Adventures

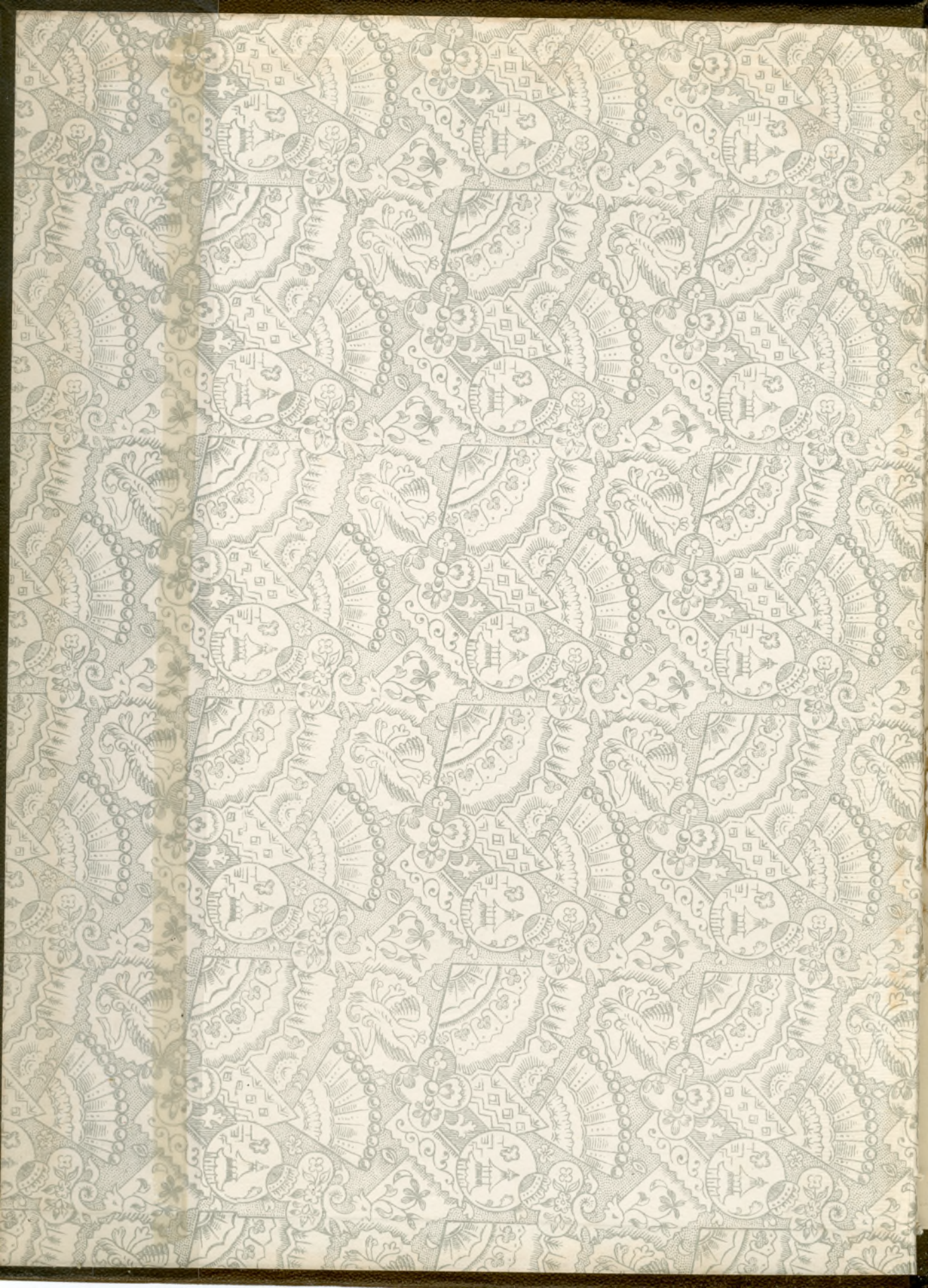
AND

Experiences

OF A

Pioneer Colonist

By Capt. W. Jackson Barry.



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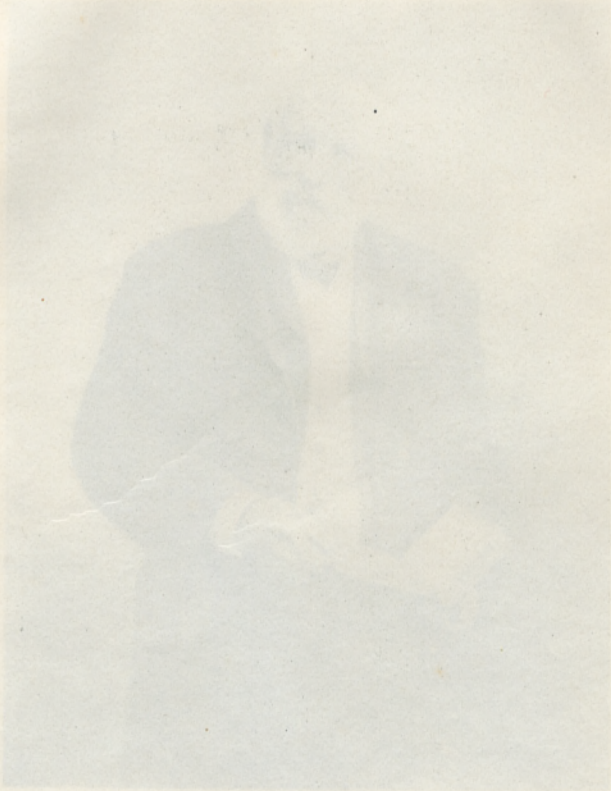

CAPTAIN W. JACKSON BARRY.

GLIMPSES OF THE

AUSTRALIAN COLONIES

AND

NEW ZEALAND

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF THE EARLY DAYS: EMBODYING THE LIFE-HISTORY OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY WHO ARRIVED IN NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1829.

By CAPTAIN BARRY

AUCKLAND:
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1903

To

SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G.,

THE FOLLOWING AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

BY HIS OLD FELLOW-COLONIST AND

WELL-WISHER,

CAPTAIN WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY.

INTRODUCTION.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY is certainly one of the most striking figures among us, and when the history of Australasia comes to be written, this remarkable man should occupy a position in its pages. Arriving in Sydney when the last century was a mere babe in the arms of Father Time, he has seen deserts transformed into gardens, and magnificent cities spring up on the sites of bark huts and miserable shanties. He has seen tribes of aboriginals die out, unable to keep pace with the progress of civilisation. He has tried his hand at many occupations, and has always shown untiring energy and indomitable pluck. Like Othello he has had many "hair-breadth escapes," but his unwavering courage has enabled him to surmount all obstacles, and to overcome all difficulties. His adventures by "flood and field," as narrated in the following pages, cannot fail to interest all readers who desire to be enlightened regarding the "past and present" of Australia and New Zealand. Wordsworth's lines on "Peter Bell" will apply to the Captain as a traveller :—

> "And all along the indented coast,
> Bespattered with the salt-sea foam,
> Where'er a knot of houses lay,
> On headland or in hollows clay,
> Since, never man like him did roam."

It is to be hoped that a hearty and remunerative welcome may be accorded to this volume of records and reminiscences of a veteran pioneer of Australasia.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

PREFACE.

TO MY READERS,—

I sit down to write the history of my pilgrimage through the Australian Colonies, and the accompanying volume is a faithful record of my chequered career. There are now few people who have passed through seventy-four years of colonial history, and possibly fewer still who can recall the experiences of over half a century. I have done so entirely from my memory, which, I am vain enough to think, has served me faithfully in this matter. Some author, Dr. Johnson, I believe, has remarked that the experiences of any man, if written truly, would be interesting. I think so, too; every man has a story of his own, and something has happened to him that never happened to anybody else. That being so, and my record true, it may be interesting to people one hundred years hence to see what sort of folk we were at this period, to read of how we lived, of how we employed ourselves, of our aspirations and relaxations, and so on. On perusing the pages of my work you may perhaps compare me to Charles Dickens' "Micawber," but I have always looked upon myself as the reverse of that celebrated character. I have never "waited for something to turn up," but have gone on turning up something for myself much on the same principle as a plough, leaving, however, the furrow behind. And thus Micawber and I, by different routes, arrived at the same goal, poverty. I will not apologise for my work; it is the production of an almost self-educated man; but I leave it in my readers' hands for their judgment. It is a true record of a life spent in "roughing it."

WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY.

Chapter I.

My First Voyage—Off to Australasia in the "Red Rover"—Sydney in 1829—Home Sickness—Queer Lodgings—"Butcher" Smith, the ex-Convict.

I was born in England, at the village of Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, in the year 1819. My father was by profession a veterinary surgeon, his practice mostly lying among the nobility and gentry, by whom he was well known and respected. He took me to travel with him in his gig at the age of six years, and up to nine years I had visited nearly all the principal counties in England. At this age we were staying at Lord Braybrooke's, Saffron Walden, in Essex, and one of the guests, Sir John Alcock, taking a liking to me, asked my father to let me enter his service, and he would do well by me and forward my prospects in life. My father consented, and I was handed over. My employer was about to undertake a voyage round the world, a very considerable feat in those days of slow sailers and defective navigation. Although young, the love of novelty common to all youngsters spurred me on to go with him.

In June, 1828, Sir John secured passages in the "Red Rover," commanded by Captain Davis, for Sydney, New South Wales. We left the London Docks that month, with a fair wind which continued down the Channel. We had 250 passengers on board; a majority of these were the first free emigrants who had left London for New South Wales, those who had gone before being mostly convicted felons, having, as it was said in those days, "left their country for their country's good." We had a great deal of hardship to put up with on the voyage. First, our water supply ran short; then sickness broke out among the passengers; and, to crown our misfortunes, the vessel sprang a leak, and we had to put in at the Cape of Good Hope for repairs, with three feet of water in the hold. The passengers were sent on shore for the three weeks during which the ship was being repaired. Sir John Alcock and I also lived on shore, and saw whatever there was to be seen of the country and its people. As far as my recollection serves, I did not like either, and was very glad when the "Red Rover" was ready for sea.

The ship being ready, we re-embarked and continued our voyage. We were not long out of port when typhus fever broke out in the vessel, and raged more or less until January, 1829, when we arrived at Sydney. During this time twenty-four deaths occurred, amongst them that of the chief mate. We lost many aged people and women, and several of the children on board were left orphans. It was a sorrowful sight to see, almost daily, some of our companions sewn up in canvas and put over the ship's side. I have seen death in every shape, but nothing ever impressed me so deeply as this, my first acquaintance with the grim messenger.

On arrival in Sydney Harbour we were quarantined for six weeks, and the ship and all passengers' luggage thoroughly fumigated. The quarantine station consisted of six barn-like structures, built of saplings, on long poles, and plastered with mud. The discomfort and misery of living in one of these shanties gave me the first taste of home-sickness, and I heartily wished myself back again in the Old Country. However, the weary time came to an end, and we sailed up to Sydney, nine miles or so further up the harbour, and the passengers were landed. No one seeing the magnificent city of to-day could recognise in it the small, ill-built town of that period. With some difficulty Sir John Alcock secured lodgings, but apparently he was not impressed with Australia, as he had made up his mind to leave inside three weeks. He booked our passages in a vessel leaving for Buenos Ayres, but I had resolved I had had enough of the sea, and determined to remain behind.

Late in the afternoon of the eve of departure, I was following Sir John Alcock down to the vessel, and carrying a carpet-bag, part of his luggage. A sudden fit of determination seized me; I threw down the bag, and cut and ran. I

found an empty tank, clambered into it, and took up my lodgings there for the night. In the morning I was half dead with cold and misery. Scrambling out I was collared by a watchman, who took me before a magistrate. I invented some story of having lost my way the night before, and he let me go about my business with a recommendation to get home at once. Home, indeed! My reflections on that score were that morning, more bitter than I have ever since experienced during any portion of my life. I at once looked about for employment, and was lucky enough to fall in with an old acquaintance of my father's of the name of Smith. He was a very wealthy man, carrying on a large business in Sydney as a butcher. I may as well state here that Mr Smith had been transported from England, at an early period in the history of the colony, for seven years; but he got a free pardon on arrival. It was a curious system of assisted emigration, but it appeared that people were sent out to the penal colonies in those days for very trifling offences. Smith had been thirteen years in the colony, and made a large fortune, so that punishment in his case had turned out a real blessing. Having been, as I before stated, a friend of my father's, he became one to me, and I have to thank him for many good services and acts of genuine kindness. I was now about ten years old, and one day I met the captain of the "Red Rover," which was still in port. He wanted me to go on board and sail with him. On mentioning it to Mr Smith, he advised me to stop, telling me he would shortly send me to school and make a man of me. It is needless to say I took his advice, and remained in Sydney.

CHAPTER II.

Sydney Society—Felons—Refractory Women—Incorrigibles—A Perfect Virago—Stabbing and Hanging—A "Reign of Terror"—School Days—Swimming—Boating—Up-country Stations—Hospitality in the Bush—Shooting the Blacks—A Battle in the Bush.

My fellow passengers by the "Red Rover" had excellent opportunities for making money. The Government were selling land for a nominal sum per acre, and many of them purchased sections in the country, settled down, and had convict labour, male and female, assigned to them. In that way was laid a foundation for the fortunes of many wealthy families still resident in New South Wales. In 1829, land was purchased from freed prisoners in the heart of Sydney of the present day, for a few dollars or a gallon of rum. The currency of those days consisted of ring dollars and "dumps," "dumps" being the centre of the dollar punched out to represent a smaller coin. The society in Sydney was of a very mixed character; the preponderance of the convict element rendering it anything but a paradise to live in. Colonists could get only convict labour then and for many years after. An order from the Comptroller-General procured them as many as they wanted. Men were assigned to them from the barracks, and only got their food in return for their labour. If any of these labourers misconducted themselves, they were sent to the stockade, flogged by the authorities, and then returned to their employers. I have seen prisoners working in very heavy iron fetters, some chained together drawing trucks like horses, and grubbing up trees in the streets of Sydney with a guard of soldiers in attendance. It was quite a common occurrence to see the men sent from their work for some misdemeanour, flogged, and return with their backs streaming with blood.

Mr Smith, according to promise, sent me to school. It was a dame's school, at Parramatta, and I may here remark that I have since bitterly regretted not having made a better use of the opportunities of those days. Close to the school was a factory, or reformatory, where female convicts were employed by the Government, making clothes, washing blankets, and doing similar work for the male prisoners. There were three departments in the factory. No. 1 was a place where refractory females had their hair cut off close, and were kept to a diet of bread and

water; in No. 2 were a lot of dark cells, in which the incorrigibles were punished by being closely confined; No. 3 contained the women of fair character, who were assigned as servants upon application from employers. These women, after working for one year and receiving a good character from their employers, were entitled to a "ticket-of-leave," and then they could demand payment for their services. If, after working three years on the "ticket-of-leave," there was no charge brought against them of bad behaviour, the Government generally granted them a pardon. The same rule applied to the male prisoners, and, as a rule, they worked well. One day in No. 1 yard, a woman from the dark cells was having her hair cut off by one of her sisters in crime. I suppose the operation put barbarous notions into her mind, for she snatched the scissors and stabbed the operator. This virago was sent to Sydney, and hanged. Fifty of her mates of the worst character were sent to view the spectacle as a wholesome warning. Whether it produced the desired effect I cannot say, but if ever a pandemonium existed, it was on that occasion.

Parramatta, now a thriving suburban town, was then a very small place indeed, inhabited mostly by ex-convicts who had "served their time." It contained, among other buildings, a large stockade, where male prisoners were housed. The men were manacled, and made to work on the roads and other Government jobs as before described. One day, in 1830, I saw four convicts shot by their soldier guards on the road close to my school. These men succeeded in freeing themselves from their fetters, and running away tried to escape to the bush, when the guards fired and killed them. I afterwards learned that these unfortunate wretches were hardened criminals of the worst type, but when one thinks of the hopelessness of their lives, and the cruelty and tyranny practised at this time, what might be regarded as their hard fate must have come as a happy release. The laws were fearfully strict in controlling the convicts. If one was found in the bush, or elsewhere, with arms, he was immediately hanged. I must in justice remark that any prisoner who conducted himself well and submitted to his punishment cheerfully, generally got good opportunities from the Government of redeeming his character. Governor Burke was in charge of the colony at this date (1831). He was said to be a just man, although very severe in matters relating to the penal department. In 1829, Governor Darling had charge of the colony. Darling's was a "reign of terror." No quarter was given to the convicts; they were hanged wholesale upon very slight provocation. If any "ticket-of-leave" man or assigned servant was found at large after 9 p.m. without a pass or warrant from his employer, he was sent to the stockade, his ticket taken from him, and he was compelled to resume the old round of convict life, with all its horrors. I shall speak more of Governors Darling and Burke further on. In 1831, Mr John Herbert Plunkett was Attorney-General and Crown Prosecutor, and an able coadjutor of his chief, the Governor.

I left school this year, 1831, and, as before remarked, had made but little use of my opportunities, being almost as ignorant as when I began. Mr Smith took me to work and live with him for one year. I was principally engaged riding round serving customers and on odd jobs. I was not allowed to ramble about at night, but had to improve myself in reading and writing instead, and I may thank this restriction placed on me by Mr Smith for the little education I possess. It has enabled me to pen the story of my life. I had Sunday to myself, and being a great lover of the water, generally spent that day boating or learning to swim. In that art I became an adept, and thought very little of swimming three or four miles at a stretch. I mention the fact, as I shall hereafter have some startling anecdotes to relate of my prowess in that respect.

Mr Smith had several stock stations up-country, and as he was about to visit them, he decided on my accompanying him. This was my first experience in travelling in New South Wales. The station we were making for was about 140 miles from Sydney, at a place called Blackman's Swamp. It was a very extensive cattle station for those days. There were about 2,000 cattle and 500 horses running on it. Mr. Smith had also two other stations at the time. There were twenty assigned servants at Blackman's Swamp. We stayed there a fortnight, getting matters generally put straight. We then

went on to another station, carrying 120,000 sheep, about ten miles westward, at the head of the Fish River. It was called "Bit Bit." Mr Smith had here thirty assigned servants and "ticket-of-leave" men. The blacks, as the natives are called, were numerous in the district, and very troublesome. The roads also were very rough, but tracks had been cut to admit of bullock teams carting away the wool to Sydney. There were very few settlers to be met with, and you might travel a long way without seeing a human face. Arriving at a hut the stockman had only to crack his whip, and the proprietor immediately "slung the billy," and made him welcome to "damper," mutton and tea, for it was not often that the hut-keeper saw company. Hospitality was the leading characteristic of the bushman in those days. While Mr Smith and I were on "Bit Bit," the blacks one night speared two of his shepherds. The rest of the employees took their arms and pursued the murderers. They were away all that day, and shot several of the blacks. While the party were away from the station, about fifty natives appeared and killed the two wounded men in the hut, whom they had previously wounded, and carried off a lot of tea and general stores. There were only Mr Smith and myself with the wounded men at the time. Finding we could do nothing against so many black devils, we each seized a bridle and went to the stockyard where the horses were, slipped the bridles over their heads, mounted, and made our escape. We rode back to the cattle station bare-backed, not having had time to get our saddles, over a particularly rough piece of country, of about ten or twelve miles. Mr. Smith immediately mustered the men and told off fifteen to accompany him. Taking all the arms available, we started back for Bit Bit. We rode there in about two hours, and found that three of the party who had gone after the blacks had been killed, making, with the two wounded, who were butchered, five in all. We buried our dead and mustered all hands. There were twenty-six mounted men, having fourteen double-barrelled shot-guns. These were all the firearms available. I was a very good horseman at this time, and accompanied the party, leading a pack-horse loaded with provisions; but I had no arms. We left eight men behind to protect the homestead. We had only ridden six miles when we came across about seventy black men, women, and children camped by the side of a stream called Wilson's Creek. They were busily engaged cooking part of a horse. All the men who had arms made a rush, firing in upon the blacks, Mr Smith himself leading, the ill-armed remount remaining with me. The firing party must have killed about forty blacks. Mr Smith was speared in the leg; two of the men very much bruised with "boomerangs," and one horse was killed. This tribe of natives was very numerous and vicious, and a source of great trouble and annoyance to the settlers. Although, as a rule, not naturally timid, I must confess I had a desire to be safe back in Sydney after seeing this battle in the bush. Before starting on our return, we camped, had something to eat, and attended to our wounded. We reached Bit Bit that afternoon, where we remained for a few days until Mr Smith got well. He and I then commenced our return journey to Sydney. There was nothing particular to chronicle on the return trip, except that in swimming the Fish River I was washed from my horse, and had to strike out for it. The horse came out on the wrong side, and I had to walk five miles until we came to a station, where I obtained a fresh steed. We made Sydney two days afterwards, for which I was truly thankful. I resumed my trade and soon fell into the ordinary groove.

CHAPTER III.

Johnston's Creek—Ugly Customers—Cattle Lifting—Lynch, a Demon.

MR Smith being in want of cattle, I was despatched with three men to Johnston Station, at the head of Mossiec River, on the Liverpool Plains, to drive a mob down for the Sydney market. While there, another of the tragedies, so common in those days, occurred. The blacks had surprised and murdered two white women belonging to the station. Although there was a stockade on the plains containing 500 prisoners, guarded by sixty soldiers, the station hands made no appeal to them for assistance, but turned out to the number of twenty, and went in search of the offenders. They came up with them and drove them into a stockyard, where fifty of the blacks were slaughtered and their bodies burnt. This severe retaliation attracted the notice of the authorities; and the whole of the party engaged in the work, a mixed lot of freemen and convicts, were taken up and tried for murder, but were acquitted. Mr J. H. Plunkett, the Crown Prosecutor, was determined, if possible, to put down this bush system of reprisal. Three or four days afterwards seventeen of the same men went out again after the black fellows, and killed a very old one, said to be 80 years of age. The Government came down this time with a heavy hand, arrested the whole of the men, and tried them for the murder of this aged native. They were found guilty, and the whole of them hanged. In that way, justice, in the person of J. H. Plunkett, was for a time satiated.

My men and I started for Sydney with 200 head of fat cattle; the station-owner, Mr Johnston, accompanying us for the first day's drive. We camped that night about fifteen miles from the home station at a large cattle-yard on the bank of a stream named Johnston's Creek. We yarded the cattle and were cooking supper, when two men came up. One wore convict's fetters on one side of his legs, and carried a double-barrelled gun, and the pair altogether had an ugly appearance. We soon learnt that they had made their escape from the stockade, on the Liverpool Plains. The fellow with the leg-irons asked for a tomahawk, which he obtained, and with the aid of a round stone succeeded in freeing himself. He frankly informed us that he had worked for the Government long enough, and would take good care he would have no more of it. They got some tea and sugar, took a billy belonging to us to boil their tea in, and saying "we must be off," departed, much to our relief. In the morning two of our horses, with saddles and bridles, had disappeared. Our visitors of the night before, of course, had appropriated them. Together with a stockman, I went back to the station, where I procured two other horses and saddles to replace the stolen ones. We then returned, and made a start with the cattle. Shortly afterwards three men rode up behind us. They were Government officers in pursuit of our visitors of the previous night. We gave them the particulars of our encounter, and were informed by the officers that one of the men named Donoghue, if not soon arrested, was likely to commit serious depredations, as he had proved himself one of the worst criminals they had ever met with. His companion's name was "Jacky Jacky." Further on I shall have something more to relate concerning these desperadoes. The officers wished us good-day and went on in continuation of their search.

We had been ten days on the road when we met Mr Smith four miles from town. He asked what became of the horses we started with. When informed of our misfortune he was considerably put out, as one of the stolen pair was a valuable stock animal, and I believe he would sooner have heard of the loss of the cattle than of his favourite horse. I did not have a very long spell this time, for I was soon despatched with four men to bring down a flock of sheep. On the first day, about four miles out of town, we met six soldiers bringing in Lynch, a noted bushranger; a fiend in human form, who, when put upon his trial, confessed to having murdered twenty-five people—killing five in one family. He was the worst ruffian who ever got loose in New South Wales. He had escaped from custody and taken to the bush, after being transported for life to the colony. The story of the cold-blooded murder of the Jones' family is

worth recognition. At this time a great many settlers were moving up-country and squatting on the land. Among them was a family named Jones, consisting of husband, wife, two sons, and a daughter. One day Jones and his son were engaged building a stockyard, when Lynch appeared and asked for work, stating he was a "ticket-of-leave" man. Jones did not ask him for his ticket, but told him he had no work just then. However, he might stop the night. Lynch mentioned that he had seen two horses, probably belonging to Jones, in a bog a short distance away, and volunteered to show him the place. Jones went with him into the bush, taking his little boy, aged six years. Lynch lagged behind, and called out to Jones to lend him the axe he was carrying, as there was a tree with a lot of wild honey in it he wanted to fell. He went back to where Lynch was leaning against the tree, and handed him the axe. Lynch took it, and immediately struck him on the head, killing him on the spot. He next struck the boy, nearly severing his head from his shoulders. The villain then returned to the house, finding Mrs. Jones alone, her son and daughter having gone to bring home the cows. He told her that a small tree had fallen on her husband and boy, and they were slightly hurt. She accompanied Lynch unsuspectingly, and on coming in sight of the bodies, fainted. Lynch then immediately despatched her also. He again returned to the house, and found the son and daughter had returned. The son asked where his father was. Lynch replied, "He is in the bush, and has found a lot of wild honey, and your mother has gone with a billy to put it in, but it is not large enough, and your sister is to take another to them; they are not far off." The sister asked her brother to accompany them, when Lynch said, "You can go by yourselves." However, the brother went, his sister staying behind. When they came near the scene of the previous murders, Lynch threw the lad down and killed him with a pocket-knife. He then dragged the bodies into a heap, and covered them with brushwood. It was getting late in the evening when Lynch got back to the house. Miss Jones asked where her father and mother were. Lynch replied, "They and your brother are all right; they are asleep in the bush; and if you say a word about it, I will serve you as I have served the others; I tell you they are sleeping in the bush." He then ordered her to go to bed. The poor girl had to obey the ruffian, who then tied her hands and feet. She was at this time seventeen years old. He now went to the bush, set fire to the scrub piled over the bodies of his miserable victims, and burnt them. On the completion of this diabolical work he returned to the house and told the girl what he had done. She begged earnestly for her life. He said he would do her no harm if she would tell him where her father kept his money. She replied that, if there was any, it would be kept in a box in his bedroom. He searched the whole house and found none, but managed to secure a watch and a shot-gun. Before leaving, he went into the girl's room and attempted to murder her also. He struck her in the face with a billet of wood, but hearing a noise outside, decamped into the bush, carrying the gun with him. The noise was caused by two stockmen, who were bringing in cattle purchased by Jones a few days previously. They dismounted, and saw no one about; but hearing sobbing, called out, "Is there anyone at home?" Receiving no answer, they entered, and, following the sound, saw the young woman lying on the bed bleeding profusely from wounds on the face, and a piece of wood covered with blood lying near her. One said to the other, "Jack, there has been some foul work here; who can have been at it?" The poor victim then spoke, and said, "Don't let me lie like this; kill me at once, for mercy's sake." The men told her not to be afraid, as they were not going to hurt her. They then got some warm water, washed the blood from her wounds, and bound them up as well as they could. Her forehead and nose were terribly smashed; and while the men were attending to her she fainted. Recovering consciousness she told them of the shocking occurrence, as related to her by Lynch, who, before striking her, told her his name and his manner of committing the crimes. The men remained all day, and the girl appeared to grow better and easier. One of them then mounted his horse to go for assistance. He rode all night; reached Brown's Station, thirty-five miles distant. Relating the story to Mr Brown, he got some necessaries and medicine, started back with three men, reaching the scene of the tragedy at night-

fall. He found Miss Jones much better, and after hearing from her lips a recital of the horrible story, went in search of the bodies of her murdered family. He found them half-a-mile from the house, lying in a heap, charred and burnt beyond recognition. The men returned after burying the remains, but made no mention of the facts to the poor girl. Shortly afterwards, Mr Brown caused her to be removed to his own house, where she lived until Lynch was apprehended. She gave evidence at the trial, and died shortly afterwards; the murderer of her parents having, in the meantime, met his end at the hands of the hangman.

I may have dwelt at some length on this terrible affair, but I merely wish to show what manner of ruffians the colonist in the early days had to deal with, and the number of monsters of the type of Lynch, though perhaps not quite so hideously cruel, was considerable.

CHAPTER IV.

"Sam Terry" and "Bill Nash"—A Jollification in the Bush—A Grim Joke—Interviewed by Bushrangers.

AFTER passing the guard soldiers who brought Lynch to be tried, we continued our journey, and reached the Emu Station, 130 miles from Sydney, without any serious mishap. This property belonged to Smith and Terry, and was worked entirely by assigned convict servants and "ticket-of-leave" men. It carried 140,000 sheep, 400 horses, and 300 head of cattle. That was in 1833. The well-known Terry, one of the proprietors, was one of the wealthiest men in New South Wales. He had been originally transported for life from Home, but obtained a pardon when young, and made a great fortune by lucky speculation in land. He had never been to school, and had taught himself the little he knew. He was a singular character, and notwithstanding his immense wealth, was never called by any other title than "Sam Terry." His chief regret through life was being unable to visit the Old Country; his pardon only extending to the colonies. This same restriction was a burden in the case of another colonial millionaire, "Bill Nash," who obtained a pardon, although exiled for life. This man went to England, thinking that money would do anything. He started a carriage and eight, in which he drove regularly in Hyde Park. On one occasion he actually interfered with the progress of the Royal carriage by driving in front of the Queen. Enquiries were instituted, his antecedents revealed, and, although the wealthiest colonist of the day, he got notice to return to his former haunts, an order he acted on rather hurriedly. Some years after, he died, leaving an immense fortune. Sam Terry, in his anxiety for a glimpse of his old home, offered, if the Government would allow him to make a visit, to build a frigate, arm her, and hand her over to Her Majesty free of cost. His princely offer was declined, and poor Sam had to rest content with the quarters assigned him for the rest of "his natural life."

We were mustering the sheep and getting ready for a start down-country, when suddenly two new arrivals appeared upon the scene. These were Messrs Smith and Sam Terry. They were on the road to the station. About five miles from the end of their journey they had been "stuck up" by two bushrangers, who took their watches and what money they had from them, leaving them to complete their journey on foot. Sam Terry was very strict and near in his ways, and was not generally liked by his servants, who were, perforce, mostly convicts.

Smith, Terry, and all the men who were with me, collected together in the large hut that night, and there was a general jollification. Sam related the adventure with the bushrangers, and remarked that, but for the cowardice of Smith, he would have taken the two bushrangers and brought them in, instead of having to walk home on foot. He then asked what firearms were in the station. The overseer said there were ten muskets and ten charges of ammunition. Smith asked what he wanted the information for; he

replied, "To go after the bushrangers who stole our horses." Smith said, "You had better leave them alone; you or I will never miss a horse or two; I lost my watch, and am well pleased; I might have lost my life." Terry said, "They got £10 from me, I cannot forgive that; I always thought you were a coward, Smith; I wish I had fired at them." Smith replied that he did not think he was cowardly, but under such circumstances, believed discretion the better part of valour, and that if Terry had fired he would not be there to tell the tale. The sequel will show that Sam was not such a great warrior after all. There were twenty-seven of us all told, sitting round about in the hut, which was built of "wattle and daub," or poles and mud, roofed with the bark of the gum-tree. At about eight o'clock two men came to the open door, and, without further ceremony, commanded us to "bail-up," and go in one corner of the hut. We did so like a flock of sheep, the valiant Sam Terry among the rest. These were the redoubtable robbers, the subject of the conversation they had so unceremoniously interrupted. They each had a double-barrelled gun in their hands, and a pair of pistols in their belts, and their hair was of patriarchal growth—a pair of as uninviting-looking ruffians as could possibly be imagined. They ordered Sam Terry to make some tea, and told him to bring a stool near the door, that they might sit down and still command the inmates of the hut. One of them remarked, "I have seen you before with a mob of cattle," and then I remembered him. He asked me if all the men in the station were in the hut. I replied that having been there only a few days I could not say, but Mr Smith or Terry would inform him. Terry, who was very unwillingly doing the honours, said, "Every man on the station is here to-night." One of the guests pulled out a watch to look at the time, and remarked, "Mr Smith, this watch of yours does not keep very good time"—a joke not calculated to appeal to the owner, to whom he was speaking.

They kept Sam at work nearly an hour, and then told him to clear away the table, which he did with as good grace as he could muster. They then said all they wanted was gunpowder, which they meant to have, if it was on the station. Sam Terry was ordered to bring one man at a time to the door, and tie his hands behind his back. This was done until all hands were helpless, Terry remarking to Smith, when his time came, "This is a fine job I have got into"; and one of the bushrangers said, "I intend to give you a better one presently." The men were then ordered back into the corner, and I was deputed to tie Sam. One of our captors then said, "I will do you the favour of a polite introduction to ourselves, and inform you who you have so hospitably entertained to-night." Certainly we had not "entertained angels unawares," judging from their looks. He made me sit down near the door, and the other kept his gun at full cock all the time. He said his name was "Donoghue," and his mate's "Jacky Jacky," and they had escaped some time ago from the stockade on Liverpool Plains, and had been living a free and jolly life ever since. This was quite possible in those days, for the hut-keeper and servants generally being of the criminal class, their sympathies went with old chums in crime, and they would shelter and assist them in preference to giving them up to justice. Besides, to turn informer was generally the death warrant from some of the bushrangers' "pals" sooner or later.

When Mr Donoghue had thus explained himself, he asked Sam Terry where the gunpowder was kept. He referred him to the overseer, who said it was in a small hut at the back of the stock-yard. He then untied my hands, and ordered the overseer to precede him to the store. He took me with him, and I handed out two tins of powder and some buck-shot, Donoghue keeping his gun in position the whole time. His mate did duty as sentry at the hut while we were away. We then turned to the hut, and Donoghue remarked to Terry, "I have a good mind to make you carry a bag of sugar a mile or two out into the bush." Sam turned quite pale at the thought of being made a pack-horse, but the bushranger did not press him into the service. He made me do up some tea and sugar and put it into a bag. The pair now made up their minds to take their departure, and gave orders none of the men were to leave the corner or have their hands unfastened for full two hours. At the expiry thereof I was told to loose them, my hands having been left untied for that purpose. They remarked, inci-

dentally, that they might take it into their heads to return before that time, and if any man was found at large he would have his brains blown out. They then said "good-night," and left. It was about twelve o'clock, and a beautiful moonlight night. I made a good fire to keep the captives comfortable. They kept up a pretty lively conversation on the performances of the bushrangers, and the incongruity of two of the richest men in New South Wales being prisoners and helpless in their own house. The men, Sam Terry in particular, expressed no very earnest wish to be untied, probably fearing a return of the bushrangers, and it was fully five hours after their departure before any general wish for freedom was expressed. I then undid their bonds, and a feeling of security began to steal over them all. The two bushrangers did not return and probably had not the remotest intention of doing so when they uttered the threat on leaving. Sam Terry expressed a fervent hope that he should reach Sydney without a repetition of the acquaintance, and promised himself a long immunity from trips up-country in the future. Messrs. Smith and Terry having completed their business on the station, left for Sydney, taking two men with them, and three days after I started with four men and 4,000 sheep. We were over three weeks on the trip, and had good luck with the sheep, losing very few. They were sent to the market, and realised high prices. Altogether the trip was a successful one. Driving sheep, I early found, is a very monotonous occupation, especially if they are fat and cannot be hurried.

CHAPTER V.

A Big Bank Robbery—I Go on a Whaling Cruise—We Put into Port Philip to Refit—The Runaway—Service with Batman and Faukner.

WHILE I was staying in Sydney after this trip, the Bank of New South Wales was robbed, and there was very considerable excitement in consequence. There were two or three empty buildings on the opposite side of the street from the bank. The robbers effected an entrance, and sunk a shaft in one of them, from which they drove a tunnel across the street till under the bank premises. They were thus enabled to get at the safe, which contained a large sum of money and securities, the whole of which they carried off In spite of the vigilance of the police and the large rewards offered, the perpetrators were never brought to light. Forty men were brought up at various times on suspicion, and discharged. The men, some of whom became wealthy colonists, were afterwards known as the "Forty Thieves."

Mr Smith, with a kind view of providing for my future, put me to learn a trade. I was now, in the year 1834, fifteen years of age, a strong, healthy lad, and a good rough-rider. For one year I kept at work, learning my trade as a butcher, but in 1835 made up my mind to try the sea. One day, as I was standing against the post office, I met a boy named Winton. He told me he was on a barque belonging to London. The barque's name was the "Mary." Winton told me the captain would ship me if I wanted to go whaling. I made up my mind and shipped. The captain's name was Fowler, and he was something of a tyrant. The ship was at last ready for sea, and I left Sydney on a whaling cruise. That was in 1835. Cruising off Port Philip, the ship was driven ashore in a very heavy gale of wind. She lost her main-mast, and the tryworks got broken by the sea. Captain Fowler ran into Port Philip to refit, anchoring under Queenscliff.

While here, John Batman arrived in the "Rebecca" from Tasmania. Winton and I ran away from the "Mary." After travelling three days without food we made Indented Head; this was on the 10th July, 1835; and there we met three men belonging to Batman's party. Their names were John Elder Wedge Bannister, and Coloning. They took pity on Winton and myself and gave us shelter in their camp until John

Batman, who had left again for Tasmania, returned, when he took us into his service.

In the beginning of 1837, and at the time Melbourne was named by Governor Bourke, the "Mary," from which Tom and I had run away in 1835, again put in an appearance at Port Philip. We had been in John Batman's employ about three months, when we left him, and in crossing the country to the Yarra, met Captain Lancey and John Pasco Faukner, the rival to Batman in colonisation at Melbourne. We told them our story about running away from the ship and what we had been working at for Batman. Mr Faukner gave us shelter, and as a result of his kindness to us, Winton and I got on well. We joined his party, and gave our labour for six shillings a week, remaining in his employ until Governor Bourke came from Sydney to plan out the town. The story of these men and the early settlement of what afterwards was named the colony of Victoria will be found in another portion of this book.

CHAPTER VI.

Kidnapped—Off to New Zealand—Back to Sydney—With Sheep to Port Philip—The First Newspaper in Melbourne—The Port Essington Expedition—I Meet Mr. George Allen, of Wellington—Trading in Torres Straits—The Natives at Port Essington—I am Shipwrecked—Starvation Ahead—A Woman's Terrible Sufferings—Rescue—The Swan River Settlement—Safe Back in Sydney—Not Born to be Drowned.

ABOUT this time, as I said before, the "Mary," of London, sailed into port. The captain and his boat's crew pulled up the Yarra to see the little town, and met Winton and myself. We were seized by the captain and his men, taken down to his boat, and put on board the "Mary," where we were placed in irons until the ship was ready to sail. The "Mary" had made a whaling cruise; she had been away over a year, and had had good luck in getting oil. Whales in those days were plentiful, and if the captain of any whale-ship had luck he soon made a fortune. It was in January, 1837, that we unwillingly sailed from Port Philip aboard the "Mary," and I can never forget that year. When the barque was ready for sea, Winton and I were let out of irons. The captain shaped a course for New Zealand, and made the Three Kings, as the chief whaling ground was round there. We had good luck in getting oil, as whales were plentiful. The captain whaled there for two months, and then ran the vessel into the Bay of Islands to get water and trade with the natives. Winton and myself were very glad to see the ship run into the Bay, as we had made up our minds to escape on the first opportunity, and get back to Melbourne, where we had a little property. There was a ship lying at the Bay of Islands about to leave for Sydney. The night before she left we managed to get on board and stow away. The ship was the "Lady Emma," of Tasmania. New Zealand shall have a great deal to say later on. When the ship got clear of the Bay, Winton and I came on deck, and the captain was glad to see us, as the crew of the ship was laid up, nearly all hands in fact, with scurvy. We reached Sydney in twelve days.

On my arrival I met Mr Smith, and told him what I had been doing since I left. Mr Smith had now become a very extensive exporter of cattle, sheep, and horses, and the owner of several vessels. I told him about the small property I had in Melbourne, and that I wanted to get to Port Philip to see about it. Mr Smith told me in a week's time he would be sending a cargo of sheep to Port Philip, and I could take charge of the sheep, and thus have a chance of seeing my old friends. I at once embraced the offer, and left in one of his vessels with two thousand sheep on board, taking with me my mate. I landed the sheep in good order. They were despatched to a station belonging to Smith and Terry—Sam Terry. Smith and Terry had a large station at Port Philip at this time, and were the first to take up land for stock-raising purposes.

About this time Mr John Faukner (mentioned

in a previous chapter) started a newspaper in Melbourne. The first issues were written in pen and ink, and I believe there are some copies still extant. There are presses in Melbourne at this date (1896) throwing off 20,000 copies per hour. Winton and myself were well received among our old friends, and we sold the property, and got a good price for it. I remained in Melbourne for some time, and felt very lonely without my mate Winton, but got plenty of work and was well paid for it. Winton left for Sydney, did well and made money. I stayed on in Melbourne, and saw the little village, whose first mud hut I lent a hand to build—a wattle and daub building as it was then called—rapidly growing in prosperity. At the end of 1838, John Batman fixed his residence not far from the place occupied by the Government Railway Station. Here he was seized with a violent cold, and, after being carefully nursed by one of his daughters, died without seeing more than the beginning of the settlement he had laboured so hard to found. Mr Faukner lived at Emerald Hill, and saw the village, whose first house he had built, become a vast, populous city. After a time I left for Sydney, where I fell into the track of my old mate, Tom Winton.

The Government this year (1838) decided on forming a penal settlement at Port Essington, on the western coast of New Holland. Eight vessels were despatched with 400 soldiers, 500 convicts, and a lot of sheep, provisions, etc. There were four men-o'-war and four merchant ships. Two of these ships were transports, and could carry a large number of men. The names of the men-o'-war were the "Alligator," 28 guns, "Pelorus," 16 guns, "Britomarte," 20 guns, and "Beagle," surveying brig. Mr Smith was shipping stock for the Government, and Winton and I were in charge of the stock taken on board the "Britomarte." On board of one of the ships was a gentleman, Mr George Allen, who was living in the city of Wellington at the time these lines were written, being well on in the eighties. He was on board the "Orontes" in 1838, and was cast away in her in a land-locked harbour at Port Essington. It is strange that two men should meet after so many years had passed away. It was in 1838 that Mr George Allen and I were at the settling of Port Essington, and in 1896 we meet nearly every day in the City of Wellington. I merely mention the name of Mr George Allen because we are both here and can speak of what took place at the settling of Port Essington in 1838—over 58 years ago. On our passage to Port Essington, we had to sail through Torres Straits, between New Holland and the coast of New Guinea. These Straits are at all times dangerous to navigation. The fleet came to anchor every night to avoid the coral reefs which abound in all directions. Every evening when we anchored, the New Guinea natives came off in their canoes to trade. They gave tortoise and pearl-shells in exchange for strips of printed calico. They were, however, a very suspicious lot, and would not part with their commodities unless they got something in exchange. They went about totally naked, and always carried their bows and arrows. Altogether they had a very savage and uncompromising appearance. The natives on the New Holland coast were a yet more savage and suspicious race, and never attempted to board or hold communication with the ships. Some of the cattle being sick and in want of food, boats were occasionally sent on shore with men to cut grass. I went one afternoon, and was looking for turtle eggs, when I came across a very large turtle on the beach. I got three men to assist in turning the turtle on his back, preparatory to getting him to the boat, when a shower of "boomerangs"—the natives' war weapons—flew overhead from a party of blacks in the scrub fringing the shore. We had to leave our prize, and taking to our heels make for the boats, which we reached safely, and shortly after got on board vessel. No man was allowed to go on shore after this fight until the vessel arrived at Port Essington. When we reached that port the vessels anchored, and boats were sent in to take soundings over the harbour. It was found to be deep enough for the largest vessel afloat; very capacious and well-sheltered—somewhat resembling Sydney Harbour. It is probably the best on the north-west coast. The climate, however, is nothing to boast of; fever and ague are prevalent, and white people cannot become acclimatised.

After all the cattle and stores were landed, the men were immediately set to work building houses and a large stockade for the prisoners;

the majority of whom were kept on board the transport until their future habitation was made ready. When that was done, they were put on shore and employed erecting a barracks for the soldiers, the construction of wharves, and other necessary works. We had been a fortnight in port when a terrific hurricane took place. Four vessels were driven on shore. The "Pelorus," gun-brig, grounded on a sand-bank, and nine of her crew were lost. The "Orontes," ship, in which Mr George Allen was employed as carpenter, got on a rock and had a hole stove in her bottom. Although the harbour was completely land-locked, the fierce gale lashed the sea mountains high. A large quantity of our provisions got lost or irretrievably damaged, so that all hands had to be put on short allowance.

The natives of Port Essington are a different class from the rest of the Australian aboriginals. They are of a copper colour, and fight principally with the bow and arrow. There is a considerable admixture of the Malay blood amongst them. The latter at certain seasons in their proas collect beche-de-mer, which they sell at Copang, where there is always good market for that delicacy.

A few days after the gale a schooner called the "Sulworth" put into Port Essington, and Captain Short, of the ill-fated "Orontes," secured passages in her for himself, his wife, two children, some of the crew, Winton and myself, also four men from one of the men-o'-war, making, with the crew of the schooner, twenty-two souls. We left the harbour for Swan River late one afternoon with a light wind, and were becalmed all night. We discovered Captain Brown, of the "Sulworth," gave way to intoxication, and this did not tend to reassure us. The third night from port very thick foggy weather came on, with half a gale. The schooner was running before the wind with every stitch of canvas set. In the dead of night, without the slightest warning, the vessel struck heavily, and in a few minutes parted amidships. The shore loomed up close at hand, with a heavy surf rolling in. How we reached shore I was never able to remember, but when daylight broke I found my mate Tom Winton and Captain Brown's wife lying on the beach. We were very much bruised, weak, without a vestige of clothing left, a pleasant prospect indeed; starvation apparently staring us in the face. Fortunately, there was a stream of fresh water close by where we were cast on shore. Winton and I broke down some bushes and made a "mia-mia" under a rock. We got a lot of seaweed and made a bed, in which we managed to sleep that night. We had no fire, but managed to pick up some cockles, on which we broke our fast. Having no clothing, I manufactured some straw ropes, and with the aid of leaves, managed partially to cover our nakedness. That was the only covering we had during the nine days spent on the beach. For the first three days we had to keep a strict watch over the captain's widow. She was almost distracted, and seemed inclined to end her misery by throwing herself into the sea. However, she gradually grew calmer and more resigned, but got very weak from exposure and want of proper food. On the fourth day Winton and I managed to kill a seal. I procured a large flat shell, and after sharpening it, skinned the seal and manufactured a garment for our poor fellow-sufferer. She was now more comfortable, but still kept growing weaker and more despondent. We used the flesh of the seal for food. On the ninth day we were all standing on a large rock, with branches of trees in our hands, looking out in the hope of seeing a passing vessel. Subsequently, I saw smoke rising about two miles off in the bush. I called Winton, and we decided not to raise false hopes in the poor woman by telling her, until we discovered whether the smoke proceeded from friends or foes. She overheard Winton and me conversing, and screamed out in terror, saying, "Oh, Barry, you will never leave me here to die?" I comforted her, and told her that we were afraid the smoke might be caused by the natives, and as falling into their hands would not better our position, we decided to reconnoitre and return at once. We left her, and proceeded cautiously in the direction of the smoke. We walked some distance along the beach, when Winton joyfully exclaimed, "Look, look, there is a boat!" and sure enough it was a large boat with eight men. We ran up and made our pitiful story known. The rough fellows in the boat were very much astonished and shocked at our appearance, but showed great willingness to relieve us. They

were a sealing party from King George's Sound, and were going to Swan River. Four of them immediately started along the beach, and finding the captain's widow, who was half dead with terror and anxiety, rolled her in a blanket and brought her to the boat. They also rigged up Winton and myself in some of their clothes. We all embarked and got under weigh for Swan River. Shortly after we had started our lady passenger fainted, and we all thought she was dead, but having procured some rum, I moistened her lips, and forced a little of the spirit down her throat. She then revived, and gradually plucked up courage. Although our boat was staunch, and, being built like a whaleboat, was calculated to weather a pretty stiff gale, we had all our work cut out that night. A heavy gale of wind sprang up, and after battling with it for some hours, the sealers beached her in a convenient place, where we landed, camped and managed to make some tea, which greatly revived Mrs Brown. Next day the wind veered and we resumed our voyage to Swan River, and with fair weather reached there that night. We found lodgings at the whaling station, and in the morning were taken into the town, where we were very kindly treated. The Government generously paid all our expenses while there, and presented our rescuers with £100. The captain's widow was now nearly recovered, and went to live at the house of a sea-captain, an old friend of her husband's. The Swan River settlement was a very small place with very few inhabitants. At this time, 1839, there was a whaling station there, and this industry, and that of sealing, were the population's sources of revenue.

In about three months a vessel called en route for Sydney. The Government considerately secured our passages, and we were very thankful and glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity to get away from Swan River. Winton and I sailed for Sydney, Mrs Brown remaining behind. We arrived safe, and in reporting myself to Mr Smith and detailing my adventures, he was utterly astonished, saying that I was "a perfect wonder," adding, that I was never meant to be drowned. And his prophecy has certainly proved correct so far. I have since had many hair-breadth escapes, but am still in the land of the living.

CHAPTER VII.

I Sail for the Malay Archipelago—Dangers with the Natives—Some Wonderful Trading—Importing Timor Ponies into Sydney—The Sad Tale of a Skipper—I Go into the "Overlanding" Business—Off to Adelaide with Stock—South Australia in 1840—Captain Grey (afterwards Sir George Grey) Succeeds Governor Gawler—My Second Trip to New Zealand—George Bates, of Kangaroo Island—A Curious Personage—We Arrive in Wellington—Wellington in 1841—Some Old Identities.

IN the year 1839, a gentleman, Mr Benjamin Boyd, a very wealthy man, arrived from England in a yacht of sixteen tons, called the "Wanderer," and rather surprised the colonists by such an exhibition of pluck and good seamanship. He purchased large tracts of land, several stations, also whaling ships, and carried on the whale fishery for many years, realising an immense fortune. He built a small town at the whaling station, Twofold Bay, which is called Boydstown to this day. Here also he built large meat-curing works, and exported meat to all the other colonies. He and Mr Smith, my employer, had some large transactions, and one day Mr Boyd, who had often met me during these transactions, asked me to go into his employ. I referred him to Mr Smith, who said if I could better my prospects by all means to go. Mr Boyd wanted me to go as trading master in a barque, the "Swallow," which he was fitting out for a trip north, through the Malay Archipelago. Being anxious to see a little more of the world, I decided to accept his offer, and early in 1839 left in the barque, then ready for sea. She was fitted out for carying stock, and was commanded by Captain Dunn, a very old man, who never left

the barque to go on shore during the voyage until compelled to do so by sickness. In due time we reached a place called Cochibab—a Malay settlement in Timor Straits. The inhabitants were a very treacherous lot, and required careful watching. The long-boat was put over the side, the crew, well armed, got in, and we took our trade goods with us, consisting of iron hoops, beads, and gaudy-coloured calico prints. I was pretty successful with the natives and succeeded in procuring 128 Timor ponies, and 800lbs. of tortoise-shell, also a quantity of pearl. Getting that part of our cargo properly stowed on board, we made for Copang, where there were a few Dutch settlers, from whom we purchased fodder for our ponies, called by courtesy, hay, but it was a very poor sample. We sailed from Copang for another settlement in the Straits, named Howlitt. The anchorage there was very bad, but we got out the boat, arms, trade goods, etc., and went on shore. The barque in the meantime was cruising up and down within sight, and did not attempt to anchor that day. There were any number of ponies here, and quantities of pearl and tortoise-shell, but the Malays were very shy, and I could not deal with them. I made them understand I should come on shore next day, and went off aboard. In the morning the captain stood in close to the land, and finding there was good holding ground, dropped anchor in the open roadstead. I went on shore, and found the natives in a better humour for trading. In return for my goods I got one hundred ponies and a good stock of pearl and tortoise-shell. The natives at this place, I believe, were great warriors in their way, had large war canoes, and made predatory excursions along the Straits worrying their less warlike neighbours.

The captain was now taken very ill and we had to go on to Copang with him. He went on shore and we lay at anchor in the harbour, which is a tolerably good one, for a week. The captain, feeling better, came on board. We weighed anchor and stood out for Sydney, where we arrived without accident, but the captain was very ill all the voyage; in fact, nearly died. He was evidently growing too old for a seafaring life. Mr Boyd gave me considerable praise for my success, and the cargo realised a handsome sum. The ponies, which were the first of the kind that ever reached Sydney, were very much admired, and brought from £10 to 20 each. The pearl and tortoise-shell also brought a good profit. Shortly after returning from the last voyage, Mr Boyd wished me to undertake another, but I declined, as Mr Smith wanted my services. I parted with Mr Boyd on the best of terms, and he made me a handsome present, telling me his employ was always open at a good salary, for which I thanked him. The "Swallow" was shortly afterwards despatched on another voyage in the same trade, in command of Captain Wilson; Captain Dunn remaining in Sydney to recruit his shattered health. The new captain was also the trading master at this time, the mate always remaining on board and working the ship. Arriving at Howlitt, one of the islands before mentioned, the captain went ashore in the long boat and commenced trading with the Malays. He had not been long engaged in the business when a dispute arose, evidently preconcerted by the natives, who made a savage onslaught and killed the unfortunate skipper and his boat's crew. The natives then got into their canoes and boarded the ship. There happened to be a whale-boat lying alongside, and as the savages came up one side, the mate and three of the crew managed to get into her and make their escape. The murderous yellow-skins made short work of the remainder of the unfortunate crew, murdering every soul on board, and, after plundering the barque, set fire to her. She was burnt to the water's edge. The mate and three sailors with him managed to reach Copang. Finding a whale there bound for Sydney, they got passages in her and arrived safely. I saw the mate after his arrival and got particulars from him. The Malays were, and I believe are still, a most treacherous and dangerous race to have any dealings with. The disaster related above might easily have occurred on my trip. If so, it is possible I should not this day have been penning this history.

Mr Smith was shipping stock to Adelaide and sending sheep overland to Victoria and Adelaide. That was the fall of 1839. Governor Gawler was in charge of the colony. The squatters of New South Wales, attracted by the high price given for sheep in the early days of Adelaide, had

been daring enough, in spite of the blacks and the toilsome journeys, to drive their flocks overland. I joined some squatters, and we started with about 54,000 sheep. After a long and wearisome journey of four months we arrived at Adelaide, and soon gave quite a wool-growing tinge to the community—"Overlanders," as they called us—affected a bandit style of dress, with belts filled with pistols. Around our bodies we had scarlet shirts, wore broad-brimmed hats, and as our horses were gaily caparisoned, we caused quite a sensation in the streets of Adelaide, which rang all the evening with our merriment. We brought 53,000 sheep into the colony during the course of only a year or two, and they were of vital benefit to it. A few of our party settled in the country, and taught the Adelaide people and up-country settlers how to manage flocks, and thus we assisted in raising the settlement of Adelaide from the state of despondency and distress into which it had sunk. Many of my party settled down in the country with their sheep and became large squatters. Others sold their sheep and left Adelaide for Sydney. I stopped behind.

This was in the year 1840. Governor Gawler, now in great trouble, was called Home by the British Government, who eventually decided to lend the colony a sufficient sum of money to pay its debts. The eleven commissioners were abolished, and Captain George Grey, a young officer, was appointed Governor. One day he walked into Government House at Adelaide, and at once took the control of affairs into his own hands. This summary mode of dismissing Governor Gawler must now be regarded as somewhat harsh, for Gawler had laboured hard and spent his money freely in trying to benefit the colony. The mistakes made during his administration were not so much due to his incapacity as to the impracticable nature of the theory on which the colony had been founded. Governor Gawler sailed for England deeply regretted by many who had experienced his kindness and generosity in their time of trouble. I remained in South Australia until January, 1841, and saw the country make great strides towards prosperity.

In this year, 1841, the talk in Adelaide was that New Zealand was the place for good land, and emigrants flocked there. About this time a very old friend of mine arrived with his vessel at Port Adelaide, the name of the vessel being the "Water Lily." The captain asked me to join him and go to New Zealand with a cargo of flour, which he would buy at Launceston, in Tasmania. I had by me £100 cash, and joined in the venture. I shipped as chief mate and trading master. At this time we were getting in the cargo, and I was rather taken aback to see a very old man I had met in Adelaide, one of the oldest Australian colonists. I invited him to dine with me and the captain on board. He was a great hand at telling yarns, and this is one of them:

He was, he says, first settler in what is now the colony of South Australia. His name was George Bates, of Kangaroo Island, the sentinel island that guards the entrances to the Gulfs of Spencer and St. Vincent. He was born in 1800, his father being a Staffordshire man, and his mother Welsh. They lived in London and were very badly off, as work was scarce, and blacksmithing, the man's trade, poorly paid. When George was about eleven years he was glad enough to get away from his comparatively foodless home and go on board a training vessel. Thence he went into the Royal Navy and saw a great deal of convoy service to and from the West Indies in the busy war-days that preceded Waterloo. Convoying being at an end, Bates went as a sailor on board a convict ship bound for Sydney, and, leaving his vessel in that port, went whaling. He first visited Kangaroo Island in 1823. To use his own words as given a few months ago to a member of the Land Commission, he found "plenty tucker" on the island, as in those days kangaroos and seals were numerous. He had some companions with him in his retired place of residence. They cured the skins of the seals, and one season a vessel took away as many as seven thousand. The sealskins were bartered for rum at £3 per gallon, and tobacco at 10/ per pound; for a pocket-knife or any similar article they would give a sealskin. In those days the skins of kangaroos were almost worthless. The secret of their usefulness had not been found out. Mr. Bates went sealing in West Australia in 1828, but that behind-hand colony was always deficient in something; at that time it was in seals, and the skipper of the vessel suggested a cruise to New Zealand. Mr Bates had heard the natives of that

future "Britain of the South" were partial to "long pig," so he declined to go, saying with characteristic prudence, "Oh no, not there; I don't mind eating natives, but they don't eat George." Faithful to Kangaroo Island, he returned there with three other pioneers, and they led a free and careless life, and to quote George's own words, "missed a lot of trouble by leaving home and coming out here. I couldn't have been hale and hearty at the age I am now had I stopped in the Old Country. There was not enough to eat there, but here I could always get kangaroo, emu, snakes, or something else to put between my teeth. Seal-flesh is very good and makes capital stews; snakes are real good eating. I had no bread for three years. No vessel came here during that time, but I did not want bread. In the good old days we had plenty of niggers to work for us, and if we wanted them, plenty of wives too. We used to bring them over from the mainland by Cape Jervois. I lived with the natives once for three months, but they killed my dogs, and when they found I couldn't hunt and get more tucker, they all cleared and left me to starve. When the boat at last came I was glad to get back to the kangaroos. I have got to be careful now. I'm not so young as I once was. My old woman is nearly blind, and bed-ridden, and I have to do the cooking, mending, and cleaning. My worst trouble is to find wood for the fire. The Government allow us rations, they also let me have a bit of 'baccy.'"

The ancient couple live in a hut by the sea, which has been granted them for life, and the few residents help them as much as possible; but they have a solitary existence. The progress of civilisation has invaded Kangaroo Island, for a fish-curing factory now exists at its capital, Kingscote. George Bates lived a lonely life for years on the island, as much out of the busy world as any "beach-comber" on a Polynesian "atol."

A few days after Bates was at dinner with us the schooner got under weigh and we left Launceston with our cargo for New Zealand. The "Water Lily" was not very large, but a splendid sea boat. Small vessels in those days, long before iron ones were thought of, were much favoured, and did good service, being virtually pioneers for the splendid class of steamers that now navigate these seas. The first four days out of port we met with bad weather, but made a good passage. The "Water Lily" was well known to be a fast sailer, and we made the trip to Wellington in ten days. We ran into the harbour with a fair wind and dropped anchor. The captain and I went on shore to see if there was a market for the flour. About this time there was an emigrant ship lying in the harbour, and there were few settlers in Wellington as yet (1841). The place was very gloomy. Captain Sharp of the schooner told me that Mr "Barney" Rhodes would buy the flour and sugar at a price, and directed me to go and see him. Mr Rhodes bid me a price for the cargo, and I sold it to him. I had met Rhodes before in Sydney, and was surprised to see him in Wellington. He then owned a store and traded with the natives. He was a keen man to do business with. He wanted the captain to take part of the cargo to Nelson, where there were two ships with emigrants. Nelson was, at that time, short of provisions. A few of the settlers came on board before we left Wellington. Messrs "Barney" Rhodes, John Plimmer, R. Reynolds, Masters, Carrington and Brown, who are still alive, were amongst the number. Some of the others have passed away, or are just passing. Many old colonists know me and know what I have gone through during my colonial career. We had discharged our flour, but had a quantity of sugar left. I made a bargain with Mr Rhodes to run over to Nelson, and it was a very good job we took some provisions there. I did very little trade with the natives at Wellington, only in tobacco. I could have sold a shipload of firearms if I had had them. Mr Rhodes made me promise to be back again in February, 1842, with more flour. I had a good look round Wellington before we left, and I must say I admired the harbour, but could see nothing good about the town. At that time it consisted merely of a few huts.

CHAPTER VIII.

We Cross the Straits to Nelson—Nelson in 1841—We Go to Launceston for Flour—A Quick Trip Back to Wellington—A Run up to Taranaki—A Stirring Scene in Old Taranaki—We Leave for Sydney—My Old Friend Smith Again—I Take a Cargo of Horses to Calcutta—A Successful Trip—My First Impression of India—Our Return to Sydney—A Sad Occurrence—My Fast Habits—Mr. Nash "Rooks" Me of Large Sums—To Adelaide with Cattle—Sir George Grey—The Discovery of Copper—A Marvellous Story—Kapunda and Burra Burra.

WE got the little vessel under weigh and left for Nelson. The schooner was very light, and should have had from ten to fifteen tons of ballast in her, as we only had a small quantity of flour on board. We made bad weather in the Straits, but reached Nelson in three days. We found the settlers in a very bad state for want of provisions. Some of them had planted potatoes, but were reduced to such straits that they took the seed out of the ground, peeled the potatoes, and put the peelings again into the ground for seed. Men made trousers out of flour bags, and indeed, the people were very short of supplies of all kinds. We discharged our flour, sold what sugar we had, and wishing the people of Nelson good-bye, started for another cargo. We had a good run to Launceston, and soon loaded up again. Flour, then very cheap in Launceston, was bringing a big price in New Zealand. We soon loaded up and made a start for Wellington, which we reached in seven days. The people of the town were greatly surprised to see the "Water Lily" back again in so short a time. Mr Rhodes bought half our cargo, and the people of Wellington advised me to run the schooner to Taranaki, stating I would get a good price for the remaining cargo. This was in 1842, in Col. Wakefield's time.

The people of New Plymouth were nearly starving, so instead of going to Nelson we ran the schooner up to New Plymouth. I was sorry for having done so. We had to land our goods through heavy surf. We sold our cargo, and I got a better price for it than we obtained in Wellington, but New Plymouth was a very bad place for any vessel to lie at. The two days I was there I witnessed a scene with the natives. A gentleman named Carrington had to run for his life. He was laying out the town, when a chief tried to stop him, and flourished a tomahawk over his head. He had to run and take shelter in a whare belonging to Dicky Barratt, an old whaler. The natives mustered strong, and I thought I was going to see a great row. The few people who were then in the town were much alarmed. As well they might, for there were about 800 natives in their war paint, dancing, and threatening the Europeans. I settled my business as quickly as I could, got on board the schooner, and left that night.

We got under weigh, and the captain shaped his course for Sydney. Three days out the "Water Lily" sprang a leak, and we had to keep pumps going all the way to Sydney. On our arrival the schooner was put on the patent slip, and during the time she was being repaired, the captain sold her, and we settled up and parted.

At the end of 1842 my old friend, Smith, was shipping horses to the Indian market to supply the East India Company's troops. One day I met him as I was walking up George Street. He was surprised to see me. I said that I had been a long time away. I gave him all the news about my overland trip with the sheep, and my two trips to New Zealand with the flour. Mr Smith said he wanted me to go and take charge of some horses he was about to ship to Calcutta. I was decidedly pleased, and jumped at his offer. There was a large vessel called the "Lord Lynedock" lying in port, which had been conveying prisoners to Sydney. She had fine accommodation for stock, so Mr Smith chartered her for Calcutta. He placed on board 400 horses, and put me in charge. I got my men on board and away we went on our voyage, with a fair wind. We had splendid weather during the trip, and arrived safely at our destination. Out of the entire lot of horses shipped we only lost four. I stopped on shore six weeks, the time occupied in loading the ship with a return cargo, and enjoyed myself immensely. Everything was new and strange. I had plenty of money and very little

need of it. A suit of light clothes could be purchased for one rupee (2/), and a planquin, with two bearers, hired a whole day for about 6d. It was luxurious to travel about on the shoulders of two strapping darkies during the hot summer's days. I frequently went to a place called Dum Dum, fifteen miles from Calcutta. There was a fine collection of wild animals to be seen, and also a large pond of water, filled with tame fish, which would come to the edge and eat rice out of the visitor's hand. Altogether my first impressions of India were very pleasurable, notwithstanding the terrific heat which prevailed. The "Lord Lynedock" got a full cargo of sugar, grain, and rice for the Sydney market, and was pretty deep in the water. The sails were bent, passengers taken on board, and a tug towed us down the river Hoogley. We lay two days at its mouth, then getting a fair wind, "up sticks" and away for Australia we went.

I must say I felt something like regret at leaving so jolly a place. On my next visit my feelings were altogether different, but of this more anon. The passengers soon shook down into their respective places, and the voyage back was both pleasant and speedy. We arrived at Sydney Heads without mishap. The wind was blowing hard from the eastward as we passed through the heads. It was a fair wind up the harbour. The night set in, and the light on the "Sow and Pigs"—a small island in mid-channel—had gone out. Shortly after leaving it, a small coasting schooner, which was tacking across the harbour, came into collision with us. Our vessel passed clean over her, and twelve unfortunate people were drowned before we could render any assistance. I went on shore next day and saw my employer, who was highly pleased with the success of the trip. He told me he would shortly send me to India again on a similar errand. He had then two ships chartered for conveyance of horses to Calcutta, having entered into partnership with Mr Boyd. The latter wished me to go another trip as trading-master to the Straits of Timor, but after the fate of the "Swallow" and her crew, I imagined it would be tempting Providence, and declined his offer.

At this time I have to confess I was rather a fast young man. I had plenty of money, and spent it freely. When I ran short I only had to apply to Messrs. Smith, Boyd, or Terry, to get what I required. That, unfortunately, imbued me with spendthrift habits, which I had great difficulty in getting quit of. I met Boyd one morning, and he asked me if I would take a trip to Adelaide, as he was about to send cattle there. Having been six weeks ashore, I embraced the opportunity of a change, and told him I was quite willing. I asked him for money, and he said with astonishment, "Why! you had £150 a fortnight ago! What have you done with it?" I turned sulky, and refused to inform him. He had seen me in the company of the celebrated Bill Nash, spoken of before as the man who had the hardihood to impede the Queen's carriage in Hyde Park. He (Boyd) guessed rightly that Nash, to use a colonial expression, had "had me." Nash, although a very wealthy man, was a confirmed gambler, and clever enough, even among such a rough community, to make the "pursuit" a paying one. Gambling had great charms for a young careless fellow like myself, and Mr Nash, I am ashamed to say, frequently possessed himself of my stock of cash by his cleverness.

Mr Boyd at this time had a large mob of cattle sent down from his station. The cattle were shipped for Adelaide. I met Mr Boyd, and he told me the ship would leave in two days. We sailed on August 14th, 1843; had a splendid run to Adelaide, and landed the cattle all right. I met many old friends that I had left behind when I joined Captain Sharp in the schooner "Water Lily." The cattle were all sold at a good profit, and I stayed in Adelaide for some time. I met many of my old mates with whom I had travelled overland from Sydney, and they tried hard to get me to settle down and take up a run. I met the Governor, Captain George Grey, and he also wanted me to settle on a farm in Adelaide. The latter had begun to attract a good deal of notice, and a number of people left Sydney to settle there. The colonists of South Australia had, in 1841, received a sharp lesson, and had benefited by it. At the time I am writing of the colony was a thriving one. Agriculture and pastoral industries were developing steadily, and mineral resources discovered just after the worst of the depression were beginning to influence prosperity. The narrative of the early history of mining in South Australia makes an interesting story.

During the year 1841, a carrier, while driving his bullocks over the Mount Lofty range, had been obliged, by the steepness of the road, to fasten a log at the back of his waggon, in order to steady the load and prevent its descending too quickly. As the log dragged roughly behind it tore great furrows in the soil, and in one of these the carrier noticed a stone which glanced and glittered like metal. Looking around more closely, he saw there were large quantities of the same substance lying in all directions near the surface. Having taken some specimens with him, he made enquiries in Adelaide, and learned the substance was galena, a mineral in which sulphur is combined with lead and small quantities of silver. The land on which this valuable ore had been found was soon purchased, and mines opened up. At first there was large profit obtained from the enterprise, and though, after many years, the deposit became exhausted, yet the mines served to call the attention of the colonists to the possibility of discovering more permanent sources of mineral wealth. Another instance of the accidental finding of mineral wealth may be cited.

At Kapunda station, forty miles north-west of Adelaide, there lived a squatter named Captain Bagot. One day, during the year 1842, he sent his overseer, Mr Dutton, to search for sheep which had strayed into the bush. After spending some time in fruitless efforts, Mr Dutton ascended a small hill in order to have a more extensive view of the country, but still he saw nothing of the lost sheep. Turning to descend, his attention was attracted by a bright green rock jutting from the earth. It seemed to him peculiar, so he broke a piece off and carried it to Captain Bagot's house, where he and the Captain examined it, and came to the conclusion it consisted of the mineral called malachite, containing copper in combination with water and carbonic dioxide. They let no one know of the discovery, but proceeded to apply for the land, without breathing a word as to their real purpose. The section of eighty acres was advertised for a month, and then put up to auction, but as no one was anxious for this barren piece of ground there were no competitors, and it fell to them for the price of £80. As soon as they became possessed of it they threw off all mystery and commenced operations. During the first year the mines yielded £4,000; during the next, £10,000; and for several years continued to enrich the two proprietors until each realised a handsome fortune, when the land was transferred to an English company.

The discovery of copper at Kapunda caused much excitement through the colony. Everyone who possessed land examined it carefully for traces of minerals, and soon it was rumoured that, at a place about one hundred miles north of Adelaide, a shepherd had found exceedingly rich specimens of copper ore. The land on which they were discovered had not been sold by the Government, and in great haste a Company was formed to purchase it. The Company consisted of merchants, professional men, and officials of Adelaide; but a rival company was immediately started, consisting of shopkeepers and tradesmen, together with farmers from the country districts. The former company always maintained a haughty air, and soon came to be known through the colony as the "nobs," while they, in their turn, fixed on their rivals the nickname of the "snobs." For a week or two jealousy ran high, but they were soon forced to make a temporary union. According to the land laws of the colony, if anyone wished to buy a piece of land he had to apply for it and have it advertised for a month. It was then put up to auction, and he who offered the highest price, became the purchaser. A month, however, is a long time to wait, and as it was rumoured that a number of speculators were on their way from Sydney to offer large sums for the land it was necessary to take immediate action. There was another regulation in the land laws, according to which, if a person applied for 20,000 acres, and paid £20,000 in cash, he became at once the proprietor of the land. The "nobs" determined to avail themselves of this provision, but when they put their money together they found they had not enough to pay so large a sum. They, therefore, asked the "snobs" to join them on the understanding that, after the land had been purchased, the two companies would make a fair division. By uniting their funds they raised the required amount, and proceeded with great exultation to lodge the money. Part of it was in the form of bills on the Adelaide banks, and as the Governor refused to accept anything but cash the com-

panies were in despair, until a few active members hunted up their friends in Adelaide, and succeeded in borrowing the number of sovereigns required to make up the deficiency. The money was duly paid into the Treasury, the two companies became possessors of the much-coveted land, and the Sydney speculators arrived a few days too late.

Now came the division of the 20,000 acres. A line was drawn across the middle; a coin was tossed up to decide which of the two should have the first choice. Fortune favoured the "snobs," who selected the northern half, called by the natives Burra Burra. To the southern part the "nobs" gave the name of "Princess Royal." The companies soon commenced operations, but though the districts appeared on the surface to be of almost equal richness, yet, on being laid open, the "Princess Royal" ground was proved to be in reality poor, while Burra Burra mines provided fortunes for each of the fortunate "snobs." During the three years succeeding their discovery, these mines yielded copper to the value of £700,000. Miners were brought from England, and a town of about 5,000 inhabitants rapidly sprang into existence The houses of the Cornish miners were of a peculiar kind. A creek runs through the district with high and precipitous banks, and into the face of these cliffs the miners cut large chambers to serve as dwellings. Holes were bored through the rock, and emerging from the surface of the ground above, formed the chimneys, capped by small beer-barrels instead of chimney-pots. The front of these "houses" was weatherboard, in which doors were left; and for two miles along each side of the stream these primitive dwellings looked out upon the almost dry bed of the creek, the latter forming the main street of the village. Here the miners dwelt for years, until the waters rose one night in a foaming flood, which destroyed the houses and swept away several of their inhabitants. In 1845, Burra Burra was a lonely moor; in 1850 it was bustling with men, noisy with the sound of engines, pumps and forges. Acres of land were covered with the warehouses and offices, and handsome residences for the officers. Behind these there rose great mounds of blue, green, and dark-red ores of copper, worth enormous sums of money. Along the roads, eight hundred teams, each consisting of eight bullocks, passed constantly to and fro, whilst scores of ships were employed conveying the ore to England. From this great activity the whole community could not but derive the utmost benefit, and for a time South Australia had every prospect of taking foremost place among the colonies.

CHAPTER IX.

Back to Sydney—Death of My Old Friend, Mr. Smith—I Have a Row with a Dutchman—A Whaling Cruise—My Success and its Results—I Command the "Flying Fish"—An Eventful Voyage—Whaling in Torres Straits—An Experience in the New Hebrides.

DURING the time I was staying in South Australia I had a fall from a horse, and was laid up in the Adelaide Hospital for four months. I got a friend to write to Mr Boyd, asking him to send me £25, as my money was all gone, and I was in debt a few pounds and wanted to return to Sydney. Mr. Boyd sent me £20, and wrote advising me to return to Sydney at once, as my old friend Mr. Smith was very ill. If I wanted to see him alive, I was to lose no time getting back. Leaving the hospital, I settled up my debts and got a passage in the "Dorset" brig to Sydney. On arrival, I went on shore, and going down George Street met Mr. Boyd, who was much astonished to see me alive. He gave me the sad news of my dear friend Mr Smith's death, which was a great blow to me; he having, as it were, been a second father to me since I was ten years old. Mr Boyd took me to the house of my departed friend, but I did not stay long, as the associations were too much for my feelings. I went home with Mr Boyd, who kindly fitted me out with clothes and money, both of which I began to stand in need of. I gave

him a detailed account of all that had happened since leaving Sydney. He listened patiently to the recital, and then said, "Well, you have gone through a great deal of rough experience. Your old friend Smith is gone, and the best thing you can do is to come into my employment, and I will forward your fortunes." I thanked him for his kindness, and gratefully accepted the offer.

At this time, 1845, New Zealand began to attract notice, and a number of people left Sydney to settle there. Amongst them was the well-known "Johnny Jones." He succeeded in obtaining a large area of land from the Maoris of Otago, and eventually became one of the wealthiest men in the Middle Island. I went back to the old business of stock-driving, and was sent up country by Mr. Boyd to bring down a mob of cattle for shipment to Auckland. I made the trip successfully and returned to Sydney with my full complement. I remained in Sydney for some time, and one night walking down Pitt Street fell in with a Dutch captain who had treated me badly when I was in Adelaide. There were a few words between us, and he knocked me down with his walking stick, and put a large cut in my head. The Dutchman had two friends with him, and I got the worst of the quarrel, but I promised to have revenge. The next night I came across the Dutchman and four of his men. I had four friends with me, and as I always like to pay off old debts I commenced a quarrel, and the captain and his men got very much hurt. For a time I had to keep out of the way, for I had given the Dutch captain a good thrashing. Mr Boyd at this time had a whaler, the "Lady Emma," Captain Bulger, lying in port ready for sea; and he recommended me to go on board and take a trip until the matter blew over, for if I was caught I should assuredly get put into prison, the Dutch captain being badly injured. I took the proffered advice and shipped. Some of my readers may say I acted revengefully in this case, but I only ask them to put themselves in my place. I always disliked debt, and if I have an old score to pay, I endeavour to pay it sooner or later. At this time I was young, hasty and hot tempered, so let this be my excuse.

Leaving Sydney in the "Lady Emma," I entered upon my new career as whaler. We had hardly cleared the Heads when whales were seen spouting; the boats were lowered, and we succeeded in securing one. I thought it about the most exciting work I had been engaged on. Our cruising ground was on the coast of New Zealand, to which we at once proceeded. I was placed in the chief mate's boat as bow oarsman, and, as whales were plentiful, we had plenty of work, and I soon became accustomed to it. One day the captain's boat-steerer was ill and I took his place. We were out after a "school," and laid the boat on to a big fellow. I put two irons into him, the second making him spout thick blood, showing he was struck in a vital spot. The captain shouted, "Well done, not so bad for a first attempt," and I felt rather elated at my success. We towed our prize alongside, and on being "tried out," he yielded 124 barrels of oil. We had good luck so far. We were out about six months, when Captain Bulger put into the Bay of Islands to water and refit.

New Zealand at that time was very thinly settled by the whites; there were only a few here and there, principally sailors, living among the Maoris, who at this date were excellent fellows. We got some tons of sweet potatoes and a lot of pigs from whites and Maoris. After putting them on board, we replenished our water casks, and stood out once more for the whaling ground. We cruised off Howe's Island, and captured whales as fast as we could cut them up. One day all the boats were out after a "pod" of forty barrel whales. I was steering the captain's boat, and asked him to allow me to try my hand at lancing; he did so, and I was lucky enough to kill three good whales that day. When we got on board the captain said I was plucky enough to make a good whaler, and he would give me his boat from that time forward. The boat-steerer continued sick, so I remained in charge all the voyage. I grew very fond of the pursuit, which so pleased the captain that he told me he would take me as chief mate on the succeeding voyage. Another day a very large whale showed up close to the vessel; four boats were lowered. I was headman in my boat, and pulled right on the whale, which with one blow of his tail sent the boat flying in the air. The other two boats got fast to the monster, and away they went in tow like steam, and we were left struggling for our lives in the water. We all managed to get hold

of an oar or a piece of the broken boat, the ship being about four miles to leeward of us and the other boats away with the whale. We had to hang on until the captain lowered a boat from the brig. He rescued us in a very exhausted state, but two of the poor fellows were missing, having been unable, apparently, to keep afloat. The three boats by this time were out of sight of the ship, and a gale of wind coming up and night setting in the captain beat the ship to windward all night, burning blue lights and sending up sky-rockets. At last he had to heave to and close-reef topsail, the sea running high and no sign of the gale abating. It continued for three days, during which we saw nothing of the missing boats; and to my knowledge, nothing has been heard of them to this day. Eighteen fine fellows must have found a watery grave during that gale. The captain thought the whale had sounded, that is, gone to the bottom, and probably the boat's lines got foul, or they did not cut in time, and went to the bottom with him. We cruised about the spot for three weeks, but never found a vestige of the lost ones. We then fell in with another whaling vessel, the barque "Swallow," Captain Flower, of Hobart. Our captain boarded her, and Fowler told him he had seen, two days before, an immense flock of seabirds hovering over a particular spot, and this was probably caused by a dead whale, in all likelihood the one which caused our disaster. Captain Bulger returned on board, and shaped his course for Sydney, where we arrived safely, and discharged 1,100 barrels of oil.

I went to Twofold Bay, from whence Mr Boyd was shipping cargoes of stock to the neighbouring colonies, and I found my fracas with the Dutchman had blown over, consequently I was safe to roam about. Mr Boyd asked me how I liked the whaling business. I answered, "Very much," and told him Captain Bulger wanted me to go again as chief mate. He said, "You had better stop here for the present and superintend the shipping of the cattle and sheep, and I will see Captain Bulger, and if you are to be chief mate under him you are capable of taking charge as whaling captain." I informed him of all that had occurred on the voyage, including the loss of the men and boats; and he went on board his yacht and ran up to Sydney, while I remained behind in charge. Mr. Boyd saw Captain Bulger at Sydney, and asked his opinion of my capabilities. He told him I was a smart man; an expert, daring whaler, and requested that I might be sent again with him as chief mate. My employer said if I was as good as represented he would send me out as master, and put a sailing-master in charge of the vessel. He despatched the yacht back to Twofold Bay, with a letter telling me to come up at once. I obeyed, and, going to Sydney, waited on him. He asked me if I would go on another whaling voyage. I replied I did not care for it unless I went with Captain Bulger. He then said, "Bulger gives such a good account of you that I will entrust you with the charge of a vessel, sending a sailing-master to navigate the ship, who will take her to whatever whaling grounds you may decide on. Will you go?" I jumped at the chance, and thanked him warmly for this fresh proof of his kindness. He offered me a "tenth lay," a tenth of the entire profits, which in the event of a successful voyage would be handsome remuneration. I soon found myself on board of a six-boat ship. That means I could lower six boats manned at once. I picked my own crew, and, with the active assistance of Mr Boyd, we were soon fitted out and ready for sea. My vessel was called the "Flying Fish," and the sailing-master was Captain Blake. Captain Bulger was getting the "Woodlark," brig, ready for sea at the same time. Mr. Boyd and several other shipowners came on board, and a tug took us to the Heads, where Mr Boyd shook hands, and, wishing us "good luck," left with his friends. We gave them three rousing cheers at parting, and set sail on our voyage.

