PRG 180/1/6-7 Memoranda of Henry Hammond Tilbrook
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The covers of Volumes 6 and 7 are marbled, dark pink and blue, the spines are dark green.
Volume 7 starts on page 109.
A series of three lines – – – usually indicates time has passed, substituting crosses.

PRG 180/1/6 Memoranda of Henry Hammond Tilbrook
[*On Front Cover*] MEMORANDA OR NOTES OF INCIDENTS.BY HENRY HAMMOND TIL
[*paper torn*] EAST ADELAI [*DE*] BOOK 1 – Series [*paper torn*]
[*Inside front Cover*] Memoranda or Notes of Incidents. By Henry Hammond Tilbrook, East Adelaide. Book 1. – Series B.

MEMORANDA OR NOTES OF INCIDENTS. BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK, EAST ADELAIDE. BOOK 1 – Series B.

'Lives of small men all remind us,
We can write our Lives ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Some fat volumes on the shelves.
Per Longfellow.'

In the Lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
Which it is selfish to keep to themselves.
They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
And some fat volumes leave for our shelves.
H.H.T.'

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BOOK 1.SERIES B MEMORANDA: or NOTES OF INCIDENTS.
By H. H. Tilbrook, St Peter's Street, East Adelaide, S.A.
1. THE TANTANOOLA 'TIGER'!
A Lake George Camp. – At this camp, one night, we – Fred, Lester, H.H. Tilbrook, and the boy Leslie Howlett – were talking of the Tantanoola Tiger, this being its reputed habitat. Some amateur fishermen, going to the coast, had seen some animal much resembling a tiger.
My friend Lester was telling me this, when we suddenly heard a low moaning sound, coming from anywhere – from a long way off or close by, none of us could tell which.
'Hello! What's that?' cried L. We all pricked up our ears. The sound appeared to be getting nearer. I likened it to the moaning of a motherless calf in the distance. As I spoke, it came ominously near! The night was pitch dark. We had finished our tea, and were

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sitting around the camp fire, near a tiny pool of fresh water. There was a thick teatree scrub between us and Lake George, and against this our tent had been pitched for shelter from the westerly winds. The other or east side was fairly open, with big clumps of cutting grass dotted about.

Said L., as he nimbly stepped into the open tent: 'I'll get my rifle!' This he did, and came out again. Again that mysterious sound, which seemed so near and yet so far! Suddenly the cause of the noise, and its absurdity, struck me so forcibly that I started laughing.
I said to my friend:

'I can tell you the origin of that mysterious sound!'
'What is it?'
'It is your confounded dog, lying there in the thicket, talking to himself about the hardships of the situation.'

My friend then called him by name, 'Here, Quimbo! Quimbo! Quimbo!' And Quimbo at once responded by running out of the scrub to the camp fire, wagging his stump of a tail, and making the same whining sounds that seemed so disquieting at that hour in the supposed tiger-haunted locality.

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2. SHOOTING A BLACK SWAN. – FRESHWATER LAGOON.
Freshwater Lagoon, nine miles from Robe, S.E. – A Long Shot, – One day in March, 1900, saw a big Black Swan, over three hundred yards away across the water, which was fringed with scrub and reeds. Wishing to get the white down that lies beneath the black, outside feathers of the bird, L. fired several shots rather hastily with his rifle – sighted to one hundred and fifty yards – but without success. I think if he had been more deliberate, he would have reached the mark. He appealed to me to have a shot. Oh, how I hated the thought! But what was I to do! I did not want to kill the graceful creature. Just then, too, I felt especially tender-hearted. However, it legitimate game. L. wanted the 'down', and the camp wanted swan steak. I had shot many Euros for their skins. Could I refuse his appeal now? I could not do so consistently. Then I weakly consented to try a shot. I lay down, took steady aim, aimed very high, as the swan was so far away, and the rifle sighted for only one-fifty yards.
I fired! No visible splash in the water.! The bird paddled more quickly. Where did the bullet go? I concluded that it went just over the bird's back, which would account for our not seeing a splash. I thus reckoned that both my alignment and elevation were correct. Lying down again, I aimed very slowly and very steadily,

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for was I not upon my mettle by this appeal from my chum who so longed for that white 'down' to present to his wife? This time I resolved to aim one foot in front of the moving target, which was paddling along at right angles. Bang! The bullet sped upon its way. Up went the great wings, and the great bird fell upon its side, dead! without so much as a flutter!
It suffered naught. I heaved a sigh of relief. Nevertheless my remorse was great. What a fool is man when his heart gets soft! The bird had not suffered, and I was thankful. After all, I was not so cruel as Nature. For if I had not arrived on the scene with a rifle, that same beautiful bird would have died a cruel, lingering death, either by exposure to the elements as it became old and weak, or by being torn to pieces by one of the foxes which abounded in that locality, or by a wild dog. Or an abominable thing in the shape of a crow might have picked its eyes out while still alive. After all, a man with a gun may not be so cruel as Nature.
Friend L. was delighted. I am pleased to say he was not so inconsistent as I. He immediately sent his coal-black retriever, Quimbo, into the Lagoon to fetch the body ashore.

Quimbo paddled and paddled. Would he ever reach the game!? It was far away. The task seemed beyond his power. At last, however, he got there, snapped his prey by the neck, and started shorewards. It seemed too much for him for he abandoned it before reaching land.

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He was driven back with stones and sticks and strong language. He took hold again, but dropped his burden against the outer fringe of reeds, to be again driven back. Finally he brought it to dry land. Now for the mystery of the shots! The first, we found, had passed through the fleshy part of the tail. The second had – shattered the heart! And thus it was that the great bird's end was painless. It was the largest black swan I had seen.

That night we had swan steak for supper, and at the termination of the journey my friend had the pleasure of presenting his wife with a pad of the softest swan's down.

3. – A WATERSPOUT. Glenelg River, Vic., 1898. –

A Waterspout. – Saw a whirlwind cross the river. As it got into deep water, a waterspout arose from the bed of the stream several feet into the air. When the whirlwind reached the other bank, the spout collapsed. It consisted of a hollow cylinder of spinning water.

