned so soon as white children: most probably from the uncertainty and difficulty in procuring proper food. Though I have remarked that the babies will eat voraciously, at an age when a tender white babe would not touch such food.

Clara. —

Mamma, I am sure some of the black children are more than four years old, when they are weaned.

Mrs. S. —

They are my love. But we will continue our narrative.

When little Sally was about two years old, she was weaned; and taken to her future home. It was evening when the child was left; and she was naturally much distressed, when she found herself deserted by her mother. Jane was soon after, going to put her to bed: but she was greatly alarmed at the idea of being put into a bed; and said with much eagerness, "Bail nangarrie waddie" (not sleep in a bed) pointing to the bed. Nangarrie like-a-that," (sleep like that,) curling her little body round on the ground floor of the hut. To please her, Jane spread a blanket for her on the floor; and poor little sorrowing Sally covered it about her.

Several times during the night, Jane and her husband heard the poor little girl moaning; as if she were lying lamenting her deserted state.

The man, as was usual, opened the door of the hut very early; and little Sally went and stood outside; looking in all directions; and uttering the most piercing coo-ee-es imaginable. Jane assured me, that she was astonished that such a baby could utter such loud and piercing sounds.

The forest echoed and rang with them; and Jane who is a kind-hearted young woman, felt her heart thrill with pity and fear.

Lucy. —

Oh! Mamma that is just what I should do, if I lost you: cry as loud as ever I could; and be so very, very sorry! What did they do for the poor little girl?

Mrs. S. —

They tried to console her; for she was very much distressed, when she found her mother did not reply to her coo-ee-es. She would frequently wander about; and call in this wild way; so peculiar to the aborigines: but her mother was far away.

At length time in some degree reconciled poor little Sally to her new parents and altered state of life: when the tribe came again; and with them her mother.

The child immediately recognised her; and you my dear children, can judge, better than I can describe, the joy she felt at again seeing her. The poor little babe rushed into its mother's arms; but the unnatural mother sent her child from her. Poor little Sally screamed and was refractory; when her mother whipt her severely, and left her.

Emma. —

Oh! Mamma, this is too shocking! to leave her little child among strangers; and then whip it for being so glad to see her again; and for wishing to go with her. Ah! Mamma, I am very sorry for the poor little thing. I wish you had taken it from such a bad mother; and then we would have done all we could to have made it forget, it ever had such a naughty, cruel mother. Why did she go near, to teaze her poor little girl?

Mrs. S. —

I quite agree with you Emma, that she was very blamable to go near the place; to unsettle her child; but she was not in many respects a bad mother; as I will tell you more about soon.

Jane treated her adopted child very kindly, and tenderly; dressed it well; and kept it very clean. I saw it when it was about four years old; and it was an interesting child; with large black eyes, black curling hair, a pleasant laughing countenance, fat, and had all the appearance of being happy. Perhaps her mother considered that she was better situated with Jane, than she could be wandering about the forests, in search of precarious food. You know at the best, the women and children are badly off.

Clara. —

Notwithstanding, Mamma, it seems unnatural for a mother to part with her child. Though I know there is a little boy, who his parents wish you to take: but I think if I were ever so poor, I would not part with my children. Did Nanny ever go again, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

More than once, my dear: when the same scenes took place: affection and tears on the part of the child; and severity on that of the mother.

One time when the blacks were encamped in the neighbourhood of Mrs. D.....n's hut, they heard a dreadful screaming in the night; and the husband arose and opened the door: he could not see any thing; and concluded the blacks had been drinking; and were fighting. Not wishing to interfere with them, while in that state; he closed the door; and the noise soon ceased: but in the morning they found poor Nanny had been murdered!

It appeared a black man named Woombi (Nanny's half-brother) had been quarrelling with her, and was beating her: she fled for protection near the hut; when he threw a spear after her; which entered the back of her neck; she continued to run, with the spear in her neck: but was soon overtaken by the furious Woombi; who struck her on the head with his tomahawk; and soon dispatched her. I was told she was a dreadful sight in the morning!

Clara. —

Poor thing! what became of her?

Mrs. S. —

The blacks dug a grave near the spot; and buried her in a sitting posture: putting her tomahawk, pannikin, net, bangalee, and indeed, *all* her little possessions, with her in the grave.

Lucy. —

How strange to bury all her things!

Mrs. S. —

It is their custom, and they appear much shocked at the idea of the clothes, &c., of a deceased person being kept, after their interment. The tribe belonging to the neighbourhood where our property is situated, were very much attached to your dear lamented father. You know they never mention the name of a deceased person; but they were giving me to understand, the regret and sympathy they felt at his loss. I had the locket with me at the time, which has a lock of all our hair in it. I showed this to them, pointing out his (to us) much valued brown curl; when they uttered a piercing cry; and all turned away; holding down their heads a

short time: when they looked up I saw they were in tears. One of the women stepped aside; and whispered to me “Bail you show that to blacks ebber any more missus.” This of course I promised to refrain from. I was much surprised and effected at their manner; having wished to give them pleasure. It was six years after our bereavement.