I may remark my crew generally were as fine a lot of fellows as had ever left Sydney—all picked men, and when the "Flying Fish" began to show her heels she proved to our satisfaction she could travel at great speed through the water. My chief mate was an experienced whaler, and knew the whaling grounds like a book. The first day out I called the men aft, and formed them into boats' crews. I picked my crew first, the mate second, and so on. I had often mentioned to Captain Bulger that I had frequently seen whales about Torres Straits, but could never induce him to cruise there. I decided upon giving the place a trial, and shaped

the course for that dangerous coast. The second day out the "look-out" from the "crow's nest" fell to the deck and was instantly killed. That cast a gloom over the ship for a while, but it soon wore off. On the fourth day, about 400 miles from Sydney, and while in sight of land, two large whales rose to leeward. We immediately got our tubs and lines into the boats, and lowered away. It was blowing a stiff breeze at the time, and pretty heavy seas were running. We pulled for the whales, and they both rose together, and were struck at the same time, I securing one and the mate the other. It was about the best day's sport I ever had. We had a long run before we killed them. Just as we got them quietened, a steamer passed bound for Sydney. She hailed us, and I told them to report the "Flying Fish," Captain Barry, four days out, with two large whales. We got our prizes alongside, and, when "tried out," they yielded 220 barrels of oil; not a bad start. After the decks were cleared and the oil stowed, I gave the men a little extra grog, which, with tobacco, goes a long way towards encouraging sailors to do their best.

We saw no more whales until we reached the entrance of Torres Straits, when for six weeks the fires were never out. The place was full of forty-barrel whales. We had excellent luck until a gale came on, and the whales took off to some other cruising ground.

Seeing we were not likely to meet any more whales, I gave the sailing master orders to make for Howe's Island, north of New Zealand. En route we captured one whale, and on our arrival fell in with the brig "Woodlark," Captain Bulger. He informed me that, so far, he had had no luck, and intended to go to the Line and cruise for a few weeks, in the hope of meeting better fortune. His vessel was hardly hull down on the horizon when a large whale rose in sight. I had the boats lowered, and two of them got fast. The prize came towards the ship, but at about half-a-mile it sounded, taking both boats' lines with it. I had my boat lowered, and at a short distance from the vessel we laid on our oars, and waited for the whale to rise, which it did shortly afterwards, about 200 yards off. We pulled out to it, and with the aid of the other boats killed and brought it alongside, cut it up and "tried" it out. We had excellent luck for about two months, securing a large quantity of oil.

As we were running short of fresh water, we steered for the island of Espiritu Santo, one of the New Hebrides. Arrived there, I despatched four boats ashore with the water casks. The men under my orders armed themselves, the natives of these islands being not altogether to be trusted. They are of a copper colour; both sexes generally speaking are well made and otherwise good looking. When the men landed, the natives came around in numbers, offering fruit and vegetables, for which the islands are noted. They likewise made signs for them to come up to their village and eat. The mate in charge of the shore party felt dubious about accepting their invitations, having learned there had lately been war between them and a neighbouring island named Barrute, and having taken prisoners, they would doubtless, according to custom, be cooked and aten. However, he and twenty-four men, comprising the boat crews, decided to test the hospitality of the cannibals. Arriving at the huts, one of the natives pulled out of the fire a human leg and arm, and offered these tempting viands to their guests. Close at hand three men's heads were seen hanging by the hair from a cocoanut tree, possibly intended for a second course. The mate, on exhibition of this ghastly fare, decided it was time to be going, and ordered the men to retire quietly and cautiously to the boats, he bringing up the rear. Their hosts evidently did not relish this declining of their hospitality, and fired their arrows at the retreating men, who faced about and fired a few shots at the assailants. The latter made off into the bush. The men then set about getting the casks afloat, and while so engaged the natives suddenly appeared, making a rush. Their numbers being overpowering, the men had to fly to the boats and make away as fast as they could. The firing being heard on board, I had the other two boats well armed and despatched to their assistance. The ship's forces now numbered thirty-six, which evidently overawed the natives, and we succeeded in getting the water casks off all right. A party of our men, including myself, subsequently ventured a short distance from the beach towards the huts, and were saluted with a shower of arrows, proceeding from an adjoining thicket.

No harm, however, was done, but we concluded it was time to leave. Before we could put off, two of us were wounded; one on the back, and myself in the neck. With the exception of these casualties, we got safely on board. I may remark here that, after such a warm reception, I made up my mind not to patronise Espiritu Santo again, and never after revisited it.

CHAPTER X.

More Whaling—A Visit to Honolulu—The French Stowaways—A Call at the Bay of Islands—Still the Luck Holds Good—Taking a Whale into Sydney—On Shore Again—I Relinquish the Command of the Whaler—Mr. Boyd again My Employer—A Trip to Nelson—To Hobart with Cattle—Escaped Convicts—Governor Price and His Brutalities—I Go to Western Australia.

LEAVING the island of Espiritu Santo, we once more set sail for a whaling ground, in the neighbourhood of the Equator, and had an almost uninterrupted run of luck. One day all the boats were down chasing a "pod" of cow whales. One showed fight, and turning on one of the boats, smashed it to atoms. The men were all picked up by the ship. We killed five that day, but lost one of them. When the fish were "cut" and "tried out," the men came aft and respectfully requested to be taken into some port where fresh meat could be procured. They had now been thirteen months on "salt junk," and were desirous of a change. I thought the request reasonable, and ordered the ship to be taken into Honolulu—a French settlement on one of the Sandwich Islands; it being then the nearest port. We found it an excellent anchorage. We lay there for one month to give the crew a chance to recruit, and indeed they stood greatly in need of it. In the meantime I got in fresh supplies, pork, poultry, sweet potatoes, yams, and all kinds of fruit, with which Providence seems to have supplied this island in great abundance. There was a French man-o'-war lying in port, and the captain was very kind and friendly. I dined frequently on board with him, and he honoured me several times with his company on board the "Flying Fish." Being ready to make a fresh departure, I ordered all the men to get on board, and they being decent fellows, as I have before remarked, obeyed with alacrity. I was lucky in this matter, as it frequently happened that whaling vessels leaving there went away short-handed, the delights of the climate and the sensuous attractions of the place being generally too much for poor Jack. As I was leaving, the French captain came on board in search of four men missing from his vessel. I said it was unlikely they would be on board, as my sailors and his, while on shore, were continually brawling and fighting. However, he searched the vessel from stem to stern, and found no trace of them. He had to return to his vessel not altogether satisfied. I told him, when leaving, if the men turned up at any future time I would look after them and hand them over to the French Consul in the first port I called at. Two days afterwards, at sea, the mate reported finding four stowaways in the hold, and the runaways were brought on deck. They could all speak English slightly, and begged of me not to deliver them up to any French ship or Consul, and they would do anything in the world for me. I pitied the poor devils, and told them to go forward and the mate would find them something to do. They became very useful during the remainder of the voyage, working well. They were excellent sailors, and I mostly employed them as ship-keepers while the crew were out in the boats.

Four days after leaving Honolulu a French brig passed us. I hove to, and signalled her to lower a boat, but she passed and took no notice, so I lost the chance of returning my unbidden guests to their own vessel. Presently I fell in with plenty of whales, and for three months the fires were hardly ever extinguished. I had now on board about 2000 barrels of oil. The men were again becoming restive, wanting another run ashore, and I therefore ordered the ship to the Bay of Islands. There was a good deal of discontent displayed when the men learnt their desti-

nation. They wanted to go where they could "see life," so I told them we should cruise for a month off the Three Kings, and at the expiry thereof run into Hobart for a spell. That pleased them all, and put a stop to their murmurings, which were really not without some show of reason. To be cooped up for eighteen months in a whaling vessel is no joke. It is rather trying to constitutions and tempers more patient and philosophical than those of the average whaler.

The first evening off Three Kings, I saw a fire about six miles to leeward, and concluded it was a whaler "trying out." Finding my surmise correct, I ran the ship towards the stranger. In the morning, I was surprised and pleased to find it was my old friend Captain Bulger. His boats were down after a "lone" whale. I lowered four of mine, and ran my ship about two miles further leewards, in the direction of where the whale was sounding. It came up very close to the ship, and proved a monster. I immediately lowered my boat, put up a sail, and ran right on to the prey, getting two irons into it. I went forward and succeeded in getting in a lance, which ended the work. In lancing the whale I was knocked overboard, but got picked up by one of the "Woodlark's" boats. We got the fish alongside that night, and Bulger and his chief mate came on board. There being little or no wind, both vessels were hove-to, and we made a merry time of it, for "Auld Lang Syne." Captain Bulger was shorthanded, so I proffered him the four French stowaways. He was glad to get them, and took them along with him. I gave them each ten pounds of tobacco, also a rig-out from the slop-chests, and they departed quite satisfied. In the morning we were busy "cutting-in" the prize of the previous night, when the look-out cried from the "crow's nest," "There she blows," meaning that the whales were in sight. I asked, "Where away?" He replied, "About four miles dead to windward." The boats were immediately in the water, and during the succeeding four weeks we were kept busy "trying-out" at the Three Kings.

The vessel, now deep in the water, began to leak. I wished to remain out four months longer, but the men became dissatisfied with having to pump in addition to other work. I had now been cruising a year and nine months, and had on board 2,600 barrels, so thought it discreet to humour them and take the ship into port. Calling them aft, I told them we would shape for Sydney in place of Hobart Town as promised, whereat they gave me three cheers, and vowed they would all be glad to go another trip with Captain Barry. Shaping the course for Sydney, we shortly after sighted the Heads. During the passage we had to keep the pumps going twelve out of the twenty-four hours. Just as we neared the Heads a large whale "beached" about a mile from the ship. Being so close to port, I felt very eager to capture the stranger. I went after him personally, and succeeded in striking him. Thereupon an unfortunate accident occurred. I got entangled in the harpoon line, was dragged out of the boat and under water after the whale ten to fifteen fathoms. Luckily I succeeded in freeing myself, and rose to the surface, when I was picked up by one of the boats. I can assure readers I would not care to repeat the dive. The mate got fast to the whale, and it was brought alongside. The men asked me to tow it into the harbour, and give the Sydney folks a surprise. I was afraid if I did the men would probably leave as soon as we anchored, and I should lose the spoil, so I hesitated; but the mate said, "Do it, captain; if the fellows give us the slip I can find plenty idle whalers ashore to 'cut in' and 'try it' out." I took his advice, and away we went up Sydney harbour with the prize in our wake. We turned it into oil at a place called Spring Cove, six miles from town, and during the operation crowds came to view the "leviathan of the deep," which, without doubt, was the first whale seen in the harbour It was also noteworthy that this, the last fish we caught, should prove the largest and most profitable one captured during the voyage. It turned out 138 barrels; eight barrels went to the tun, and the tun was at this time worth £104. I landed altogether 2,760 barrels, and it was remarked that for the time—one year and ten months—the voyage had been the most profitable made by any whaleship out of Sydney.

I and the crew got great credit for our success, and Mr. Boyd, the owner, made me a substantial present in addition to my pay. On the men being paid off they requested to be sent another voyage with me as soon as the ship was ready. The vessel was put under repair, and I stopped at Mr. Boyd's house for a fortnight. Then I made up

my mind to give up whaling, for a time at least. I must confess I was fickle-minded in those days, and am afraid the infirmity still sticks fast to me in my old age. I told Boyd my resolution, and mentioned that as I had now (1847) been fifteen years a rover, I would like to revisit the land of my birth. He tried his utmost to persuade me to go another trip, and give up all thoughts of England; but I was firm, and stuck to by resolution. I told him he had a fit representative, and possibly a better man than myself, in the chief mate, Baird. He could not find a better man or pluckier whaler, and he really deserved to have charge of the ship. Mr. Boyd said, "Well, if you have really made up your mind to remain on shore, I will give him the vessel on your recommendation;" and he did so. Baird was proportionately overjoyed and grateful to me for using my influence. The sailing master and he were on excellent terms, so it was agreed he should be re-engaged to navigate the ship, and thus matters were settled to our mutual satisfaction.

For a week or two, while the "Flying Fish" was being made ready, Baird and I roamed about and "saw life" as it was to be seen in Sydney in those days. I cannot say it was much to boast of. At last the old craft was ready for sea. Baird got his crew on board, up anchor, and under weigh. Mr. Boyd and several other gentlemen, including myself, accompanied him down the harbour. We left him at the Heads, the crew giving us the customary three cheers. Away they bowled, with a fair wind, over the wide Pacific for a two years' cruise, for which she was well furnished in every way. It seemed to me very like parting with an old friend when I saw the last glimpses of the "Flying Fish."

Returning to Sydney, I roamed about for a few weeks, and felt like a fish out of water, although the place at the time was quite lively, and its business places rapidly increasing. I was continually pondering over the notion of going home to the Old Country. Mr. Boyd, whenever I met him, tried to dissuade me, proffering me employment again and again. At last I decided to defer my visit Home, and accepted his offer. He was a large exporter of stock to the neighbouring colonies, and he gave me charge of the shipping. I also looked after an establishment he had where sheep were boiled down and their tallow packed for exportation. At that time (1847) Mr. Boyd was sending great numbers of cattle and sheep to New Zealand, where immigrants from Great Britain and people from Australia were taking up large areas of land. A considerable trade had now sprung up between Sydney and the various ports of those islands.

I may here remark that I take the credit to myself of having dispatched the first stock consigned to New Zealand. Of course I except the pigs landed by Captain Cook and others thirty or forty years previously. It has often struck me that the addition of these to the cuisine of the Maoris was a first step to the abolition of cannibalism.

A barque being despatched to Hobart Town with a special cargo of sheep, I had to accompany it. We arrived safely and landed our cargo. I witnessed a peculiar incident here one day when on shore. Two men were running from the wharf. The case looked suspicious, so I watched them. Presently one fell, and there was the report of a pistol. The man writhed in agony. It appeared he had firearms concealed under his coat, and when he fell a pistol exploded and shot him through the thigh. Both were convicts, under sentence of banishment to Norfolk Island, a branch penal settlement. They had escaped from the penitentiary and got aboard a vessel lying in the harbour. The steward happened to notice them, and told the captain, who was going to signal for the police, when the escapees knocked him and the steward down and secured them. The rest of the crew was on shore at the time, and, taking a boat, the convicts pulled for the wharf. They had landed, and were making off, when the accident mentioned occurred. They were taken into custody, locked up, and, I suppose, eventually reached their original destination. Norfolk Island in those days was a terror to convicts, and only incorrigible felons were sent there. I have heard them say they would prefer death to being deported to that "hell on earth." It is a fact that men have been known to draw lots to see which one would kill the other, and so get hanged and escape the terrors of Norfolk Island.

Mr. John Price was, I believe, Governor of Norfolk Island and Superintendent of Prisoners. If we are to believe the tales told of him, he must have been perfectly fiendish in his cruelty to the men under his charge. We must, however, recollect he had the very scum and dregs of a criminal population to deal with. Possibly they richly merited the punishment he inflicted, and to this there was no limit, for his power was absolute. I have heard that he would order a prisoner into solitary confinement on eight ounces of bread and half-a-pint of water per day. When the man was properly ravenous, he would visit him in his cell and ask him how he fared: would he like a little roast goose, or roast beef? Then, probably, the "worm would turn" and attempt the Governor's life. Foiled in this, his punishment would, of course, be increased. There is little doubt instances of great tyranny occurred, and the "system" eventually culminated, in another colony, in the assassination of Price himself while fulfilling the duties of a similar office.

The captain a few days after informed me the vessel was ready for departure, and, going on board, we sailed for Twofold Bay, where we took on board a freight of cattle for Nelson, New Zealand. We made a rapid passage, discharged our cargo, and, after lying in port four days, left on the return trip for Sydney.

I found on arrival Mr. Boyd had chartered the ship I went to India in, the "Lord Lynedock," to convey cattle to Swan River, Western Australia. The cattle were specially ordered, and when landed had to be driven up country to the owner's station, a distance of 200 miles, and for that purpose twelve horses were placed on board.

CHAPTER XI.

In Western Australia—I Meet My Fate at Last—Courtship and Marriage—I Wed a Fortune—Bad Luck—The Fortune Fades Away—Death of an Old Friend—Sundry Disappointments—My Wife and I Leave for Sydney—Extravagance—Debt—Disaster—My Wife Dies—Mr. Boyd again My Friend—I Catch the Gold Fever—Off to California—Sydney Rowdies—Trouble on Board—A Second Visit to Honolulu.

WE had a good passage, and, after discharging cargo, the captain proceeded on to India with the "Lord Lynedock." I had eight stockmen with me to drive the mob, and we camped about four miles from what was then the small village of Fremantle. I took one of the men and rode on to another small town called Perth. At this day it is a considerable place and the capital of Western Australia. It is twelve miles up the river, running through a large plain, bounded by hills. The water was at the time I am speaking of dotted with flocks of black swans, the *rara avis* of old naturalists. My journey was to see the owner of the station for which the cattle were intended. I found his overseer, Mr. Black, who sent two of his men to assist us in driving the herd. We started the mob on the road to Perth, Mr. Black and myself going on ahead to the town. He invited me to visit some acquaintances of his, and I said I would, but must not remain long, as I would have to look out for a camping ground for the cattle. He said, "Never mind, they cannot come to any harm; there is good grass anywhere." And this was really the case. I have hardly ever seen such magnificent feed as the country of Western Australia afforded in those days. I accompanied Black to a nice-looking house in a quiet part of the town. We were shown into the parlour, where two ladies were seated. One rose, and, coming over, gazed very earnestly in my face. Mr. Black at once introduced me, when the lady threw her arms around my neck, and, yes, actually kissed me. Her friend, also Mr. Black, looked much shocked, and, to tell the truth, being somewhat bashful, I felt the situation rather peculiar. Presently the lady recovered herself, and said, "Do you not know me? My name is Brown," and then I recollected her perfectly. She was the captain's wife who was cast away with Winton and myself

when the schooner was wrecked on the voyage from Port Essington to Sydney. I was very glad to see her, but her delight at meeting me was apparently intense. She told the story of the wreck, our residence on the beach, about the shell-fish, and the sealskin procured to clothe her, the hardships we had endured, and was loud in her praises and thanks, so much so that I hardly knew what to say or how to stop the flow of her recital. I took the first opportunity presented of hinting at our departure, and succeeded at last in getting away, after having promised to repeat the visit on my return down country. Before getting away, however, I received from Mrs. Brown another grateful salute.

Black and I, who by this time had become very friendly, rode down to the camp, where we found the cattle unwatched. The men had gone into Perth, and were drinking in a public-house. It being late, we watched the herd all night, and the men putting in an appearance in the morning, off we started, Black accompanying us with four of his hands.

At this time there were only three stock stations at Swan River. The one we were bound for belonged to a Sydney gentleman named Towns. The country passed through was rough and infested with black fellows, who were not to be trusted. Seeing such a number of men they did not, however, trouble our party. We arrived safely at the station on the ninth day. The place was beautifully situated, well grassed, and, in addition to cattle, carried large flocks of sheep. After delivering the mob and settling matters, Mr. Black engaged the eight men I had brought with me, who, the wages being higher than at Sydney, were content to remain.

Remaining a few days, I was fortunate in securing company back, and we arrived safely at Perth. I lost no time in fulfilling my promise of seeing Mrs. Brown at Captain French's. I forgot to mention the name of her lady friend who was with her when I called the first time. She was the daughter of the above captain, an old whaler, who had left the sea and taken to sheep farming at Swan River. Miss French was very good-looking, and had a pleasant manner, which quite took my fancy. To tell the truth, I was conscious of a new feeling in my breast, which I have since thought must have been "love at first sight." Heigho! My life has been since chequered and stormy, but a thrill of pleasure still passes through me at the remembrance of that time. The old captain and I became fast friends. I gave him my history, and he was greatly interested in the recital of my adventures. I found he was acquainted with most of my friends, and knew personally all the shipowners and whaling captains in Sydney. Nothing seemed to please him better than to spin yarns of by-gone times, when he was a whale-fisher himself. Miss French soon became quite like an old friend. I frequently rode out with her and Mrs. Brown, and our intimacy daily ripened into a deeper feeling on my part. Her father used frequently to rally me on the subject, saying I was likely to oust Black, who, I found, was a suitor for her hand. Captain French asked me if I would go with him and see his station, which he was about to visit. I said I thought it was about time I was returning to Sydney, but he would not hear of it, and, to tell the truth, I needed little persuasion to stay.

Well, we started on the journey to his property, which lay 100 miles north of Swan River. We travelled mostly by the coast, and had pleasant times of it. The station was well situated, and carried a large number of stock. We remained ten days, visiting every part of the run, and returned by sea in a small cutter of 14 tons burden.

As we went up to the captain's house we met Mr. Black leaving. I fancied he looked rather grumpy, and Captain French did not improve matters by saying jocularly, "Hullo, Black, you must look out, or you will have Barry running off with my daughter." He muttered something I did not catch, and departed rather hastily, although pressed very hospitably to return to the house with us. Miss French received us at the door, and gave us a joyful welcome home. Her father passed into the house, and she detained me chatting about our journey. Shortly after Black unexpectedly returned, and, seeing us in conversation, went inside. Miss French seemed to wish to avoid him, and presently remarked, "I wish he had stopped away." I asked, "Who?" "Mr. Black," she replied. "Why," said I, "I under-

stood you and he were shortly to be married; at least I got that impression from Mrs. Brown. You are treating the poor fellow rather coolly, if such be the case." At the same time my heart was beating like a steam-hammer at the thought that I might have a chance of winning her. She said, rather spitefully, "If Mrs. Brown led you to believe such an occurrence was likely to take place, she did so with an interested motive, and that is, to clear the way for a marriage with you. She is very artful; but, if I may express an opinion, I think she is decidedly too old for a young man like you."

"By Jove!" thought I, "this is plain speaking with a vengeance"; and having got my cue, I determined to enter the lists against the formidable Black. We broke up our conversation and went inside. Her father was jocose, and uttered some sly inuendoes as to what had kept us so long outside. On looking at my rival, I saw he looked "Black" indeed; in fact, for the rest of the evening he was quite sulky. When supper was removed he wanted me to accompany him to Perth, where he lodged; but Miss French interposed, and said authoritatively that Mr. Barry could not be spared that night, but to-morrow he could ride with her to Perth, as she had business there, and Mr. Black could then see him. He took this unkind shot, and left without bidding Miss French or myself good-night. I took no notice of the omission, but she did, and a conversation ensued on his merits, which must have caused his ears to burn during his lonely ride home. I kept mine well open, and heard her say to her father, "He has asked me several times to marry him, but I do not like him, and will not have him." This appeared to me decisive, and my hopes were raised to a great height. I retired to dream of a happy future, in which Miss French played a prominent part, and determined to push on the siege vigorously, especially as I imagined I detected some little reciprocity of feeling, and that I was not wrong in this conjecture the sequel will show.

Next morning Miss French asked me to drive her out, and I was only too happy to get the opportunity. We had not gone far when I noticed a peculiar change come over her. She became confidential and almost tender in her conversation. I had not hitherto been much in female society, and was as bashful and awkward as a school boy in all matters connected with the tender passion; but she came boldly to the rescue and saved me a world of trouble.

Some may think my companion showed a slight want of delicacy, but they must bear in mind the colony was young, and society was not regularly defined in its habits. She had no mother to guide her, and, last of all, eligible young men were probably scarce; so let my readers place the most charitable construction on her conduct they are able. Miss French suddenly turned, and, looking straight into my eyes, said, "Mr. Barry, I am going to get married." "Hullo!" thought I, "my hopes are blighted, it is all up with my castle building;" but I managed to stammer out an inquiry as to when the auspicious event was to come off. She replied, "You know that best." I confess I was, metaphorically speaking, "knocked into a cocked hat," and scarcely knew how to act under the circumstances. However, I collected my senses, and said, "I thought there was to be a match between you and Mr. Black. She replied indignantly that it was untrue. She would never have him. "Then," said I, "will you have me?" She replied, without hesitation, "Yes; and you can name the day." So here was my wooing abruptly brought to a conclusion, much to my delight, and I may say, astonishment at the fact of being able to win a wife so easily, and to get the weather gauge of such a superior personage as I imagined my rival to be. The next hour was spent in delightful conversation about our future, and, it being time to return, I asked her to mention the matter to her father. I was even so cowardly as to ask this. She said if he did not consent to our marriage she would wed in spite of him, and go with me to Sydney.

Two days later Captain French, who by this time had grown apparently as fond of me as if I had been his son, said, "Barry, tell me the truth. Have you felt any affection for my daughter, for the devil's in the girl; I believe she is going mad about you?" I confessed at once, as well as I was able, that I was entirely bound up in her, and would feel proud and happy to make her my wife if he would consent. I had loved her from the first day I saw her, but not liking to take advan-

tage of his hospitality and confidence, I had refrained from alluding to the fact. The old fellow appeared overjoyed, and, calling his daughter in, joined our hands and gave his hearty consent to our speedy union.

The day was fixed, and we were looking forward to the happy time, when my joy received a severe check. Miss French was a daring horsewoman, as, indeed, the colonial girls generally are. Four days before the date fixed for the wedding we were out riding, and started a kangaroo. We both went off at a racing pace after it, and came to a fence. Without hesitation my intended took the leap, but the horse she was on unfortunately struck the rail and came down a cropper, falling on his rider, who lay as if dead. I immediately dismounted and raised her up, and, with the help of some farm people near at hand, carried her home and sent for the doctor, who found that her leg and four of her ribs were fractured, and her body badly bruised. My poor girl lay for nine months before she became convalescent. During that time I never left her, except to attend occasionally to the captain's business. We had fitted out some whalers, that is, boats' crews, with boats and all the necessary implements for catching black whales, which then abounded on the coast, from Swan River to King George's Sound, and a very profitable game it was. I was constantly getting letters from Mr. Boyd at Sydney, requesting me to return, and wondering what had detained me. I replied and informed him what had happened, and told him how I was situated with Miss French.

The weary days passed, and she began to mend slowly. I frequently drove her out, which seemed to do her good, but she always complained of a pain in her chest. At this time her poor old father took bad and was laid up, and my hands were full. I at last thought of Mrs. Brown, who was living at Perth at this time, and immediately went for her. She came gladly and nursed the captain, and took a good deal of trouble and anxiety off my mind. Both our patients were much better, so I thought I could venture to leave for a time. The shearing season was on at the station, and the captain wished me to go down and superintend operations; so I departed, and arrived all safe, and got the work in hand in a few days. I had been there about a week, when one day I saw a lady coming towards the station, accompanied by two men. Getting near enough, I found it to be my fiancee, who had brought a young man down to take my place, and told me her father wanted me at home. To hear was to obey, and I soon delegated the work to my successor, preparing to accompany my love to the schooner in which she had arrived. We had a quick run up to Swan River, and I was delighted with the improvement in my wife that was to be. She was nearly hale and well again. The first man we met on landing was my future father-in-law, who looked astonished at seeing me. My partner said to him, "I told you I would soon have him home again." I said "Did you not send for me, captain?" And he replied, "No; it is all this madcap's doings; the sooner she is off my hands the better; she is getting too much for me; it is rank mutiny."

We all walked home together, and in the afternoon the old man asked me to go with him and look at some horses he intended purchasing. On the way to the stable he turned to me and said "Barry, the sooner this wedding is off the better, and I shall get peace. Hannah (his daughter) will drive me mad before long; she wants a firm hand to manage her." I said, "I will try and supply that want at the earliest possible date." Hannah and I rode out that evening into the country a few miles, and I had hard work to restrain her from leaping the fences with her horse. "She certainly has plenty of mettle, I thought; that last spill has not yet tamed her." We fell into a quiet conversation at last. I broke the ground about our speedy marriage, and it was decided to leave the date to her father. We returned home and laid the case before him. He named that day week, and on that auspicious day Hannah French and I were made one, and the next few weeks passed like a dream.

We were certainly very happy. Would that it could have lasted! Well, here I was at last, married, and apparently anchored for life. My wife did not come to me empty-handed—her father behaved very liberally and gave her £1,000 and 20,000 sheep. He also gave me permission to run them on the station, and, crowning his generosity, he appointed me manager at £400

per annum; so, taking all matters into consideration, I felt as if I had drawn a prize in life's lottery, and was very grateful for my good fortune. I took up my new position as soon as possible, and my wife followed me in a few weeks.

The blacks in that part of the country were considered dangerous neighbours, and had, in fact, hitherto given a good deal of trouble; but I succeeded in making friends of the tribe in our immediate locality, and we got along pretty well. They certainly occasionally stole a few sheep, but I generally shut my eyes to their offences when not too glaring, and maintained peace and quietness by this means. The property was well watered and pleasantly situated, which rendered it a very comfortable residence.

I had been up about six months, when one day my wife received letters from the settlement, and, coming to me, said she wanted to go to Swan River. Her father was ill, and her uncle had arrived from Port Phillip. She had heard her father say that long ago he had borrowed a large sum of money from her uncle. From the tenor of the letter she imagined that there was something wrong. She was all anxiety to be off, so I decided to take her up to town. We made the passage in a small coaster, and on arrival found the old man very ill, and the doctor attending him told us he had very little hope of his holding out many weeks. His brother was in the room, and I was introduced to him. We remained in attendance on the old gentleman for about two months, and he still lingered. He had been a very strong, hearty man all his life, and fought a hard battle with the King of Terrors. I left the house one day to go down to the bay to a schooner going northwards coastwise, as I wished to send up some things to the station, when a man on horseback galloped after me and told me I was to return at once, as the captain was in a fit. I took the horse and hurried back, but was too late to see my dear old friend again in life. He expired a few minutes before I reached the house. My wife was very nearly distracted, and I had the utmost difficulty in getting her calmed.

A few days after the captain was consigned to his last resting place. We stopped at the old home, and endeavoured to get the affairs of the deceased wound up. My wife being a better scholar, and naturally knowing more of her father's business than I, busied herself in this matter, but found, to her dismay, everything in the utmost confusion and disorder. Her uncle and herself had many consultations on the subject, and I found at last that they could not agree, and matters grew very unpleasant. At last one day he told her flatly he claimed the entire property in liquidation of a debt of £12,000, which, he alleged, had been owing to him for years by his late brother. My wife fired up at this, and was very indignant, telling her uncle her mind very plainly. He took matters very quietly, and told her to moderate her language, for although she was his niece and entitled to his affections and considerations, he would not put up with such language, and she would find it more to her advantage to listen to reason and let things take their proper course. I thought it then time to interfere, and, walking in from the next room, from which I heard all the conversation, I asked what was wrong. My wife immediately said that her uncle laid claim to all her father's property, and that she was not entitled to one shilling, nor had anything to do with the estate. I turned to her uncle and stated what Captain French had bestowed on us when we were married. He replied, that if his brother did so, he was bestowing what was not his to give away. I said, appealing to his feelings, "Mr. French, Hannah is your niece, the daughter of your dead brother; I trust you are about to do nothing wrong, and will see that she obtains justice in the administration of her poor father's estate."

My wife had left the room while we were speaking, and he replied that he had a large family of his own to provide for, and that it behoved him to see justice was done to himself and them before considering the position of others; but he fully intended doing something beneficial for my wife if she would only keep quiet and not impute dishonest or avaricious motives to him, as she had been doing for some time past. I pledged myself for her better behaviour, and he informed me that I could continue in my position on the station, but I must leave the house and take my wife away to live with me. Shortly after this he left, and I accompanied him into town. On the road he gave me an insight into

his late brother's affairs, and I found out that the story of the debt of £12,000 was correct. I was somewhat surprised, and began to think, selfishly enough, that the dowry of £1,000 and the 20,000 sheep were slipping from my grasp. French was apparently very strict in money matters, and had managed to accumulate a small fortune. It would seem that he had come out very early to the colonies, at the expense of a paternal Government. On becoming a free man, being a shrewd, far-seeing fellow, he took up land at Port Phillip, and was now the owner of two large stations in that part of the colony, which was then a dependency of New South Wales. He had originally taken up the station at Swan River for his brother, and stocked it and assisted him with cash: hence the debt, which I saw no use in disputing, but I did feel rather disappointed that my old friend, now dead, had not confided in me more fully. It would have saved a deal of unpleasantness.

When we returned from Fremantle, my wife became very abusive to her uncle, and ordered him to leave the house. He was naturally indignant, and I had considerable difficulty in persuading him to remain and pass over the insult. He told me he would give me £1,000 and the situation of manager of the station if I would take my wife there to live; but this she flatly refused to do, and then, for the first time in our wedded life, we had a disagreement. I asked her to go for a trip to Sydney, as her health was not at the time good. She still suffered from the effects of the fall from her horse. She would not go, she said. "Get what money you can, and we will leave Swan River for ever." I again saw her uncle, and on telling him our conversation, he said he was satisfied with her decision, and taking me to the bank he procured two drafts for £800 each, and gave them to me, telling me to give one to my wife, and the other would make up any fancied loss I had sustained, and the £1,600 would be a good start in life for us, as things were then in the colonies. I thought so too, and, thanking him, we parted, apparently without much regret on either side.

We did not remain very long in Swan River after this. There was a schooner trading to Sydney, and I took passages in her, and arrived once more in my old quarters. We lodged at an hotel for the first two months, and I then took a private house and furnished it. We had servants, and as my wife was rather fond of pleasure, and I did not like to deny her anything, I soon found out that we were rather exceeding our means. I saw the necessity for retrenchment, or at least of getting some employment to keep matters going. One day I met Mr. Boyd, my old employer, who was glad to see me again. We had a long conversation together, during the course of which I gave him my history since we last met, and told him how I was now situated. He gave me some good counsel, and reminded me that my money would not last for ever, and advised me to strike into some path of industry, and concluded by asking me if I would like to go on another whaling voyage. I declined, and said I was thinking of buying a half share in a brig trading to Adelaide. He said he knew the brig, and recommended me to have nothing to do with her, as she was an old craft and in constant need of repairs. He then offered me charge of one of his stations, and, thanking him, I said I would let him know in a few days.

When I went home I told my wife of Mr. Boyd's kind advances, and suggested we should go up country, but she refused to entertain the idea. She liked town very well, and would not bury herself in the country; so I was placed on the horns of a dilemma. My purse was getting rapidly exhausted, and still my wife eagerly followed up the pursuit of pleasure. I knew it must end some day in collapse, and yet I was too fond of her to be harsh and tell her the stern truth; so I let her have her way, and it was not long before a sharp warning was furnished.

I awoke one night and found the house full of smoke. I was sleeping upstairs, and had only time to carry my wife out of danger when the flames burst out in every direction, and the place was consumed, along with four other houses adjoining. We found the remains of the servant in the ruins, charred to a cinder, and we supposed that the fire had probably occurred through her carelessness. Female servants in those days were all convicts, and the majority had an inveterate habit of smoking tobacco in bed, which no amount of correction or punishment could overcome.

Poor thing, if she was guilty of this habit she paid dearly for it. We had not a vestige of clothing or furniture saved from the fire, and had to take furnished lodgings. I still had a few hundred pounds in the bank, and, leaving my wife with a servant to attend upon her, I took a voyage to Port Phillip to look at a place I thought of settling on; but I could not arrange with the owners as to terms, and had to return to Sydney. When I arrived at home my wife was at the theatre, and the servant out; and I learned now to my extreme sorrow, my wife was becoming dissipated, and was, in fact, going the pace rather fast. In spite of remonstrances this state of things continued until poverty showed its ugly face rather plainly, and I had to sell what few things I had to pay her debts. She became a mother at this date, and being weakened by her excesses and trouble and anxiety, she was unable to rally, and breathed her last in my arms shortly after giving birth to a daughter. Notwithstanding all her failings I had loved her dearly, and bitterly regretted her untimely death. I felt that I was in some measure to blame, as I was hardly fitted by education or position to possess a wife brought up as she was. After she was consigned to her grave, I looked about for some one to take charge of my infant child. I found a kindly nurse, who willingly adopted her. I obtained some money from Mr. Boyd, and gave her £50 to provide for contingencies until I should get into some steady employment and pull myself together once more. I went to see Mr. Boyd about employment, and on going to his office met my old friend Baird, who had been mate with me in the "Flying Fish," and he asked me to accompany him to his house, which I did. He was very glad to see me, for old acquaintance sake, and persuaded me to take up my residence with him, and in my then circumstances this was a great kindness.

We were walking down George Street one day, when we noticed a placard posted on the old barrack wall, "Gold, Gold, California," and then followed an advertisement that a vessel was to leave at a certain date for the new Eldorado. The announcement gave me a new idea. I would get there by hook or by crook, and said so to Baird. He commended the resolution, and told me he would let me have £100, to give me a fit-out for the venture. At this time, 1849, great excitement prevailed about the Californian gold discoveries, and every one wanted to be off. I should have had some difficulty in securing a passage, but the captain of the barque was an old acquaintance, and favoured me, and so I got a berth in the "Eleanor Lancaster," the first vessel which left Sydney for California. She was terribly overcrowded. The present laws relating to passenger ships were not then in force, I suppose, and men were taken like sheep, as many as the vessel could stow away. There were 560 passengers on board, and my readers can imagine that coming from a penal settlement like Sydney there was a tolerable admixture of doubtful characters in the crowd. These soon showed their true colours, and scarcely a day passed without a row or a stand-up fight. The P.R. seemed to be well represented in our ships, and the captain was powerless to preserve order, and generally let the rowdies fight it out. Ten days out some of them came aft and made a lot of frivolous complaints about the provisions, and abused the captain roundly, saying they would have better food if it was to be found in the ship. The captain was rather alarmed at this behaviour, and spoke of arming the cabin passengers and some respectable fellows in the steerage. I dissuaded him from this measure, but cautioned him to keep a sharp look-out as quietly as possible. Ten or twelve of the most mutinous I had known years before as "ticket-of-leave men," and was aware of their being dangerous characters. They took but small account of human life if once roused. I also cautioned the captain as to several of those in the cabin who were rather more respectable, but were still rogues, and who would require a deal of watching, and the sequel will prove I was correct.

Things were not altogether so pleasant in the cabin as one might have expected. The tables not being sufficient for all the company at one time, one-half dined before the other, and this continually induced jealousy and provoked rather severe bickerings. One day the steward was bringing fowls on a dish to the cabin table, when some of the passengers seized the birds and threw the dish overboard. The steward made an attempt to rescue the dainties, and in the scuffle that en-

sued his assailants pitched him through the skylight, which was open at the time, and he landed on the table, to the great detriment of the crockeryware and our dinner. Captain Lodge was frightened out of his senses almost at these daily occurrences, and vowed this should be his last trip with passengers from the port of Sydney. We put into Honolulu, which I had visited formerly in the "Flying Fish." We lay there five days, and took in a large stock of fruit, sweet potatoes, etc. Most of the passengers landed. I went to an hotel kept by a Frenchman, who immediately recognised me as having been there before, and made me very comfortable during my short stay. Some of the passengers carried their rowdy proclivities ashore, and got locked up by the French Government officials, and the ship sailed without them. We resumed our voyage to San Francisco, and a few days afterwards I found that my clothes trunk had been ransacked. I told the captain that I had lost a gold watch and twenty-five sovereigns. Further enquiry resulted in finding that his box and those of three other passengers had also been opened and money abstracted. My suspicions immediately fell on two cabin passengers, whom I shall name Brown and Jones, who remained on board the whole time we were on shore at Honolulu. I fancied I knew of a plan to fix the right man, and advised my fellow victims to keep the matter quiet until we sighted land. I told them I was morally certain I was right in my suspicions, and I would guarantee a restoration of the property or know the reason why. It may look a little like boasting, but being a remarkably strong and active man, I was afraid of no one, and could hold my own with the best of them if it came to fisticuffs.

We sighted the coast of America late one evening, and I thought it was time to make a move in the matter. I called the three passengers who had been victimised with me, and told them that the two men, Jones and Brown, were the thieves, and no one else; that we were close to port, and we had better make a search for our property. I cautioned them to arm themselves, as we might meet with resistance. The two men were sleeping in the same cabin, one berth over the other. Jones called out, "Who are you, sir, and what do you want with us?" I replied, "Come out and you will see." He began to bully, and threatened that he would throw me overboard when he came out. I told them they were a pair of thieves, who had stolen our money while we were on shore in Honolulu. They immediately came out into the saloon, and Brown was evidently prepared for what was coming, for he had a "slug shot," or life preserver, in his hand. Jones came towards me menacingly, and I immediately knocked him down, and the weapon was taken from his mate. A number of passengers were aroused by this time, and crowded round us. I explained matters, and demanded that the men's boxes should be searched. They both strongly objected to this, and Jones made a spring at me, and caught me by the throat; but I was too strong for him, and he was easily mastered. The boxes were brought out, put on the table and opened. In Brown's we found my watch and that of the captain, and the money apparently that we had missed. In Jones' trunk were two brace of pistols, a lot of powder and bullets, a purse with ten sovereigns, and two rings belonging to the other passengers. The robberies were thus sheeted home to them.

I said to Captain Lodge, "Put the handcuffs on these men at once; they must be made prisoners until we get on shore." Jones muttered, "I wish I had you on shore; I would soon put you on one side," and rushed at me; but, seeing him coming, I was prepared, and knocked him down with the butt-end of my pistol, and he and his chum were at once made fast and removed below. Three days after we dropped anchor in the bay of San Francisco. Our captain, on landing, went on board an American man-of-war lying in the harbour, and, reporting the circumstances, asked for advice. The captain told him he could not interfere in the matter; it took him all his time to look after his own ship's company. The attractions of the goldfields were so great that crews deserted immediately on arrival. He advised him to take the affair quietly and get his cargo landed at once, as he would assuredly lose his men. Captain Lodge returned, landed all his passengers, and allowed the two prisoners to go at liberty. It was useless bothering with them; everything about San Francisco was disorganised, and it would have been a waste of time to seek redress.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival in San Francisco—Happy Valley—The Gambling Saloons—I Try my Luck at Monte and Lose my Money—I Start the Butchering—My Friend Cox—Off to Sacramento—Good Luck at the Diggings—Auctioneering and Hotelkeeping—I Prosper—A Big Flood—Again in 'Frisco—I Decide to Revisit Sydney—Back to Australia—Old Friends—My Youngster—An Offer of Marriage—Mr. Turner Accompanies Me Back to San Francisco—Judge Lynch and the Vigilance Committee—I Sell Out in San Francisco and Start for a New Goldfield.

AT this time the grand 'Frisco of to-day was a very insignificant place, mostly composed of rudely built mud huts, principally tenanted by Spaniards or Mexicans and Mormons. There were few vessels in the harbour, the big rush not having yet set in, it being early in 1849. Not one of the ships could boast of a crew; all the men had left for the diggings. The vessels were mostly from Australian ports; the gold fever had not extended to the Old Country or the American cities as yet.

There was a place named Happy Valley, about half a mile from the beach, where a village of 2,000 tents had sprung up, and here the most of my fellow passengers, and myself also, pitched our canvas houses. The goldfields were difficult of access at this time, unless one was well provided with cash, and many of the poor devils in the camp had landed with very little, expecting, I suppose, to pick up nuggets immediately on arrival. I had some such idea myself, so I presume it was the generally fallacious belief of the new chum.

The route to the diggings was by the Sacramento River, 160 miles from San Francisco, and at this time only two small craft were in the trade, and the charges for freight were enormous. I found everything in the town at famine prices, and my purchases soon began to shrink a not over well-filled purse. The place was full of gambling houses, and one night I strolled into one of them. I was amazed at the immense pile of gold, doubloons and dollars which were being staked, and lost or won. Spaniards were the principal gamblers, and the game was played with cards, and called "Monte." I was tempted to try my luck, and put a few dollars on a card, and came off "to the good" for a start. I returned the next night, but in place of breaking the bank I got "broke" myself. I then let "Monte" alone, and had to bestir myself to get employment at which I could earn my living until I got a chance of going up to the diggings.

Fortune soon threw this in my way. Walking along one morning, I came across three men in a sort of stockyard killing a bullock. I spoke to them, but could get no answer. I found they were Spaniards, who knew no English; but presently another man rode up who bid me good-day, and I returned the salute. He talked to the men in Spanish, and I saw he was "boss." I remarked to him, "I wish I knew where I could get a job at the butchering business." He asked me if I was a butcher, and I said, "Yes; will you let me take the hide off this bullock?" He told one of the men to give me his knife, and very soon I had the animal stripped, being considered rather an expert at this business. The "boss" then told me his name was Cumings; he was an American, and would give me work at once if I liked. I thanked him, and asked what were the wages. He told me he would give 300 dollars per month. I closed at once, and promised to be with him early in the morning. I went back to the camp, and told my mate of my good luck. I forgot to mention that I had taken one of my fellow passengers as a partner when we left the vessel, and we were now camped together. He had been a bank clerk in Sydney, and was, like myself, out of funds. He wondered if he also could find employment, and decided to try.

Next morning we proceeded to the slaughter yard. Mr. Cumings was there, and I at once asked him if he could find my mate work. I told him he was no butcher, but he would be very useful in driving a cart or anything in that way. He at last consented, and said he might drive the beef cart into town and make himself generally useful. Poor fellow, he had never done any hard work, and I was dubious as to how he would

get on. His name was Cox. He was well educated, but very "green" in all colonial matters, and I thought to myself this verdancy would soon get rubbed out in his present employment.

We went to our work manfully. I killed and dressed the cattle at the yards with my Spanish assistants, and Cox disposed of the beef. We had been a month at work, when extraordinary reports came from the diggings and unsettled us again. Ships came from all parts of the world, and population poured in in one continuous stream. There was no lack of employment then, and very high wages were the rule. Immediately a vessel arrived in port the crews deserted for the goldfields, and labourers got any pay they liked to assist in discharging cargoes. Fleets of vessels kept arriving, but very few could get away for want of crews, and the harbour presented a grand sight—a perfect forest of masts, as far as the eye could reach. A steamer and a number of small crafts were put on to carry passengers and luggage up the Sacramento *en route* to the diggings. I made up my mind to make a trip up and try my luck, although my employer offered me very great inducements to remain, promising also to start me in business. It was no use. I had the gold fever badly. My mate Cox showed no inclination to venture, and just then got an opportunity of joining a very smart business man who had arrived from New York. They commenced gold buying, a very profitable pursuit at the time, and eventually made a lot of money. In fact, Cox became a rich man.

I paid $100 for my passage up the river. We were nine days on the trip, and I frequently had to lend a hand in pulling the boat. We camped ashore at night. The Sacramento in those days (it was now April, 1849) was a grand river; the banks for miles were covered with wild oats five feet high, and game of all sorts, comprising elk, antelopes, and various other kind of deer abounded. There was one drawback to the enjoyment of the trip, and that was the plague of mosquitoes. At one place on the river, called the "Slew," from a peculiar bend it made, they bit powerfully enough to draw blood from a beast, and I felt considerably relieved when the "Slew" was some miles astern.

When we arrived at Sacramento, as the town was called, we found it consisted of about twenty tents, pitched on the river bank. As fast as parties arrived they pushed on for the diggings. It is now, I believe, a large and prosperous town. There were four or five bullock drays loaded up with diggers' luggage, etc., for the mines, but the charges for freight were so exorbitant I determined to sell my tools and outfit and push on empty-handed. I succeeded in getting rid of my impedimenta, and joined four "Down Easters" who were starting. I may mention that the bullock team completely upset all my Australian notions of "bullock punching." The drays were most unwieldy, having sections of a big log sawn off about eight inches thick for wheels, and the cattle were yoked by the horns.

My companions were eight pleasant fellows, and were, as most Yankees were then, and are still, I suppose, very "smart men." We travelled 50 miles in two days, and arrived at Hang Town diggings. This lively place got its name from the fact of two men being hanged by some Mormons for stealing gold from a dish, and it retained its suggestive name for some time after. We pitched our tent, and, after looking around the diggings, went along a creek where a few men were working. They were civil, and gave us all the information they could. Diggers at that time had not learned the reticence of later days. Those who had been a short time on the field willingly laid a new-comer on, and instructed him in the primitive methods of gold-saving. I set to work to pull up grass, and, shaking the earth from the roots into a pan, washed it off in the creek. At this work I used to earn one ounce of gold per day, and had I been a proficient hand I would have made four or five. The gold was easily obtained, and I soon began to manipulate the auriferous soil better. I remained three months on the creek, and obtained 11,000 dollars' worth of the precious metal, and hundreds of men made their "piles" at the same place.

A new rush took place to another creek, about 3 miles off, and, going there, we were again lucky. I was a good deal exercised about my gold, and I had a quantity of it cached, or "planted," *i.e.*, hidden away in the ground in salmon tins. Every one kept his own gold, and it was rare for mates to know what each other had. Stores of all kinds

were expensive, and generally paid for in gold weighed over the counter. If a nugget was tendered greater in value than the goods purchased, fine gold was weighed back in exchange. I have seen three dollars a pound paid for potatoes, five dollars for flour, and frequently provisions could not be obtained even at those prices. I remained a few months longer, and in the "fall," or autumn, returned to Sacramento. In the meantime a city had sprung up, and it was still going ahead very fast. Money appeared to be plentiful, and I came to the conclusion it would be a good place to try and settle in. I lodged at a newly-opened hotel, called the New York, where I had to pay two dollars per meal, or six dollars per day, and find my own blankets. I here made the acquaintance of a man named Mulvin, a butcher from New York. He opened a place of business on the Levee close to the river bank and called it the Washington Meat Market. I made him an offer which he accepted and I started in business with him. The shop was nothing great, but we had a splendid cattle-yard and a very convenient place for slaughtering. Wages, however, were very high, and ran away with a great share of the profits. I began to look out for some means of increasing and extending the business, especially as at this time emigration to Sacramento had fully set in. For months the town was like a fair. I bought an allotment in Sixth Street for $1,000 and ran up a large hotel, with a butchery alongside. It was a capital site, being on the corner of Sixth and Fifth Streets. There was a horse market opened close by, and I commenced auctioneering. With this and the other business I was doing famously, almost in a manner coining money. I employed a manager to look after the hotel. In the commercial rooms there were tables which I let to dealers at $2 a day. When they disposed of a mule the purchaser generally "shouted," that is, called for drinks, and in this way a considerable trade was done.

Champagne was the favourite beverage of the mule-drivers, the price being $10 per bottle. The packing of goods to the diggings was mostly done by mules, and a very large business was done in buying and selling these useful animals. I was almost constantly engaged at the horse market, which was in a hollow about a mile from the Levee Esplanade, fronting the river. I became quite a popular character, and was generally known as the "John Bull" auctioneer.

Building was going on continuously, and Sacramento was now an extensive place; but in the winter of this year it received a severe check in the shape of a tremendous flood, which swamped half the town. I had seven feet of water in the hotel, and the town being low and flat, the dead water remained for two months, causing a deal of sickness, mostly fever and ague. Nearly half the population were ruined. I was near to death's door myself with the epidemic, and when well enough to get about found nearly all my earnings swept away. However, I plucked up heart, got the house into thorough repair, and business soon came back as good as ever.

In the spring of 1850 California got an immense addition to its population. The goldfields were extending and turning out better than ever. Among the new-comers there were many black sheep, very dubious characters indeed; and, unfortunately for us, a great number of these ruffians located themselves in our hitherto orderly town. Men were knocked down with "neddys" and slung-shots in broad daylight, and all manner of crimes were committed daily. Meetings were held by the more respectable portion of the community, a "Vigilance Committee" formed, and "Lynch law" put in force. Had this not been done, the place would have become unendurable. As it was, no one ventured out without being well armed, generally with a pistol or revolver in his belt. A good many men were "lynched," *i.e.*, hanged, in Sacramento before any abatement of the lawlessness took place. I noticed particularly that whatever the crime was the Sydney men were invariably blamed. No doubt many bad men, the dregs of a convict population, came from Australia; but there were rowdies from New York, and gamblers and blacklegs from New Orleans and other American cities, equally as criminal as the Australians. Lynch law paid no respect to persons—its working was sharp, short, and decisive; and really the state of affairs at that time required the adoption of very vigorous measures, and this one did its work well.

About this time two large steamers belonging to New York were running on the river from

San Francisco to Sacramento, and as I had not altogether recovered from my attack of fever, I took a passage on one of these, called "The New World." On the trip down I witnessed one of the sanguinary scenes which were in those days very common. A deal of gambling was being carried on in the cabin, or saloon, as it is called in America, and a dispute arising between the gamblers, a fight ensued. One of the disputants drew his pistol, and, firing at his adversary, shot him through the arm. His opponent returned the fire, and killed the other. Then another shot rang out from the crowd, and the wounded gambler fell, hit again—this time mortally, for he died before we reached San Francisco. Nothing was done in the matter; the bodies were sent on shore and buried, and there was an end of it. Such encounters were then too common to excite much comment.

I took lodgings at an hotel, looked round the city, and could hardly believe my eyes. The town had increased as if by magic. No one would credit the mighty strides it made. The streets were crowded with people at all hours, and the bay was one vast forest of masts. Vessels coming there had to remain, as before mentioned. The crews were off without beat of drum the moment they set foot on shore. I found also that in the matter of crime they were even further advanced than at Sacramento. Men were shot down in gambling saloons, and robberies were of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. At last a vigilance committee was formed, as the law seemed powerless to deal with the situation. That body did more in a short time to restore order than the judges and police authorities could have accomplished in years.

One day two men were arrested for knocking a man down with a slung-shot, and carried off to gaol. This was on Saturday. The following day (Sunday) about fifty of the "Vigilants" went to the gaol armed, and, taking out the prisoners, hanged them in the streets. These two ruffians were Sydney men, and one of them I knew. His name was Wittaker. He was a passenger by the "Eleanor Lancaster," the vessel I came down in. While in the street witnessing this shocking spectacle I fell in with my mate, Mr. Cox, whom I left starting in business as a gold buyer. We adjourned to a quiet place for a yarn. In the course of a long conversation he informed me he had done extremely well. The gold buying had turned out a lucrative speculation. He had bought and sold land to a considerable extent in the town, and by this he had netted over £10,000. I gave him an outline of my career since we parted, and he laughed heartily over many of the particulars, especially over the jealousy and dislike displayed by Yankees towards emigrants from Sydney. This feeling was greatly aggravated after the summary execution of the two Sydney men by the "Vigilance Committee" as described.

In 1850 a vessel arrived from Sydney, and the Yankees crowded down to the beach and objected to the passengers landing. However, they succeeded in doing so. San Francisco at this time was no paradise to live in. One was not sure when he left his lodgings if he would ever return. Without extreme caution, he was pretty certain to be knocked down and robbed or otherwise maltreated.

Cox was interested in my account of Sacramento, and determined to accompany me on a visit there. We took our passages in the steamer, and arrived at the journey's end safely. Gambling was carried on to a fearful extent. Gold was as plentiful as dirt, and easily obtained. Lucky diggers thought nothing of coming into Sacramento for a spree and losing ten or twenty pounds' weight in gold in these gambling saloons before returning to the goldfields. Mr. Cox, after a few days' study of the town and its prospects, decided on starting a branch gold agency. He did so, and I believe it paid him handsomely.

At this time I again fell ill, and there were rumours of a cholera visitation. From my former experience of this plague, I made up my mind to have a trip to Sydney. I had a very fair share of the business in the town, and had made money. Besides the butchering and auctioneering, the hotel returned about £400 per week. Of course, expenses were very heavy, but a good profit remained. I found a tenant for the house at $150 a week, and was paid six months' rent in advance. I arranged all my business, and left for San Francisco. My health had not improved, and I made what haste I could to get to sea. I found a barque called the

"Lightning" about to sail, and engaged a berth along with about twenty passengers, who had all apparently been successful in making money in California. We made a quick passage of six weeks, and by the time I reached Sydney my health was thoroughly restored.

We were completely besieged on landing by crowds wanting to hear the news. I escaped from them, and went direct to the bank to deposit my money. I had brought £2,000 and a lot of nuggets, purchased from Mr. Cox before I left. After transacting my business, I turned to seek Mr. Baird, the friend who had enabled me, by the loan of £100, to get to California. He was at Twofold Bay, managing Mr. Boyd's business, so I had to defer my visit to him for a few days. I then went to visit my little daughter, whom I had given into the hands of strangers on the death of her mother. The lady who adopted her lived at a place called Windsor, and thither I proceeded. I found the youngster had prospered very well. She was two months old when I parted with her, but was now running about. The lady was very kind, and appeared as fond of her as if she were her own child, so I thought I could not do better than leave her in such pleasant quarters. I deposited £500 in the bank in trust for her, and, after staying a fortnight, returned to Sydney. I found myself quite a lion, and most of my time was taken up answering questions about the goldfields of California. I grew almost sick of hearing the place mentioned. I had been a day or two in town when I met Mr. Boyd, and he took me home to dine with him. I recited my Californian experience and its success, and he grew quite excited over the subject, declaring his determination of going there. He asked me to accompany him to Twofold Bay, telling me I should see my old friend Baird. I was delighted at this, and we left in his yacht, "The Wanderer," the same I mentioned in the early part of this history as the one in which Mr. Boyd had made his trip from England.

We soon ran down, and, standing on the jetty, there was my old friend. I called out to him, but he did not recognise me at first; but on landing we were soon hand and glove. He was glad to see me. He said he had almost made up his mind we were not to meet again. He opened his eyes when I told him of the handsome return his friendly assistance had brought to me. He at once caught the gold fever, and wanted to be off with me when I returned. I persuaded him that in his position he would be better to stop in his present employ, where he was comfortable and well paid. He might have many hardships to put up with in California, and he was hardly fit for life on the goldfields, having been very seriously hurt by a whale in former years, the effects of which he still felt severely. Eventually he listened to my counsel, and decided to continue as he was. With his large family it would have been injudicious to go rambling, at least I thought so. He accompanied Mr. Boyd and myself back to Sydney, and I made his house my home while there. I repaid him his loan, and, as he would take no interest, I gave Mrs. Baird a handsome present, and so we were quits.

At this time a gentleman named Cowper Turner, who had been Attorney-General, was shipping a lot of blood horses to San Francisco on "spec.," and Mr. Boyd mentioned my name to him as one likely to give him information about the place. I had an interview with him, and we got on so well together that he asked me if I would go down in the same ship with him and take charge of the stock. He had received a very good account of me from Mr. Boyd, and would be greatly obliged if I would do him the favour. I calculated the plan would combine business with pleasure, and complied. He chartered a vessel called the "Star," a barque, which was daily expected to arrive from Hobart Town. She came in at length, and Mr. Turner and I went down to inspect her. She was admirably suited for carrying stock; in fact, had been built for this trade. Her captain was a first-rate fellow, and an old acquaintance, he having been many years in the cattle trade to and from the neighbouring ports. I soon got the horses embarked, and everything ready for the voyage.

I then decided to pay one more visit to my daughter at Windsor before leaving. On mentioning this to Mr. Turner, he offered to drive me there. We started with a pair-horse trap. I saw the little one and her guardian, and having completed my business, bid them adieu. When I got back I found a woman—a very good-looking person, too—had followed me. She appeared

slightly under the influence of something stronger than tea. She bailed me up and asked me if I was going to keep my promise and marry her, for if I did not she intended to sue me for breach of promise. As I had never seen the woman before, I was rather taken aback. However, I told her I was just about to leave for California, and if she liked to wait until I returned I would buy the ring. Mr. Turner was looking on, and told me the sooner I got away the better, the lady appearing so demonstrative. I asked her into the parlour, and treated her to some hot rum and water, rather a modest drink for a bride-elect, and she gradually cooled down and went off into a gentle slumber. Thereupon I made tracks, leaving her to dream of wedded bliss.

Our horses were put to, and Mr. Turner and I bowled gaily along to Sydney. He laughed heartily at the rum and water episode, and my narrow escape from enforced matrimony. We reached Sydney that night, and I proceeded on board the "Star." There I found Messrs. Boyd and Baird waiting to see me. Presently Mr. Turner joined us. During the evening he related my adventure with the would-be "Merry Wife of Windsor," and I got considerably chaffed over the affair. We had a merry night, and parted late. Next morning I got on board a good sea stock of porter, wines, and eatables of various kinds to supplement the ship's fare. I also took 20 tons of potatoes as a speculation. In the afternoon we were towed down to the Heads, Mr. Baird sticking to me to the last.

It was in July, 1851, when we commenced our trip. We had a pleasant but uneventful voyage, arriving safely with the whole of our stock in San Francisco. There were crowds of people to see the unwonted spectacle of horses being landed from such a distance. They were really good stock, and in capital condition, consequently they attracted a good deal of attention. When placed in the market they brought extraordinarily long prices, Mr. Turner's most sanguine expectations being exceeded by several hundred pounds. My modest speculation in "murphies" also paid well. I sold the 20 tons at a very high figure, Californian markets not being well supplied at that time with vegetables. I remained a month in town, and lodged at an hotel in Broadway with Mr. Turner, who was amazed at the evidences of wealth and prosperity to be seen on every hand.

The town had still further largely increased, and was still on the increase. Large stores and hotels were going up in every direction, but the heavy morality of the place had not improved. Robberies were as frequent as ever, although the Vigilance Committee, now a powerful body, were doing their best to suppress crime. They had still a very great "down," I noticed, on Sydney people, or the Sydney "ducks," as they were called in those days by Californians.

At this period there was a man named Belcher Kay who was Port-Warden of San Francisco—harbour master, as we would term it. He had to board all vessels coming and going, and was highly respected as an official. It afterwards came out, however, that he was the very prince of robbers. He was actually captain of a band of desperadoes who did nothing else but plunder, principally from the vessels arriving in port. The band easily secured all needful information from their chief, who had every opportunity in his vocation of finding out without exciting suspicion where good hauls existed. He was deeply in the confidence of the Government of San Francisco and most of the captains frequenting the port. The last exploit for which he received the credit was as follows:—

There was a ship leaving for New York with a large consignment of gold. A plan was devised between Kay and his confederates to ease her of that part of her freight. The night before sailing Kay was on board in the cabin with the captain and mate. At midnight two boats rowed silently alongside, and ten men crept up on deck. Six of them went down into the cabin, and the others went forward to keep the sailors down below. All on board were in bed. The robbers roused out the captain, mate, steward, and Belcher Kay, and on pain of death ordered them to discover where the gold was stowed. The captain told them it was not yet brought on board. One of the gang told him that yarn would not do, as he had seen the boxes taken on board two days before. Of course, he had been advised beforehand by Kay, who now stood

looking on, the picture of innocence, and apparently very much frightened. They ordered the captain and mate into their berths, and, locking them in, went straight to the lazarette, where the gold was placed, and carried away the six boxes, containing about 6 cwt. of the precious metal. Before leaving they battened the hatch down on the crew, and got clear off. The robbers wore masks, and could not be identified, and to this day they have never been traced.

A few days afterwards Belcher Kay was missing. His hat and a small necktie were picked up on the wharf, stained with blood. Opinions were divided as to his fate. Some thought he had probably been shot and thrown into the bay; others guessed he had obtained his share of the booty and taken French leave of the service. I am inclined to the latter opinion, as I afterwards learned that, although coming ostensibly from New York, he was really a convict from Hobart Town, in Tasmania. Having played his cards so well, he would hardly go and get shot at the wind-up of a career of successful deceit. However, it is a mystery that has never been unravelled, and I suppose it is very unlikely that it will be after this lapse of years. This robbery, like many more, was charged to the account of the Sydney "ducks," with what amount of justice I will not pretend to say.

Mr. Turner and I were walking up Broadway one day, when we met my old friend Cox, the gold-buyer. I introduced him to Mr. Turner, and as we went along Cox informed us that good fortune still befriended him. He was then almost in a position to give up business for the rest of his days. He told me to sell out of my Sacramento property, and go to some of the new goldfields. I asked his reason for that advice. He replied I would soon find out for myself. Knowing his advice was friendly, and was given for my good, I made up my mind to go up at once and see what was meant by it. Mr. Turner wished also to see Sacramento, and accompanied me. We took our passages in one of the river boats, and started. The boat had to call at a settlement called Benicia to land cargo, and we took the opportunity of going on shore to see the place. A short distance from the landing we saw a great crowd of people standing round an oak tree, and two men adjusting a rope round one of the limbs. This, we found, was an impromptu gallows upon which to hang two Spaniards who had robbed and murdered two miners on the road from the diggings. "Judge Lynch" had condemned them, and they had but a short shrift.

Mr. Turner and I got on board the steamer again, and reached Sacramento early next day. As I neared my hotel I saw large placards posted up in Sixth Street. The house was on the corner of Fifth and Sixth Streets, and these bills purported to caution the public about "Berry's House," and to avoid it. This was Greek to me, but, on making enquiries, I found that since I had left the house had become notorious as the resort for the worst characters in the town. The man to whom I let it, named Berry, a New Yorker, evidently was not particular as to his customers. During my absence three men had been shot in the house, and two taken out and lynched, so it had got a bad reputation. Hence the posters. I decided Mr. Cox was right, and I had better sell out at once. I closed with almost the first offer, and parted with the property for $25,000.

Mr. Turner and I went to Mr. Cox's office, whither he had just returned from San Francisco. That gentleman congratulated me on being clear of the house, and then told me that the Vigilance Committee had found out that I was from Sydney, and in their blind animosity, especially after the rows taking place in the house under Berry's management, had tabooed the hotel by means of the placards aforesaid, so he recommended me, as before, to remove to fresh fields, where possibly the fact of being an Australian would not be considered a crime. Mr. Turner, on hearing this statement, decided that, being also a Sydney man, California might become "too hot" for him, and intimated his intention of leaving on the earliest opportunity and returning to his much-maligned Australian home. Next day I saw him on board the down steamer *en route* for Sydney, and I returned to Mr. Cox, and stayed a few weeks with him at his private house.

At this time immense quantities of gold were arriving in Sacramento. New goldfields were being opened every week, and one, called Reddon's Diggings, 250 miles north of Sacramento, attracted my attention, and I resolved to pay it a visit. I joined two other men, and purchased a mule train of seventy-six animals, also quantities of flour and bacon, loaded up our mules with 225 lbs. weight each, and commenced our journey to this far-off Eldorado, taking eight hired men to assist us with the train. We were all well armed, having each a fowling-piece and a six-shooter attached to our belts, as we were informed that we should probably find the Indians troublesome in the territory we were to pass through.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bound for Another New Eldorado—On the Road to Reddon's Fort—We go on to Shasta—The Modoc Indians—A Bloody Massacre and a Bloody Revenge—Gold in Abundance—My Experience at Eureka and Salmon River—I Settle Down again as an Auctioneer—Am Robbed of £1,300—I Recover the Money—Fate of the Robbers—I Take to Myself a Second Wife—An Indian Raid and Massacre—Retribution.

WE followed the banks of the Sacramento River for 100 miles. It was a good road, through magnificent country. The valley was uniformly level—covered with luxuriant crops of wild oats, which appeared almost as if sown by the hand of man. The country abounded in game of every description, which was easily shot down. We got on finely for five days, when we reached Neil's ranch, an establishment similar to that of an Australian station. It was owned by two Englishmen, who had married Spanish women, and the rancheros treated us very kindly. They purchased a lot of our flour and bacon. They gave us plenty of information as to our route, and told us where to cross the river. We remained with them six days, as some of our mules were knocked up. One day the "vaqueros," or stockmen, shot two grizzly bears and brought them in. There were about twenty Spanish stockmen employed on the ranch, and the herds of cattle were extensive.

After leaving these hospitable entertainers, we had the worst part of the road to travel. After the river crossing we had forty miles to go before reaching our destination. We reached Reddon's Diggings in exactly one month after leaving Sacramento. The population was about 2,000, principally people from Salt Lake and Oregon. As yet very few had found their way from Sacramento. Provisions were scarce when we arrived, and we disposed of flour at five dollars and bacon at four per pound. The diggings generally were rich, the majority of the miners making as much as one pound weight of gold per day. "Judge Lynch's" jurisdiction extended thus far north. Seeing a crowd gathered together, I ran over, and found a man undergoing the playful operation of having his ears cut off. Upon inquiry, I learned that he had been detected stealing flour from a neighbour's tent, and summary Californian justice was at once dealt out to him. Just as we were cleared out of our stores three large pack trains came in from Oregon, and the market was glutted. I sold out to my mates, as I felt that I had had enough of a packer's life for the time being. There was a frontier fort, called Reddon's, about ten miles from the diggings. It had originally been built by the Spaniards. This was the only place where provisions could be obtained in that part of the country. If this depot ran short, the people had to depend on the mule trains from Oregon or Sacramento.

Selling my interest in the mule train, I visited a small settlement called Shasta, about 40 miles north from Reddon's Fort, on the Oregon track. Some very rich creek diggings had been found in the vicinity, and a great many miners had brought their families, and, settling down, farmed this retreat in the wilderness. It was a

remarkably quiet, pleasant place, and I made up my mind to settle in it for a time at least.

That winter a tremendous snowstorm occurred, and a great many people *en route* from Oregon to Shasta lost their lives. I stopped on until the spring, when I learned a party of pioneers were going to Shasta Butte Valley to take up land, and I managed to get included. There were twenty in the party. They were mostly from Oregon, and several were Englishmen. The valley was situated about 70 miles from Shasta City. Our route lay through a very rough and difficult country, peopled by Indians. The road followed Pitt River about 50 miles, and this track was infested by a tribe known as the most hostile in California. We passed one encampment, apparently without being noticed; at all events we were not molested. I should say there were at least 800 men and women, exclusive of papoose, or children, in the village. The Pitt River was abundantly supplied with fine salmon, and the hills around were well stocked with deer. On these the Indians lived. We passed on, and after travelling three miles further, camped. We had forty mules with us; each man rode one and led another carrying his blankets and provisions. After turning in we could hear the Indians whooping and uttering their fiendish war cries. Thereupon we determined to increase our distance from them as quickly as we could. At midnight we got up, saddled the mules, and, loading our swags, started just as day was breaking. Next day we reached our destination at the head of the valley.

It was a magnificent spot; one of the finest pieces of country I had seen in California, well watered, and an inexhaustible forest of splendid timber convenient. We camped alongside the butte which gave the name to this earthly paradise, and, turning out our mules, set to work to build a large hut. We were engaged at this, and surveying the country, for three weeks, when the party split up, each man selecting 1,000 acres. The one assisted the other to fence. Some of the settlers were married, having left their families in Oregon; these now went back for them, and settled down for life. The valley being 60 miles long by 20 broad, there was little likelihood of overcrowding. Down the valley, to the west of the butte, there was a pass through the mountains leading into the Modoc Indian territory, and a great many emigrants came that way with their families and swelled the population of Shasta Butte.

One day our peaceful settlement was rudely disturbed by eight horsemen riding in through the pass at a furious pace, who told us a horrible story of the murder by the Indians of over 100 emigrants. The savages had stolen their mules and provisions, and burnt their waggons. The white population at this time was about 500, and immediately on receipt of the terrible news a meeting was called, and eight men deputed to another settlement thirty miles away, called Eureka Valley, for assistance. The population of that place was 2,000, and they responded heartily to the call. Five hundred men armed themselves and came over at once to Shasta Butte. We mustered a contingent of 300, and the 800, well armed and mounted, elected four captains, and set out to exact a severe penalty. We went through the pass, the eight men who brought the news, and who had formed part of the emigrant train, leading the way. We camped that night three miles from the scene of the tragedy. In the morning we arrived at the place, and a horrible sight it was. The naked bodies of murdered men, women, and children were lying about in all directions among the charred waggons and household goods. The Indians had stripped the dead bodies before leaving. The sight was indescribably sickening, and made every man clench his hands and set his teeth hard with a half-muttered vow of vengeance.

Three miles off we descried a small lake, and as smoke was seen in several directions around, we concluded the Indians would be found there. Ben Wright, an old frontier man, took the lead by virtue of military experience, and dividing the forces into four detachments, despatched them to different positions at a distance of about half a mile from a belt of rushes surrounding the lake and within sight of the fires, round which we calculated there were 600 Indians. We waited until darkness set in, and then, at a given signal, made a rush into the fringe of the scrub, but found the fires deserted, the Indians being

evidently scattered around the lake. We withdrew and kept a sharp look-out until daylight, when the Indians showed in a body outside their leafy barrier. We immediately charged them, shooting down men, squaws, and papooses indiscriminately. The slaughter—for it could hardly be called a fight—was over in half an hour, and we reckoned that scarcely fifty out of the mob escaped. The rest were despatched to the "happy hunting grounds" without the slightest show of mercy, and the poor emigrants were fearfully avenged.

The loss on our side was trifling—ten killed and twenty wounded—the onslaught being so sudden that the foe could not make any stand at all. We searched their camps round the lake and found most of the property of the murdered emigrants. These savages were a portion of the Modoc tribe, who were noted for their savage, predatory habits. Their weapons were bows and arrows, although a few had rifles, a bullet from one of which managed to reach me, and inflicted a slight wound in the leg. Among our party were a lot of men from the Missouri, who were accustomed to Indian warfare, and had had many bouts with them. They cut the scalps from the heads of the dead savages and stuck them on their ramrods for trophies. Returning through the pass we overtook four waggons with new settlers and their families, and they told us there were twenty others, loaded, coming on behind from Salt Lake City. There was great rejoicing after our return to Shasta Butte, and it was thought the severe lesson inflicted would keep the Modocs quiet for some time.

A considerable town was now being formed, and population poured in fast. Yankee traders began to show up, business became brisk, and this seemed somehow to rouse the vagabond spirit within me once more. I concluded I must be moving, so I sold out what land I had, and bid good-bye to Shasta. I rode over to Eureka, where a new goldfield had just been opened, and thousands of new-comers were pouring in. Four men accompanied me. When about five miles from Eureka, one of my companions dismounted to get a drink from a creek we were crossing. He had hardly stooped down when he cried, "Get off, boys, and come and look here." We hurried off our mules, and there, in a crevice of the rock, the gold was shining plainly. The lucky discoverer obtained one pound weight of the precious metal in an hour. It being late in the afternoon we camped, and that night we all joined in partnership to work the creek. We fossicked here for four weeks before any other diggers came to disturb us, and in that time obtained 120 lbs. weight of gold among the party. Then some men put in an appearance, and the gully was rushed. In two months from the date of our discovery there were 1,000 diggers there busily at work, and many tons of gold were taken out. The creek was called after our thirsty mate who first saw the gold, and is known in the history of the fields as Stewart's Diggings.

Winter was now coming on, and I decided to go to Eureka for a spell. We divided our gold, and I found I had 61 lbs. weight for my share. I found Eureka a very comfortable place to winter in, but everything was frightfully dear. The tracks were all snowed up, and the mule trains could not travel, so that there was at times a scarcity of provisions. However, I could obtain all I wanted, having plenty of money, and enjoyed myself accordingly. There were three large gambling saloons in the settlement, into which I often strolled, but with my early Californian experience of "Monte" I did not try my luck at the tables. Most of the miners from the outlying diggings made the town their winter quarters, and, as every one had plenty of gold, the place was pretty cheerful. In the spring of 1852 I left Eureka for the Salmon River, at which place a new rush was reported, where the diggers were getting gold in immense quantities.

I saw one party start out for the new rush, and the following day I was on the road with nine others, each mounted on a mule and leading another carrying swags. We had pretty difficult country to pass through, but managed to cover 35 miles the first day, and camped on the bank of a creek. It was a glorious moonlight night. We hobbled the mules and turned them out, keeping two made fast near the tents to get in the rest with in the morning, cutting a lot of wild peas, which grew here in great profusion, for their forage. In the middle of the night the two tethered mules commenced snorting at some-

thing and broke away in terror. One of the men got up and looked out, and roused us all up, saying there must be Indians about. We immediately armed ourselves and sallied out. One of the men wounded himself in the leg. Two of the men fired at something ahead of us, and it rolled over. When we got to the spot we found it was a huge grizzly bear they had killed. In this part of California the grizzly bear, panther, and Californian lion were at this time very plentiful. There had been other bears about that night evidently, for all our mules stampeded, and it took all the next day to get the mob together. The rest of the party went to collect our mules, and I remained in the tent with our wounded comrade. Our party did not return till near nightfall, and during the day we heard a great many reports of firearms, and my patient, Jones, would insist that our mates were engaged with the Indians. We passed a day of terrible anxiety. However, they all returned safely, and during supper we asked them what all the firing was about. They were surprised at the question, and said they had not heard the firing, and had not fired a shot that day. While we were talking we heard the Indian war-whoop. We immediately flew to our rifles, and prepared for a scrimmage. Another whoop was borne on the wind, and at the same time a party of twenty well-armed diggers rode up to our camp. These men were *en route* for the Salmon River (our destination), and, leaving Eureka some hours after, had overtaken us.

We agreed to travel together, and felt pretty safe with this strong addition to our forces. Many of the new-comers were originally from Oregon, and were well used to Indian warfare, having had previous tussles with the savages. We formed ourselves into watches that night, ten men in each, for so many hours. Just at daylight one of the watches saw an Indian crossing the creek, and gave the alarm. We were up in an instant, and took to our arms. At the same moment a volley of arrows from the top of the creek banks flew over our camp. We at once charged up the bank, and came face to face with about 70 Indians, with eight mules loaded with swags, evidently stolen property. We fired as fast as we could, and wiped out forty of them, capturing the mules. We returned to camp, had breakfast, packed our mules and started once more on our journey. About two miles on the road we came across nine bodies of diggers, who had been apparently bound for the same place as ourselves, but had been waylaid by the murderous Indians and slaughtered mercilessly. There were also two dead mules. Those we had taken from our foes that morning belonged to these poor fellows, and we were thankful the latter were amply revenged. We dug a large hole and buried the bodies. Some had many arrows in them, and all were stripped naked. We searched around, but got no further clue as to who or what these unfortunates were, so we passed on, and left them in their burial place, a lonely grave plot in the wilderness. We had occasion before reaching our journey's end to perform the sad ceremony once more. Our mate Jones, who had shot himself in the leg, got very bad on the journey, which was exceedingly rough travelling, and, mortification setting in, he died. We consigned him to mother earth, and kept on.

We were now in very broken country, and had to cross a number of deep canyons, the vernacular for ravines. At one where we camped I picked up two pieces of gold. I showed them to my mates, and wanted them to stop and prospect the canyon further, but they were too eager to get to Salmon River, and we pushed on, reaching our destination that night.

The thirty of us now joined in one party, and as we had eighty mules, and provisions were very scarce, despatched ten mates with the mules to Shasta for a large stock of necessaries. I did not envy them the trip, for they had to cross about the roughest piece of country in all California. We who remained set to work on the river, and before the men with the mules returned we had netted off one bar in the stream close on one hundredweight of gold. When the provisions arrived we were offered fabulous prices for them. We did sell some, and obtained ten dollars per pound for salt; other goods in proportion. There was almost a famine in the camp, and money was little thought of. The men could not live on gold, however plentiful.

There were about a thousand miners on the river. A great many arrived from Eureka and

other places, and many had to leave on account of the scarcity of provisions. I have frequently seen mules killed and the meat sold at four dollars per pound, and often none other was obtainable. I remained here for six months, until our party dissolved. I took my share of the gold and two mules, and joined some men who were homeward bound with their "piles," which was the diggers' term for an independency.

There were twenty-five of us who started for Shasta City, and I do not believe each man carried less than 80 lbs. weight of gold on his saddle. I had 87 lbs., part of which I had obtained at Eureka, but the greater part at Salmon River. We were four days reaching Shasta, which I found transformed into a large, busy town. When I left it the previous year it mainly consisted of canvas tents and a few houses; now it possessed whole streets of stores and hotels.

A banking institution had just been opened—Adams' bank—and I deposited my gold for safe keeping. Taking lodgings in the Eagle Hotel, I looked round to see how the land lay. I fell in with a smart business man named James Lodge, and joined him in starting a saleyard. We made money fast, principally by the purchase and sale of mules, and at the same time I carried on business as an auctioneer. We then built a large meat mart, and christened it the "City Market." We likewise erected spacious cattle and slaughter yards, and very soon did a roaring trade. In the fall of 1852 we obtained a contract for the supply of meat to the troops at Fort Reddon, which paid well. We purchased beef on foot at 7½ cents per lb., and our contract price to the commissariat was 30 cents, that being a very fair margin for profit. Mr. Lodge kept the business going in the saleyards; I bought all the cattle, and attended to outside business generally. At this time there were 3,000 men in the fort. A great many of them had come from Monterey when the war ceased, and were *en route* for Oregon.

One day I was returning from the fort, after having received a sum of money on account of the contract. I had £1,300 in my saddle-bags, when I was bailed up by four highwaymen, who, making me dismount, eased me of my saddle-bags. After inspecting the contents, one of them considerately remarked to his mate, "Give the poor devil a few dollars to help him on the road," which he did. I said very little to them, as I thought it possible they might complete the job by putting a bullet through me. They were all masked, and dressed as Mexicans, but appeared to speak English very well. This happened about twelve miles from the fort, and as soon as the robbers left I galloped back and saw the commandant, Colonel Wright. I informed him of my mishap. He asked if there was any possibility of overtaking them, and I said if no time was lost they might be caught. I could identify their horses if I could not tell the men, and it was likely they would be fallen in with at Neill's Ranch or Secumah House, about 40 miles from the fort. The Colonel immediately ordered twelve well-mounted men to accompany me, and we set off in pursuit.

We rode all night, and at daylight saw distant about a quarter of a mile four mounted men coming up from the banks of the river. I said to the sergeant, "I believe those are the men we want," and we immediately galloped to the spot. The men, on seeing us, crossed the river by plunging in and swimming their horses; but it was an awkward crossing place, and we saw one of them swept off and drowned. His horse turned and swam to our side. None of our party seemed to fancy swimming the river, and began to look for a safe ford to make the passage. I called out I would give fifty dollars to each one who crossed with me, and five followed. We plunged our horses in, and came out safely on the other side. The remainder of the troop went further down and got over safely. The six of us let out after the fugitives, and soon got sight of them. When we neared them they dismounted and fired at us, shooting two of the soldiers and one of the horses. They then got behind trees, and dodged from one to another, and it was nearly an hour before we finally captured them. They were the men we wanted, for I found my money intact, and also a lot of gold dust, probably taken from some poor digger. They were desperate characters, and one of them, whom I captured myself, said to his mate, "If you had done as I wanted, this would not have happened," meaning, I suppose, he had recommended de-

spatching me, on the principle "dead men tell no tales."

It was found that they had been sticking up in all directions, and had actually murdered two rancheros. We took them to the fort, where one of them, a Frenchman, but who spoke English well, offered to turn approver and split on the gang if the Colonel would not hang him. The latter turned a deaf ear to his overtures, and ironed them and placed them in the guard-room until morning, when they were sent on to Shasta in a waggon to take their trial. When the waggon came to Clear Creek diggings, where about 1,000 men were working, the news of their capture spread like wildfire, and the entire population turned out, stopped the waggon, took out the prisoners, tried them by Lynch law, and hanged the three on one tree. A deal of trouble was thus saved the Government, and the inevitable fate of the criminals anticipated.