I quote the following:

> 'Sometimes fish and other live things are sucked up by waterspouts and distributed over areas miles away. Millions of tiny frogs, which had evidently been sucked up from a lake twenty miles away, rained down during a recent thunderstorm at Gibraltar. The ground was swarming with them'.

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4. – A STRATUM OF FANSHELLS. Glenelg River, near Victorian Boundary. –

About twenty miles up stream from the mouth of the river, I saw a dark band, or stratum, of some substance in the perpendicular rock bank of the river, on the left hand side, about twenty feet above the level of the stream. I set about investigating this. Using a Jack-knife as a spear, and with a tomahawk to chop out some specimens, I jabbed it into the hard coralline limestone which forms the wall, and with some difficulty climbed up to the dark line, which, I found, was composed wholly of Fanshells, cemented together by the action of lime. The layer was evidently formed on a seabeach Millions of years ago. About one hundred feet of perpendicular rock – or it might have been only eighty feet, I could only guess at it – was above this stratum, thus showing the immense age of the whole formation.

The shelly layer had sunk beneath the waves, gently, without being disturbed. The coralline deposit was then gradually laid down. The land was then quietly and slowly upheaved, thrusting the sea back twenty miles. The river Glenelg cut its course through the rock, by dissolution, and thus brought to light this curious deposit.

The Fanshells were, of course, petrified. They were of the usual large size that we find about the seashore of the present day.

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5. – OYSTER SHELLS, INLAND. LAKE COUNTRY, NEAR ROBE.

The Lake District, near Robe, S.E. – Driving along one day in 1900, I noticed a sheaoak tree uprooted. The soil underneath showed white from a distance. Getting out of the trap, I went over to investigate, and found the supposed soil to consist of long, narrow oyster shells. Their dimensions would be about four by three inches. There are now no oysters along the sea litteral

? in the neighbourhood. These oyster shells must have come from some very ancient beds, the heap being probably deposited there by the natives of long ago, after the fish had been extracted. This was about five miles from the sea.
6. PETRIFIED FANSHELLS. Freshwater Lagoon. –
Lake Country, Ten Miles South of Robe, S.E. At this Lagoon I saw another tree uprooted – a sheoak – and the 'soil' in this instance consisted of large, beautiful Fanshells., up to three inches in diameter, of at least three different varieties. They were petrified, and when struck together emitted a metallic sound. Each variety had ~~had~~ nine ridges, whereas the modern

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shells obtainable along the beaches at the present day have a much larger number than that – up to twenty-five, in fact. I brought some of the shells home with me, and have three of them still – 1931. How did those shells get there, piled up in a heap, several miles from the sea, and alongside a big freshwater lagoon?
7. IVORY STOPS. – S.E. COAST. Along the cliffs from Robe to Cape Northumberland are large quantities of Ivory Stops. They had evidently been taken by the natives from the shellfish upon which they partly lived in days gone by. The chief among them was the Whelk. The Fusus was another kind. The stops are from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. They are often used as 'counters' by card-players in the South-East.
8. WATER-TUNNELS – GLENELG RIVER.
Water-Tunnels in Banks of Glenelg River, Victoria, near S.A. Border. – All along the Glenelg River, for twenty or thirty miles from its mouth, the banks are high, the bed being like a sunken chasm traversing the country, The banks are nowhere higher than one

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hundred and twenty feet perpendicular, if so high. In these banks of limestone rock are great tunnels which drain the surrounding country, especially on the South Australian side, The banks are composed of hard coralline limestone. The tunnels, or water-channels, run for miles underground. In this flat land there are no creeks above ground, although the average rainfall is over thirty-one inches per annum. The rain sinks into the porous rock, and the tunnels are eaten out by the action of carbonic acid in the water as it percolates through. There is no such thing as erosion in the proper sense of the term. The action is purely chemical, the dissolved matter being held in solution, not in suspension as in mud and gravel rivers: Although there is plenty of mud in the Glenelg River, there is no gravel.
Beyond forty miles up, the banks become lower, whilst at Dartmoor they disappear altogether. We explored some of the above-mentioned tunnels. The openings in the face of the cliffs were egg-shaped or oval, the big end upwards. The floor being of that shape, and also slippery with ooze, we could not get a proper footing, So we did not penetrate far into them. The roof was mostly two feet above our heads.

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9. – A CAVE, GLENELG RIVER.
An Underground Channel. – One day, on the banks of this river, meeting a station hand in a thick scrub, on the S.A. side, I asked him if there were any Caves in the neighbourhood. I was then nine miles from the mouth.

He replied that there was one on a hill in the scrub some distance away, but that it would be impossible for me to find it alone. He also gave me information about other Caves – which I have referred to in my journals – a Bottomless Pit and Hell's Hole
We parted, he going towards the river, I in search of the Cave. I decided to get to the highest hill I could find. After a short search, I saw a likely-looking one and steered straight for it. A pine tree was near the top. Went to it, when sure enough I was at the entrance to the Cave!
A party of men, with a rope, would be required to explore it. The entrance was a perpendicular shaft, funnel-shaped on top. It was near the summit of ~~a~~ [*in pencil*] \the/ flat-topped hill in the hard limestone. The funnel portion was ten or twelve feet in diameter. Below the funnel came the perpendicular shaft six feet across, perfectly round. This shaft descended some ten feet, then opened out in the

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roof of a capacious Cavern, the floor of which could be seen a distance of what I judged to be thirty feet below. A stream of water had been running along the bottom, but this being the end of summer, it was now dry. Some one had cut a long pole and placed it down the shaft, the end protruding from the surface. I did not risk climbing down it while alone,, as being fifty years of age, my climbing days were over. I might never have got out again. Then that would have been another case of a mysterious disappearance. No doubt this was one of the many underground channels draining into the Glenelg River.
10. – SAW-MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE – GLENELG RIVER.
The banks of the Glenelg River are covered with Stringybark forests. In February, 1898, a Bush fire had devastated the country. I was there a month later, and, penetrating some miles from the river, we (for I had my friend Mr Lester with me) came across a sawmill township which had been wholly destroyed by the conflagration. All the huts but one were burnt, They had been built of sawn hardwood – the chimneys of the same material, Immense heaps of sawdust were in evidence all around. These were scorched a dark-brown on the surface;