In a savage state they bury the living infant with its deceased mother: sometimes when several months old!

Emma. —

How terrible!

Mrs. S. —

Yes. They place the living child in the grave, by the side of its dead mother; and after covering it with earth, lay heavy stones upon it!

Clara. —

Poor little creatures, how cruel! Do you think it is ever done now Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

No doubt it is, far in the interior; where their ancient customs are still kept up. The poor babies, appear to be thought very little about.

Clara. —

You know Jenny has left three infants to perish in the bush; because, she said, it was too much trouble to rear them: and when our cook asked her if native dogs had eaten them, she replied, “I believe.” And I am almost sure she killed that little black baby girl, she had sometime ago; for it suddenly disappeared; and when we questioned her about it, she hung down her head and looked very foolish; and at last said, “Tumble down,” It was buried in one of our paddocks; and some stones laid over the grave: when we were taking a walk, with our nurse, we met one of our men, who opened the grave; and it was evident the body had been burned; for there were remains of burnt bones, ashes, and hair.

Emma. —

Billy the black man killed one of his little babies.

Mrs. S. —

Yes, he took it by its feet and dashed its brains out against a tree. Some however, are very kind parents: but I do not think they are in general, to their infants. I remember a tall woman, quite a stranger, coming with a black infant, of less than a month old. It was so ugly and covered with long hair, as not to look like any thing human: but worse than all, the

poor little creature had been terribly burned, by the mother putting it too near the fire; and falling asleep. From the ankle to the hip, on one side, it was nearly burned to the bone. It had been done some days; and the fire seemed out. I therefore had it dressed with lard spread on rags: soon after, I heard the bandages were off. The negligent mother had left it; and one of their hungry dogs, attracted by the smell of the lard, had torn off the rags; and dragged them away; notwithstanding they had been tied on carefully. They were replaced; but the cruel mother appeared quite indifferent to the sufferings of her tender babe.

About a week after, I understood it was dead: probably made away with.

Emma. —

What tribe did she belong to, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I do not recollect: there were a great many tribes collecting; to the number of perhaps 200 blacks on our estate: they were assembling to fight; and we found it a great nuisance. Bullocks and horses are very much frightened at them; and the men found it almost impossible to continue their ploughing.

Emma. —

It is very odd, that animals should know the difference between black and white people.

Mrs. S. —

I do not suppose that it is their color altogether. It may be the unpleasant smell which they have; from want of cleanliness; and constantly rubbing themselves with the fat of the animals which they kill.

Julius. —

Did they fight, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; but their battle will furnish a subject for another evening: we will return to poor Nanny.

Emma. —

Do you think the women were sorry for poor Nanny, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

Yes; I think they are kind to each other.

The son of a cottager residing at Wingelo, saw the ground had been

lately dug up in the bush, not far from where they lived: curiosity led him to examine into the cause: when he found the body of a little black infant: he ran home with it, saying, "Look, mother, I have found a little black baby." His mother made him take it back instantly; and bury it, as it was before. She then went to look for its mother; she soon found her, sitting with her chin resting between her knees; crouching before a fire: another woman sat near her; who was (according to their ideas on the subject) endeavouring to draw away the pain her friend felt. This was done, by laying a string across the body of the sick woman, where the pain was most violent; the other end was held by her friend; who kept drawing it across her lips, till they were sadly cut; and bled very profusely: while she was doing this, she kept up a mournful monotonous chaunt. The cottager left her to prepare some tea; she returned with it in about a quarter of an hour; when she found the woman was dead; and several black women were preparing her body for interment. They tied her knees to her chest; and her arms to her sides; by passing strips of stringy bark round her. A hole was then dug; and she was put into it; and her dead baby by her side.

Clara. —

Poor woman! how very soon they buried her. Did they carve the trees about?

Mrs. S. —

I do not know: but I think the blacks in the civilised parts of the country, are too indolent now to take so much trouble.

The grave on the side of our hill, must have been made at least 23 years ago; and yet the earving in many of the trees is quite visible: though we can only from that circumstance, conjecture where the grave was.

Lucy. —

Did poor little Sally know her Mother was killed, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

I do not think she did my love. I believe it happened about a year after Mrs. D. had adopted her.

Emma. —

It was very unnatural for her brother to kill her, Mamma: what do you think they quarrelled about?

Mrs. S. —

The blacks have a great objection to their women living among white people. Nanny was particularly fond of this; and it made the blacks

angry. Indeed Nanny would have married an overseer to a Mrs. J. several years ago. The man was very anxious to marry her: but Governor Darling would not allow it. At this time she had a little brown boy, whom she called George. He was a fine little boy; some months older than you, Clara. One day she brought him for me to look at. I admired him very much; and gave her a few clothes for him. Clara was in long petticoats. Nanny asked me to let her see “piccaninnie's” head: accordingly the cap was put back and the little golden locks exhibited. Nanny was in extacies; she clapped her hands and exclaimed “All same Georgey Missus.”

Emma. —

How droll. I dare say the babies heads were not at all alike: most likely Clara looked like a wax doll beside Georgey.