The winter of this year, 1852, was a very severe one, and almost put a stop to mining pursuits throughout the country. The diggers crowded into Shasta, and entirely exhausted the accommodation of the place. It was "lodging on the cold ground," and no mistake; a dollar a night was cheerfully paid by frozen-out miners for the privilege of spreading their blankets under a roof, and the floors of the hotels were crowded nightly. My partner and I were making money fast. I had the roughest part of the business, no doubt, and often, when driving cattle, had to camp out, covered with a buffalo rug, the sky for a canopy.

At last I thought, as matters were moving smoothly, I would try home comforts once more, and decided to get married again. I was at this time courting a young woman who came from the States, and was serving in the Eagle Hotel, a house I frequented. After a few preliminary visits, I popped the question, was accepted, and we were married at once. My wife was a famous business woman, and objected to any fuss, but I insisted on doing the thing in style, and invited about three hundred guests, and gave them a spread, which is doubtless remembered in Shasta to this day. It cost me about £500. I then purchased some property at the north end of the town, and lived quietly.

On the banks of the Pitt River, twenty miles from Shasta, there was a nomadic tribe of Indians, who occasionally made incursions into the neighbourhod of the town, and stole everything they could lay hands on. One night they set fire to some grass stacks, nearly burned the town down, and carried off a lot of mules. This was intolerable, and meetings were held, and the community called upon the authorities to take steps to abate the nuisance.

We had at this time a sort of local government, and a gaol was built for evil-doers. Two hundred men were called out to go and exterminate the Indians. The majority who volunteered were persons who had suffered injury at the hands of the red man. The Government arranged to pay them, and I was appointed to take command of the troops. My wife was greatly against my going, and, to please her, Colonel Wright, of Fort Reddon, released me by sending one of his subaltern officers to take charge; consequently I did not accompany the destroyers. They were out six months, and in that time drove nearly all the predatory tribes from the Pitt River. They showed no quarter, but slaughtered all they fell in with—men, women, and children. It certainly seemed a savage retaliation, but there was no other course open, and it may be believed that it was a long time ere Shasta was again troubled with Indians.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Terrible Blow—Stoppage of Adams' Bank—I Lose a Large Sum—More Indian Troubles—I Sell Out at Shasta—Back in San Francisco—Off to Sydney—A Drunken Skipper—I Arrive in Australia Again—To Melbourne—The Early Days of the Victorian Goldfield—I Meet Peter Lalor—The Story of the Eureka Stockade—Early Days at Ballarat—How the Revolt Began.

I NOW sold out of the saleyards to Mr. Lodge, and took another partner—a German named Vanwe—into the butchering business, which had now become too extensive for one man to manage. I had a long journey before me, having to proceed to a ranch in Napier Valley, 200 miles distant, there to receive a lot of cattle I bought some time before from a Spaniard. I started, and was about 8 miles on the road, at a place where the coaches changed horses, when a messenger came up in hot haste with a letter from my partner, containing the unpleasant news that Adams' bank had stopped payment. As all our capital was deposited in it, I hurried back at once, and found the report only too true. We were almost ruined.

This bank was one of the greatest swindles ever worked in California, so prolific of smart Yankee operations. The headquarters of the institution were in San Francisco, and agencies were to be found in almost every town up-country. When the fountain-head dried up, the branches collapsed. In fact, it was a preconcerted thing, for every one of them stopped on the same day, and thousands of trusting people were ruined.

My partner and I lost about £12,000 by this mishap, and if we had not had a lot of stock which had been previously paid for, and our little property purchased, it would have been a case of "eternal smash" with us also. It was rumoured that the safe from the bank, containing the money, was put into a van, and was on the road for Sacramento. Ten of the deluded clients of Adams and Co. posted after the van, and stopped it, but neither safe nor money was there. We all bade good-bye to our hard-earned cash. I was so disheartened at the blow that I offered to sell out to Vanwe for a mere trifle, intending to proceed to Sydney, where gold had just been discovered; but he persuaded me to keep on, at least for a time.

I again departed to bring the cattle from Napier Valley which we had purchased from a Spaniard named Valon. I intended to make Hyde's ranch the first night, but lost my way through inattention, and probably thinking of Adams and Co. At last I pulled up at a shanty on the roadside, which had apparently been recently erected. It was kept by two Frenchmen. Here I obtained forage for the horse and food for myself, of which both stood in much need. Shortly afterwards two men rode up, who turned out to be stockmen from Hyde's ranch. They told me I was ten miles out of my road. We left together in the morning, and arrived at the ranch about four in the afternoon. I had many dealings in cattle with Mr. Hyde, who was very glad to welcome me, and insisted on sending his men to bring my cattle from Valon's ranch, while I spent a few days with him. I remained five days.

While there a man named Kit Carson came to the ranch with a drove of sheep from Salt Lake. This was the first mob of "jumbucks" I had seen driven since I left Australia. There was a young person in this party who was ostensibly a sheep dealer, and evidently well up to business, who interested me strangely. We rode over the ranch together, and conversed about stock cattle-dealing, and like subjects, and the dealer displayed a considerable knowledge of the subject. On the second day of their stay I discovered my quondam friend was a female in man's attire. She was known under the sobriquet of "Captain Jack." She could ride well, throw the lasso, and was a dead shot. Altogether she was the most remarkable specimen of the "feminine gender" I ever fell in with. That night Mr. Hyde determined on a little jollification, as it was possible I might never be under his roof again. I had informed him of my intention to sell out and return to Australia.

There were a few Spanish women living on the ranch, and "Captain Jack," who, among her

other accomplishments, was a splendid dancer, got up a Spanish dance, called a "fandango," or something of the kind, and amused us famously; indeed, I think it was the merriest night I ever spent while in California. The "Captain" accompanied Mr. Hyde and myself into Shasta next day. Hyde went home with me, and stopped a few days. In the meantime I asked my wife to give a party and to send an invitation to "Captain Jack." She did so, and "Jack" came dressed as a regular swell, in male attire, of course. Mrs. Barry had heard me speak so often of "Captain Jack" that she had a great desire to see this curiosity. When our guests retired, she told me she wished no further acquaintance with such a strong-minded party. I thought at the time the "green-eyed monster" had a little to do with it; but, if so, there was little cause, and "Captain Jack" dropped out of our society. I saw her leaving Shasta, well mounted, dressed in boots and breeches, a revolver at her belt, and a pair of pistols in the holster. Any young man who trifled with the affection of such an amazon was likely to speedily come to grief.

In a few days Hyde's men arrived at Clear Creek, 25 miles off, with our cattle, and as I was in treaty to sell out to my partner, he (Mr. Hyde) and two others went out to value the stock. This completed, a valuation of the rest of the property belonging to the firm was made, and my partner took everything over, paying me £5,800 for my share and interest in the business. I had my dwelling-house, some horses, and other property, which I busied myself in disposing of, and when the Shasta people found I was determined to leave they very kindly gave me a public dinner, at which champagne flowed freely.

In the midst of the revelry four men galloped into the town with the news that the Pitt River Indians had returned. At this time numbers of families from Oregon had settled on the river. The husbands and fathers were away digging, and the Indians had swooped down on the camps, and murdered about thirty white women and children.

This startling report immediately broke up our convivial party. A meeting was forthwith held, and about 300 men at once volunteered to go and exact retribution, and, if possible, wipe out this particular tribe of savages. Of course, I was one of the 300, and away we went on our mission of vengeance, the four men who had given the alarm leading the way. When we arrived at the scene of the massacre, a horrible sight was presented, dead and mutilated bodies lying in all directions among the wreck of the dead people's households. A detachment of our party remained to bury the dead, and the rest pushed on in pursuit up the river, but returned in two days, having been unable to find the murderers. We turned back to Shasta, and on the road fell in with a very old Indian, accompanied by his squaw and two fine little Indian boys. Some of the party shot the aged couple, and would also have sent the boys to the happy hunting grounds, but were prevented from doing so, and we brought them in with us.

A party of men was despatched at once by the Government to seek the savages, as the authorities were determined not to allow this outrage to pass unpunished. The military commandant being an old acquaintance of the Colonel, I asked him, as a favour, to allow me to take one of the youths away with me, and I would try and civilise him. He was good enough to do so, and I took the young savage home. My wife had lately been confined, and was now recovered. I disposed of the house and other property, and got ready for another flitting. At this time as steamers came up the river within thirty miles of Shasta, my late partner, Vanwe, drove us all down to the landing, where I parted from him with regret, and, going on board, the small steamboat cast off. Then commenced our journey to Sacramento, which was 250 miles distant by water.

The boat was very much crowded with passengers, but we managed to squeeze in for the voyage, and reached Sacramento pretty well tired out, but without any mishap. I found the town immensely improved since I had left it, and the population better organised; also a little more civilised. A good deal of their antipathy to the "Sydney ducks" had died out. Business was remarkably brisk, and my wife tried to persuade me to start once more there, but I was bent on seeing Sydney again; otherwise I might have stopped.

We remained at Sacramento three weeks, and

then left for San Francisco in the steamer "New World." We arrived safely. I took a furnished house in Broadway, and waited for the first ship for Sydney. In two months a large American vessel, the "Kit Carson," was laid on, and I took tickets for cabin passages for myself, wife and child, and the young Indian boy. I also shipped as a venture 40 tons of flour, 100 American stoves, and 100 Colt's revolvers, which I had purchased pretty cheap, the Californian market being then glutted. We had a good many fellow passengers. Among them were Madam Anna Bishop, the great singer, and a celebrated harpist named Boxer, who died shortly after his arrival at Sydney. Madam Bishop married the purser of the vessel, whose name was Schultz. Captain Crewel, of the "Kit Carson," was much addicted to drink, and under the influence of liquor during the whole voyage. The vessel's safety was often endangered by his conduct, the provisions were scanty and inferior, and altogether the passage was miserably uncomfortable. We got very little value for our £20, the price of the cabin passage. At length we arrived at Sydney, and were greatly relieved on getting ashore safely.

I disposed of the goods, realising a handsome profit out of the speculation. I was not long ashore when I fell in with my old friend and fellow-voyager, Baird, who had been out with me in the "Flying Fish." I was then staying at an hotel, but finding Baird had a house to let at the Glebe, in Sydney, I rented it, and, having furnished it, moved there at once. My friend Baird lived in the house adjoining. I found out that by a singular coincidence he was now short of cash, although he had some property. I had thousands, and as he had been kind to me in my adversity, I told him he could have a thousand pounds to start in any business he liked. He wanted me badly to purchase a barque then lying in the harbour, fit her out, and go a whaling cruise; but I steadily set my face against that; I had had enough of whaling.

He informed me that my old employer and benefactor, Mr. Boyd, had started for California in his yacht, the "Wanderer." He had called in at some of the islands, and while at Owhyhee, the natives set upon him and killed him. I was very much shocked at this intelligence. I felt as if I had lost a near and dear relation. I had been ashore at the place, and knew the treacherous character of the natives well. I should have thought Mr. Boyd knew better than to trust himself with the cannibals; but he was always a fearless, trusting fellow. Peace be to his ashes.

I was thinking seriously of going up to the goldfields, which were then creating a great stir, and Sydney was beginning to feel the effects. People were flocking in from all parts, and business of every kind became unusually brisk. I was going down George Street to the bank one morning, when I met a man named William Fox, who had been a mate of mine in the early Californian days. He had just arrived from Melbourne with a lot of quartz specimens containing gold. I invited him home, where he stopped a few days, and said I had better accompany him back to Victoria, and invest in the quartz reefs. I thought it was not a bad idea; I at once made up my mind to go.

I went to Baird and asked him to accompany me, and have a look round, as he might meet with something advantageous. He agreed. Passing along the street about this time, we were witnesses of a rather amusing episode. We saw a crowd, which we joined, and found they had assembled to see "Bill Nash" carried out of a gold broker's office by five policemen and taken to gaol. It appeared he had been gold-buying, and by using false weights had been amassing money fast, robbing the unsuspecting diggers. He was now found out, however, and, being tried, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. This was the notorious character I mentioned in the earlier part of my work as having driven his carriage before that of the Queen.

My wife and I went to Windsor to see our little girl. She had grown and prospered well, and when I spoke of taking her into my charge her adopted mother would not hear of it. She was as much attached to her as if she were her own. As there was no help for it, I left £100 for her use, and we came away. Mrs. Barry was very anxious to accompany me on my trip, but as she had an excellent neighbour in Mrs. Baird, and had made a small circle of acquaintances, I persuaded her to wait until I had prospected the new country.

In the spring of 1855 Bill Fox, Baird, and I went to Melbourne. When we arrived everything was in disorder, the natural consequence of the near neighbourhood of the goldfields. The hurry and bustle of business reminded me of the palmy days in San Francisco. The town was full of people of all nationalities, and a man with a little capital and prudence could hardly go wrong in making money. I remained in Melbourne, and Fox and Baird went up to the Steiglitz diggings, where the quartz reefs were, to buy an interest, if possible I joined a horse dealer named Cotton, and went largely into the business. I made a trip to Hobart Town, and purchased and shipped a cargo from there to Melbourne, on which, however, I lost money.

The early history of the Victorian fields and of the Eureka stockade affair I was told circumstantially by a miner named Peter Lalor, and the story is certainly worthy of repetition. For the first few months after the discovery of gold in Victoria, many shrewd persons believed the colony would be ruined by its seeming good fortune. None of the ordinary industries could be carried on whilst workmen were so scarce and wages so high. Happily, however, the gloomy expectations proved fallacious, for, in 1852, when the great stream of people from Europe began to flow into the colony, every profession and every trade sprang into new and vigorous life. The vast crowds on the goldfield required to be fed, and the farmers found ready markets for their corn, the squatters for their beef and mutton. The miners required to be clothed, and the tailor and shoemaker must be employed, whatever might be the prices charged. Mechanics and artisans of every class found their labour in demand, and were handsomely paid for their work; merchants also found trade both brisk and lucrative. While the imports in 1850 were worth only three-quarters of a million, those of three years later were worth twenty times that sum. After this enormous increase in population and business, it was found there was quite as great an opportunity of gaining riches by remaining quietly engaged in one's own occupation as by joining the restless throng upon the goldfields. The public revenue of the colony was, in 1852, six times, and in 1853, twelve times as great as it had been before the discovery of gold, so that, both as individuals and as a nation, the people of Victoria had reason to be satisfied with the change.

There existed, however, one drawback, for the attractions of the goldfields had drawn from the neighbouring colonies, and more especially from Tasmania, great numbers of the convict class, who, having served a part of their time, had been liberated on condition of good behaviour. They crossed over by hundreds, and soon gave rise to a serious difficulty, for, in the confused and unsettled state of the colony, they found only too good an opportunity for the display of criminal propensities and perverted talents. Being by no means charmed with the toilsome life of the gold digger, many of them became bushrangers.

There were in 1852 several bands of these ruffians sweeping the country and robbing in all directions. As the gold was being conveyed from the diggings, escorted by armed troopers, the bushrangers lurked upon the road, treacherously shot the troopers, and rifled the chests. On one occasion their daring rose to such a height that a band of them boarded the ship "Nelson" whilst it lay at anchor in Hobson's Bay, overpowered the crew, and removed gold to the value of £24,000, remarking, as they handed the boxes over the side of the vessel, that this was the best goldfield they had ever seen.

To prevent any further introduction of these "undesirable immigrants," the Legislature, in 1852, passed what was called the "Convicts Prevention Act," declaring that no person who had been convicted, and had not received an absolutely free pardon, should be allowed to enter the colony, and that all persons who came from Tasmania should be required to prove they were free men before being allowed to land. Any ship's captain who brought a convict into the colony was to be fined £100 for the offence.

Meanwhile the goldfields were growing apace. The discovery of the Eureka gravel pits and Canadian leads made Ballarat once more the favourite place for gold-finders, and in 1853 there were 40,000 diggers at work on the Yarrowei. Hotels began to be built, theatres were erected, and here and there a little church rose among the long line of tents occupying

the slopes above the creek. Below, on the flats, the scene was a busy one. Thousands upon thousands of holes were sunk in all directions, from which men emerged and disappeared like ants, each bearing a bag of sand, which the other threw on a wheelbarrow or slung over his shoulder, and carried forward, running nimbly along the thin paths among a multitude of holes till he reached a little creek, whose waters were turned to a yellow stream of mud. Such was the scene which presented itself by day; but at sunset a gun was fired from the Commissioner's tent, and all ceased work. Then, against the evening sky, ten thousand fires sent up their wreaths of thin blue smoke, and the diggers prepared their evening meals. Everything was hushed for a time, except that a dull murmur arose from the little crowds chatting over their pannikins of tea. But, as the darkness drew closer around, the noise began to assume a merrier tone, and, mingling pleasantly in the evening air, there rose the loud notes of a sailor's song, the merry jingle of a French political chant, or the rich strains of a German chorus.

In some tents the miners sat around on boxes or stools, while by the light of flaming oil cans, they gambled for match-boxes filled with gold dust. In others they gathered to drink the liquors illicitly sold by the "sly grog shop." Many of the diggers betook themselves to the brilliantly lighted theatres, and made the fragile walls tremble with their rough and hearty applause. Everywhere was heard the sound of laughter and good humour.

Then, at midnight, all went to bed except those foolish revellers who stayed too late at the "grog shanty." At dawn, again, everybody was astir, for the day's supply of water must be drawn from the stream ere its limpid current began to assume the appearance of a clay-stained gutter. Making the allowances proper to the occasion, the community was both orderly and law-abiding, and the digger in the midst of all his toil enjoyed a very agreeable existence. He had but one grievance to trouble his life, and that was the monthly payment of the license fee. This tax had been imposed under the erroneous impression that every one who went upon the goldfields must of necessity earn a fortune. For a long time this mistake prevailed, because only the most successful diggers were much heard of; but there was an undistinguishable throng of those who earned much less than a labourer's wage.

The average monthly earnings throughout the colony were not more than eight pounds for each man, and out of this sum he had to pay thirty shillings for a mere permission to dig. To those who were fortunate this seemed but a trifle, but for those who earned little or nothing there was no resource but to evade payment, and many were the tricks adopted to dodge the Commissioners. As there were more than one-fifth of the total number of diggers who systematically paid no fees, the police were in the habit of stopping any man they met and demanding to see his license. If he had none, he was at once marched off to the place that served for a gaol, and there chained to a tree.

The police were in the habit of devoting two days a week to what was called "digger hunting," and as they often experienced much trouble and vexation in doing what was unfortunately their duty, they were sometimes rough and summary in their proceedings; hence arose a feeling of hostility among the diggers, not only to the police, but, indeed, to all the officials on the goldfields. The first serious manifestation of the prevailing discontent took place on the Owen's River, where a Commissioner had been maltreated. Violence, however, was deprecated by the great body of miners, who held large meetings in order to agitate in a more constitutional manner for the abolition of the fees. At first they sent a petition to Governor Latrobe, who declined to make any change. It was then hinted that possibly they might be driven to use force, and the Governor replied that he was determined to do his duty. In August, 1853, when the agitation was increasing, Latrobe hurriedly reduced the fee to twenty shillings per month. This appeased the miners for a time, but the precipitancy with which the Governor had changed his intention showed too plainly the weakness of the Government, for, indeed, there was scarcely a soldier in Victoria to repress an insurrection if one should break out.

Among the confused crowds on the goldfields there were a great number of troublesome spirits, many of them foreigners, who were only too

happy to foment dissension. Thousands of miners had been disappointed in their hopes of wealth, and, being in a discontented frame of mind, blamed their misfortunes entirely on the Governor. In spite of the concession that had been made through all the goldfields, a spirit of dissatisfaction prevailed; mutterings were heard as of a coming storm, and Latrobe, in his alarm, sent to all the neighbouring colonies to ask for troops. As the 99th Regiment was lying idle in Hobart Town, it was at once despatched to Melbourne. While matters were in this state, Governor Latrobe retired from office, and in June, 1854, Sir Charles Hotham arrived to fill the position.

On his first arrival he showed that his sympathies were, to a great extent, with the diggers; but he could scarcely be expected to make any important change until he had been a few months in the colony, and had learnt exactly the state of affairs. Meanwhile the discontent on the goldfields was daily increasing. The months of September and October in 1854 were exceedingly dry; the creeks were greatly shrunk in volume, and in many places the diggers could find no water either for drinking or for gold-washing. Their irritation was not at all soothed by the arbitrary manner of the Commissioners and the police. Besides this, the Government had thought it necessary to form a camp on the goldfields, so that a large body of soldiers dwelt constantly in the midst of the miners. The soldiers and officers, of course, supported the Commissioners, and, like them, soon came to be regarded with great disfavour.

The goldfields population was in this irritable state when a trifling incident kindled an extensive revolt. A digger named Scobie, late one evening, knocked at the door of Bentley's Hotel at Ballarat. Finding the place closed, he tried to force an entrance, and continued his clamour so long that Bentley became angry, and sallied forth to chastise him. A crowd gathered to see the fight, and in the darkness Scobie's head was split open with a spade. Whose hand it was that aimed the blow no one could tell, but the diggers universally believed that Bentley was himself the murderer. He was therefore arrested and tried, but acquitted by Mr. Dowes, the magistrate, who was said by the diggers to be secretly Bentley's partner in business.

A great crowd assembled round the hotel, and a digger named Kennedy addressed the multitude in vigorous Scottish accents, pointing out the spot where their companion's blood had been shed, and asserting that his spirit hovered above and called for vengeance. The authorities sent a few police to protect the place, but they were only a handful in the midst of a great and seething crowd, numbering over eight thousand powerful diggers. For an hour or two the mob, though indulging in occasional banter, remained harmless. But a mischievous boy having thrown a stone and broken the lamp in front of the hotel, the police made a movement as if they were about to seize the offender. This roused the diggers to anger, and in less than a minute every pane of glass was broken, the police were roughly jostled and cut by showers of stones, and the doors of the hotel were broken open. The crowd burst tumultuously into the hotel, and the rooms were swarming with men drinking the liquors and searching for Bentley, who, however, escaped on a swift horse to the camp. As the noise and disorder increased, a man placed a handful of paper and rags against the wooden walls of the bowling alley, deliberately struck a match, and set fire to the place. The diggers now deserted the hotel, and retired to a safe distance in order to watch the conflagration.

Meanwhile a company of soldiers set out from the camp for the scene of the riot, and on their approach the crowd quietly dispersed, but by this time the hotel was reduced to smouldering ruins. For this outrage three men were apprehended and taken to Melbourne, where they were tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Bentley was also re-arrested and tried, and as his friend Dowes could on this occasion be of no assistance to him, he was sentenced to three years' hard labour on the roads. Dowes was dismissed from the magistracy, and Sir C. Hotham did everything in his power to conciliate the diggers. They were not to be satisfied, however, and had a stormy meeting at Ballarat, in which they appointed a deputation, consisting of Kennedy, Black, and Humphrey, to demand from the Go-

vernor the release of the three men condemned for burning Bentley's hotel. Hotham received the deputation very kindly, but declined to accede to the demand, because, he said, the word "demand" was not a suitable term to use in addressing the representative of Her Majesty.

As the diggers were haughty, and refused to alter the phrase, the Governor intimated that, under the circumstances, no reply could be given.

CHAPTER XV.

The Story of the Eureka Stockade (continued)—The Diggers and the Soldiery—Taken by Surprise—A Short but Bloody Conflict—Capture of the Stockade—Escape of Lalor—Sympathy with the Diggers, and its Effect—I Return to My Own Story—I Fit Out a Whaling Expedition—The Wreck of the "Dunbar"—I Start Cattle Dealing—Bushrangers—We Lose Our Horses—The Capture of the Robbers—A Horse Dealing Story—"Black Bill."

THE delegates having returned to Ballarat, a great meeting was held, and Kennedy, Humphrey, Black, Lalor, and Verne made inflammatory speeches in which they persuaded the diggers to pass a resolution declaring they would all burn their licenses and pay no more fees. Skirmishes between the soldiers and diggers became frequent, and, on the 30th November, when the last "digger hunt" took place, the police and soldiers were roughly handled. The diggers, among their tents, set up a flagstaff, and hoisted a banner of blue, with four silver stars in the corner. Then the leaders knelt beneath it, and, having sworn to defend one another to the death, proceeded to enrol the miners and form them into squads, ready for drilling.

Meantime the military camp was being rapidly fortified with trusses of hay, bags of corn, and loads of firewood. The soldiers were in hourly expectation of an attack, and for four successive nights slept fully accoutred, with their loaded muskets beside them. All night long lights were seen to move busily backwards and forwards among the diggers' tents, and the heavy tread of great bodies of men could be heard in the darkness. Lalor was marshalling his forces on the slopes of Ballarat, and drilling them to use such arms as they possessed, whether rifles or pistols, or merely spikes fastened at the end of poles.

Sir Charles Hotham now sent up the remaining 800 soldiers of the 99th Regiment, under Sir Robert Nicoll, and to these he added all the marines from the men-of-war and nearly all the police of the colony. They were several days on the march, and only arrived when the disturbance was over. The diggers had formed an entrenchment, called the Eureka Stockade. In the midst of this stronghold they proclaimed the "Republic of Victoria," and here they were able to carry on their drilling unmolested, under the command of the two leaders—Verne, a German, and Peter Lalor, the son of an Irish gentleman.

They sent out parties in every direction to gather all the arms and ammunition they could obtain, and made extensive preparations for an assault, but never imagined that the soldiers would dream of attacking them until the arrival of Sir Robert Nicoll. They kept guard, it is true, but only carelessly. Captain Thomas, who commanded the troops in the camp, determined to finish the affair by a sudden attack, and on the Saturday night, while the diggers were amusing themselves in fancied security, he was carefully making his preparations. On Sunday morning, just after daybreak, when the stockade contained only 200 men, Captain Thomas led the troops quietly forth, and succeeded in approaching within 300 yards of the stockade without being observed.

The alarm was then given within, the insurgents rushed to their posts, and poured a heavy volley upon the advancing soldiers, of whom about twelve fell. The attacking party wavered a moment, but again became steady, and fired with so calm and correct an aim that whenever a digger showed himself, even for a moment, he

was shot. Peter Lalor rose on a sand heap within the stockade to direct his men, but immediately he fell, pierced in the shoulder by a musket ball. After the firing had lasted for twenty minutes, there was a lull, and the insurgents could hear the order, "Charge!" ring out clearly. Then there was an ominous rushing sound, the soldiers were for a moment seen above the palisades, and immediately the conflict became hand-to-hand. The diggers took refuge in the empty claims, where some were bayoneted and others captured, whilst the victors set fire to the tents, and soon afterwards retired with 125 prisoners.

A number of half-burnt palisades which had fallen on Lalor, concealed him from view, and after the departure of the soldiers he crawled forth and escaped to the ranges, where a doctor was found, who amputated his arm. The Government subsequently offered a reward of £500 for his capture; but his friends proved true, and preserved him till the trouble had passed. The number of those wounded was never exactly known, but it was found that twenty-six of the insurgents died during the fight, or shortly afterwards. In the evening the soldiers returned and buried such of the dead bodies as were still lying in the stockade.

On the following day four soldiers who had been killed in the engagement were buried with military honours. Many of the wounded died during the following month, and in particular the colony had to lament the loss of Captain Wise, of the 40th Regiment, who received his death wound in the conflict.

When news of the struggle and of its issue was brought to Melbourne, the sympathies of the people were powerfully roused in favour of the diggers. A meeting attended by about 5,000 persons was held near the Prince's Bridge, and a motion, proposed by Mr. David Blair, in favour of the diggers, was carried almost unanimously. Similar meetings were held at Geelong and Sandhurst, so that there could be no doubt as to the general feeling against the Government. When, at the beginning of 1855, thirteen of the prisoners were brought up for trial in Melbourne, and each in his turn was acquitted, crowds of people, both within and without the courts, greeted them, one after another, with hearty cheers as they stepped out into the open air, once more free men.

The commission appointed by Sir Charles Hotham commenced its labours shortly after the conclusion of the riot, and in its report the fact was clearly demonstrated that the miners had suffered certain grievances. Acting upon the advice of this commission, the Legislative Council abolished the monthly license fee, and authorised the issue of "Miners' Rights," giving the holders, on payment of one pound each per annum, permission to dig for gold in any part of the colony. New members were to be elected to the Council, in order to watch over the interests of the miners, two to represent Sandhurst, two for Ballarat, two for Castlemaine, and one each for the Ovens and the Avoca diggings, and any man who held a "Miner's Right" was qualified to vote in the elections for the Council.

* * * * * *

To return to my own story: I had a good look about Melbourne, and rested for a while. One day I was at lunch in my lodgings, when I received a letter from my old friends, Baird and Fox, from the Steiglitz diggings, asking me to come up. I went and found they had expended £800 in buying an interest in a quartz claim—all their money in fact—and as yet had got no returns. Prospects from the stone were pretty good, but I imagined the gold was lost in crushing, which was the primitive Californian mode commonly known as the Mexican "arrestra"—simply two huge boulders dragged round in a trough by a horse, attached to a cross beam and upright post. At any rate, the fact was patent they had got nothing for their outlay, and there being little appearance of future dividends, I persuaded Baird to come away with me and look at a schooner I had seen for sale lying at Geelong. If she suited him, I said I would buy her, and give him a start in the intercolonial trade. We went down to Geelong, but could not come to terms with the seller, so we returned to Melbourne again.

There was a fine brig, called the "Jane," lying in the river, for sale. Baird said she was well adapted for a whaling vessel, so I purchased her for £2,000, and became a shipowner. I installed Baird as captain, and we took the brig down to Sydney for a fit-out.

In a short time Baird had his complement of men, his number of boats, and all whaling gear, with two years' provisions. When all was ready, I found the outlay cost me £4,000. I arranged with Captain Baird he should have one-eighth of the profits, if any, and £2 per week wages; if he made a successful voyage he should become half owner of the brig. The "Jane" was towed down to a place called Spring Cove, near Sydney Heads, and a large party, including Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Barry, and myself and friends, spent the last night on board, and were pulled up by the crew in the ship's boats next day.

The day following my investment was under weigh, and if good wishes could avail, she was bound to have a fortunate trip. I looked round for a week or so, but saw nothing suitable to go into, and, as inactivity did not suit me, determined to return to Melbourne, that place offering more scope for business; and, besides, it was time I was adding to my cash account. The whaling speculation had made considerable inroads, and the balance at my credit did not now exceed £1,800.

One morning, as I was in George Street, Sydney, there was a rumour about a ship being on shore at the Heads. That was in the year 1857 A great gloom was cast over the colony by the loss of a fine ship within seven miles of the city. The "Dunbar" sailed from Plymouth in that year, with about a hundred and twenty people, many of them well-known colonists who had visited England, and were on their way homewards. As the vessel approached the coast a heavy gale came down from the north-east, and, ere they could reach the entrance to Port Jackson, night had closed on them. In the deep and stormy gloom they beat to and fro for a time.

At length the captain thought it safer to make Sydney Heads than toss about on so wild a sea. He brought the vessel close in to the shore in order to search for the entrance. When against the stormy sky he perceived a break in the black cliffs, he steered for the opening. This, however, was not the entrance, but only a hollow in the cliffs, called by Sydney people "The Gap." The vessel was standing in for the rocks when a mass of boiling surf was observed in the place where they thought the opening was, and ere she could be put about she crashed violently upon the foot of a cliff that frowned ninety feet above the fragments and the drowning men.

At daybreak the word was given that a ship had been wrecked at "The Gap," and during the day thousands poured forth from Sydney to view the disaster. The following morning it was discovered there was only one solitary survivor, who, having been washed into a hollow in the face of the rock, lay concealed in his place of refuge throughout that dreadful night and all the succeeding day. A young man was found who volunteered to let himself down by a rope and rescue the half-dead seaman. To prevent repetition of so sad an occurrence, lighthouses were erected for the guidance of ships entering the harbour.

After I had seen the wreck I held a sale at my house, and disposed of all the furniture, etc., and left for Melbourne, with my wife, child, and the Indian boy. By this time the latter had become much attached to us and was very useful. On arriving, I banked the balance of my cash and rented a furnished house in Collingwood, a suburb of Melbourne. Strolling down Bourke Street, I met an old acquaintance, Tom Labey. He was doing well, and was in a large way of business in the flour trade. I asked his advice as to what he thought might be a safe speculation to start in. He said that lots of vessels arriving at the wharves brought bullock hides and sheepskins, and I might do worse than commence as a buyer of all I could get. I adopted the notion, and bought and sold these commodities for some months. It proved a profitable speculation.

While thus engaged I met a cattle dealer named Tom Jones, an old friend of mine in the early days in Sydney. We immediately fraternised. The result was he persuaded me to join him and go up-country buying cattle and driving them on to the various goldfields, there disposing of them. We soon completed arrangements, and Jones and I and the Indian lad started for a station I was acquainted with. I took about £1,200 cash with me, in £20 and £50 notes, which I carried in a broad belt under my clothing, "sticking-up" being rife in those days. I soon had occasion to be thankful for the precaution I had adopted.

We called at a roadside house in the Black Forest for refreshment and feed for our horses. After I had satisfied the inner man, I went out to the stables to see how the horses were feeding, when, lo! and behold, the steeds had disappeared, seemingly spirited away. I immediately reported the loss. The landlord seemed to take the matter very coolly, merely uttering the word "Bushrangers," and as the Black Forest was one of their noted haunts, we concluded it was all up with our quadrupeds. The landlord asked if we had lost anything else, and Jones said he had a lot of money sewn up in his saddle, but did not satisfy his curiosity as to the amount, for it began to dawn on his mind that his questioner knew more about the transaction than he cared to divulge. Jones, who was a very outspoken fellow, made no secret of his thoughts, but flatly told him so. The Indian boy had seen the landlord talking with three men while we were inside. The landlord noticing him, had ordered him to go into the house. This strengthened our suspicions, and we determined to wait and see further into the matter.

Jones told me secretly he had £800 sewn in the lining of his saddle—a rather expensive lining, I thought. Two hours afterwards eight mounted policemen rode up. We told them what had happened, and of the money in Jones' saddle, as also our suspicions of the landlord. Six of the police, accompanied by Jones, set out to look for the bushrangers, the other two stopping with me at the house. Two hours after they left the Indian boy came running in and told us our horses were coming up the road. We went out, and at the moment four men rode by at full gallop, but one of the horses, which I took to be mine, stuck up his rider and refused to pass the house.

There was one police horse in the stable. He was immediately brought out, and one man mounted and rode after the gang. The other officer and myself ran down the road to where the horse was playing up with his rider, refusing, despite whip and spur, to move on. The mounted policeman fired at this man, who immediately jumped off and ran into the bush, which, at this place, was remarkably dense and almost impenetrable. I jumped on the horse the robber had left, and saw now that it was Tom Jones' steed. I also held the policeman's horse while he and his mate scrambled into the thicket after their prey. They succeeded in catching him, and brought him back to the house, where he was secured.

We saw by certain but almost imperceptible signs our host and the prisoner needed no introduction. They were evidently no strangers to each other. The policeman and I overhauled Jones' saddle, and found a new piece of flannel on the inside, and just as I was about to rip it open Jones and the party of police returned after an unsuccessful search. I handed over the saddle to allow Tom to make his discovery himself, telling him we had got his horse and saddle back,also the rider. Tom opened the lining, and, to the astonishment of the party, brought forth from its hiding-place £800 in bank notes, together with some bank receipts. He handed £50 to be divided among the policemen. They decided to stay that night, and try and devise some plan for capture of the others. In that they were successful, as the sequel shows. It was now dark, and one of the policemen interviewed the prisoner, who, upon a promise of leniency, told all he knew about the robbery and his companions. He said the gang was in a bushy gully when the party of police passed, and they immediately turned back after the police went by. He also told him that two of the thieves were brothers of the landlord, who had actually planned the robbery, and it was arranged the rest were to return at night and rob us of what we had. He further said the three brothers were "old hands," that is, ex-convicts from Hobart Town, and advised the police to keep out of the way for a few hours, and they would possibly capture the whole gang. Upon receipt of this information the sergeant in command took the landlord into custody, handcuffed him, and, putting him in the stable with the others, placed a guard over the prisoners. He statoined the rest of his men to look out for the coming of the others.

About four o'clock in the morning three men on foot came to the back door, and knocking softly, said, "Are you asleep, Jack? Get up and let us in." The sergeant opened the door, and Jones and the four officers, pouncing upon them, had them down and secured before we at the

front of the house got round to assist. It was lucky they were taken by surprise, as each carried a loaded revolver. We found the horses fastened up about one hundred yards from the house. After breakfast we accompanied the police, who took their five prisoners to a small town about twelve miles distant, called, I think, Heathcote. There they were charged before a magistrate with robbery, and committed to Melbourne for trial. We were bound over to appear as witnesses. The sessions being close at hand, we were obliged to forego our cattle-dealing trip for a time and attend the Court at Melbourne. When the trial came on we gave evidence against the gang, four of whom were sentenced to two years' hard labour. The landlord got clear off, but was again arrested on leaving the Court on another charge, and returned to gaol. This broke up one gang of highwaymen for the time being.

While in California I thought I had heard enough of violence and robbery, but Victoria in these days must be given the palm. There were regularly organised gangs of marauders, called bushrangers, who permitted no one to pass without fleecing him. Seeing the columns of advertisements in the daily papers for missing friends, it is certain many poor fellows were sent out of the world by these desperadoes. They had no earthly excuse for their criminal occupation, as employment was plentiful, gold being obtainable at the diggings with very little labour.

I stayed a week or two in Melbourne, but found out my wife did not like the place. It certainly was very lonely for her, having no friends or acquaintances. She asked me to take her back to Sydney, and leave her with Mrs. Baird, of whom she had grown to be very fond. Captain Baird had now been gone ten months, and I thought I might learn some intelligence of him. I accordingly arranged to make a trip to Sydney, and leave Mrs. Barry there, as she desired.

I saw Jones next day, informing him of my change of plans. As the Indian boy and he seemed to agree very well, I told him he might take him along with him. The boy was a capital rider, and would be very useful. Tom was very glad to get him, and this matter being settled, we went and had a little parting "spree," which, I think, must have degenerated into a complete fuddle, as we found ourselves in the morning minus our cash and our watches, and it served us right. Of course we "kept it dark." Next day Tom and the boy started up country. Jones was to keep the boy for twelve months, and give him two pounds per week, besides paying all expenses—not so bad for a young Indian savage. I accompanied my wife to Sydney in the steamer, installing her with Mrs. Baird, who was very glad indeed to have her back, feeling very lonely without her husband. Just then the whaling barque "Lady Emma" arrived in port with a full cargo. Knowing Captain Buger, I went on board to ask him for news of the "Jane." He informed me Baird and himself had been together three months previously; that at that time Baird had about 700 barrels of oil, and that he had parted with him to cruise at the Three Kings.

I was overjoyed to hear this, and now felt assured that, barring accidents, Baird would have a lucky voyage. Captain Buger wanted me to resume the whaling business, but I declined, telling him my mind was made up to go back to Victoria. Something told me I should do well there, although just then Sydney was in a flourishing state, and many persons tried to persuade me to start there in the butchering line.

I arranged matters with my wife, who tried hard to get me to settle down in Sydney. I placed £300 in the bank to her account, and, taking the rest of my cash, left for Melbourne. We were six days on our passage, experiencing frightful weather. A great many female passengers were on board, and were terribly frightened. It was one continuous scene of terror and alarm, and I decided, when at last I set foot ashore, I would try and give lady-carrying vessels a wide berth in future.

There was an old friend of mine named Lake keeping an hotel in Melbourne at this time. I took up my lodgings with him for one month before I commenced doing anything to speak of. I purchased a horse, saddle, and bridle, for which I paid £50. Thus mounted, I rode out with a party I had made appointment with to look at a mob of horses for sale. He took me to a paddock four miles from town. The man, who was called "Black Bill," and gave no other name, went into the paddock, and we rounded the horses up. They were a first-class lot, adapted principally for

coaching. I asked him where the owner was. He said in Melbourne, but that he (Black Bill) was prepared to deal with me. I replied I always preferred dealing with the principal. He pressed me hard to make him an offer, but I began to suspect there was something wrong. I put him off by telling him I would consider the matter, and let him know my intentions that night, intending meanwhile to make inquiries. When I got back to the North Melbourne Hotel I asked Lake if he knew "Black Bill," in the horse-dealing line. Although he knew nearly all the fraternity in Melbourne, he pleaded ignorance of this gentleman's acquaintance. I told him he was coming in in the evening, and he would have an opportunity of giving me his impressions of him. "Black Bill" arrived in due course, accompanied by a rough-looking vagabond, whom he introduced as the owner of the horses. Lake, who had been scrutinising the pair, formed an opinion similar to my own, and advised me to have nothing to do with them. Acting thereupon, I gave them a hint their room would be preferred to their company, and thereupon they left. In the morning Lake and I drove to the paddock where the horses had been, but they had disappeared. It was fortunate I declined dealing with these gentry, as I afterwards learned they had stolen the mob from a station in the interior. They were disposing of them some time after in Ballarat, where they were arrested, tried and convicted for horse stealing.

CHAPTER XVI.

Once More in Melbourne—I Start in the Coaching Business—On the Geelong-Ballarat Road—A Disastrous Accident—I Relinquish the Life of a Jehu—I Regain Possession of the Indian Boy—Total Wreck of the Brig "Jane," My Whaler—A Terrible Loss—On My Beam-ends Once More—I Start Butchering at Ballarat—The "Saveloy Boom"—Gold Tempts Me Again—Our Reefing Spec. at Brown's—An Ugly Quarrel—A Second Edition of the Ballarat Riots Narrowly Averted.

I RAMBLED about Melbourne for some time, but could see nothing suitable to go into. During my peregrinations I fell in with a man named Seward, whom I had known in San Francisco at a time when he was in a large way of business, and reputed to be wealthy. But now a sad change had come o'er the scene. Poor Seward was very shabby, and actually without a shilling, as he himself informed me. By a series of misfortunes in business he had lost all his wealth. I was very sorry for him, and, handing him a pound note, told him to go to my hotel and I would see what could be done. I went at once to Mr. Thomas Labey, and asked him if he could find him employment in his office. I recommended him as a first-class business man and a clever accountant. Labey told me to send him down to the office. I found Seward waiting my return, and he was overjoyed to hear of the chance of employment. Next day I gave him £20, and he got himself a good fit-out, of which he stood much in need. I accompanied him to Mr. Labey, and he, after a few inquiries, installed him as clerk.

Growing tired of inactivity, I decided to take a trip to the goldfields. I sold my horse and went to Geelong, *en route* for Ballarat. In Geelong I met a friend of my early days named Harry Dewing, who, in company with a partner named Lascelles, was running a line of coaches to the goldfields. I found an opening there, and gave £1,000 for a share in the business. Coach-drivers' wages were £12 per week, and I thought, being a tolerable whip, I might as well earn that amount. Accordingly I mounted the box of the Ballarat coach. Thinking I was settled now for a time, I sent to Sydney for my wife and child. I had been driving some time, when at last, by an unlucky accident, my career as "Jehu" was cut short. I used to drive through Steiglitz, a diggings township, *en route* from Geelong to Ballarat. Five miles from the former place there was a very long and a very steep hill. One day, in going down with a load of twenty passengers, the wheel broke, and the horses getting frightened, bolted. My nerves were pretty steady, however, and I held on to the leaders until near the

bottom, when the coach capsized, and my freight was scattered in all directions. One woman and a little girl were killed outright, and a young man had his leg broken. Several other passengers were slightly injured. One of the pole horses had a leg broken, and had to be shot. An hour afterwards the down coach arrived, and took the wounded passengers back to Geelong, another being sent up to continue the journey. It was an accident which might have occurred to any driver, and I could not lay any of the blame on myself. When I got back to Geelong, however, I told Dewing I would drive no more. Of course there was an inquest, and as there was considerable rivalry and opposition in coaching business, a clamour was raised about furious driving. The coroner's verdict, however, held it to be a pure accident.

After this I was employed principally superintending the yard and the line at work on the road. My wife arrived from Sydney, and we took a house at Newtown, where we lived for some time in contentment, and Mrs. Barry grew to like Geelong as a place of residence. My usual luck about this time again showed itself. My two partners began to grow careless, neglected business, and drank heavily. I offered to sell out to them, but they declined, and in six months my £1,000 was a dead letter. The firm had to seek protection of the Insolvent Court, and I found myself once more on my beam-ends, with only about £400 remaining.

However, there was the whaling brig, which might soon be expected in port with a full cargo, so I looked on matters philosophically, thinking that they might have been much worse. I told my wife I thought I would go back to Sydney and await the arrival of the "Jane." At this, for the first time, she showed a little temper, and turned restive, telling me that we had done nothing but travel since leaving California. Of course I could not deny the fact, and remarked that we would have still to "move on." I immediately called an auction, sold off all the furniture, and, going up to Melbourne, put up at my old quarters in the North Melbourne Hotel. I informed Lake of all that had transpired.

One morning my wife and I were walking towards the cattleyards, when she cried, "There is Peter," and, sure enough, there was Peter, the Indian boy I left with Tom Jones. We walked towards him, and immediately he perceived us he jumped off and ran with tears in his eyes, asking us to take him back, and he would never leave us again. When he got a little quieter, I asked him where his master was. He said he thought he was at the paddock some distance off, where he had a lot of fat cattle ready for market. He told me he was worked very hard, and would like to get back into my service. We took him to the hotel, and I got a horse from Lake and accompanied the boy to the paddock about six miles out. Peter was much afraid Jones would beat him for not returning sooner. I was sorry to see the lad had evidently been cowed, and determined, if possible, to put an end to the system.

At the paddock there was a house at which Tom Jones lodged. Peter knocked at the door, which was opened by a young woman, who said that Jones had not returned yet. A man also came to the door, who asked my business, and said Jones was away looking for Peter, and when he came home he would very likely give him a good flogging. My blood boiled at this remark, but I said nothing as yet, merely telling Peter to come over to the paddock with me. The man accompanied us. He told me he had charge of the ground for the owner in town, and collected fees for pasturage of stock left there. On the road he told Peter to go and put a saddle on his horse. The lad seeming adverse to do so, he threatened to lay the whip over his shoulders. I asked if he had ever flogged the boy. He said he had not done so yet, but Jones frequently gave it to him pretty sharp. I concluded from this that the poor lad was being hardly treated, and determined to remove him at once.

I had waited for an hour, and there was no appearance of Jones, so I told Peter to get his horse and accompany me back to Melbourne. He went to the stable for the purpose. When the man in charge saw him going he told him to stop, for he was sure Jones was looking for him. I said, "Never mind Jones; if he is always flogging the lad it is time he got into better hands," and I told him to come away. Thereupon the man seized the bridle and pulled the boy off the horse. He fell heavily, and seemed hurt. I dismounted, and asked the inhuman brute what his name was. He replied, "Foxon." I told Mr. Foxon I

would summon him to Court next day for assaulting the lad. Peter made some remark, and Foxon turned and struck him on the head, knocking him down. My patience was now quite exhausted. I felled the ruffian and kicked him soundly. He got up and pitched in. He being a big strong fellow we had a pretty severe tussle. However, I got the best of him, and gave him a well-deserved thrashing.

We were thus engaged when Jones rode up. As I was bleeding pretty freely, he did not know me, and asked, in some astonishment, whatever was the matter. Foxon began to enlighten him, and said I was stealing the boy, when he interfered, hence the present row. I went over to the stable, and Jones followed. He asked me what was my business with him or the boy, and as soon as I had spoken, Jones said, "Is that you, Barry?" "It is," said I, "what is left of me." He retorted, "What a pity you did not tell Foxon who you were, and this unpleasant affair would not have happened." I told him I kept quiet, as I wanted to find out how the boy was being treated, and had found from Foxon, previous to the fight, that he (Jones) had been in the habit of horsewhipping him. He denied this strenuously, and when we went to the house and confronted Foxon, he denied having ever told me Jones had been guilty of ill-using the lad. Further, he denied pulling the lad off the horse. This was more than I could stand, and I raised the whip to strike him, when Jones interfered, and saved him another well-merited drubbing.

We then left Jones, Peter going back with me to my lodgings. I found that beyond working the lad sometimes excessively, Jones had never illtreated him, but had threatened to flog him sometimes, with a view of enforcing his wishes. However, I had got at the right party in Foxon, and I was satisfied. Jones wanted me to join him in business, saying he had done extremely well, and stock-dealing was a paying game; but I declined, as I intended to go to Sydney to see about the "Jane" and my whaling venture. Peter left his service that night, and Jones was very sorry to part with him. He gave him £100, a gold watch, and a fine lot of clothes, for, as he told me, he had really been very faithful and useful in the business. Mrs. Barry was very glad to get poor Peter back again.

I stopped on with my old friend Lake for nearly three months. Jones became a constant visitor. One night we were playing a game of cards, when Lake came in and handed me a Sydney paper. I saw something was wrong, and gave it to Jones, who read out the startling and unfortunate news that the brig "Jane" had in a heavy gale of wind been wrecked on a coral reef in Torres Straits. She had gone to pieces, and the captain and fifteen of the crew were drowned. This was a terrible blow. Nearly all I had to depend on was gone at one fell stroke. I could not rest, and at once set off for Sydney, in the hope of finding the report untrue, leaving my wife behind, and the lad Peter to keep her company. I arrived in Sydney in a few days, when I had my worst fears confirmed.

The news was only too true. I went out to the Glebe to see Mrs. Baird, and found the poor woman nearly out of her mind. I almost forgot my own sorrows in thinking of hers. I had lost my money, but she had lost her husband, and was left, I was sorry to find, but poorly provided for. She had six mouths besides her own to fill. Just about this time two whaling vessels arrived in Sydney which had been out in the same gale in which the "Jane" was lost. A subsciption was started for the widow and family of poor Baird, and in a few days £500 were collected, which doubtless in some degree lightened her distress.

I stayed on in Sydney a few weeks idling about. At last I thought it was no use indulging unavailing regret. My money was gone beyond recall, everything was going out, and nothing coming in, and it was time for me to try and climb the ladder again. I was offered a vessel to go on a whaling voyage, but my taste for the pursuit was gone. I proceeded back to Melbourne, where I rented a shop and started in the butchering business. The shop was in King Street, but, being a new-comer and almost unknown, I had a hard battle to fight. After ten months' hard work I decided that I had been utterly unsuccessful, and must give in.

I thought, as I was apparently unfit for the town, I might succeed better in the country. Taking my wife and boys, I went up to Ballarat, which was then a very busy place. Gold was being got in large quantities, and it was a grand

field for employment. Money was plentiful, judging from the number of hotels and places of amusement, which were crowded nightly. I landed there with just £300, the remaining portion of my accumulations. I placed £250 in the bank, and looked round for employment. One day I fell in with a Sydney acquaintance of my early days, named Sweeney, who was now a cattle-dealer and slaughterman, rapidly making a fortune. He offered me a job to go up country and buy a mob of cattle for Ballarat market. I gladly accepted his offer, made my preparations, and left on the journey. I was away three months, and succeeded in buying cattle very cheap at the different stations and getting them safely to market. The trip paying Sweeney well, he was proportionately pleased, and paid me for my efforts.

On my return I heard of a chance to go into business at a place called Brown's Diggings, 18 miles off. I got a horse and proceeded there, but at the time I did not like the look of the place. Returning to Ballarat, I joined a man just starting in a retail butchering trade. We pushed the trade vigorously, and introduced a novelty to the pleasure-seekers of Ballarat, which served the double purpose of pleasing their tastes and putting a good deal of money into our pockets.

As before stated, the numerous hotels and places of amusement were crowded every night. I bought a lot of backets, and hired twelve decent lads to carry them at night and hawk "saveloys." A slice of bread was given with the "bag of mystery," as some rowdies called the luscious saveloy, for which one shilling was obtained without a murmur. I need not assure my readers it was a very profitable speculation. We kept on at this business some time, and, by dint of hard work and energetic pushing, put together a tidy sum; in fact, things once more were looking up.

One morning an acquaintance came into our shop and exhibited a fine lot of quartz specimens he had obtained from a reef at Brown's diggings. He wanted me to go out with him and look at it with a view to working it. I sent my mate with him, who shortly returned very bad indeed with the quartz fever. He said the stone seemed to contain about one-half gold. We must sell out of the business and go reefing. I was loth to give up the trade, now well established, and trust once more to the fickle goddess, but my mate's glowing description of the fortune to be made in two years upset prudent resolves. We sold our business and proceeded to the new Eldorado.

I was well satisfied with the appearance of the reef, and we were not long in forming a company of ten to work the lode. Machinery was at once ordered, and I built a house close to the claim and brought over my wife and family from Ballarat. During the erection of the crushing battery we were employed getting stone out, and raised about 100 tons, which it was estimated moderately enough, would yield six ounces per ton. When our battery was ready to commence, we invited a lot of the neighbouring diggers and others, and held the orthodox ceremony of christening the machinery. Plenty of libations were poured out to our future success, and matters started auspiciously.

This trial crushing yielded 1,500 ounces, and caused tremendous excitement. It so far exceeded anticipations that I began to think my old luck had not deserted me. I was offered £4,000 for my tenth share, but declined to sell. I stuck to the company for thirteen months, clearing £4,800, and then sold out for a good price. It was fortunate I did so, for very shortly afterwards the stone became very poor, and eventually the lode ran out. My mate did not sell when I did, although he had the opportunity, but very shortly after the reef failed he was again in luck, and made a lot of money.

At this time a deep alluvial lead was worked on Brown's at 120 feet down. It was in very wet ground, necessitating the introduction of steam power for pumping. I, with two others, went into the "furnishing" business, that is, we supplied the claims on the West Lead with engines and necessary gear, receiving shares in return for payment.

This run was called "North Britain's Lead," the majority of the miners being north countrymen; the rest were principally Cornishmen. One Cornishman, named William Madden, and his party applied to the Government for the mining lease of an extended area. Such a thing was then unknown on the gold diggings, although a law authorising such applications had been

passed, but was unknown to the greater body of the miners. The notices, posted on the ground in accordance with the regulations, had been placed in some place where they could not be observed, doubtless with a purpose, as if they had been seen objections would never have been raised. The ground applied for was marked off in ordinary claims, machinery erected, and in one which we had "furnished" gold was obtained in large quantities. Just as we thought matters were looking bright, the Government stepped in on behalf of Madden and party, and stopped us with the information that we were trespassing on leasehold ground granted to the Great Britain party. This was in 1858, when Mr. John O'Shannassy was at the head of the Government. During his reign many "shady" jobs of the kind occurred. However, we refused to surrender our ground, especially after the enormous outlay gone to. So the Government placed an injunction on all our claims to desist from working until matters were adjusted.

At the time there were over 2,000 miners in the place. A very large public meeting was held to protest against the injustice of throwing all the rich ground into the hands of monopolists by the system of leasing large areas. In later years, as the easily worked ground gave out, the system worked well, but at this date we considered it unnecessary and oppressive to the individual miner. I had to take a prominent part in the agitation, as, indeed, most of my lately-acquired capital was invested in the disputed ground. The meeting inaugurated a subscription to fee the best legal talent available, and in a few days the sum of £1,800 was collected.

I was deputed to go to Ballarat and engage a lawyer. I did so, retaining a Mr. McDermott. The lease party engaged a barrister named French. To distinguish the two, we were named the "anti-lease party." I was one of a deputation sent to Melbourne to confer with the Government, but we got very poor encouragement. We were informed the lease had been legally granted to the Great Britain party, and we would have to give up possession. We left, and determined in our hearts to give it up only to superior force.

While in Melbourne on that trip a terrible affair happened. The convicts at the hulks at Williamstown, Hobson's Bay, broke out and murdered Mr. John Price, the Inspector-General of the convict prison. The murder was committed under exceptionally brutal circumstances. Five of the convicts were executed for the deed. I have already alluded to Mr. Price in the story of my early career. I met many men while travelling through the colonies who had been at some period under Price's iron rule. They all spoke of him as a tyrannical taskmaster, and predicted the fate that eventually befel him, the wish in many of these instances being father to the thought. This feeling at length culminated in a horrible death, he being literally stamped out of existence by the iron-shod heels of the ruthless murderers, and I think that in the annals of crime the manner of it was never paralleled.

To return to the reef question: Arriving back on the diggings, we resumed work in our claims, and refused to obey the Government in the matter of giving up our means of livelihood. We worked on for about five months, until finally stopped, and obtained a large quantity of gold. In consequence of certain rumours, I was despatched to Ballarat to see Mr. McDermott, to get his instructions how to proceed. I found the town in a ferment; 250 troopers had arrived from Melbourne to enforce the majesty of the law, and put us out of our claims at Brown's. That force was just starting off when I arrived in Ballarat. I immediately sought out the lawyer, represented the case to him, telling him our party were determined not to give up the ground, and it was quite possible bloodshed would ensue, as the majority of the diggers on Brown's would support us. He replied that we were quite in the right, and that we were on no account to render up the ground or leave possession of it, unless by force of arms. With that warlike message I returned.

As it was imperative I should reach Brown's before the body of police, I went to James Bull, at Barth's stables, and hired a thoroughbred in place of my hack. I made a contract with him that if I injured the horse during my flying ride I was to pay him 100 guineas, the price he valued the animal at. I set off at a racing pace, and overtook the troopers at the Halfway House, where they were getting refreshments. As I flew past Captain Sheridan, who was in charge,

called out to me to stop. I took some little time to pull up, and he and Captain Elliott rode up. Sheridan asked me if my name was Barry, and if I was not one of the "anti-lease" party; in fact, the ringleader. I told him he was quite correctly informed in all these particulars; that I was largely interested in the ground, and others and myself had nearly our last shilling laid out in the claims; and was it likely we were going to give it up without a bitter struggle?

He replied that he wished to caution me, and to request me to repeat the caution to others, to use no violence, or there would assuredly be bloodshed. He had instructions to enforce the law, turn us out, and he would do so. I said, "Be that as it may, we will not give up our rights unless compelled to do so by main force." Sheridan answered, "Well, I have cautioned you, and upon your heads be it."

With this I rode off at my original pace, and never drew rein until arriving at the Black Swan Hotel, in the main street of Brown's Diggings. Immediately on my dismounting the poor mare fell dead as a stone. The pace had been too fast for her, and a vision of £100 to pay loomed up. However, there was no time to waste in regret. There were about 1,000 men waiting in the street, all armed, for it seemed they had already got an inkling of what to expect. They anxiously inquired what advice the lawyer sent. I gave them the message, and reported my conversation with Sheridan, telling them the police would probably arrive before six o'clock.

On this intelligence, five delegates were despatched to Italian Gully, a neighbouring diggings, to "rouse up" the diggers there. Very little, in those days, was needed to stir the mining population to resist oppressive measures, and the Government had had a lasting lesson in this matter at the Ballarat riots.

The troopers, on arrival, were picketed at the police camp, where the crowd followed them, but made no demonstration. In the morning there were assembled 1,500 well-armed diggers, and we confronted the police. Captain Sheridan produced a document, and read it to the crowd, detailing his instructions, which were to evict us from our claims and place the ground in the hands of the applicants for the lease. When he ended I was called upon to mount a stump and explain our side of the question, which I did to the best of my ability, the crowd during the whole time keeping solemn silence.

Having concluded my statement, Captain Sheridan said, "Barry, I recognise in you the ringleader of these misguided men. I ask you, once for all, will you give up possession to the legal owners quietly or not?" I replied that we considered the proceedings illegal and unjust, and would not surrender one inch of the ground unless compelled to do so by force. In this we were advised by our lawyer. At this reply, Captain Elliott, who was with the main body of police, came forward and drew his sword, saying, "Barry, we arrest you."

I motioned him back, and told him to sheathe his weapon, or there would be instant bloodshed. Sheridan spoke of proclaiming "martial law," but the crowd stood firm, and only waited for the signal from me to fire, and in that case few of the troopers would have been left to tell the tale. After further parley, a kind of armistice was patched up, and Sheridan called upon me to disperse the crowd, who quietly broke up, to meet again in the morning.

I was not sorry when the movement took place, as I had been on the "stump" for over an hour, and if shots had been exchanged I should have stood a poor chance, being between the two fires. A large public meeting was held that night, and we at last agreed to allow ourselves to be carried off from the claims under protest, but not to stop working nevertheless.

In the morning the scene of the previous day was repeated. There was the imposing array of police drawn up, and the crowd of earnest and determined diggers surrounding them. We stated our terms of surrender of our rights, which were accepted, and Madden and party and Captain Sheridan went quietly to the claims and took possession. A note was made of our protest, no one being allowed on the claims but those gentlemen.

This quiet method of settling the business proved best in the long run. The claim-holders all got compensation for what was evidently a Government blunder. Indeed, some went so far as to say it was a premeditated swindle, in which some of the members of Government were concerned. With such a handsome prize in view as

a large patch of extraordinarily rich alluvial ground to be had for a little straining of the law, it is possible such was the case.

However, it was a fortunate thing the matter was got over without serious disturbance. Had compensation not been faithfully promised and given, a second edition of the Ballarat riots would have occurred. I believe that had we been allowed to work the ground we should each have netted £30,000. As it was I lost about £1,000, and considered myself lucky I was not once more run aground.

CHAPTER XVII.

More Horse Dealing—I Determine Upon a Visit to New Zealand—A Good Spec. in Horses—Dunedin in the Early Days—I Go into the Fish Business, and am Beautifully Hoaxed—Hapuka—Adventures at Gabriel's—I Swim the Clutha—Butchering and Gold Prospecting—Rough Times on the Shotover—I Make a Start at Cromwell—Butchering Competition—My Competitors Freeze Me Out for a Time—An Unexpected Stroke of Good Luck—I Again Start Business, and Break Up a Monopoly—I Am Presented With a Gold Watch and Chain—A Grand Jollification.

WHEN all the bother was over, I started again in the butchering business, and put up a good slaughter-yard at a place called Smythe's Creek, and did a very good business. The "anti-lease" arrangement gave me considerable celebrity, which I was not slow in turning to account.

I have said nothing about the Californian Indian lad. At this time he was in the service of a friend of mine at Ballarat in the hay and corn trade. One day, when I was there, the poor boy came to me, complaining of pains in his head. I took him to a doctor, who said he had a severe attack of fever. On learning this I drove him home with me to get proper nursing, but it was of no avail; he gradually grew worse, and in a few weeks breathed his last. Mrs. Barry and myself grieved greatly at the poor fellow's death —he had been so uniformly grateful and affectionate. We buried him far away from the hunting grounds of his forefathers, and he was probably the only specimen of the American Indian ever laid in Australian soil.

A good many rival butchers now started in business on Brown's, and the opposition became warm. Having a good sum in ready money, I was able to buy cheap, and I commenced what is known as a "cutting trade," that is, selling at cost price, or even below it. At last my rivals, tired of this unprofitable game, clubbed their resources together and bought me out of the field.

Being once more adrift from business, and seeing nothing in the locality suitable to make a fresh start in, I decided, as my health was not particularly good, to go down to Melbourne and have a spell, of which I stood much in need. The life of excitement I had been leading for months had begun to tell. I had now three of a family, and we shifted our quarters to Melbourne. I took a ready-furnished house in Collingwood, where we lived twelve months, enjoying fully all the pleasures Melbourne then afforded.

One day I fell in with a man named James Cotton, a horse-breaker and dealer in a large way of business. I went into business with him, followed the markets, bought raw colts, broke them in, and sold them. I found this a profitable business, and in a few months cleared a round some of money. In the horse market one day, when I was engaged disposing of some colts, I received a blow on the hat. Turning round, I found myself face to face with my old chum, Tom Jones, the cattle-dealer. We retired to a convenient pub for a chat. Tom was very sorry to learn of the Indian's death, and said the life he led with him, principally in the open air, suited him best, and I shoud have left the boy with him. However, it was too late now for regret.

At this time—early in 1861—news arrived of the gold discoveries in Otago, and I endeavoured to persuade Jones to join me in the speculation of taking down a cargo of horses to the new Eldorado. I knew from former experience it was certain to pay. Jones declined, but offered to let me have a mob cheap, which he had run-

ning on a station 81 miles up-country. They were light draught animals, and from their description I knew they would suit. Next day I left with him to visit them. I found them to be the right article, and at once made a deal. I bought forty head, hired a couple of stockriders, and drove them down to Melbourne. I tried them in the saleyards, and such good prices were offered that I parted with twenty head. The rest I despatched to a paddock to be branded.

I attended the markets regularly, and at last got together seventy head of good upstanding animals, such as I concluded would suit the New Zealand requirements. Then I looked round for a vessel to charter for their conveyance to Otago. I succeeded in chartering two vessels, the "Mary," brig, and the "Eliza Goddard." I purchased a lot of spring carts, sets of harness, and other things, and shipped them with the horses. With my wife and family I set sail for Dunedin, Otago, in the "Eliza Goddard," the brig "Mary" having sailed the day before.

This was the year 1862, in the month of February. We had a pleasant passage, arriving at Port Chalmers in eight days with our freight all safe. The Otago goldfields were in their prime at this time. Their attractions proved too much for the vessel's crew, who deserted to a man and went up-country on the diggings.

I took my family to Galbraith's Hotel, Port Chalmers, where we remained a few days, until I got my horses and cargo to Dunedin. There I found an excellent market. Cattle of the description were bringing remunerative prices, and I realised well by the speculation.

Accommodation in Dunedin was scarce at this date. I had to pay £4 per week rent for a small room, but at last succeeded in hiring a house in North-East Valley. Retaining two of my best horses and one spring cart, I looked round for something to begin at. I was in a new country, determined not to be particular what line I started in, provided it was likely to pay. One day I was on the wharf two whaleboats arrived loaded with fish. I purchased the cargo, put them in my cart, drove around the town, and retailed the lot. At night, on counting up, I had made a very good day's wage. "There's corn in Egypt yet," I thought; "I will follow up the trade." I made inquiries, and from advice received purchased two vans and hired four men. Two of them were fishermen, had seine nets and all the necessary gear for making a good haul. I was informed Waihola Lake, 23 miles from town, abounded in mullet, and all I had to do was to go there, fish, load my vans, drive on to the diggings, and make a rapid fortune.

Having purchased a boat for running out the nets, I left on the expedition, probably the most foolish one I ever set out upon. One might have thought my verdancy would by this time have been entirely rubbed off, but it seemed I was as "green" as ever. Of course, I was completely sold by my waggish adviser. We arrived at the romantic Waihola, camped, hobbled and turned out the horses. The grass was magnificent, and the animals fared well. We set to work, fished diligently all the long night, and were rewarded by the capture of one unwary eel. In the morning, as we were engaged overhauling our gear, an "old identity," that is, an old Scotch settler, came riding by, and asked us, "What in the name o' heevin we were deein' there?" I replied, "Fishing for mullet," at which he burst out laughing, and said, "Ye'll hae tae fush a d—d long time ere ye cotch ony mullet here; deil a mullet's in till't," and rode off.

Then, for the first time, it dawned upon me that I had been sold. However, I gave the lake another night's trial, and in the morning added three more eels to the stock. They had torn our nets all to pieces, so I concluded Sawney was right—"Deil a mullet was in till't," and I packed up and turned homewards. We got as far as Dwyer's Ferry, on Taieri River where we camped. I then fell in with some boatmen, who came up from the Heads, who, upon hearing of the failure of my fishing excursion, said they could get boatloads of the finny tribe at the Heads if I would pay them a price for them. I concluded all was not yet lost, and arranged to prosecute the fish trade further. I paid off the men I had with me, and then returned to town.

Six boats left for the promised fish, and I remained with my horses and vans, amusing myself duck-shooting on the lake, which at this time was crowded with water-fowl. After eight days' waiting, I began to feel as if another "fish sell" was intended, but Dwyer, at the hotel, as-

sured me the men would keep their promise. There had been a heavy gale of wind meantime, which probably detained them. The day after I was delighted to see four boats arrive, loaded to the gunwales with fish, some of them weighing 40lbs. They were principally of the species called "hapuka," a very coarse specimen, but excellent where quantity was considered before quality. I loaded up my vans, and hired a man to assist me in driving. Just then an old Ballarat acquaintance came along, tramping to the diggings. His name was George Harrison, and he was a butcher by trade. I let him into the speculation, and off we went. The roads were lined with men travelling to the diggings. The first day at Tokomairiro we sold out one van load, principally to diggers camped there *en route* to the Woolshed Diggings. We then pushed on to the Woolshed, six miles further, and camped. Next day we started for Waitahuna, and some of the corpulent "hapuka" began to smell rather high. We were compelled to halt at a creek and relieve them of their intestines, and on we went again. The fish trade evidently required to be done in a hurry. We got to Waitahuna, where there were about 800 miners, who wanted a change of food. I retailed the remainder of the fish at the modest price, looking at their condition, of three shillings per pound, and was truly glad when the last hapuka disappeared.

I had had enough of the fish trade, and drove on to Gabriel's Gully. These diggings were in their prime. Everyone appeared to be doing well, as also at the neighbouring gully, known as Wetherstone's. Harrison wanted me either to start in the old business or go gold digging, but I wanted to have a look round. After settling up with him, we parted. I got an idea that money might be made readily on these diggings at fellmongering. Butchers and others killing cattle and sheep were throwing aside their hides and skins for want of a market.

I sold one of my vans, and, putting the two horses in the other, went straight back to Dunedin, where I saw plenty of chances to commence business. I had a good look round Dunedin, and started buying hides and sheepskins, made money, but not very fast. I soon grew tired of the business, and one morning said to my wife, "This work don't do; I shall go and see the new rush." I got in two horses, packed one with blankets, etc., and, riding the other, started in the Dunstan rush. I had little difficulty steering my course to the new rush. The whole country was alive with people journeying thither, and in two days I arrived on Dunstan Flat, where now stand the incorporated towns of Clyde and Alexandra.

The flat, and all along the banks of the Clutha River, were covered with canvas tents. Every one appeared to be getting gold easily. I journeyed up the river a couple of miles, and then returned. Everything in the shape of food was at famine prices, except mutton, which was reasonable enough at 1/6 per pound. The 4lb. loaf cost 7/6, flour was £21 per 200lb. bag. Recollecting the flour was only £3 per bag at Gabriel's, I saw a good speculation in that line. I immediately sold one of my horses, and with a pack saddle hastened to Gabriel's.

When I arrived I found some one had forestalled me, and that all the flour was bought up. I happened to learn a bullock team was close at hand with a load of flour, and at once rode out and met it, purchasing the lot at £3 per bag. Going four miles further, I met another team, and, purchasing its load also, I despatched them both on to the Dunstan. There were five tons of flour in the two loads, and I contracted to pay £10 per ton for carriage. I left Gabriel's two days after the drays, and went back to the rush. I found matters still brisk, and that bread had risen to 8/- for a small loaf. When my flour arrived a fortnight afterwards, the drays were "rushed," and I could have sold at almost any price, but had already disposed of it to one man for £21 10/- per bag, and felt well satisfied.

Four days after ten drays arrived with flour and other goods, and the prices fell at once. The Bank of New South Wales started an agency at this time, and I deposited my cash there for safe keeping. The Dunstan now began to assume the appearance of a town. Hotels and stores went up in two long lines on either side of the street, and business made rapid strides.

There was a baker's shop next the bank, which I saw would make an excellent stand for a butcher, and I made up my mind to have it. I had considerable difficulty with the occupier, but at last succeeded in buying him out. I at once

fitted the place up for business. There were at this time only two other butchers, who were supplied by two neighbouring squatters, Messrs. Low and Shuman.

When ready to commence I went to these gentlemen for stock, but they refused to supply me, even for cash. They had arranged to supply the two places only, and would not even permit cattle or sheep to be driven or killed on their run. And as most of the new goldfields were situated on their station, this was a poser. I had gone to considerable expense for nothing, for a butcher's shop without meat was not calculated to prove a paying concern. I hardly knew what to be at. Finding two men going up the river to have a look round, I accompanied them. At Hatley's Beach, a place where an immense amount of gold was obtained, we met some parties going down for provisions, who told us that from the opposite side of the river, at the junction of the Kawrau and Clutha, there were five men getting gold by the pound weight; but there was no boat, and the river was, and probably is now, one of the most dangerous streams in the world.

I fancied I could swim a little, and one of the men with me, Bill Kelly by name, a Sydney native, could swim like a fish, so I thought it would go hard if we could not join this party. Reaching the spot opposite to the rich ground, we saw about fifty men on the bank looking at the lucky fellows on the other side, and wondering how they got there, as also how they were to participate in the luck. I followed down to the river's edge, and began stripping. The crowd looked on in amazement, predicting a speedy death. I paid no attention to their remarks, and, tying my clothes in a bundle on my head, called on Kelly to follow. He said if I arrived safely on the other side he would. I took the stream higher up than where I expected to land, and, plunging in, reached terra firma safely. The current was running ten miles an hour, and sheared me over at a tremendous rate. The stream was at least 150 yards wide, and a fearful depth. It is possible I had the honour of being the first man who ever swam the Clutha at that time.

Kelly, on seeing me safely landed, at once attempted the passage. Following my track, he was nearly across, when he got into a whirl or eddy, and came near drowning. On seeing him struggling I ran up, plunged in, and took hold of him. One of the men working there reached out a long-handled shovel, which I grasped, and we were both pulled ashore. A few minutes more and one or both must have been drowned. As it was, Kelly lost his clothes and 13 ounces of gold which were in his pocket. He solemnly vowed he would never again attempt to swim a New Zealand river, and I think he kept his word.

I divided my wearing apparel with him, and we fraternised with the diggers, who were astonished at our foolhardiness. They had been on the beach a fortnight, and had obtained 18lb. weight of gold, so they told us. There we were in the midst of treasure, but had no means of obtaining it, Kelly having lost our tin dish along with his clothes. However, one of the new acquaintances lent us a washing dish, and we prospected round, getting about an ounce of gold. During the night the river rose, which it does frequently and very rapidly, overflowing the golden beaches, preventing any more gold being obtained for a time.

Men were now finding their way up the river on our side, and brought the news of an extensive rush further up-country, at a place called Fox's, on the Arrow River, a tributary of the Kawarau. I decided to go back to the Dunstan, and my mate Kelly joined the five men at work on the river bank. Not knowing the road back on the west side, and the new-comers telling me it was very rough travelling, I thought it advisable to return by the same route I had come, so, bidding my comrades good-bye, I stripped, and once more taking to my paddles, I recrossed safely.

I found Dunstan very busy; hundreds of men were passing through daily for the new rush. Although gold was obtained then, and for long afterwards, on the river banks, new arrivals never thought of stopping, but pushed on to the new Eldorado. It is singular, but true, no matter how well a community of gold diggers may be doing, the report of a new find immediately unsettles them; down come their tents, and off they get. It was always so in my time, and doubtless, if such a thing as a new rush were to occur to-morrow, a general stampede would be

the result. I am sorry to see the real old-fashioned, genial, gold prospector and digger, like many other institutions, is gradually passing away, consequent, I suppose, on the want of excitement, no *bona fide* gold discoveries having been made of late years.

The new rush at Fox's arose out of a discovery of gold by two shepherds in the employ of a Mr. Reece, manager of a sheep run on Lake Wakatipu, and was named after an old Californian acquaintance of mine, William Fox. He was prospecting in the neighbourhood, and came across the two shepherds. Fox was a genuine prospector, and was very successful. At the first of the rush gold was easily obtained, and the goldfields enlarged by additional discoveries made almost daily.

Of course, I could not stay behind the crowd, and joined a Mr. Grindley in the stock trade. We started with a mob of sheep for Fox's. We had to go up the Clutha River about eighteen miles before we could cross, but eventually got over safely. Arriving at our destination after considerable difficulty, we found we were forestalled—Mr. Reece had stocked the market with cattle and sheep. We set, however, to work, fixed up a yard with scrub, and sold a few of our sheep to the diggers alive; but the trade was slack, and Grindly decided to travel further on to Skipper's Creek, Shotover River, where a rush had set in, and a good many diggers located themselves. We got there all right, and Grindley immediately commenced killing, and retailing mutton at 1/9 per lb.

Shortly afterwards a misunderstanding arose between us, and I left him, to strike out for myself. I bought an old white horse, and one morning started down the Shotover, which runs through a terribly rough country. At one place I attempted to swim the horse, but nearly came to grief. The current was too much for my poor old Rosinante, and down stream we went. He rolled over several times, and I grasped his tail in desperation. We came at last into a gorge, with smooth, perpendicular rocks on either side. The poor old grey managed to gain a sort of temporary footing on a foam-lashed rock, where he was buffeted all to pieces. Indeed, I was little better off, and began to think it was time "to send in my checks." However, I managed to keep in mid-stream, and at last, clearing this awful gorge, crawled ashore on a beach, where eight kindly Welshmen were working. I related my recent adventures, and they supplied me with dry clothing and a night's lodging, of which good Samaritan-like help I stood in great need. Next day, one of the party going in to Fox's township, gave me a ride on his pack-horse. I could not have walked it, for I was bruised from head to foot, and my body generally was of a black-and-blue tint. I was very ill for a fortnight afterwards, during which time I stopped at Fox's house. He had started a store and shanty—a sort of hybrid public-house, common enough in those days, although unlicensed and unlawful—where he appeared to make money fast. Here I thank him for his kindness to me during the time I was suffering from my buffeting with the Shotover current

Eventually I left for the Dunstan. Arriving there I found that during my five months' absence the town had enlarged considerably; frontages on the main street had increased in value. Accordingly I determined to make another effort. That was in the year 1863.

I rode up to Mr. Robert Wilkin's station, on Lake Wanaka, to see if I could purchase the goodwill of a butchering business he owned at Kawarau Junction. He was away from home in the neighbouring province of Canterbury, but I succeeded in dealing with his overseer, Mr. Carter, and purchased the business. The Government had proclaimed the place a township, and gave it the name of Cromwell. It was rapidly going ahead, and things generally looked bright. I sold my property at the Dunstan, and removed my family to Cromwell. I took up a good frontage under the goldfields rules, put up a shop, and the business was handed over by Mr. Carter, with whom I entered into an agreement that if any opposition was started he would reduce the prices, so that I would be enabled to undersell any and every competitor.

Having made a fair start, matters went well with me. I made money fast for twelve months, and fitted up a comfortable home, fancying that at last I was settled. My dreams of quietness and comfort were, however, soon disturbed. "Mine ancient enemy," George Harrison, and another man, arrived upon the scene with a large mob

of cattle. Harrison had somehow made a lot of money, and thought he would have no difficulty in again supplanting me. He and his mate put up a shop, and commenced what is known as "cutting," that is, selling for a lower price than his neighbour. I thought that two could play at that game, and lowered my prices so that it would be impossible for them to live at the business. I have since found that this is a foolish sort of business and only creates fun for the public, who reap all the benefit.

There were about 5,000 diggers and others working in and around Cromwell. To the many stores in the outlying gullies I despatched pack-horse loads of meat daily, besides keeping the carts constantly carrying the meat far and near. All this was done without a shade of profit. This lasted several months, and Harrison had cleared off all his cattle. Hearing he had purchased another large mob, I thought I had better go and see Carter upon the matter. I rode up to the Wanaka Station, but he was away from home, so I returned and shut up my shop, heartily sick of losing money.

Just at this time, as if to make amends, fickle fortune sent me news of some property which had fallen to me. It had been purchased in my name, for my future benefit, when I was almost a boy. What appeared to be Crown land grants in my favour had been found among the documents of a person named Frost, who died suddenly at Adelaide, South Australia. Three gentlemen formerly acquainted with me had seen these papers, and wrote asking me to send a power-of-attorney for them to act on my behalf. On receipt of this they promised to forward me a draft for £1,000, and when they had established my title to the property they would retain all the revenue which had accrued from it from the date of the grant in my favour until that time.

I thought the proposition rather a peculiar one, but I was very ignorant as to the conduct of such matters; and as the prolonged opposition in trade had made heavy inroads in my cash balance, I determined to accept the £1,000 and the terms proposed. I sent the power of attorney as requested, and shortly after received the £1,000. In a future chapter I will give the sequel to this stroke of luck.

When I shut up my shop, as already detailed, my opponents concluded, I suppose, they had put the finishing stroke to the game, and, having it all their own way, raised the price of meat to 1/4 per lb. The public could not, of course, see the force of paying the extortion, and created a tremendous fuss. Many of them came to me, wanting to know the reason why I had ceased supplying them. Several diggers, thinking I was run aground for capital, offered me any amount I chose to name if I would continue the business and drive the rivals out of the field, adding at the same time, they would never put up with such barefaced imposition. I declined these kind offers, having not yet got to the end of my tether, so far as capital was concerned. I bided my time, knowing the evil would soon become intolerable. I intended to wait for that crisis, and then go in and give Messrs. Harrison and Co. the *coup de grace*. Seeing that my shop still remained shut up, they were lulled into a false security, and at the end of a fortnight I noticed one day that their two shops were crammed with excellent meat. The weather was excessively warm. I there and then laid my mine. I got my men together, killed five splendid bullocks and fifty sheep, which I had brought in, and hung up around the shop after all Cromwell had retired to rest. I also got a large sign painted with the inscription, "The Right Man in the Right Place. No Monopoly," and hung it up in front of the premises. The good people of the town and the diggers were joyfully astonished in the morning to see me once more "standing at the receipt of custom." Immediately I had more trade than I could supply. My opponents were floored. They could not sell a pound of meat, and as it was very hot weather, it had all to be thrown in the river. After a few days' feeble struggle against me, I being well backed by public support, they had to give in, and closed their premises.

Thus broke down a monopoly which had been a source of great loss and irritation to the district. I lost a deal of money, and I am sure Harrison must have been severely crippled. The public, while the opposition lasted, were the only gainers; and now that it was at an end, and I had fixed a fair and moderate charge for this necessary of life, they very generously came forward to mark their appreciation of my game

struggle, and presented me with a handsome gold watch and chain, with a suitable inscription. I commemorated the occasion: a bullock was roasted whole and dispensed, along with other creature comforts, to the large crowd who assembled, and a very jolly time was spent, long to be remembered by Cromwell and its environs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Butchering and Farming—The Opening of the Cromwell Bridge—Cromwell's First Race Meeting—My Election as First Mayor—A Royal Spree—"A Beggar on Horseback"—I Neglect My Business—An Historic Affair—How the Mayor Cleared Out the Council—Visit of Sir George Grey—An Alarming Earthquake—"Johnny Jones"—Another Race Meeting—My Appearance as an Amateur Jock—Serious Accident to My Son—I Have a Providential Escape from Death—I Tire of Farming and Sell Out—Thrice Mayor of Cromwell.