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but the fire had not penetrated an inch below. The heaps looked like immense crouching leopards. The place was deserted, and there was no sign of life. Although the chimneys were also built of hardwood – messmate – they had not been destroyed by the fire. The machinery was there, but wrecked.
11. – A BURNT HUT, – GLENELG RIVER.
A Burnt Dwelling, Glenelg River. – On the Victorian or southern bank of the Glenelg River, in March, 1898, I saw a solitary hut in a clearing of the stringybark forest. The bank of the river there was over one hundred feet high. The clearing, some distance back on this high level, was of such extent that the hut was one hundred yards from the timber at all points – Nevertheless it did not escape the Bush fire that raged there a month previously
Everything consumable about the hut had been consumed The only things left were a few warped sheets of iron, and a large quantity of screws and nails which lay among the ashes.
It was a case of the most complete destruction and disappearance of a dwelling by flames that I had ever seen. Everything had been returned into its constituent elements!

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12. – BUSH FIRE – GLENELG RIVER.
The Bush fire which raged here in February, 1898, leapt across the river in four different places. The stream itself is nowhere less than seventy-five yards across, while the upper banks are one hundred and twenty yards apart. That huge gap was no obstacle to the progress of the flames. The reason was that burning limbs flew through the air like birds.
13. THE DRIPPING ROCKS. – GLENELG RIVER.
Rocks that weep Water. – Name now altered to 'Weeping Rocks', other name too vulgar! – The 'Dripping Rocks', about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Glenelg, are on the south bank. They stand twenty or thirty feet above the stream. Above them is teatree. Above the teatree are gums. A never-failing flow of water comes down the rocks into the river. The rocks, where not perpendicular, are overhanging, with the water dripping from the stalactites which hang gracefully down, The water is always fresh, The noise of the dripping and the streaming – for it gushes down in some places – can be heard a good distance

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away. As the water falls ceaselessly, it leaves behind it those pendants of limestone, sharpened at the points where the dripping is slow, and blunt-pointed where it streams. These stalactites are opaque, of a dirty-white or grey color. Crevasses and tunnels abound in the rock; but they were too slimy to invite investigation.
When we wanted our billy filled, we just rowed our boat up to a pendant rock where the stream flowed strongest, and in a few minutes it was full of clear, fresh water.
14. – A WILD DOG. -YEDLOUDLA GAP.
A Dingo on the Arkaba Run. – Travelling towards the Yedloudla Gap, on the Arkaba Run, from the north, down the big Bluebush Plain, in September, 1889, we, upon approaching the entrance, saw a yellow Dingo trot leisurely across the track in front of our pair of horses.
He calmly surveyed us, and stopped. Had another look! Went on. Stopped, and looked again! The morning was early, the weather delightful, and this fine, full-grown wild dog was sauntering home, solus, to his den in some cave or rocky shelter when he crossed our path.
My mate became excited, and thought he had a sure bag!

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I knew better. But he got out his rifle, while I held the reins and watched. The yellow fellow kept one eye on L. and trotted off to the next ridge, L. after him. The Dingo calmly went off to the next vantage-ground, followed by his would-be slayer. I saw the whole game from my seat in the wagonette, After going for half a mile or so, my mate gave up the chase. He could not get within range.
15. – DINGOES ATTACKING SHEEP. Waterfall Hut, Ooraparinna. –
Night Attack on Sheep by Dingoes. – One night, in 1865, sleeping in a shepherd's abode, in the depth of winter, he in his bunk, I on the floor, we felt the ground tremble, and heard a rushing and booming sound like unto that of a mild earthquake.
We too well knew what that meant! Up I jumped from the floor sans ceremonie – also sans all my clothing except a – a – a – well, then, a shirt. And up arose also the shepherd from his wooden bunk, sans all clothing but a similar garment on his body, and a pair of trou ----- unmentionables (which he was trying to put on) in his hands,

Simultaneously, we rushed out into the darkness. The sheep in the yard a few feet away were rushing

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wildly from side to side. A mob of wild dogs were trying to scale the stake-and-brushwood fence to tear a few of them into shreds. But for the alarm raised by the terrified animals in rushing backwards and forwards, they would have succeeded.
I had a revolver, the shepherd a gun. I fired six shots into the dark scrub, which came right up to the yard. The shepherd also sent a couple of charges of shot where he thought they would do most good. Random shots seldom hit anything, but we, at anyrate, scared the Dingoes away for the time.
The vibration caused by the sheep may be judged by the fact that both shepherd and I rushed to the rescue out of a sound sleep and before we were really awake. Had the Dingoes got into the fold, there would have been great slaughter. Our promptitude averted that calamity. As many as thirteen Dingoes had been seen in one mob in a creek within that mallee scrub, which was all hills and blind creeks. We had no more sleep that night, as we had to keep watch till daylight.
The yard was a staked one, with brushwood interlaced between the stakes. This made the sides perpendicular, and the fence very strong.

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16. HOLLOW BOULDERS – RAWNSLEY'S BLUFF.
Rawnsley's Bluff, Far North. – Hollow Boulders. – One day in September 1889, while exploring, alone, the high, sloping ground at the base of Rawnsley's Bluff, in the Wilpena Range, I saw saw several boulders as large as a small house. That is indefinite, but let it stand!
Clambering to the top of one of these, and contemplating the magnificent panorama that stretched out before me as far as the eye could reach – for I was seven hundred feet by barometrical measurement above the surrounding country – I noticed a hole in the rock upon which I stood. Closer examination showed the monolith to be hollow. Going down on my hands and knees, I peered into the interior, and found the cavity an extensive one. There was an opening at the base. Upon going down and entering this, I found myself in a cave-like formation, the size of a small room. The entire was, in fact, a case-hardened shell. The interior had been fretted away by the mechanical action of air, damp, and expansion and contraction due to heat and cold.
To be scientific and exact, it would be more correct to say 'expansion and contraction due to the varying temperature – say from seventeen degrees (17°) on

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winter nights to one hundred and eighty degrees (180°) in the summer sun.' In other words, this was not a case of erosion by water, but an aerial operation combined with damp, heat, and cold – by softening, by contraction, by expansion, breaking away atoms of stone in the shape of dust. This continuing age after age, had left the boulders in the state in which I found them. But, as the process was still going on, the whole of the blocks would in course of time crumble away to dust, first being fractured into shell-like slabs. These hollow boulders were numerous on the South side of the Bluff.