Julius. —

What became of him, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

When he was about three or four years old, Nanny came one day without him; and told me Mrs. J. had sent for him to Sydney, to put him to school: he remained there some time.

Afterwards, I heard he was acting as a little shepherd at Bombarlowah; over a flock of sheep belonging to the person his mother would have married.

I believe he still lives with the same person; and I heard he had given George some sheep and cattle of his own.

Nanny was very fond and proud of her little George, before he went to school she used to wash him and comb his hair; which was light and curly.

Julius.

Where did she get a comb from, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

She used to carry a broken comb, which had probably been used to comb a horse's mane.

Clara. —

Not a very fine one then: but better than none; and shewed she wished to keep her little boy clean.

Mrs. S. —

One day when the tribe was encamped near the house; and Nanny and

her child nearer than any of the rest: I went into the store at the back of the house, with the cook and your nurse. Suddenly little George gave a piercing shriek. I sent the nurse to see what had happened; and found Nanny had bitten the child severely on the back of his arm. She looked very much ashamed, when we reproved her for it; and said, piccaninnie wanted to suck.

Lucy. —

Mamma, that is just what pussy does, when she wishes to wean her kittens.

Mrs. S. —

It reminded me of a cat Lucy; and I felt quite disgusted with Nanny: but upon the whole her children bore evident signs of her affection and care.

Clara. —

How curious it is that the black children do not change their teeth, Mamma.

Mrs. S. —

It is very remarkable. I have taken a great deal of pains to question both parents and children; and they all have told me that they do not. This may account for the large size of their babies' teeth: which we have thought so extraordinary.

Some of the half caste children change their teeth; others do not.

Emma. —

Jane must have been sadly distressed at poor little Sally's death; she was so much attached to her.

Mrs. S. —

She was, my dear. She told me she would never take another child. Sally for some time had given her a good deal of trouble and additional work: but for the last few years her love for the child, who was very docile and affectionate, had quite overbalanced any trouble she might have had with her; and she found her a great comfort. I suppose the child was about six years old when the accident happened. Jane was from home; and her husband ran immediately for Dr. A., who told me the man was as much distressed, as if it had been his own child.

Emma. —

Where was it buried, Mamma?

Mrs. S. —

They opened poor Nanny's grave, and placed her by her mother.

Clara. —

If the blacks had been about, they would have been very much terrified at this: you know they are fearful of even going near any place, where any one has been buried.

Mrs. S. —

Yes, we had an instance of that, when Dr. F. wanted one of the blacks to dig up the bones of a black; who had been interred on our land many years before. The black man looked dreadfully shocked; and exclaimed "Too much *gerun* me:" (meaning frightened) "jump up white fellow long time ago." You know they think the white people have once been black.

Clara. —

Yes; I have heard of two people, whom they think they recognise as their departed black friends; and call them by their names, when speaking of them.

Emma. —

How odd: perhaps they think white people have once been black, because they see those who die look pale.

Mrs. S. —

It would be difficult to ascertain what gave rise to such an idea.

Julius. —

I wonder Sally was not buried in the Church Yard.

Mrs. S. —

She was not a Christian, my dear. Jane had neglected to have her christened; though she told me she had intended it.

Another melancholy instance of *procrastination*.

Oh! my children! how very, very fatal is this habit of putting off from day to day, what should be done immediately; for we know not the day, nor the hour, when time may cease for us; and we be summoned into eternity Let us dear children, endeavour to profit by the frequent warnings we have, of the uncertainty of life. "For here we have no abiding place," but, "In the midst of life we are in death." May we be found watching! and may God in his mercy so renew a right spirit within us, through Jesus Christ, that in our anxiety to acquire temporal knowledge, we may not forget that "one thing is needful," and so pass through this life that we gain a knowledge of the things which belong to

our peace; and become at last heirs of immortality!

“Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before our swimming eye;  
When trembling on the doubtful verge of fate,  
We stand and stretch our view to either state,  
Teach us to quit this transitory scene,  
With decent triumph and a look serene;  
Teach us to fix our ardent hopes on high,  
And having lived *to* God, in Him to die.”

## Lines Written During a Storm in the Bay of Biscay.

Almighty God, by whose command,  
The winds and tempests rise;  
Whose pow'r can still the raging sea,  
And clear the low'ring skies.

We, thine enfeebled creatures bend,  
Prostrate in humble pray'r,  
Pity and save us Lord we cry,  
Our lives O! Father spare.

Lo trembling on the verge of fate,  
What horrors meet our ear;  
Is it the thunder's awful sound,  
Or angry waves we hear?

Unaided by thy pow'r O Lord!  
Our barque we cannot save;  
Thou only can the tempest hush,  
And check each rising wave.

Thy mercy Lord we would implore,  
Oh! hear us when we cry;  
Speak comfort to our drooping souls,  
Lord cheer us, or we die!

Not for *our* merits Lord we pray,  
To have our sins forgiv'n;  
But through the merits of thy son,  
Our advocate in Heav'n.

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