HAVING now, in the year 1864, got rid of my antagonists, I settled down steadily to the trade, and did an immense business, having the district almost wholly to myself. To connect Cromwell with the country lower down, a pack-bridge was erected over the river by Mr. Henry Hill. Waggons with stores and goods had to unload, and everything was packed across on horses, but the Provincial Government decided to erect a substantial traffic bridge, which was accomplished in a few months, at a cost of over £30,000.

I have since heard competent judges say a suitable one could have been erected for half the sum; but the Government of the day do not appear to have studied economy very much. At this time large numbers of men were employed throughout the goldfields constructing roads and tracks, so the up-country districts reaped benefit from the lavish expenditure.

A number of people with farming predilections began to settle down at this time on the foothills of Mount Pisa range, back from the Cromwell Flat. Thinking this might be a good speculation, I took up a section, and commenced farming, with a view of supplying Cromwell market; but I soon found I was not cut out for an agriculturist. I made money rapidly at the meat trade, but the farm was a gulf which swallowed it up. I therefore abandoned the idea of raising corn, and turned attention to raising pork, curing hams and bacon, and found that to be a much more profitable game.

I introduced a splendid breed of swine, which were much admired, and many of their descendants may still be found in the up-country districts of Otago. At the end of 1864 the Cromwell bridge was finished, and being likely to prove an immense boon to the place, it was deemed fitting to commemorate the occasion, so a general holiday was held, and an immense crowd—about 4,000 people—collected at Cromwell. To do my part as a townsman, I roasted a bullock whole, dispensing it to the multitude. Champagne and other less mild liquors flowed freely, speeches were made, and the day wound up uproariously, many of the crowd heaving drunk not wisely, but well. The bullock-roasting extended my connection, and I found myself almost famous.

The new bridge enabled me to send carts across, and I despatched meat and small goods as far as the Dunstan, thereby largely increasing my trade. In that year, 1865, the first annual race meeting was instituted at Cromwell, and a very fair bit of sport resulted. The fraternity showed up from all quarters, and many were the shifts they were put to. The stabling accommodation of the town was quite insufficient to the requirements; in fact, it was execrable. I added not a little to my popularity on this occasion by erecting a temporary grand stand for the public. After the race meeting a jockey club was formed, which is, I believe, still in existence, and the races have ever since been run on correct principles. Cromwell annual meeting is deservedly popular with the sporting community to this day.

Up-country towns now began to feel the want of local government, and a Municipal Act was brought into force. Cromwell, with the rest, must, of course, have a Mayor and Corporation, and I was persuaded to stand for the Municipal

chair. I was nominated along with two merchant residents of the town. The elections came off in August. There was tremendous excitement, and money freely changed hands on the result. The poll was declared at four o'clock, and I was duly returned as the first Mayor of Cromwell by an overwhelming majority. My supporters were uproarious over my success, and, procuring a chair, placed me in it nolens volens, carrying me shoulder-high. To say that liquor flowed freely is a mild way of describing the saturnalia; the fact is, I believe the whole town, and a considerable crowd from the outlying diggings, got outrageously drunk.

The old story of "placing a beggar on horseback," etc., was well illustrated in my case. The honour was too much for me. I tried, ineffectually of course, to do the grand seigneur, and came to grief. I neglected my business, and everything went to the dogs. I had got into a position for which I was unfitted, hence the result. However, I do not much regret it; I had a pleasant, if a busy, time. I purchased a buggy, a pair of bays, and did a deal of driving about, to the neglect of my own affairs. There was much municipal work to do, and as I was "a willing horse," the public, with their usual generosity in such cases, allowed me to do it. By-laws had to be passed, streets to be formed, and a variety of other matters attended to. I have, at any rate, the satisfaction, if a barren one, of pointing to the now important town of Cromwell and saying, "I helped to make it."

The following year, notwithstanding my experience of these vanities, I allowed myself to be over-persuaded, and, again taking office, found it no sinecure. The councillors were generally very disagreeable, quarrelled among themselves, making my position anything but a bed of roses. It led eventually to a scene which is, I suppose, unequalled in the history of the doings of any deliberative body in these colonies, or elsewhere.

I had private business to transact in Dunedin, and, having appointed a temporary chairman to act in my absence, left for town. I had been in Dunedin a fortnight, when, on taking up a Cromwell paper, I found, in the report of the doings of the Council in my absence, that a vote of censure had been passed upon me.

It appears some of the councillors reported I had received a letter from the Superintendent of the Province on municipal business which had been suppressed. I certainly had received a letter from that gentleman, but it was entirely private. It was not at all necessary to show it to my colleagues—at least I thought so—and fully made up my mind to put them right on the subject as soon as I returned. I finished my business in Dunedin, and, with the "pair of bays" aforesaid, reached Cromwell in two days. On my arrival at the bridge I was met by some of the townspeople, who immediately adverted to the vote of censure, and expressed regret that such a course had been adopted. I told them I had hurried back on receipt of the news, and they could safely leave the matter in my hands, as I fully intended to see to the bottom of it.

That evening I called a meeting of the Council in the Town Hall. Our deliberations being generally in public, the ratepayers mustered in great force, expecting some fun, and they were not disappointed. I called upon the Town Clerk to read the minutes of three meetings which had been held in my absence. The book was handed to me to sign, and to confirm the said minutes. I took it in my hand, and said, "Gentlemen, before signing my own condemnation, I should like to know what this vote of censure upon my conduct was passed for. I consider it a most cowardly proceeding. I am sorry courtesy compels me to address you as gentlemen, for had there been one such among you this action of the Council would never have been permitted. The vote was most uncalled for." On this a great sensation was visible, and some of the councillors commenced wrangling. I called them several times to order. Finding I could not restore peace, I ordered the public to leave the hall, told the Clerk to lock the door, and hand me the key. He refused to do so, and I locked it myself, and put the key in my pocket. The row among the councillors still continued, so I told the Clerk to clear away the furniture and "we would have it out." At this stage two of the councillors fell to fisticuffs, one crying out if there was any fighting to be done he was about. Seeing this was the man who had proposed the vote of censure, I stepped up and at once knocked him down. Two of the other councillors leaped through the window. Finding matters had gone

beyond my control, I opened the door, and the rest appeared glad to retreat.

Next day I was charged by my opponent before Mr. Stratford, the magistrate, with an assault, and fined, and that ended the farce. But, after all, considering the turbulent times and the unruly people one had to deal with, I still think I took the proper course, if a forcible one, of putting my councillors straight.

Shortly after this, Sir George Grey, Governor of New Zealand, who was making a tour of the goldfields, arrived in Cromwell. An address was read on behalf of the Mayor and Corporation, to which he replied in suitable terms. I then conducted Sir George and his suite, consisting of Captain Hope, Major Richardson, and several other gentlemen, over the town, the bridges, and all places of interest. I also got some of the diggers to show samples of the gold obtained round about.

His Excellency expressed himself highly pleased with all he saw, and we had a long and interesting conversation about early colonial history. I happened to have seen Sir George when he was Governor of South Australia many years before, when we were both much younger men. He seemed to like to meet an "old colonial" like myself, and was kind enough to offer to serve me in any way which might lie in his power.

I thanked him, and told him I was satisfied with my present prospects, but if ever I should require his aid I would not hesitate to apply. In the evening we had a banquet, at which Sir George Grey and his party were entertained right royally. I had the honour of addressing the guests, and I rather fancy my style of oratory amused them. They all laughed heartily at the stories of my early colonial life. The town was full of people from all quarters, and a jolly time was spent.

The Governor was kind enough to ask me to drive down with him to Clyde, and introduce him to my brother Mayor of that town. I got my buggy ready, and followed Sir George's coach. About half way to Clyde an immense crowd on foot and horseback, accompanied by the Mayor, met us. I got out and introduced the Mayor to the Governor, whereupon the crowd gave three cheers for Sir George Grey, and then three more for the Mayor of Cromwell. A grand ball was given in Clyde in honour of the distinguished guest, and a pleasant night was spent. The Governor and myself had a long yarn about old times, and, on parting with him, he was pleased to say that in all his travels through the goldfields "he had never been entertained by any one as the Mayor of Cromwell entertained him."

I returned to Cromwell and settled steadily to business. I required another mob of cattle, and having heard that some were for sale at the Messrs. Boyes' station, Kawarau, I went there, taking my son with me. We arrived all right at the homestead, which is very prettily situated at the embouchure of the river from Lake Wakatipu, at the foot of the Remarkables. The range can be seen from very many points in Otago, covered by perpetual snow. I purchased the cattle wanted, and got them yarded. Just when this was completed a terrific subterranean rumbling was heard, unlike anything I had ever experienced. The cattle were much frightened, and nearly stampeded from the yards. Presently another and louder rumbling arose, and the earth heaved and rolled like the sea. We knew then it was an earthquake, and being quite unused to these tremors, I felt as if sea-sick, and the others did not seem much better. In fact, it must have frightened one of the brothers Boyes very much, for he shortly sold out his interest in the station and left for Home. Upon the occurrence of the second shock the cattle became so quiet that one could have gone amongst them without danger, although at first they were very wild. This earthquake was about the most severe ever felt in Otago.

Considerable damage was done in Queenstown and neighbourhood by the cracking of houses and falling chimneys. Next morning I left with the cattle for Cromwell, and had not proceeded far when a bullock turned and charged the horse I was riding. Before I could get out of the way he drove his horns into the poor beast, killing him almost instantly. The mob then broke away, and made back to the station. We had to muster and yard them before I could make another start. The station-holder did not seem to like being troubled in this way, so he found horses and men to send me and the cattle clear of his run. I afterwards got on well with the mob. Getting them safely in my yards at Cromwell, I was en-

abled to show a good supply of beef. Having business in Dunedin, I put things in proper train, again appointed a chairman to represent me in the Council and left for town. Walking through the cutting in Princes Street, I met my old friend Mr. Jones, better known as "Johnny Jones," whom, I think, I have before alluded to as an old acquaintance of my whaling days. He was delighted to see me. He had been successful, and was now one of the wealthiest men in Otago, owning town land in Dunedin, and farms and sheep stations in various parts of the province. He followed whaling at Twofold Bay as overseer for Dr. Finlay when I was there, and at that time we became intimate friends. I went down to his office and had a few hours' talk over old times, and what we had each done since. He said he had often heard of Barry, Mayor of Cromwell, and his doings in that capacity, but it never occurred to him it could be his old chum of years ago, and he again congratulated me. He asked me to go down to where his family resided on a large estate he had acquired there. The carriage was brought round, a grand turn-out, and doubtless many people who saw us wondered who I was. All the way down my old friend continued chatting about old times, and tried hard to persuade me to bring my family to settle near him. He would take care to make my path easy, but, as things were looking pretty well with me in Cromwell, I declined his offers, which I have many times since regretted.

His offers were, I am sure, dictated by a pure spirit of friendship, and it would have entailed no disgrace or obligation to have accepted them. He introduced me to his sons, John and William. The latter I had nursed often when he was a boy in Sydney. Johnny Jones had a splendid property, called Bidgood Station, but I am afraid the boys were of a different stamp from the sire; they were, in fact, rather wild, and my poor old friend told me it was quite likely these sons would eventually break his heart. He is now gone to his last home, and whether his forebodings were prophetic we shall never know.

At this time an advertisement from the Government appeared in the papers, calling for applications from persons fitted to fill the position of Chief Inspector of Stock for Otago, and Mr. Jones insisted upon my applying for it. He got one of his clerks to draw up the application, signed his own name as a recommendation, sent it to the Otago Club and other places, and obtained the signatures of sixty-three gentlemen interested in pastoral pursuits. I forwarded the application, and shortly after found a gentleman who had filled the position four years before had applied, and was reappointed, previous experience, doubtless, securing his preferment over me. Mr. Jones was much vexed at this, and again tried to persuade me to relinquish life at Cromwell and settle in Dunedin; but I was blind, and could not see the propriety of the step. Wishing him good-bye, I returned home in a buggy which I had purchased. These vehicles were always saleable up-country, and I could generally make a small profit when I had done with them. I was doing pretty well at this time, and was almost as well-known as the proverbial town clock, rather too much so at times. I began to find if any poor devil was hard up, or some tradesman in difficulties, W. Jackson Barry seemed to be the man to apply to. If I found them really in want, or that they were men of good principle, they never applied in vain; and it is now some consolation to reflect that I possibly did achieve some little good in the days of my prosperity.

A rush now set in to the West Coast of New Zealand, and a great many diggers were daily leaving Otago. Those coming through Cromwell mostly had horses, but preferred to take the coach from this point, selling their horses. I went into the business, buying their animals almost at my own prices. I then started a livery stable, got a large connection, and made money for some time. Although things were looking well all over the district, and lots of gold was being obtained, the diggers would persist in rushing away to the new Eldorado. This proved a considerable drawback to me, as many of them, on leaving, owed me pretty heavy bills for meat, which they neglected to pay when departing. However, this was unavoidable to a certain extent in a goldfield business of whatever nature, and provoked little comment. If the men were lucky, they paid honourably; if not, why, it did not matter; at least, that was my creed.

Settlement in up-country districts now seemed to have been determined on. Wives and families came to join husbands and

fathers, and many new institutions, as well as relations, were established. Among others, horse racing obtained quite a hold. Every little town had its meeting. This year, in Cromwell, we had £800 to be run for, which brought a number of good horses from other places to compete. It resulted in one of the best up-country meetings I have ever seen. I had four or five horses myself, and succeeded in pulling off two events. I rode in one race, the "Hurry Scurry," distance one mile and a-half. There were eighteen horses in the race, and I was mounted on a very fast mare called Nelly Gray. Before starting a Mr. Taggart, riding an animal called Limerick Lass, supposed to be the fastest one mile horse of the day, came up and said, "Barry, this race will lie between your horse and mine; let us agree to divide the stakes," and I agreed.

The flag fell, and off we went, Taggart and I leading. We had not gone far when one of my stirrups gave way, and over I went; the ruck immediately behind passed over me. A lot of horsemen rode up, making sure I was killed, but I jumped up, shook myself clear of the dust, and seizing a riderless black horse close at hand, rode across the course and took up the straight running alongside Taggart, nearly beating him on the post. When we pulled up he could not understand the joke. He said, "You started on a grey filly, and here you are on a black gelding." I said, "The race was a hurry scurry, and I have hurried all the way having had to use two horses to do the distance in."

Every one laughed at the feat of riding a mile and a-half race on two horses, coming in second after all; but probably they did not see me cutting across the course to save time. Anyhow, Taggart's forethought saved me the stakes, and I was thankful. At forty-eight years of age it was not a bad feat.

Cromwell was greatly crowded during the three days of the races, and the insufficient accommodation at the hotels produced many laughable incidents. People slept anywhere—billiard-tables were utilised on top and underneath, and hundreds slept on doorsteps. A few days after the races were repeated at Clyde. My son Wilham, who rode a race for a gentleman named Glassford, met with a terrible accident, which nearly sent me out of my mind. Coming up the straight the horse fell and rolled over him, injuring his spine. We all thought he was killed, He was at once removed to the local hospital and attended to. He was two years under medical treatment, and is now deformed for life.

This accident caused me to lose a large sum of money, and decided me to give up racing for some time. My men were at the Clyde races, having driven down in one of my spring carts. They got on the spree, and I thought it would be a safer plan to drive it home myself. All my friends tried to dissuade me from starting so late in the evening, but I was obstinate, and would go. An old friend of the name of Whetter, a Cromwell resident, was with me. We had two horses in the cart, one running in what is called an "outrigger," and a large board, or sort of tray, nearly covered the top of the cart. The road from Clyde to Cromwell, thirteen miles, follows the River Clutha all the way. It is at no time safe, but is particularly dangerous on a dark night, such as this was. Driving round a turn where the road doubled a gully we were capsized. Whetter was thrown down the gully, about 100 feet, and landed under a big rock, the large board following him and covering up his head. I went with the vehicle, and was found under it. The horse that was in the outrigger got loose, and the shafts were broken off. A man happened, fortunately, to be passing at the moment, and ran to a house half a mile away for assistance, which soon arrived, and we were extricated from our perilous positions. Whetter was nearly killed, and I was much bruised and cut about the head. We were carried to the house mentioned, and the doctors were sent for. The report that Barry and Whetter were killed reached Cromwell, and a lot of people came down, with my wife and Whetter's family, to view the remains. My wife was in a terrible state, but, thank God, it was not so bad as reported. We were removed to Cromwell, where we were laid up for some time, but got all right at last.

It is miraculous how we escaped being killed. I have often looked at the place since, while passing in daylight, with a shudder, and felt thankful to Providence that it was no worse. Shortly afterwards, my son not getting on very well, I took him to the Dunedin Hospital for better

attendance. It seemed to me at this time as if I had fallen in with one of my periodical strokes of ill-luck.

While in Dunedin this time, Mr. Haggitt, a solicitor, spoke to me one day in the street, and told me to call at his office, as he had something of importance to tell me. After lunch I went to see him. He told me that a friend of his, lately arrived from New South Wales, had mentioned there was a probability of my claims to the property, of which I nave spoken some pages back, being shortly recognised, and it was likely I would at any moment be sent for to be identified as the owner thereof. I thanked him, and asked him to communicate with me if anything further transpired, which he promised to do.

I learned that my boy was very bad, and went and stopped that night in the hospital. Next day he was much better, and the doctors assured me he was now out of danger. Being in good hands, I thought I would take a run home. I took the coach and arrived at Cromwell, where further disaster awaited me. There had been a heavy rain-storm, and some water-races on the hillside, at the back of my farm, used for mining purposes, had broken away, torn up and carried off the soil with five acres of potatoes, destroyed all the fences, and drowned a lot of my pigs. I was so cut up over this that I determined to get rid of the property. I was heartily sick of farming. It had cost over £2,000, and I sold out to one Mr. Towen for £300, farm, buildings, and all. He is there yet, and has done well; but he understands the business, and I did not.

About this time the election for Mayor again came round, and I was asked to stand. As I had already found the title of Mayor but an empty honour, and in fact personally a dead loss, I declined, but was persuaded to sign the nomination paper, little thinking I should be elected, as I never took the slightest interest in the election, which was a contested one. I was away from home on the polling day, and on my return found myself, by a large majority, in Whittington's position, "Thrice Lord Mayor," not of London, but of Cromwell. There was no help for it. I had "greatness thrust upon me," and I accepted the position.

Chapter XIX.

I Discover a Quartz Reef on the Carrick Range—I Meet Mr. R. Loughnan—The Aurora Reef—My Speculation in a Battery Plant—Battery Christenings—All is Not Gold that Glitters—I Start Business in the Auctioneering Line—I Visit Queenstown and Kingston—Captain Howell—A Father of Twenty Children—The Captain and I Enjoy Ourselves—"Two Lovely Black Eyes"—Startling News from New South Wales—I Decide Upon a Trip to Sydney—A Grand Send-off—My Trip to Australia—Extravagances on Board—I am Temporarily Hard-up, but get Advances—A Kangaroo Hunt.

In this year, 1867, my friend Wilkin, with whom I had been dealing in stock for years, sold one-half of his run to Mr. Loughnan, who fixed his homestead nine miles from Cromwell. I thereupon commenced dealing with him for sheep and cattle, finding the distance very much more convenient for my business and the market.

One day I was away at a place called The Nevis, a famous goldfield, purchasing cattle, and in returning over the Carrick Range found a quartz reef, from which I brought in some golden specimens. I showed them to my friends, not telling them whence I had obtained them. A few days after I went out to the station, and showed them to Mr. Loughnan, who at once agreed to make one of a party to prospect the reef. I turned my horse out on the run, and he drove me into town in his buggy. We soon made up a party of our friends, drove down to Clyde, and applied for a prospecting area, which was granted.

When the news became generally known a great rush set in, and Carrick Range was marked off in quartz claims for miles, many of which are still being worked, and some have paid handsomely. We had a trial crushing, which yielded

7ozs. of gold per ton. We then erected a battery to crush for ourselves, and naming it the "Royal Standard," put on a lot of miners to raise stone. The yield all at once fell off to 2ozs., so I went out one day and looked over the reef and workings. I then came to the conclusion the lode was not a permanent one, but only what is called a "blow," and I decided to sell out.

I wanted Mr. Loughnan to sell out at the same time. I had an offer, and disposed of my interest, clear of all liabilities, which were pretty heavy, for £200 cash.

Just at this time important quartz discoveries were made at a place called Bendigo Gully, sixteen miles from Cromwell, on the Dunstan range. There was very great excitement over one claim, called the "Aurora," which, from specimens shown, appeared to be nearly all gold. I went up and tried hard to get an interest, but no one was inclined to part. Hearing the company were about to erect a crushing battery, and intended despatching a shareholder to the Arrow to purchase one called the "Criterion," there idle, I thought I saw my way clear to get a share in the "Aurora."

I rode at once to the Arrow. I saw the plant, and learned Mr. W. Robertson, of Queenstown, had the disposal of it. I at once rode to his place, and was not long in concluding a bargain. He considered it bad property at the time. I gave him a cheque for £50 on account, and went away rejoicing. On my way down I met an old friend, Mr. John Perriam, a merchant and settler residing near Cromwell, and a shareholder in the famous Aurora. During a short conversation he told me he was on his way to purchase the Criterion plant and battery at the Arrow. I mentioned that he would have his journey for nothing, as I had bought it the day before from Mr. Robertson. He would not believe my statement, and asked what on earth I wanted a battery for. I said I had purchased it as a speculation—such things were handy in the house. He laughed, and rode on, but I knew full well the laugh would shortly be on my side. When I arrived at Cromwell the excitement was greater than ever; peope were quartz mad. The Aurora Company were in a hurry to realise, and had determined to erect a battery at once.

Some of my friends, to whom I had mentioned the matter, said my speculation at the Arrow would yet turn up trumps. Next day Mr. Perriam returned, considerably chafed at my smartness, and offered to buy the plant. I asked him what he would take for half his interest in the Aurora. He said £1,500. I then offered him the battery for one-half his share, and £200 in cash. He closed with the offer, paid down £150, and sent off men, waggons, and horses to take down and transport the plant of the Aurora mine without delay.

That work cost, I believe, £560. Shortly afterwards the battery was erected, and, of course, there must, as usual in such cases, be a christening—pouring out champagne and the like. The day arrived, the battery was gaily decorated, and abundance of good things provided for visitors, of whom there were some hundreds. I, as Mayor of Cromwell, was called upon for an address. I gave it amid cheering. Mrs. Perriam, with a few appropriate words, dashed the bottle of champagne against the huge wheel, which at once revolved, set the stampers in motion, the golden ore was thrown in, and the Aurora battery was an accomplished fact. Toasts, speeches, eating, and drinking followed, winding up with a ball in the evening.

These are pleasant breaks in the monotony of a goldfield, but, alas! how often do the bright hopes engendered by such displays meet with disappointment. In fact, it is almost the rule, and, as the sequel proves, this was no exception. "It is not all gold that glitters."

At this time Mr. Robert Wilkin sold the remainder of his run to Mr. Henry Campbell. Chambers brothers purchased the cattle on the upper portion of the run, and I bought those on the lower. This was a bad speculation for me, over which I lost heavily. Pleuro-pneumonia broke out among the herds, and nearly all died. Chambers brothers, in removing the mob to their own station, had to pass through other runs, and communicated the disease to the cattle on them. Actions for damages followed, and those gentlemen were nearly ruined. My ill-luck was cropping up again with a vengeance.

The Aurora, in the meantime, had a washing-up, with a yield of barely 3 ounces per ton, in place of 10, as expected. Verily, gold digging is a lottery. I went to Dunedin to bring my

son home from the hospital, as he was now getting much stronger.

While in Dunedin I found every one in a state of excitement over the Bendigo reefs. The famous Caledonian, in the North Island, was then pouring out its extraordinary treasures, and men's mines were distracted by visions of wealth to be gained from investment in quartz mines. I had neglected to get a transfer before I left from Mr. Perriam, or I might have sold my Aurora shares at an extravagant price. On my return the reaction had set in; the Aurora was down in the market and in men's estimation, and, to make matters worse, my cash balance had dwindled to very small dimensions. In a word, I found myself in debt. I very soon cut the knot. I sold the property where my butcher's shop stood to Mr. Bendix Hallenstein, merchant, for £700, and cleared off my liabilities, which were really not very much.

I was now out of business for a few months, my term of office as Mayor was up, and I felt thoroughly miserable. At last a thought struck me. I would try auctioneering I had done well at it years before in California, why not here? I took out a license—the fee was £50 per annum—and got a great many sales to conduct. Altogether, during 1868 the business paid well.

My old customers were always wondering why I gave up the meat trade, so I erected a shop on an allotment I had in Cromwell, called it the "Smithfield Butchery," and combined with it the auctioneering. My custom came back rapidly, and money began once more to flow into my coffers.

I went again to Dunedin, where I fell in with a Mr. Bathgate, lawyer, to whom I disposed of my interest in the Aurora for £250. It was not a very good venture for that gentleman, as I do not think the company ever paid a dividend, and is now utterly broken up. The mine is still there, and probably some day it may retrieve its character, as I do not think it ever got a thoroughly fair trial. The newspapers continually reiterate that "quartz reefing is only in its infancy," and this is my belief too.

When I returned to Cromwell I found a letter calling me to Kingston on business, and to meet Captain Howell at Fairlight station. I left for Queenstown, and put up for the night at Eichardt's Hotel. Next day I took passage in the steamboat for Kngston, at the foot of Lake Wakatipu. The lake here presents some grand scenery, especially in winter; the sides of the Remarkable Mountains, which run sheer down into the lake, are an inspiring sight. Occasionally icicles of an immense length and thickness are seen fringing the banks, stretching their long arms down to the clear, cold water. Bold, bluff headlands towering to the skies, capped with eternal snow, make up a picture the grandeur of which I am too unlettered to do justice.

I reached Kingston in due course, and met a gentleman —a Mr. Pearce—from the town of Gore, to whom I sold my shop and fixtures generally for £500, and agreed, verbally, not to butcher any more in Cromwell.

I hired a horse while at Kingston, and rode seven miles to Fairlight, belonging to a very old friend, Captain Howell, with whom I had been whaling and sharing many vicissitudes in early days. The captain was an old New Zealand settler, and had married a Maori woman, by whom he had, I think, twenty children; the girls being mostly handsome, as, indeed, the female half-castes of New Zealand generally are.

I found Captain Howell just mounting his horse to ride to Kingston, *en route* for Queenstown, his family being all away from home. I returned to Kingston with him, and stopped all night. We had little opportunity for talking over old times and comparing notes, for the house was crowded with sheep shearers, and it is well known they are pretty rowdy company. Captain Howell would persist in plying them with grog. At last they got quite uproarious, and commenced fighting among themselves. The captain and I interfered to make peace, and were each rewarded by a good thrashing. I got a pair of black eyes. So much for the amenities of shearers.

I felt quite ashamed in the morning to travel in the steamer, but Captain Howell persuaded me to go on with him, and we arrived at Queenstown. I stopped there for a fortnight, I am sorry to say, celebrating our ancient friendship by drinking and spreeing, until I tired of the miserable fun, and left for Cromwell, where I arrived much the worse for my trip, and out of pocket.

However, the auctioneering and cattle dealing were paying well, and I had too much good sense to cry over spilt milk. When I arrived at Cromwell, I met Mr. Henry Campbell, of the Wanaka Station. He had been waiting for me to conduct a sale of horses. I told him horses were now selling at very little. However, he wanted to be rid of them, so, on the day appointed, I cleared them off, and got better prices than I anticipated.

Whilst engaged at this sale one of my sons handed me a letter just from the post. I put it in my pocket. After the sale I had forgotten all about it, when my son said, "Father, have you looked at your letter? It bears the Sydney postmark." I then took it out of my pocket, and found it contained instructions to proceed to Sydney for the purpose of being identified as claimant to the property in New South Wales to which I have alluded. That put me in great heart. I showed the letter to Mr. Campbell and other friends, and was heartily congratulated on my prospects of being comfortably provided for in my old age, now coming on apace.

I settled up account sales with Campbell, and at once began to make preparations for my departure. At this time I sold a few town allotments I had in Cromwell. I provided a large stock of stores for my family, and placed £100 in the bank to my wife's credit. My old friend, John Perriam, of Lowburn, determined to give a grand spree on the eve of my departure. He roasted a bullock whole in one of his clover paddocks, which was laid out with tables and all necessaries for a feast for 400 persons. There was nearly that number there, and it was a gathering long remembered. I drove out with my wife and family, and was received by the assemblage with cheers; champagne was poured out like water, and I was placed upon one of the tables to address my friends, a task I felt unable to perform adequately, for my heart was full, and I only managed to thank them for their wishes. The banqueting, dancing, and sports were kept up for two days, and I think every one must have been fully satisfied.

I often look back to that time and think of my friend, John Perriam, whose friendship I value highly, and have ever since retained. He arrived in New Zealand comparatively a poor man, but fortune proved kind to him, and he is now wealthy and comfortably moored for life. His chief support came from the working man, to whom he is ever a firm and consistent friend. I often wished for some of his canny Devonshire tact. All his speculations prospered, while mine generally of late failed; but I have no envious feelings, and here wish him a long continuance of fortune's favours.

It was now time for me to get off to New South Wales. Having sold all my property in Cromwell except one large cottage, I installed my family in it, and left them a sufficiency of money for their wants. I went to the bank and drew out £50. I was determined to have my expenses paid by some of those gentlemen who were so much interested in my property in New South Wales, and therefore took away only a small sum. I went to Dunedin, taking my son with me. The property I was about to claim was situated in the town of Bathurst, in New South Wales, and had been purchased for me in 1833, while I was serving my apprenticeship to the butchering business in Sydney.

I knew very little of the particulars, which was unfortunate for me, as will be seen further on. After I arrived in Dunedin I was presented with a writ from a fellow-townsman of Cromwell for £12. As I knew the amount owing could not possibly exceed £2, and the prosecution only arose from spite, I determined to get to the bottom of the matter. I took the coach next morning, and returned to Cromwell, and had the case investigated before the magistrate, when the amount was reduced to thirty shillings by contra account, and my opponent received the hisses of the community for his unneighbourly and spiteful conduct. This episode further reduced my purse, and I was determined not to draw any more money out of the bank, so I again went down to Dunedin.

I had to wait ten days before the s.s. "Omeo" would be ready for sea, as she was undergoing an overhaul in the dock at Port Chalmers. I occasionally went down to see the vessel, and got well acquainted with Captain Colville, the skipper. His vessel, the "Omeo," was the first docked, the dock having only just been completed. She was hauled out, and I took the steamer, with my luggage, from Dunedin. Mr. James Macandrew, the Superintendent of the

Province, and several gentlemen were on board, going down to the port to inspect the dock. As I was known to them, I accompanied them over the dock, and we afterwards adjourned to Dodson's Hotel, where they drank my health and success in my mission in sparkling No. 2.

It had leaked out by this time what my business in Sydney was, and many people who had looked down on W. Jackson Barry were now very willing to shake hands and be friendly. When I returned, with my business unaccomplished and apparently a failure, the cold shoulder, as I thought, was exhibited; but such is the way of the world, and I was always sufficiently philosophical not to permit trifles to disturb my peace of mind. Amidst much hand-shaking and health-drinking I left in the steamer, and we shortly afterwards cleared Taiaroa Heads. We went round the coast, called at Hokitika, Nelson, and Wellington. I went on shore at Nelson and stopped all night. I fell in with an old friend, named Warren, who took me round the town, and to a friend of his who was going to Melbourne in the "Omeo," and introduced me. We were great friends during the voyage.

Saloon travelling in steamers is expensive, and with my limited purse I ought to have known better than indulge in extravagance; but I never had been schooled to reckon cost, and when poor never liked to appear so. Doing as the other passengers did made heavy inroads on my slender stock of money; but what mattered, thought I, am I not going to jump right into wealth? And so I took matters coolly, and went on, never heeding.

One day on board I was jumping on the deck with the captain for a wager, when I slipped and fell on the combings or something. I thought at the time my leg was broken, but, fortunately, it was only a very severely sprained ankle. I was helped down to my cabin, and there remained to the end of the voyage. When we arrived at the wharf in Melbourne I took out my purse, and found that out of the £50 I had but very little cash left to pay my expenses. I got a cabman to drive me to the Great Britain Hotel, in Flinders Street, at which I put up. I was five days in bed with my sprained ankle before I could venture downstairs, and I can assure my readers most of that time was spent in anxious cogitation as to what was to be done, and regrets for my having so foolishly left myself short of money at such a critical time. I hobbled down, however, and while standing at the door saw an old New Zealand acquaintance passing. I called out to him, told him my position, and he at once handed me £5, and I immediately felt as if all my troubles were over. I dare say there are many of the same sanguine temperament as myself who have experienced such a feeling. We went to the bar, according to colonial usage, and took a drink. I was well dressed, had a good watch and luggage, and the landlord asked no questions. I began once more to feel at ease, and mentally vowed I would never again get into the same scrape; and I didn't until the next time.

My friend Durey and I took a cab and drove up to North Melbourne, to see an old friend with whom I had been stopping before I moved to New Zealand. We stopped that night, and returned to my lodgings in the morning. I found a letter from a gentleman who had called in my absence. I went to his address in Flinders Lane, and found he was instructed to guide me in the matter of my claim to the Bathurst property. He told me I would require to wait one month in Melbourne, as there were two gentlemen who would arrive from Adelaide at that time, and accompany me to Sydney. I acquiesced in all he had to suggest. As I stated before, I was completely ignorant of all particulars, and deemed it best to say little, but take the gifts the gods provided. I explained my financial position to my adviser, and he immediately tendered me a cheque for £100 to meet current expenses. I thanked him, told him I would keep him advised of my whereabouts during the month, and left his office, feeling very important, and in decidedly better spirits.

In a few days, my ankle being nearly well, I decided to go and view some old scenes of my previous history. I packed up a change of clothes in a carpet bag, and took the train to Ballarat, where I arrived safely, putting up at Bath's Hotel. I soon picked out many of my old friends and acquaintances, who made a great fuss, driving me daily from place to place. On every hand I saw vast signs of improvement, and very much to admire. After all, Victoria is the place for true enjoyment.

I went out to Brown's diggings, the scene of my former exploits, and of the riot already detailed. I saw many of my old friends, and passed a few days very pleasantly. I fell in with at this time, an old acquaintance named John Burress, who was in the cattle business originally, and had become very wealthy, and now kept a pack of hounds. There was to be a "meet" in a few days and he said if I would go he would give me a good mount. Although over 50 years of age, the idea of a spin with the red-coats made me feel like a youngster, and I gladly accepted his offer.

On the day appointed we drove to Buninyong, where the club met. We found about twenty gentlemen in scarlet ready, to whom Mr. Burress introduced me. He gave me a young Prince Alfred colt for a mount, which I felt at once to be up to his work. Kangaroo was to be our game. They were tolerably plentiful at that time in the Buninyong district. We had gone three miles, when we came across a large ditch, with ten feet of water, over which two of the huntsmen leaped their nags. It seemed so easy that I put my horse at it. He reached the opposite side, but fell backwards, and we both went under. I managed to head him out, and reached dry land without having left the saddle. The rest of the party laughed heartily at my mishap, and perhaps looked forward to many more such during the day from the "new chum." I merely said, "I am all right; we have a long day before us; plenty of time for improvement."

Presently a large kangaroo was started, and away we went in full cry over as rough a hunting country as any sportsman could desire—stiff fences and broken ground, heavily timbered. My colt behaved beautifully. The first fence was a high dogleg one, and looked impossible to negotiate. The kangaroo and the dogs got over, and I followed, topping the timber nicely. Only one red-coat followed, and he came to grief.

After a short, quick run the dogs pulled the kangaroo down, and I had the honour of being first "in at the death." Presently two kangaroos got up and the dogs split. So did the men. After a sharp burst of six miles or so the kangaroos ran into a flock of sheep, as they will do when pressed, and the dogs were called off. In this run my horse had cleared every obstacle, and I can assure readers some of the fences would stagger an English sportsman. The fence I cleared at the beginning of the hunt was said to be the highest leap ever cleared in that part of the country.

At this time we mustered only ten huntsmen, the rest having fallen away or come to grief. We turned our horses' heads homewards, and, after riding 18 miles, reached Buninyong, where a hearty supper awaited us, which, with plenty of champagne, was duly done justice to.

I appeared to be hero of the evening, and the general kindness and hospitality of these gentlemen made me feel quite at home. Songs and toasts followed one another. I was called upon, and sang a song called "Ax My Eye," which called forth roars of laughter. I endeavoured to make a speech, and told them of my expectations and the business which brought me from New Zealand, and, if I succeeded, I should be happy to become a member of their hunt club. My health was drunk, and, amidst many good wishes for my welfare, the party broke up at an early hour next morning.

The doings of that day and my plucky riding —being a stranger to the country hunted over— were commented on in the local papers and copied into the Otago papers, so that, no doubt, my fellow townsmen in Cromwell thought their ex-Mayor had fallen upon good times.

My time was getting short, and I hinted that it was time to go down to Melbourne. A number of friends came to see me off in the train. Mr. Burress drove me to the station, and, on leaving, they gave three cheers, and their generous kindness will not readily be forgotten.

CHAPTER XX.

I Meet Tom Winton—The Story of My Property—Troubles with the Lawyers—I Lose Heart and Return to Otago—I Start Hotelkeeping at Queenstown—Death of My Wife—I Sell Out and go Prospecting—Mineral Discoveries—I Decide Upon a Trip to the Old Country—A Government Lecturer—Cromwell Gives Me a Big Send-off—I Set Sail in the s.s. "Wakatipu"—From Sydney to London in the s.s. "Aconcagua"—Reflections Upon the Progress of the Colonies—Arrival in London.

I GOT safely to Melbourne, and found the parties I was waiting for would not arrive from Adelaide for a fortnight. I knew very few people in Melbourne, but occasionally dropped across a New Zealand acquaintance, or some one just arrived from that colony. In that way I passed the time knocking about, but found it go slowly.

I thought I would leave Melbourne and remove to Sandridge, as, do what I would, I found Melbourne too expensive for my purse. I took my luggage and went down into lodgings at Sandridge, one of the sea-ports of Melbourne, and spent my time visiting vessels in the bay, occasionally running up to Melbourne in the train. It is astonishing what luck I have in meeting old acquaintances. A vessel arrived one day from the Mauritius. I went on board, and the first man I saw, in the person of the chief mate, was Thomas Winton, who was—as the reader may recollect—shipwrecked with me on the West Australian coast in earlier days. You may depend upon it we were pleased to meet again after so many years. He accompanied me to my lodgings, and what a long yarn each had to tell! When I mentioned the business I was upon, he wanted to accompany me to Sydney, but I told him to wait, and if matters went right I would send for him. He spent the most of his time with me until I left.

By this time my friends had arrived from Adelaide. I went to Melbourne, and had a satisfactory interview with them. My passage was taken in one of the steamers, and we had a quick, pleasant voyage. On entering Sydney harbour thoughts of old times rushed over me, and I recalled the many happy days I had spent there, from childhood to manhood. I felt as if I was once more at home. When we landed I took a cab and drove to an hotel in Pitt Street called the "Six Lamps." It was also called "Tattersall's," and, sending in my luggage, I secured a room at three guineas per week. It was a good place to stop at for one like me, being much frequented by sporting men, whose company I always affected. As it was late when I arrived I did not leave the hotel that night, and before going to bed was met by two very old colonists, who wanted to detain me to have a chat about my Bathurst property. I stopped with them an hour, and then went to bed. I was five days at "Tattersall's" before my Adelaide friends communicated with me. I then saw them, and was informed that I must be ready to accompany them to Bathurst by rail the following Monday.

I asked them what I was to do in the matter of expenses. They said that would be all right; they would deposit the requisite funds in the bank to my credit, and I felt proportionately relieved in mind. After a prolonged conversation about the business in hand, we left the hotel and proceeded to the bank, where they placed £700 to my account. A large sum might be necessary in prosecuting the search for and retaining witnesses who could identify me as William Jackson Barry since the year 1833.

I may here mention the property to which I was about to lay claim had been purchased in the above year, in Bathurst, by a dear friend on my behalf, while I was in the East Indies. He died, and nothing was said about it for several years; in fact, it had almost passed out of my memory until I met, as before described in these pages, a gentleman named Cowper Turner, in California. He had been Attorney-General of New South Wales. He had come to San Francisco with horses, and I purchased some blood stock from him.

In the course of conversation he recollected me in Sydney, and mentioned the fact of this land having been purchased in my name, and said it should now be becoming valuable, as that part of the country was settled and the town be-

ing built, and some day I would come into quite a fortune. I listened, but did not pay much heed to his words. I was doing well at the time, and did not need it, and in the bustling years that followed I had well nigh forgotten the affair; being, moreover, an ignorant man in such matters, I cared little about prosecuting a search for property I knew little or nothing about. Then came the letter to Cromwell, and I thought at last the time had arrived for action; and being now in Sydney I looked forward with all anxiety to a successful issue of my mission.

After a deal of journeying from place to place, and three trips to Bathurst, and having been fully and satisfactorily proved to be the "real Simon Pure," I was told I might return to my family in New Zealand, and when again wanted would be sent for.

I lost all hopes of getting my rights. There appeared to be such a mass of law surrounding the affair that I could not see through it. Some of the land grants in my name had been changed to others, and the land which had apparently been purchased for me had been re-sold by the Government under an Act called "Torrens' Act," passed many years before; so I concluded to let matters take what course they might, as I was completely worried out in trying to understand what it was all about.

I was getting very anxious about my family. I went down to Sydney and drew my balance of the £700 placed to my account, about £460, and then left for Otago. I thought that with the money I had in the bank in Cromwell and the £460 I was taking back from Sydney, I could make a start in any business.

I left Sydney in the "Rangatira," and had a splendid passage to Dunedin. I found my family all quite well, and had a spell for a few days and a good look round.

At this time a man named McLaren kept an hotel in Queenstown, called the "Prince of Wales." He came and offered to lease it to me for three years. I had known this man before in Victoria, where he was usually accounted "a queer stick." However, the stand was a good one, and the house doing good business, and I concluded it would suit. There was stock and furniture amounting to about £650, which I had to take at a valuation, and pay £3 per week rent.

I saw my way clear and closed, and it was not a bad investment. I sold my house in Cromwell, and, bringing my family to Queenstown, I commenced in this, to me, a new line of business. The first year I did well, and made a lot of money. One day my wife called me away from the dinner table and told me she felt very strange and ill. She was afraid something was going to happen. She really looked very ill. I tried to cheer her up, and advised her to go to bed, which she did. We had been married twenty-two years, and I never knew her to complain before. She had been always remarkably strong and healthy.

In the morning two of my children came running to the door of my sleeping-room, and called out that "mother was dead." I rushed at once to her room, and found her lying on the floor in a fit. My eldest daughter was trying to revive her. I at once lifted my poor wife into bed, and sent for the two doctors living in Queenstown. They came immediately, and did what they could. She had eighteen fits that day, and afterwards gradually sank, and in ten days left us, I trust for a better world. I cannot describe my feelings when I found she had gone. I believe I nearly went mad. We had lived happily together for over twenty years, and I could not realise the fact of losing her.

The funeral took place in a few days, and nearly all the town paid a tribute of respect by following her remains to their last resting place. About forty of my Cromwell friends drove up to the funeral, and I got all possible sympathy under my bereavement, but it did me no good, and I was utterly unable to look after anything for two months.

I was left with six of a family, one child being very young. My business was failing, my family completely broken up, and I had two small children to look after. The boys were mostly able to look after themselves. I was in my fifty-fourth year, but strong and active, and I thought of selling the hotel and giving mining another trial. I sold out to a friend for a good price, and left for Cromwell, taking my two youngest children with me. My friends in Cromwell wanted me to start again in the old line of business, but I had made up my mind to go prospecting.

It was the month of June, 1875. I left Cromwell for the Nevis to winter there with a very old friend. There was a quartz reef on the Carrick Range, which intervenes between the diggings at the Nevis and Cromwell. I started with two horses, packing one and riding the other. It was fine weather when I left Cromwell, and in crossing the range I overhauled a man on horseback bound for the same place. My friend, whom I put in the winter with, kept a store, but had very few goods in it. The goods I took over with me came in very useful, for the Carrick Range was snowed up two months, and no one could cross it.

Before we reached the store a heavy snowstorm came on, and three miners lost their lives in the ranges. When we got to the store two men came on horseback carrying a man they found in a gully fast asleep. I thought it was all up with him, but we managed to bring him round. We rubbed his feet and body with snow, and poured hot rum down his throat. After a time circulation recommenced, and he began to recover. He never had such a narrow escape from being frozen to death, I'll warrant; in fact, it is wonderful how he lived through that bitter night, unsheltered in such a region.

The Nevis is well-known as the wildest and most unsheltered goldfield in New Zealand. There has been an immense quantity of gold obtained there. Supplies are mostly packed over in the summer, as the ranges are impassable during the winter. I stopped the winter at the store, and amused myself writing a book entitled "Ups and Downs; or, Fifty Years of Colonial Life." In the spring we started on a prospecting tour. We found the reef, and I took a quantity of stone from it to Cromwell. I sent ten packhorses out and brought a large quantity of stone in, and got it crushed. It did not pay well enough for me to apply for the ground and put men on to work the reef. On that tour of prospecting we found two gullies from which large quantities of gold had been taken, where men had made their piles and gone home. On that tour I lost over £100, which was good for others.

After a spell, and getting my horses fresh, I started to look for a cinnabar reef in the locality of the Lammerlaw Ranges. I pitched tent and prospected about for six days. In one creek flowing from the mountains I found many traces of native mercury and several pieces of cinnabar. After six or seven days' search I packed up and left the Lammerlaw Ranges for Lawrence, or Tuapeka, stopping a few days at Basting's Hotel, where I exhibited my specimens of copper from Moa Creek, and cinnabar and other minerals from Lammerlaw Ranges. I gave some to the local athenæum, in the hope it might provoke discussion among diggers, and induce a search for other minerals than gold, which are undoubtedly to be found in Otago.

It was now 1877. I had a good credit in the bank in Cromwell and thought of taking a trip to the Mother Country, which I had not seen for over fifty years. I sold my two horses at Lawrence, took coach down to Cromwell, and settled down for a while. A great many Cromwell friends wanted me to start business again, but I had made up my mind to go home to the Old Country.

One night, in the Town Hall, there was a large meeting held. I was away from home at the Dunstan. A storekeeper named Stanley came to the hotel I put up at. He said, "Hullo, Barry, there is a great meeting about you in the Town Hall. It was crowded when I left at eight o'clock." I said, "What is it all about?" Stanley said, "It is all about you and the Government; but you will see about it when you go Home."

I had settled my business at the Dunstan and returned to Cromwell. I was called upon by a dozen leading men of the town. They said the meeting held in the Town Hall was to get the Government to send me home to England to lecture on New Zealand as a field for emigration, knowing that few, or perhaps no one, had visited this country after fifty years' absence from the Mother Country who possessed more knowledge of the colonies and their capabilities than I did. They then handed me a testimonial to send to the Government. Sir George Grey was Premier of New Zealand at this time. This testimonial was sent to the Premier, signed by over 200 leading men of Otago and Victoria, saying that they had known Captain William Jackson Barry either in New Zealand or Victoria during a number of years as a most enterprising and energetic man, who was always full of hope in the future pros-

perity of the colonies. It continued: "He has made himself fully acquainted with the vast resources and capabilities of the interior of New Zealand, having spent sixteen years and a considerable capital in prospecting for minerals. Hearing he is about to take a trip to the Old Country, we strongly recommend him as a lecturer on emigration." This letter was sent to the Government, who employed me. A letter came to me from the Immigration Office, I being in Wellington at the time. The following is a copy:—

"Immigration Office, Wellington, September 25, 1878. Sir,—Under instructions from the Hon. Mr. Stout, I have the honour to inform you that, as you are about to leave for England, the Government have decided to employ you as an agent for the introduction of immigrants to this colony, and have accordingly authorised the payment of the sum of £40 for passage money." They also gave me letters to the Agent-General in London, Sir Julius Vogel.

After getting business matters settled with the Government, I returned to Otago. Arriving in Dunedin, I met a great many friends, who wanted me to deliver an address before leaving for the Old Country. After staying a few days in Dunedin, I took coach for Cromwell, and was met at the bridge by half the townspeople, who gave me three cheers. I settled my business in Cromwell, and made a home for my two little ones, packed up for a start, and went to the bank to draw out what money I had to my credit. I found I had cash to the amount of £630. I drew it all out, and took a draft for £500, and £130 in gold.

I was then about to make a start for town. I wished my friends good-bye, and took coach for Dunedin. After staying two days in town I took my passage on board the "Wakatipu," Captain Wheeler. The "Wakatipu" was one of the Union boats running regularly between New Zealand and Sydney. Captain Wheeler had command of that vessel for many years; he was a careful man, and was very well liked by his passengers.

We had a good run over to Sydney, and I was thankful for it, as I had the gout, and was laid up for two months in Sydney before I was able to leave for England. A very large steamship came into the harbour, the "Aconcagua," and I engaged my passage in her for London.

Many of my friends went on board to have a look at her. Next day I took my luggage aboard, and made a great friend of Captain Conlon. The "Aconcagua" is a steamship of 4,000 tons register, and 345 feet in length, being the largest steamship seen in the South Pacific up to that date. By the way, it is but just to give the greatest praise to Captain Conlon and the officers of the ship for the excellent discipline on board, and the satisfaction given to all the passengers.

Every evening there were all kinds of amusements on board, including music and dancing. The weather throughout was so fine that an open boat could have come the entire distance. In all my experience at sea I never had a finer passage. At the request of my fellow-passengers I gave an address upon the outlines of my manuscript which I was taking Home to put into book form. I received their thanks, and about 120 gave me their names as subscribers. On arrival in the West India Docks the passengers mustered to give Captain Conlon three hearty cheers, and repeat their thanks for his kindness and courtesy to every one on board. Thus I found myself once more in Old England after an absence of fifty years—and how many changes had taken place in that time, both in England and New Zealand!

When I landed in the colony in 1829 it was in its wild state, inhabited by aboriginals, and when I left, in 1878, it was in a high state of civilisation. I brought my family from Victoria in 1861 and settled in Otago. That was the first of its goldfields. In 1861 Dunedin was a small town compared to what it now is, and in my experience no town has made more progress. On my landing there was no town beyond 25 miles from the seaboard. Ship after ship, from Victoria to Port Chalmers, brought its hundreds of miners to search for gold. On the way to the goldfield many privations were endured, and the colonists carried their tents on their backs. Towns of canvas at once sprang up on the goldfields, but provisions were scarce and hard to get. I have known flour sold on the Dunstan at 2/6 per lb., and meat at 1/6, both being difficult to obtain even at these rates. Dunstan lies on the Molyneaux River, 200 miles from Dun-

edin. The way at that time lay through a vast, wild plain; now it is fertile land, occupied as farms. The cause of this transformation may be stated in a few words. Molyneaux River was rich in gold. Two men named Hartley and Riley got 2 cwt., and thereupon a great rush of people to the spot took place. Immediately afterwards the Government of the day gave £1,000 to the discoverers.

Fourteen miles up the river another rush took place, but it was on the opposite side, and there was no convenience by which to get across. A boat was speedily built, and there were soon 200 tents pitched on the spot. This canvas town was named Cromwell, and it is now one of the finest and best built towns in Otago. It is surrounded with mineral wealth, and at its back lies a valley of good fertile land 35 miles in extent, running up to a magnificent lake sixty miles long by seven wide. As yet this fine valley is lying comparatively dormant for want of men to cultivate it, there being only about six farms in it. Nor is this the case with this particular spot alone, there being many more equally good lying waste for want of settlers.

The great proportion of the inhabitants are diggers, who get well paid for their labour. Two men in this locality were the first pioneers of this goldfield, and they have to my knowledge taken over £30,000 out in gold and quartz. One is named G. W. Goudger, and the other Thomas Logan. To Mr. Goudger must be given the credit of making Cromwell what it is now, and looking at its mineral wealth in coal, iron, copper, plumbago, etc., it is evidently destined to become a vast manufacturing town—a smaller Birmingham or Sheffield. I must not omit to mention Lake Wakatipu, which I have visited. It is about sixty miles long by five miles wide. Its depth is over 200 fathoms in places, and it would float the entire British navy. Some of the finest scenery in the world surrounds this lake, and the neighbourings hills are capped with snow the year round. There are steamboats running on the lake to meet passengers coming by rail, and numerous tourists come to view the magnificent scenery of the district. The railway running to this lake was opened in 1878, and has proved a great boon to wool-growers. Previous to the opening of the line it was a journey of four weeks from the seaboard to towns situate on the lake, but the energetic farmers can now get their produce forwarded in a few hours.

All this is due to the energy of Mr. James Macandrew and Sir Julius Vogel. It was their scheme to open the country which caused so much benefit, not to the farmer alone, but to the entire population of New Zealand.

The changes that have taken place in navigation in an interval of fifty years are not less striking. Passing through from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean *via* Suez Canal, we had a splendid run. I left Adelaide on the 18th January, 1878, and reached Plymouth on March 5th; but when I left Home, at ten years of age, it was a seven months' passage from England to Sydney. We came Home in less than seven weeks! Progress in shipbuilding, steam navigation, and the Suez Canal had made all the difference.

On my arrival in London I was surprised to see the bustle and traffic of the streets; the network of railways running over and under the houses, and squalid misery and abject poverty of some of the inhabitants of the poorer localities. I could not help contrasting London in this last particular with the country I had left, where labour is at a premium and starvation a thing unknown.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Queen's Hotel, London, and its Proprietor—I Interview Sir Julius Vogel—A Change of Government and its Consequences—A Long Lecturing Tour—I Meet the Tichborne Claimant—Not Orton, but Castro—I Address a Big Meeting at Nottingham—My Book is Published—I Return to New Zealand—I Settle in Dunedin and Stand for Parliament—My Address to the Electors—I Write to Mr. Rolleston for Recognition of My Services in England.

IT is a singular coincidence that, shortly after my arrival in London, I made the Queen's Hotel, St. Martin-le-Grand, my headquarters, little thinking that site of the hotel was that of the Bull and Mouth, where, in 1828, when a boy of ten years, I put up with Sir John Alcock previous to our leaving England in the "Red Rover." The landlord at that time was the celebrated Edward Sherman, then the largest coach proprietor in England. I have a vivid recollection of the old house, and my astonishment was great to find it tranformed into the present noble and commodious hotel, "The Queen's," kept by Mr. Quarterman East. This gentleman was, I understand, Sheriff of London in 1876-77, and deservedly one of the most popular hotel proprietors in England.

I was a few days in London before I called on the Agent-General for New Zealand, at No. 7, Westminster Chambers. When I arrived I met Mr. Kennaway, secretary to Sir Julius Vogel, and presented my credentials from the New Zealand Government. Sir Julius had been laid up with gout, and I had to call several times at the office before I could see him. At last I got an interview. He asked me what had kept me so long on the road, as over eight months had passed away since I got the letters from the Government. I told Sir Julius I had been laid up in Sydney over two months with gout. He said, "Do you know there has been a change of Government since you left? The Grey Government is out of power. It is the Hall Government now, and they are retrenching, and I have to retrench, so I would advise you to go back to New Zealand. It may be some time before I can help you."

I told Sir Julius I had a manuscript brought Home with me to be put into book form. He had a look at it, and said he would introduce me to some of the large publishers in London. I thanked him, and he also said it would cost a large sum of money to bring it out. I told him I was sent Home to lecture for the New Zealand Government, and intended to do so, to get good men to come to the colony, and bring plenty of cash with them. I added: "If I cannot get instructions from you, I will start a lecture or two here in London. I have plenty of money to pay my expenses, and intend to do some good for New Zealand now I am in England." I then took a cab and drove to my hotel. I had a good look round London before I made a start on my lecturing tour through England.

One night, in the smoking-room of the Queen's Hotel, three gentlemen came into the room and stood before the fire, conversing about Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant. I looked up and said, "I should like to see this Arthur Orton; he was in my employ in Victoria." The gentlemen looked at each other, but made no reply. One of them made the remark, "Let us retire to another room," which they did. I thought at first they were three business men. They had not long left when the proprietor, Mr. East, came in and said, "Captain Barry, come with me; I wish to introduce you to some of my friends." I went into a room, where we found the three gentlemen and a number of others present.

I was then introduced to Lord Rivers, Dr. Kenealy, and Mr. Guilford Onslow (Lord Onslow's uncle). Lord Rivers said, "Captain Barry, I heard you say when in the smoking-room you would like to see Arthur Orton. Where did you know Orton?" I said, "In the colonies; he was in my employ in Victoria." Lord Rivers said, "You shall see him; I will get you a permit from Mr. Cross, and you can go with us next Monday."

They obtained the permit, and when Monday came they sent for me to join the party. We

drove to the station, and there found a number of gentlemen waiting for the train to go to Portsmouth, the claimant being then in Portsea prison. We all got into one carriage, the party consisting of Lord Rivers and two other noblemen, Dr. Kenealy, Mr. Guilford Onslow, Mr. Quarterman East, and myself.

Arriving at Portsmouth, we found two carriages waiting, and were driven to the Bedford Hotel, where we put up for the night. Next morning the hotel was surrounded with people. I asked what was the reason, and Lord Rivers said he thought I was the cause, as the London *Times* had announced Captain Barry was to go to Portsmouth to identify the claimant. At about twelve o'clock we drove to the prison, the crowd following us. On leaving the carriage we were rushed by the crowd, and I was glad to get inside the prison out of their way. We all went into a room, the Governor of the gaol came in, and Lord Rivers and Mr. Guilford Onslow went away with him.

In about fifteen minutes a head warder came to the door and asked for me. I left the room and followed the warder into a small yard, where about twenty gentlemen were assembled. Five prisoners were brought into the yard, all of them being dressed alike. Lord Rivers came to me and said, "Now, Captain, you say you know Arthur Orton; can you see him among those five?" I had a good look, but could not see Arthur Orton. Lord Rivers said, "He is there among those five." "No, my lord, he is not there," I said; "but the third man from me I knew in the colony. I have seen him with Arthur Orton in Victoria." Lord Rivers and Guilford Onslow said, "That will do, Captain; you shall see him."

Four of the men were sent out of the yard, and the claimant was put into a room by himself. He looked hard at me, and I said, "Well, sir, I am sorry to see you here. Do you know me?" He at once said, "No." He could not recall my name, but he thought he had met me in the colonies. I told him I had seen him in company with a man that called himself Arthur Orton, and that he was killing cattle for me in Ballarat, Victoria.

The claimant then called me by name, and said, "I know you now, sir, and I am glad you have come to see me. You are the only gentleman that has called on me from the colonies since I have been in prison." He then told me he had got seven years for swearing he was not Arthur Orton, and also seven years for swearing he was Sir Roger Tichborne, "which," he said, "I am, and you are sure I am not Arthur Orton." I replied, "Well, sir, I have seen you in company with Orton, and you called yourself Tom Castro; and you never told me you were Sir Roger Tichborne nor that you had a claim to any estate. When I came into this prison I expected to see Orton; instead, I have interviewed his mate, Thomas Castro." I looked round and said, "My Lords, if this man Castro has been sentenced to seven years for swearing he is not Arthur Orton, he is here a victim to mistaken identity, and as soon as I get outside of these gates I shall let the world know who this man is."

I promised to write to the Home Secretary, Mr. Cross, which I did, and also to the London *Times*. When we left the prison there were about three thousand people assembled to hear the news. We drove to the Bedford Hotel, and the crowd followed us. I had to go outside to explain my interview to the crowd. They gave me three cheers and left.

I shall have something more to say about the claimant further on. Mr. Guilford Onslow and Lord Rivers made an appointment with me in two days' time at the Queen's Hotel. It is through those two gentlemen I got my manuscript put into book form. As soon as I found my book would not cost me anything, I began to think I was in luck's way after all.

I made up my mind to give a lecture on New Zealand as a field for emigration. I announced that I would give an outdoor lecture at Peckham Rye. The night before Dr. Kenealy came to my hotel and arranged to take the chair. Next day we drove to Peckham Rye, and at 2 p.m. I got on to the platform that was put up for me. There were about four thousand people present.

The day following I was writing a letter in the smoking-room, when Lord Rivers, Mr. Guilford Onslow, and Dr. Kenealy arrived. Dr. Kenealy asked if I could spare the time to go to Nottingham, as the "Magna Charta and Tichbourne Release Associations" were to have a meeting. I told him I could hardly spare the

time, as I was very busy about my book, which I wanted published. My manuscript was on the table, and Lord Rivers said, "Captain Barry, let me take your manuscript, and I will have it put into book form for you."

The Doctor then said: "Now, Captain, the trouble about your book is all settled; Lord Rivers will see to that." I asked him how soon he would want me. He said, "In a few days."

The meeting, which was to take place in Exeter Hall, Mansfield Road, Nottingham, was announced in the *Times* as follows:—

"Magna Charta and Tichborne Release Association.—A National Conference of the above Association will be held on Monday, October 13th, 1879, at the above place, when the following gentlemen are expected to attend to take part in the proceedings, and to further the candidature of Sir Roger Tichborne as M.P. for Nottingham at the next election, on independent principles:—Lord Rivers, Dr. Kenealy, M.P., Captain Morrison, G. B. Skipworth, Esq., Guilford Onslow, Esq., Capt. Barry, of New Zealand, J. Hesby, Esq., Quarterman East, Esq. (late Sheriff of London), and others from all parts of the United Kingdom. The President, Doctor Kenealy, M.P., will preside. The conference to commence at 10.30 a.m. Captain Barry, thrice Mayor of Cromwell, New Zealand, who employed Arthur Orton in Australia, will relate his knowledge of Castro and Orton whilst in the colonies, and also give an outline of his interview with the claimant in Portsea prison, he recognising the claimant as Thomas Castro, and not Arthur Orton, they being two distinct persons, and other important matters connected with the claimant, Sir Roger Tichborne."

I was reading the newspaper when Dr. Kenealy came into the dining-room, and said, "Captain Barry, we leave for Nottingham to-morrow by the morning train. Lord Rivers, Onslow, and myself will call for you and Mr. East on the way to the station." He told me at the same time Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington had got my book to publish, and I felt easy in my mind.

When I arrived in Nottingham the town was full of people. I saw men walking about with advertisement boards on their backs announcing that the public meeting was to be held, and when it came off there were over four thousand people present. I was called upon to address the audience for half an hour. A great many speeches were made by other gentlemen, and the meeting lasted two and a-half hours. I was asked to write to the Home Secretary before I left England for the colonies. I gave my word I would do so, and also to the *Times* and other leading London newspapers.

I stayed in Nottingham a few days, and gave a lecture on New Zealand as a field for emigration. I had a very large audience, was well received, and listened to with the greatest attention, and believe I persuaded many to seek the new country. I then left on a lecturing tour all through England, and, visiting various agricultural districts, delivered addresses describing the advantages of the colony as a field for capital. After touring through the Midland Counties, I returned to London, and took train for Edinburgh.

Sunday, December 28, 1879, I met with a rather unpleasant accident. I was getting down from a tram-car in Princes Street, when I fell on my head. I was taken into an hotel, and lay there insensible for two hours. Doctors were sent for, and I was put to bed. In the morning I was just able to come down stairs. It was the day of the Tay Bridge disaster. I went to the door and saw a great number of people running about and crying out, "Have you heard the news? Tay Bridge is carried away, and a train and its passengers have all gone to the bottom." Some said, "It cannot be true;" but it was too true, and a cloud of mourning was all over Scotland.

I was laid up a week before I could travel. I then took train for London, and, on arriving at the Queen's Hotel, met Lord Rivers, who told me my manuscript was now in book form. I thanked him, and went to the publishers in Fleet Street and obtained a few books, of which I sent one to the Queen and one to Lord Rivers.

The Queen wrote me a letter, thanking me for the book. I was at this time in bad health, and could not get about to sell my books, so as to get a few pounds to carry me on. I made up my mind to leave England as soon as possible, but the fall I got in Edinburgh took me some time to get over. Indeed, I was laid up in Lon-

don through it. When well enough I called on the Agent-General, Sir Julius Vogel, and told him I had laid out my last pound in paying for halls and travelling all through England delivering lectures to induce the right sort of people to go to New Zealand and settle. I told him I had lectured on a hundred and twenty-one platforms, and had spent all the money I had brought with me.

Sir Julius Vogel said, "The Grey Government sent you Home, and when you are ready to go back come and see me, and I will send you back when you think it to go."

I went back to my hotel quite down-hearted; but I met Mr. Guilford Onslow and Lord Rivers, and told them I was in a fix after spending £450 in lecturing all through England for the New Zealand Government, and that all I had left was £2. Lord Rivers gave me a cheque for £20, and Guilford Onslow gave me one for £10. In that way I was in funds again.

They drove me to their estates, where I stayed about two weeks. Twice I drove round Rotten Row. Mr. John Bright from One Ash, Rochdale, sent me a letter to the Queen's Hotel, inviting me to his estate to stay for a few days. Seeing so many letters and reports as to my lectures about emigration, he wished to see me before I left for New Zealand.

I interviewed that great statesman, and was his guest for ten days. I have letters now in my keeping from Her Majesty the Queen and sundry noblemen in England.

I should like to introduce here a letter I received from Mr. John Bright while in London:

One Ash,
Rochdale, Oct. 30, 1879.

Dear Sir,—I do not doubt that emigration is good for active young men, and for all who have force and spirit to enter upon what is like a new life; but I do not think any sensible effect can be produced upon the population by any sudden effort to send our people abroad.

Within the last ten years we have been troubled with a scarcity of workmen in all parts of the country and in almost every trade; and I believe we may have, and probably shall have, a like trouble within ten years to come. Our wages have risen enormously within the last twenty years, which shows how great has been the demand for labour. At this moment there is a great reduction in many trades, but this may not be permanent.

The reports from America will stimulate emigration, and I shall be glad to see some of our people making their way across the Atlantic, or to your more distant land. I think clubs may be formed, and may do something to promote emigration; but I prefer to leave the movement to its slower but certain progress, as the people are better informed, and as they learn more accurately of the chances for them beyond the sea.

I think your letter very interesting, and I am always glad when colonists give trustworthy information as to the opening for English labour and capital in our distant dependencies.

I am,
Yours very truly,
JOHN BRIGHT.

Captain W. J. Barry,
Queen's Hotel,
St. Martin's-le-Grand, London.

I had at this time made up my mind to leave England. I called on Sampson, Low and Co., who published my book, and had a number of copies sent out to Otago. I then called on the Agent-General for New Zealand to see about my passage to New Zealand. The secretary, Mr. Kennaway, gave me a letter to the New Zealand Shipping Co., or Shaw Savill and Co., stating, "If Captain Barry takes a passage for Otago, payment for the same will be through this office, rate of passage money charged to be subject to the Agent-General's approval."

The "City of Florence" was about to leave for Otago, and I went to the docks to have a look at the vessel. The passengers were coming on board with their luggage, and many of them knew me from attending my meetings. The captain was a fine fellow, and there were a nice lot of passengers on board. So next day I went to the office and took my passage for Otago, and put my luggage on board. The following day the "City of Florence" was towed down the Thames, and we had a good, but long, passage

of ninety-five days. When we landed in New Zealand most of the passengers bought land and made homes for themselves. They gave Captain Hunter a dinner for the kindness he had shown the children on the passage. Many of my friends came round and wanted me to give a lecture, but I wanted to get to Cromwell to see my folks there. My Dunedin friends would not hear of my going till I delivered an address, however, so finally I consented to give one lecture. The subject was, "What I Saw in England," and they engaged the Drill Shed, and Mr. Horace Bastings took the chair. The house was crowded, and after two hours' speaking the meeting closed with three cheers for "The Pioneer."

The lecture paid me well, as I had all the proceeds for myself. A few of the leading men of Dunedin paid all expenses. During my tour through England my expenses came to very nearly £500, and my friends said, "Well, Captain Barry, write a letter to the Government; you will be sure to get back the money it has cost you. We notice that a great many of the passengers that came by the 'City of Florence' attended your lecture." I heard them say that it "was Captain Barry who caused about twenty of us to sell out our farms and come to New Zealand, and we brought capital with us to buy farms and settle here."

Next day I met Mr. Horace Bastings, M.H.R., who presided at my lecture, and asked him if I could have the use of his office to write a letter to the Hon. W. Rolleston, Minister of Immigration. He said, "You can have the use of my office at any time, and you will find plenty of pens, ink, and paper there." My books had arrived, and I was busy selling them. I took coach for Cromwell, taking with me one hundred books. I was not in Cromwell many days when I had not a book left. Mr. Wilkie, stationer, in Dunedin, had five hundred sent him from the publishers. I obtained a hundred from him, and sold them at 10/6 each.

I stayed in the district a few days, visiting my friends, and began to think writing books was a good line. The Cromwellites wanted me to settle down and stand for the Mayoralty, but I distinctly said no. I had lost too much money at it already, and could do better writing books and selling them.

I went by coach to Dunedin, and took up my lodgings at the Shamrock Hotel. I met Mr. Macandrew, and asked him to intercede for me, as I had written the Hon. W. Rolleston to see if I could get back the money laid out in England. A few years after I petitioned the Seddon Ministry, thinking it was a Liberal Government. I shall speak about their liberality further on.

I was in Dunedin for two years auctioneering, and made a good living. I then set about writing another book, entitled, "The Australian Colonies and Men and Women of the Times." After completing my manuscript, I made up my mind to lecture through the Australian colonies.

About this time there was a general election for the House of Representatives. A requisition was sent to me, and I consented to stand against the Hon. Thomas Dick and Mr. Downie Stewart. That was in December, 1881. After sundry very successful meetings I fell sick, and very reluctantly was forced to retire. I resigned in Mr. Downie Stewart's favour.

The requisition sent to me was as follows:—

"Dunedin West.

"To Captain William Jackson Barry:

"We, the undersigned, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a candidate for the House of Representatives at the next General Election for the West Ward, and we hereby pledge ourselves to do all that lies in our power to secure your return. Knowing you as an old and experienced colonist, a liberal man, a politician at heart, and after the good you have done for the colony when in England, we feel sure and confident that you are the most fit and proper person to represent us."

It was signed by about fifty of the leading citizens of Dunedin.

In my apology, when my health rendered retirement imperative, I stated what my platform had been, and expressed the regret I felt at having to relinquish the excellent chances of being returned to the House that their endeavours on my behalf had ensured.

The following is a copy of the letter which about this time I sent to the Hon. W. Rolleston on the subject of my trip to England:—

"Dunedin, December 7.

"Hon. W. Rolleston, Minister of Immigration, Wellington.

"Sir,—Referring to the memorial addressed to the Government in October, 1877, signed by many representative men of Otago, requesting that I might be engaged as an Immigration Agent to proceed to the United Kingdom, and to the fact that I have since then devoted the whole of my time and energy to the work, and have been the means of giving no inconsiderable impetus to the removal of capitalists from England to New Zealand, I have now respectfully to submit that it is only right that the Government should reimburse me for the actual outlay which I have incurred in the service of the colony. I have a letter from the Immigration Minister to the Agent-General, in which the question of my engagement was left to his discretion. When I reached Home, Sir J. Vogel had just received a telegraphic message from the Government which precluded him from incurring expenditure. I therefore proceeded on my own responsibility, and at my own cost and expense, expending £500 in travelling through England and enlarging upon the advantages which New Zealand presented to labour and capital. This result I need not describe. The press throughout the United Kingdom gave ample testimony as to this, and I have no hesitation in saying that, through my efforts and labour, a wider and more extensive interest has been excited in New Zealand than has ever been created through any individual instrumentality. I may say that Sir Julius Vogel, in a letter to Mr. Macandrew, admits the value and extent of the services which have been rendered by me. I shall not further dilate upon this now, as I trust that it is unnecessary, and that the Government will see its way to reimburse me the outlay which I have incurred, either in money or in land.

"Soliciting the favour of an early reply.

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY.

"April 20, 1880."

CHAPTER XXII.

I Visit the Australian Colonies—A Long Lecturing Tour—Notes on Australian Gold Discoveries—Some Famous Nuggets—I Arrive in Wellington—Old Colonists and Old Friends—I Start Off to Prospect the King Country—I Meet Mr. Cadman—His Promises—I Petition the House.

AFTER writing to the Hon. W. Rolleston, I settled in Otago for six or seven years, auctioneering and writing the manuscript of a book entitled "The Australian Colonies, and Men and Women of the Times."

In 1887 I left New Zealand for New South Wales, to make a tour through the neighbouring colonies, taking with me a large quantity of copies of the book which I had published in England, entitled, "Ups and Downs; or, Fifty Years' Colonial Experience." Arriving in Sydney, I sold a number to old acquaintances. I then started on a lecturing tour through New South Wales, meeting many old colonists, and obtaining a great number of subscribers for my new book. I also sold a quantity of the earlier book. After finishing New South Wales I left for Victoria, and there I delivered sundry lectures and visited several mines.

I also met a number of old Californian diggers, from whom I gleaned a great deal of information about the large nuggets found in Victoria. After travelling six months through that country, I left Victoria for Tasmania, and delivered addresses almost all through that colony. I took notes in my diary on everything of importance while in Tasmania. Here, as in most places I revisited, I met many old acquaintances of the early days.

After a successful tour in Tasmania I took my passage for Adelaide, South Australia, making a very successful tour through that colony.

During my travels I called on the Premier of each colony to obtain their photos for the purpose of publishing them to the world. I obtained from them what I wanted, and got a free pass from each Premier to travel by rail through his colony. Everywhere I delivered a lecture I was well received, and listened to with the greatest attention.

Before proceeding further with my personal experiences, I wish to jot down a few notes about the gold discoveries in Australia and some information concerning the big nuggets.

Victoria is much famed for its nuggets, and during my tour through that colony I gathered a good deal of information about these nuggets. Records are found of enormous lumps of gold, and the greatest excitement prevailed when large nuggets were got, resulting in "rushes." Though gold was found in the early part of the century, it was not until 1851 gold mining became general.

In 1851 two men, at Clunes, washed 50lbs. weight of gold in two days, and before the end of the year gold was found in various places, Ballarat coming to the front as the richest goldfield in the world. At the various goldfields diggers flocked in thousands, 20,000 to 40,000 persons arriving on new diggings in the space of a few months. Bendigo, now Sandhurst, Castlemaine, and other places were soon populated, and the country became full of adventurers.

In 1852 it is said that 100,000 people landed in the colony from Europe, and in more than one instance men went back on the return voyage of the ships by which they arrived, having made their fortunes. One man had his horse shod with gold, but afterwards came to want. The game of "ninepins" was played with bottles of champagne, and dozens of that drink were emptied into tubs and drunk from tin pannikins. Such was the rush that cabbages sold for 20/-, fowls 15/-, and eggs 1/- each. Butter sold at 5/- per pound. For years this excitement was kept up, and as nuggets were found and proved fortunes in themselves, the yearning for goldfields continued. Amongst these lucky finds "The Welcome Stranger," discovered on February 5, 1858, is recorded as the heaviest and most valuable in the world. John Deason and Richard Oats, two puddlers, found it close to the surface, in the neighbourhood of Dunolly. It measured 21 inches in length and was 10 inches thick. The finders conveyed it to their hut, and in order to get rid of the adherent quartz, heated it in the fire before taking it to the bank. The melted gold weighed 2,268 ounces odd, 98.66 per cent. of the nugget being pure gold. Its value, including pieces given away, amounted to £9,543 at the Bank of England.

The "Welcome" Nugget, found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, June 15, 1858, was sold for £10,500, and after being exhibited for some time, sold in Melbourne for £9,325. This nugget weighed 2,159 ounces, and was found at a depth of 180 feet. This valuable nugget found its way to London, where, in November, 1859, it was melted, and was found to contain 99.20 per cent. of pure gold.

The "Victorian" nugget, found in the White Horse Gully, Sandhurst, in 1852, weighed 340 ounces, and was bought by Parliament at a cost of £1,650 for presentation to the Queen. Where this nugget was found various others were discovered, some close to the surface, weighing 300 or less ounces. Nugget hunting must have been exciting. We read of a boy, in September, 1888, digging up a 120 ounce nugget, at a depth of a few inches.

In 1855 a nugget of 240 ounces was found lying on the surface at Mount Blackwood. In 1860 a moss-covered nugget was picked up weighing 230 ounces, and eight months later a 236 ounce one was discovered within half an inch of the surface. On the other hand, a solid lump of gold, weighing 834 ounces, was found in 1860 at Ballarat, at a depth of 400 feet.

The "Blanche Barkly," of the value of £6,905, weighing 1,744 ounces, was found by four men at Kingower, 13 feet below the surface. This nugget was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London, where it is stated to have been an object of great interest owing to its bulk, brightness, and solidity. The fortunate owners are said to have netted an average of £50 a week, such was the run to see this lump of gold.

Another party of four found, in the Canadian Gully, Ballarat, at a depth of sixty feet, a nugget weighing 1,619 ounces, just after unearthing a nugget of 76 ounces. Two

of the party had been in the colony not more than three months, when they returned to England with their prize, which yielded £5,532 7/4.

Near the same gully, September 8, 1854, a nugget of gold, weighing 1,156 ounces 17 dwt., was found, and from the same hole upwards of 220 lbs. of smaller nuggets were obtained, so that the value of gold taken from this claim alone was not less than £13,000.

A nugget, only 8 dwt. lighter than the last-named; known as the "Lady Hotham," was discovered in Canadian Gully, Ballarat, at a depth of 60 feet, amongst quartz boulders and wash-dirt giving an ounce to the ton. At the first blow of the pick the miner suspected he had struck gold; at the second the pick stuck in the nugget. Five days afterwards, in the same claim and drive, and within 10 feet of the spot where the 1,619 ounce nugget was unearthed, a nugget weighing 1,011 ounces 15 dwt. was discovered. It was somewhat of the shape of a pyramid, a very fine specimen, with snowy-white quartz attached. The two working diggers continued operations for a fortnight longer for a yield of 100 ounces of small gold, and then sold their claim for 80 guineas.—"Handbook of Australian Mines."

The "Heron" was a nugget of gold found by two young men near old Golden Point, Fryer's Creek, and which weighed 1,008 ounces, and brought £4,080. The finders of this precious lump of yellow metal had only been three months in the colony.

The history of Victoria records an almost unlimited number of lucky finds, several of the nuggets bearing common or well-known names.

"The Viscount and Viscountess Canterbury" weighed respectively 1,105 and 884 ounces; "The Precious" weighed 126 ounces; "Rum Sow," 718 ounces; "The Needful," 247 ounces; "The Schlemn," 478 ounces; and "The Spondulix," "Baron Rothschild," "Lady Lock," and "Lady Brassey," are the names of nuggets found in more recent years.

In 1890 I left Australia for Wellington, the Empire City of New Zealand, and paid a visit to some of our oldest settlers—Mr. George Allen, for one, who has been a boatbuilder in Wellington for many years, and is now in his eighty-third year. He was with me at the founding of Port Essington in 1838, and it is strange, after many years, for two old colonists to meet again. It gave me great pleasure to see him so well and hearty. Also, Mr. John Plimmer, who calls himself the "Father of Wellington;" and Mr. Renall, of Masterton, who built the first house there; Mr. Carrington, at New Plymouth; and Mr. Brown, at the Hutt.

These gentlemen landed in 1841, while I was lying in Wellington Harbour, in the "Waterlily," schooner. They are now over eighty years of age. In 1842 I ran my vessel into New Plymouth, and sold flour to the emigrants, and there I first met Mr. Carrington, surveying the town. It was at this time that he was surrounded by natives, and had to run for his life, finally finding shelter in old Dicky Barrett's whare.

The same year I ran the "Waterlily" into Nelson, and sold the remainder of my flour. The inhabitants were on the border of starvation. I saw women dig seed potatoes, peel them, and sow the peelings for seed. Such was the state of things at that time, when New Zealand was a Maori hunting ground.

In 1890, after paying a visit to a few old colonists, I took the train *en route* for the King Country. I stayed a few days at New Plymouth, and gave a lecture on "The Early Days of New Zealand," which paid me very well. I bought a horse, and was about to start upon my campaign in the King Country, when a gentleman named Jones was going to the Mokau. He told me he owned a large tract of country he obtained from the Maoris, and it looked like good mineral country. He said he owned a coal mine, and was well-known to the public as "Mokau Jones." I accompanied him to the Mokau, and from there started on a prospecting tour through the King Country.

I was eight months travelling over that wild region, and was much impressed with its valuable resources. I found copper ore, antimony, tin, and coal, but no gold. I obtained a horse from a Maori I had been with, to pack about 100 lbs. of specimens to the village called Kihikihi, three miles from the railway station. This Maori had been very kind to me, and I paid him well for his trouble. At Kihikihi I met some Maoris driving to catch the train, so I left my horse in a paddock, and they gave me a lift.

At the station I met two notable chiefs—Tawhiao II., "King of the Maoris," and Rewi, a great warrior. Tawhiao and Rewi asked me if I was coming up to the King Country again. I said I was. They both gave me their address, and an invitation to call on them and stay a few days.

I left for Auckland, and on my arrival submitted several specimens of ore to the editors of the local papers. The specimens caused great excitement. I gave a lecture on "The Mineral Wealth of the North Island of New Zealand" in Abbott's Opera House, the place being crowded with leading people of Auckland. Next day I met a gentleman, Mr. James Mackay by name, who told me the Native Minister, Mr. Cadman, was in Auckland, and he would introduce me to him. I was introduced to Mr. Cadman, and showed him some specimens of ore. I asked him if I could get protection on a certain block to work a mineral claim. He said, "When you come to Wellington, call on me at the Government Buildings, and I will see what can be done."

I stayed in Auckland a few weeks, and gave a series of lectures, which were highly remunerative, and I then went to Wellington, and wrote a letter to Mr. Cadman, to which he made the following reply:—

Native Office,
Wellington, June 25, 1891.

Sir,—I have the honour, by the direction of the Native Minister, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd inst., with reference to the discovery you have made of what you conceive to be a valuable deposit of tin ore, situated in native lands, within the so-called King Country, which has not yet passed through the Native Land Court. In reply, Mr. Cadman desires me to inform you that until the land is put through the Court the Government cannot grant you any protection; but that in the event of the land being hereafter required by, or ceded to, the Crown for mining purposes, he considers your discovery should be acknowledged in the usual way, by granting you the prior right to an extended area as a prospecting claim. Your letter has been forwarded on to the Minister of Mines.