17.'AN ABORIGINES' OCHRE QUARRY. – WILPENA RANGE.
Rawnsley's Bluff, – an Ochre Quarry. – Extinction of the Natives and their Game. –
In September, 1894, I was out with a camera, and exploring around Rawnsley's Bluff. I had for a companion a mining captain, named Stephens, a Cornishman. Proceeding along this beautiful and picturesque land of shallow valleys, dry creeks, scrub, pines, broombush, and bluebush, with its magnificent background of precipitous rocks rising fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above

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the plains below, the Captain stood still suddenly, then exclaimed in astonishment, 'Why, that's a quarry!' There in front of us, in that totally uninhabited region, stood what appeared to be really a quarry. And a quarry it was! – but not the kind he supposed it to be. I explained to him that when I was further north, thirty years previously, the Blacks were very numerous. They indulged in their corrobboree dances, and for this purpose they painted their naked skins with all sorts of designs, chiefly streaks, the ingredients used being ochre of various colors, white being the most conspicuous. Various shades of red and yellow were also favorites.
The natives travelled hundreds of miles to obtain these pigments for decorating their bodies. And thus it was that we accidentally stumbled upon one of their sources of supply. There are other large deposits of ochre at Hayward's Bluff, near Aroona, some thirty miles further North, in the same range. Unfortunately, not a single Black – Man, woman, nor child – now remained of the thousands I had seen thirty years before overrunning the country. The aborigines and their game were all gone! – the one killed off by the vices and diseases

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contracted from the white man; the other by the white man's firearms. No Blacks left! No native animals excepting Euros in the almost inaccessible spinifex covered, stony hills, and a few Rock Wallaby among the precipices. Of kangaroos we saw only five in a three-weeks' journey, and that twenty-five miles east of the main track. Of emus only one set of footprints. The Dingo is still there. And the rabbit has come, and come to stay, like the white man. For does not the said rabbit climb trees when other feed fails! Only lack of water will kill him. Of Kangaroo Rats I saw none; nor yet an iguana, and of Bush Wallaby not a semblance.
In 1864-5 I have counted as many as sixty common wallaby in riding around a hill; wile out of nearly every bush the kangaroo would rush in alarm as I rode by. The Wedge-tailed Eagles are still there, for they now have rabbits, as well as lambs, to feed upon instead of Bush Wallaby. Thus it is that things have been changed by the advent of the white man!

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18. – EAGLE ATTACKING A BUSH WALLABY.
Eagles and Bush Wallaby. – Ooraparinna. One day in 1865 I witnessed an attack upon a Wallaby by a large Eagle in a beautiful piece of country studded with hills and brush, and traced with creeks (dry) with broad, gravelly, and slaty beds. The Eagle sailed majestically overhead, without so much as the flap of a wing, looking for prey.
I was sitting on horseback, on the slope of a steep hill.
Presently the bird espied a wallaby against a low bush far down beneath him. The eagle descended to near the earth, poised from a horizontal to a nearly vertical position, and dived. The wallaby ran from one bush to another. The bird darted after it, still on the wing, and struck it

a heavy blow. The animal was terrified and confused, and rushed from bush to bush, thus giving its enemy a chance to attack. Under the thick bush it would have been safe. In the open it was doomed. But it could not reason.
The bird never landed, but continued his attack whilst on the wing. So the contest was hot! After an assault, lasting a considerable time, the royal bird took his prey in his talons and carried it off to his nest in some pine tree or spreading sandalwood. The spread of his wing would be about eight feet six inches.

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19. A CAPTURE OF YOUNG EAGLES.
I Discover an Eagles' Nest, and Capture the Young. – Paratoo Run. – While roaming through a thick brushwood scrub on the north-western part of the Paratoo Run, on the Great Eastern Plains, in the year 1864, I met with an adventure. I had with me a young fellow whom I will call 'X' for short, as he was a quite unreliable youth of eighteen years. I was then over fifteen and under sixteen. I was keenly interested in this new country, revealing itself before my eyes for the first time. By and by we came to a large sandalwood tree. Now, as everyone has not seen an Australian sandalwood, I may as well say that it is much the shape and size of a sheoak of the round, bushy type – not the tall heoak, or coastal sheoak or blackoak. It has a short straight butt, with a thick symmetrical foliage overhead. The leaves, unlike those of the sheoak, are long and flat.
Near the crown of this particular sandalwood, just below the top of the upper branches, we saw an immense nest that had been made by a pair of wedge-tailed eagles. Throwing up a stone, elicited a reply, showing that young birds were there. Had the old birds been there, things might have become interesting!