(Signed) T. W. Lewis,
Under-Secretary.

W. J. Barry, Esq., Post Office, Wellington.

I took a quantity of different mineral specimens to Mr. Skey, which were reported on as valuable minerals. I then delivered a few lectures in Wellington on "The Mineral Wealth of the King Country," and left Wellington by boat for Auckland. I went by train to Otorohanga to attend a Native Land Court, and got certain things done that I wanted. I then took train to Te Awamutu, to get my horse out of the paddock. I left there to pay a visit to Rewi and King Tawhiao, with whom I remained for two weeks. Tawhiao lent me a horse and saddle to pack the minerals I found into Otorohanga, where I could take the train for Wellington. I left 150 lbs. weight of minerals in a store, and proceeded to lecture in a few of the towns in the Waikato district. There I came across an old colonist whom I knew in Cromwell, by the name of Brown. I stayed at his farm for some time. That was in 1893. After finishing my lecturing tour, I took train for Auckland. My old friend Brown drove me to the station, and I made him a present of my horse, saddle, and bridle.

I had at that time made four prospecting trips into the King Country. Auckland newspapers gave me great credit for my pluck and energy. I was laid up in Auckland with la grippe, and when I got well enough to travel went by boat to Wellington, taking my mineral specimens.

I called on the Premier, the Hon. Mr. Seddon, who was then staying at the Club Hotel, taking with me a quantity of my mineral specimens. The Premier examined them, and asked the locality in which I found them. I thought that was not quite fair, and I gave him the names of a few blocks I had travelled over and prospected.

The Premier then gave me a letter to Mr. Gordon, one of the Government experts. I went to Mr. Gordon, and submitted my specimens for examination. I told him the King Country was full of mineral wealth, and it was strange that the Government did not take steps to give me some assistance. I left some of my mineral specimens with Mr. Gordon. That was in 1894, when my funds were about exhausted, and I thereupon petitioned the House of Representatives.

The following paragraph appeared in the *New Zealand Times*, Friday, August 3, 1894:—

"The petition presented to the House of Representatives by Captain William Jackson Barry,

which has been referred by the Petitions Committee to the Government 'for consideration,' sets out that the petitioner is now seventy-five years of age, and asks that his services to the colony as Immigration Agent and explorer may receive due recompense, so that he may be protected against destitution during the short remaining period of his life. The petitioner sets out that in 1879 he was appointed Immigration Agent and Lecturer, his passage to and from England only being paid. During the engagement he delivered over one hundred lectures on different platforms in England, and was the means of inducing a large number of persons who have since proved good colonists to come here. Included amongst these were the 'Lincolnshire Farmers,' who are settled in Auckland, and have made good settlers. Owing, however, to the rigid economy practised at the time, Captain Barry received no remuneration for his services, the value of which was shown by the references made to them in the London *Times* and other English papers. The petitioner states that he has also been instrumental in the discovery of valuable mineral territory in the King Country, which his knowledge of the natives enabled him to find, and which will prove a valuable asset to the colony. For these and other reasons enumerated, the petitioner trusts that his wants will be supplied. It may be noted that Captain Barry arrived in the colony in 1829, he being then ten years of age, and that he was in Wellington when Mr. John Plimmer landed here."

A great deal of correspondence crossed on this subject, but I got a minimum amount of satisfaction. My petition was recommended to the Government for favourable consideration, but they voted me a dole of only £50, and even this Mr. Barron, through whose hands the money had to pass, wanted to give me in small amounts. In forcing his hand through the Minister I am afraid I must have earned his enmity, for when the question again came before the committee he wrote that I not only had no claim, but that anything the Government might have done was simply in a spirit of charity. A good deal of warm correspondence followed on this; and about this time, too, there was a good deal of newspaper controversy respecting my King Country explorations.

Even Sir Julius Vogel supported my claim for recognition of my services. Writing from East Molesey, February 15, 1895, to me, he said: "I well remember the time you were in England, and that you did good service for the Government in getting good men to emigrate to New Zealand, and the Government should reimburse you for your outlay and time you spent in England; for I am quite sure your lectures delivered throughout England did good work in getting good people to emigrate. I will write to the Government on your behalf."

After findng out that the present Government did not intend to do any more for me, only what they had done, and the few pounds I had having all gone in prospecting, a number of friends asked me to give a lecture on "The Mineral Resources of the King Country," and they would get up a benefit for me. Mr. Jupp said if I gave a lecture he would get his brass band to turn out. I was thankful to know I had so many friends in Wellington. I gave the lecture in the Exchange Hall, and my friends paid all expenses for printing bills, etc.

The town was well posted with bills, headed: "A lecture will be delivered by Captain William Jackson Barry, our pioneer and author, and one of the founders of three colonies. A complimentary benefit will be tendered to our pioneer, Captain William Jackson Barry, by the citizens of Wellington, previous to his leaving for the famous King Country. Subject: 'The Past and Present of New Zealand'—New Zealand in 1837—His Tour through the King Country—The Mineral Resources and Wealth of that Country—An Exhibition of Minerals—The Great Boom that is Coming to New Zealand. George Fisher, Esq., will preside at the lecture. Admission, 3/-, 2/-, and 1/-. All young and old colonists invited."

I had a good attendance, for many turned out to hear me. Mr. Jupp's brass band played outside the hall, and I got a good few pounds together, for which I was really thankful.

The newspapers spoke well of my address, which did me good in other places where I lectured. I got ready to make a start, and went to the Premier to try and get a pass to take me to New Plymouth. I told him I wanted to go to a certain part of the King Country to bring a few

specimens of cinnabar to Wellington, and I had to go by way of the Mokau. Mr. Seddon gave me a pass to travel by train, and I started on my fifth tour to the King Country.

The *New Zealand Times* gave me a good paragraph, saying: "Undaunted by old age, our famous pioneer colonist, Captain Jackson Barry, is about to start on another tour into the King Country. He has already made four trips into that wild region, and has become more and more impressed with its valuable mineral resources on each successive visit. On the occasion of his return from there he brought back specimens of copper ore, antimony, and coal, all of which he submitted to the Government analyst, Mr. Skey, who reported very highly of their quality. As Captain Barry only brought small specimens on the latter visit, he intends, during this visit, to bring one to two hundred weight of specimens, to prove to the Government that his discoveries are genuine. The gallant old captain will leave Wellington to-morrow, and will probably deliver some of his characteristic lectures at several of the townships *en route*. He will be absent for about three months."

I took train to Masterton, and gave a lecture there. Mr. Hogg, M.H.R., took the chair, and the Masterton Brass Band played to welcome me. The next day I paid a visit to a few old colonists, who asked me to call on my road back from the King Country and deliver another lecture. I promised to do so. I went by coach to Woodville, where I caught the train to New Plymouth, and arrived there all safe. I bought a horse and started for the Mokau, to get into the Kawhia Country; but, unfortunately, I took sick, and was laid up with la grippe and gout in a Maori whare for three months, where I was looked after by a Maori woman.

While I was laid up I had gout very badly in my feet. It was here that I learnt a remarkable remedy for this painful ailment. This Maori woman sent two young girls to gather leaves of a certain bush. They returned with a large kit full of small leaves, which they boiled, and afterwards strained the water off and put it into bottles. They bound the leaves round my feet, and gave me a cupful of the liquid to drink. The gout all left me, and from that time to the present I have never been troubled with it. I shall never forget the kindness of that Maori woman while I was lying sick.

My horse strayed away while I was incapacitated, and I gave them what little cash I had for their kind treatment. If they took me to New Plymouth, I told them they could keep my horse if they found it. The Maoris lent me a horse, and accompanied me to New Plymouth. I had only 5/- in my pocket, and was half-starved with cold and hunger. I knew Mr. Carrington in New Plymouth. I went to him, and, making myself known, he asked me to his house. Not being very well, I stayed with Mr. Carrington a few days, and made my way to Masterton. According to my promise, I gave a lecture there. I canvassed the town, and obtained a good many subscribers for my new book, entitled, "Australian Colonies, and Men and Women of the Times," after which I called on a few old colonists, and wrote a letter to the press, and left for Wellington. The following is a copy of the letter to which I allude:—

"To the Editor of the *Wairarapa Star*: Sir,—Before leaving Masterton, permit me, through the press, to record a few remarks on my recent tour through the North Island. By the young the changes will hardly be noticed, but to the colonists who are fast passing away it seems more like a dream than reality. In 1836 I made my first trip to this island, in the barque 'Mary,' of London, a whaler. In those days, long before iron vessels were thought of, our small trading vessels were admired, and did good service, being virtually pioneers for the splendid class of steamers that now navigate our seas. In 1842 I was again in New Zealand, trading with the natives. I ran into New Plymouth with a cargo of flour to sell to the settlers, in a schooner, the well-known 'Waterlily.' Mr. G. Carrington was then laying out the streets and town. After so many years' absence from New Plymouth, it is strange that I should meet with that gentleman, hale and hearty and quite smart, at the age of eighty-two years. My twelve months' tour, with the object of bringing out my book, "The Australian Colonies and Men and Women of the Times," I am pleased to say, has equalled expectations. As far as I can judge by my long experience, everything seems to be working admirably. Like all other colonies, New Zealand

has vastly improved, and no doubt her mineral deposits, coupled with her rich agricultural areas, will bring her into greater prominence as time rolls on. Recently I visited the famous King Country, where I found a network of minerals. The day is not far distant when New Zealand will receive a very large revenue from the mineral wealth of that district. During my prospecting tour I became very bad with la grippe in the Kawhia district. While I was laid up I received the greatest kindness from the natives. I brought with me from the King Country a quantity of minerals, and have had them assayed by the Government analyst, with satisfactory results. In Masterton I am glad to have to say that I had an interview with a colonist of the forties, and one of the pioneers of this town, Mr. Renall. Mr. Renall appears to me to be as full of vigour as half the young men. He is hale and hearty in appearance. After what he has gone through in the settling of this country, and the privations he has had, he is a wonderful man. Long may he prosper. I was surprised to meet with so many of the old pioneers that arrived in Wellington in 1840. I mention the names of a few of those who came out in the ship 'Martha Ridgway':—Captain Bessed, A. W. Renall (pioneer of Masterton), Philip Goodin, Ellis Goodin, Thomas Ray (these three reside at Carterton), and Mr. John Judd, Greytown. These gentlemen are the pioneers of this country, and, as a colonist of sixty-seven years, I was very glad to meet them. There are very few left to tell the tale of the troubles and danger they had to endure in the early days, as the pioneers are fast passing away one by one.—WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY."

A few lines about Australian Federation.

I should like to give my impression of the question of Australian-New Zealand federation. In my opinion, New Zealand stands in its own light by not joining our mother colonies. Once Australasian federation was accomplished, then we could look to the higher plane of Imperial federation and the political vista which stretched out before the gaze of Sir Henry Parkes when he said:

"I do see very clearly that there may come a time, and that time not very remote, when the Australian colonies may be brought more into the position of one great and united people. I do see a time when the South African colonies may be brought together into one great Anglo-African people. And I see that if a grand and powerful congeries of free communities, such as I have grouped, in three parts of the world, become steadily formed, they may enter into an allegiance with the parent State on something like a broad ground of equality."

That was the goal which Tennyson hoped would be reached:—

Britain's myriad voices call,
Sons be welded, one and all,
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul—
One Life, one Flag, one Fleet, one Throne!

AUSTRALIA FEDERATA.

A shout upon the northern breeze
Rings all the world across:
Australia! Rule the Southern Seas,
Beneath the Starry Cross!

The older nations call aloud:
"Our equal take your stand;
Australia free, Australia proud,
A great and golden land!"

Her diadem, her towns embayed,
Her generous coasts along;
Australia, take thy place, arrayed
Among the great and strong!

Her mother's breed, where'er they go,
Bring seed of freedom's tree;
Australia, rise! 'Tis time to show
The Lion blood in thee!

A giant work each State has wrought,
The fruit is Union now;
Australia, guard the prize long sought,
And keep a nation's vow.

O, proud and glad in Empire's van
Your trusty blades shall glance;
Australia, for the rights of man,
The cause of God advance!

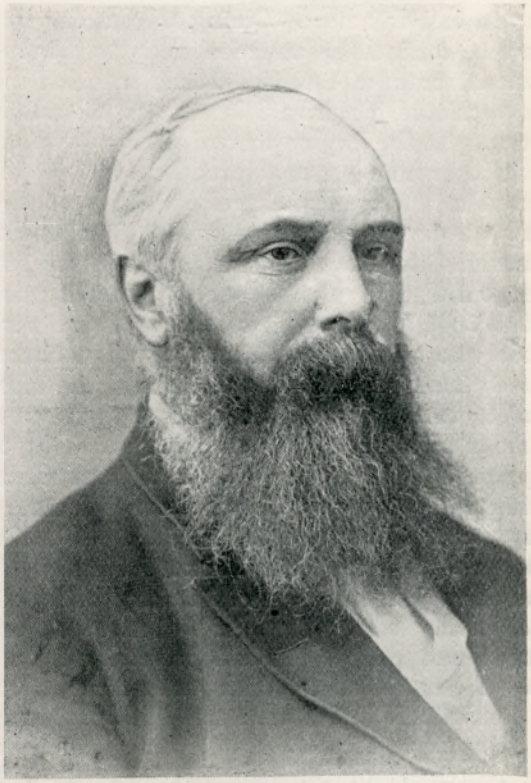
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR ROBERT STOUT.

"His Honor, the King's Judge," Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, to whom this book is, by permission, dedicated, is descended from the Vikinage. True to the instincts of the race, "He came," (to New Zealand) "saw, and conquered," and now occupies the highest position, social and intellectual, retained by these colonies in their own gift. This striking personality achieved that proud distinction by the thrice happy combination of mild demeanour allied to strong will and sound judgment. His career from early life has been before the public over whose judicial administration he now presides, and no one has attempted to say he pandered to public opinion or quailed before personal prejudice. On the contrary, he stemmed some of the crying evils of the day, and proved singularly effective in their amelioration.

Sir Robert Stout was born at Lerwick, Shetland Islands, in the year 1844. He had no special advantages in the way of parentage. He is son of a well-to-do Shetlander, in whose family circle the Viking blood is strongly represented. Had he (Sir Robert) lived some hundreds of years ago we would expect to find him named by the sagas, provided with a niche in the legendary lore of the hardy Norseman. Missing these "golden opportunities," he made the most of the privileges left him, and in due course effected a landing on the shores of New Zealand. That was in the year 1864, Otago being his port of debarkation.

At that time Dunedin was in a state of rough and tumble consequent upon the outbreak of the goldfields. Our young Shetlander dropped into the turmoil, his role being that of the school teacher, and during the ensuing four years made fair progress in his calling. The profession of the law at this time presented many possibilities for active, enterprising young men, and forthwith Sir Robert betook himself to the study. With him a fixed purpose was a great step towards complete success, and so it proved in this instance. In 1871 he was hall marked "Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court," and almost in the same breath we hear of him



SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G.

before the Courts, "a lawyer in good practice." There was no waiting on, or briefless barrister experiences in his case. They seemed to gravitate towards him from the outset. His elevation to the bench came as a natural sequence, and the result amply justifies the expectation.

His political, no less than his professonal career, proved worthy of imitation. A year or so after he donned the wig and gown he was elected to the Provincial Council—a popular legislative system of the day. He was appointed provincial solicitor. That of itself was no mean preferment for a budding barrister. At the abolition of the provinces he was returned to the House of Representatives for the electoral district of Caversham. True to his onward and upward course, in 1878 we find him colleague in the Government of the late Sir George Grey. In that administration he held office as Attorney-General, in conjunction with the portfolios of Land and Immigration. In 1879 the Grey Government went out of office. Prior thereto Sir Robert had resigned political office, as also his seat in Parliament. During the ensuing five years he confined his attention solely to his professional practice, the fact being manifest he had sacrificed his private interest to his public duties. At the expiry thereof political ardour again overcame personal prudence, and in response to a generally expressed desire on the part of the public, he re-entered Parliament, Dunedin City being the seat for which he sat. He joined Sir Julius Vogel in forming the Stout-Vogel Government of 1884. There were those who blamed Sir Robert for this alliance. Closely analysed, it was not perhaps the most correct card. Sir Julius himself was most anxious to retain office, and there is reason to suppose he (Sir Robert) was to a great extent influenced by that consideration. It was during that period, 1886, he was created K.C.M.G., also a Fellow of the New Zealand University. A year later the Stout-Vogel Ministry collapsed, and, having lost his seat, Sir Robert once more retired into private life and professional practice. He essayed one or more uneventful efforts in political life. Meantime the Chief Judgeship of the colony became vacant, consequent upon the retirement of Sir James Prendergast, and, with the hearty approval of both the profession and the public, Sir Robert Stout was appointed in his stead.

In other walks of life Sir Robert has been prominent. As a lecturer he has done good service in many a deserving cause, while his literary ability and social qualities are recognised.

GOVERNOR BOURKE.

Bourke was an able as well as an affable man. He succeeded Darling, and appears at once to have detected the weak points in the administration of his predecessor. He forthwith grappled with the most vexed land question. In theory the system was good, but serious abuses had crept into its practices. An immigrant had often to wait for months and see his application unheeded, while meantime a few favoured individuals were calling day by day at the Land Office and receiving grant after grant of the choicest parts of the colony. Bourke forthwith caught this bull by the horns, and abolished the free grant system. In lieu thereof he enacted

SIR RICHARD BOURKE.

that in the settled districts all land was to be put up to auction. If less than 5/- per acre was offered, it was to be withdrawn. When the bid exceeded that sum it was to be knocked down to the highest bidder. That was accepted as a very fair arrangement, and as it contributed largely to the Colonial Exchequer, the Government was able to resume a practice discontinued in 1818 of assisting people in Europe to emigrate to the colony.

Beyond these settled districts the land was occupied as sheep and cattle ranches. Their owners had settled down as they pleased, but held no legal right to possession. Indeed, they were liable to be turned off, as it were, at a

moment's notice. In that case they were placed in a most precarious position. Their flocks increased rapidly, and neighbouring squatters interfered and trenched upon each other's selections. Feuds arose in consequence, and some of these were carried on with much bitterness. Bourke likewise set himself to remedy these evils. He ordered squatters to apply for the land they might require, and thereupon he had the boundaries of each run marked out. He made a small charge by way of rental proportionate to the carrying capacity of each of these runs. In return, he secured every one in the peaceable occupation of his run until the time came when it should be required for sale as the lands of a settled district.

Under this wise and judicious administration the colony progressed steadily. In 1833, two years after he had entered upon office, the population had increased to 60,000, of whom 33,000 were free immigrants. There also arrived each year about 3,000 convict settlers, but as an equal number of immigrants entered the colony it was benefited by its annual increase of population.

During Bourke's regime a good deal of useful work was done in the way of exploration for new territory, especially by Major Mitchell's parties.

It was during Governor Bourke's term that the first steps were taken in the populating of the banks of Port Phillip. In Tasmania the projected settlement had occasioned the utmost possible excitement. Nearly two hundred persons, with more than 15,000 sheep, had landed on the shore of Port Phillip. Contracts had been, and were still being, made with the natives for the sale of their lands. These were, as may be imagined, of the most reckless and extravagant order. The Sydney Government declared that all purchases obtained from ignorant natives were invalid, and Bourke issued a proclamation warning the people at Port Phillip from fixing their homes there, as the land did not legally belong to them.

Towards the close of the year (1836) Bourke found himself compelled to recognise the new settlement, and despatched Captain Lonsdale to act as magistrate, giving him an escort of thirty soldiers to protect the new settlement. Early next year the Governor himself visited Port Phillip, where he found a population numbering at least 500. He planned out the town, gave names to its streets, and finally settled that it should be called Melbourne, after Lord Melbourne, who was then the Prime Minister of England.

It was in the same year that, after ruling well and wisely for a period of six years, Governor Bourke retired from office, amidst the sincere regrets of the colony of New South Wales.

SIR GEORGE GIPPS.

Sir George Gipps succeeded to the Governorship of New South Wales on the retirement of his predecessor, Governor Bourke. He came to the colony well recommended. He had recently achieved for himself distinction by his services in settling the affairs of Canada. He was a man of undoubted ability, and is said to have been

SIR GEORGE GIPPS.

generous and well-meaning, but of arbitrary and violent temperament. The result was that the advantages which ought to have been secured by his acknowledged talents were more than counterbalanced by his ungovernable temper. It is frankly admitted no Governor ever laboured more faithfully for the welfare of a community, and yet none was ever more unpopular.

Throughout his term of office the colonists were constantly suffering from troubles, due, in most instances, to themselves. These, however, they invariably imputed to the Governor. What

tended to aggravate these evils was that the Home Government, actuated by a sincere desire to benefit and assist the colony, often aggravated the trouble by crude and ill-informed efforts to alleviate difficulties they did not comprehend. Governor Gipps had a most unfortunate penchant for interpreting his instructions in their most literal sense. The result was that, however much he might happen to disapprove of these instructions, he felt himself called upon to carry them out to the letter. Naturally enough, the odium and derision consequent thereon were saddled upon his shoulders, and in that way he contracted a great deal of unpopularity. On the whole, however, the troubles of the colony were due neither to the Governor nor the Home Government, but solely to the improvidence of the colony itself.

The explanation of this is that during a period of twelve preceding years steady prosperity had been the order of the day. So many fortunes had been made that the road to wealth seemed securely opened to all who landed on its shores. Thus it became common for the new arrival to indulge in the most extravagant anticipations. Prudence and abstemiousness were cast to the winds. In Sydney the most unbridled conduct was indulged in, and in Melbourne it seemed as if prosperity had turned the heads of the inhabitants. We are told the most expensive liquors were the ordinary beverages indulged in by men in the position of waggoners, shepherds, etc. On visiting Port Phillip in 1843 Gipps found the suburbs of Melbourne thickly strewed with champagne bottles, which, of course, told their own tale of extravagance and dissipation.

At this inopportune moment the English Government assisted in bringing matters to a crisis by its injudicious interference with the land laws. In South Australia land was charged 20/- per acre, the price in Port Phillip being 5/-. To conserve the interests of South Australia, the Secretary for State ordered the other colonies to raise the price of their lands. New South Wales was parcelled off into three divisions—(1) the Middle District, round Port Jackson, where land was to be charged at the rate of 12/- per acre; (2) the Northern District, round Moreton Bay, where the same price was to be exacted; (3) the Southern District, round Port Phillip, where the land, being of superior quality, was never to be sold for less than 20/- per acre.

Discontent was caused throughout New South Wales by this order; but South Australia was saved from absolute ruin, and the Secretary of State declined to recall the edict. For a time it appeared as if the policy adopted was sound, and land was eagerly purchased even at the advanced rates. In 1840 the amounts received for land were three times as much as those received in 1838. This, however, turned out to be simply a speculative gamble, and most disastrous results ensued. Men who borrowed money were unable to pay their debts, and became insolvent. The banks, by whom the money was advanced, were brought to the verge of ruin. The Bank of Australia became bankrupt in 1843. Forced sales of land and stock followed, and the result was trade generally became utterly demoralised.

Such was the state of matters existent during Governor Gipps' term of office, and it will be readily understood His Excellency's position in the colony was the reverse of pleasant.

GOVERNOR FITZROY.

Governor Fitzroy was appointed to New South Wales in 1847, and remained until the year 1855, when he returned to England. The agitation for the separation of the colony from what subsequently became Victoria was, on the inauguration of his term, at its height. It was a matter which had caused his predecessor, Sir George Gipps, a great deal of embarrassment, and we are told that in 1846 the latter gladly retired from his troublesome position.

Fitzroy was in every respect the antithesis of Gipps. He is described as by no means clever, yet good-natured and amiable—a man who gave himself very little trouble with affairs of State. He left the Sydney Council to manage things much as they pleased, and that would seem to have been appreciated by the colony. As for the separation question, he appears to have taken very little concern as to whether Port Phillip was constituted a separate colony or not. Most probably his indifference in that respect was of importance in the carrying of the project.

Apart from the separation project, Fitzroy's term of office appears to have been wholly

colourless, and without it his record would have been altogether uneventful. The eastern half of Australia, stretching from Cape York to Port Phiilip, was originally part of New South Wales. There were, it is true, only 150,000 inhabitants in the whole territory, no great number to rule

SIR CHARLES A. FITZROY.

had they been at all compactly situated. That was just where the difficulty arose. They were widely scattered, and there were in reality two distinct settlements—one consisting of 120,000 people round about Sydney, the other 30,000 round Port Phillip. The latter community, though numerically small, was vigorous and much inclined to be discontented. It was, moreover, 600 miles distant from the seat of Government, and the delays and inconvenience arising therefrom occasioned no little annoyance.

It is a generally admitted fact that the milder disposition of Fitzroy was of great importance to the colony in the carrying of this most important measure, while Governor Gipps' unconcealed antagonism to the separation project considerably retarded its accomplishment.

GOVERNOR DARLING.

GOVERNOR DARLING'S administration of the parent colony extended over the years 1825-31. He succeeded Governor Brisbane, who had rendered himself so unpopular that his recall in the first-named year was heartly acquiesced in. A system of free immigration to the colony had been entered upon with convict labour as an assigned service. In that way the costly Government farm system, mainly inaugurated for the employment of the convicts, came to be abolished. The new arrivals in Sydney were, for the most part, young men with a few hundred pounds at their disposal, who bought flocks of sheep and carried them out to the pasture lands, where, as they increased year after year, their owners grew rich with the produce of the wool. The absorbing of convict labour in that way exercised a healthy influence on the convicts themselves. They were scattered all over the country, with a better chance for reforming than when congregated together in mobs. Still the system had its drawbacks. Very speedily the fine lands were covered with flocks and herds. The very appreciable improvement in the administration of affairs did not, however, tend to make either of these Governors popular. Darling was a man painfully precise in details, to the manifest neglect of larger and more important matters, and the rate at which all the good lands were being absorbed for sheep graz-

LIEUT.-GENERAL R. DARLING.

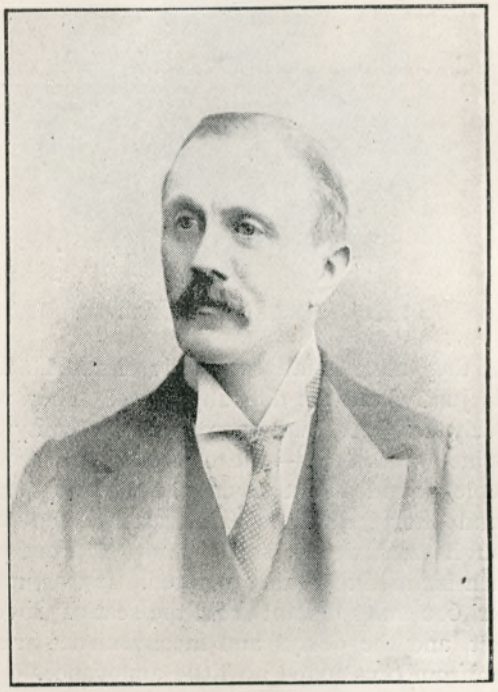
ing did not tend to make the public feeling more amicable. It was during Darling's period an association was formed in England to whom a grant of one million acres of land was made. They called themselves the Australian Agricultural Company. The avowed object was to im-

prove and cultivate the waste lands of the colony, to import sheep and cattle for squatting purposes, to open up mines for coal and metals, and in general to avail themselves of the vast resources of the colony. Although in the end this undertaking proved advantageous to the colony as a whole, at first it aggravated the evil mentioned above. That in itself went a long way towards incensing public feeling against Darling.

What capped his unpopularity, and no doubt hastened his withdrawal from the public service, was an indiscreet and rather inhumane act on his part, which proved the extent to which his mind had been enslaved to a sense of duty, no matter how harsh and unfeeling it might be rendered. A dissipated soldier named Sudds persuaded a companion named Thompson that their prospects in life were not hopeful so long as they remained soldiers; but that if they became convicts they stood a fair chance of becoming rich and prosperous. They accordingly rendered themselves amenable to the law, and were sentenced to be transported to Tasmania. The real motive of the crime becoming known to Darling, he so far varied the sentence of the Court as to clothe the culprits in iron-spiked collars, and in that condition they were set to labour on the roads. Sudds, who was in a bad state of health, succumbed to this extra-judicial infliction, and shortly afterwards died. His companion, Thompson, on the other hand, became insane. This double disaster had the effect of inflaming public opinion, and the hitherto smouldering fires of discontent broke out into open and undisguised flames of hostility. His professed friends were as indiscreet as his avowed enemies were unrelenting. A feeble newspaper print, published in the interest of the Government section, filled, we are told, its columns with the most fulsome flattery in his defence, and Darling himself was so imprudent as to mix himself up personally in the dispute, and did all that lay in his power to annoy the editors of the opposition papers. The colony was divided into two classes —the one needlessly extolling the Governor, and the other denouncing him as the most cowardly and brutal of mankind. That abusive warfare lasted four years, at the expiry of which the wordy warfare was brought to an end by Darling's recall.

The EARL OF RANFURLY.

THE Earl of Ranfurly, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand, was born on August 14, 1856, and was educated at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge. Prior to coming to the colony in 1897, he was Lord-in-Waiting to the late Queen Victoria. His Excellency visited the Mildura district, Victoria, on several occasions, where he had interests in a fruit farm, which interests he still holds. The colonial experience which he then gained has

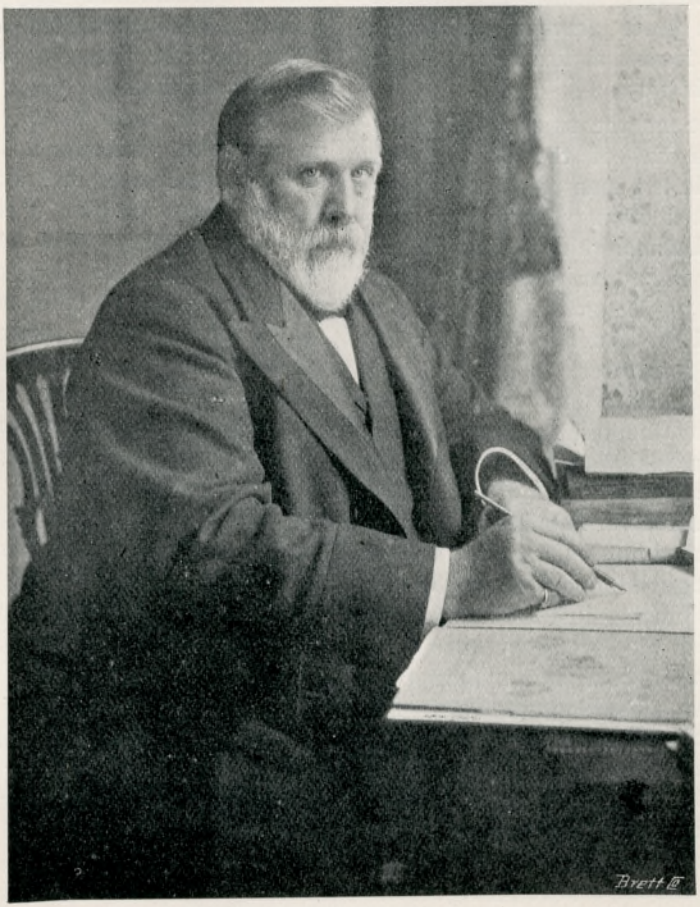


LORD RANFURLY,
Governor of New Zealand.

proved invaluable to him in his present position. During his residence in New Zealand, Lord Ranfurly has taken a keen interest in its affairs. He has made it his business to visit all parts of the colony, and everywhere he has met with the most cordial reception. New Zealand has never had a more popular Governor, and general satisfaction was expressed at the intimation when he consented to an extension of his term of office. His only son, Lord Northland, is an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and served in the recent South African war.

The Right Hon. R. J. SEDDON.

1879 was a critical period in New Zealand politics. The public works expenditure had cramped colonial finance. The system itself, crude and disjointed, had not had time to develop reproductive works. The abolition of the provinces, by which nine legislatures were swallowed up in one central administration, was still embryonic, and with improving, yet incomplete, communication, it was impossible to say how far the new system could be relied on for working out the destiny of the old. Party politics were defined on much sharper lines then than now, and in the heat of debate vituperation and blame circulated account being made for the reasonableness thereof.



THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, P.C.,
Premier of New Zealand.

These were the troubled waters in which the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon had his political baptism. The Grey Government then in power, freely, very little was met at the outset of the parliamentary session with a vote of "no confidence." The result showed doubt as to the actual state of public feeling, and a dissolution was sought and obtained. A condition appended thereto was that the new Parliament should assemble in session before the end of the year. As one of the newly-elected, Mr. Seddon made his appearance for the first time in Parliament. He was returned for Hokitika. A kind of slur attached at this time to the goldfields' members. Despite its biting sarcasms, Parliament aped a high tone and dignified demeanour. The freer speech and less affected personage of the goldfields' member met with scant courtesy. The miners' right franchise, coupled with the fact that Otago had persistently returned inferior men as goldfields' representatives, was in a measure responsible for the slight. That other less culpable goldfield centres shared in the odium is only what was to be expected.

Mr. Seddon had this class prejudice to contend against, and, but for the irrepressibility of his character he might never have been able to grapple with it successfully. As it was, he not only managed to assert his individuality, but also succeeded in infusing freer and less constrained methods into the Parliamentary practice. That, in its turn, had the effect of destroying the pretensions of New Zealand's "great governing classes," and opening Parliament wide enough so that the masses as well as the classes could effect an entrance.

Individuality, however, is a striking characteristic of his Parliamentary career. His will power has all along been recognised, but it was not until he took office in the Government that

its true force was fully appreciated. Other Governments had their distinctive features—their men of influence and men of talent, but these were to a large extent confined within the compass of party ties. Mr. Seddon, so to speak, burst these ties asunder, and extended his influence and administrative abilities to all sections and classes of the community. Under that consolidating system party politics have in effect become much less strongly defined in New Zealand. After twelve years' practical experience, that administration is now as firm set as it was at any period of its history.

In domestic relations the right hon. gentleman is pretty much that of the average New Zealand colonist. He is a man of 55 or 56 years of age, who migrated from a grimy manufacturing township of Lancashire named St. Helens, reaching Victoria in 1863. An engineer by trade, he got employment on the goldfields, where, as might be expected, he caught a more or less virulent type of the gold fever. The West Coast of the Middle Island at that time was struggling into repute; but by the time our indomitable Seddon had rolled up his swag and was *en route* for the land of the Ngati-wai-rangi (the West Coast aboriginals) some rare stories of its rich finds must have reached him. That was the year 1866, so that our Right Honourable would then be a youth of 21 summers—just the age for fun and adventure. With the former we have nothing to do, but the latter, being in a manner public property, we have a right to speculate. The good Sir Frederick Whitaker, the crafty Sir Edward Stafford, and others—a galaxy of colonial talent—were the political gods worshipped in those days. Did our Lancashire engineer in his fondest dreams imagine that he would eventually dethrone the lot, and reign right honourable in their stead?

His personal record is just what might be expected from a man of his mould. He did the round of "parish politics," forging on until he could get no further. The abolition of 1876 found him Chairman of Committee in the Westland Provincial Council. During the next three years he seems to have "lain low." At all events no mention is made of him in the records of the day. In 1879 he cropped up, as mentioned above, in the General Assembly, finding his present level as Premier in 1893. In January, 1891, the late Mr. John Ballance was called on to form a Ministry. Mr. Seddon was chosen to the portfolio of Works and Mines. At the death of his chief he became Acting-Premier, his appointment to that office being subsequently confirmed on the dates stated.

In side-show exhibits he makes some good reading. He has now reached his twenty-third year of Parliamentary life, and during that time he has never sustained an election defeat. In other words, he is the only member who has held the seat continuously since the general election of 1879. In 1896 he was opposed by an ex-member—Mr. Grimmond. On that occasion he polled the enormous majority of 1,883 votes. The figures were: Seddon, 2,707; Grimmond, 824. Since then competition has left his elections severely alone. He occupies senior position in respect of length of office of any Premier in the British dependencies. Of eleven Premiers who attended the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Seddon are the only two who have since remained continuously in office. Mr. Seddon has been well described as a man of almost superhuman energy and untiring industry, a tactful, resourceful, experienced politician, and by far the most prominent figure in the New Zealand politics of the day. He is popular privately as well as publicly, hearty and jovial, a staunch friend, and certainly not in any sense a bitter foe.

SIR JOSEPH GEORGE WARD.

THE Hon. Sir Joseph George Ward presents a most interesting career, and one that could with advantage be noted by the rising generation as showing what can be achieved through industry and application by one starting on the lower rungs of the ladder of life. Sir Joseph was born in Melbourne, Victoria, on the 26th April, 1856. The death of the father, as is so often the case, completely changed the future of the family. We find them landing in New Zealand at the Bluff. There Sir Joseph, at the age of 13, joined the Telegraph Department, and after serving there a number of years he resigned his position to enter a commercial office. After the lapse of four or five years he again entered the Govern-

ment service in the Railway Department, but after remaining there for a few years he started on his own account in the world of commerce. At the age of 21 he was elected as a member of the Campbelltown Borough Council, and for several years occupied the Mayoral chair. He was also elected to the Bluff Harbour Board, and has retained this seat ever since. His energy,

THE HON. SIR J. G. WARD, K.C.M.G.,
Colonial Secretary.

foresight, and enterprise in the different positions he filled were soon recognised, and it is not too much to say that he has contributed in a large degree to help to bring the Bluff Harbour to its present state of efficiency. His tastes were athletic, and besides taking an active interest in volunteering he was prominent in many sports.

Sir Joseph entered Parliament in 1887, defeating the late Mr. James Walker Bain by a very large majority. He has since sat continuously as member of Awarua. It is interesting to note that up to the present he has never been defeated in an election either in local or general politics, though the records show that he has at times been strenuously opposed. Sir Joseph, in 1890, on the formation of the Ballance Ministry, accepted the position of Postmaster-General, and in 1893, in addition, he accepted the positions of Colonial Treasurer and Minister of Marine. In 1896 private business affairs caused Sir Joseph to temporarily relinquish his portfolios, but in 1899 he again took his place in the Cabinet, assuming, in addition to his old portfolio of Postmaster-General, the onerous position of Minister of Railways. In addition to these, Sir Joseph holds the positions of Colonial Secretary, Minister of Industries and Commerce, Minister of Public Health, and Minister-in-Charge of Tourist and Health Resorts. Sir Joseph's career in Ministerial life has been marked by the institution of very many important reforms and improvements, and with his name will ever be associated the introduction of the universal penny postage system, and the completion of the Pacific cable to England, of which he was ever a determined advocate.

In 1901, on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of York to New Zealand, Sir Joseph received the distinction of being made a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in this respect it may be noted that he is the only gentleman in New Zealand who has had the honour of receiving such a distinction at the hands of the Heir-Apparent to the throne within the colony itself.

Sir Joseph has filled the position of Acting-Premier in the colony upon three occasions during the absence of the Right Hon. the Premier, and upon the last occasion, when Mr. Seddon was in England representing New Zealand at the Coronation ceremonies, Sir Joseph occupied the position of Leader of the House, and on all side won golden opinions by the able manner in which he discharged his important duties. Sir Joseph is a remarkably keen and incisive debater in the House, and on the public platform he is at once a popular and convincing speaker.

The Hon. W. HALL-JONES.

THE Hon. Wm. Hall-Jones, Minister for Public Works and Marine, who represents the thriving southern town of Timaru in Parliament, was born at Folkestone in 1853. In the administrations of the district from which he hails he worked his way through the various stages of local self-government, serving as a member of the Timaru Borough Council and the Levels

THE HON. WILLIAM HALL-JONES,
Minister for Public Works and Marine.

Road Board. These were the capacities which first brought him into public notice, and eventually secured for him a place in Parliament. There, as already stated, he succeeded in making his calling and election sure. Along with Sir Westby Percival, he acted as whip in the Ballance-Seddon Government, a position he resigned shortly before the death of his late lamented chief, Mr. John Ballance. A few years ago he was called upon to take office in the Seddon Ministry. He has been engaged in the building trade of Timaru, and it was in accord with his pursuits that the portfolio of Public Works was assigned to him. He likewise holds office as Minister of Marine.

Within the last few years the Government has been devoting more attention to the subject of fisheries, previously rather a neglected subject. For the purpose of testing these fishing grounds and advising as to the best methods of establishing the same, a gentleman of wide experience on fishing matters was appointed in 1900. Extensive experimental trawling operations have been carried out, and the information thereby gained will be of much service to those interested in the fishing industry. The inland fisheries have likewise been receiving attention. A salmon hatchery has been established at Hakataramea, in the South Island, and large quantities of ova have been dealt with, the result proving very satisfactory.

Mr. Hall-Jones' electoral campaigns have in some respects proved most eventful. At the general election of 1893 he defeated a local magnate—Mr. E. G. Kerr, proprietor of the Timaru *Herald*—with a substantial majority. In 1896 he was re-elected by a majority of 640, the figures being:—Hall-Jones, 2,181; F. H. Smith, 1,541. At the 1899 election he polled the record majority for the colony, defeating his opponent, Mr. J. S. Keith, by 2,275 votes.

The Hon. W. C. WALKER, C.M.G.

THE Hon. William Campbell Walker, C.M.G., Minister of Education and Immigration, is the eldest son of the late Sir William Stewart Walker, K.C.B., for many years Chairman of the Board of Supervision, Edinburgh. Born in 1837, at Bowland, Stow, Midlothian, Scotland, Mr. Walker was educated at Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1861, subsequently taking his degree. Landing in Lyttelton in January, 1862, per ship "Evening Star," Mr. Walker has been intimately associated with the settlement and development of the Provincial District of Canterbury. With his brother, Mr. A. J. Walker, he was for many years concerned in sheep farming pursuits. Their station in the Ashburton District was known as "Mount Pos-

session." The honourable gentleman's connection with public life dates back to the year 1877, when he was elected as the first chairman of the Ashburton County, which position he held con-

THE HON. W. C. WALKER, C.M.G.,
Minister of Education and Immigration.

tinuously till the year 1893. Mr. Walker sat in two Parliaments as member for Ashburton, having been elected for that constituency in 1884. Three years later he was re-elected, but was defeated at the general election of 1890. He was called to the Legislative Council in 1892, and became a member of the Seddon Government in February, 1896, soon after the retirement of the Hon. W. P. Reeves to accept office as Agent-General for the colony in London. For a considerable period he has occupied a seat as a member of the Board of Governors of Canterbury College, and from 1891 until joining the Ministry as Leader of the Upper House, he was a member of the Land Board of Canterbury. The Hon. W. C. Walker was married in 1871 to a daughter of the late Archdeacon Wilson, of Christchurch, and has five sons and one daughter. The distinction of C.M.G. was conferred upon Mr. Walker on the recent visit to New Zealand of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The Hon. C. H. MILLS.

THE Hon. Charles Houghton Mills was born in Nelson in 1844, and is now in his fifty-seventh year. His father, the late Mr. Richard Mills, was one of the pioneers of the colony, having landed in Nelson in 1841 in the ship "Lord Auckland." Mr. Mills was educated at the public schools in Wellington, and was for four years

THE HON. C. H. MILLS,
Commissioner of Trades and Customs

pupil teacher in the Te Aro school. After severing his connection with scholastic duties, he resided in the Marlborough Sounds, and from there went to the Otago diggings. He spent some

years in mining and following the life of a sailor. He holds a captain's certificate. In 1871 he returned to Havelock, where he married Miss Morison and settled down. He then began to take an interest in public affairs, and subsequently became a member of the Pelorus Road Board, the Havelock Town Board, the Picton Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, and the Marlborough County Council. He was also Chairman of the Havelock School Committee for many years. For twelve years he was a member of the Marlborough Land and Education Boards. He was returned to Parliament for the Waimea-Picton seat against Mr. R. Hursthouse and Mr. Phillips by over 200 votes. Since then he has sat continuously, first for Waimea Sounds, and then for Wairau.

During the time the honourable gentleman has been in the House he has been a member of the Goldfields and the Waste Lands Committee, and was for three years Chairman of the Public Petitions Committee. In 1893—the third year after he was elected—he was appointed Government whip, a position which he held with credit to himself and advantage to his party until his elevation to the position of Minister of the Crown. During his Parliamentary career Mr Mills strongly advocated the repeal of the Property Tax and the passing of the Land and Income Tax in its place. He also took a keen interest in passing the Advances to Settlers Act, the Land for Settlements Act, the Old Age Pensions Act, the Licensing Act, the Consolidated Mining Act, and several other measures affecting the well-being of the working classes. On the 29th October, 1900, he was called to the Seddon Ministry, and was given the important portfolio of Commissioner of Trade and Customs, and was also appointed Minister-in-Charge of the Advances to Settlers Department and the Valuation Department.

The Hon. JAMES CARROLL.

THE Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, was born on the 20th August, 1857, at Te Wairoa, in the Province of Hawke's Bay. Mr. Carroll is the son of Mr. Joseph Carroll, a very old settler in the Wairoa, who married Tapuke, a chieftainess of high rank in the Ngatikahungunu tribe. At the age of 14 we find young Carroll, although but a boy in years, a man in pluck, fighting with a native expedition sent out under command of Mr. F. E. Hamlin in pursuit of the notorious Te Kooti. This gallant company was on the warpath for five months, and had three engagements with Te Kooti's party. During that time they captured 150 prisoners of war, compelled the Hauhaus to conclude terms of peace and swear allegiance to the Queen. Mr.

THE HON. JAMES. CARROLL,
Native Minister and Commissioner of Stamps.

Carroll, who then could hardly have been fourteen years of age, was specially mentioned in despatches, the Government awarding him the New Zealand medal and a bonus of £50 for the services he had rendered. Soon after this he was appointed as a cadet in the office of Mr. Commissioner Locke at Napier. While so engaged he attracted the attention of Sir Donald McLean, who gave him a more responsible position in the Native Office at Wellington. After

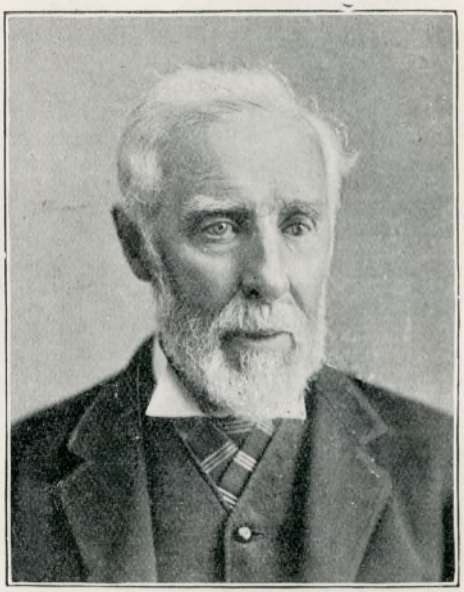
a year's service he was again promoted, being made native interpreter to Judge Rogan, of the Native Land Court. In 1879 Mr. Carroll was appointed interpreter to the House of Representatives. In this capacity he gained a very high reputation as an able and eloquent speaker. This was the turning point of his career.

In 1886, for the second time, he entered the political arena against Mr. Wi Pere, whom he defeated by 200 votes. After Mr. Carroll's first session in Parliament it was said of him by an able and far-sighted writer that "were he to do nothing else his efforts in the direction of the political and social union of the two races in this colony would hand his name down in New Zealand history as that of a statesman of broad and comprehensive views, far-seeing, and a benefactor alike to Maori and European.

Mr. Carroll became a Minister of the Crown in 1892. Owing to his great tact and influence with the natives, by whom he is known as "Timi Kara," he has been able to amicably settle a number of disputes of a threatening nature, and his services have proved of the utmost benefit to the colony. In 1896 Mr. Carroll was given a portfolio in the Seddon Ministry, he being appointed Commissioner of Stamps, Acting-Colonial Secretary, and Maori Member of the Executive. In the last rearrangement of portfolios the Colonial Secretary's office was given to Sir J. G. Ward, and Mr. Carroll was made Native Minister, the first one of native blood in the history of New Zealand to hold that position.

The Late SIR GEORGE GREY.

THE late Sir George Grey was born in Lisbon, Portugal. His father was Colonel Grey, and was killed at Badajoz. His father was an Irishman, and his mother a French lady. I met him first when he was Captain Grey, in 1837, when he was surveying Swan River. I again met him in 1841, in South Australia, when he was administering the Government after Colonel Gawler left. Next I saw him in Auckland in 1865, and when he came to Otago, visiting the south of New Zealand, in 1867, I was Mayor of Cromwell, and entertained him. It was on this visit to the interior of Otago that he received a despatch from the Duke of Buckingham relieving him of his position as Governor. He got the despatch at Queenstown, whither he had gone with the late Sir John Richardson and the late Hon. Robert Campbell, and others. I saw Sir George on his return from Queenstown, and he did not seem pleased with the treatment he had received from the Home Government. He went Home, and was succeeded by Sir George Bowen as Governor. At Home he stood for Newark, but had no chance of election, as neither party supported him. When at Home he wrote a pamphlet in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. He returned to the colony, as he could not stand the winters, and settled down at Kawau. Being invited to enter politics on the retirement of the late Judge



THE LATE SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

Gillies from the Superintendency of the Auckland Province, he was elected Superintendent, and a member of the House in 1875. He became Premier in 1877, and was in office till the end of 1879. He remained in the House till 1895, resigning on the 28th June, having taken up his residence in England. He was married to Miss Stanley, but on a trip to England many years ago from the Cape they quarrelled, and lived apart almost up to the time of his death. I was sent Home to England as a lecturer by Sir George Grey in 1878, and did well for the

colony in introducing the best class of farmers. Sir George Grey was a Privy Councillor.

Sir George Grey died in 1898, and is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, where a well executed marble bust marks the last resting place of a man who was one of the most brilliant who ever spent a great section of his life in this colony.

The Hon. A. J. CADMAN.

THE late Minister for Mines and Railways, the Hon. Alfred Jerome Cadman, is a native of the colony of New South Wales, whence he came with his parents to New Zealand when quite a

THE HON. ALFRED JEROME CADMAN.

child. In private life he has been engaged in the mining and timber industries. In 1881 Mr. Cadman entered the House as a supporter of Sir George Grey, and in 1891, upon the formation of the Ballance administration, accepted the portfolio of Native Affairs. In 1893 Mr. W. L. Rees, one of the members for Auckland City, charged Mr. Cadman with improper use of his official position in connection with certain transactions in native lands in Hawke's Bay, in which also Mr. W. C. Smith, the member for Waipawa, was said to be interested. Mr. Cadman, in order that the whole matter should be thoroughly ventilated, challenged Mr. Rees to resign his seat and contest an election with him, offering Mr. Rees at the same time the option of contesting his own seat (Auckland City) or Mr. Cadman's seat (Thames). The challenge was accepted, Mr. Rees choosing his own constituency as the battle ground, and a bye-election took place. The contest aroused a great amount of interest, not only in Auckland, but throughout the colony, and resulted in the return of Mr. Cadman by the largest majority ever obtained in New Zealand up to that time, this being before the introduction of female franchise.

On Mr. Cadman's return to Wellington, the Premier immediately invited him to rejoin the Ministry, which, after a short consideration, he did, taking the portfolio of Minister of Mines, to which he later added that of Minister of Railways. As Minister for Mines and Railways, and especially in the latter capacity, Mr. Cadman earned for himself an excellent reputation as an energetic, sensible and economical administrator. As a rule he believes in the adage that "speech is silver, but silence is golden," but when he does speak he is listened to with great attention. A quiet, unassuming gentleman, and a most industrious and efficient administrator, Mr. Cadman was popular with all sections of the House. The state of his health necessitated his retirement from politics recently, and he has since been largely engaged in promoting the ironsand industry of Taranaki.

The Late Hon. JOHN BALLANCE.

NEW ZEALAND'S political economy ranks under one of three separate heads—the original party, the middle party, and the young New Zealander. The late John Ballance rates head and front of the middle section. He was first to attain the position of Premier in a Government composed solely of that party. Sir Robert Stout runs close for the honour, but it must be remembered that

while Sir Robert was a political product of these middle ages, the Government of which he was head was largely composed of pre-historics. No

THE LATE HON. JOHN BALLANCE.

man railed more against the "Continuous Ministry" of his day than Mr. Ballance. Is it the irony of fate that we find him in 1891 forming a Government that has burst up all previous records of the continuous, and, so far as appearances serve, bids fair to become immortal? That is one of the personal problems suggesting themselves in view of the retrospect of the honourable gentleman.

Mr. Ballance was a native of Belfast, and after being apprenticed to a merchant there went to Birmingham and engaged in commercial pursuits. Arriving in the colony in 1866, he settled in Wanganui, and became proprietor of the *Wanganui Herald*. He fought in the war, and was an officer in the Wanganui Cavalry. Entering the House of Representatives in 1875, the same year as Sir George Grey and Sir Robert Stout, he joined the Grey Ministry of 1877, and remained in office till June, 1879. He became Premier in 1891, and died in April, 1893, of a painful complaint. It is possible that if he had not had so much worry and trouble he might have been alive still. He introduced the self-reliance policy, contending that New Zealand could never rise to be a great colony if she did not rely on herself rather than the London money lender. He was successful, both as Minister of Lands in 1884-1887, and Native Minister and Colonial Treasurer. He was one of the Stout Ministry, which contained the following able men:—Sir Robert Stout, Sir Julius Vogel, Sir P. A. Buckley, Messrs. John Ballance, Richardson, W. J. M. Larnach, J. A. Tole, and W. Reynolds. A monument has been erected to his memory in the Parliamentary grounds.

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

SIR WILLIAM (up till recently Captain) Russell, M.H.R. for Hawke's Bay, until recently Leader of the Opposition in the House of

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, K.C.M.G.

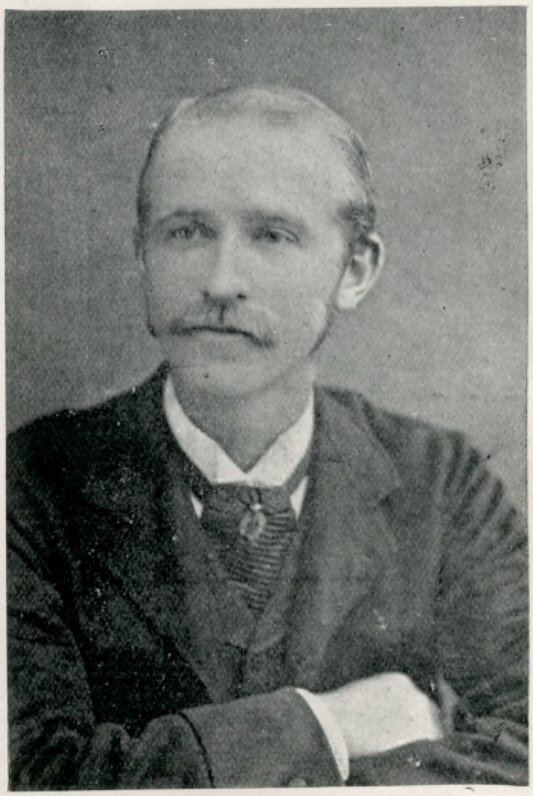
Representatives, is a keen sportsman and one of the leading men in the sporting world of New Zealand. He has done a great deal to improve

the turf since his connection with it. Captain Russell has a select little stud at Flaxmere, Hawke's Bay, but has had very indifferent luck with his animals. Captain Russell has been one of the pillars of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club ever since its inception, acting as its representative at racing conferences, where his knowledge relative to matters pertaining to the turf, as well as his wide experience, have proved of great value.

He first entered the House of Representatives in 1876, and remained a member until 1881, when he was defeated by Mr. Fredk. Sutton. In 1884, however, he reversed the position, defeating Mr. Sutton, and has since continued to sit as member for Hawke's Bay. He has had a long and notable Parliamentary career. In 1883 he was Chairman of the Midland Railway Commission, and in the following year joined Sir Harry Atkinson's Ministry as Postmaster-General, the Ministry, however, being ousted after only a week's duration. When Sir Harry returned to power in 1889-90, Captain Russell was Colonial Secretary and Minister of Justice and Defence, and in 1890 attended the Australian Federation Conference at Melbourne as one of the representatives of New Zealand. The following year he was also present at Sydney in the same capacity at the National Australasian Convention. Captain Russell is a staunch freetrader, a very polished speaker, and there is no more popular member with all parties in the House of Representatives.

The Hon. J. E. JENKINSON.

The Hon. John Edward Jenkinson, M.L.C., J.P., was born in Dunedin in 1858. His father, the late Mr. J. H. Jenkinson, was first Harbourmaster of Dunedin. He attended various schools in Otago, and completed his education under the late J. B. Park, of South School, Dunedin. In 1875 he entered the foundry of Sparrow & Co. as apprentice to boilermaking and iron shipbuilding. In 1882 he joined the first labour union, viz., Dunedin Boilermakers', and three months later was elected president. Next year he was deputed by the Union to enquire as to the formation of branches in the Northern cities, and appointed representative of the Dunedin unions in conference with New South Wales, etc., in forming an Australian Federation. He worked at the trade in all the principal towns of the colony, and took a prominent part in forming the Boilermakers' Unions in Wellington and Christchurch; also in forming the Canterbury Trades Council. He was one of three to draft rules for the guidance of the Council, these rules being ultimately adopted by all the other Councils. He inaugurated courses of scientific trade lectures under the auspices of the unions, and represented Canterbury Trades Council in several annual conferences. He was called to the Legislative Council in 1892, and appointed J.P. and Official Visitor to Sunnyside Asylum. In 1896 he started business in Wellington, and is now residing there. At the close of his first term of office he was reappointed to the Legislative Council in 1900.



The Hon. J. E. Jenkinson, M.L.C.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES

AND

NEW ZEALAND.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE COLONIES IN THE EARLY DAYS.

By CAPTAIN W. JACKSON BARRY, A COLONIST OF SEVENTY-THREE YEARS,
WHO ARRIVED IN SYDNEY IN 1829.

PORT PHILLIP, 1800, 1840
THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD, 1851
VICTORIA, 1851 to 1855
SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 1836, 1850
NEW SOUTH WALES, 1808, 1860
WEST AUSTRALIA, KING GEORGE SOUND, 1829, 1876
QUEENSLAND, MORETON BAY, 1823 to 1876
TASMANIA, 1803 to 1876
NEW ZEALAND,

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

This short history of the most stirring period of the history of the Australian colonies is compiled from my diary and note-books, in which are jotted down not only the fruits of personal observation, but information gathered from numerous friends and acquaintances. To the latter I wish here to acknowledge my indebtedness.

WILLIAM JACKSON BARRY.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES

AND

NEW ZEALAND.

—AN—

EARLY AUSTRALASIAN HISTORY.

PORT PHILLIP, 1800-1840.

First Explorations.—The discovery of Bass Straits in 1798 had rendered it possible for the captains of ships bound for Sydney to shorten somewhat their voyages thither, and in 1800 Lieutenant Grant, for the first time, made use of this advantage. On his way from England he took his little brig, the "Lady Nelson," through the Straits, and as he passed along the northern shores he gave names to the principal bays and inlets. When he arrived in Sydney he called the attention of Governor King to a small inlet which he had not examined, although it seemed to him of importance. In 1802 the Governor sent the "Lady Nelson," now under the command of Lieutenant Murray, to explore this inlet. Lieutenant Murray entered it, and found that a narrow passage led to a broad sheet of water, thoroughly land-locked, though of very considerable extent. He reported favourably of the beauty and fertility of its shores, and desired to name it Port King, in honour of the Governor, but Governor King requested that this tribute should be paid to the memory of his old commander, the first Australian Governor, and thus the bay received its present name, Port Phillip. Only sixty days later Flinders also entered the bay, but when he arrived some time afterwards in Sydney he was surprised to find he was not the first discoverer. In 1803 Governor King sent Charles Grimes, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, together with two gentlemen named Meehan and Robbins, to walk round the shores of Port Phillip. This adventurous feat they accomplished, and discovered several rivers falling into the bay; but to these they gave no names, and beyond the compilation of a rough chart of Port Phillip this expedition produced no results.

Governor Collins.—The first attempt to colonise Port Phillip was made in 1803, under Governor Collins, who landed near the present site of Sorrento, with about four hundred convicts. They began to clear the land of its timber and form their settlement; but the want of water, as well as the barren nature of the soil, made the prospects of the little township seem very miserable. Collins therefore sent Lieutenant Tuckey with a couple of boats to explore the shores of the bay, and select some place in which fresh water might be more abundant. Tuckey examined all that part of the bay which stretches from Point Nepean to Mornington, but could find no spot suitable for the proposed colony. Having reached the little creek on which Frankston now stands, he was attacked by a great crowd of blacks, and had a conflict with them sufficiently severe to prevent his landing again. He was thus debarred from exploration by land, and the stormy weather prevented him from remaining long on the open bay. He therefore returned with a very gloomy report, and increased the despondency of the little community. Every one was dull and dispirited, except the two or three children who had been allowed to accompany their convict parents. Among these, the leader of all their childish sports, was a little lad named John Pascoe Fawkner, who was destined to be afterwards of note in the history of Port Phillip. But even the children soon sank under the heat, the want of fresh water, and the general wretchedness of the situation. Very soon all voices were unanimous in urging the Governor to remove. Collins then sent a ship with letters to Sydney, and Governor King gave him permission to cross over to Tasmania. Collins lost not a moment in doing so, and founded the settlement at the Derwent. Be-

fore he left there were four convicts who took advantage of the confusion to escape into the bush, hoping to make their way to Sydney. One returned, footsore and weary, just in time to be taken on board; the other three were not again seen. Two are believed to have perished of hunger, and thirty-two years passed away before the fate of the third was discovered.

Fawkner.—Whilst these years were passing, we have seen how the new colony at Hobart Town rapidly rose and prospered, and the boy Fawkner, who had been only about eleven years of age when he landed in Port Phillip, had passed through the period of youth and early manhood, at first working as a sawyer, but, by his industry and careful study, making up to some extent for the deficiencies of his early education. Subsequently he became an innkeeper in Launceston, and there he owned and conducted a small newspaper. But in his forty-second year he read the report of Hume and Hovell's travels, which were being published in Sydney journals, and learning that, on the other side of that very Port Phillip from which he had been so glad to escape about thirty years before, there were beautiful forests and well watered meadows, he formed a small association for the purpose of crossing the straits. His arrangements, however, took some time to mature, and whilst he was planning a second adventurer was rapidly executing the same designs.

Batman.—John Batman was a native of Parramatta, but had crossed in early life into Tasmania, where he had prospered through care and honesty. He was an experienced bushman. Indeed, it was he who had captured Brady, the bushranger, and he had been of great use to Tasmania in inducing the blacks to submit themselves to the colonists. For these services he had received large grants of land, and had stocked them with great flocks of sheep. He married and settled down with a numerous family to enjoy his wealth in peace and comfort. But a picnic party which he gave to some friends one Christmas Day was the means of changing the course of his life, for as they ascended the mountain on which they were to lunch the talk of his friends was all about the glorious new country discovered around Port Phillip; and so enchanting a picture was drawn that, in their enthusiasm, a small association was formed for the purpose of colonizing Port Phillip.

Batman was not the man to relinquish anything to which he had pledged himself, and before long he had increased the association to fourteen members, and purchased a little vessel in which to cross for the purpose of personally examining the country in which he proposed to settle. In this little sloop—the "Rebecca"—after tossing about for nineteen days in Bass Straits, he succeeded in entering the port, and landed at Indented Heads on May 29, 1835. On that day he walked twelve miles inland, through the same country which had so charmed the hearts of Hume and Hovell, and which Batman declared better suited for sheep than any land he had ever seen. Next day he took his vessel to Geelong, and on the third he landed at the mouth of the Werribee, and proceeded on a walking tour round the bay. He found an encampment of about forty native women and children, with whom he was soon on very friendly terms, and the report they gave to the other natives of his kindness and generosity was of service to him afterwards.

The "Rebecca" next sailed into Hodson's Bay, and anchored off the lonely point where the busy docks of Williamstown now are. Batman again started on foot to explore the country, taking with him, as interpreters, one or two Sydney natives whom he had in his employ. He followed the salt water for some distance, then across the Keilor Plains to Jackson's Creek, and so up to Sunbury, keeping a good look-out for the natives, whom he did not fear, but rather wished to find. From the hill at Sunbury he could see fires about twenty miles south-east, and making towards them till he reached the Merri Creek, he met a native man with his wife and three children. By these he was informed that, on account of his kindness to the native women at the Werribee, all the aborigines of Port Phillip were his friends, and, being conducted by them nine miles down the creek to their encampment, he was received by the whole tribe with great favour. He stayed with them all night, sleeping on the banks of the Merri Creek, close to the spot where the Northcote bridge now stands. In the morning he offered to buy a portion of their land, and gave them a large quantity of goods, consisting of scissors, knives, blankets, looking-glasses, and

articles of this description. In return they granted him all the land stretching from the Merri Creek to Geelong. Batman had the documents drawn up, and on the Northcote Hill, overlooking the grass-covered flats of Collingwood and the sombre forests of Carlton and Fitzroy, the natives affixed their marks to the deeds, by which Batman fancied he was legally put in possession of 600,000 acres. Trees were cut with notches, in order to fix the boundaries, and in the afternoon Batman took leave of his black friends. He had not gone far before he was stopped by a large swamp, and he slept for the night under the great gum trees which then spread their shade over the ground now covered by the populous streets of West Melbourne. In the morning he found his way round the swamp, and in trying to reach the salt water he came upon a noble stream, which was afterwards called the Yarra. In the evening he reached his vessel. Next day he ascended the Yarra in a boat, and when he came to Yarra Falls he wrote in his diary: "This will be the place for a village," unconscious that he was gazing upon the site of a great and busy city. Returning to Indented Head, he left three white men and his Sydney natives to cultivate the soil, and retain possession of the land he supposed himself to have purchased. Then he set sail for Tasmania, where he and his associates began to prepare for transporting their households, their sheep, and their cattle to the new country.

Melbourne.—Meantime the rival association, consisting of Fawkner and five friends, had been making their preparations likewise. They bought a small vessel, the "Enterprise," and set sail in her. But the winds proving contrary, and the waves running high, Fawkner became so sea-sick that he asked to be put on shore again, and allowed Captain Lancey and the rest of the association to sail without him. They safely arrived in Hobson's Bay, bringing with them horses and ploughs, grain, fruit trees, materials for a house, boats, provisions, and indeed everything that a small settlement could want. Getting out their boat they entered upon the stream which they saw before them; but, unfortunately, they turned up the wrong arm, and, after rowing many miles, were forced to turn back, the water all the way being salt and unfit for drinking. For this reason they called this stream the Salt-water; but next morning they started again, and tried the other branch. After pulling for about an hour and a-half they reached a basin in the river, whose beauty filled them with exultation and delight. A rocky ledge over which the river flowed kept the water above it fresh; the soil was rich, and covered with splendid grass, and they instantly came to the conclusion to settle in this favoured spot. Next day they towed the vessel up, and landed where the Custom House now is. At night they slept beside the falls, where the air was odoriferous with the sweet scent of the wattle trees just bursting into bloom.

The Dispute.—They had not been on the river many days before Mr. Wedge, one of Batman's party, in crossing the country from Indented Head to the Yarra, was surprised to see the masts of a vessel rising amid the gum trees. On reaching the river bank, what was his surprise to find in that lonely spot a vessel almost embedded in the woods, and the rocks and glades echoing to the sound of hammer and saw and the encouraging shouts of the ploughman! Mr. Wedge informed Mr. Fawkner's party that they were trespassers on land belonging to John Batman and Company. Captain Lancey, having heard the story of the purchase, declared that such a transaction could have no value, and a quarrel arose which took a long time to settle. A month or two afterwards Mr. Fawkner crossed over, and at once began to build his house upon the side of the gully which was afterwards turned into Elizabeth Street. Great crowds of black and white cockatoos raised their incessant clamour at the first strokes of the axe; but soon the hillside was clear, and man had taken permanent possession of the spot.

William Buckley.—Meanwhile a circumstance had happened which favoured Batman's party in no small degree. The men left at Indented Head were surprised one morning to see an extremely tall figure advancing towards them. His hair was thickly matted, his skin was brown, but not black, like that of the natives; he was almost naked, and he carried the ordinary arms of the aborigines. This was William Buckley, the only survivor of the three convicts who had escaped from Governor Collins' expedition. He had dwelt for thirty-two years among the natives, sometimes joining them in their encampments,

but more frequently living by himself in a cave near Queenscliff. He had many strange adventures during this long time, but had not the smallest influence for good upon the natives. He was content to sink at once to their level, and lead the purely animal life they led. But when he heard from them that there was a party of whites on Indented Head whom the Geelong tribes proposed to murder, he crossed to warn them of their danger. Batman's party clothed him and treated him well, and for a time he acted as interpreter, smoothing over many of the difficulties that arose with the natives, and rendering the formation of the settlement much less difficult than it might have been.

Excitement in Tasmania.—The news taken over by Batman caused a commotion in Tasmania. Many settlers crossed in search of the new country, and, before a year had passed, nearly two hundred persons, with more than 15,000 sheep, had landed on the shores of Port Phillip. They soon spread over a great extent of country—from Geelong to Sunbury. They were in the midst of numerous black tribes, who now, too late, began to perceive the nature of Batman's visit, and commenced to seek revenge. Frequent attacks were made, in one of which a squatter and his servant were killed beside the Werribee. Their bodies lie buried in the Flagstaff Gardens. Many of the settlers were ten or twenty miles apart, and for their safety they fixed heavy bells on posts near their houses. When anyone was attacked by natives, he rang his bell; his nearest neighbour then rang the bell on his station, to warn the settler next to him; and so, in an hour or two, all the squatters of the district would gather to deliver the family besieged by the infuriated natives.

Governor Bourke.—These were not the only troubles of the settlers, for the Sydney Government declared that all purchases of land from ignorant natives were invalid, and Governor Bourke issued a proclamation warning the people at Port Phillip against fixing their homes there, as the land did not legally belong to them. Still new settlers flocked over, and a township began to be formed on the banks of the Yarra. Batman's Association found that their claims to the land granted them by the natives would not be allowed, and, after some correspondence on the subject with the Home Government, they had to be content with 28,000 acres, as compensation for the money they had expended.

Lonsdale.—Towards the close of 1836 Governor Bourke found himself compelled to recognise the new settlement, and sent Captain Lonsdale to act as a magistrate; thirty soldiers accompanied him to maintain order and protect the settlers. Next year (1837) the Governor himself arrived at Port Phillip, where he found the settlers now numbering five hundred. He planned out the little town, giving names to its streets, and finally settling that it should be called Melbourne, after Lord Melbourne, who was then the Prime Minister of England.

Latrobe as Governor.—In 1838 Geelong began to grow into a township, and the settlers spread west as far as Colac. Next year Mr. Latrobe was sent to take charge of the whole district of Port Phillip, under the title of Superintendent, but with almost all the powers of a governor. The settlers held a public meeting in an auction room at Market Square for the purpose of according a hearty welcome to their new Governor, whose kindliness and upright conduct soon made him a great favourite. A wattle and daub building was put up as a police office, on the site of the Western Markets, where it did duty for some time, until one night it fell, some say because it was undermined by a party of imprisoned natives; but others, because a bull belonging to Mr. Batman had rushed against it. A courthouse was erected, and four policemen appointed. A post office next followed, and, one by one, the various institutions of a civilized community arose in miniature form. Numerous ships began to enter the bay, and a lucrative trade sprang up with Tasmania. In 1838 the first newspaper appeared. Every Monday morning sheets containing four pages of writing were distributed to the subscribers, under the title of the *Advertiser*. After nine issues of this kind had been published, a parcel of old refuse type was sent over from Tasmania, and a young man being found in the town who had, in his boyhood, spent a few months in a printing office, he was pressed into the service, and thenceforward *The Advertiser* appeared in printed form—the pioneer of the powerful press of Victoria. Mr. Batman had fixed his residence not far from the place now

occupied by the Government Railway Station. Here, in the year 1839, he was seized by a violent cold, and, after being carefully nursed by one of his daughters, died without seeing more than the beginning of that settlement he had laboured so hard to found.

Mr. Fawkner lived at Emerald Hill, and saw the city—whose first house he had built—rapidly growing in prosperity. The year 1839 brought further increase to the population, and before the beginning of 1840 there were 3,000 persons, with 500 houses and 70 shops, in Melbourne. In 1841 it contained 11,000 persons and 1,500 houses.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

Importance of the Year 1851.—The year 1851 was, in many ways, an eventful one to Australia. In that year the colonies received from the Imperial Parliament the amended Constitutions they had so long expected. Tasmania, South Australia, Port Phillip, and Western Australia were now no longer under the absolute control of Governors sent out by the colonial authorities in England. They could, henceforth, boast the dignity of being self-governed communities, for, in 1851, they were invested with political powers which had previously been possessed by New South Wales alone. They now had the privilege of electing two-thirds of the members of a Council, whose duty it was to make for them their laws, and advise with the Governor on all matters of public interest. And, again, it was on the first of July in the same year that Port Phillip gained its independence. From that date onward its prosperous career must be related under its new title—Victoria.

But the event which made the year 1851 especially memorable in the annals of Australia was the discovery, near Bathurst, of the first of those rich goldfields which, for so long a time, changed the prospects and the whole appearance of the colonies. For several years after the date of this occurrence the history of Australia is little more than the story of the feverish search for gold, with its vast hopes, its labour, its turmoil, and its madness, its scenes of exultation and splendid triumph, and its still more frequent scenes of bitter and gloomy disappointment.

Early Rumours of Gold.—For many years there had been rumours that the Blue Mountains were auriferous. It was said that gold had been seen by convicts in the days of Macquarie, and, indeed, still earlier; but to the stories of prisoners, who claimed rewards for alleged discoveries, the authorities in Sydney always listened with extreme suspicion, more especially as no pretended discoverer could ever find more than his first small specimens. In 1840, a Polish nobleman named Strzelecki, who had been travelling among the ranges round Mount Kosciusko, stated that, from indications he had observed, he was firmly persuaded of the existence of gold in the mountains; but the Governor asked him, as a favour, to make no mention of a theory which might, perhaps, unsettle the colony, and fill the easily-excited convicts with hopes which, he feared, would prove delusive. Strzelecki agreed not to publish his belief; but there was another man of science who was not so easily silenced. The Rev. W. B. Clarke, a clergyman devoted to science, and the father of Australian geology, exhibited specimens in Sydney, on which he based an opinon that the Blue Mountains would eventually be found to possess goldfields of great extent and value. Specimens had been taken to London by Strzelecki, and in 1844 a great English scientist, Sir Roderick Murchison, read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society, in which he expressed a theory similar to that of Mr. Clarke. In 1846 he again called attention to this subject, and showed that, from the great similarity which existed between the rocks of the Blue Mountains and those of the Urals, there was every probability that the one would be found to be as rich as the other was known to be in the precious metals. So far as theory could go, the matter had been well discussed before the year 1851, but no one had ventured to spend his time and money in making a practical effort to settle the question.

Edward Hargraves.—About that time, however, the rich mines of California attracted a Bathurst settler, named Edward Hargraves, to seek his fortune on the banks of the Sacramento, and though among the great crowds of struggling and jostling diggers, he met with but little success, yet he learnt the methods by which gold is discovered and secured, and laid the

foundation for adventures in Australia which were afterwards to bring him both wealth and renown. Whilst he toiled with increasing disappointment on one of those famous Californian goldfields, the scenery around him and the appearance of the rocks recalled to his memory a certain secluded valley beyond the Blue Mountains, which he had visited fifteen years before. The notion floated vaguely through his mind that, perhaps, in that silent spot there might lie great treasures, such as he saw his more fortunate companions from time to time draw forth from the rocks and soil around him. Day after day the image of that winding creek among the hills near Bathurst recurred with increasing vividness to stimulate his imagination and awaken his hopes, and at length this feeling impelled him to seek once more the shores of Australia in order to examine the spot which had so often been present to his day-dreams. He lost no time in sailing, and scarcely had he arrived in Sydney ere he set out on horseback to cross the Blue Mountains. On the 11th of February, 1851, he spent the night at a little inn a few miles from the object of his journey, and shortly after dawn he sallied forth on his walk through the forest, carrying with him a spade, a trowel, and a little tin dish. In the cool air of the morning the scent of the spreading gum trees braced up his frame as he plunged deeper and deeper among those lonely hollows and wood-clad hills. His quickened step in an hour or two brought him to the well-remembered spot—the dry course of a mountain torrent, which, in rainy seasons, finds its way into the Summerhill Creek. He lost no time in placing a little of the grey-coloured soil into his tin dish, and at once carried it to the nearest pool, where he dipped the whole beneath the water. By moving the dish rapidly, as he had learned to do in California, he washed away the sand and earth; but the particles of gold, which are more than seven and a-half times heavier than sand, were not so easily to be carried off. They sank to the corner of the dish, where they lay secure, a few small specks, themselves of little value, yet telling of hidden treasures that lay scattered in all the soil around. A few days were spent in a careful examination of the neighbouring valleys, and when he was absolutely certain that the hopes he had so warmly indulged would not prove empty, he set out for Sydney, taking care, however, to breathe no word of what he thought, or of what he had proven. On the 3rd of April he wrote a letter to the Colonial Secretary, in which he stated that if the Government were willing to give him five hundred pounds he would point out localities in New South Wales where gold was abundantly to be found. In reply, the Colonial Secretary announced that no preliminary reward could be given, but that, if he chose first of all to point out the localities, he would afterwards be recompensed in proportion to the results. He accepted these conditions, and Mr. Stitchbury, the Colonial Geologist, was sent to accompany him to the Summerhill Creek. On the 8th of May they set to work, and soon obtained several ounces of grain gold; on the 13th they discovered a single piece worth £30, and next day Mr. Stitchbury reported to the Government that he had seen enough to convince him that the district was rich in the precious metal. Five days afterwards the little valley of Summerhill contained four hundred persons, all stooping over the creek in a row about a mile long, each with a dish in his hand, scarcely ever raising his head, but busily engaged in washing the sand for gold. Lumps were frequently found of value varying from £5 to £200. A week later there were a thousand persons at work on the creek near the formerly lonely gully.

Rush to the Goldfields.—The excitement throughout the colony now became intense: workmen quitted their employments, shepherds deserted their flocks, shopkeepers closed their stores, and a great tide of fortune-seekers pressed onward, day by day, to the west. Most of these had sold everything they possessed, in order to make up a little bundle of necessary articles. Yet there were very many but ill-provided for a lengthened stay; they hurried along the road with the fallacious idea that gold was simply to be shovelled into bags and carted to Sydney. When they came upon the scene, and saw that in the case of most of them it would only be after weeks and months of severe and constant toil that they could be rich, they grew faint-hearted, lounged for a week or two on the diggings, and then started for home again, so that, for some time, there was a counter-current

of grumbling and discontented men passing back to Sydney by the road. These men thought themselves befooled by Hargraves, and it might, perhaps, have cost him his life had he fallen into their hands. On his trip to Sydney he was careful to disguise himself to avoid their threatened revenge. He received from the Government, however, his preliminary reward of £500, and in after years New South Wales voted him the sum of £10,000, which was supplemented by a present of £2,381 from Victoria. Other profits also accrued to Hargraves, so that he was, in the end, recompensed for his toil and trouble with a handsome competency. The gloomy reports of returning diggers checked for a time the flow of people to the west; but in the month of July an aboriginal shepherd on a station near Bathurst discovered a solid mass of gold weighing nearly a hundredweight, and worth about £4,000. So splendid a prize obtained in so easy a manner was a temptation too dazzling to be resisted, and the stream of people along the Bathurst Road was now tenfold denser than before.

Government Regulations.—When the population on the goldfields began to grow nmuerous the Government found it necessary to make arrangements for the preservation of law and order. A commssioner was appointed, who was to act as a magistrate; he was to be assisted by a small body of police, and was to take charge of the gold escorts. As the lands on which the gold was being found were the public property of the colony, it was thought to be but just that the community as a whole should participate to some small extent in the wealth raised from them, and the order was therefore issued that diggers should in all cases take out licenses before seeking for gold, and should pay for them at the rate of thirty shillings per month.

New diggings were from time to time opened up. and fresh crowds of eager men constantly pressed towards them, leaving the towns deserted and the neighbouring colonies greatly reduced in population. For some months the Turon River was the favourite; at one time it had no less than ten thousand men upon its banks. At Ophir and Braidwood and Maroo the most industrious and sagacious miners were generally rewarded by the discovery of fine pieces of gold, for which the Californian name of "nuggets" now began to be extensively used.

Gold in Victoria.—When Latrobe was sworn in to fill the office of Governor of Victoria on the 16th July, 1851, it appeared probable that he would soon have but a small community to rule over. So great were the numbers of those who were daily packing up their effects and setting off for the goldfields of New South Wales that Victoria seemed likely to sink into a very insignificant place on the list of Australian colonies. In alarm at this prospect, a number of the leading citizens of Melbourne had, on the 9th June, united to form what was called the Gold Discovery Committee, and had offered a reward of £200 to the person who should give the first intimation of a payable goldfield within 200 miles of Melbourne. Many persons set out, each one in hopes of being the fortunate discoverer; and a report having been circulated that signs of gold had been seen on the Plenty Ranges, there were soon no less than two hundred persons scouring those hills, though for a long time without success. The first useful discovery in Victoria seems to have been made on July 1st, by a Californian digger named Esmond, who, like Hargraves, had entered on the search with a practical knowledge of the work. His experience had taught him the general characteristics of country in which gold is likely to be found, and he selected Clunes as a favourable spot. He found the quartz rock of the district richly sprinkled with gold, and his discovery having been made known, several hundred people were quickly on the scene. Almost on the same day gold was discovered by a party of six men at Anderson's Creek, only a few miles up the Yarra from Melbourne. It is thus difficult to determine with certainty whether or not Esmond was in reality the first discoverer; but, at any rate, he received honours and emoluments as such, and in after years the Victorian Parliament presented him with £1,000 for his services.

Ballarat.—On the 10th of August the Geelong newspapers announced that deposits of auriferous earth had been discovered at Buninyong, and very soon the sunny slopes of that peaceful and pastoral district were swarming with prospecting parties. The quietly browsing sheep were startled from their favourite solitudes by crowds of men, who hastened with pick and

spade to break up the soil in every direction, each eager to outstrip the other in the race for wealth. This region, however, did not realise the expectations that had been formed of it, and many of the diggers began to move northwards in the direction of Clunes. But at Clunes also there had been disappointment, for the gold was all embedded in the quartz rock, and these early miners were not prepared to extract it. Parties from Clunes were therefore moving southward to Buninyong, and the two currents met on the slopes of the Yarrowee, a streamlet whose banks were afterwards famous as the Ballarat diggings. The first-comers began to work at a bend in the creek, which they called Golden Point. Here, for a time, each man could easily earn from £20 to £40 a day, and crowds of people hurried to the scene. Every one selected a piece of ground, which he called his claim, and set to work to dig a hole in it; but when the bottom of the sandy layer was reached, and there seemed to be nothing but pipe-clay below, the claim was supposed to be worked out, and was straightway abandoned. However, a miner named Cavanagh determined to try an experiment, and having entered one of these deserted claims, he dug through the layer of pipe-clay, when he had the good fortune to come suddenly upon several large deposits of grain gold. He had reached what had been in long past ages the bed of the creek, where, in every little hollow, for century after century, the flowing waters had gently deposited the gold which they had carried with them from the mountain. In many cases these "pockets," as they were called, were found to contain gold to the value of thousands of pounds, so that very soon all the claims were carried down a few feet further, and with such success that before a month had passed Ballarat took rank as the richest goldfield in the world. In October there were 10,000 men at work on the Yarrowee; acre after acre was covered with circular heaps of red and yellow sand, each with its shaft in the middle, in which men were toiling beneath the ground to excavate the soil and pass it to their companions above, who quickly hurried with it to the banks of the creek, where twelve hundred "cradles," rocked by brawny arms, were washing the sand from the gold.

Mount Alexander.—In the month of September a party who had gone about forty miles north-east of Clunes to Mount Alexander, discovered near the present site of Castlemaine a valuable seam of gold-bearing earth. The fame of this place soon spread through all the colony; many left Ballarat to seek it, and crowds of people hastened from Melbourne and Geelong to share in the glittering prizes. In October, 8,000 men had gathered in the district; in November, there were not less than 25,000 diggers at work, and three tons of gold were waiting in the tent of the Commissioner to be carried to Melbourne. The road to Mount Alexander was crowded with men of all ranks and conditions, pressing eagerly onward to be in time.

Sandhurst.—A few weeks later the glories both of Ballarat and Mount Alexander were dimmed for a time by the discovery of gold on the Bendigo Creek, which seemed at first to be the richest of all the goldfields. In the course of a few months nearly forty thousand persons were scattered along the banks of the Bendigo, where Sandhurst now stands. In the month of May, 1852, there must have been close upon 70,000 men in the country between Buninyong and Bendigo, all engaged in the same occupation. Melbourne and Geelong were silent and deserted, for all classes were alike infected with the same excitement: lawyers, doctors, clerks, merchants, labourers, mechanics, all were to be found struggling through the miry ruts that served for a highway to Bendigo. The sailors left the ships in the bay with scarcely a man to take care of them; even the very policemen deserted, and the warders in the gaols resigned in a body. The price of labour now became excessive, for no man was willing to work unless tempted by the offer of four or five times the ordinary wage.

Immigration.—Meanwhile the news of these great discoveries had travelled to Europe, so that after the middle of 1852 ships began to arrive freighted with thousands of men of all nations, who no sooner landed in Melbourne than they started for the diggings. During this year nearly 100,000 persons were thus brought into the country, and the population was doubled at a bound. Next year 92,000 fresh arrivals landed, and Victoria thus became the most populous of the colonies. During the two following

years it received a further accession of 150,000, so that, in 1856, it contained 400,000 inhabitants, or about five times the number it possessed in 1850. The staple industry was, of course, the mining for gold, of which, in 1852, one hundred and seventy-four tons were raised, valued at £14,000,000. During the next ten years £100,000,000 worth of gold was exported from Victoria.

Some of the nuggets that were found are of historic note. The "Sarah Sands," discovered in 1853, was worth about £6,500; in 1857 the "Blanche Barkly," worth £7,000, was discovered; and the following year produced the "Welcome Nugget," which was sold for £10,500, and was the greatest on record, until, in 1869, the "Welcome Stranger" was dug out, which proved to be slightly larger. The early goldfields were full of interest and feverish excitement. The colony prospered, the digger led a free and easy life, and everything went merry as a marriage bell. The winner of the gold had but one real grievance, and that was the monthly payment of the license fee. This tax had been imposed under the erroneous impression every one who went upon the goldfields must of necessity earn a fortune. For a long time that mistake prevailed, because only the most successful diggers were much heard of. But there was an undistinguishable throng of those who earned much less than a labourer's wage. The story of this trouble and the lawless scenes that grew out of it will be found told in an earlier portion of this book, including the history of the Eureka stockade and its sequel.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

HOW ADELAIDE WAS FOUNDED.

Edward Gibbon Wakefield.—In 1829 a small book was published in London which attracted a great deal of attention, not only by reason of its charming style, and the liveliness of its manner, but also on account of the complete originality of the idea it contained. It purported to be a letter written from Sydney, and described the annoyance to be endured by a man of taste and fortune if he emigrated to Australia. He could have no intellectual society; he could not enjoy the pleasures of his library, or of his picture gallery; he could hope for none of the delights of easy retirement, seeing that he had to go forth on his land, and with his own hands labour for his daily food. "For," said Mr. Wakefield, the author of this little book, "you cannot long have free servants in this country. If a free man arives in the colony, though he may for a short time work for you as a servant, yet he is sure to save a little money, and as land is here so excessively cheap, he at once becomes himself a landed proprietor; he settles down on his farm, and though he may have a year or two heavy toil, yet he is almost certain to become both happy and prosperous. Thus, the colony is an excellent place for a poor man, but it is a wretched abode for a man of means and of culture." Wakefield therefore proposed to found in Australia another colony which should be better adapted to those who had fortunes sufficient to maintain them, and yet desired to emigrate to a new country. His scheme for effecting this purpose was to charge a high price for the land, and so prevent the poorer people from purchasing it. The money received from the sale of land he proposed to employ in bringing out young men and women as servants and farm labourers for the service of the wealthier colonists. "Now," said Wakefield, "on account of the immense natural resources of these colonies, their splendid soil, their magnificent pasture land, their vast wealth in minerals, and their widespread forests of valuable timber, which stand ready for the axe, a gentleman possessed

of only £20,000 will obtain as large an income from it as could be procured from £100,000 in England; yet he will be able to enjoy his learned and cultured leisure, just as he does at home, because all the work will be done for him by the servants he employs." For three or four years this agreeable fallacy made quite a stir in England: famous authors, distinguished soldiers, learned bishops, were deceived by it; noblemen, members of Parliament, bankers, and merchants all combined to applaud this novel and excellent idea of Mr. Wakefield.

South Australian Association.—In 1831 the first effort was made to give a practical turn to these theories, and the southern shores of Australia were selected as a suitable locality for the proposed colony. A company was formed, but when it applied to the British Government for a charter, which would have conceded the complete sovereignty of the whole southern region of Australia, Lord Goderich, the Secretary of State, replied that it was asking a great deal too much, and abruptly closed the negotiations. Two years later the South Australian Association was formed, and as this company asked for nothing beyond the power to sell waste lands and apply the proceeds to assist immigration, the British Government gave its consent. An act was passed by the Imperial Parliament to give the Association full power to found a colony. This act directed that commissioners should be appointed to frame laws for the colony, to establish its courts, and to nominate its officers; land was to be thrown open for sale at not less than twelve shillings an acre, and even this comparatively high price was to be raised, after a short time, to £1 per acre, in order to keep the land in the hands of the wealthy. It was expressly stated that no convict would be allowed to land in the new settlement, which, it was hoped, would become in every respect a model community. The British Government declined to incur any expense in establishing or in maintaining the colony, which was to be purely self-supporting. Eleven commissioners were appointed, of whom Colonel Torrens was chairman in England, and Mr. Fisher the representative in Australia, where he was to take charge of the sale of lands and supervise the affairs of the colony. At the same time, Captain Hindmarsh was appointed Governor, and Colonel Light was sent out to survey the waste lands preparatory to their being offered for sale.

In May, 1835, during the very month in which Batman was wandering for the first time on the banks of the Yarra, these appointments for the foundation of a fourth Australian colony were being published in the English Government Gazette. Thus Victoria and South Australia took their widely different origins at almost the same time; but while the first actual settlers landed at Port Phillip towards the end of 1835, the pioneers of South Australia did not reach that colony until the middle of 1836.

Adelaide.—The first emigrants to South Australia landed on Kangaroo Island, of which Flinders had given a most attractive account; but though the place was beautifully wooded and of the most picturesque aspect, it was found to be in many respects unsuitable for the foundation of a city. When Colonel Light shortly afterwards arrived with his staff of surveyors, he at once decided to remove the settlement to St. Vincent's Gulf. Here, about six miles from the shores of the Gulf, he selected a broad plain beneath the steep hills of the Mount Lofty Range, and on the banks of a small stream, which he called the Torrens, marked out the lines of the infant city. Queen Adelaide was the wife of the reigning King of England, and as she was exceedingly popular, the colonists, with enthusiasm, adopted her name for the capital. A harbour was found seven miles distant from the city, and on it a town was established, to which the name of Port Adelaide was given.

Governor Hindmarsh.—In December, 1836, Governor Hindmarsh landed, and beneath a spreading gum tree near the beach read his commission to a small audience of emigrants and officials. When he proceeded to examine what had been done he was filled with disgust and indignation. The only landing place for vessels was in the midst of a mangrove swamp at the mouth of a muddy little creek, and all goods would have to be carried six or seven miles inland to the city. To a sailor's eye, it seemed the most reckless folly to make so unusual a choice, and he at once determined to remove the settlement to Encounter Bay. Neither Colonel Light nor Mr. Fisher would permit any change to be

made, and a violent quarrel took place. As Resident Commissioner, Mr. Fisher had powers equal to those of the Governor, and was thus enabled to prolong the contest. Of the settlers, some sided with the Governor; others gave their support to the Commissioner, and the colony was quickly divided into two noisy factions. After fourteen months of constant wrangling the English Government interfered. Mr. Fisher was dismissed and Governor Hindmarsh recalled, while the offices of both were conferred on Colonel Gawler, who arrived in the colony in 1838.

Early Failures.—The Wakefield system could not possibly realise the hopeful anticipation formed of it, for the foundation of a new colony and the reclaiming of the lonely forest wilds is not to be accomplished by merely looking on at the exertions of hired servants. Ladies and gentlemen who had, in England, paid for land they had never seen, were on their arrival, greatly disgusted with a sight of the toils before them. They had to pull their luggage through the dismal swamp, for there were neither porters nor cabs in waiting; they had to settle down in canvas tents on a grassy plain, which was called a city, but where a few painted boards here and there, fastened to the trunks of gum trees, were the only indications of streets. Then, when they went out to see their estates, and beheld great stretches of rude and unpromising wilderness, when they considered how many years must pass away before there could possibly arise the terraces and gardens, the orchards and grassy lawns, which make an English country house delightful, their courage failed, and instead of going forth upon the land they clustered together in Adelaide. Every one wished to settle down in the city, and as it was expected that, with the growth of population, the value of town allotments would rapidly increase, the idea became prevalent that to buy land in the city and keep it for sale in future years would be a profitable investment. But there were so many who entertained the same astute design that when they all came to put it in practice there was little gain to any one, and the only result was Adelaide was turned into a scene of reckless speculation and gambling in land.

Governor Gawler.—Meantime poorer emigrants were arriving in expectation of obtaining employment from their wealthier predecessors, who had been able to pay the high price demanded for land. They found that those whom they expected to be their employers had abandoned the idea of going out into the country to cultivate the soil. There was, therefore, nothing for them to do; they had no money with which to speculate in town allotments, they had no land on which to commence farming for themselves, and they were in a wretched plight. Provisions had rapidly increased in price, so that flour was raised from £20 to £80 per ton; no food was being produced from the land, and nothing whatever was done to develop the resources of the colony, whilst the money which the settlers brought with them was rapidly being spent in importing shiploads of provisions from other countries.

In order to give employment to those of the settlers who were really destitute, Governor Gawler commenced a series of Government works. He constructed a good road between Adelaide and its port. He formed wharves, and reclaimed the unwholesome swamp; he built a custom-house, with wharves and many other costly buildings, the Government House alone costing £20,000. Now, these were all in themselves very desirable things, but it was difficult to see how they were to be paid for. Colonel Gawler spent nearly the whole of his own private fortune in paying the wages of the unfortunate people he employed, but that could not long support so great a concourse of people. He persuaded merchants in England to send out provisions and clothing for the famished people, but the only means he had of paying for these goods was by drafts on the British Treasury, which were at first accepted as equivalent to money, for it was believed that whenever they were presented in London payment would immediately be made. That was a serious mistake, for though the first drafts were paid readily, when the authorities in England found others for larger and larger amounts pour in, they refused to pay, and reminded the colony that, by the terms of its charter, it was to be entirely self-supporting. A series of drafts, to the amount of £69,000, were therefore dishonoured, and the merchants, finding the drafts to be worth no

more than so much paper, demanded their money from the Governor. He had nothing with which to pay, and the colony had to be declared insolvent, having debts to the amount of about £400,000 it could not meet.

Recall of Governor Gawler.—The British Government eventually decided to lend the colony a sufficient sum of money to pay its debts; but it was resolved to make certain changes. The eleven commissioners were abolished, Captain George Grey, a young officer, was appointed Governor, and one day in May, 1841, he walked into the Government House at Adelaide, presented his commission to Governor Gawler, and at once took control of affairs into his own hands. This summary mode of dismissing Governor Gawler must now be regarded as somewhat harsh, for he had laboured hard and spent his money freely in trying to benefit the colony. The mistakes made during his administration were not so much due to his incapacity as to the impracticable nature of the theory on which the colony had been founded. In 1841 he sailed for England, deeply regretted by many who had experienced his kindness and generosity in their time of trouble.

YEARS OF PROGRESS.—1841 to 1850.

Governor Grey.—The colonists of South Australia had, in 1841, received a sharp but salutary lesson, and we have seen that they profited by it. They had discovered that the land was their only source of wealth, and many who had sufficient means to purchase farms or stations went out into the country, determined to endure a year or two of hardship in the hope of prosperity to come. Nor had they long to want. In 1844 they were able to export corn to the extent of £40,000, and in that year the colony possessed 355,000 sheep and 22,000 cattle. The new Governor Captain George Grey, took every care to assist the colonists in returning to more prudent courses. Many changes were needed, for, in 1840, while the colony had a revenue of only £30,000, it had spent at the rate of £171,600 per annum. Such imprudence could lead to nothing but ruin, and the first task of the Governor was to reduce all expenses as far as possible. In the first year the expenditure was cut down to £90,000, next year to £68,000, and in 1843 to £34,000. Instead of employing the poorer labourers on costly and unnecessary public works, he persuaded them to take employment in the country with the farmers and squatters. He settled many on small farms or stations of their own, but in this he was greatly impeded by the high price of land, for Wakefield's friends in England, not yet convinced that their favourite scheme was defective, attributed every mishap to the incompetence of Governors Hindmarsh and Gawler. "To lower the price," said they, "will be to ruin the colony," and lest such a thing should happen they raised the price of all lands, whether good or bad, to £1 per acre. However, many of those who had bought land in the first days of the settlement had become so anxious to part with it during the crisis that they sold it for much less than it cost them; and thus a great number of the poorer people became possessed of land at very moderate prices. In 1839 there were but 440 acres under cultivation; three years afterwards 23,000 acres were under wheat, and 5,000 under other crops. So rich and fertile was the soil that, in 1845, the colonists not only raised enough corn to supply their own wants, but were able to export 200,000 bushels at cheap rates to the neighbouring colonies, and even then were left with 150,000 bushels they could neither sell nor use. So rapid a development and so sudden an accession of prosperity have probably never occurred in the history of any other country.

Mineral Wealth.—Such was the success attendant upon careful industry, exercised with prudence. But the colony was to owe yet more to accidental good fortune. The story of the discovery of mineral wealth and the amusing contretemps it brought about will be found in an earlier part of this volume.

Governor Robe.—Governor Grey had been of the greatest service to the colony in changing the state of its prospects, but he was not permitted to see more than the commencement of its great prosperity. In 1845 he was sent as Governor to New Zealand, and his place filled by Colonel Robe, a military gentleman of what is called the old school—honourable and upright, but inclined to think everything ought to

remain as he had known it in earlier life. He disliked all innovation, and did what he could to prevent it, much to the discontent of this young and thriving colony. He passed a troublous time for three years, and in 1848 was heartily glad to be recalled.

Governor Young.—The colony was then placed under the care of Sir Henry Young, whose policy was completely the reverse. He sought by every means in his power to encourage the ceaseless activity of the people. His failing was, perhaps, an injudicious zeal for progress. For instance, in his desire to open up the River Murray to navigation he wasted large sums of money in schemes that proved altogether useless. He made an effort to remove the bar at the mouth, but fresh deposits of sand were constantly being brought down and banked into a new bar by the waves from the Southern Ocean. He spent £20,000 in trying to construct a harbour called Port Elliott, near the entrance to the Murray; but there are now only a few surf-beaten stones to indicate the scene of this fruitless endeavour. He offered a bonus of £4,000 to the first person who should ascend the Murray in an iron steamer as far as the River Darling, and a gentleman called Cadell made the effort, and succeeded. He obtained the reward, but it was not enough to pay his heavy expenses; and when he endeavoured afterwards to carry on a trade by transporting wool to the sea in flat-bottomed steamers, he found the traffic was not sufficiently great to repay him, and in a short time he was almost ruined. The attempt was premature, and though in after years the navigation of the Murray was successfully carried out, at this time it led to nothing but financial disaster.

NEW SOUTH WALES, 1808-1837.

Governor Macquarie.—In 1808 the English Government held an inquiry as to the circumstances which had caused the expulsion of Governor Bligh, and though they cashiered Major Johnston, and, indeed, ordered the whole of the New South Wales Corps to be disbanded, yet, as they could not but admit Bligh had been himself much to blame, they yielded to the wishes of the settlers in so far as to appoint a new Governor in his place, and Major-General Macquarie was selected for the position. He was directed to reinstate Bligh for a period of twenty-four hours, in order to indicate the authorities in England would not suffer the colonists to dictate to them in these matters, but that they reserved to themselves the right to appoint and dismiss Governors. However, as Bligh had by the time of the new Governor's arrival gone to Tasmania, Macquarie was forced to content himself with merely proclaiming what had been his intentions. In the early days of the colonies their destinies were, to a great extent, moulded by the Governors who had charge. Whether for good or evil, the influence of the Governor was all powerful, and it was therefore a matter of great good fortune to Sydney that during the long administration of Governor Lachlan Macquarie this influence was almost wholly on the side of good. Not but that Macquarie had his faults. He was a man absurdly filled with vanity and self-conceit; a man who, instead of sober despatches to his superiors in England, wrote flowery accounts of himself and his wonderful doings; a man who, in his egotism, affixed the names of himself and his family to nearly every place discovered in the colony during his term of office. Yet, apart from this weakness, Macquarie's acts characterise him as an exemplary man and an admirable Governor. He devoted himself heartily to his work; his chief thought for twelve years was how to improve the state of the little colony, and how to raise the degraded men who formed a considerable part of its population. An ardent feeling of philanthropy gave a kindly tone to his restless activity. Once every year he made a complete tour of the settled portions of the colony to observe their condition and discover what improvements were needed. He taught the farmers to build for themselves neat

houses, in place of the rude huts they had previously been contented with. He encouraged them to improve their system of farming, sometimes by advice, sometimes with money, but more often with loans from Government stores. He built churches and schools; he took the warmest interest in the progress of religion and education, and, indeed, neglected nothing that could serve to elevate the moral tone of the community; and certainly no community had greater need of elevation. The fact that the British Government thought it necessary to send out 1,100 soldiers to keep order among a population of 10,000 indicates plainly the character of the people, and almost justifies the sweeping assertion of Macquarie, that the colony consisted of those "who had been transported and those who ought to have been." Yet Macquarie uniformly showed a kindly disposition towards the convicts. He settled great numbers of them as free men on little farms of their own, and if they did not succeed as well as they might have done, it was not for want of advice and assistance from the Governor.

The Road Over the Blue Mountains.—The most important result of Macquarie's activity was the opening up of new country. He had quite a passion for road-making, and though, on his arrival in the colony, he found only forty-five miles of what were little better than bush tracks, yet, when he left, there were over three hundred miles of excellent and substantial roads spreading in all directions from Sydney. He marked out towns—such as Windsor, Richmond, and Castlereagh—in suitable places; then, by making roads to them, he encouraged the freed convicts to leave Sydney and form little communities inland. But his greatest achievement in the way of road-making was the highway across the Blue Mountains. At this time many persons, including the intrepid Bass, had attempted the range, but had failed; the only one who succeeded even in penetrating far into that wild and rugged country was a gentleman called Cayley, who pushed on till stopped by an enormous precipice, which he could see no way of descending. He erected a pile of stones at the place, which is now called Cayley's Repulse. In 1813, however, three gentlemen named Wentworth, Lawson, and Blaxland succeeded in crossing. After laboriously piercing through the dense timber which covers some of the ranges, they traversed a wild and desolate country, sometimes crawling along naked precipices, and sometimes lost in stern and bleak ravines, but at length emerging on the beautiful plains to the west. On their return Governor Macquarie sent Surveyor Evans to examine the pass, and, the report being favourable, he lost no time in commencing to construct a road over the mountains. The difficulties in his way were immense: for fifty miles the road lay through the most rugged country, where yawning chasms had to be bridged, and oftentimes the solid rock cut away. Yet in less than fifteen months a good carriage highway stretched from Sydney across the mountains, and the Governor was able to take Mrs. Macquarie on a trip to the fine pasture lands beyond, where he founded a town and named it Bathurst, after Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State. This was a work of great importance in the development of the colony, for the country between the mountains and the sea was too limited and too much subject to droughts to maintain the 250,000 sheep which the prosperous colony now possessed. Many squatters took their flocks along the road to Bathurst, and settled down in the spacious pasture lands of the Macquarie and Lachlan Rivers.

Governor Brisbane.—In 1821 Governor Macquarie left for England, much regretted by the colonists. The only serious mistake of his policy had been that he had quietly discouraged the introduction of free settlers, "because," as he said, "the colony is intended for convicts, and free settlers have no business here. His successor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, and afterwards Sir Ralph Darling, adopted a more prudent policy, and offered every inducement for free immigrants to make their homes in the colony. It was never found possible, however, to obtain many of the class so successful in settling America, men who, having with difficulty gathered sufficient money for their passages, landed in their adopted country without means and with no resources beyond the cheerful labour of themselves and families, yet made for themselves happy and prosperous homes in the wilderness. That was not the class of immigrants who arrived in New South Wales during the terms of Governors Brisbane and Darling. In 1818 free passages to Australia

had been abolished, and the voyage was so long and so expensive that a poor man could scarcely hope to accomplish it. Hence, those who arrived in Sydney were generally young men of good education, who brought with them a few hundred pounds, and were not only willing to labour themselves, but able to employ the labour of others. In America, the "squatter" was a man who farmed a small piece of land; in Australia, he was one who bought a flock of sheep and carried them out to the pasture lands, where, as they increased from year to year, he grew rich with the annual produce of their wool. Sir Thomas Brisbane was pleased with the advent of men of this class. He gave them grants of lands, and assigned to them as many convicts as they were able to employ. Very speedily the fine lands of the colony were covered with flocks and herds, and the applications for convicts became so numerous that, at one time, two thousand more were demanded than could be supplied. From this began an important change in the colony. The costly Government farms were, one after another, broken up, and the convicts assigned to the squatters. Then unremunerative public works were abandoned. Many of these had been begun only for the purpose of occupying the prisoners. All this tended for good, as the convicts when thus scattered were much more manageable, and much more likely to reform than when gathered into large crowds. In Macquarie's time not one convict in ten could be usefully employed; seven or eight years after there was not a convict in the colony whose services would not be eagerly sought and well paid for by the squatters. This important change took place under Governors Brisbane and Darling, and was, in a great measure, due to those Governors; yet, strange to say, neither of them was ever popular. Brisbane, who entered on office in 1821, was a fine old soldier, a thorough gentleman, honourable and upright in all his ways. Yet it could not be doubted he was out of his element conducting the affairs of a young colony, and in 1825 the British Government found it necessary to recall him.

Governor Darling.—Sir Thomas Brisbane was succeeded by Sir Ralph Darling, who was also a soldier, but at the same time a man well adapted for business. Yet he, too, failed to give satisfaction. He was precise and methodical, and his habits were painfully careful, exhibiting that sort of diligence which takes infinite trouble and anxiety over details, to the neglect of large and more important matters. His administration lasted for six years—from 1825 to 1831. During that period an association was formed in England, consisting of merchants and members of Parliament, who subscribed a capital of one million pounds, and received from Government a grant of one million acres in New South Wales. They called themselves the Australian Agricultural Company, and proposed to improve and cultivate the waste lands of Australia, to import sheep and cattle for squatting purposes, to open up mines for coal and metals, and, in general, to avail themselves of the vast resources of the colony. Sir Edward Parry, the famous Polar navigator, was sent out as manager. The servants and employees of the Association formed quite a flourishing colony on the Liverpool Plains, at the head of the Darling River; and though, at first, it caused some confusion in the financial state of New South Wales, yet, in the end, it proved of great benefit to the whole colony.

The Legislative Council.—In 1824 a small Executive Council had been formed to consult with Governor Brisbane on colonial matters. In 1829 this was enlarged, and became the Legislative Council, consisting of fifteen members, who had power to make laws for the colony. But as its proceedings were strictly secret, and could be completely reversed by the Governor whenever he chose, they formed but a very imperfect substitute for parliamentary government. Yet the Council was of some service to the colony. One of its first acts was to introduce the English jury system, in place of arbitrary trials by Government officials.

The Newspaper War.—Governor Darling was never popular. During the greater part of his period of office intrigues were continually on foot to obtain his recall, and from this state of feeling there arose what has been called the newspaper war, which lasted four years, and was conducted with some violence. The first Australian newspaper had been established in 1803 by an ex-convict named Howe. It was in a great measure supported by the patronage of the Government and Governors always exercised the right of forbidding the insertion of what they disliked. Hence

this paper, the *Sydney Gazette*, was considered the Government organ, and accordingly its opinions of the Governors and their acts were greatly mistrusted. During the time of Brisbane an independent newspaper, *The Australian* was established by Mr. Wentworth and Dr. Wardell. A second of the same kind soon followed, and was called *The Monitor*. These papers found it to their advantage, during the unpopularity of Darling, to criticise severely his acts, which were in their turn defended by the *Gazette*. This altercation had lasted for some time, when, in the third year of Darling's administration a very small event was sufficient to set the whole colony in an uproar. A dissipated soldier named Sudds persuaded his companion, Thompson, that their prospects were not hopeful so long as they remained soldiers; but that, if they became convicts, they had a fair chance of becoming rich and prosperous. Accordingly, they entered a shop and stole a piece of cloth. They were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be transported to Tasmania for seven years. That was exactly what they aimed at; but Governor Darling, having learned the real purpose they were so successful in carrying out, took it upon himself to alter the course of the law, and directed they should be chained together with heavy spiked collars of iron about their necks, and set to labour on the roads. Sudds was suffering from liver disease. He sank beneath the severity of his punishment, and in a few days died, while Thompson about the same time, became insane. This was an excellent opportunity for the opposition papers, which immediately attacked the Governor for what they called his illegal interference and brutality. The *Gazette* filled its columns with the most fulsome flattery in the Governor's defence. Darling himself was so imprudent as to participate in the dispute, and do what he could to annoy the editors of the two hostile papers. Very soon the colony was divided into two great classes—the one exaggeratedly extolling the Governor, the other denouncing him as the most cowardly and brutal of men. This abusive warfare lasted four years, till at length the opponents of Darling won the day, and in 1831 he was recalled by the English Government.

Governor Bourke.—Sir Richard Bourke, who succeeded him, was the most able and popular of all the early Governors. He had the talent and energy of Macquarie, but he had, in addition, a frank and hearty manner, which insensibly won the hearts of the colonists, who, for years after his departure, used to talk affectionately of him as "good old Governor Bourke." During his term of office the colony continued in a sober way to make steady progress. In 1833 its population numbered 60,000, of whom 36,000 were free. Every year there arrived 3,000 fresh convicts; but as an equal number of free immigrants also arrived, the colony was benefited by its annual increase of population.

The Land Question.—Governor Bourke, on his landing, found that much discontentment existed with reference to what was called the Land Question. It was understood that any one who applied for land to the Government, and showed that he could make a good use of it, would receive a suitable area as a free grant. But many abuses crept in under this system. In theory, all men had an equal right to obtain the land they required; but, in practice, it was seldom possible for one who had no friends among the officials at Sydney to obtain a grant. An immigrant had often to wait months and see his application unheeded, while meantime a few favoured individuals were receiving grant after grant of the choicest parts of the colony. Governor Bourke made a new arrangement. There were to be no more free grants. In the settled districts all land was put up for auction; if less than five shillings an acre was offered, it was not to be sold. When the offers rose above that price, it was given to the highest bidder. This was regarded as a very fair arrangement, and, as a large sum of money was annually received from the sale of land, the Government was able to resume the practice, discontinued in 1818, of assisting poor people in Europe to emigrate to the colony.

The Squatters.—Beyond the surveyed districts the land was occupied by squatters, who settled down where they pleased, but had no legal right to their "runs," as they were called. With regard to these lands, new regulations were urgently required, for the squatters, who were liable to be turned off at a moment's notice, felt themselves in a very precarious position. Besides, as their sheep increased rapidly, and the flocks of neighbouring squatters interfered with one another, violent feuds sprang up, and were car-

ried on with much bitterness. To put an end to these evils, Governor Bourke ordered the squatters to apply for the land they required. He promised to have boundaries marked out, but gave notice that he would, in future, charge a small rent, proportional to the number of sheep the land could carry. In return, he secured to each squatter the peaceable occupation of his run until the time came when it should be required for sale. This regulation did much to give stability to the squatting interests in New South Wales.

After ruling well and wisely six years, Governor Bourke retired in 1837, amid the sincere regrets of the whole colony.

1838 TO 1850.

Governor Gipps.—In 1838, when Governor Bourke left Australia to spend the remainder of his life in the retirement of his native country in Ireland, he was succeeded in the government of New South Wales by Sir George Gipps, an officer who had recently gained distinction by his services in settling the affairs of Canada. The new Governor was a man of great ability, generous and well-meaning, but of so arbitrary a nature, and so violent in his temper, that the advantages which his powerful intellect might have secured for the colony were thereby often marred, and sometimes destroyed. No Governor has ever laboured more assiduously for the welfare of his people, and yet none has ever been more unpopular. During his term of office the colonists were constantly suffering from troubles due, in most instances, to themselves, but always attributed to others, and, as a rule, to the Governor. It is true the English Government, though actuated by a sincere desire to benefit and assist the rising community, often aggravated these troubles by crude and illinformed efforts to alleviate them. Sir Geo. Gipps considered it his chief duty to obey literally and exactly all the orders sent out by the Imperial Government, however much he privately disapproved of them. It was therefore natural that he should receive much of the odium and derision attendant upon their failure. But, on the whole, the troubles of the colony were due, not so much to any fault of the Governor or to any error of the English Government, as to the imprudence of the colonists themselves.

Monetary Crisis.—During twelve years of unalloyed prosperity so many fortunes had been made that the road to wealth seemed securely opened to all who landed in the colony. Thus it became common for new arrivals to regard themselves on their first landing as already men of fortune, and, presuming on their anticipated wealth, they often lived in an expensive and extravagant style, very different from the prudent and abstemious life which can alone secure to the young colonist the success he hopes for. In Sydney the most expensive habits were common, and in Melbourne it seemed as if prosperity had turned the heads of the inhabitants. The most expensive liquors were the ordinary beverages of waggoners and shepherds, and, on his visit to Port Phillip in 1843, Governor Gipps found the suburbs of Melbourne thickly strewed with champagne bottles, which seemed to him to tell a tale of extravagance and dissipation.

Land Laws.—Whilst many of the young merchants were thus on their way to ruin, and the great bulk of the community kept impoverished by their habits, the English Government brought matters to a crisis by its injudicious interference with the land laws. The early years of South Australia and its period of trouble have been already described. In 1840 South Australia was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the Wakefield policy of maintaining the land at a high price had not produced the results anticipated. Now many of the greatest men in England were in favour of the Wakefield theory, and, in particular, the Secretary of State for the Colonies was a warm supporter of the views of Wakefield, so that when the people of South Australia complained that their scheme could not be successful so long as the other colonies charged so low a price for land, he sympathised with them in their trouble. "Who," they asked, "will pay £1 an acre for land in South Australia when, by crossing to Port Phillip, he can obtain land equally good at 5/- an acre?" To prevent the total destruction of South Australia, the Secretary of State ordered the colonies to charge a higher price for land. New South Wales was to be divided into three districts—(1) the Middle District, round Port Jackson, where land was never to be sold for less than twelve shillings an acre; (2) the Northern District, round Moreton Bay, where the same price was to be charged; (3) the

Southern District, round Port Phillip, where the land was of superior quality, and was not to be sold for less than one pound an acre. A great amount of discontent was caused throughout New South Wales by this order; but South Australia was saved from absolute ruin, and the Secretary of State declined to revoke the edict. In vain it was urged that a great part of the land was not worth more than two or three shillings an acre. The answer was that land was worth whatever people were willing to pay for it. For a time it seemed as if that view was sound, and land was eagerly purchased, even at the advanced prices. In 1840 the amounts received from land sales were three times as great as those received in 1838. But this was mostly the result of speculation, and disastrous effects followed. The prices paid by the purchasers were far above the real value of the land. If a man brought a thousand pounds into the colony and paid it to the Government for a thousand acres, he reckoned himself still worth a thousand pounds, and the banks would willingly lend him nearly a thousand pounds on the security of his purchase. But if he endeavoured, after a year or two, to resell it, he would then discover its true value, and find he was in reality possessed of only two or three hundred pounds. Every purchaser found the land of less value than he expected. Every one became anxious to sell, and, there being few buyers, most of it went at ruinous prices. Men who had borrowed money were unable to pay their debts, and became insolvent. The banks which had lent them money were brought to the verge of ruin, and one of the oldest—the Bank of Australia—became bankrupt in 1843, increasing the confusion in monetary affairs. In order to pay their debts, the squatters were forced to sell their sheep and cattle; but there was scarcely any one willing to buy, and the market being glutted, the prices went down to such an extent that sheep, which, two years before, had been bought for thirty shillings, were gladly sold for eighteenpence. Indeed, a large flock was disposed of in Sydney at sixpence per head. Fortunately, it was discovered by Mr. O'Brien, a squatter living at Yass, that about six shillings' worth of tallow could be obtained from each sheep by boiling it down, and if this operation had not been extensively employed the sheep owners would, without doubt, have been completely ruined. So great was the distress that, in 1843, the Governor issued provisions at less than cost price, in order to prevent the starvation of large numbers of people. Yet the Secretary of State in England knew nothing of all this, and, in 1843, he raised the price of land still higher, ordering that throughout all Australia no land should be sold for less than one pound per acre.

Immigration.—It is not to be imagined, however, that the English Government ever took to itself any of this land revenue. Every penny was used for the purpose of bringing immigrants into the colony. Agents in Europe were appointed to select suitable persons, who received what were called bounty orders. Any one possessed of an order received a free passage to Sydney, all expenses being paid by the Colonial Government with the money received from the sale of land. The Governor had the power of giving these orders to persons in New South Wales, who sent home to friends and relatives, or to servants and labourers, whom they wished to bring to the colony. Governor Gipps imagined the land would continue to bring in as much revenue every year as it did in 1840, and, in the course of that and the succeeding year, gave bounty orders to the extent of nearly one million pounds. But, in 1841, the land revenue fell to about one-twentieth of what it had been in 1840. The colony must have become bankrupt had it not been that more than half of those who received bounty orders, hearing of the unsettled state of the place, never made use of them. Governor Gipps was blamed by the colonists, and received from the Secretary of State a letter of sharp rebuke.

As for the immigrants who did arrive in New South Wales, their prospects were not bright. For a long time many found it impossible to obtain employment. Great numbers landed friendless and penniless in Sydney, and in a few weeks found themselves obliged to sleep in the parks or in the streets. But for the friendly exertions of a benevolent lady, Mrs. Chisholm, who obtained employment at different times for about two thousand, their position would, indeed, have been wretched. Mrs. Chisholm founded a home for defenceless and friendless girls, of whom nearly six hundred were at one time living destitute in

Sydney, having been sent out from Home with bounty orders, under the impression that employment was certain whenever they landed. Gradually the return of the colonists to habits of prudence and thrift removed the financial distress. Land ceased to be bought at the ruinously high rates, and goods returned again to their former prices.

Separation.—But these were not the only cares which pressed upon the mind of Sir George Gipps. He was entrusted with the management of the eastern half of Australia, a region stretching from Cape York to Port Phillip. There were, it is true, but 150,000 inhabitants in the whole territory, no great number to rule, had they been all moderately compact. But the people were widely scattered, and there were in reality two distinct settlements, one consisting of 120,000 people round Sydney, the other of 30,000 round Port Phillip. The latter, though a small community, was vigorous, and inclined to be discontented. It lay six hundred miles distant from the capital, and the delays and inconveniences due to that fact caused its inhabitants no little annoyance. There was, indeed, a Superintendent in Melbourne, and to him the control of the southern district was chiefly entrusted. But Mr. Latrobe was undecided and feeble. Though personally a most worthy man, yet, as a ruler, he was much too timid and irresolute. He seldom ventured to take any step on his own responsibility; no matter how urgent the matter, he always waited for instructions from his superior, the Governor. Under these circumstances it was natural the people of Melbourne should wish for an independent Governor, who would have full power to settle promptly local affairs. In 1840 they held a meeting in a room at the top of the hill in Bourke Street, to petition for separation from New South Wales. Next year the Sydney people held a meeting in the theatre to protest against it. Here, then, was another source of trouble to Sir George Gipps. Indeed, from this time the colony was divided into two parties eagerly and bitterly disputing the separation question. Governor Gipps and Mr. Latrobe were not in favour of separation, and, by their opposition, incurred the deep dislike of the people of Port Phillip. The authorities at Home, however, were somewhat inclined to favour the idea, and as Gipps was necessarily the medium of announcing their views to the colonists and carrying them into force, he became unpopular with the Sydney colonists also. No man has ever occupied a more trying position, and an overbearing, angry temperament was not at all suited for smoothing away its difficulties.

Representative Government.—In 1842 a meeting was held in Sydney to petition for representative government. The British Parliament saw its way clear to concede the petitioners' request, and in July, 1843, the first representatives elected by the people assembled in Sydney. The new Council consisted of thirty-six members, of whom twelve were either officials or persons nominated by the Governor. The other twenty-four were elective, eighteen being chosen by the people of New South Wales proper, and six by those of Port Phillip. It was the duty of this body to consult with the Governor, and to see that the legitimate wishes of the people were attended to. Six gentlemen were elected for Port Phillip, but residents of Melbourne found it impossible to leave their business and go to live in Sydney. The people of Port Phillip were therefore forced to elect Sydney gentlemen to take charge of their interests. However, these did their duty impartially. Dr. Lang was especially active in the interests of his constituents, and in the second session of the Council, during the year 1844, he moved that a petition be presented to the Queen praying that the Port Phillip district be separated from New South Wales and formed into an independent colony. The Port Phillip representatives, together with the now famous Robert Lowe, gave their support to the motion; but there were nineteen votes against it, and this effort was supposed to have been completely baffled. But Dr. Lang drew up a petition of his own, which was signed by all the Port Phillip members, and sent to England. Nothing further was heard on the subject for a time, until Sir George Gipps received a letter from Lord Stanley, the Secretary of State, directing him to lay the matter before the Executive Council in Sydney, and stating that, in the opinion of the English Government, the request of Port Phillip was fair and reasonable. An inquiry was held, the Sydney Council sent to England a report on the subject, and received a reply to the effect that steps would at

once be taken to obtain from the Imperial Parliament the required Act.

The people of Port Phillip were overjoyed, and, in 1846, gave a grand banquet to Dr. Lang to celebrate the occasion. But they were not destined to quite so speedy a consummation of their desires. The English Government which had given so favourable an ear to their petition was defeated, and succeeded by another Government, to whom the whole question was new. Year after year passed, and the people of Port Phillip began to grow impatient. They complained loudly of their grievances, which had, indeed, a substantial foundation. First of all, they complained that, although it was a well-recognised principle that the money received by Government for waste lands of any district should be employed in bringing out immigrants into that district, yet the Sydney Government used much of the money obtained from the sale of land in Port Phillip for the purpose of bringing new colonists, not to Melbourne or Geelong, but to Sydney. Upwards of £180,000 are said to have been diverted in that way, to the disadvantage of Port Phillip, during the first six years of its existence, and used for promoting emigration to Sydney. Again, the people of Melbourne complained that, although they were allowed to elect six members of the Legislative Council, it was merely a mockery, because none of the Port Phillip residents could afford to live in Sydney five months in the year, to the neglect of their own private businesses.

Earl Grey.—For a year or two the English Government apparently forgot all about the Separation question, and, in 1848, the wearied colonists determined to call attention to their discontent. Accordingly, when the elections for that year approached, they determined not to elect any member, so that the English Government might see how little use to them their supposed privilege really was. It was agreed no one should come forward for election, and it seemed likely there would be no election whatever, when a gentleman named Foster offered himself as a candidate. That put the non-election party in a dilemma, for if they declined to vote at all, and Mr. Foster could persuade only two or three of his friends to vote for him, then, since there was no other candidate, he would be legally elected. At this time Earl Grey was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and when some one proposed to nominate him for election, in opposition to Mr. Foster, the idea was hailed as a happy one. The non-election party could then vote for Earl Grey, and he would be returned by a large majority. But Earl Grey, being an English nobleman and a member of the British Government, would certainly never go to Sydney to attend a small Colonial Council, so that there would be in reality no member elected. The attention of the Secretary of State would, however, be drawn to the desires of the district. Earl Grey was triumphantly elected, and when the news reached Home it caused some merriment. He was jokingly asked in the House of Lords when he proposed sailing for Sydney, and for several weeks underwent so much banter that his attention was fully aroused to the long-neglected question. He weighed the matter carefully, and, resolving to do the people of Port Phillip full justice, sent out word he would at once prepare a Bill for the Imperial Parliament, in order to obtain the necessary powers for a separation. He also intimated that Queen Victoria would be pleased if the new colony adopted her name. Nothing could have given the colonists more satisfaction, and they waited with patience until affairs were properly arranged in England.

Sir Charles Fitzroy.—All this agitation, however, had not taken place without much irritation and contention between the people of Port Phillip and their Governor at Sydney. Sir George Gipps had much to harass him, and in 1846 he was glad to retire from his troublesome position. He was succeeded by Sir Charles Fitzroy, a gentleman in every respect his opposite. By no means clever, yet good tempered and amiable, he troubled himself very little with the affairs of the colony. The Sydney Council managed everything just as it pleased; Sir Charles was glad to be rid of the trouble, and the colonists delighted to have their own way. As for the Separation question, he cared very little whether Port Phillip was erected into a colony or not, and very probably his indifference was of use to the cause.

In 1851 the news arrived that Port Phillip was to be separated from New South Wales, and in

the middle of that year its independence was declared. The Superintendent, Mr. Latrobe, was raised to the dignity of Governor, and the new colony received its constitution, conferring on it all the legislative and other powers which had previously been possessed only by New South Wales.

1851 TO 1860.

Effects of Gold Discoveries.—For some years after 1851 the colony of New South Wales passed through a severe ordeal. The separation of Port Phillip had reduced her population by one-fourth, and decreased her wealth by fully a third; the discoveries of gold at Ballarat and Bendigo had deprived her of many of her most desirable colonists. But the resources of the colony were too vast to allow of more than a merely temporary check, and, after a year or two, her progress became again steady and marked. The gloomy anticipations with which the gold discoveries had been regarded by the squatters and employers of labour were by no means realised, for though men were for a time scarce, and wages exceedingly high, yet, when the real nature of a gold-digger's life and the meagreness of the average earnings became apparent, the majority returned to their ordinary avocations, and the colony resumed its former career of steady progress, with this difference: the population was greater, and business consequently brisker than it had ever been before. Fortune, however, had given to Victoria so great an impetus in 1851, that the firm prosperity of New South Wales was completely lost from sight in the brilliant success of its younger neighbour. The yield of gold in New South Wales was never great as compared with that of Victoria, for, with the exception of 1852, no year produced more than two million pounds' worth.

Governor Denison.—Governor Fitzroy, who had been appointed in 1857, had remained eight years in office, and thus was present during the events which made so great a change in the prospects of the colonies. In 1855 he returned to England, and his place was taken by Sir William Denison, who had previously been Governor of Tasmania. In 1854 great excitement was caused in Sydney by the outbreak of the Crimean war, and the people, in their fear lest they might suddenly receive an unwelcome visit from Russian cruisers, hastened to complete a system of fortifications for the harbour. The new Governor, who had in youth been trained as an officer in the Royal Engineers, took a warm interest in the operations. He built a small fortress on an islet in the middle of the harbour, and placed batteries of guns at suitable spots along the shores. The advance of the science of warfare in recent times has left these little fortifications but sorry defences against modern ironclads; but they have since been supplanted by some of those improvements in defences which have accompanied the invention of new methods of attack.

Constitutional Changes.—The Constitutions which had been framed for the colonies by the Imperial Parliament in 1850 were not expected to be more than temporary. The British Government wisely determined to allow each of the colonies to frame for itself the constitution it deemed most suitable to its requirements. The Legislative Councils elected in 1851 were instructed to report as to the wishes of their respective colonies. In Sydney the Council entrusted the framing of the new constitution to a committee, which decided to adopt the English system of government by two houses—one representing the people as a whole, the other to watch over the interests of those who, by their superior wealth, might be supposed to have more than ordinary stake in the welfare of the country. It was quickly arranged that the popular house should consist of not less than fifty-four members, to be elected by men who paid a small rental, or possessed property of a certain annual value; but with regard to the nature of the Upper House it was much more difficult to come to a decision. Mr. Wentworth proposed that the Queen should establish a colonial peerage to form a small House of Lords, holding their seats by hereditary right, but this idea raised so great an outcry that he made haste to abandon it. Several of the committee were in favour of the scheme, afterwards adopted in Victoria, of making the Upper House elective, while limiting the choice of members to those who possessed at least £5,000 worth of real property. After much discussion it was decided to give to the Governor the power of nominating members of this cham-

ber, which was to consist of not less than twenty-one persons.

The Legislative Council adopted this scheme, and sent it Home for the assent of the Queen. They also requested that their Constitution might be still further assimilated to that of Great Britain by the introduction of responsible government, so that the ministers who controlled the affairs of the colony should be no longer officials appointed or dismissed by the Governor and Secretary of State, but should, in future, be chosen by Parliament to advise the Governor on matters of public interest, and should be liable to dismissal from office so soon as the Parliament lost confidence in their ability or prudence. The British Government at once gave its assent to the suggested form of government, and it was accordingly inaugurated in 1856, from which date onward New South Wales has been, in political matters, an imitation, in miniature, of Britain. In 1858 two small modifications were introduced: the Lower House was increased in numbers to 68 members, and the privilege of voting extended to every male person over twenty-one years who had dwelt not less than six months in the colony.

Floods and Droughts.—From the very commencement of its existence New South Wales has been subject to the two extremes of heavy floods and lengthened droughts. The mountains are so near to the coast that the rivers have but short courses, and the descent is so steep that during rainy seasons the rush of water deluges the plains near the sea, causing floods of disastrous suddenness. At the same time, the waters are carried off so rapidly there are no supplies of moisture left to serve for the seasons in which little rain falls. The districts along the banks of the Hunter, Hawkesbury, and Shoalhaven rivers have been especially liable to destructive inundations, and from time to time the people of Sydney have been obliged to send up life boats for the purpose of releasing the unfortunate settlers from the roofs and chimneys of their houses, where they had been forced to seek refuge from the rising waters. The Murrumbidgee also, at times, spreads out into a great sea, carrying off houses and crops, cattle and oftentimes the people themselves. In 1852 a flood of this description completely destroyed the town of Gundagai, and no less than eighty persons perished, either from drowning or as a consequence of exposure to the storm.

Establishment of a University.—In 1852 the people of Sydney had the satisfaction of inaugurating the first Australian university, a structure whose noble front, magnificent halls, and splendid appointments for the furtherance of science, will always do credit to the liberality and high aspirations of the colony. In 1857 the Australian Museum was opened, and formed the nucleus of the present excellent collection of specimens. During this period several newspapers sprang into existence, railways began to stretch out from the metropolis, and lines of telegraph were constructed to unite Sydney with the leading cities of the colonies.

WEST AUSTRALIA, 1829-1876.

King George's Sound.—In 1825, when Sir Ralph Darling was appointed Governor of New South Wales, his commission was supposed to extend over all that part of Australia which lies between the 139th meridian and the eastern coast. Not that the whole of this country, or even the twentieth part of it, was occupied by settlers—the region was merely claimed as British territory. The remainder of Australia, comprising about two-thirds of the continent, had not, as yet, been annexed by any European nation. In 1826 a rumour prevailed that the French were about to occupy that region. Sydney people grew alarmed lest so great a territory should thus be lost to the British Empire. They therefore sent a detachment of soldiers to take formal possession of the country, and to found a settlement at King George's Sound. From this early effort, however, no practical result ensued, and during the few years of its existence the place was continued only as a small military station.

Swan River.—In 1827 an English captain,

named Stirling, after having sailed along the western coast, gave a most favourable account of a large river he had seen on his voyage. He was not first discoverer of this river, which, as early as 1697, had been visited by a Dutch navigator, named Vlaming, who was sailing in quest of a man-of-war supposed to have been wrecked on these shores. Vlaming had seen this stream, and, astonished by the wonderful sight of thousands of jet black swans on its surface, had given it the name of Swan River. But it had remained unthought of till Captain Stirling, by his report, awakened fresh interest in the district.

Shortly afterwards the British Government resolved to found a colony on the banks of this river, and Captain Fremantle arrived as the pioneer of the intended settlement. When he landed he found that a nearer view of the country was far from realising the expectations formed by those who had viewed it merely from the open sea. He began to have forebodings, but it was now too late. The ships containing eight hundred of the first settlers were already close at hand, and in the course of a week or two, after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the reefs along the shore, they landed Captain Stirling, the first Governor, with his little band, on the wilderness of Garden Island. Here, in this temporary abode, the colonists remained several months, sheltering themselves in fragile tents, or in brushwood huts, from the rough blasts and rains that beat in from the winter storms of the Indian Ocean. Exploring parties set out from time to time to examine the adjoining mainland; but, however fair it seemed from a distance, they found it to be merely a sandy region, covered with dense scrubby thickets. The only possible port was at a place called Fremantle, and here even there was but little shelter from the storms of the open ocean. The only place suitable for a town was found to be several miles up the Swan River, where the waters expanded into broad but shallow lagoons. Here the colonists determined to build their city, to which they gave the name of Perth; but the site was not favourable to enterprise. An impassable bar stretched across the mouth of the river, which was, therefore, inaccessible to vessels. The goods of the colonists had to be landed on an exposed beach at Fremantle, and carried overland through miles of sand and scrub. In 1830 about a thousand new immigrants arrived, and towards the end of this year the colonists succeeded in settling down in their new homes at Perth.

Land Grants.—Most of these immigrants were attracted to West Australia by the prospect of obtaining large estates. They knew how valuable land was in the well-settled countries of Europe, and when they heard of square miles in Australia to be had for a few pounds, were captivated by the notion of so easily becoming great landed proprietors. But the value of land depends largely upon surrounding circumstances, and ten acres in England may be worth more than a whole wilderness in West Australia. At that time foolish notions were in every quarter prevalent as to what could be done by means of land. The British Government thought it possible to make the colony self-supporting by paying for everything with grants which cost it nothing, and yet were readily accepted by others as payment. Thus the Governor, instead of his yearly salary, was to receive a hundred thousand acres, and all the officials were to be paid in the same manner. The land was distributed in great quantities to people who had no intention of using it, but who expected that, by the progress of colonisation, it would increase enormously in value, and might then be sold to advantage.

To induce emigrants to bring with them useful property, the Government offered a bonus of twenty acres for every three pounds' worth of goods imported, and the colonists, quite unconscious of the future that lay before them, carried out great numbers of costly, though often unsuitable, articles. By means of these the desired grants were obtained. It was found difficult to convey this property to the town, and much of it was left to rot on the shore, where carriages, pianos, and articles of rich furniture lay half-buried in sand and exposed to sun and rain.

Splendid horses and cattle of the finest breed had been imported, but they wandered useless in the bush. For, till the country was surveyed, nothing could be done in the way of agriculture; and, even after the surveys were completed, owing to a regulation that those whose grants exceeded a square mile should be allowed the first choice, all the sections nearest to the town were obtained by officials, wealthy speculators,

and others, who had no intention of using them. Many of these persons held a district almost as large as an English county, and the lands remaining for selection by farmers and small purchasers were generally far in the interior. The sections were pointed out on the maps, but the places themselves had never been trodden by a white man's foot, and were held by tribes of hostile savages. Some, indeed, tried to settle upon these distant grants, but they were lonely and isolated, and many of these plucky pioneers perished, either from disease and hunger, or by the spears of the natives. Yet there were very few who made any attempt at agriculture, and the costly ploughs and implements that had been imported lay rusting on the beach. The horses and cattle died off, the sheep, introduced at great expense, were almost all killed through feeding on a poisonous plant, which grew in patches over the country; and the men themselves were forced to loiter at Perth, consuming their provisions and chafing at their ruinous inaction.

Mr. Peel.—There was one gentleman who had spent fifty thousand pounds in bringing with him to the colony everything that could be required for farming and sheep breeding on a magnificent scale. He brought with him three hundred labourers; but the land was by no means so fertile as he had imagined, and he had scarcely commenced his farming operation when he found that his only escape from ruin was to enter, single-handed, on the self-dependent life of the ordinary settler.

Gloomy Prospects.—Matters grew worse and worse, and those of the disappointed colonists who had sufficient prudence to start before their means were all exhausted, either returned to Europe or sought the other colonies, where several achieved success—notably the brothers Henty, who settled at Launceston and established at Portland Bay a whaling station. The gloomy reports of those who reached England prevented further accession of immigrants, and in 1835 it was rumoured, though erroneously, that the British Government intended to abandon the place.

In the following year (1836) the colony of South Australia was founded, and a great extent of territory previously marked as belonging to West Australia was assigned to the new settlement. These two colonies, during their early years, experienced trials and difficulties of the same kind; but while South Australia, in a short time, emerged to a career of brilliant prosperity, West Australia, for forty years, never enjoyed even a transitory gleam of success.

Introduction of Convicts.—Time brought no material change in the prospects of the little colony in the west until, in 1848, a message was received from Earl Grey asking the settlers if they were willing to receive convicts in their midst. Opinions were divided as to the reply which ought to be given; while some were averse to the idea, others believed the money sent out by the British Government to maintain the convicts and soldiers would originate a trade which might give to the colony new life and fresh prospects. These arguments prevailed, and in 1849 the first shipload of convicts arrived. From time to time new gangs were received, and the place began to be much more populous than before. The shopkeepers in Perth became rich, and the farmer-squatters of the surrounding districts found a ready market for their produce. Yet this success was only the success of isolated individuals, and there was nothing which might be said to constitute general prosperity. In the little town of Fremantle the few and scattered houses had still a rural aspect, and the streets echoed to the sound of no commercial bustle. In Perth the main street was still a grassy walk, shaded by avenues of trees, and even in the busiest quarter the houses stood each in the midst of its spacious garden.

Evils of the Convict System.—West Australia had now to suffer the consequences of having become a penal settlement. Many of the convicts, on being liberated, took up their abode in the colony; but their characters were seldom either amiable or virtuous, and from the vices of these men the whole population began to lose character in the eyes of other countries. The prisoners were no sooner liberated than they set off for the goldfields in the eastern colonies, which thus began to share from the evils of the convict taint. These colonies were not inclined to suffer long in this manner, and, to defend themselves, they refused admission to any person who came from West Australia, unless he could show he had never been a convict. Thus

the colony at Swan River was branded, and held to be contaminated; no free immigrants sought its shores, and many of its best inhabitants departed. This stigma continued to rest on West Australia until the year 1868, when the transportation of criminals from Great Britain altogether ceased, and the colony no longer received its periodical supply of convicts. Since that time it has, in a great measure, retrieved its character. It is now doing what it can to attract free immigrants, and offers large tracts of pastoral land at a rental of ten shillings per thousand acres. It has constructed a short railway and several telegraph lines; and at Albany, the town on King George's Sound, it has established a coaling depot for the mail steamers *en route* to Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. But West Australia is still what it was called twelve years ago, "the giant skeleton of a colony," consisting of a meagre population scattered over a hundred thousand square miles of territory, behind which stretches a vast region of unexplored wilderness.

QUEENSLAND, 1823-1876.

Moreton Bay.—In 1823, when Governor Brisbane sent the discoverer Oxley, in the "Mermaid," to select a place for a new convict station in the northern district of New South Wales, Moreton Bay was found to receive the waters of a large and important river. Oxley left his little vessel in the bay, and with a boat entered upon the broad current of the stream. Before sunset he had ascended about twenty miles, and was delighted by the richness of the scenery and magnificence of the timber. On the following day he proceeded thirty miles further, and throughout the whole distance found the stream broad, and sufficiently deep to be navigable for vessels of considerable size. Oxley was justly proud of his discovery, and wished to penetrate still further into these forests; but his boat's crew had been so exhausted by their long row under a burning sun that he could go no further. They turned, and glided with the current down to his vessel, which he reached late on the fourth night. To the stream he had thus discovered he gave the name of Brisbane River.

Convict Station.—On his return he recommended this district as a suitable position for the new convict station, and during the following year (1824) was sent to form the settlement. With a small party, consisting of convicts and their guards, he landed at Redcliff, a peninsula which juts out into Moreton Bay a few miles above the mouth of the Brisbane. Here he stayed for a few months, but afterwards moved twenty miles up the river to the plain now occupied by the city of Brisbane, where soldiers' barracks were erected, and strong buildings of stone prepared for the convicts. Here, for some years, the lonely party dwelt, a handful of people in the midst of a vast and unexplored country. But, in course of time, the solitude was broken by the approach of neighbours. After the discoveries made by Allen Cunningham in 1825, the squatters of New South Wales hastened northwards, in order to depasture their flocks on the fine lands of the Darling Downs. They founded many little towns, such as Ipswich, Drayton, and Toowoomba, and as, in 1829, a pass leading across the dividing range from the Darling Downs to Moreton Bay had been discovered by Cunningham, the squatters west of the mountains began to hold frequent communication with the settlement at Moreton Bay, from which they obtained convicts to act as shepherds on their runs.

The Natives.—In these early years the squatters of the district were scattered at wide intervals over a great extent of country, and, being in the midst of native tribes, who were not only numerous, but of a peculiarly hostile disposition, they often found themselves in precarious situations. The blacks swarmed on the runs, killing the sheep and stealing the property of the squatters, who had many annoyances to bear and dangers to guard against. But their retaliation oftentimes exhibited a ferocity and inhumanity almost incredible in civilised men. Government troopers showed little compunction in destroying

scores of natives, and, strange to say, the most inhuman atrocities were committed by blacks who were employed in these raids to act as troopers. On one occasion, after the murder of a white man by two blacks, a band of troopers, in the dead of night, stealthily surrounded the tribe to which the murderers belonged whilst it was holding a corroboree, and, at a given signal, fired a volley into the midst of the dancing crowd—a blind and ruthless revenge, from which, however, the two murderers escaped.

Removal of Convicts.—When the new land regulations were proclaimed by Governor Gipps in 1840, the country around Moreton Bay was entitled the "Northern District of New South Wales," and land was thrown open for sale at twelve shillings per acre. A considerable number of free immigrants shortly afterwards settled on the banks of the Brisbane, and as they found the soil well adapted for the cultivation of wheat and maize, made rapid progress, and others soon followed to share their prosperity.

In 1841—after transportation to New South Wales had been discontinued—the remaining convicts were removed from Moreton Bay, and, two years later, the free settlers of the district began to send representatives to the Legislative Council at Sydney.

Separation.—In less than five years from this date the district began to agitate for separation from New South Wales. In 1851 a petition was sent to the Queen, urging the right of Moreton Bay to receive the same concession as had in that year been made to Port Phillip. On this occasion their request was not granted; but, on being renewed three years later, it met with a more favourable reception, and, in the following year, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament giving to the British Government power to constitute the new colony. Again, as in the case of Port Phillip, delays occurred, and in 1856 a change of ministry caused the matter to be almost forgotten. It was not until the year 1859 that the territory to the north of the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude was proclaimed a separate colony under the title of Queensland. In December of that year Sir George F. Bowen, the first Governor, arrived, and the little town of Brisbane, with its 7,000 inhabitants, was raised to the dignity of being a capital, the seat of government of a territory containing more than 670,000 square miles, though inhabited by only 25,000 persons. A few months later Queensland received its constitution, which differed but little from that of New South Wales. There were established two Houses of Legislature, one consisting of members nominated by the Governor, and the other elected by the people.

Gold.—In 1858 it was reported that gold had been discovered far to the north, on the banks of the Fitzroy River, and in a short time many vessels arrived in Keppel Bay, their holds and decks crowded with men, who landed and hastened to Canoona a place about sixty or seventy miles up the river. Ere long there were about fifteen thousand diggers on the scene; but it was soon discovered that the gold was confined to a very small area, and was by no means plentiful. Those who had spent all their money in getting to the place were in a wretched plight. A large population had been hurriedly gathered in an isolated region without provisions, or the possibility of obtaining them. Their expectations of a rich goldfield had been disappointed, and for some time the Fitzroy River was one great scene of misery and starvation. The Governments of New South Wales and Victoria eventually sent vessels to convey the unfortunate diggers from the place. Some, however, in the extremity of the famine, had selected portions of the fertile land on the banks of the river, and begun to cultivate them as farms. They were pleased with the district, and, having settled down on their land, formed the thriving town of Rockhampton. A great amount of success, however, attended a subsequent gold discovery in 1867. The Government of Queensland offered rewards, varying from two hundred to a thousand pounds, for the discovery of payable goldfields, and during the next two or three years many districts were opened to the miner. Towards the end of 1867 a man named Nash, who had been wandering in an idle way over the country, found an auriferous region of great extent at Gympie, 130 miles from Brisbane. He concealed his discovery for a time, and set to work to collect as much of the gold as possible before attracting others to the spot. In the course of a day or two he gathered several hundred pounds' worth of gold. Being, however, often disturbed in his

operations by the approach of travellers on the adjacent road, he had to crouch among the bushes until the footsteps died away, and he could again pursue his solitary task. After some time it seemed impossible to avoid discovery, and, lest any one should forestall him in making known the district, he entered Maryborough, announced his discovery, and received the reward. A rush took place to Gympie, which was found to be exceedingly rich, and it was not long before a nugget worth about four thousand pounds was met with close to the surface.

Far to the north, on the Palmer River, a tributary of the Mitchell, there have since been discovered rich goldfields, and here, in spite of the great heat and dangers from the blacks, there are crowds of diggers at work. Many thousands of Chinamen have settled down in the district, and to these the natives seem to have a special antipathy, as they spear them on every possible occasion.

Tropical Products.—Throughout most of its territory Queensland possesses a climate of tropical warmth, and it is therefore, in its more fertile parts, well suited for the growth of cotton and sugar. About the year 1861 the cultivation of the cotton plant was commenced on a small scale; but, although the plantations were found to thrive, the high wages of labour in Queensland, and the low price of cotton in Europe, caused these first attempts to be altogether unprofitable. Matters changed, however, in 1863. The Civil War was raging in America, and as the people of the Southern States were prevented by a long chain of blockading vessels from sending their cotton to Europe, there was a great scarcity in England, and prices rose enormously. That was a favourable opportunity for Queensland. The plantations were, of course, still as expensive as ever, but the handsome prices obtained not only covered the increase, but left considerable profit. The cultivation of sugar-cane was introduced in 1865, and, after a few years, great fields of waving cane were seen in various parts of the country, growing ripe and juicy beneath the tropical sun.

Polynesian Labour.—The prices of cotton and sugar remained high for some years, but when the war was over they fell to their former rates. The planters of Queensland therefore found it necessary to find some cheap substitute for their white labour. At first it was proposed to bring Hindoos from India, but nothing came of the idea. Afterwards, when Chinese were introduced, they were found not to give the satisfaction expected. The solution of the difficulty was found by a planter named Robert Towns. He was the owner of a number of ships which traded to the South Sea Islands, and having persuaded a few of the Islanders to cross to Queensland, he employed them on his sugar plantation. He took some little trouble teaching them the work, and found that they soon became expert at it. As the remuneration they required was very small, they served admirably to supply all the necessities of the case. The practice of employing these South Sea Islanders, or "kanakas," as they are called, soon became general, and parts of Queensland had all the appearance of American plantations, where crowds of dusky figures, decked in the brightest colours, plied their labours with laughter and song among the tall cane brakes or the bursting pods of cotton. The "kanakas" generally worked for a year or two in the colony, then, having received a bundle of goods consisting of cloth, knives, hatchets, beads, and so forth, to the value of about £10, they were again conveyed to their palm-clad islands. A system of this kind was apt to give rise to abuses, and accordingly it was found that a few of the more unscrupulous planters, not content with ordinary profits, stooped to the shameful meanness of cheating the poor Islander of his hard-earned reward. They hurried him on board a vessel, and sent after him a parcel containing a few shillings' worth of property. When he reached his home he found that all his toil and years of absence from his friends had procured him only so much trash. Happily, this was not of very frequent occurrence, but there was another abuse both common and glaring. As the plantations in Queensland increased, they required more labourers than were willing to leave their home, and as captains of vessels were paid by the planters so much for every "kanaka" brought over, there existed a strong temptation to carry off the natives by force, when by other means a sufficient number could not be obtained. There were frequent conflicts between the crews of labour vessels and the Islanders. The white men burnt native villages, and car-

ried off crowds of men and women, while, in revenge, the Islanders often surprised a vessel and massacred its crew. In such cases the innocent suffered for the guilty. The sailors often had the baseness to disguise themselves as missionaries, in order the more easily to effect their purpose; and when the true missionaries, suspecting nothing, approached the natives on their errand of goodwill, they were speared or clubbed to death by the infuriated islanders. As a rule, however, the "kanakas" were themselves the sufferers. The English vessels pursued their frail canoes, ran them down and sank them; then, whilst the men were struggling in the sea, they were seized and thrust into the hold, and the hatches fastened down. In that dastardly way, when a sufficient number had been gathered, and the dark interior of the ship filled with steaming masses of humanity, the captains set sail for Queensland, where they landed those of their living cargoes who had escaped the deadly pestilence which filth and confinement engendered.

Polynesian Labourers' Act.—These were the deeds of a few ruthless and disreputable seamen. The people of Queensland as a whole had no sympathy with such barbarities, and in 1868 they passed a law to regulate the traffic. It enacted that no South Sea Islander was to be brought into the colony unless the captain of the vessel could show a document signed by a missionary or British consul stating that he or she had left the island of his or her own free will. A Government agent was to accompany each vessel, in order to see the "kanakas" well treated on the voyage; and, on leaving the colony, no labourer was to receive less than six pounds' value in goods for every year he had served. These regulations were of great use, but they were often evaded, for, by giving a present to the king of an island, the sailors could bribe him to force his people to express their willingness before the missionary. The trembling men were brought forward, and, acting under the fear of their chief's anger, declared their readiness to sail. Sometimes the Government agents were bribed not to report the misdeeds of the sailors, and in the case of the "Jason," on which the agent was too honest to be so tampered with, he was chained below by the captain on the pretence that he was mad. When the ship arrived in Queensland the unfortunate man was found in a most miserable state of filth and starvation. For this offence the captain was arrested, tried, and imprisoned. The Imperial authorities have recently given their assistance to the Colonial Government to suppress this traffic, and British cruisers now patrol the islands to prevent the perpetration of such enormities.

Present State of the Colony.—In 1868 Sir George Bowen was sent to New Zealand, and Governor Blackall took charge of affairs in Queensland. He was a man of fine talents, amiable character, and was greatly respected by the colonists. Unfortunately, he died not long after his arrival, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Normanby, who, in his turn, was succeeded in 1874 by Mr. Cairns. Queensland possesses magnificent resources, only recently made known, and which are now in process of development. Her gold export exceeds one million per annum, and she produces enormous quantities of tin, copper, and other minerals. The wool clipped from her sheep exceeds £1,300,000 in annual value, and her total exports, including cotton, sugar, and other tropical productions, amount to close on £4,000,000 per annum. The population is now over 200,000, or eight times the number of inhabitants the colony contained sixteen years ago. Immigrants continue to arrive at the rate of about 16,000 a year. Though youngest of the Australian colonies, Queensland ranks fourth on the list, and appears to have a most promising future.

TASMANIA, 1803-1836.

First Settlement.—When the colony at Sydney had emerged from its early state of suffering and privation, it found, even in this very prosperity, a new source of difficulty and danger. It had been established as a place of punishment, but was becoming a country in which free settlers were glad to dwell. This made it difficult to deal with those convicts who were determined to continue their criminal malpractices. At first such men were flogged or hanged, but on the more hardened criminals flogging had little effect, while the number hanged increased so rapidly as to cause a very serious difficulty. It was then resolved that men of this class should not be left to disturb and contaminate the rest of the community, but should be a second time transported to some lonely spot, where they would have no one to steal from and no one to corrupt. Tasmania (then called Van Dieman's Land) was the place chosen, and in 1803 Lieutenant Bowen went sent with his vessel, the "Lady Nelson," to form a small colony. He carried with him a number of the very lowest convicts, together with a powerful guard of soldiers. He landed at Risdon, on the estuary of the Derwent River. Whilst the ground was being cleared, a band of several hundred natives pulled down the most advanced hut and provoked an attack. The soldiers killed about thirty, thus commencing a slaughter which has terminated only with the complete destruction of the aborigines of Tasmania.

Governor Collins.—In the same year, 1803, the English Government decided on forming a settlement at Port Phillip, and Collins, who had been Judge-Advocate in the first expedition to Sydney, was appointed to take charge of it. Collins, however, thinking the place unsuitable, asked permission from Governor King, in Sydney to alter the destination of his party, and was directed to cross over to Tasmania and join his expedition with that of Lieutenant Bowen. Accordingly he sailed with his two vessels, containing about four hundred prisoners, and superseded Lieutenant Bowen at Risdon. He found the party almost starving, and in daily danger of being surprised and destroyed by the natives. He therefore removed the whole settlement to a place on the opposite side of the Derwent, where it would be more secure, and also more easily visited by store ships. Here, at the mouth of a little creek, with Sullivan's Bay for its harbour, the broad waters of the Derwent stretching before it, Mount Wellington and the adjacent hills circling it behind, Governor Collins selected the site of what was, till a much later date, the southernmost city of the world. Houses were quickly erected; posts stuck in the ground, interwoven with wattle twigs, and daubed over with mud, formed the walls. A few stones with turf, rudely built together, formed the chimneys, and roofs of grass completed the structures. In honour of Lord Hobart, who was then Secretary of State for the colonies, the infant city was called Hobart Town.

Colonel Paterson.—Next year, 1804, the Sydney Government sent another party of convicts, under Colonel Paterson, to found a colony in the north of Tasmania. The position selected was near the entrance to Port Dalrymple. Here, for eight years, a small settlement continued to exist in an independent state, until, in 1812, it was placed under charge of the Governor at Hobart Town.

Death of Collins.—The colony at the latter place was meanwhile slowly establishing itself, and, in 1808, when Bligh visited it after his expulsion from Sydney, he found the little township with quite a settled and comfortable appearance. In 1810 it lost its amiable and warmhearted Governor. While calmly and cheerfully conversing with a friend, Mr. Collins fell back dead in his chair. He was a man of a good and kindly nature, a little vain and self-important, but earnest and upright, and possessed of very fair abilities. The distinguished part he played in the early colonisation of Australia will always render him a prominent person in her history.

Governor Davey.—It took some time for the news of the Governor's death to reach England. During the three years that elapsed before his successor could be sent out, the office was filled

in turn by three gentlemen, Messrs. Lord, Murray, and Gills. In 1813 Governor Davey arrived. He had been a Colonel of Marines, and had proved himself a good soldier, but was endowed with few of the qualities of a Governor. He was rough and excessively coarse in his manners, and utterly regardless of decorum. He showed his defiance of all conventional rules by the manner of his entry. The day being warm, he took off his coat and waistcoat, and marched into the town in a costume more easy than dignified. He listened to the address of welcome with careless indifference, and throughout showed little respect either for himself or for the people he had come to govern. Yet, under his rule, the colony made progress. In his first year he opened the port to ordinary merchant ships. Previously the town was a convict settlement of the most severe type, and no free person was allowed to land without special permission. From that time commerce began to spring up; free settlers spread over the country and cultivated it with such success that, in 1816, besides supplying the necessities of their own community, they were able to export grain to Sydney.

New Norfolk.—In 1807 the settlement at Norfolk Island had been abandoned by the British Government, and the convicts, of whom many had grown to be decent, orderly farmers, were brought to Tasmania. They formed a new settlement on the Derwent, fifteen miles above Hobart Town, at a place which they christened New Norfolk, in affectionate memory of their former island home.

Bushranging.—About this time the colony began to be greatly annoyed by bushrangers. From twenty to forty convicts generally escaped every year, and betook themselves to the wild country around the central lakes of Tasmania. There, among the fastnesses of the Western mountains, they led a desperate and daring life, sometimes living with the natives, to whom they quickly taught all the wickedness they themselves practised. Their ordinary lives were wretchedly debased, and, in search of booty, or in revenge for fancied wrongs, they often committed savage crimes. They treated their native companions like beasts, to be used for a while, and then shot or mangled when no longer wanted. It is not therefore surprising that the blacks soon became filled with the most intense hatred of all the white invaders of their land. Frequently the aboriginal tribes united to attack the lonely farm-house and murdered its inhabitants. Hence, every settler in the country district was well supplied with arms, and taught his household to use them. The walls of the houses were pierced with holes, through which a musket might be directed against an advancing enemy. The fear of bushrangers, who might attack them for the sake of plunder, and of natives, who might massacre them in revenge, kept the scattered settlers in constant terror.

Governor Sorrell.—In 1817 Governor Davey grew tired of his position and resigned, choosing rather to live an easy-going life on his estate near Hobart Town than be troubled with the cares of office. Colonel Sorrell was appointed in his stead. He set himself with vigour to suppress the bushrangers. He was to some extent successful, and the young colony enjoyed an interval of peace. Farming was profitable, and the export of wheat began to assume large dimensions. The best breed of sheep was brought into the island, and Van Dieman's Land wool, which at first had been despised in England, and used only for stuffing mattresses, grew in favour, and was bought by the manufacturers at high prices. Thus many of the settlers became wealthy, and the estates from which their wealth was derived began to have correspondingly high value. The colony early achieved an assured prosperity, which was certainly remarkable when its history is considered. Another industry was added, which indirectly contributed to the wealth of Tasmania. The captain of a merchant vessel, on his way to Sydney, had seen a great shoal of whales off the south coast of Tasmania. Along with the Governor of New South Wales, he secretly formed a scheme to fit out a whaling expedition. His crew also had seen the whales, and soon made the fact widely known, so that by the time the captain's party was ready to sail there were several other whaling vessels on the point of starting. They were all successful, and very soon a large number of ships were engaged in these fisheries. As Hobart Town was the nearest port, the whalers found that it saved time to go thither with their oil. They bought

their provisions and refitted their ships there, and in that way the trade and importance of the place received a very material impetus. Much of the colony's progress was due to the sensible management of Governor Sorrell, who spared no effort to reform the convicts, as well as elevate and refine the free settlers. Hence, it was with great regret that the colonists saw his term of office expire in 1824. They petitioned to allow him to stay for another six years, and when the reply was given that this could not be done, as Colonel Sorrell was required elsewhere, presented him with a handsome testimonial, together with a settled income of £500 a year out of their own revenue.

Governor Arthur.—When Colonel Sorrell had left, bushranging became as troublesome as ever. Governor Arthur arrived in 1824, and found the colony fast relapsing into its former unsettled state. He learnt that, shortly before, thirteen or fourteen convicts had escaped from the penal settlement in an open boat, and had landed on a lonely part of the coast. They were joined by a crowd of concealed convicts, and, under the leadership of Crawford and Brady, formed a dangerous gang of robbers, which for years kept the colony in terror. For a while they plundered without hindrance, till a party of about a dozen attacked the house of an old gentleman named Taylor. Mr. Taylor had the courage to fight and defeat them. With his three sons, his carpenter and servant, he fired on the advancing ruffians, whilst his daughters rapidly reloaded the muskets. The robbers retreated, leaving their leader, Crawford, and two or three others, who had been wounded. They were captured by Taylor and sent to Hobart Town, where they were executed. Brady became chief of the band, though his encounter with Mr. Taylor had taken away much of his career of plunder and annoyance for a long time. Deep in the woods, along the silent banks of the Shannon, the outlaws lived securely. When the soldiers ventured to penetrate these lonely regions the outlaws could escape to the rugged mountain sides, and there hide or defend themselves, as circumstances suggested. Governor Arthur's task was not an easy one, for Brady could command a powerful force, and his was not the only one of the kind. The result was that, despite the Governor's best endeavours, for a long time the country was unsettled and trade paralysed. Seeing no other course open, Governor Arthur offered a pardon and a free passage home to those who surrendered. So many were thus induced to submit peaceably that at length Brady was left almost alone. Whilst he wandered in a secluded valley without followers, he was eventually surprised by John Batman, who, several years after, assisted in the settlement of Victoria. Brady surrendered, and was executed. After this the remaining bushrangers by degrees disappeared, and the colonists once more breathed freely.

Separation.—Hitherto Tasmania had been a dependency of New South Wales. In 1825, however, it was made a separate colony, with a Supreme Court of its own. In 1829 it received its first legislative body, fifteen gentlemen being appointed to consult with the Governor and make laws for the colony. For some years after the history of Tasmania is simply an account of quiet industry and steady progress. Hobart Town by degrees grew to be a fine city, with handsome buldings and well-kept streets. The country districts were subdivided into farms and well-tilled, good roads and bridges were made, and everything looked smiling and prosperous. The only serious difficulty was the want of coin for ordinary purposes of trade. So great was the scarcity of gold and silver money that pieces of paper, with promises to pay a certain sum, perhaps a sixpence or a shilling, circulated largely. At the request of Governor Arthur, coins to the value of a hundred thousand pounds were sent from England for use of the colonists. Governor Arthur's period of office expired in 1836, and he left the colony, greatly to the regret of the colonists, who subscribed £1,500 to present him with a testimonial. He was succeeded by Sir John Franklin, a famous voyager.

1837 TO 1876.

Governor Franklin.—Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic explorer, arrived in 1837. He had been a midshipman under Flinders during the survey of the Australian coast, and for years had been engaged in the British Navy in the cause of science. He now expected to enjoy, as

Governor of a small colony, that ease and retirement which he had so well earned; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. Although his bluff and hearty manner secured him the goodwill of the people, yet censures on his administration were both frequent and severe. During his rule commenced that astonishing decline of the colony which has continued, with scarcely any interruption, almost to the present day.

Floods of Convicts.—After the cessation of transportation to New South Wales in 1840, hopes were entertained that Tasmania would likewise cease to be a penal settlement. Under that impression great numbers of emigrants reached the colony; but ere long it became known that Tasmania was not only to continue as before, a receptacle for British felons, but was, in fact, to be made the only convict settlement. It was thus destined to receive the full stream of criminals that had formerly been distributed over several colonies. The result was disastrous to the poorer free settlers. Convict labour could be obtained at very little cost, and wages therefore fell to starvation rates. Free labourers were unable to earn enough for the support of their families, and were forced to leave the island. Thus, in 1844, whilst the arrival of energetic and hard-working immigrants was adding greatly to the prosperity of other colonies, Tasmania was losing its free population, and sinking more and more into the degraded position of a convict station.

Lord Stanley, the British Colonial Secretary, in 1842, proposed a new plan for the treatment of convicts. He suggested that they pass through various stages, from a condition of absolute confinement to one of comparative freedom, and that instead of being all collected into one town, it be arranged that they be scattered throughout the colony in small gangs. By this system it was intended that the prisoners should pass through several periods of probation before they were set at liberty, and it was therefore called the Probation Scheme. The great objection to Lord Stanley's scheme was that the men could scarcely be superintended with due precaution when scattered in so many separate groups, and, as a consequence, many of them escaped, either to the bush or the adjacent colonies.

Franklin's Difficulties.—The feeling of personal respect with which the people of Van Dieman's Land regarded Sir John Franklin was greatly increased by the amiable and high-spirited character of his wife. Lady Franklin possessed in her own right a large private fortune, which she employed in the most generous and kindly manner. Her counsel and her wealth were ever ready to promote prosperity and alleviate suffering. Yet, in spite of all this personal esteem, the experience of the new Governor among the colonists was far from being agreeable. Before the arrival of Sir John Franklin, two nephews of Governor Arthur had been raised to very high positions. One, Mr. Montague, was Chief Secretary, and during his uncle's government he had contrived to appropriate to himself so great a share of power that Franklin, on assuming office, was forced to occupy quite a secondary position. By some of the colonists the Governor was blamed for permitting the arbitrary acts of the Chief Secretary, while, on the other hand, he was bitterly denounced as an intermeddler by the numerous friends of the ambitious Montague, who, himself, lost no opportunity of bringing the Governor's authority into contempt. At length things went so far that Montague wrote the Governor a letter containing —amid biting sarcasm and mock courtesy—a statement equivalent to a charge of falsehood. In consequence thereof he was dismissed, but Sir John Franklin, who considered Montague a man of ability, magnanimously gave him a letter to Lord Stanley, recommending him for employment in some other important position. That letter, being conveyed to Lord Stanley, was adduced by Montague as a confession from the Governor of the superior ability and special fitness of the Chief Secretary for his post. Lord Stanley ordered his salary to be paid from the date of his dismissal, and Franklin, shortly after this insult to his authority, suddenly found himself superseded by Sir Eardley Wilmot, the next Governor in succession, without receiving the previous notice which, as a matter of courtesy, he had a right to expect. In 1843 he returned to England, followed by the regrets of nearly all Tasmania. Two years afterwards he sailed in his ships, "Erebus" and "Terror," in search of a passage into the Pacific Ocean through the Arctic regions of North America. He entered the

ice-bound regions of the north, and for many years no intelligence regarding his fate was obtained. Lady Franklin prosecuted the search with a wife's devotion long after others had given up hope, and at last the discovery of some papers and ruined huts proved that the whole party had perished in those frozen regions.