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I had a pair of pocket pistols with me, loaded, 'X' wanted to go away before the parent birds came back. I was too eager to secure the eaglets to listen to such a proposal, however.. I sounded him to see if he would climb the tree while I kept watch and protected him with my two loaded pistols.
No! Not for Joseph would he risk his skin on so foolish an undertaking! It was far too precious for that! And I could not trust him with the firearms, as his first shot might wing me and bring me to the ground.
So putting the pistols in my pockets, and telling him to carefully catch the young birds as I threw them down, and keep an eye open for the old birds, I shinned up the butt of the sandalwood, climbed from there to the branches, and thence into the nest.
It was about six feet in diameter, being constructed of sticks, and was little better than a platform, with a slight hollow in the centre. In it were two fine young eaglets, clothed in yellow fluff. One was very large. They thought I was their mother, and opened their mouths in welcome, and also in expectation. But I wasn't; they had made a slight mistake!
In addition to these occupants of the mid-air mansion,

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there were, in the way of larder, the dead bodies of three bush wallabies – all full grown and but recently killed. One of these bodies was of exceptional weight, showing the great strength of these handsome birds, not only in vanquishing their prey but in carrying the bodies for miles to

feed their young. I wasted no time up there in contemplation, for I did not wish to be interviewed just then by the parent birds. I simply grabbed the first first young one, which happened to be the smallest, and dropped him down. Unfortunately, my mate was flustered, and let the creature strike earth, causing blood to flow from the mouth.
Admonishing him to be more careful next time, I made for the second bird, which, as I have said, was very large indeed for a fledgling. By this time he had concluded that I was not his mother, and as I put my hands around him, seized my right wrist in his beak and held on like a bulldog. Had he been a little older, I would have been badly torn; but, as it was, he only scraped off a little skin, as I gently pulled his head away from my wrist, he all the time retaining his grip.
But I slid his beak off, and sent him after his brother – or sister, whichever it may have been. This

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bird 'X' caught in its fall, so it was uninjured. We lost no time in making a beeline for out hut, situated on the outer edge of the scrub several miles away. The old birds did [*in pencil*] *not/* [*in ink*] appear.
Upon getting home, I measured the wings of my captives, and found the larger one to have a stretch of <u>five</u> <u>feet</u> from tip to tip. I made a coop for them, and occasionally tied the larger one to a stake. The injured bird eventually died, but the other survived. He and I had many a sham fight together while he was tied to his stake by one foot. He would sit upon his tail, and fall over on his back, and go for me with both his talons and his powerful beak. But I kept out of reach of them! He grew to a large size. What his measurements were I am unable to say, as he was altogether too savage to be handled.
What became of him I cannot say, either, for certain; but I can give a shrewd guess, for thereby hangs a tale, which may be perused in my journals. The tale is a tale of meanness, too. The day after the capture, the old birds came sailing over the hut. They had quickly found the whereabouts of their offspring, and often tried to bring them food as the young ones stood in their open coop in front

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of the hut. I fed them on salt meat once, and it nearly killed them. They lost nearly all their feathers over it.
20. <u>DRAWING WATER WITH A WHIM.</u>
<u>Deep Well, Paratoo</u>. – In 1864 I was drawing water from The Deep Well, on the Paratoo Run, on the Great Eastern Plains. The well was one hundred and fifty feet deep. It was sunk mostly through calcareous loam – or pipeclay. The springs in it were so strong that the water always stood at thirty feet from the bottom. No matter how much was drawn, the water always stood at that level
Two of us were engaged at this work – 'X' and myself. 'X' was a great one to draw the long bow, and I made it a rule never to believe one single word he ever uttered. He was of German-Jew origin. Our day's work was one hundred buckets of water between sunrise and sunset. There were two buckets, each reputably holding sixty gallons, one bucket (full) ascending, the other (empty) descending. The hauling apparatus was a horse-whim. This would mean six thousand gallons a day, weighing sixty thousand ~~gallons~~ [*in pencil*] *pounds/* [*in ink*] or thirty short tons of water, lifted one hundred and fifty feet, (for the buckets went

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to the bottom of the well) by one horse. 'Whims' are very slow; while 'whips', being direct acting, are rapid, but very dangerous, as, there being no purchase, the whole weight is borne on the shoulders of one pair of bullocks. To the weight of the bucket must be added that of an iron chain. Only one bucket is used, instead of two as in a whim. The strain on the chain [*in pencil*] \of a whip/ [*in ink*] is enormous at starting, and the pair of bullocks have a bad time of it
I drove two bullocks at the Paratoo Gap well, which is one-hundred and twenty feet deep. One day, before my arrival there, the chain broke, hit the lander on the head, killing him on the spot, and, in addition, knocked his body down the well.
At our one-hundred-and-fifty-feet-deep 'Deep Well', our draught animal was a mare named 'The Countess'. She was a very reliable beast, and would work by herself For instance, when the full bucket arrived at the top of the well, the man landing called out, 'Stop!'. The Countess would stop instantly. Then, hooking a chain into the iron arm of the bucket, the lander called, 'Back!' The mare at once backed like an automaton, and turned herself around ready to draw up the next bucket. But working like this was risky. For, had the mare

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not stopped immediately at the word of command, then a catastrophe would have happened, as the full bucket would have struck the poppet head, snapped the rope, and the loaded bucket would have fallen down the well.
And yet I ventured down the well in one of the buckets after my hat, which had been blown down, That was later on, when 'Goldie' was my mate. I took the risk and came off without injury, but narrowly escaped a ducking.
The action of the horse in backing brought the weight of the full bucket on to the landing chain, which automatically pulled it from over the mouth of the well on to the beams over a sluice. The lander then pulled a small chain attached to a [*in pencil*] \leather-covered/ [*in ink*] wooden clapper at bottom of bucket, and let the water run into the sluice, which carried it into a thirty-thousand-gallon aboveground masonry tank, where the water was stored for use. The empty bucket was slung over the shaft, and The Countess started pulling up the next. And so on ad. lib.
On the map this well is now named 'The Salt Well.' Only sheep could drink this water.

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21. A MEAN TRICK. – DEEP WELL.
A Mean Trick upon an Unsuspecting Highlander, Deep Well, Paratoo Run, – Duncan was a Highlander – a shepherd – and a very decent body. The aforesaid 'X' had a design upon him. One day when he was there watering his flock of sheep, 'X' invited him to go down the well. Duncan decided that he would like to inspect it. 'X' had in the meantime made his plans. He had surreptitiously tied a long piece of string to the clapper of one bucket, The other end of the string was fastened some distance up the hauling rope.
Duncan, all unsuspectingly, put a leg into the other (empty) bucket and grasped the rope.
I myself did not know that 'X' was up to any trick, or I would have thwarted him.
When the bucket with Duncan in it was near the water, and the top one forty feet from the landing-place up above, Master 'X' stopped the horse, lifted the string attached to the clapper, and gave Duncan a shower bath with sixty gallons of yellow water.
I was disgusted, but could not help laughing when Duncan appeared on the surface, looking like a

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half-drowned rat – but very warm inside! The well shaft was eight by four feet, and timbered with pine slabs from top to bottom.
When the Highlander appeared on the surface, 'X' discovered that he had business elsewhere, and vanished. I, being only a boy of only fifteen, stayed. To say that Duncan was wroth is to put it mildly. He was a pent-up volcano! He thought I was one of the tricksters, and when I went up to him to assist him in changing his clothes, he fetched me 'one under the lug,' which raised my ire also, and we were nearly having a scrap. He was a heavy weight, and about thirty-five years of age. I was a stripling. But as I sympathised with him, I just kept him at arm's length till his anger had cooled. When he found that I had had nothing to do with the despicable trick played upon him, he apologised like a gentleman. He afterwards forgave 'X', but never trusted him again.
Had the poor shepherd fallen into the water through the sudden and surprising shock, he would have been drowned for a certainty

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22 – DOWN THE DEEP WELL – AFTER MY HAT.
I Go After My Hat down the Deep Well, and narrowly Escape a 'Ducking'. – This occurred during my second advent to Paratoo Run, months later. This time my mate was not 'X', but a gentleman's son named Goldie.
I had just bought a new felt hat at the head station. Standing at the well one day, the wind blew it off my head and down the shaft. I was determined to get my hat, and told Goldie so.
He endeavoured to dissuade me, saying he would have to trust 'The Countess' to both let me down and pull me up again, as he would have to stay at the well's mouth to look after the buckets. However, I was not to be turned from my purpose.
The well being a timbered one, one had to shout one's hardest from below to be heard on top. Putting one leg in the empty bucket, 'The Countess', now working on her own, started to let me down. My weight sent the whim ahead of the mare for a time, but she kept on steadily. At thirty feet, the other bucket coming out of the water, started the pulling – and hard pulling, too! For the total weight of bucket, water, and fittings would be about seven hundred pounds.

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This being my first descent into a deep well, a strong desire came over me to be pulled up again. However, I continued my journey into the depths below. On I went till the full bucket below got close. Then I pushed it away, in case it should tip mine upside down. The drippings from the ascending bucket began to splash on me.
All went well till I neared the water – thirty feet from the bottom, and one hundred and twenty feet from the top. Nearing the surface of the water, I yelled 'Stop!' Goldie heard me, and also said "Stop!' to the Countess. She obeyed. My bucket, with myself in it, was now hanging just one foot clear of the water. So far, good! In the semi-darkness I saw my hat floating within reach. I leaned over, got it, and placed it in the bucket. All being right, I signalled to be pulled up.
Now, what think ye Goldie did? He started the Countess off, and calmly proceeded to raise the hanging bucket (which was ninety feet above my head, and thirty feet below the mouth of the well) to the surface to land it, not thinking of what was happening to me down below!

It was this. Instead of by bucket and me going up again, we went down! down! down! together. At least the bucket went down.

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Goldie was landing the top bucket in order to empty it instead of letting it go down again and pulling me up. To do this, of course it had to up another thirty feet, and I had to go down that distance – to the very bottom of the well, in fact, or thirty feet under water!
I hadn't much time to think. But I seldom, if ever, lose my presence of mind in an emergency. So, being nimble, when I found my bucket going down instead of up, I grasped the rope and shinned up it like a monkey! My bucket said 'Good-bye', and flopping into the water, disappeared beneath the waves like a foundering ship.
It was a sharp race! I climbed my hardest for thirty feet, and after that length of rope had vanished in the creamy flood, I still hung clear. And I had to cling to that rope whilst the bucket above was being emptied, which took some time. This being slung over the well again, and the Countess told to Go! my rope began to rise, and I slowly slid down into those depths for my hat, for I was not going up without it.
It arose to the surface, for it had been to the bottom in the bucket. I got hold of it; and put it on my head this time, then gave the order to ascend. I stood on top of the bucket for some time as we went upwards. Then, for safety's sake I lifted the clapper and let the water out. The Countess had

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a light load to pull up after that. Getting to the surface, Goldie was bewildered when I told him he had let me under water thirty feet – or had tried his hardest to.
It was simply laughable, as it turned out. But, reader, whether man or woman – or boy or girl – just have a try at climbing up a rope \for thirty feet/ and see how how you get on! The fact is, as a youth, I made it a practice to climb anything and everything whenever I got the chance. That was what saved me. Once thing I noted. In going down the well, the bucket I was in kept twisting around, and I lost all sense of direction until I reached the surface again. A few days after this, we had to cut the rope just above the bucket, as it had frayed out badly, and had become unsafe. That had escaped our notice at the time.
23. – A STOCKRIDER'S MILE.
A Stockman's Mile. – A Bush Mile is got at in the following way: – A stockman gets on horseback, fills his inevitable pipe full of tobacco, lights it, then sets his spurred heels to work, and gallops and smokes as hard as possible When the pipe is empty, he reins up. The distance between

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the two points is a mile – a Stockman's mile! And his miles are long ones!
I stand upon the hills around Mount Sunderland – the most elevated tableland in South Australia, at the southern end of the Ooraparinna Run. With keen eyesight, away on the Northern horizon, as far as the eye can reach, I see a rough, jagged range, tiny and minute – In that range, one jagged tooth stands five hundred feet higher than the other peaks. It is named Pattawarta, and is away beyond the Ooraparinna Run, the Angorigina Run, the Blinman, and is on the Moolooloo Run. All that real distance away was a Bushman's thirty miles! A new chum would call it Sixty and then think he had understated it.

The real distance is as follows:-

From Appieallana hills to Ooraparinna	= 4 miles
From Ooraparinna Head Station to Angorigina	= 26 miles
From Ango. to Pattawarta Hill	= 12 miles
Total	= 42 miles.