Governor Wilmot.—Sir Eardley Wilmot had gained distinction as a debater in the British Parliament. Like Governors Bligh and Gipps, in New South Wales, Wilmot found that the government of a convict population and a colony of free settlers was a most ungrateful task. A large proportion of the convicts, after being liberated, renewed their former misdemeanours; police had to be employed to watch them, judges and courts appointed to try them, gaols built to receive them, and provisions supplied to maintain them. If a prisoner was arrested and again convicted for a crime committed in Tasmania, then the colony was obliged to bear all the expense of supporting him, and amid so large a population of criminals these expenses became intolerable. It is true the colonists had to some extent a compensating advantage in receiving, free of charge, a plentiful supply of cheap labour for public works. When, however, Lord Stanley ordered that they should in future pay for all such labour, they loudly complained of their grievances. "Was it not enough," they asked, "to send out the felons of Great Britain to become Tasmanian bushrangers, without forcing free settlers to clothe and maintain them after the completion of their original sentences?" To all such remonstrances Lord Stanley's answer was that Tasmania had always been a convict colony, and the free settlers had no right to expect that their interest would be specially consulted in the management of its affairs. Sir Eardley Wilmot found it impossible to obtain the large sums required for maintenance of the necessary police and gaols. He therefore proposed to the Legislative Council to borrow money for the purpose. Those of the Council who were Government officials were afraid to vote in opposition to the wishes of the Governor, who therefore had a majority at his command. The other members, six in number, denounced the proposed scheme as injurious to the colony, and when they found that the Governor was determined, they resigned their seats. For this action they were honoured with the title of the "Patriotic Six."

About this time Mr. Gladstone succeeded Lord Stanley as the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Shortly afterwards he had to complain that, in reporting on these and other important matters, Sir Eardley had sent home vague statements for the purpose of deceiving the Imperial authorities. The Governor was therefore recalled, but he was destined never to leave the scene of his troubles. Two or three months after his recall he became ill and died in the colony.

Sir William Denison and the Transportation Question.—On the arrival of the next Governor, Sir William Denison, in 1847, the Queen reinstated the "Patriotic Six," and the colonists, encouraged by this concession, vigorously set to work to obtain their two great desires—namely, government by elective parliaments, and the abolition of transportation. It was found that, between the years 1846 and 1850, more than 25,000 convicts had been brought into Tasmania; free immigration had ceased, and the number of convicts in the colony was nearly double the number of free men. In all parts of the world, if it became known that a man had come from Tasmania, he was looked upon with the utmost distrust and suspicion, and he was shunned as contamination. On behalf of the colonists, a gentleman named McLachlan went to London for the purpose of laying before Mr. Gladstone the grievances under which they suffered. At the same time, within the colony, Mr. Pitcairn strenuously exerted himself to prepare petitions against transportation, and forward them to the Imperial authorities. These representations were favourably received, and, in a short time, Sir W. Denison received orders to inquire whether it was the unanimous desire of the people of Tasmania transportation should cease. The question was put to all the magistrates of the colony, who submitted it to the people in public meetings. The discussion was warm, and party feeling ran high. There were those who had benefited by the trade and the English subsidies which convictism brought to the colony; others desired, at all hazards, to retain the cheap labour of the liberated convicts. These exerted themselves to maintain the system of transportation; but the

great body of the people were determined on its abolition, and the answer returned by every meeting expressed the same unhesitating sentiment, Transportation ought to be abolished entirely. Accordingly, it was not long before Tasmanians were informed by the Governor that transportation should, in a short time, be discontinued. Earl Grey was now preparing another scheme for the treatment of convicts. He wished to scatter them in small bands over all the British colonies, instead of concentrating them in one small island. In that way Tasmania would receive a much smaller number, whilst he expected the colonies would gladly avail themselves of the proffered convict labour. The promise he had given to Tasmania was made before he had considered whether it was possible to keep it. Ships filled with convicts were sent out to the various colonies, but the prisoners were not allowed to land. In 1849 the "Randolph" appeared at Port Phillip Heads, but the people of Melbourne forbade the captain to enter. He paid no attention to the order, and sailed up the bay to Williamstown. When he was preparing to land the convicts, he perceived among the colonists signs of a resistance so stern and resolute that he was glad to take the advice of Mr. Latrobe and sail for Sydney. In Sydney the arrival was viewed with the most intense disgust. The inhabitants held a meeting on Circular Quay, in which they protested vigorously against the renewal of transportation. West Australia alone accepted its share of the convicts, and we have seen how the reputation of that colony suffered in consequence.

The Anti-Transportation League.—The vigorous protest of the other colonies had procured their immunity from this evil in its direct form, but many of the "ticket-of-leave men" found their way to Victoria and New South Wales. These places were, therefore, all the more inclined to assist Tasmania in throwing off the burden. A grand Anti-Transportation League was formed in 1851, and the inhabitants of all the colonies banded together to force the Home Government to emancipate Tasmania. Immediately after this the discovery of gold greatly assisted the efforts of the League, the British Government perceiving that prisoners could never be confined in Tasmania, when, by escaping from the colony, and mixing with crowds on the goldfields, they might, in a few days, make their fortunes. There was, moreover, reason to suppose that banishment to Australia would now be rather sought than shunned.

End of Transportation.—In 1850 Tasmania, like the other colonies, received its Legislative Council. When the people proceeded to elect their share of the representation, no candidate had the slightest hope of success who was not an adherent of the Anti-Transportation League. After this new and unmistakeable expression of opinion, the English authorities no longer hesitated. The new Secretary of State, the Duke of Newcastle, directed that, from the year 1853, transportation to Tasmania should cease. Up to that time the island had been called Van Dieman's Land. The name was now so intimately associated with ideas of crime and villainy that it was gladly abandoned in favour of the name it now bears.

Sir Henry Young, formerly Governor of South Australia, was appointed to Tasmania in 1855, and held office till 1861. During that period responsible government was introduced. When the Legislative Council undertook the task of drawing up the constitution, it was arranged that the nominee element, which had now become extremely distasteful, should be entirely abolished, and that both of the legislative bodies should be elected by the people.

After Sir Henry Young, the next three Governors were Colonel Brown, Mr. Du Cane, and Mr. Weld—all men of ability, and very popular among the Tasmanians. At the initiation of responsible government in 1856, various reforms were introduced. By a liberal Land Act, 1863, inducements were offered to those who wished to become farmers in the colony. For the purpose of opening up the country by means of railways, great inducements were offered companies to construct railway lines; also, active search was made for gold and other metals. But in spite of these reforms the population was steadily decreasing, owing to the attractions of the gold-producing colonies. No great amount of land was occupied for farming, and even the squatters on the island were contented with smaller runs than those in the other colonies. They reared

stock on the English system, and their domains were rather sheep farms than stations. Indeed, the whole of Tasmania wore rather the quiet aspect of rural England than the bustling appearance of an Australian colony. The efforts to throw off the taint of convictism were crowned with marked success, and from being a gaol for the worst criminals Tasmania boasted one of a most moral and respectable community. In later years the population (about 105,000) began to show a small increase, and now that the fortunes of all the colonies depend more on their general sources and less on the yield of gold, Tasmania with its wonderfully varied facilities for production, has been able to lay the foundations of solid prosperity.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE MAORIS IN THE EARLY DAYS.

THE two islands of New Zealand are about as big as Great Britain. The French, Spaniards, and Dutch all claim to have been the first discoverers, but the honour is now conceded to the latter. Jan Tasman, he who also discovered Tasmania, is supposed to have been the first to have seen New Zealand closely, though he never put his foot upon it. He came over from Batavia in 1642, anchored off the north-western coast of the Middle Island, and gave to the country the Dutch name of New Zealand. There was doubtless some fighting, but, according to his story, the natives first attacked him. His discovery was of no service to him, for he could get neither water nor food, and so he went his way. After that we have no distinct record of any visit to the islands till Cook landed in 1796. Cook had much intercourse with the natives, frequently trading with them, and as frequently fighting them. It is, perhaps, hardly worth the while of any English writer now to attempt to sift the merits and demerits of the two parties, or to attempt to discover which first used violence to the other. It is impossible, however, not to feel that whereas the strangers had no moral right to attack the natives, the natives cannot have been morally wrong in attempting to repel the invader.

It has generally, if not always, been the case on such occasions that the newcomers have intended to be gracious if the natives would only reciprocate. On the other hand, they have shown determination to be masters, if not by fair means, then by foul. They have claimed what they wanted as though it were their own, and punished offences against their own laws as if these laws were binding on all concerned. In all the intercourse of Europeans with savage races it has been so, though in a less degree in our intercourse with New Zealanders than with some others. "We desire your land for high purposes of our own, which you cannot understand. If you will give it without molestation, you shall live on it and not be injured by us, but you must live as we direct you." Such have, in effect, been the orders given to races who could not be made even to understand them—and the orders, if not obeyed, have been enforced. Perhaps in no case since Europeans sought out new homes in distant countries has so true an attempt been made to treat the inhabitants with justice as has been done in New Zealand. The fact is probably due to New Zealand being the last discovered; the result, however, has been the same. In Australia, we simply declared the land to be ours. In New Zealand, we at least declared the land not to be our, but the property of the Maoris. Still, as a fact, by far the greater portion of it belongs to us already, and the remainder will follow.

It is, I believe, recognised as an historical fact that the Maoris, or natives we found in New Zealand when we first visited it, are a Polynesian race who came to these islands from Hawaiki, probably one of the Navigators. Some think that the migration was from a point as far east as the Sandwich Islands. We are told not only

the names of the chiefs who brought the travellers, but also those of the boats in which they came. Nor is there any absurdity in this, as the traditions of the Maori people have been preserved tenaciously, and the period at which the migration took place is not so very remote. They were, for the most part, a brown-complexioned people, of the Malay race, and seem to have found the place uninhabited on their arrival. It has been calculated from the succession of chiefs, of whose names tradition has kept a record, that the Maoris landed in New Zealand about the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is impossible now to fix the date with accuracy. Of all the people who we are accustomed to call savages, they were perhaps, in their savage condition, the most civilized. They lived in houses; had weapons and instruments of their own made of stone; held land for cultivation as the property, not of individuals, but of tribes; cooked their food with fire; stored property so that want and starvation were uncommon among them; possessed a system for the administration of justice, and treated their wives well. But they were greatly addicted to war, and ate their enemies when they could kill or catch them. In 1836, during a particularly savage war, sixty were cooked and eaten in two days. I will add the translation of a portion of a war-song: "Oh, my little son, are you crying, are you screaming for your food? Here it is for you, the flesh of Hekemanu and Werata. Although I am surfeited with the soft brains of Putu Rikiriki and Raukauri, yet such is my hatred that I will fill myself fuller with those of Pau, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of the hated Te Ao."

In these wars they threatened each other with cannibalism, and boasted of the foes they had devoured. We had always heard of them as savages and cannibals, and when I lived with them in 1837 at the Bay of Islands I myself witnessed their cannibalism. In spite, however, of their savagery and cannibalism, they seem in early days—we will say before 1840—to have been delighted to have European settlers among them. Pakeha is the native word for stranger, and a Pakeha-Maori is a stranger who lived among the Maoris more or less after their own ways. They were always glad to have a Pakeha-Maori among them, and allowed wonderful latitude to these comers, giving up their women, and even submitting in some instances to the desecration of their religious observances. Their welcome was not without a substantial reason. Pakehas were traders, and brougth with them all manner of good things—clothes, seed potatoes, iron tools, domestic utensils, pigs, poultry, corn, etc., and, above all, they brought guns and gunpowder with which the enemy could be killed. What the pakehas took in return was not of much value to the Maoris. Native flax was the chief article, and of native flax there was abundance. Whale oil, sealskin, and kauri gum, when it was found, could be equally well spared, and the amount of land which the first pakehas wanted was very small. It was a great thing for a tribe to have a few pakehas to trade with—so great a thing, at last, that no tribe could well get on without them. The tribes which got the guns and gunpowder, killed and ate up, root and branch, the unfortunate wretches whom no God-sent pakeha had furnished with that blessed means of rapid destruction. And so the pakehas became very popular.

The pakehas had been the best of fellows as long as they were only traders, taking flax, supplying guns and gunpowder, and living after the Maori fashion; but they were very much less agreeable as permanent residents when they began to exercise ways of their own. A certain number of chiefs had accepted the Treaty of Waitangi, partly overawed by the natural ascendancy of Europeans, and partly through appreciation of the material good things the pakehas brought with them. But now the very beauty and charm of the pakeha trade was destroyed by new pakeha inventions. Custom-houses were established, which, to the Maori mind, seemed utterly hostile to trade. The chief scene of Maori-cum-pakeha commerce had been at the Bay of Islands, where Governor Hobson first touched, and had placed his government before moving down south to the harbour on which the town of Auckland stands. Custom-houses and other abominable European fashions utterly destroyed the genuine old trade in the Bay of Islands. American whaling ships no longer visited there; blankets and tobacco became scarce; guns and gunpowder were no longer to be had. The very nature of the pakehas seemed altered. Now a flagstaff had been set up on the hill over Koro-

rareka, the once flourishing scene of Maori and pakeha trade at the Bay of Islands. It came to pass the new European fashions and European dominance connected themselves in the minds of certain natives, and especially in the mind of a leading chief named Heke with the flagstaff. On the 8th of July, 1844, with a body of followers, Heke cut down and burned the flagstaff, thereby destroying the symbol, and intending to destroy with the symbol the reality, of the authority which had come among them. The flagstaff, after some delay, caused by the necessity of sending to Sydney for soldiers, was again erected, but at the same time Kororareka was declared a free port—the obnoxious custom-house was abolished. This concession was, of course, accepted as a sign of weakness, and in the following year the flagstaff was again cut down. It was a third time erected, and after the third erection was protected by troops. But for the third time it was cut down by Heke, and on that occasion a battle ensued. The natives had by far the best of it, and the Europeans evacuated Kororareka, being carried away in three or four ships then lying in the port. That was in 1845, and proved the beginning of the Maori wars, Heke being the hero of the hour.

The Governor felt he must fight and put down Heke. Either that, or the place must be abandoned, and all emblems of the Queen's authority taken away. Of course, the native chiefs had not understood the Treaty of Waitangi, and the natives generally knew absolutely nothing about it. To accuse Heke and his allies of treachery and rebellion would be absurd. A condition of things which no New Zealand native had contemplated was coming about, and thraldom was the purpose of the pakehas. Thraldom, no doubt, was intended. It was our purpose to be masters of New Zealand, and to rule over these people, and therefore there must be war. But the war then, as it has often been since, was disastrous. We have kept the country by numbers, by money, and by intelligence. We have held it in spite of military misfortune. We followed up Heke to a pah at Okaihau, and there we were repulsed with terrible loss. We did not even get possession of the pah. With renewed forces we again followed Heke to a pah at Ohaeawai, again attacked, and were again defeated, though on this occasion the Maoris deserted the pah in the night. After this poor Governor Fitzroy departed from the scene, and Governor Grey took his place. He commenced his career by victory. The natives now divided their forces, and we followed, not Heke, but his ally Kawiti, to a pah at Ruapekapeka. From this stronghold we succeeded in driving him and his men. Their food was exhausted, and, as savages, they had had enough of fighting for one war. After this there was unconditional pardon, with professions of brotherly love and amity, and so the first war ended January, 1846.

It was thus that the natives gradually learned the art of constructing fortifications and fighting within them, which throughout all the Maori contests became disastrous to us. It seems that our men could not be brought to endure the idea of starving them out, but always attempted to "rush" the pahs, generally making the attempt in vain. The Maoris were seldom adequately provided with food for a siege, and hardly ever with water; but their pahs were almost impregnable against sudden attacks.

After this there were two wars in the province of Wellington—one in the valley of the Hutt, and another in the country between the towns of Wellington and Wanganui, which lasted from the beginning of 1846 to the beginning of 1848. They were not so disastrous as had been the attacks against the pahs in Auckland, but they were very unsatisfactory in their results. Whether the rebellious Maoris were pardoned or punished, it seemed to be impossible to treat them at the same time with justice and wisdom. Without punishment rebellion could not be put down, and there seemed to be cruelty in hanging men who felt that they were fighting for the preservation of their own property. It would often occur that those of their deeds which were most horrible in our eyes were done in the performance of duties absolutely exacted by their laws, and for these deeds it was necessary we should hang them! Blood for blood is law with them, even though the first blood should have been shed in accident. Such was not our law, and we ordained that they must obey our laws because of the Treaty of Waitangi. When we bring ourselves in our dealings with a people so different from us to act upon the rule of bold and un-

scrupulous expediency—when we declare to a people, as we did to the Australian aboriginals, that they are deprived by us, for our advantage, of all ancient rights, of all laws of their own, and of all property—the road, though it be rough, is straight. The colonist may be humane—as he is to a horse—but he is persistent. But the mixed treatment we attempted with the New Zealand natives made government and life among them very difficult. All we could do was to drift through the difficulties as they presented themselves.

These little wars, as we may call them, were brought to an end in 1848. Then there came a period of peace, during which fond hopes were entertained that the Maoris were becoming peaceful subjects, and that the great question as to the possibility of civilising a savage race had been happily solved by the rulers of New Zealand. In three years very much was done for the Maoris. Mills were built, churches and schools established, and agricultural implements were given to them. In all contests with the settlers as to their lands or privileges there was a tendency to favour the natives—a tendency which, in the circumstances of the colony, was very natural.

But in these years, and even from the very year in which the first wars ceased, namely, 1848, the seeds of future wars were sown. In 1848 commenced both the land league and the king faction. The land league was a union carried on with the professed object of preventing land from falling into the hands of the settlers, and was, in truth, not only the cause of the later wars, but the beginning of them. There were certain tribes about the centre of the North Island, and especially upon the west central coast, which had been consistently averse to selling their land, and were perfectly justified by the Treaty of Waitangi in their policy as regarded land belonging to themselves. While they confined their operations to their own territory their course of action was not illegal, even in accordance with our own laws. But when they interfered either by arms or threats to thwart purchases made from other tribes, then, in accordance with the Treaty of Waitangi, they became rebels. Chief amongst these were the Waikato tribe, who inhabited the fertile valleys of the river of that name, and of the Waipa; also the Ngatimaniapoto, who owned the wild district further south. The country of the Waikato has now been confiscated, and the valleys are green with English grasses, but the Ngatimaniapoto still hold their land, and among them lives the Maori King. The league from year to year became a great impediment to European settlement, and, looking back at it now, I find it hard to conceive any measure short of war by which its evils could be corrected. It was allowed to progress, and its success, of course, taught the Maoris amongst whom it had originated to think they had discovered the means by which they could stop the growing ascendancy of the white man. The election of a king was of the same nature, and equally intelligible. I do not suppose that at the beginning of the King movement there was any belief among the Maoris that they could drive the Europeans out of the islands—an idea which did grow among them after their subsequent successes. There was, however, a feeling that as the Europeans had a Queen and a government of their own, the Maoris should have the same. It was another protest against the political ascendency of the strangers, made, no doubt, in direct contravention of the Treaty of Waitangi as understood by us, but probably with no conception on their part that they were violating any law to which they had in truth made themselves subject.

THE WAR OF 1863.

I have spoken of the difficulty which befel Governor Fitzroy as to the purchase of land in Taranaki in earlier days. Taranaki, or New Plymouth, was, from the commencement of its career, the most unfortunate part of New Zealand. It was here again that the wars commenced. A native named Taylor declared himself willing to sell certain land at Waitara, in the province; but the chief of the tribe, named William King, declared the land should not be sold. On inquiry it was decided Taylor's claim was good, and the purchase was made. But King, with his followers, would allow no Europeans to enter on the land. That led to a war which lasted for months, and brought New Plymouth almost to death's door. King was as-

sisted by a great chief from the Waikato tribe, named William Thompson, a leading man among the Maoris, and one who did more than any other to enforce the land league on natives who, if left alone, would willingly have sold. Thompson sent down a body of Waikato fighting men to reinforce the Taranaki natives, but these reinforcements were encountered by Europeans on their arrival, and beaten. Then Thompson himself went down, and a truce was made. This occurred in the first six months of 1861. But though a truce was made, the question as to the Waitara land was not settled. The native, Taylor, got the price, or a part of it; but the Government, which had been the purchaser, did not get the land, and the poor settlers of Taranaki were again ruined. Then there arose a question as to carrying the war into the Waikato country, so as to punish those who had instigated rebellion in Taranaki. Governor Browne was for war, but his ministers were against it. General Cameron, who, for the next four years, held command in New Zealand, had arrived, but it is alleged that he had then no more than 3,000 men, and that as he afterwards had as much as he could do to clear the Waikato with 15,000 men, he would have failed in any attempt made in 1861. Of course, the Maoris used, as we did, the respite for preparation, and were strengthened in all their feelings, in their prestige, in their self-confidence, in their growing disregard of the white man, by the fact that their interference was successful. Of these 15,000 men whom General Cameron afterwards had, 5,000 were furnished by the colony, and these were forthcoming on our side as quickly as were the Maori recruits on the other side, and would have been at the earlier date. The question of the immediate attack on the Waikatos was settled by the withdrawal of Governor Browne, and the return of Governor Grey, who was sent back in this time of difficulty as the great New Zealand Governor. He arrived in September, 1861.

Governor Grey began by an attempt to settle the question of the Waitara land, which had been bought, but not occupied, and of which occupation by European settlers was still prevented. As long as that remained unsettled we were practically confessing ourselves unable to hold our own against the Maoris. There were conferences, and offers made to refer the matter to arbitration. It was not the absolute land we wanted so much as an opportunity of getting out of the scrape without disgrace in the eyes of the Maoris. They saw that as well as we did, and were determined we should be disgraced. They would neither give up the land nor consent to arbitration. Thompson, who was the leading spirit of the day, would do neither. He was virtually the Maori King, and now apparently began to think he might, by persistent opposition, drive the Europeans altogether out of the land. The Governor went to the stiff-necked Waikato tribe, and was magnanimous. The minister went, and was persuasive; the bishop went, and preached to them; other natives were got to persuade them. Anything was better than war with a race whom we had thought to bind to us by giving them the advantages of civilisation. It was all of no avail. They would do nothing in a friendly spirit about the Waitara land. During the whole of 1862 and the early months of 1863, these peaceful efforts were continued. Other land, earlier purchased in unfortunate Taranaki, was in the meantime taken from the settlers by the Maoris. As it was necessary something should be done, European soldiers were sent to reoccupy this land. A party of these soldiers, consisting of eight men and two officers, was killed in a Maori ambuscade, and thus the war recommenced. This was on 4th May, 1863, and it now seemed to be our only choice whether we should abandon New Zealand or put down the Maoris altogether. Other outbreaks had been occurring in the Waikato itself much about the same time. A magistrate whom we had appointed was turned out of his district, and a court-house we were building was pulled down and thrown into the river. It was evident that William Thompson's country must be the scene of war.

In the valley of the Waikato and its tributary, the Waipa, the Maori contest was mainly carried on. General Cameron had 15,000 men, and the fighting Maoris were computed at 2,000. It must not be supposed that these numbers were ever brougth together at one spot, or even in one part of the North Island. Such are supposed to have been the relative proportions of the men in arms, and in our different engagements with them we

generally outnumbered them almost in that proportion. But they never met us in the open field, and gained their successes either by ambuscades or within their pahs. We were always fighting them as a master may be supposed to fight a mutinous boy. It was essential we should conquer them, but we wished to do it with the least possible injury to them.

On the 12th July, 1863, the campaign began at the lower end of the valley of the Waikato, thirty-eight miles from Auckland, at a spot that had been reached by the frontier settlements, and it ended in the escape of the Maoris from the Orakau pah, April 2nd, 1864, at the other end of the valley. During the time we had slaughtered probably a third of those who were in the Waikato, captured nearly another third, and driven the remainder out of their own tribal grounds into those of their allies. In fact, we put an end to the Waikato tribe. But we did this at a terrible cost to ourselves, and achieved but little glory in doing it. They fought their way back from one pah to another with extraordinary persistency, and at Rangiriri, where they stationed themselves in two pahs, we lost one hundred and thirty-five in killed and wounded before we drove them out. On this occasion those not killed made their escape from one of the pahs through a swamp. Those in the other gave themselves up as prisoners.

The prisoners were sent to Kawau, an island, the property of the Governor, and were eventually released from absolute constraint on parole. But they all escaped. It does not appear, however, that they ever had an opportunity of taking up arms again, even were they so disposed.

During this Waikato campaign there had been fighting also in another direction, on the east coast. There a disaster occurred even worse to our arms than that at Rangiriri. At Tauranga, on the east coast, hostile Maoris were congregated, and from which reinforcements both in men and provisions were sent across country to the Waikato. Consequently it was thought necessary to attack the Maoris at Tauranga. The Gate Pah was a fortification which they constructed three miles from the township of Tauranga, at which place we held a redoubt called Te Papa. The pah was of the usual description, with an exterior palisade, a ditch within, and more than the usual amount of holes and caves for rifle-pits. It is supposed to have been held by 300 Maoris. We had nearly 1,700 men with which to attack. We had also Armstrong guns. We fired into it —or not into it, as it might be—an infernal hailstorm of shot and shell throughout an entire day, till 4 p.m., and then our men attempted to "rush" it. They made their way in, and the poor Maoris seem to have attempted to escape at the back. But they were turned by others of our men who had got round the pah, and as they came back in the dark their numbers were multiplied in the imagination of the British soldiers, and a paic ensued. We lost 27 killed and 66 wounded, of whom many died, and among the dead were eleven officers. The Maoris remained in possession of the pah that evening, but during the night evacuated it. They retired to a pah a few miles distant, called Te Ranga, from which they were dislodged next day, being almost annihilated. The Tauranga natives were crushed, but at a terrible expense, both of life and of prestige.

It was wonderful to me, as I stood and looked at the remnants of the Gate Pah, that human beings could have existed there under such fire as was poured upon them. That a 110-pounder Armstrong gun should not at once destroy a Sebastopol, or frighten all the besieged out of their lives, I can comprehend, but that it should be fired point blank against palisades and not cut everything before it to pieces, or that assault should be endured by savages within without panic, I cannot comprehend. Earthworks, we know, are very efficacious against heavy guns, but these earthworks, though admirably adapted to protect men with muskets and rifles against other men with muskets and rifles, would, I should have thought, have buried the besieged in dust when knocked about by such a force and guns as were employed. The besiegers of the Gate Pah, besides a big Armstrong, had fourteen other cannon of various kinds.

Like most of our fighting in New Zealand, this at Tauranga was disastrous, but finally successful. We did stamp out the rebellion there, and the lands of that neigbhourhood have now been confiscated. A portion of them was divided among the military settlers, as was done with the lands in the valley of the Waikato. But that

day at the Gate Pah—28th April, 1864—was, I think, of all days, the most unfortunate in our New Zealand annals. It is only fair to remark that nothing could have exceeded the dogged bravery with which the Maoris awaited death within their palisades.

We must now go back to unfortunate Taranaki. It was necessary that the war should be brought to an end there, as had been done in the Waikato. The Waikato natives had by no means surrendered, or owned themselves conquered; but they had either been destroyed or driven from the district. The country whence armed opposition to us had been instigated was now in our hands, and the reader may as well remember that it has remained so since. But in Taranaki the rebels were as firmly in possession of our land as we were of theirs in Waikato. A renewed war commenced March 24, 1864, of which it became ultimately the object to clear the way from New Plymouth down the west coast by the settlement of Wanganui to Wellington. South of Wanganui the affair was pleasantly managed by the adhesion to our interests of an old chief named Wi Tako; but north of Wanganui, and, indeed, all through the province of Taranaki, except immediately round New Plymouth, the Maoris were still in arms against us.

And now, during the campaign, there arose among the Maoris, a further scheme of opposition to the Europeans. Appreciating our superiority, they, or some among them, consented to a treaty by which they no doubt thought after some fashion they were acknowledging our superiority, but they did so in the supposition that they would thereby render easier and more frequent those trade dealings of which I have spoken. But, after a while, they began to feel that absolute submission was required. Against this they struggled. Such was the nature of the cutting down of the flagstaff; such was the Wairau massacre in Nelson, the first quarrels about land in Taranaki and elsewhere, the land league and the King movement; and of this nature also was the determination to which various tribes now came to throw aside the Christian religion and set up, not old heathen mythology, but a new religion in its place. They called it by the name of its votaries, Pai-Marire, and they who practised it Hau-Haus—pronounced "How-Hows," from the fact that a considerable portion of its ceremonies consisted in repeated and violent exclamations of that sound in the hour of battle, or when fighting was imminent. It would be useless here to describe the childish mixture of Bible legends and horrible Maori practices which constituted the forms of this faith. The object was to make those who adopted it believe it would give them victory against their enemies, and also to induce a feeling that the separation this effected from European habits was final—that it was of a nature to defy the missionaries, and that it would sever any cord still binding between the two races.

One of the earliest objects of the missionaries had been the abolition of cannibalism, and for many years—from 1843 down to this war in 1864—they were able to boast cannibalism had been brought to an end. Whether the Maoris were or were not persistent Chritians, whether they did or did not so far understand Christianity as to be able to regulate their lives by the religious teaching they received, so much, at least, had been done.

The remainder of the war along the coast was diversified by two occurrences which changed the nature of the proceedings. The Governor and the British General quarrelled bitterly, and our successes—for at last we were successful—were due to colonial troops and to friendly natives rather than British soldiers It had been decided at Home that the Imperial forces should leave the colony as soon as they could be spared. As to the quarrel, the nature of my little narrative does not require that I should say anything. It was, however, unfortunate, and must have retarded the suppression of the Maori trouble generally. In regard to the friendly natives, it is perhaps not widely known that while, during the entire war, many tribes had been altogether inactive, as had been the case with all the tribes north of Auckland since the days of Heke and the cutting down of the flagstaff, other tribes fought gallantly for us. This was done in a most picturesque fashion near Wanganui. There, in this campaign, they fought a kind of duel in our behalf with a body of the Hau-Haus, who proclaimed their intention of coming down the river to attack us. A certain number of men was

fixed for each side, and they agreed to fight on an island in a river called Montona. The fight came off; our allies won the day, but not without great loss.

The war was brought to an end early in 1865 by a gradual reduction of the strongholds of the natives, a service in which the colonial forces took prominent part, and by the opening up of the road between New Plymouth and Wanganui. Then followed a proclamation of peace. The Maoris, however, never owned themselves beaten, and do not to this day.

I have not attempted to narrate all the wars waged, much less the battles that were fought. There was another campaign in 1865, if it can be so called, upon the east coast, south-east from Tauranga, at Opotiki, which arose from the murder of a missionary, Mr. Volkner. In this war we were again assisted by a friendly tribe, the Arawas. The hostile Maoris were hunted down, slaughtered, and taken prisoners by colonial forces, who seem to have shown themselves better able to cope with natives than soldiers of the line.

After this there was more fighting lower down on the east coast. The town of Napier, the capital of Hawke's Bay, was attacked by natives. This was in 1866, at which time there was in those parts a certain Maori, now widely known through New Zealand as Te Kooti, whose name was Scott. This man was a "friendly," or pretended to be so, but he was found to be intriguing with the Hau-Haus against us. He was arrested and banished to the Chatham Islands, with three hundred Maoris who had been taken with arms in their hands. From thence he made his escape in 1868, with nearly all his remaining fellow-prisoners. This he effected by making himself master of a schooner which had gone there with stores, and compelling the captain to land him and his friends at Poverty Bay, on the east coast of New Zealand, just north of Hawke's Bay. Thence he made his way across the North Island, and for four years, up to May, 1872, the New Zealand Government and the New Zealand troops were employed hunting him. He was wounded three times, but on each occasion contrived to escape, though not above thirty of the men who returned with him are now left alive. During these four years Te Kooti was the Maori hero, as William Thompson was during the Waikato campaign. There has been other fighting, especially in Taranaki, where Titokowaru headed a faction, but Te Kooti was the great difficulty. As many as 2,000 men were in the field after him, and he cost New Zealand the incredible sum of nearly half a million. Te Kooti was eventually pardoned.

At the same time the King was living among his own people, and though apparently powerless to do the settlers or the colony injury, lived in defiance of New Zealand laws, holding his own land, not only as his own property, but as a territory into which he would admit no white man except on sufferance. The existence of such a state of things is a fact which is not without humiliation. It was not intended by us. We never surrendered our jurisdiction over this country. That jurisdiction was taken from us, and held by force of arms. I can easily understand Colonial Ministers being anxious to take Te Kooti and to reduce King Tawhiao (he died lately), the son of Potatau, the first king. But after the money expended in the wars, and the enormous cost of the vain hunt after Te Kooti, and as it was acknowledged on all sides that the Maoris are melting away, it may well be questioned whether the game was worth the candle. The Maoris, though they are conscious of having troubled us much by their personal prowess, though they doubtless believe themselves to be, man for man, much better soldiers than we are, have learned that our combined power is too great for them. As they "melt" they will gradually sell even the lands from which we are at present banished. The feeling of the colony is, I think, in favour of such conduct, and it is recommended by humanity as well as prudence.

Before the pursuit after Te Kooti had commenced, and when we were doubting whether we should or should not wage war against the King, a loyal Maori chief, in an interview with the Governor, gave him this advice: "O Governor, Matutaera is now like a single tree left exposed in a clearing of our native forests. If left alone it will soon wither and die. My word to you, O Governor, is to leave Matutaera alone." I think the Maori chief gave good advice.

The Maoris, with all the teaching that has been lavished on them, seem never to have over-

come the incubus of barbarous superstition. The "tapu," before we came, was with them all-powerful. Doubtless the power has been weakened, but it has not been got rid of, even by Christian Maoris. "Tapu" makes a thing sacred, so that it should not be touched. Priests are "tapu." Food is very often "tapu," so that only sacred persons may eat it, and then must eat it without touching it with their hands. Places are frightfully "tapu," so that no man or woman may go upon them. Chiefs are "tapu," particularly their heads. Dead bodies, in some circumstances, are "tapu." Indeed, there is no end to the "tapu," and it is easy enough to see how strongly the continuance of such superstition must have worked against civilisation.

The desire for accumulating property, combined with the industry necessary for doing so, is, perhaps, of all qualifications for civilisation the most essential. But the Maoris had, and still have, an institution terribly subversive both of the desire and of the power to collect wealth. This is called "muru," and consists in the infliction of punishment for faults or accidents, or even for faults or accidents committed by others. Sometimes it is enforced in the way of compliment, and a Maori in such cases would consider himself to be slighted if he were not half-ruined by a "muru." Those who perform the "muru" visit the afflicted one, eat up all his provisions, and take away all his movables. The expedition that thus performs justice is called a "taua." If a man's wife runs away, a "taua" of his own friends visit him as a mark of condolence; another "taua" of his wife's friends visit him to punish him for not taking better care of her. A third "taua" on behalf of the Lothario comes, because he also has got into a mess, and between the three the unhappy victim is denuded of everything.

The offences for which people were plundered were sometimes of a nature which, to a mere pakeha, would seem curious. A man's child fell into the fire, and was nearly burned to death. The father was immediately plundered to an extent that almost left him without the means of subsistence—fishing nets, canoes, pigs, provisions, all went. His canoe upset, and he and all his family narrowly escaped drowning—some were perhaps drowned. He was immediately robbed, and well pummelled with a club into the bargain, if he was not good at the science of self-defence, the club part of the ceremony being always fairly administered, one against one, and after fair warning given to defend himself. He might be clearing some land for potatoes, burning off fern, and the fire spreads further than he intended, getting into a "wahi tapu," or burial ground. No matter whether anyone has been buried in it for the last hundred years, he is tremendously robbed. In fact, for ten thousand different causes a man might be robbed. Now, as the enforcers of this law were also the parties who received the damages, as well as the judges of the amount, it is easy to perceive that the tenure of personal property was insecure. These executions, or distraints, were never resisted. Indeed, in many cases it would have been felt as a slight and an insult not to be robbed, the sacking of a man's establishment being often taken as a high compliment, especially if his head was broken into the bargain, and to resist the execution would not only have been looked upon as mean and disgraceful in the highest degree, but would have debarred the contemptible individual from the privilege of robbing his neighbours. Personal property, in such a state of things, was an uncomfortable kind of thing altogether.

I must also observe that though the morality of married women among the Maoris is not low for a savage people—the wives are generally true to their husbands—that of the unmarried girls is as debased as possible. The feeling of it does not exist, and the girl commits no offence either against father or mother, or against public opinion—and yet illegitimate children are rare. I need hardly say that a race so circumstanced must melt away.

It is with pain that I write as I do about a gallant people, whose early feelings towards us were those of kindness and hospitality, and as to whom I acknowledge that they have almost had the gifts which would have enabled us to mix with them on equal terms.

The history of the Maori in the North Island since the European colonisation has largely been the history of the wars that I have tried to sketch. In the South Island there has been practically no fighting since the advent of the white man; but the traditions collected in White's "Ancient

Maori History" (vol. 6) show that the South Island Maori was just as valiant and sanguinary as his Northern brother.

Within the remotest period of time to which true Maori history extends, the most numerous tribe in the South Island was the Nga-ti-mamoe. They owned the whole of the south and east of the island, from the Aparima (Jacob's River) to Akaroa. Early in the seventeenth century, or possibly before that time, these Southern tribes were troubled by the incursions of the Northern Maoris in search of plunder, and lured on by the hope of obtaining stores of the precious "pounamou" (greenstone). At last, a large party of Ngaitahu, from the Wairarapa, came down the east coast, and established themselves at Otakou (Port Chalmers). The local clans of the Ngatimamoe objected to this encroachment on their territories, and a long inter-tribal war followed. At last, after a victory near Timaru, the Ngatimamoe were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the invaders. They fled to the south, and the survivors were overtaken by the Ngaitahu and slaughtered on the banks of the Aparima. A small remnant of the once powerful clan escaped into the rough country round Hawea and Wanaka, whither the Ngaitahu did not think it advisable to follow them. Vestiges of the Ngatimamoe were found so late as 1842 by sealers on the West Coast Sounds. A few were kept alive as slaves by the Ngaitahu, and the joint descendants of these two tribes were the Maoris who peopled the country now known as Otago and Southland at the time of the European settlement.

But the Ngaitahu, in their turn, were forced to submit to a stronger foe. They had fortified a great "pa" at Kaiapoi, and their chief, Tamaiharanui, was, so late as 1830, supreme in the country now known as Canterbury and Bank's Peninsula.

Then came the famous raid of Te Rauparaha. This renowned warrior chief of the Ngatitoa had distinguished himself so far back as 1820, along with the Northern chiefs Patuone and Tamati Waka Nene, by a raid upon Taranaki and Wellington. He led a great war party across the straits to Marlborough, and down the east coast as far as Bank's Peninsula. The Ngatitoa captured the Kaiapoi pa, and are said to have slaughtered 6,000 Ngaitahu in that part of Canterbury alone. Tamaiharanui, the Ngaitahu chief, was shamefully betrayed to Te Rauparaha by an English whaling captain, and was tortured to death. At Kaikoura, and finally at Onawe (Akaroa Harbour) the Ngaitahu suffered disastrous defeats, and their power for the time was broken. Some of the Ngatiawa and Ngaititama, who had accompanied Te Rauparaha, swept down the west coast and crossed into the Lake country of Otago by way of Awarua (Big Bay); but when they reached Murihika (Southland) the Ngaitahu rallied against them. A large body of natives, led by Tuhawaiki (Bloody Jack), from Ruapuke, the island stronghold of the Southern tribes, drove back the invaders. Further north again Taiaroa gained successes over the Ngatitoa, and by an alliance with the tribes that survived in Bank's Peninsula, succeeded in maintaining the South Island as the home of the Ngaitahu. It was this tribe, therefore, that the European settlers found in occupation when the provinces of Canterbury and Otago were founded between 1845 and 1850.

The experiences that the white settlers gained of the Maori in the South Island were, on the whole, friendly and pleasant enough. The colonists came, not to occupy the land by force, but to pay for it in money or "trade," and though the Maoris had already learned that the white men drove a hard bargain, they do not seem to have been dissatisfied on the whole about the terms on which they parted with their land. Even in 1837, the greater part of Bank's Peninsula was said to have been sold to Captain Hempleman, a whaler who spent most of the rest of his life in trying to get the Government to acknowledge his claims. Similarly large blocks were bought up in the South; but these conflicting claims were crushed by the purchase of the Otago block from Taiaroa and Tuhawaiki in 1847. The whole of the land from Kaiapoi to Port Chalmers was bought from the northern Ngaitahu in 1848 by the New Zealand Company. The peaceful relations that existed between the South Island Maoris and the early settlers had been unexpectedly disturbed in 1843 by the unfortunate incident generally known as the Wairau massacre. The death of Captain Wakefield and his friends was due largely to the inexperi-

ence and indiscretion of the Europeans concerned, who altogether failed to understand the sense of dignity and self-respect which always distinguishes the high-bred Maori. But the great reputation of Te Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, the chiefs concerned in the massacre, roused strong sympathy among all the native tribes in the South Island. In Bank's Peninsula a plot to murder the white settlers was frustrated only by the fidelity of the Maori wife of an English whaler; but when Te Rauparaha retired again to the North Island the agitation among the natives subsided, and for the last half century and more the South Island Maori has lived on the best of terms with the colonists.

One important cause for the friendly spirit displayed by the Maori toward the white strangers was certainly the teaching of the missionaries. It is open to question whether it was possible for the average Maori to understand the theology which was preached to him; but the most unobservant savage could hardly fail to appreciate the courage and self-denial of many of the missionaries who followed in the footsteps of the Rev. S. Marsden in the North Island, and the Rev. J. Wohlers in the South. Mr. Wohlers was a Moravian sent out by the German Missionary Society. He settled at Ruapuke, in Foveaux Straits, in 1844. He had the charge of about 600 natives living on the south coast and on the island in the straits, as well as forty whalers or sealers, who, with their half-caste children, formed the major part of the population along the seaboard of the South Island. This devoted man laboured at his post for nearly forty years, dying in 1885.

The natives with whom the missionaries came in contact were naturally influenced by the high moral character of such brave pioneers of civilisation. It must be owned that the white men whom the Maoris met before the settlement were not always desirable specimens of the race. The whalers and sealers who frequented the coasts of the South Island from 1790 to 1840 were usually men of very dissolute habits, and led violent and reckless lives; but the Maoris were not slow to recognise virtues akin to their own in the desperate courage and rude generosity of these men, and many of the natives, taking up the seafaring life, became as skilful with the oar and the harpoon as the whalers themselves. The worst evil introduced into the country by these men was rum; but the healthy, open-air life they all led seems to have protected the white men better than the natives from its effects.

Before the settlement of the South Island was formally commenced by the New Zealand Company and the Otago and Canterbury Associations, a few unscrupulous land-sharks found their way among the natives and victimised them. But the South Island suffered little either from the land-shark or the "Pakeha-Maori," who played so important a part in the history of the North Island and the native wars.

Since teh settlement of Canterbury and Otago the history of the South Island Maori has been a record of slow but sure decay. The remnants of the Ngaitahu and other tribes that still live in the "raiks" and "pas" scattered about Otago and Canterbury are dwindling in numbers, and are gradually merging in the population around them. In New Zealand, no reproach attaches to colour, though the half-castes, perhaps because they belong to neither race, and yet share the qualities of both, hardly seem to hold the same status as the full-blooded Maori, either in native or European eyes. The drunkenness and vice that decimated the North Island tribes for many years are now happily well under restraint, and the South Island Maoris were never affected by these evils in the same degree as their less fortunate brethren in the North. Like most comparatively barbarous races when first brought into contact with strangers on a higher plane of civilisation, the Maoris at first learned little of the Europeans but their vices, and they suffered accordingly. There are, however, many signs that the turning point has been reached, and that the Maori race has begun to hold its own against the European. There has never been any doubt as to the intelligence and mental capacity of the Maori. In many of the gifts most highly prized by civilised races, more especially in eloquence, he ranks far above many European peoples. The benefits of education have been extended to him equally with the white population of the colony, and he has shown that he is as able to profit by them as the most accomplished European. The case of Apirana Turupa Ngata, the East Coast chief, who is also a University graduate and an

eloquent speaker and writer of English, is not the only proof of the high order of intelligence possessed by the Maoris. The Hon. J. Carroll, for many years Native Minister, Mr. Hone Heke, M.H.R., Dr. Pomare, Sanitary Officer among the Maoris, are other instances of the intellectual ability of the native race. Happily for the Maori, the leaders in the education movement are also the heads of the Young Maori Organisation, which has for its object the intellectual, moral and social betterment of the race, and its protection from degeneration and decay. The education and training of Maori girls, which has long been neglected, is now being taken up in earnest. Improved sanitation and healthier conditions of life are energetically preached to the rising generation by the Young Maori Party and Dr. Pomare, and the last census shows a most encouraging increase in the number of the Maoris, which, though it may be partially due to the greater care with which these statistics are now compiled, at least affords ground for hope that the tide has turned, and that this fine race will prove its superiority to all other aboriginal peoples by triumphantly surviving the struggle with European civilisation. Everyone who has seen enough of the Maori to appreciate his many virtues and the admirable mental and moral qualities that he possesses, will earnestly desire that these expectations have not been raised in vain.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND PORTRAITS

OF

MEN I HAVE MET.

THE LATE MR. DAVID NATHAN.

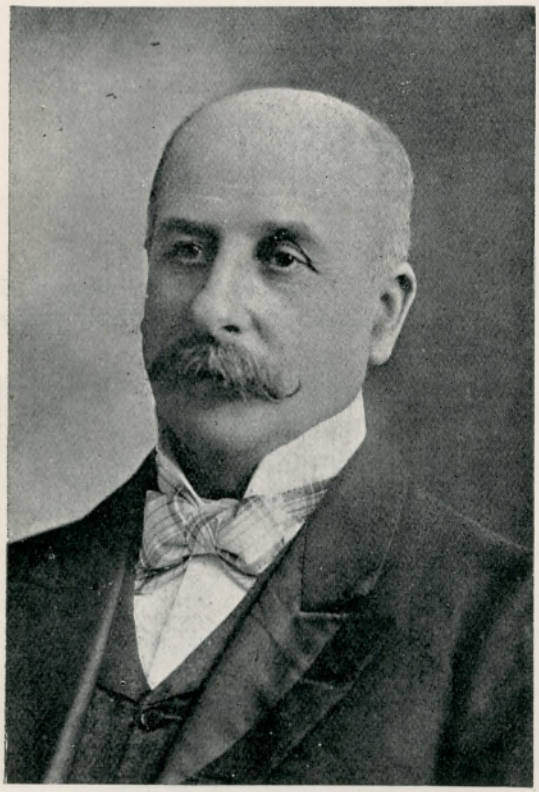
THE late Mr. David Nathan, one of New Zealand's wealthy merchants, was born in London, 1816, and left England in 1839, like many other adventurous young men, for the purpose of bettering his position, and carving out a competence in the Australasian colonies, where avenues of social advancement were not surrounded with such active competitors as in the Old Country. Mr. Nathan arrived in Sydney in December of the same year, *en route* for Adelaide, South Australia. Owing to the financial condition of the latter at that particular juncture, he was advised by his friends to try New Zealand. He accepted the advice, and arrived at Kororareka, the then seat of Government, early in 1840. Here Mr. Nathan commenced the work of colonisation by getting married, early in October, 1841. Two of the officers of Her Majesty's ship then in port were present as guests, to whom, as well as to the residents generally, the impressive ceremony of a Hebrew marriage was novel, it being the first Jewish wedding celebrated in the settlement. Mr. Nathan commenced business on his own account, retiring after a long, honourable, and successful career in 1867 in favour of his two sons, Messrs. L. D. and N. A. Nathan, who have fully sustained the reputation of the old firm for straightforward dealing and business integrity.

The close of Mr. Nathan's commercial career did not end his usefulness as a citizen. As a member of the Chamber of Commerce, his wide and varied mercantile experience was brought to bear beneficially on the various questions brought up for discussion, while, as vice-president of the Auckland Savings Bank, he took a lively interest

THE LATE MR. DAVID NATHAN.

in the social condition of the working classes, and in encouraging habits of thrift and providence. Mr. Nathan was a liberal patron and supporter of every institution and society in the province calculated to promote the general in-

tellectual, moral, and social progress of the community. As a proof of his genuine catholicity of spirit, it may be mentioned that while maintaining an unshaken loyalty to the faith of his



MR. MOSS DAVIS.

fathers, his purse was ever open to the claims of other creeds, and that from old St. Paul's and old St. Patrick's Cathedrals downwards there is scarcely a place of worship in which he had not "a brick." As in matters of faith, so in those of business. While a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the distressed of his own people, he did not permit his benevolence to end there, and there is more than one business firm in Auckland, as well as persons in private life, indebted for their start in life to the kindly aid extended by him who has been termed "The Christian Jew"—David Nathan.

His sons, Messrs. L. D. and N. A. Nathan, are doing their level best to emulate the example of their worthy sire.

MR. MOSS DAVIS.

MR. MOSS DAVIS arrived first in Sydney in 1848, having received his education in England. Coming to Lyttelton, New Zealand, in 1862, he entered the office of the late Mr. Robert Latter, a merchant of standing there at that time. Mr. Davis has by industry and hard work achieved his present position, being one of New Zealand's largest brewers, and although he has not yet taken any part in public life, we hope he may yet see his way to do so. He is well-known throughout the whole of the colonies.

MR. JOHN DUTHIE, M.H.R.

MR. JOHN DUTHIE was first returned to the House of Representatives for Wellington in 1890, when he was second on the poll. He is a Scotchman, educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School, learned the ironmongery trade in that

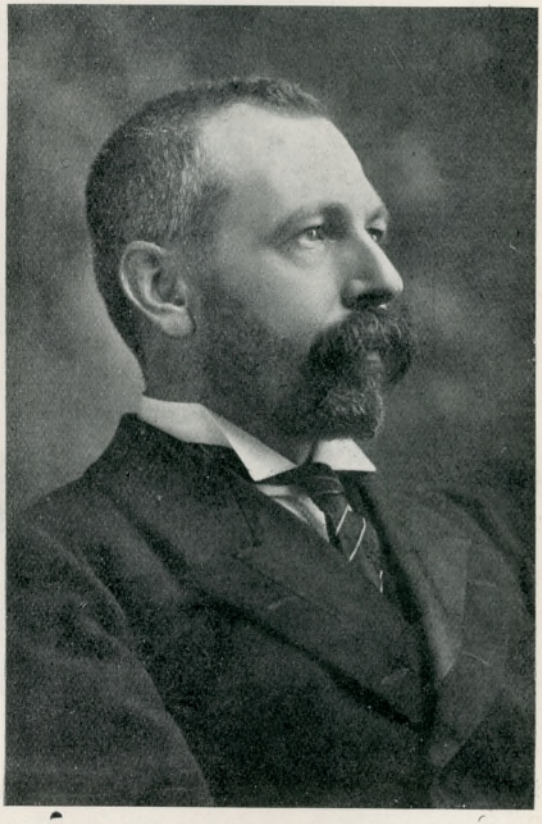
MR. JOHN DUTHIE, M.H.R.

city, and subsequently lived at Wolverhampton and in Ireland. He came to New Zealand in the sixties as the representative of a Sheffield firm, and lived for a short time in Auckland, New Plymouth, and Wanganui. In the latter town he established a large and successful business. He took an active part in the local politics of Wanganui, especially in municipal and harbour matters, being four times elected a member of the Wanganui Harbour Board. In 1880 he established himself in business in Wellington, and is now head of the large hardware firm of John Duthie and Co. He was elected Mayor of Wellington in 1888, has been a member of the Wellington Harbour Board, President of the Caledonian Society, Chairman of the Gear Meat Company, President of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce, and held many similar commercial and social positions in Wellington, where he is one of its best-known citizens.

MR. GEORGE FOWLDS, M.H.R.

Mr. George Fowlds, M.H.R. for the new electorate of Grey Lynn, was born at Fenwick, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1860, so is still quite a young man. He received his early education at a village school, and later on took several sessions at Anderson College, Glasgow. He served a few years' apprenticeship with a firm in Kilmarnock, removing from there soon after the finish of his apprenticeship to the wholesale soft goods house of Messrs. William McLaren, Sons and Co., Glasgow.

In the year 1882 he left Great Britain to push his fortune in the Colonial Empire, choosing South Africa as the scene of operations. After experiencing a fair share of the ups and downs of a new country, he settled down for several years in the diamond digging district of Kimberley. In 1885 Mr. Fowlds shifted to New Zealand, where he arrived on the 5th of Decemcember of that year. Soon after his arrival Mr Fowlds took over a small business in Victoria Street. Two years later he bought the stock and fixtures of a going concern in Victoria Arcade. For the last twelve years, every year has seen the business grow, until now his famous outfitting establishment occupies nearly half of the Queen Street frontage of the Arcade. Outside of his business he has taken an active part in the social, political, and religious life of the city. He has been many years recognised as a leader in Freemasonry, having held all the positions the craft could confer on him except that of Grand Master of New Zealand, his last office being Deputy Grand Master. The work he has done for the Beresford Street Congregational Church was recognised by his brethren electing him chairman of the New Zealand Congregational



Mr. GEORGE FOWLDS, M.H.R.

Union in 1899, a position not often conferred on laymen.

His election to Parliament for Auckland City, notwithstanding his consistent and persistent advocacy of the unpopular economic doctrine of single tax, served as a striking testimony to his own personal character and capacity, and that the confidence was justified his return for the new borough of Grey Lynn, after three years' service in the House, is sufficient warrant.

THE HON. THOMAS THOMPSON.

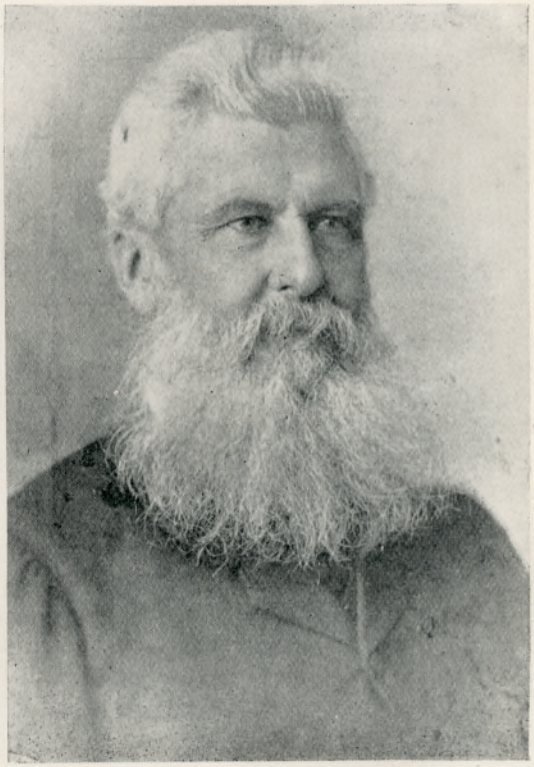
THE Hon. Thomas Thompson, late Minister of Justice and Defence, is a native of Cork, Ireland. In 1855 he came to Auckland, and commenced business, in a small way, but as time advanced his trade grew with the place, and

THE HON. THOMAS THOMPSON.

in 1883 he retired, having sold his grocery and importing business. He was one of the first volunteers to enrol under the Militia and Volunteer Act, and served in the Victoria Company nearly eighteen years, obtaining his first commission in that corps. During the troubles with the natives in the Waikato he was in active service, forming one of the first detachment to proceed to the "front" in July, 1863. He was for six years a member of the Auckland City Council, and for some time one of the representatives of that body on the Auckland Harbour Board, also chairman of the Mount Eden Domain and Road Boards. In 1884 he was first elected to the House of Representatives as member for Auckland City North, and continued to represent that district till the amalgamation of the city electorates, when he was again elected one of the three City members, and, with the exception of one session, sat as M.H.R. for a period of sixteen years, the last four years as Minister of Justice and Defence in the Seddon administration. Previous to the session of 1899, owing to the long continued serious illness of Mrs. Thompson (since deceased), he notified his constituents he would not be a candidate at the general election in December of that year, but, at the request of his colleagues, he remained in office till the end of January, 1900, when he resigned his position on the appointment of the Hon. James McGowan as Minister of Mines and Justice.

MR. C. E. BUTTON.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD BUTTON was born at Launceston, Tasmania, in 1838. He arrived in the colony in 1863, and on the West Coast gold-



MR. C. E. BUTTON.

fields breaking out proceeded to Hokitika, where, besides practising as a barrister and solicitor, he took an active part in local politics. He was Mayor of that town, and also sat for Hokitika in the House of Representatives, but resigned his seat when Sir George Grey became Premier. From Hokitika he removed to Christchurch, and after living there a number of years he joined the well-known legal firm of Whittaker and Russell, Auckland. In the Auckland district Mr. Button has taken an active part in many public matters, both local and colonial. He frequently lectures for churches, and also conducts religious services.

THE HON. J. McKENZIE.

THE late Sir John McKenzie was born on the estate of Ardross, in the County of Ross, Scotland, in 1838, his father being a tenant farmer under Sir Alexander Matheson. He was educated at the parish school, after leaving which, at the age of 15, he assisted on his father's farm, where he obtained a good knowledge of both agricultural and pastoral pursuits. In September of the year 1860 he arrived in Otago. Early the following year he went to Puketapu Station, Shag Valley, where he remained for four years. He then took up land on his own account in the Shag Valley district, and farmed in the same district up to the time of his death. Sir John (then Mr.) McKenzie's first step in public life was taken upon his commencing the career of a settler, it being forced upon him by the necessities of a new settlement, and the great want of roads, schools, and other requirements of a new settlement, and for many years he held numerous positions in local and provincial bodies.

In 1871 he was returned for Waihemo in the Otago Provincial Council, and continued to sit until the abolition of the provinces.

Mr. McKenzie first entered the political arena in 1881, for Moeraki. He held the seat to the time of his death, notwithstanding that the boundaries of the electorate were on various occasions changed. Mr. McKenzie joined the Ballance Ministry in 1891, holding the portfolios of Minister of Lands, Minister of Agriculture, Commissioner of State Forests, etc. Shortly before his death in 1901 the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. The feeling evoked throughout the colony was that no one had done more to earn its distinctions than Mr. John McKenzie, and no man knew better how to wear them with due respect to the democratic principles he had so long consistently maintained. His last illness extended over a period of many months. He visited his native land in search

THE LATE SIR JOHN McKENZIE.

of relief. At one time it was believed the mission had been successful, and he returned to New Zealand amidst the hearty congratulations of all sections of the community. Unhappily, a relapse took place, and, to the general regret, he expired in the early part of the year last named.

MR. H. A. GORDON.

MR. HENRY A. GORDON, Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., F.G.S., was born at Haddon House, Aberdeen, Scotland. He was brought up to mechanical and civil engineering. In pursuit of his profession, he went to India in 1851, and in 1853 landed in

Victoria to engage in mining, with which he has been connected ever since. He came to New Zealand in 1861, determined to devote the whole of his time to mining. He has occupied, both in Australia and New Zealand, responsible positions as mine manager and engineer of several large companies. In 1874 Mr. Gordon accepted an appointment as assistant engineer in the Public Works Department. When the Mines Department was formed in 1883, he was selected

MR. H. A. GORDON.

to fill the important position of inspecting engineer to that branch of the service, having all the various goldfields works undertaken by the Government under his control. Notwithstanding the manifold duties he had to discharge, he was on many occasions selected to undertake various works for other departments of the service requiring ability and business capacity. Among his numerous official appointments, Mr. Gordon was a member of the Government Board of Examiners for mine managers, battery managers, and School of Mines' examinations. He is well-known as the author of the "Miners' Guide and Engineering," published by the Government, and which is used as a standard text book by all the Schools of Mines in the colonies. This work has run into a second edition, and is highly appreciated by miners and mine managers throughout the colonies.

CAPTAIN GEO. DOUGLAS HAMILTON.

CAPTAIN G. D. HAMILTON'S narrative covers an exciting period in the settlement of the colony. He arrived in Wellington in 1857, and took to station life. After a short time devoted to gaining colonial experience, he entered into occupation of the Mangatoro run, in Hawke's Bay. That was then unknown country, and quite roadless. The property, which consisted of heavy fern, scrub, and bush, he developed from a productive capacity of 10 bales of wool, worth about £120, to over 800 bales, and a gross produce of £13,000, with a net income of nearly £9,000, and made his run one of the finest properties in the colony. The early times were very rough, and the isolation complete. Being without almost any other society, naturally a fair knowledge of the Maori language and bush life was acquired. When the Maori war began the place was looked upon by the Maoris as a natural stronghold, and any attempt to improve the existing tracks forbidden. The Native Minister, Sir Donald McLean, aware of the possible danger of a sudden attack on the settled districts of Hawke's Bay, asked Captain Hamilton to endeavour to watch, and, if possible, to inform him of any hostile movement. On this errand he had once to ride two hundred miles inside of twenty-four hours, a good deal over bush hills, and with only four horses—from the threatened point and back to it. Later, when a Maori attack on Napier was planned, Sir Donald McLean asked him to accompany a party of cavalry in a night expedition to seize the canoes intended for the use of one of the attacking parties of Maoris. The Maori guard was surprised and taken prisoners in time for him to be present at the engagement between the colonial forces and rebel Maoris at Omaranui; then, when the Maoris broke after

suffering heavy loss, he saw three stealing away, and overtook them in about a mile or two, when the close discharge of six shots gave a gunshot wound and almost blinded him for a moment. A sharp word or two in Maori explained the six-shot revolver alternative, and, single-handed, they, with their arms, were marched into the force. Afterwards, when Te Kooti and his band escaped and returned from the Chathams, he was with an appointment as Captain and Inspector of Native Contingent, asked to undertake the duty of scouting, single-handed, the Uriwera country from the Waikato and Lake Taupo to Napier, over a hundred miles. There had been massacres at Poverty Bay and other places of Europeans and friendly natives, and the country was deserted by Europeans and friendly Maoris from Waikato to Napier, attacks being expected hourly. The work entailed months of privation and exposure, constantly crossing alone the enemy's country, often having not as much even as a ration of broken biscuit.

The dread of the friendly natives of Te Kooti and his men was great. A few miles nearer the coast fiendish atrocities had been perpetrated. European and friendly Maoris, men, women, and children, had been butchered, and sometimes tortured. Te Kooti kept a man called "the butcher" for this purpose. Friendly Maori women enceinte had been cut open and disembowelled alive. At another point the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Volkner were torn out and eaten. He had neglected the warning to leave. A Maori guide could not be got, which made getting through the Uriwera bush country very difficult. So great was the dread of Te Kooti that a friendly Maori chief (Te Kiri Wera) who was offered a reward by the captain to show him Te Kooti's camp in the Uriwera bush, refused to go under £250, and then only near enough to show the smoke of the camp fires. He was, soon after beginning these solitary rides, warned by a native that he was many times only going through alive on sufferance, that Te Kooti's scouts were sometimes close enough in the bush tracks to touch him with their guns as he rode through, but that they did not wish it to be known that their force was so far forward which his death would have exposed; they were waiting a chance to break through to the King Country. Of these adventurous times the captain carries several marks. For these services he was rewarded with the promise of the New Zealand Cross and war medal.

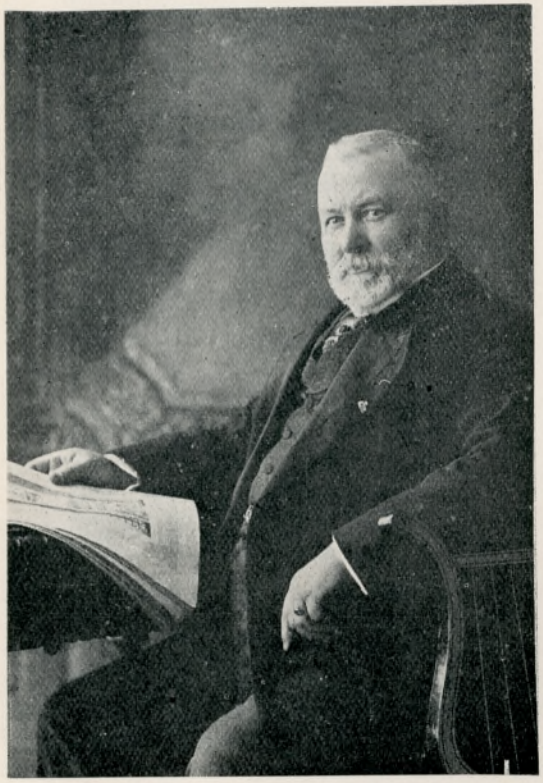
Captain Hamilton was born in 1835, in Belgium, of British parentage, and was trained for navy life. That, with a term in Edinburgh University, completed his education. He has mixed more in social than political life, having repeatedly filled offices as president of racing, farming, and other clubs. In 1873 he married Gertrude, eldest daughter of the Rev. Conway Hughes, sometime chaplain to the Duke of Manchester.

CAPTAIN G. D. HAMILTON.

MR. THOS. KENNEDY MACDONALD.

THE subject of this sketch is a front man in the front ranks of Wellington, socially and commercially. No man has devoted more time and attention to the public interest, and it is acknowledged the time has been spent to good advantage. The undertakings with which his name has been closely identified will demonstrate that fact. He acted as chairman of the Wellington Woollen Company at a time when its affairs were raised

from a state of practical insolvency to that of a sound dividend-paying concern. The Gear Meat Preserving Company, the Equitable Building Investment Company, and the Wellington City Tramways are amongst the institutions nursed into success under his fosterings. In public enterprises connected with industrial developments of the colony he took a very active part. The Industrial Exhibition of 1885 was greatly indebted to his exertions. These were publicly



MR. THOS. K. MACDONALD.

acknowledged by the then Governor, and Mr. Macdonald was otherwise warmly congratulated on the subject. He has all along taken keen interest in the local government of Wellington.

As an expert in land values and land questions generally he is admitted to be one of the leading men of the colony. He acted as umpire in settling the value of the land endowments granted the Manawatu Railway Company. He has on several occasions made special reports for the Government of various blocks, and his recommendations have been followed with highly beneficial results. He also acted for four years as Superintendent Valuer for the colony. Amongst the most valuable of his public services to the colony was his work as one of the Royal Commissioners for the reform and reorganisation of the Public Trust Office, which had as a result enormous benefits alike to the people of the colony and the thousands of beneficiaries connected with the office. These are only a few of the leading features in his career as a colonist. A detailed list would furnish a compendium of the public interests of Wellington during the past third of a century, so intimately has his private life been bound up therein.

Mr. Macdonald is of Highland descent, but was born in France, his parents having resided there for some years. Mr. Macdonald was born in 1847, and in all matters affecting the political and municipal life of the colony he is still to the front with his voice and pen whenever the necessity arises. He is admittedly one of the great public speakers of New Zealand.

MR. WM. FERGUSON.

Mr. William Ferguson bears the name owned by his father and grandfather, and by many other of his progenitors, the name William having been a favourite one in the various branches of the great clan Ferguson. His grandfather was for many years a well-known figure in the Wesleyan community of Dublin, having been at the time of his death one of the oldest ministers of that persuasion. His father was a scientific chemist of some repute, having been one of the original founders of the Chemical Society, and the author of several discoveries in chemical science, which, although now by the march of science out of date, were at the time of considerable importance in the manufactures. The present holder of the name has not belied the expectations that might have been expected from his parentage, and has shown by his administration of the affairs of the Wellington Harbour Board, as its chief executive officer for the past thirteen years, that he posesses considerable business capacity and tact in the management of men and things, as well as ability in his profession as an engineer. Born in London in 1852, he received his early education partly at the Gram-

mar School at Burton-on-Trent, and partly by private tuition. He was apprenticed at the age of fifteen as a pupil to a firm of mechanical engineers in Dublin, who, having a large manufacturing and repairing business, enabled him to obtain an insight into work of a varied character. That he profited by his opportunities was shown by the fact that no sooner was he out of his period of apprenticeship than he was appointed as chief draughtsman by another Dublin firm of ironfounders, for whom, after he had left their

MR. WILLIAM FERGUSON.

employment, he designed a number of important works during a period of several years.

Feeling the necessity for a systematic scientific and theoretical training of a better character than could be obtained by night work, Mr. Ferguson entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1873, and here, although competing with men much younger than himself, and fresh from training and knowledge engendered by school teaching, he held his own, graduating Bachelor of Arts as first Respondent in 1877, and this notwithstanding that he was largely engaged in the vacations in both civil and mechanical engineering work. In 1879 Mr. Ferguson took the degree of Bachelor of Engineering, with the highest honours granted in the school, carrying off special certificates in practical engineering, chemistry and geology, and in mechanical and experimental physics. Shortly after obtaining his degree in engineering, the Board of Trinity College appointed him assistant to the professor of engineering, which office he held until 1873, and during some portion of the time, owing to the last illness and death of the talented occupant of the Chair of Engineering in the University, Dr. Downing, he acted as *locum tenens*. Mr. Ferguson is a member of both the institutions of Civil and Mechanical Engineers, as well as of a number of less important scientific societies.

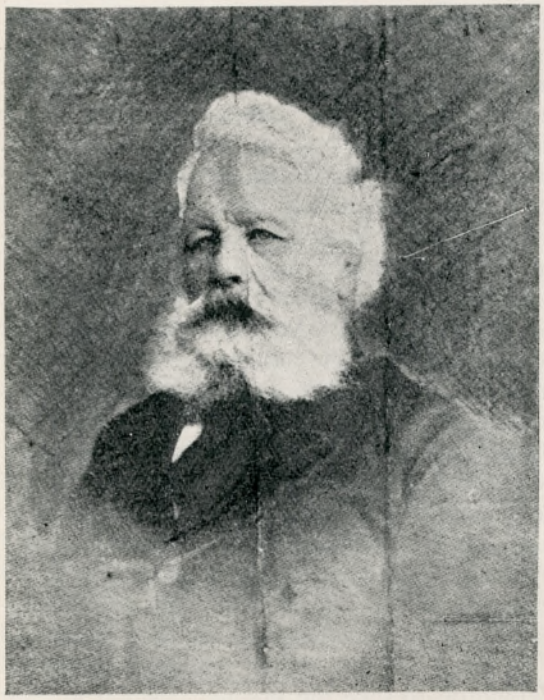
Arriving in New Zealand at the end of 1883, he was successful in May, 1884, in obtaining the appointment which he has since held as engineer and secretary to the Wellington Harbour Board, being selected from the excellence of his testimonials out of a large number of applicants. He found that the trade of the port had, through the change in the trade from sailing vessels to steam, quite outstripped the accommodation and appliances, and, aided by the support of a Board composed of some of Wellington's ablest merchants and business men, he has been successful in carrying out new works which have enabled Wellington to take the premier position in New Zealand, if not in the Southern Hemisphere, as a cheap and eminently satisfactory port.

Mr. Ferguson married the third daughter of the late Superintendent of Canterbury, William Sefton Moorhouse, and has one son.

THE HON. W. B. RHODES.

THE late Hon. William Barnard Rhodes arrived in this colony in 1839, being here before the first of the New Zealand Company's settlers. Previous to that period he lived in New South Wales, where he made many friends, and was much respected for his genial, kindly disposition. Although many were recipients of his bounty, the public knew little of his charitable deeds, his motto being, "Never to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth." The late honourable gentleman entered the East Indian service

when very young, and remained at sea till twenty-six years of age. He then took up land in Australia. After a short time he became anxious to explore New Zealand, and, leaving a manager to look after his property, he took charge of a whaling expedition, of which he was chief proprietor. The venture proved to be a profitable



THE HON. W. B. RHODES.

one. Mr. Rhodes was enabled to visit the various harbours of this colony. About two years were spent in that way, and he made large investments in land in various parts of both islands. Through his judicious selections, personal energy, and enterprise, he became wealthy and prosperous. In 1839 Mr. Rhodes made his home in Wellington, and became a most successful merchant, and the owner of large city properties. For nearly forty years he was a prominent colonist and politician, much respected by all who knew him. The well-known residence, "The Grange," beautifully situated on the brow of the Wadestown Hill, overlooking Wellington Harbour, is still occupied by Mrs. Rhodes, who is very active in benevolent work, and takes a deep interest in all that will advance the social well-being of the city.

MR. WILLIAM BERRY.

MR. WILLIAM BERRY, editor of the *New Zealand Herald*, served his apprenticeship as a compositor in the *Scotsman* office, Edinburgh, at a time when the well-known Alexander Russell was editor. He was for several years reader on that newspaper, occasionally assisting in the literary work. In 1863 he joined the staff of the *Daily Southern Cross*, Auckland. In 1868 he went to the Thames, and till 1875 was employed on the *Thames Advertiser*. In that year he returned to Auckland, and since then has edited the *New Zealand Herald*, which a year or two later absorbed the *Southern Cross*. Mr.

MR. WILLIAM BERRY.

Berry has been a journalist from the beginning of his career, having served in all the various capacities of a newspaper office. The influential position of the *New Zealand Herald* amongst colonial journals is largely due to his steady perseverance.

SIR JOHN CAMPBELL.

SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL was born in 1817. He is the only son of the late Dr. John Campbell, of Edinburgh, and grandson of the late Sir James Campbell, Bart., of Aberuchill and Kilbryde, Perthshire. Dr. Campbell was educated at Edinburgh, and took the degree of M.D. at its university. In 1839 he declined a commission in the East India Company's service, and left home for

SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL.

Australia, reaching Sydney in the same year. In 1840 he arrived in New Zealand. Foreseeing that the future capital of the province of Auckland, if not the metropolis of New Zealand, would most probably be fixed somewhere on the isthmus between the waters of the Waitemata and those of the Manukau, he settled on an island in the Waitemata Harbour, waiting until the Government made its selection of a site for the capital. That was in September, 1840, when Auckland was founded, and at the first sale, in 1841, the firm of Brown and Campbell purchased the allotment on Shortland Crescent on which it has ever since conducted its business, being the first established and now oldest mercantile firm. In 1848 Dr. Campbell revisited the Mother Country, spending about fifteen months in travel in India, the East, and the Continent before reaching Home. He returned to Auckland at the close of 1850, and, in the following year, left on a business visit to California. Dr. Campbell has taken his share in all matters pertaining to the development of the colony, whether commercially of politically. He was Superintendent of the province of Auckland in 1855-6, and was at the same time a member of the Stafford Ministry, and represented the city in the House of Representatives. He resigned the Superintendency and the seat in the Cabinet shortly afterwards, and left for the Mother Country, but returned to New Zealand at the close of 1859, and, at the request of his former colleagues, still in power and office, re-entered the Assembly as a member for Parnell, being returned unopposed. He again re-visited Europe in 1861, returning to Auckland in 1871, since which date he has been a resident there. He has taken no part in political life since his return in 1871, but has done good work in many ways, notably when chairman of the Board of Education, and as member of the Waste Lands Board, and as Mayor during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now Prince and Princess of Wales. Dr. Campbell is also intimately connected with the leading local institutions—among others the Bank of New Zealand, of which he was one of the founders, and on the directorate of which he held a seat. We find his name on the directorate of the New Zealand Insurance Company, and not a few other well-known institutions. Auckland also owes to him its free School of Arts, which he maintained at his own sole cost for eleven years. Dr. Campbell is the author of "Poenamo," a book depicting the first settlement of Auckland, which a reviewer speaks of as written in a style "humorous and fanciful, and with a circumstance and reality that pictures the scene in life-like colours. Many pleasing traits of the Maori character are given, and probably rescued from oblivion." On the occa-

sion of the Royal visit he gave to the citizens of Auckland a fine park at One Tree Hill, and a year later he was knighted, an honour which was welcomed by his fellow townsmen.

THE LATE RICHARD SECCOMBE.

Mr. Richard Seccombe, one of the founders of New Plymouth, Taranaki, in 1840, was the founder of the first brewery in New Zealand, starting brewing in New Plymouth in 1840, his first essay being a brew of about two or three gallons. He built a brewery (two and a-half

The Late Mr. RICHARD SECCOMBE.

h.p. plant) the same year, and continued with this primitive plant, adding to the building as his business increased, until in 1857, when he came to Auckland and started business at the site in Queen Street on which the Albert Brewery now stands. Subsequently, in the year 1860, he "put through" his first brew in the Great Northern Brewery on the Queen's Birthday. Since that time the firm has continued to prosper, and has extended the buildings steadily till to-day they are second to none in the colony.

Up to the year 1873 Mr. R. Seccombe carried on the business with his son, Mr. John Carrol Seccombe, when he left the business to the latter, and engaged in farming in the Waikato.

Mr. J. C. Seccombe carried on the business up to the time of his death in 1892, and secured some of the most valuable freeholds in the city and suburbs of Auckland. He was well-known as a genial, open-hearted, and upright man, and many a time have I heard him eulogised, both in private and business circles.

Since 1892 the trustees (Mrs. Seccombe, Mr. A. R. Seccombe, and Mr. Arthur Heather) under his will took over the business of the Great Northern Brewery, and since the concern has been put into a big and successful company.

I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Richard Seccombe in New Plymouth in 1842, when Mr. Carrington was laying out the town of New Plymouth.

MR. CHARLES WILSON.

Mr. Wilson, Parliamentary librarian, hails from Yorkshire, his native town being that thriving watering place, Harrogate. He was educated at the Harrogate College, and at the age of 15 went into a woollen merchant's office in Bradford. Later on he spent four years in Paris and the north-east of France in commercial pursuits, and after a short visit to the United States came out to New Zealand, arriving early in 1880. In 1881 he joined the teaching staff of the Willis Street School, Wellington, and in 1882 went to the Wanganui Collegiate School as English and French master under the late Rev. (afterwards) Dr. Harvey. After three years' service at the Collegiate School he joined the *Wanganui Chronicle* as sub-editor, and since then has edited Liberal newspapers at Gisborne, Napier, and Marton, eventually coming to Wellington in 1891, when, at the request of the late Mr. Ballance, he accepted the editorship of the *New Zealand Mail*. At the general election of 1896, Mr. Wilson was a candidate for Wellington City in the Government interest, and although the last candidate to declare himself, and only three weeks

in the field, polled no fewer than 5,570 votes, being fifth on the poll out of nine candidates. In April of that year, Mr. T. M. Wilford was unseated on petition, and Mr. Wilson contested the vacant seat, being returned, after a very severe struggle, by a majority of 136 votes, his

MR. CHARLES WILSON.

opponent being Mr. A. R. Atkinson, the well-known prohibitionist and a nephew of the late Sir Harry Atkinson. Mr. Wilson was some time back appointed to the responsible position he now occupies.

MR. JAMES SMITH.

No single individual exercises a more extended influence in the domestication of Wellington and its environments than Mr. James Smith, of the well-known Te Aro House. He has built up one of the most extensive drapery businesses in the colony. His methods of pushing business being as unique as they are effective, a short biographical sketch of the gentleman himself cannot but be acceptable.

He was born in the year 1834 in the Lothians of Scotland. After gaining a serviceable experience in the drapery trade in the Old Country, he emigrated to New Zealand, and soon found congenial employment in the firm of Messrs. W. and G. Turnbull and Co., wholesale merchants, Wellington. After being three years in their employ, he took fortune at the tide and started in business for himself in Cuba Street. Here he soon displayed that business energy and tact which have all along been marked characteristics in his career, and in a few years he was proprietor of a handsome building, known from one end of the colony to the other as Te Aro

MR. JAMES SMITH.

House. After a time he joined the firm of Messrs. W. and G. Turnbull and Co., and for many years was managing partner of the firm under its new name of Messrs. Turnbull, Smith and Co. Latterly he has devoted the whole of his energies to his large retail business. In spite

of this, however, he took a prominent part in educational matters, and was for several years chairman of the Mount Cook School Committee. He has been a director of the National Mutual Life Association of Australasia, Ltd., since its commencement in Wellington, and has for many years held a seat on the Board of Directors of the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company, in which enterprise he takes a keen interest, devoting much careful thought to its business. Mr. Smith is still in the full vigour and bustle of life, and I trust will continue his useful career for many years to come.

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD.

Mr. Edwin Arnold was born in Sussex, England, went to America in early life, and, after some experience of that country, came to New Zealand in 1876. He has made a first-class colonist. Living in Wellington, N.Z., he carries on a manufacturing business in wire mattresses, perambulators, and fancy basket furniture. He commenced in Wellington in a very small way, and by great perseverance and attention has built up a large business. He is a Justice of the Peace and Visiting Justice of H.M. Prisons. These offices he fills with great ability, and the prisoners in the gaols have in him a friend who will listen to their many trials and lend them a helping hand. When it is possible to make their burdens light, he is ever ready to do so.

Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD

MR. WM. CULPAN, Junr.

Mr. William Culpan Junr., was born at Auckland, N.Z., 3rd November, 1850. He is second son of the pioneer settler, Mr. William

Mr. WILLIAM CULPAN, Jun.

Culpan. Accountant by profession, he has also been organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Alten Road, Auckland, for the last thirty years. He married in 1875 Miss

Hellen Macfarlane Somervell, second daughter of a pioneer settler, the late Mr. Hendry Somervell (whose wife survives him, and resides at Symonds Street, Auckland). Mr. Culpan, with his wife and family of two sons and two daughters, resides in Parnell.

MR. EDWARD SEAGAR.

Mr. Edward Seagar, iron and brass founder, shipbuilder, etc., Victoria Foundry, Wellington, has identified himself with higher class industries and the industrial development of the colony, both professionally and as a private investment. He, so to speak, inaugurated a new era in the shipbuilding trade, having been mainly instrumental in remodelling old-fashioned steam-

Mr. EDWARD SEAGAR.

ers. In mining machinery and its adaptability to the peculiarities of the place, Mr. Seagar has taken most intelligent interest, and no New Zealand firm has done better work in that respect. Socially, Mr. Seagar is well-known and esteemed as a good citizen and successful colonist. He was born in Southampton, Hampshire, England, where he, in the year 1861, completed his apprenticeship. He arrived in Wellington per the ship "Asteropi" shortly afterwards. In Wellington for some years he worked at his trade, and became manager for Mr. E. W. Mills, of the Lion Foundry. In that position he occasionally had as many as 100 and 120 men's work to superintend. In 1878 he struck out in business on his own account, and ever since then, the date of its establishment, the Victoria Foundry as a going concern has been most successful.