One day, whilst out hunting, I took my friend Mr Lester to gaze upon that scene. He could not see the jaged point at first. At last he got it. I asked him what he gauged the distance to be. He answered, Sixty or seventy miles, When I told him that Bushmen called it thirty, he was amazed. Pattawarta is over three thousand feet above sea level

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24. CLIMBING UP WATER-PIPES.

Climbing Waterpipes on Buildings. – As showing my ability to climb at the age of fifteen, I must relate an amusing thing that happened to me in the city of "Adelaide, a year or two before the episode of the hat in the Deep Well.

At two a.m. one morning I was taking 'copy' from one daily newspaper to the other, the Register and the Advertiser then being both domiciled in Grenfell street. Having finished my errand, I was returning to the Register Office. There was a one-storey warehouse adjoining it, with a rainwater pipe running down from the parapet to the footpath.. By way of practice, I grasped this, climbed up to the roof, and slid down again to terra firma

Suddenly, there was a noise of running feet! Looking around, I was startled to see a policeman rushing across the street to what he supposed to be a burglar in flagrante delicto. Hardly knowing what to do, boy-like (I was about thirteen years of age), I reclimbed the waterpipe scrambled over the parapet on to the galvanized-iron roof of the building, which was arched, walked along to the back part of it, and from there got to the outside staircase of the Register office composing and editorial rooms, which

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were on the upper storey, leaving the Bobby in the street, anxiously awaiting my return! Perhaps the poor fellow is waiting there yet! who knows?

Now, such a climb as that was very easy to me then; and, as it happened, this accomplishment enabled me to at least escape a ducking at a later date, as I have shown in No. 22.

25. – A BOTTOMLESS BUCKET.

Bottom Knocked out of a Sixty-gallon Bucket. – Paratoo Run, 1864. – While engaged in drawing water with the big buckets at the Deep Well one day, the rope, somehow, got entangled around the drum of the whim. The rope was very thick and heavy, but old, and it had been tarred to assist in its preservation – It was really three cables twisted into one. It was what ropemakers term a six-inch rope, although it was some inches in diameter. Taking a long pole, I, after considerable exertion, got the rope loose. Down went this sixty-gallon bucket with a tremendous flop into the water one hundred and twenty feet below, with of course the rope attached. But, hold hard! The real fall was only thirty feet! Only, you say! Yes, that was all. I had a misgiving that something

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was wrong. Upon starting to pull up, the whim ran easily. There was no strain. That looked ominous! We turned the horse around, put the bucket under water once more. Still the same. No strain. So we brought it to the top – The bottom was gone! – knocked out by its sudden flop into the water. I took the Countess, rode into Paratoo five miles away, and told the Great Peter, who, for a miracle, said not a word, but sent out a new bucket. A cooper was engaged there permanently to look after buckets.

26. – DEEP WELL. – THE GREAT ROPE BREAKS.

Deep Well, Paratoo Run. The bottomless bucket having been replaced by a sound one, all went merrily for a while. Then another mishap occurred, and this time through no fault of ours. 'X' was driving, while I landed the buckets. I had emptied several, and had just thrown one over the well. Watching the rope take the strain – which was seven hundred pound weight one. – I noticed a strand fly out at the landing-place. I shouted, 'Stop!' The Countess stopped instantly. Calling 'X', we examined the fracture, and found that one of the three cables, or strands, was parting. Putting the Countess's shoulder to the collar gently, we endeavoured to

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draw the bucket to the surface, as, if we could get the fractured part around the drum of the whim, this might be accomplished. But we found this impossible. The strand flew out worse. So we left it, and I once more rode to the station with the news. The Great Peter, going to the well, could see that no one was to blame, and that we had acted wisely by not pulling the rope entirely through. The rope was old and rotten. It was replaced by a much smaller manilla of great strength – a beauty!

27. – A CATASTROPHE AT THE DEEP WELL.

The Falling in of the Deep Well, Paratoo Run. – 1864. – There was still another surprise for the manager of Paratoo. The water drawn from this well was always of a creamy color, showing that it contained much matter in suspension. Where could this solid matter come from but from around the timbers of the well? As I have mentioned, the soakage below the one-hundred-and-twenty-feet level was so strong that we were never able to fork the well. But a very natural thing occurred. The water having dissolved all the ground around the timbers below water level, the timbers could not stand up. So, of course, they fell in – and to a height of fifty feet! These timbers

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were the trunks of native pine trees which were once so plentiful everywhere. No water at all could be drawn, and once more the manager was sent for. He arrived on the scene, – a cynical being! He would not believe the well had fallen in. He would see what was wrong! He valiantly planted one leg in a bucket, and gave the order to descend. He was not down far before a violent agitation of the rope showed that he wanted to get to the top again, and pretty quickly, too! He was pulled up. Arriving at the surface, he was seen to be as white as the proverbial ghost. He said the whole well had fallen in. After-investigation by two intrepid Cornish miners showed that fifty feet of the sides from the bottom upwards, had collapsed, and all was utter chaos below.

The two Cousin Jacks set to work to put the well in order. The first thing they did was to secure the top one hundred feet of timbering by an iron chain, which so bound the whole together that no part could fall without the whole lot collapsing, telescopic fashion, downwards. They then proceeded cautiously to fish out all the loose pines in the great cavity that had formed beneath the chain.