MR. DAVID ROBERTSON.

Mr. David Robertson is head of Robertson and Co., ship and general smiths, Phœnix Iron and Brass Foundry, Wellington. This foundry, which is reputed to be the first established in

Mr. DAVID ROBERTSON.

Wellington, was founded by Mr. Charles Seagar, the present proprietor taking over the business in 1875. The business is divided into engineering, turning and fitting, pattern making, moulding, and blacksmithing departments, the works being driven by a sixteen horse power horizontal steam engine, made by the firm.

Mr. Robertson was born in Scotland, where he was apprenticed, completing his term in 1860. He came to New Zealand in 1862, and was chief engineer on various local steamers for some time. Afterwards he became foreman at the Lion Foundry, till entering into business on his own account. He has shown considerable interest in education, having been a member since its formation of the Clyde Quay School Committee, of which for many years he was chairman. He is also a member of the Charitable Aid Board, and takes great interest in local matters generally.

DR. MACKIN.

Dr. Mackin was born at Dunavil, Kilkeel, County Down, Ireland, October 12th, 1863. He was the son of a farmer, and received the first part of his education at the National Schools of Grange and Dunaran, in the parish of Mourne. After following the pursuit of farming for a few years, he came out to New Zealand. His first appointment, which made him take to medicine, was in the Dunedin Hospital. Here he remained for three years, and during that time, in addition to his work, studied hard under private teachers and attended classes at the Otago University, so that practically, like many more of the successful people in New Zealand, he is a self-made man. He passed the preliminary medical examination of the New Zealand University, and after a short time went to the Old Country, taking up his abode in Glasgow in order to study medicine at Anderson's Medical College, St. Mungo's, and the Western and Royal Infirmaries.

During his college life he succeeded in carrying off the first prizes in anatomy, chemistry, physiology, medical jurisprudence, midwifery, and gynæcology. In 1891 he qualified by taking the triple qualification of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. About a month after taking the above qualifications he went to London, and passed the L.S.A. London examination. After this he practised in the large hospitals of London and Scotland, gaining experience, and returning to New Zealand in 1892, established himself in practice at Wellington. In August, 1894, he left again for the Old Country, in order to study for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and after pursuing his studies for five

Dr. MACKIN.

months at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and under private masters, was successful in taking it in April, 1895. He then proceeded to Brussels, and, after studying there about a month, qualified M.D. Brus. in May, 1895. Returning, he resumed practice in Wellington in September, 1895. Dr. Mackin is examiner for the Citizens' Life Assurance, the National Mutual Life, and the Australian Widows' Assurance; also surgeon to the Union Steamship Company of New

Zealand, besides the Oddfellows, Druids, Hibernian, Foresters, and Rechabite benefit societies. Dr. Mackin is Surgeon-Captain to the Wellington Post and Telegraph Rifles.

MR. A. W. HOGG.

Mr. Alexander Wilson Hogg, M.H.R., was born at Glasgow in 1845. At the age of twelve he, with his relatives, came out to Victoria,

Mr. A W. HOGG, M.H.R.

where he followed up the "rushes" for a time, trying his fortune as a digger, storekeeper, farmer, and, finally, journalist. Eighteen years ago he arrived at Dunedin, when he joined the staff of the *Southern Mercury*. Since then he has edited journals in Ashburton, Timaru, and Masterton. He was returned as member for Masterton at the general election of 1890. For years he took an active interest in educational matters on the local school committee, besides occupying the position of Licensing Commissioner, and later was for some years a member of the Wellington Land Board. In Victoria he took a prominent part in forming a Miners' Protection League, the object of which was to substitute Courts of Arbitration for Law Courts. He has been the recipient of a number of very substantial testimonials from his constituents.

MR. W. R. HOLMES.

Mr. Holmes, who was born in Wellington in 1858, held a number of important official appointments there. In 1897 he resigned an appointment held by him as Government Audit Inspector, and since then has been engaged in business on his own account as accountant and audi-

Mr. W. R. HOLMES.

tor in Auckland. He was educated in Wellington, attending St. Peter's School, Te Aro, then in charge of his father, the late Mr. W. Howard Holmes. He also underwent a course of train-

ing under the Rev. T. A. Bowden at the Wellington College. He was for many years an enthusiastic volunteer, and was also prominent in football and rowing pursuits.

MR. ARTHUR WRIGHT.

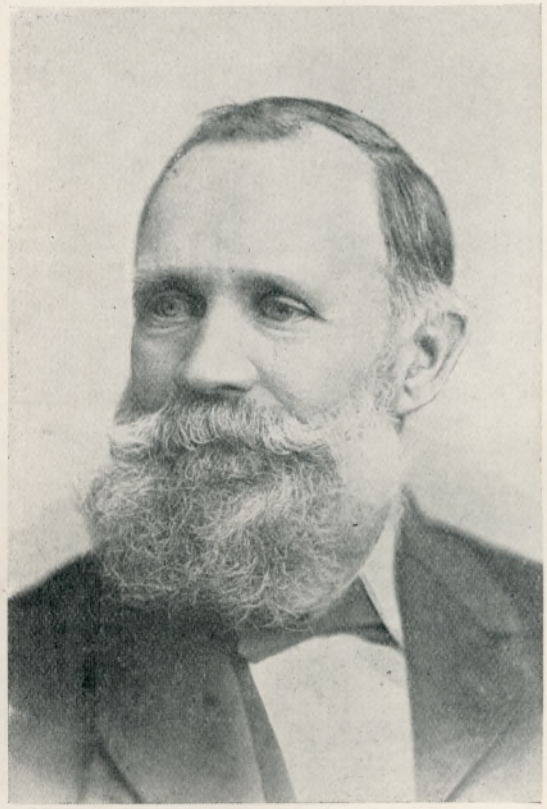
MR. ARTHUR WRIGHT is a colonist of forty years' standing. He left London in the sailing ship "Normahal," Captain Bailey, on August 19, 1859, arriving in Auckland on December 5 of the same year. Mr. Wright has remained in this city continuously ever since, carrying on the business of merchant tailor. His experience in his profession was gained in two well-known London houses, viz., Messrs. Hill Bros., No. 3, Old Bond Street, and subsequently Henry Poole,

MR. ARTHUR WRIGHT.

of Saville Row, at that time prince of tailors, working for all the crowned heads of Europe, and, indeed, many of the merchant princes of India and America. Mr. Wright has kept aloof from politics, except in a local sense, having been a councillor for the Borough of Parnell for six years, and a member of the Licensing Board for some years in the same district.

MR. H. J. FREEMAN.

MR. H. J. FREEMAN, watchmaker, of Manners Street, Wellington, was born in the town of Cambridge, and brought up in London. On 2nd



MR. H. J. FREEMAN.

December, 1852, he sailed for Australia, landing in Melbourne May 3rd, 1853. After spending ten years in Victoria, he left for Dunedin in 1863, returned to Melbourne November, 1864, arrived in Wellington, 1866, was employed by Mr. Charles Campbell, watchmaker, in whose employ he remained until Mr. Campbell retired in December, 1877, when he took over the lease of the premises, and has carried on the business successfully since that date.

MR. WILLIAM HOOKER.

Mr. William Hooker was born in Auckland, and is the son of the late John Hooker. He left Auckland when quite a child with his parents, his father having taken up the cedar timber business in New South Wales. He spent most of his boyhood in that country. His father subsequently died, and left his mother with six children. Having no friends in the colony, his grandfather, the late Mr. William Greenwood, of

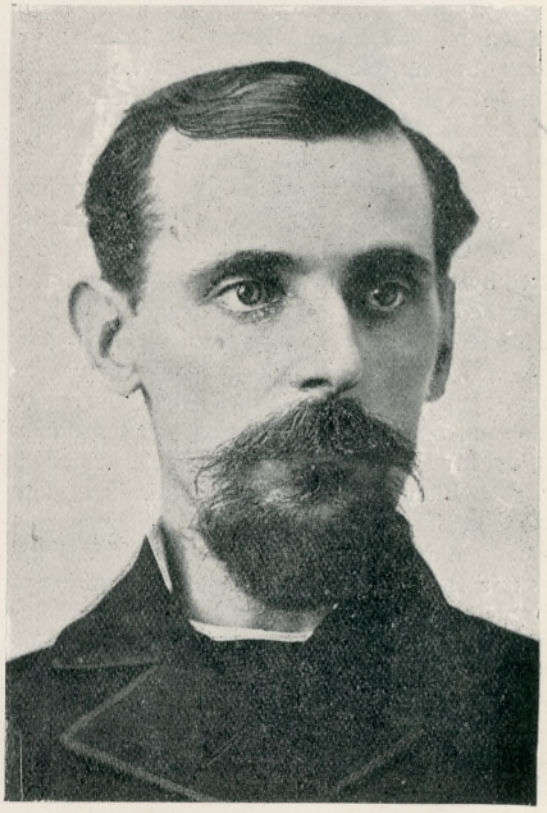
Mr. WILLIAM HOOKER.

Epsom, one of New Zealand's oldest colonists, sent for the family to return to Auckland. The invitation was accepted, and a little later William was apprenticed to the late firm of Close Bros., Queen Street, Auckland, tea merchants and general grocers. After over twelve years' service with the firm, he started in the same line of business in Upper Symonds Street, and has worked up one of the best tea and general grocery businesses in Auckland.

In 1884 he married Miss M. E. Davies, the only daughter of the late Edward Davies, late of Liverpool. He is prominent in Masonry, being a member and a P.M. of Lodge Prince of Wales, 1338, E.C.; also a member of, and holds office in, Union Lodge of Mark Masters. Mr. Hooker is spoken of in the highest terms in the community for his energy and uprightness in his business.

MR. GEO. HIGGINS.

Mr. George Higgins was for eleven years a successful boot and shoe manufacturer in the (now) city of Nottingham, where I had the pleasure of his acquaintance during the period I was lecturing under the auspices of the New Zealand



Mr. GEORGE HIGGINS.

Government on "Emigration to the Colonies." Although successful in business, his health failed. After consulting several physicians, he was advised to seek a more suitable climate in

New Zealand. Acting on this advice, he and his wife came to the city of Auckland in the year 1881. After a short period, with health restored, he commenced business in Queen Street. By dint of hard work and perseverance his business expanded, as is evidenced by the extensive premises now occupied at the corner of Queen and Grey Streets. Mrs. Higgins, so well known and respected in Auckland, has conduced not a little to the success of her husband's business. The case of Mr. Higgins may be cited as a good instance of the possibilities of the colony when perseverance and integrity are exercised.

MR. H. M. LYON.

Mr. Horatio Macculluch Lyon, the secretary of the Wellington Racing Club, is a native of Wellington. His father, the late William Lyon, was one of the founders of the colony, being one of the old New Zealand Company's pioneer party, who landed on Petone beach in January, 1840. The subject of the sketch, familiarly known as "Horry," was born in Wellington in 1851, and received the rudiments of his education at the English Church School at Te Aro, then conducted by the late Mr. W. H. Holmes, and later on finished his school career at the High School in Christchurch. On leaving there at Christmas, 1865, he went into his father's employ, and was brought up to the bookselling and stationery trade, and on his father retiring from business in 1874, Mr. Lyon entered into partnership with Mr. J. R. Blair (late Mayor of Wellington), and established the well-known firm of Lyon and Blair. He remained connected with this business until 1879, when he sold out his interest to his partner, and from this date commences his connection with the sporting world. He took over the management of the Wellington Racing Club in September, 1879, when its affairs were at a very low ebb. There were no assets, but the liabilities totalled £600, £450 being the overdraft at the bank, obtained on the security of a "joint and several" by the stewards. The new secretary, however, infused new life into the concern, and a vigorous canvass of the town was liberally responded to, the result being that the Cup meeting in February, 1880, marked the turn of the tide. Mr. H. M. Lyon has continued his connection with the Wellington Racing Club from 1879 up to the present date. During the five years that he occupied the position of secretary to the Wellington Harbour Board his name certainly did not appear as secretary of the W.R.C., but he was practically the managing head. He has, however, been permanent secretary since 1885. It has been mainly to Mr. Lyon's unremitting attention and zeal in the interests of the "sport of kings" that the Wellington Racing Club finds itself to-day in possession of a magnificent course and appurtenances and a cash credit balance at its bankers. Mr. Lyon was married in 1875 to Miss Nellie Mills, a sister of Mr. C. H. Mills, M.H.R. for Wairau, and he has a family of five. Mr. Lyon was one of the original members of the "D" Battery of Artillery, and prides himself on being the sergeant of the first guard that attended royalty in New Zealand, the occasion being the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1867. He is a member and Past Master of the N.Z. Pacific

Mr. H. M. LYON.

(Masonic) Lodge, No. 517, E.C., secretary of the Wellington Underwriters' Association, and secretary to the Hutt Park Railway Company.

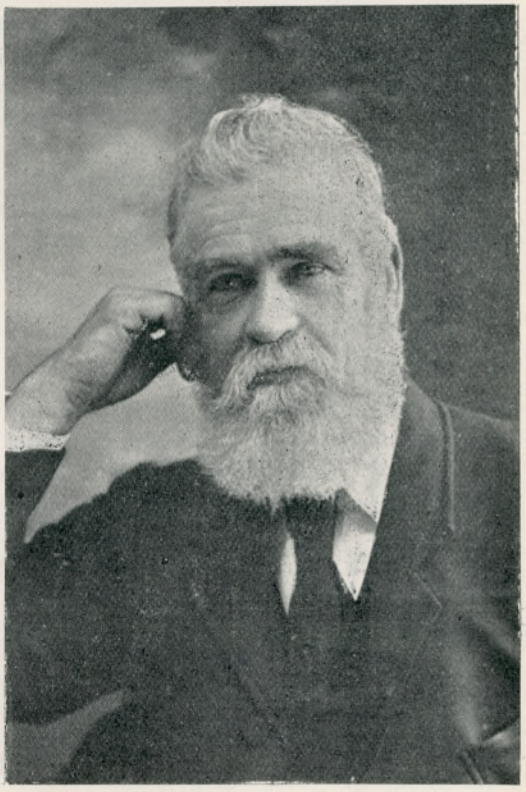
MR. LINDSAY COOKE.

MR. LINDSAY COOKE, for some years the host of the Albert Hotel, Queen Street, Auckland, came to New Zealand about twenty-five years ago, and during his residence in the colony has experienced many of the varied phases of colonial life. Mr. Cooke was born in 1854 in the County of Tyrone, North of Ireland. After gaining a very general business experience, he determined to leave his home and settle in this colony. For the first twelve months in New Zealand he took out for himself a sort of roving commission, during which time he gained experience of colonial men and colonial matters, which has served him in good stead in his subsequent undertakings. At the expiration of this time he was engaged for a short period at Gisborne. After leaving Gisborne he became imbued with a strong desire for seafaring life, and for a number of years held positions as chief steward on various of the Union S.S. Co.'s steamers. His popularity was attested by the many presentations made him during this period of his career. It is many years since Mr. Cooke left the "Tarawera" to become the proprietor of the Albert Hotel, and from which he retired into private life, having made a comfortable competence some few years back.

MR. LINDSAY COOKE.

MR. JOHN McCOLL.

MR. JOHN LAIRD MCCOLL was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1840, and received his early training in that country. In 1862 he came to New Zealand, and, having landed at Invercargill, established himself in business as a builder and con-



MR. JOHN MCCOLL.

tractor. During the troublous times of the Waikato war he reached Auckland, and was engaged in constructing hospital buildings at Alexandra, Cambridge, and Hamilton for the Government troops. Returning to Auckland, he continued business as a contractor, and in course thereof erected some fine buildings, including the Ellerslie Grandstand, and St. George's Church, at the Thames, besides schools and private residences in all parts of the Auckland district.

In public affairs Mr. McColl has always taken a prominent part. For many years he was a member of the Newmarket Borough Council, later Mayor, and in earlier days chairman of the old Newmarket Road Board. He held the position of Chairman of the Newmarket School Committee for many years, and acted as Senior Warden of Lodge Remuera. For five years he held the office of President of the Auckland Builders' Association. Mr. McColl was the first in New Zealand to manufacture varnish from kauri gum, and as far back as 1870 held a patent for the process. He is also the inventor of an ingenious self-acting water pump, which can be employed for dredging harbours by the rise and fall of the tide in a harbour or river mouth.

CAPTAIN H. F. ANDERSON.

Captain H. F. Anderson, of Auckland, was born in the Gulf of St. Laurence in 1829. He went to sea in 1844 as apprentice in the brig "Favourite," and was in various trades with her. He left home for good in 1850, and went to British America. Arriving in Adelaide in 1852, he traded there for some time, then went to Bahant Diggings.

Captain Anderson came to Auckland in 1854, built a schooner called the "Arcadia" in Whangarei, sold her, and took charge of the "Spray" in 1857, and the "Moa," brig, in 1859. In the Sydney trade he had various vessels up to 1864, when he left the sea and started with Captain Butt on the Auckland wharf at stevedoring and lightering cargo. Captain Anderson started his present ship chandlery in 1868, and up to the present has built various crafts, including the "Merrilies," "Gael," "Pirate," "Talisman," "Saxon," "Borealis," "Roderick Dhu,"

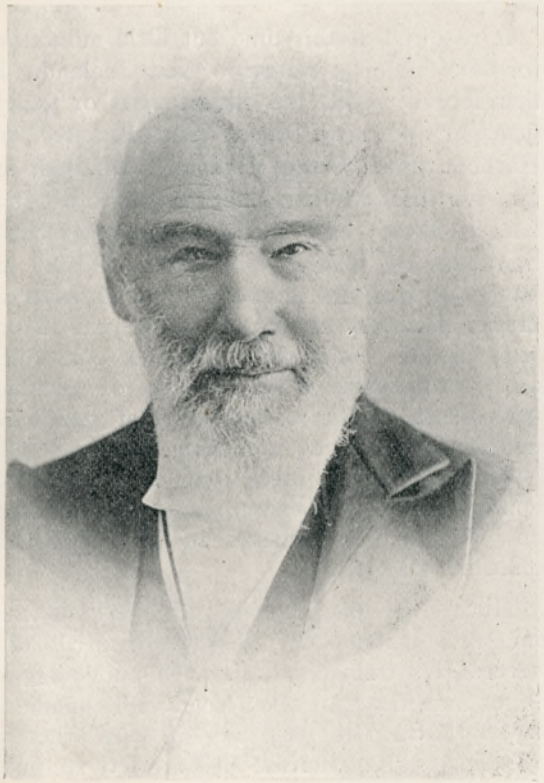
Capt. H. F. ANDERSON.

"May Anderson," and other smaller vessels. He is now chairman of the Northern S.S. Company, Limited.

MR. H. M. JERVIS.

The arrival of Mr. H. M. Jervis in the colony dates back to November 14th, 1840, when the New Zealand Company, with Colonel Wakefield as superintendent, had to deal with the early days of the settlement. As a trader during the first five years of his colonial experience he had some sufficiently exciting adventures to satisfy any inclinations he may have had in that direction. In 1845 Mr. Jervis took to a clerical occupation. He entered the employ, and afterwards became a partner in the business established by Mr. David Nathan, merchant, Auckland. He afterwards went into the shipping business, and

managed the New Zealand agency of the Intercolonial Steam Navigation Company. He had also the management of the business of the Panama Company, which, it will be remembered, came to grief through the St. Thomas tidal wave disaster. He was connected with the first



MR. H. M. JERVIS.

San Francisco line, and has queer stories to tell anent the early mail service contracts between the Government and that company.

DR. J. EWART

DR. J. EWART, of Wellington, was born in Dumfries Shire, Scotland, thirty-nine years ago. The son of a farmer, he was educated at Annan Academy, the same school as were Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving. He entered as a student at Edinburgh University in 1876, and obtained the degrees of M.B. and C.M. in 1880. In 1885 he took his M.D. with distinction, and subsequently practised in Staffordshire and Glamorgan until 1888. He came out to New Zealand to recruit owing to failing health. In

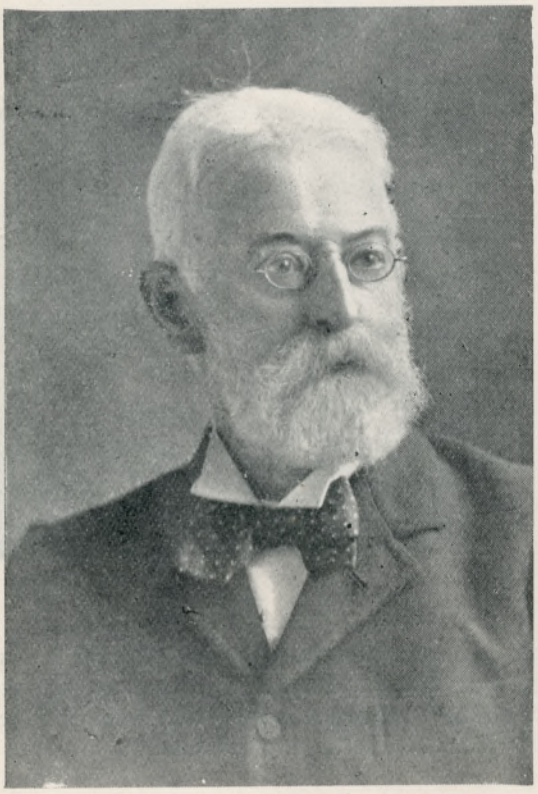
DR. J. EWART.

the colony he held the position of Resident Surgeon of Timaru Hospital for about a year, after resigning which he was appointed Medical Superintendent of Wellington Hospital.

MR. A. J. ALLOM.

MR. ALBERT JAMES ALLOM'S early career covers an interesting period in the European settlement of the colony. He was a cadet on the survey staff of the New Zealand Land Settlement Company, in the affairs of which Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a close personal friend of the Allom family, played so important a part. At the age of 16 Mr. Allom migrated to New Zealand, arriving there February 9th, 1842. He was first employed on the Manawatu survey. In 1844

he was placed in charge of large parties of road men on the Karori and Porirua roads, and during the next few years conducted surveying in various parts of the young colony. Mr. Allom, on the disbanding of the company's staff in 1845, settled in the Wairarapa Valley, with a brother cadet, Mr. John Tully, as partners in a cattle run, named Tauanui, leased from the natives at £10 a year, and thus, with Messrs. Bidwell, Smith, Clifford, Weld, Russell, Tiffen and others,



MR. A. J. ALLOM.

assisted to found the now important sheep and cattle industries of this colony.

Private affairs called him to England in 1848, and during the next three years he resided for the most part with Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield at Reigate, Surrey, acting as his private secretary, in preparations for the projected Canterbury settlement.

From December, 1851, when, as private secretary to Mr. Dominic Daly (afterwards Sir Dominic), Lieutenant-Governor of Tobago, he left England for Tobago, Mr. Allom was for ten years intimately associated with the West Indies. Ultimately he was advised that to return to Tobago would be at the risk of his life, and in June, 1860, he unwillingly resigned a promising career under the Colonial Office.

It required at this time but little inducement for Mr. Allom to return to New Zealand. He therefore accepted the appointment of general manager and agent of the Great Barrier Land, Harbour and Mining Company, Limited, and with his wife and three children landed at Auckland in 1861. Mr. Allom's subsequent connection with the Thames goldfields, officially and otherwise, from the date of its proclamation and Hunt's discovery in 1867, up to the year 1886, is well known. After the election of Mr. Gillies as Superintendent of the Province of Auckland, Mr. Allom, at the request of that gentleman, undertook the duties of Mining Registrar at the Thames, and for eighteen years held most of the appointments at the Thames under the Provincial and General Governments, in the Departments of Mines and Justice.

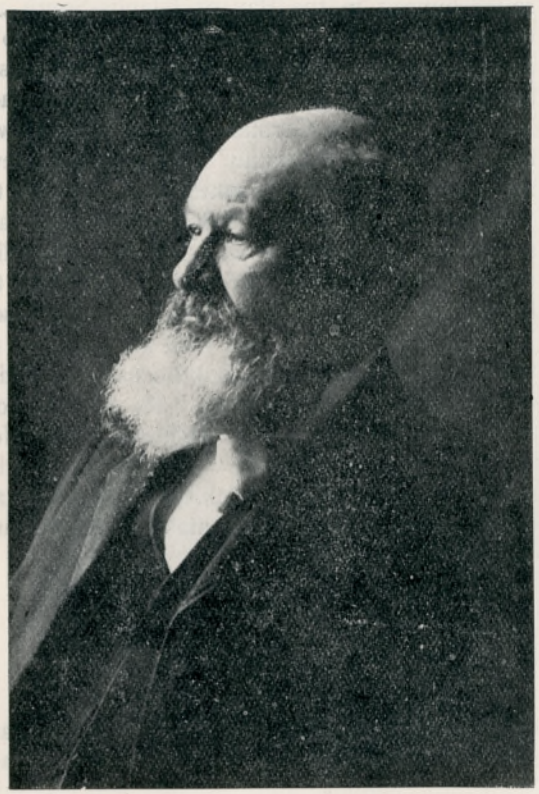
Having, in 1886, reached the age limit which involved compulsory retirement, Mr. Allom severed his connection with the public service. After a residence of seven years in Tasmania, he again returned to Auckland in 1896, where he has since busied himself in a variety of public and *quasi* public pursuits.

MR. C. W. BENBOW.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAM BENBOW was born in Birmingham, England, 13th February, 1842. He entered the office of a firm in his native town, with whom he remained for 22 years. In 1875 he came to New Zealand, arriving in Wellington by the sailing ship "Border Chief" in October of that year. In Wellington he entered the employ of Messrs. Levin and Company, with whom he remained in a responsible capacity until the year 1891, when he severed his connection with the firm to take up the position of manager of

the Wellington branch of the South British Insurance Company, which he still holds.

Mr. Benbow has taken an active part in many movements since his arrival in Wellington, but is, perhaps, best known as a chess player. He is one of the original members of the Wellington

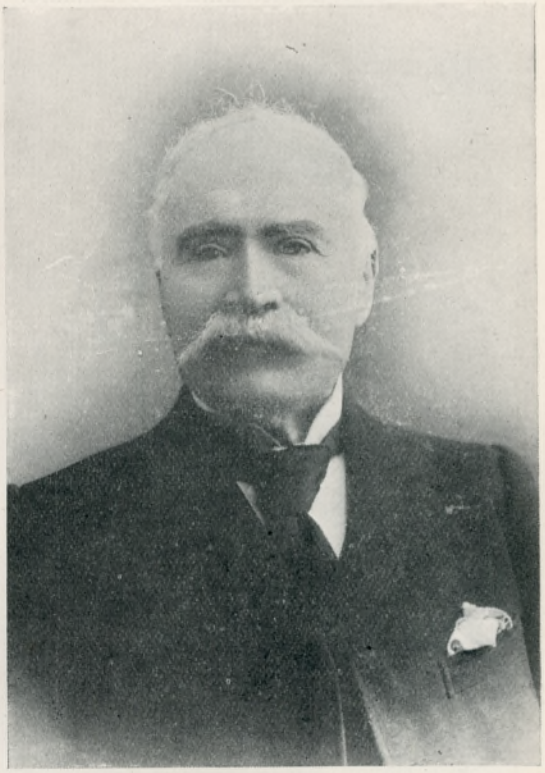


MR. C. W. BENBOW.

Chess Club, of which he is the president, and has been for many years past. He is also one of the vice-presidents of the New Zealand Chess Association. Mr. Benbow also takes great interest in cricket, and he is the sole remaining foundation member of the Phœnix Cricket Club, of which he is one of the vice-presidents. Friendly Society work has also engaged a good deal of his attention. He is a member and trustee of Southern Cross Lodge, No. 24, I.O.O.F., and for a long period held the position of Deputy Grand Master of the Order for the Wellington district. Mr. Benbow is also a book lover, having gathered together a somewhat extensive library.

MR. WILLIAM WHITE.

MR. WILLIAM WHITE, the subject of this sketch, is the son of the late Mr. Chas. White, one of Nelson's earliest settlers. Mr. White, in common with many of the earliest settlers, witnessed many thrilling scenes in the early days. He was a spectator of more than one sanguinary encounter between the Maoris and the troops in the Taranaki war during a visit. He has always taken great interest in the politics of his country, and all his life has been a great contributor to the newspaper literature of the day. Genial to a fault, he is immensely popular with all who come within the sphere of his influence. As a member of the Nelson Provincial Council, he



MR. WILLIAM WHITE.

assisted in perfecting the Nelson Education Act, from which our present general Act is almost a copy. In politics, he has always been a progressive Liberal, consequently a great supporter of the Seddon Government, who, as he says, have placed upon the Statute Book laws which, for a

long series of years, he has been writing and fighting for. He took a leading part in all the local government and institutions of the country. As a captain of volunteers, or as a Past Master in Freemasonry, he was equally at home, and though last, by no means least, he has done more than his full share in converting the once wilderness of New Zealand into the garden we now find it. Finally, he has brought up and educated a large family of sons and daughters.

CAPTAIN AND MR. RICHARD MACKAY.

CAPTAIN JOHN MACKAY was born in 1857. He is one of the sons of Mr. Richard Mackay, and for many years master of the barque "Northern Chief," which his father built in Auckland.

THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN MACKAY.

Mr. Richard Mackay was born in Edinburgh in 1824, and brought up in Sutherland Shire. He went to Aberdeen at the age of thirteen, and served his time to the shipbuilding with the famous builders Hall. After completing his time he went to sea as carpenter till the Victorian goldfields broke out. In 1855 he started in the ship repairing line in New Zealand, and continued the business for some years. The first vessel he built was the "Joanna," schooner, then the "Strathnaver," which, on completion, he sailed himself in the Bay of Islands-South Sea trade to Dunedin, selling her eventually to a Lyttelton firm. Then he built the "Matchless," brigantine, which he sailed in the Southern trade. He sold her to a German firm in Samoa, who renamed her the "Matatau." He also built several small vessels for the same firm. He built the "Defiance," brigantine, 208 tons register, and sailed her for several years in the Australian trade, when he retired from sea and built the barque "Northern Chief," which his third son, John, took charge of. He then permanently retired from business. He took no part in politics, being very fond of his home. He had six sons and four daughters. The "Defiance" and "Northern Chief" are still owned by his four surviving sons, who all reside in Auckland. The sons are doing their level best to emulate the good name of a worthy father.

CAPTAIN WHEELER.

CAPTAIN WHEELER first went to sea in 1844, and served his apprenticeship for five years in T. and W. Smith's employ, out of London, and was third and second officer in the same firm for years. He afterwards traded to India and China in sailing ships, as second and chief officer. He joined the s.s. "Lord Ashley" in 1858 as chief mate, and sailed for New Zealand, she being chartered by the Government to run the mails on the New Zealand coast. She belonged to Messrs. Pearson and Coleman, of Hull. A year afterwards he had command of this vessel. He later joined the "Prince Alfred," belonging to the same firm, which eventually merged into the Intercolonial Royal Mail Company, and again into the P.N.Z. and A.R.M. Company. During the time of the existence of this company he commanded most of their steamers and sailing ships, and he remained with them until they sold out. He then joined the New Zealand Steamship Company,

and for years commanded the "Phœbe" and "Lord Ashley." He was sent Home by the Union Company, and brought out the s.s. "Hawea," the first of their now large fleet of steamers, and for nineteen years remained in

CAPTAIN WHEELER.

their employ, commanding during that time a number of their steamers, the good ship "Wakatipu" being among the number. During his command of steamers and sailing vessels in the coastal and intercolonial trade for a period of about forty years he never had an accident.

MR. JAMES MENZIES.

Mr. James Menzies was born in Bellwood, Hinnoull Hill, Perth, in 1856. He was educated at Hinnoull School and Sharpe's College, at Perth. He came to Auckland in 1876 at the invitation of an uncle, who was, when he wrote Home, proprietor of the Q.C.E. Hotel, at the foot of Shortland Street, and afterwards of the Victoria Hotel, Victoria Street, but was out of business when he arrived. In 1879 he went to Tauranga, Bay of Plenty, with his uncle, to assist him in the carrying on of the Tauranga Hotel. Tauranga was then the port at which tourists and travellers disembarked to visit the Hot Lakes District, and was the favourite route up to the time of the opening of the railway to Cambridge. After the decease of his uncle the hotel was sold. He then entered the service of the trustees of the late Mr. Robert Graham, to take charge of Lake House, Ohinemutu, Rotorua, and filled the position for some time,

Mr. JAMES MENZIES.

leaving there in May, 1887, to fill the position of secretary and manager of the Northern Club, Auckland, which position he held for many years. Mr. Menzies is very popular, and spoken of in the highest terms.

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD KENNEDY.

CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD KENNEDY served his apprenticeship in the Clyde and West India trade, afterwards making several voyages in the North American trade. In 1854 he engaged as second officer of the steamer "Nelson," then building for Messrs. Willis, Garm and Co., of London, to run in the coasting trade of New Zealand. That vessel came out under sail, arriving in Nelson after

CAPT. ARCHIBALD KENNEDY.

a passage of 104 days. This was the first steam vessel which took up the coasting trade in New Zealand. Shortly after arriving in the colony the chief officer retired, Captain Kennedy being appointed in his place. In this position he continued until the steamer was ordered Home by her owners, steamers at that time commanding very high prices, the Russian war being in full swing. Captain Kennedy then took command of the schooner "Lady Grey," trading to the Chatham Islands, Sydney, Newcastle, and on the coast. When the steamer "Wonga Wonga" was purchased by the Wellington merchants the Captain was appointed to the command. This vessel proved very successful, and the company afterwards purchased the "Stormbird." When the Intercolonial Royal Mail Company commenced operations the Captain was offered and accepted the command of the s.s. "Lord Ashley." He afterwards commanded successively the company's steamers, "Lord Worsley," "Airedale," "Phœbe," and "Egmont." This company subsequently merged into the Panama, New Zealand and Australian Royal Mail Company. Of the "Airedale," Mr. Reader Gibson Wood, the then Postmaster-General, said, in his report laid before Parliament in 1862: "This vessel has done an enormous amount of work, and has done it well. Much of the success that has attended her has been due to her energetic and courteous commander, Captain A. Kennedy."

In 1863 the Captain entered the Government service as a Warden of the Marine Board and Inspector of Steam Vessels. During the time he held this appointment he for some months commanded the s.s. "St. Kilda," carrying troops and stores on the East Coast, and also taking the Maori prisoners to the Chatham Islands. Since this time he has commanded a number of vessels, chiefly in the service of the Union Steamship Company. He has never had an accident.

MR. JOHN HILL.

MR. JOHN HILL, as his portrait indicates, was a sturdy Australian pioneer of the old school. He arrived in the colonies in 1836 as boatswain of H.M. "Buffalo," afterwards wrecked on the New Zealand coast, whither she proceeded to load a cargo of spars. Mr. Hindmarsh, first Governor of South Australia, came out by the "Buffalo," and our pioneer was present and took part in the chequered events which marked the early days of that colony. Record history informs us that "in December, 1836, Governor Hindmarsh landed, and beneath a spreading gum tree near the beach he read his commission to a small audience of emigrants and officials; but when he proceeded to examine what he had done he was filled with disgust and indignation. The only landing place for vessels was in the midst

of a mangrove swamp, at the mouth of a muddy little creek, and all goods would have to be carried six or seven miles inland to the city. To a sailor's eye it seemed the most reckless folly to make so unusual a choice, and he at once determined to remove the township to Encounter Bay. In that, however, he was successfully combated, and this unpromising settlement has now become the thriving city of Adelaide."

THE LATE MR. JOHN HILL.

John Hill, now deceased, was one of that small audience, and report states that it was he who hoisted the national flag on the occasion of the above-mentioned auspicious event.

CAPTAIN SWAIN.

CAPTAIN SWAIN, of the barque "Alice," is a well-known skipper in the New Zealand trade. He first went to sea in 1847. For the last 18 years he has had command of the "Alice." He traded for many years between Liverpool, Glasgow, and New York. He has now made close on a score of successful voyages to New Zealand,

CAPTAIN SWAIN.

loading with gum, wool, and flax for New York markets. He is well respected by mariners and shipowners. His energy, perseverance and urbanity are highly spoken of.

MR. R. TUDEHOPE.

MR. R. TUDEHOPE was born in Auckland in 1853, his parents arriving here from Scotland in the "Duchess of Argyle" in 1842. He has seen our present city grow from comparatively small beginnings. He was brought up and educated in Auckland, and served his apprenticeship to the plumbing and gasfitting business with the late Mr. T. D. Worfolk. After working for a short time as a journeyman, he launched out on his

own account in 1875, and since then has taken an active part in matters social, political, and religious. In September, 1899, he was elected to the Auckland City Council as a representative of South Ward.

MR R. TUDEHOPE.

MR. H. N. ABBOTT.

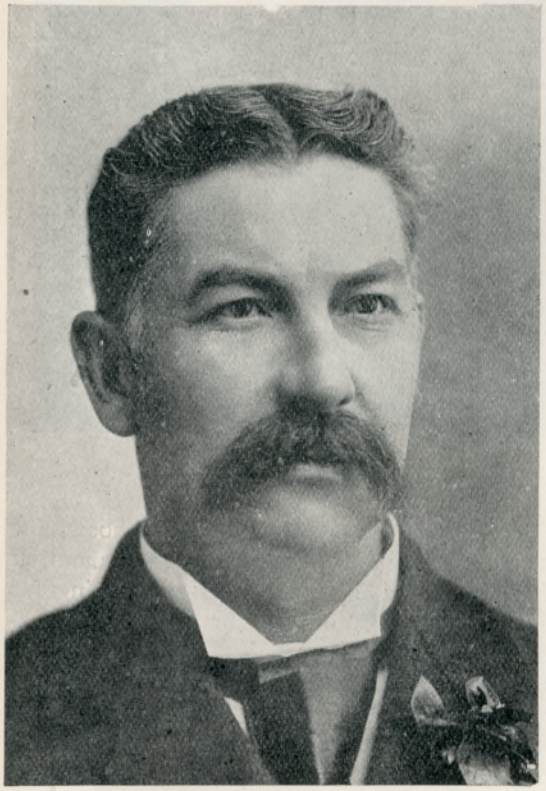
THE late Mr. H. N. Abbott was born in Alford, Lincolnshire, and educated in England. As a young man he was apprenticed to a chemist and druggist in Alford. After serving his term of apprenticeship, Mr. Abbott was a chemist's assistant in London for two years. He arrived in Melbourne on the 14th of February, 1855, and shortly afterwards went into business at St. Kilda. About two years later he was smitten with the gold fever, and went to the diggings in the Ovens district, where he met with varying success. He visited the various goldfields of Victoria and New South Wales, and was engaged in mining off and on for about five years. In 1862 he was attracted to New Zealand by the Hartley and Riley "rush" in the Otago district, and started storekeeping on the Shotover River, where he remained for about two years, when he moved to the West Coast. Mr. Abbott was one of the pioneer storekeepers on the coast, and was, in fact, the first man to start a store inland. In June, 1864, he opened a store at Greenstone Valley, nineteen miles away from the mouth of the Grey River. There was hardly a blade of grass in the district then, and as oats were worth a shilling a pound, the horses many times were obliged to subsist on the leaves of the trees. A lot of money was to be made in those days packing stores from the mouth of the river to the field, and Mr. Abbott, with the aid of twelve horses, at one time made £930 in three weeks by freighting alone. He remained at Greenstone Creek until 1867, when he gave up his business and took a trip to England for a year's rest.

THE LATE MR H. N. ABBOTT.

Later he settled in Auckland, where he was well-known as proprietor of the Opera House. Mr. Abbott died on the 18th of November, 1899, at Dunedin.

MR. CHAS. RANSON.

MR. CHARLES RANSON was born in the parish of Spraughton, near Ipswich, Suffolk, England, in the year 1856. He was educated at Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Ipswich. He arrived in New Zealand in 1875, and was with Mr. Freeman R. Jackson, of Wanganui, for over five years, and he opened that gentleman's branch business at Hawera, remaining there for three years. He then left for Auckland, and was accountant to Messrs. Hunter and Nolan for four

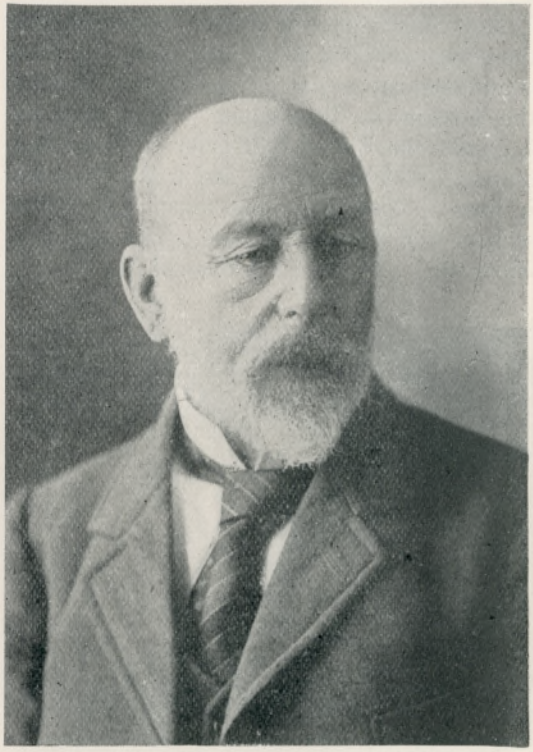


MR. CHARLES RANSON.

years. He then entered the service of the Northern Steamship Company as manager in 1888, which position he still holds. He is very generally respected, and his ability acknowledged.

CAPTAIN EDWIN.

CAPTAIN R. A. EDWIN is a retired captain of the Royal Navy. In 1854-55 he served in the Black Sea, also in the China war of 1857, and on the



CAPTAIN EDWIN.

coast of New Zealand during the early part of the Maori war of 1860, and again in 1866. He retired from active service in 1871. Since then he has been employed in the service of this colony, and has conducted the forecasting of the weather in New Zealand since 1875.

MR. JOHN PLIMMER.

MR. JOHN PLIMMER is one of the notable figures of Wellington. His pedigree takes us far back into the last century—much further than we can possibly profess to reach. We must therefore defer to the account Mr. Plimmer gives of himself. Being concise as well as unique, it will be read with interest:—

"I was born June 28th, 1812, in Shropshire,

England. My mother was one of the Moores of that county, and of the same family as Elizabeth Moore, who was wife of the first Lord Steward of Scotland, mother of Robert II., King of Scotland, and the Duke of Albany.—(Per Sir Walter Scott, in "The Fair Maid of Perth.") My father's ancestors were of more liberal paternity, and companions of Oliver Cromwell, and at the return of Charles II. had to fly for their lives and hide themselves in the forest at the foot of the Wrekin, in Shropshire. They were excluded from the Bill of Indemnity with the regicides, and lost their fortune, and would have lost their lives if they had been taken, but turned woodmen, and I was brought up in the same business till I was twenty years old.

MR. JOHN PLIMMER.

"In 1841 I came to New Zealand; I was then a builder. I am now in my 91st year, 57 of which I have lived in New Zealand. For over forty years I have had the honour of being 'Father of Wellington.'"

MR. DAVID GOLDIE.

MR. DAVID GOLDIE, who was on three occasions elected to a seat in the House of Representatives is one of Auckland's best-known citizens. He was born in Tasmania in 1842, and was educated

MR. DAVID GOLDIE.

at the Church of England and other schools, and left that country for Auckland, New Zealand, at the latter end of 1863, and after contracting for the erection of buildings for a time, he commenced business as a timber merchant in the year 1867, and was favoured with fortune's smile from the beginning. Mr. Goldie has taken a leading part in most public affairs. He was returned in 1874 to the Provincial Council of Auckland, where he proved a reliable and useful member. For almost fifteen years he was a hard worker in the Auckland City Council, during part of which time he represented that body on the Harbour and Charitable Aid Boards, and for some ten or eleven years was a member of the

Education Board. As a member of the Licensing Committee he assisted in the closing of no fewer than nine hotels. Mr. Goldie was elected to the House of Representatives in 1879. During the whole of his Parliamentary career Mr. Goldie fought hard for pure administration and wise economy. In 1890, so great was his popularity that he was returned unopposed; but in 1892, owing to the demands of his large and increasing business, he resigned his seat, with the intention of retiring from political life; but in the latter end of 1898, he received and accepted a requisition signed by some 1,300 ratepayers requesting him to stand for the position of Mayor of the city, it being the desire of the requisitionists to place a strong and reliable financier at the head of the Council's affairs. The Council's finances had been going from bad to worse, and called for a Mayor willing for the sake of the city's credit to take a firm stand and risk the chances of opprobium by cutting down unnecessary expenditure and looking well after the city's income. In undertaking and carrying out this disagreeable work Mr. Goldie has earned the thanks of the community. At the end of his first year of office he again received a requisition signed by nearly 1,000 ratepayers to stand again for re-election. This he consented to do, but, his health giving way, he retired at the middle of May, 1901, and upon his retirement received at the hands of the Councillors an illuminated address, and at the hands of the citizens a silver salver and a solid silver tea and coffee service, and a handsomely illuminated address.

Though retired from politics, Mr. Goldie still leads a very active life. For forty years he has been a leading spirit of the Auckland Primitive Methodist Church. For nearly that time he has been the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and he is also a teacher of the Young Ladies' Class, President of the Band of Hope Society; also President of an Unsectarian Band of Hope Society, and President of the Christian Endeavour Society. He is joint editor with the Rev. W. S. Potter of the *New Zealand Primitive Methodist*. As secretary of the Primitive Methodist Fire Insurance Fund, Mr. Goldie has rendered invaluable service, while as Honorary District Secretary of the Connexion in New Zealand for a number of years he has done still more useful work; he has also filled the presidential chair. Mr. Goldie's family consists of five sons and three daughters.

MR. T. R. ELLISON.

MR. ELLISON was born at Otakou, Otago Heads, December, 1867. His parentage comprised Raniera Ellison, of the Ngatitoa and Ngatiawa tribes, and Nani Weller Ellison, granddaughter of Taiaroa, the great Ngaitahu chief, and of Hinei-

MR. T. R. ELLISON.

whariua, his first wife, a sister of another noted South Island chief, Karetai, who was of the Ngaitahu and Ngatimamae tribes.

He first received instruction in English at the Native Schools of Otakou and Waikouaiti, and having gained a Makarini scholarship in 1882, proceeded to Te Aute College, Hawke's Bay, to continue his studies. In 1884 he and a fellow student disproved the oft-alleged assertion that natives were incapable of matriculating by pass-

ing that examination after less than one year's preparation. In 1891 he qualified as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, thereby establishing another record of being the first of his race to qualify for the learned profession.

Mr. Ellison took up law in order to carry on for his poor relatives, the people of Otakou, their long outstanding claim against the Government for the tenths, profits, etc., of the Otakou Block, a small portion of the Otago provincial district, a claim which he successfully represented to the Government.

Like most natives, he is a good all-round athlete. He toured Great Britain and Australasia as a member of the 1888-9 Native Team of footballers, represented his province for a decade, and captained the first N.R.U. team that toured Australia in 1893.

MR. J. L. HOLLAND.

Mr. J. L. Holland may certainly be placed among the pioneer settlers of Auckland. Leaving his native home in Leicester, England, on Good Friday morning, 1858, he arrived in Auckland by the barque "Swordfish" on the 26th of July of that year. Having served an apprenticeship to the decorating business, he readily obtained employment, and by assiduous attention rose rapidly in his profession. Later on he added to this that of oil and colour merchant and importer, which he conducted successfully for a number of years, retiring from business on a well-earned competency in 1883. In 1895 Mr. Holland, in conjunction with two of his sons, re-entered business as an oil and colour merchant and importer of photographic stock, with the main object of establishing his sons in business. During the Waikato war of 1863-4 he saw a good deal of active service, being for a time attached to the flying column. He was present in the Wairoa redoubt when the natives attacked the stockade, and later on took part in the attack on the native village of Otau, on the Wairoa River, for which service he was awarded the New Zealand medal.

Mr. Holland's inclinations never induced him to take a leading part in politics, although he represented the Grafton Ward for some three years on the City Council, retiring from the position in 1880 to visit the Old Country. Always very much interested in local art matters, Mr. Holland has given much time and consideration to the progress of art in Auckland. He was a member of the first Art Society formed in the

Mr. J. L. HOLLAND.

city, and held the secretaryship of the present Society for nine years. He is at present a member and hon. secretary of the Art Gallery Board of Advice to the City Council.

MR. F. MOORE.

Mr. F. Moore, whose portrait is given here, is the head of the firm of F. Moore and Co., piano importers, Lower Queen Street, Auckland. Born in the town of Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, he was for some time junior partner in the firm of J. G. Moore and Son, estate agents and auctioneers. Emigrating to New Zealand, he was engaged in business there, and on the death of

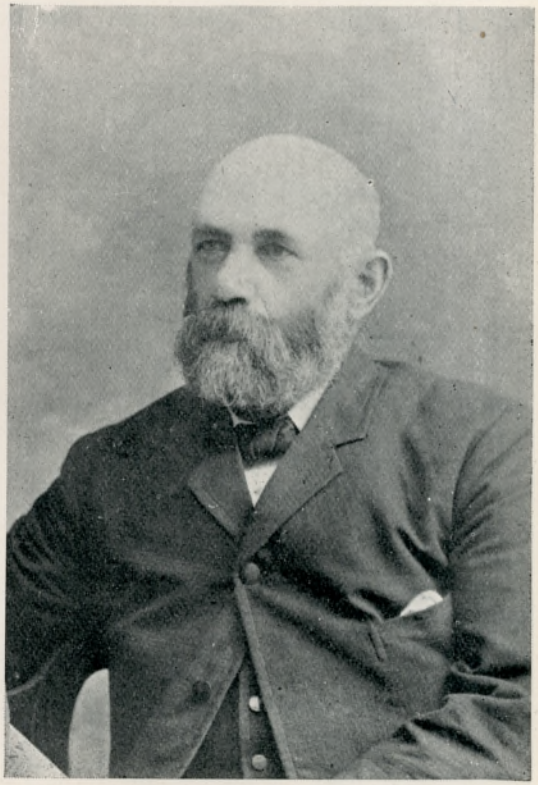
his father became manager of the English and Foreign Piano Agency. In 1902 he started business on his own account. Mr. Moore is well-known as a capable and honourable business man, and has a large circle of friends, among whom

MR. F. MOORE.

he is highly respected. His place in the charming suburb of Parnell, where he has resided since his arrival in the colony, is one of the prettiest in beautiful Auckland. He has also a marine residence on the island of Waiheke, where his family reside during the summer months.

MR. WILLIAM SPEDDING.

THE subject of this sketch is a native of Lancashire, and in early life was employed in various departments of the cotton industry. He afterwards took an active part in the coal mining industry, and had considerable experience in this line. During the depression in England in 1894 he came out with his family to Auckland to engage in the knitting industry, in which some members of his family were experts, and by dint of patient industry and skill succeeded in establishing a small industry. Unfortunately, however, his first efforts were thwarted by a fire that occurred in the block of buildings in Symonds Street in which he carried on his business, and his plant and stock were totally destroyed. He then undertook to travel the Waikato district with various agencies pending the arrival of new machinery, and in this he was fairly successful. He then brought out the newest and most approved methods and recommenced his knitting industry, and continued travelling for several years in the Waikato and other districts. In this



MR. WILLIAM SPEDDING.

way he has succeeded in establishing one of the largest industries of the kind in the North Island, and visitors are frequently invited to witness the remarkable processes of the various departments of his manufactory, and are surprised and gratified. In 1895 he added fancy goods and

stationery to his business, and removed to large and commodious premises in Karangahape Road, next to the Jewish Cemetery.

Mr. Spedding takes a prominent part in the religious work of the city, and is Chairman of the Executive of the Prohibition League and a member of the Church Council. In these and other moral and religious movements he takes an active part. He is a life-long abstainer, and has been actively connected with the temperance movement for many years.

MR. JOSEPH MILLER.

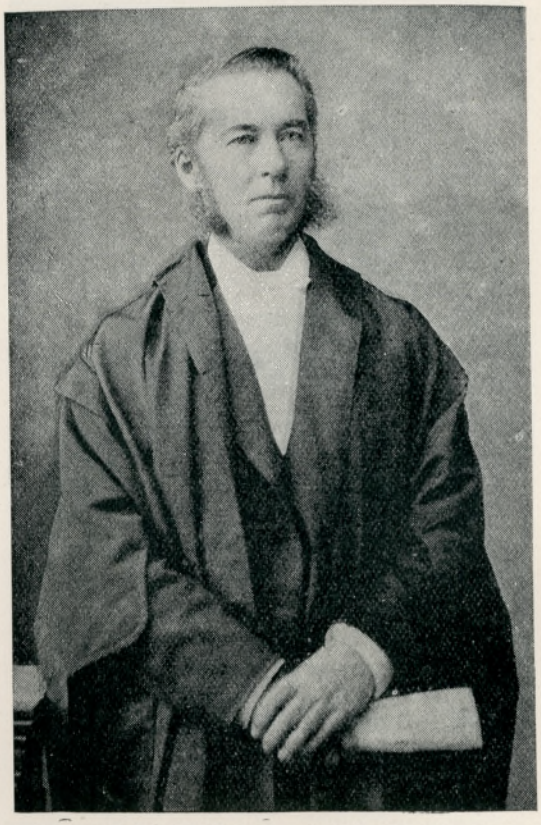
Mr. Miller, who was born in Liverpool, England, in 1856, did not arrive in New Zealand till 1884. It was some six years later that he

Mr. JOSEPH MILLER.

joined the N.Z. Express Company. In 1892 he came to Auckland, and has remained here since, being a well-known figure in business circles in the city.

SIR G. M. O'RORKE.

Sir G. Maurice O'Rorke, Kt., was born at Moylough, County Galway, Ireland, in 1830. He arrived in Victoria in 1852, and came to New Zealand in 1854. He was appointed clerk of the



Sir G. M. O'RORKE.

Auckland Provincial Council in 1857, elected to the House of Representatives for Onehunga in 1861, and sat for that constituency until 1882, when it was merged in the electoral district of Manukau. He sat for Manukau until defeated in 1890; was again elected for Manukau in 1893, which seat he continued to hold till 1902. He was Speaker of the Auckland Provincial Council, 1865-1876, and for some time Deputy-Superintendent; Chairman of Committees in the House of Representatives, 1871, re-elected 1875 and 1876; Secretary for Crown Lands and Minister for Immigration in the Waterhouse, Fox, and Vogel Cabinets, 1872-1874; elected Speaker of

the House of Representatives, 1879, 1882, 1884, 1887, and 1894; has been a member of Auckland Board of Education; elected first Chairman of Auckland University Board in 1883, and is still chairman; is Chairman of Board of Governors of Auckland College and Grammar School, and member of New Zealand University Senate; made Knight Bachelor in 1880. He was an ardent supporter of provincialism, and being unable to agree with Sir Julius Vogel on the question of the abolition of the provinces, resigned his position in the Ministry in 1874. Sir Maurice was a most popular Speaker.

MR. J. G. CULPAN.

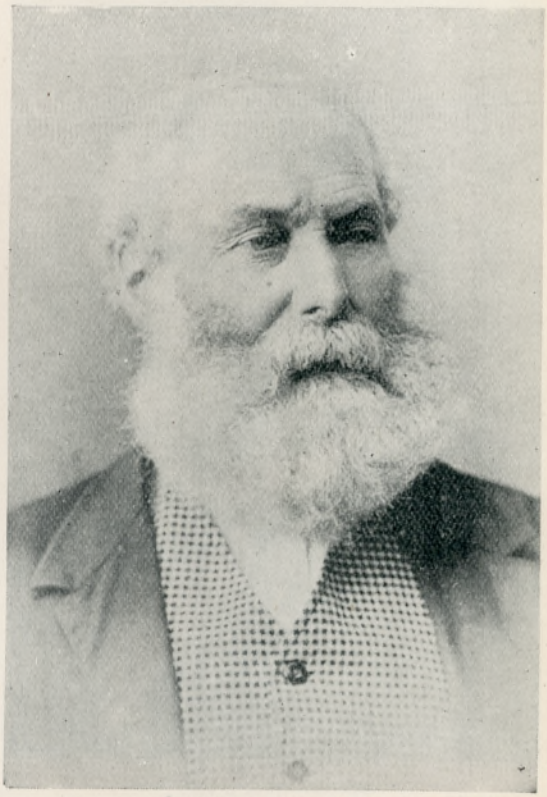
JAMES GARTSIDE CULPAN, eldest son of Mr. W. Culpan, was born in Hobart, Tasmania, Septem-

MR. J. G. CULPAN.

ber 24th, 1844, and early came to New Zealand with his people. He served with the Auckland Rifle Volunteers during the Waikato war in the sixties. Having learned cabinetmaking, he, in conjunction with his father, built one of the first church pipe organs in Auckland. He is now head salesman and a director in the Tonson Garlick Furnishing Company.

MR. ROBERT PEACE.

MR. ROBERT PEACE was born in the town of Greenock, on the banks of the Clyde, Scotland. Mr. Peace, with his wife and one child, left in



MR. ROBERT PEACE.

the forties to start in business in St. John, Newfoundland, remaining there nearly twenty years. Finding the climate too severe on his wife's health, he, with his family, left its hospitable shores in the brigantine "Clara" (he being chief owner) on Christmas morning, 1864, for the milder climate of Auckland. Mr. Peace's premises in Shortland Street are the oldest plumbing

establishment in Auckland. He has lately retired from the business, which is now carried on by his sons, who are highly respected.

MR. E. J. SEARL.

THE subject of this sketch is Edward John Searl, the son of a formerly well-known London contractor. Born at Woolwich, England, in 1867, and educated at Clayton College, he passed through various commercial offices to acquire

MR. E. J. SEARL.

experience as a preliminary to coming out to New Zealand in 1884, under introduction to the late Sir Julius Vogel, with whom Mr. Searl, senr., had business relations. On arriving in New Zealand, Sir Julius offered Mr. Searl a place in the railway service, but that gentleman did not take very ardently to a departmental servitude, and preferred to run his own apple-cart. In accord with Horace Greeley's stereotyped advice, "Go on the land, young man," Mr. Searl took up farming, but quickly found that an energetic and enterprising temperament demanded a different field. Being possessed of the constructive faculty, Mr. Searl subsequently embarked in coaching, mineral water manufactory, wines, spirits, and, as a natural outcome, hotelkeeping. Eight years he "put in" in the Wairarapa district before settling in Wellington. Mr. Searl has always been active in public matters as a member of Town Boards, Cemetery Trusts, and School Committees, and has taken particular interest in matters connected with the Licensed Victuallers' Association, of which he was elected some years ago a vice-president for Wellington, and one of the executive of the N.Z. Association.

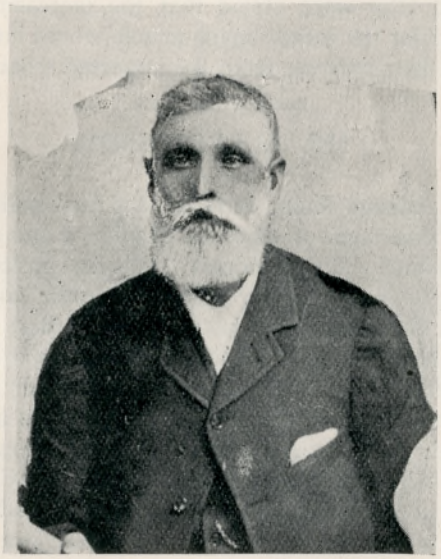
One of Mr. Searl's most successful undertakings was Searl's Hotel, in which he embarked some years ago. At that time the Thorndon district, although the home of the elite of Wellington, was without any first-class residential hotel accommodation. Mr. Searl detected this anomaly, and holding the opinion, which events soon emphasised, that Wellington extension of the best class will take the Thorndon direction, in which both lines of railway have their terminus, he bought out the hostelry then standing opposite the present Government Printing Offices, and, acquiring by purchase and long lease considerable area adjoining, he has erected what many consider to be in several respects the premier hotel in New Zealand. After working up a big business, Mr. Searl sold out at a very handsome figure.

MR. JAS. MILLER.

MR. JAS. MILLER, now a settler in Palmerston North, was in his day a typical goldfields camp follower. We use the word in no disparaging sense. But for the pluck shown by some of the men in following up the goldfields rushes of 1862-64, starvation and other grave consequences must have ensued. His principal feat in that direction was the conveyance of a quantity of live stock overland from the east to the west coast at the outbreak of the rush to Hokitika. That was in the year 1865. The country was then absolutely unknown, and such a thing as roads

and bridges had not been spoken of in connection with it. Prior thereto he had done a good deal of useful work prospecting the Otago goldfields. Arriving from Sydney about the first of our goldfield discoveries, he made direct for the celebrated Gabriel's Gully. When the Dunstan broke out he extended his operations in that direction, and thence in due course he made his way on to the Wakatipu. The latter was the Ultima Thule so far as Otago enterprise was concerned. Getting "full up" of the rough and tumble of a digger's life, he took to stock dealing, and it was about this time he performed his memorable west coast feat.

Mr. Miller is a native of Perthshire, Scotland. He was born in 1826. He migrated in 1858,



MR. JAMES MILLER.

reaching Melbourne in the then celebrated, but afterwards unfortunate "Royal Charter," after a passage of 65 days. That, in those times, was considered a record in the way of short passages.

MR. J. J. CRAIG.

MR. J. J. CRAIG is a son of the late Mr. Joseph Craig, who was one of Auckland's earliest settlers, having arrived in Auckland in 1842. Mr. Craig was educated at Wesley College. Taking over the business of his father on the latter's decease, he has steadily worked it up till to-day it is one of the largest individually-owned

MR. J. J. CRAIG.

businesses in the colony. Mr. Craig is largely interested in shipping, the carrying trade generally, and coal and building materials.

MR. AUSTIN WALSH.

MR. AUSTIN WALSH, the pioneer of the tobacco industry in New Zealand, was born on March 12, 1856, at Bradford, Yorkshire, and is the eldest son of the late Mr. James Walsh, tobacco and cigar manufacturer of that city. Like his father and his grandfather, Mr. Austin Walsh has been from early youth connected with the tobacco trade. As far back as 1771 his ancestors were cutting tobacco in York. In 1852 his father introduced the cigar industry into the north of England, engaging some Belgium op-

eratives to teach the then new art of cigar making, which now finds employment for some thousands of workers in Yorkshire and other counties.

At an early age Mr. Austin Walsh was sent to Ugthorpe Academy, near Whitby, and from there on to the Continent, spending several years at Schapen College, in Hanover, and at the tobacco growing and curing farms in Germany and Holland, thus acquiring a thorough knowledge of

MR. AUSTIN WALSH

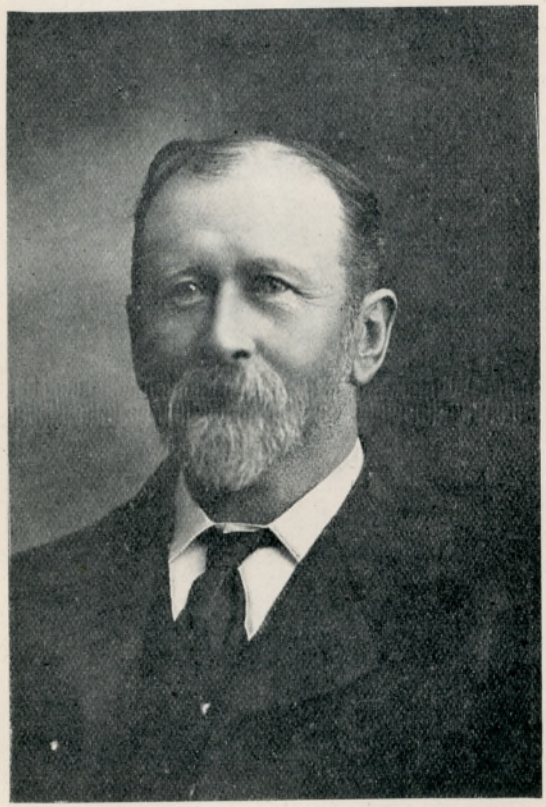
the cultivation and handling of the raw material and manufacturing as carried on in those countries. In 1879 he married Miss Towler, of Preston, Lancashire, and has a family of two sons and two daughters, the eldest son, Mr. Leo Walsh, being associated with him in the business in Auckland.

In 1883 Mr. Austin Walsh left Bradford, and came out to New Zealand, settling in Auckland and engaging in the tobacco industry here. He has now built up the large manufacturing and importing business carried on at Wyndham Street, at the Atlas Bonded Tobacco Factory. For many years he endeavoured to promote the culture of tobacco in various parts of the colony, at first meeting with a fair measure of success; in fact, so much so, that considerable outlay was incurred in putting up drying and curing sheds for farmers, and extensive plant and machinery for the manufacture of the local leaf, and also in introducing the various brands of tobacco, etc. Through various causes the culture of tobacco languished, mainly, however, through the apathy of the farmers, who would not devote the necessary time and trouble to the proper cultivation and curing of their crops, and more especially through the interference of the Government, who were afraid that the increasing demand for the locally made article would interfere with their revenue from the imported tobaccos.

MR. ALFRED KIDD.

MR. ALFRED KIDD, M.H.R., has just completed a second term of office as Mayor of the city of Auckland, but previously held the position of Deputy-Mayor under Mayors Goldie and Sir John Campbell. He is one of the oldest sitting members of the City Council, having been elected in 1885. He resigned in 1888, but, after a brief period, was re-elected, and has held a seat ever since. He has at various times been connected with all committees connected with the Council. He has served on the Harbour Board, and sat as its chairman, taking, in fact, an active interest in all local matters. At the last general election he was elected to one of the city seats. The subject of this notice was born at Hounslow, Middlesex, England, and arrived in New Zealand in 1864, when fourteen years of age, finding employment in the country districts for a time. On the opening of the Thames goldfields he gravitated thitherwards, and has seen the town develop from a canvas town, there being only one wooden house then (Sheehan's), to its present proportions. After working as a miner with varied success for seven years, he left to take the position of providore for the steamers of the Waikato Steam Navigation Company. The opening of the railways taking the passenger

traffic from the river, Mr. Kidd came to Auckland and entered into the hotelkeeping business. He has been twenty-five years in the Commercial Hotel, the oldest licensed house, it is claimed, in New Zealand, dating from 1841. He has taken an active interest in matters connected with the



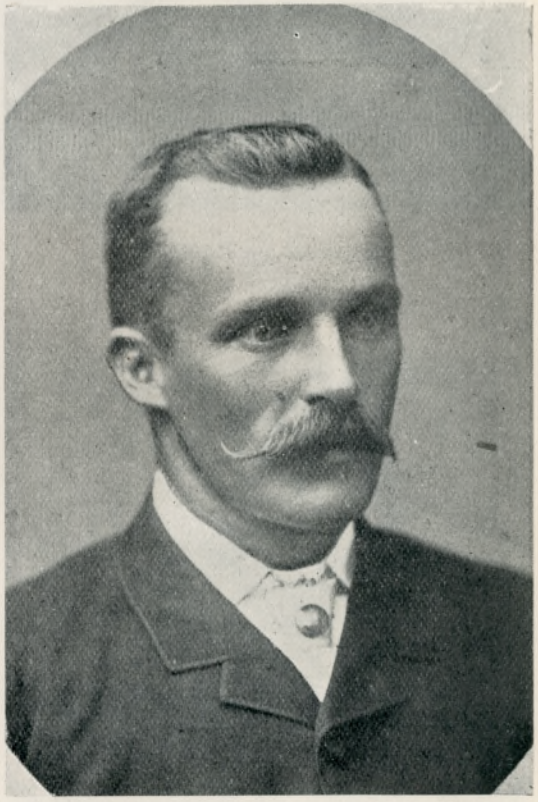
MR ALFRED KIDD.

trade, and held the position of President of the Licensed Victuallers' Association for many years. As a Druid, Mr. Kidd was District President for thirteen years, and one of the founders of the Friendly Societies' Conference. He was initiated into Masonry by the late Mr. Alex. Brodie in the Sir Walter Scott Lodge, Thames, thirty years ago, and has taken a prominent part in Masonry since.

In the sporting world, and as taking a big interest in the development of the mining industry, he is well-known. At Waiuku he has 2,000 acres of land, said to be second to none in the North Island. Mr. Kidd is married to a lady deservedly popular with all classes.

MR. JOHN RAE.

MR. JOHN RAE was born in Lyttelton in November, 1856. In 1872 he joined Mr. H. Redwood's racing stables, and was in his employ close on three years. He rode with various success in different parts of New Zealand. During the winter of 1876 increasing weight was the cause of his taking to hurdle racing. In 1877 he rode his first steeplechase, and for twenty-five years he continuously rode in the important cross country events. Among others he won the following:—Six Auckland Summer Steeplechases, four Autumn Steeplechases, the Sydney Autumn



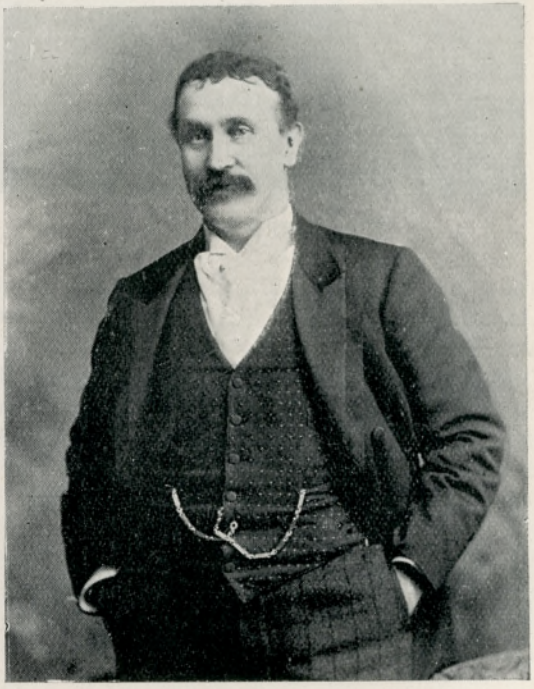
MR. JOHN RAE.

Steeplechase, a steeplechase at Caulfield, while he ran second in the V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase. The Wanganui Steeplechase was his first win in 1878. He has also trained horses for the past twenty-five years. He deserves great credit for his pluck and energy.

DR. H. C. DE RENZIE.

MR. J. J. HOLLAND.

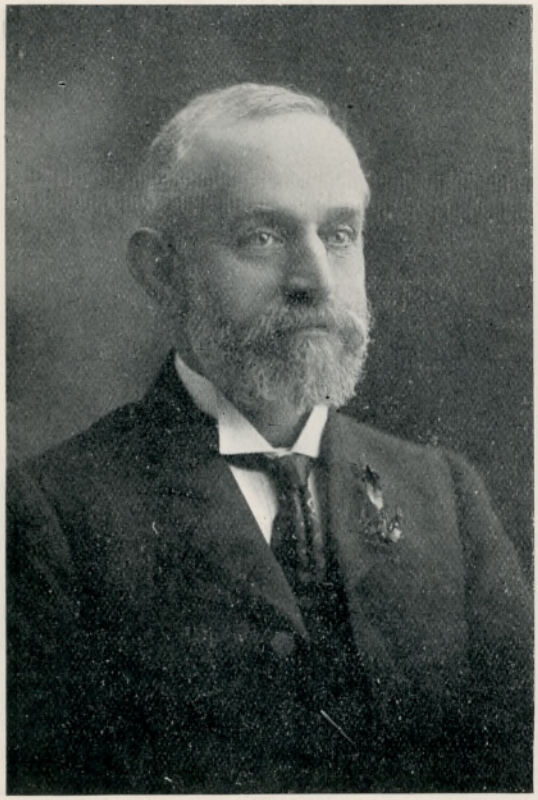
MR. ARTHUR ROSSER.



MR. J. H. WITHEFORD, M.H.R.

MR. SAMUEL HESKETH.

Mr. Samuel Hesketh, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Hesketh and Richmond, was born in Manchester, and arrived in New Zealand by the ship "Devonshire" on the 7th of February, 1863, the day on which H.M.s. "Orpheus" was lost at the entrance to the Manukau Harbour. Mr. Hesketh served his articles under the late Mr. Edwin Hesketh, of Auckland, and read for his law examination with Mr. Theo. Cooper, now



Mr. SAMUEL HESKETH.

Mr. Justice Cooper. He was admitted in 1878, and subsequently joined the firm of Messrs. Hesketh and Richmond. Mr. Hesketh is a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, a notary public, and a commissioner of various Australian Courts. He was for about eighteen years Chairman of the local body of the Epsom District, where he resides, and he has taken considerable interest in local matters generally, but specially as a member of the Manukau Water Supply Board, which, it is believed, will eventually provide the whole of the suburban district of the isthmus of Auckland with water.

MR. WILLIAM COLEMAN.

William Coleman, of "Lynton" Villa, Princes Street, Albert Park, Auckland, was born in Sydney, and educated there and in Melbourne and Auckland. His father, now deceased, was a merchant in Sydney and Auckland, and his mother, Mrs. Eliza Coleman, now resides at Brighton Road, Parnell. His brother, Mr.

Mr. WILLIAM COLEMAN.

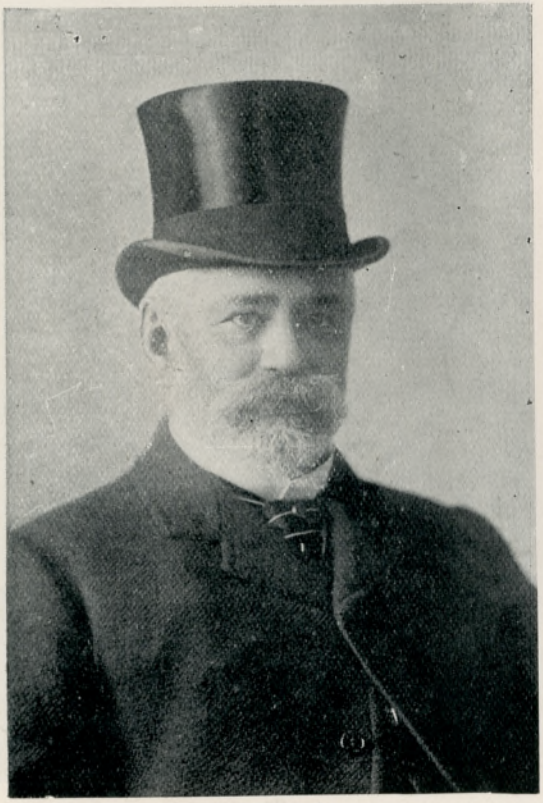
Edward M. Coleman, resides at "Warborough" House, Epsom.

Mr. William Coleman married Rika, only daughter of the late Mr. Louis Myers and Mrs.

Louis Myers, of "The Mount," Symonds Street, Auckland. He has two children, Ruby and Clive. He is a barrister and solicitor, is ex-President of the Auckland Bowling Club, President of "The Orphans'" Social Club, and President of the Amateur Sports Club, etc.

MR. WILLIAM PERCIVAL.

Mr. William Percival was born at Wansford, England, in the year 1841, landed in Victoria in 1863, and came to New Zealand, residing in Christchurch five years. He left Canterbury in 1868 for the Thames goldfields, in the North Island. He was secretary and clerk of course at the Duke of Edinburgh race meeting. He



Mr. WILLIAM PERCIVAL.

joined the Auckland Racing Club in 1873, and has been secretary of that club ever since. He was handicapper for several years. He succeeded Mr. McLaughlin as Master of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, which position he held for seven or eight seasons. Mr. Percival keeps a small breeding stud, and has bred a few of the best horses of the day, amongst them St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Clements, St. Ursula, and others.

MR. R. H. DUDER.

Mr. R. H. Duder was born at Devonport, Auckland, in 1851. From the age of fifteen he was connected with the breeding of blood stock, and

Mr. R. H. DUDER.

for the greater part of his life time the owner of blood stock which he was justly proud of. He, in partnership with his brother, Mr. R. Duder, opened business twenty years ago as grocers and provision merchants at Devonport, Auckland. The business includes at the present time a brick, tile and pottery manufactory. The premises are the repository for a considerable quantity of merchandise, and, to overcome the difficulty of trans-

port with Auckland, the Messrs. Duder have their own cutter constantly running to and fro, landing goods at their own wharf. The firm deserve great credit for their energy and perseverance.

MR. J. SMYTH.

Mr. J. M. Smyth was born December, 1826, at Derramore, near Newry, Ireland. After being connected with the flax-spinning business for

Mr. J. M. SMYTH.

several years, he emigrated to New Zealand, arriving in Auckland in July, 1839, intending to take up land. After spending a few months looking round, he purchased 110 acres of bush land at Waitakerei, being the first white settler in that district. Soon after he purchased 1,800 acres adjoining, all heavy bush, and after much expenditure in clearing, and fencing, and raising stock, he came to consider turning the timber to account more profitable than burning it, and for the last thirty-six years has been chiefly occupied with sawmilling and exporting the timber to Australia and Europe. Mr. Smyth took an active part in having the district divided into three Road Boards and the Act brought into operation. He was chairman of two of the Boards for many years, and also on the Waitemata County Council. The annual meetings of these Road Boards in the early days, when everyone wanted a road to his section, some voting for a rate per acre as much as the land was worth, caused a good attendance and prolonged meetings, with much excitement, which many now living will remember.

MR. ALEXANDER ROSE.

Mr. Alexander Rose, Collector of H.M. Customs, Registrar of Shipping, and Local Officer of the Sea Fisheries Department for the Port of Auckland, is reputed to be the oldest officer by service in the Customs Department in New Zealand, having been in the service for forty-four years. He was born at Fishponds, near Bristol, England, and was educated at private schools and at King's College, London. His father, Mr. John Tower Rose, was a landed proprietor in the counties of Gloucester and Monmouth.

In 1856 he arrived at Lyttelton, New Zealand, in the ship "Joseph Fletcher," and shortly after came to Auckland, where he engaged in farming and bush falling and clearing on what was then known as the Hunua Block. Later on Mr. Rose accepted a cadetship under Colonel Russell (58th Regiment) on his run at Waiopi, Nelson, 1857, leaving in the following year for Christchurch, where, in 1858, he received an appointment in the Customs Department at Lyttelton, and was gazetted 18th September, 1858. Three years later he became Sub-Collector of Customs, and was sent to open Timaru as a port of entry. In 1863 he was appointed Landing Surveyor in Lyttelton, and after four years was transferred to Auckland. Early in 1875 he became Collector of Customs at Christchurch and Lyttelton, and in 1892 he received his present appointment.

Mr. Rose was a member of the General Synod

of the Church of England in 1867—the last year Bishop Selwyn presided—and was a member of the Diocesan Synod in Christchurch from 1864 to 1867, and again from 1878 to 1892. During

MR. ALEXANDER ROSE.

his residence in Lyttelton he was a member of the Lyttelton Rifle Volunteers. He is a Master Mason, and an old bowler, having played in representative teams on several occasions.

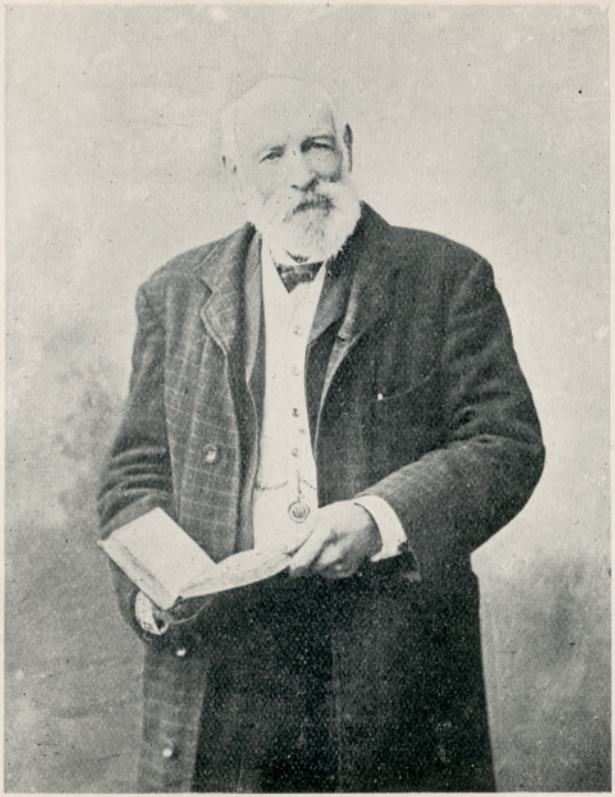
Mr. Rose married in 1866 Miss Clara Isabella Edmiston, and had a family of three sons and three daughters. One son died in 1893, and Mrs. Rose died in February, 1899.

MR. J. O. EVETT.

MR. J. O. EVETT was born in England, and arrived in New Zealand in 1864. He has been attached to the New Zealand racing circle as handicapper for over twenty years, and has handicapped for the following clubs:—Auckland. Hawke's Bay, Wellington, and Taranaki Metro-

MR. J. O. EVETT.

politan Clubs, as well as a number of the smaller clubs of the colony. Mr. Evett is held in the highest esteem amongst all breeders of stock and sporting men of the colony.



PAST AND PRESENT.

[POSTSCRIPT.]

And now I'm sitting sad and lonely,
While the twilight shadows deepen,
And the soft notes of the night-bird
Sweetly fall upon my ear.
The night breeze, gently sighing
As a requiem for the dying,
Seems to call back days forgotten,
And for memory sheds a tear.

Oh, those "days of yore" forgotten,
Gone on the wings of flying Time,
Now come stealing round me, near me,
Like a sad, despondent rhyme.
'Tis the dream of days departed,
Full of love and tuneful lays;
Full of peace and kind devotions,
That bring to me those by-gone days.

Up from the past comes a pleasant dream,
The grand old forest and shady dell,
And faces dear that now still seem
To fondly lighten, and soon dispel
The grief of parting. Ah! memory dear,
Be kind to me, and not foretell
Again such sad and tearful separation;
But let me hear again, "I wish you well."

Years shall pass, our heads grow hoary,
Some shall reach the other shore;
Some with faltering tread, but trusting,
On to reach those gone before.
But the memory of that parting
Years of strife could not dispel;
They shall live in sweet remembrance,
To the gates of heaven—"I wish you well."

FEBRUARY, 1903.

W. JACKSON BARRY.

[THE END.]

Pioneer
Adventures.

W. JACKSON BARRY