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28. FIXING UP THE DEEP WELL.
Paratoo – 1864. – Repairing the Deep Well. – The miners who undertook the task of putting the Deep Well in order proceeded cautiously, pluckily, and with great skill. Timbers, water, and slush made a fine mess down below! In the end, the well was made as sound as ever. The great cavity was filled with logs, and the shaft retimbered to the very bottom.
To allow of this to be done, the well had to be kept empty, and that was a great job, which fell to me. and my mate Goldie, the gentleman's son.
This time 'X' had the day shift, hauling the slush to the surface for the miners. His buckets held thirty gallons only; and he also had the slanckist horse – viz; 'The Countess'. On the other hand, I had the worst of it, having the night shift, working all night long, from dark till daylight, with two sixty-gallon buckets, and a black horse that was lean and unreliable. I had to keep the well 'forked' at all costs, A very mild man was my mate Goldie! – always gentle and soft speaking, but never a toady. 'X' was exactly the opposite. Of course, Goldie and I had the longest hours. I might say here, that at first, instead of going to bed

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after my night's work, I used to start off kangaroo-hunting during the day. But at last I became so sleepy at night that if I lay my head down anywhere, I went off to sleep instantly.
In the first part of the night, the water gained on us. Towards midnight we threw live coals down the well to see if the bucket was visible at the bottom. For these events happened in the depth of winter, and we always had a fire to warm us. If we saw the bucket, we knew we had the water under control. If not, we had to keep the horse going hard till the bucket became visible, or arrived at the surface only partially filled.
On one occasion I lay with my head over the deep shaft watching the red-hot coals go down. In the next instant I was sound asleep tin that delectable position! Goldie pulled me away by the legs. After that, took some sleep in the daytime, and thus was able to keep awake during the night. We always managed to fork the well by morning. Thus the miners could not complain of negligence on our part.
29 – A ROW OVER THE HORSEFEED.
The Deep Well. Alas! the season was a dry one. There was hardly any feed for our horses. Bran was sent out from the

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Station, but very meagerly, for it was scarce. My horse was jibbing through weakness, and it was of the utmost importance that I should keep the well forked, for if the water rose, the miners could not work, and also a collapse of the timbers might occur. 'X's' horse – the Countess – was rolling fat; mine as lean as a goat, although hobbled out all day. 'X' was feeding his at the expense of mine. He took to hiding a portion of the bran. At last he hid it altogether, leaving me none.
This was too much! I had my duty to do, and do it I would. Before hiding the remainder of the bran, 'X' said to me one day, 'Oh, Christy Wade was out here to-day, and he said you were not to give your horse any more bran. It is to be kept for the Countess, as she is hauling the mullock for the miners, and if she knocks up they can't get on with their work.'

I gave him one look which made him hump his back. That was the only answer he received from me, and it was then that he thought it time to hide the bran. I knew that the Overseer had not been out to the well for some days. But, to make doubly sure, I went along both the horse track and the dray track, and of course found no fresh horseprints. I knew enough of tracking to distinguish fresh tracks from old. And, moreover, the overseer –

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Christy Wade – was a just man, and a sensible one withal. So I knew that, even if he had been out there that day – which he had not – he would not have given any such foolish order. My horse was really of more importance than the day horse, for mine kept the well forked. So I bided my time!
Towards evening I went out tracking my horse which was hobbled out in the scrub. Bringing him to the hut, I went up to 'X' and said, in a quiet, even tone, 'X', where's that horsefeed!'
He and the Cousin Jacks were having their tea, and the two latter looked up in surprise. But I intended surprising them a bit more before I had finished with them. I had always been a mild-mannered and obliging youth, generally sacrificing myself for others – taking after my mothers gentle disposition in that respect. But I had my father's intense determination hidden away beneath it, and this came to the surface when I was rubbed down the wrong way
'X' replied hastily and nervously with the same old stereotyped lie.
I said once more, 'where's that feed?' and I pressed up to him, with my fists clenched, but hanging by my side ready. He started his rigmarole again. But I cut him short with 'Hand out that feed!'

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He moved back as I advanced. I did not condescend to contradict his palpable falsehood. As I advanced towards him, with the set determination of giving him a sound punching unless he hauled out the horsefeed, the more excitable of the two sturdy little Cornishmen jumped up and rushed over to me.
Placing his clenched fist about six inches in front of my nose, and shaking it violently in my face, he said, while almost choking with rage, 'If you touch that horsefeed, I'll smash you!'
That raised the very Cain in me. I was my old father over again, and I was ready to take every man Jack of them. But I took no notice of him or his fist. I treated him like I would an insect, and looking beyond him at 'X', who was sheltering behind him, once more commanded him to 'hand over that horsefeed!'
Then, brushing past the Cornishman and his fist – the little cur! – I went for 'X'. Goldie was there, but said not a word. He took sides with no one. I didn't want his help. I was going to see the thing through on my own, although only sixteen years of age, and opposed by two sturdy little miners and a slippery youth of eighteen. Though young, I was no weakling. I had always practiced gymnastics, and could easily

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carry a two-hundred bag of flour in my arms. I could also lift a fifty-six lb. weight over my head with one hand – [my father could lift two, one in each hand]. Therefore that little Cornishman stood a very fair chance of having a surprise sprung upon him if he had touched me.
Somehow, my cool, deliberate manner nonplussed them, for upon my making a bee-line for 'X', past the Cornishman's contemptible fist, he immediately fled to his bed, and pulled out the bran!

The Cornishman dropped his fist, and went and sat down again. Then, calmly and deliberately, before them all, I heaped up a double allowance of bran for my horse!
And the two little Cornishmen only scowled – for I had omitted to say that the other Cousin Jack had also threatened me. Thus they found that they had a green and unsophisticated English boy to deal with, for both my father and my mother were English. A strong characteristic of the English race is fairness and justice to all.
This little episode also brings out the fact that when English people are in the right, the more determined they become when unjustly opposed or attacked. Of this Rudyard Kipling was well aware, as the quotation in the following article will show.

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30. – 'WHEN THE ENGLISH GROW POLITE.' –
There is Danger in the Air when the English Grow Polite'- By Rudyard Kipling. ----

'I have watched them in their tantrums, all that Pentecostal crew –
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and Greek, and Russ and Jew,
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white.
But it never really mattered till the English grew polite!

Till the men with polished toppers, till the men in long frock coats,
Till the men that do not duel, till the men who fight with votes,
Till the breed that take their pleasures, as St. Lawrence took his grid,
Begin to 'Beg your pardon' – and the knowing croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls that brought the beer,
Felt the physiologic moment, left the lit Casino clear;
But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the Gaul,
Was entrapped once more, my country, by the suave, deceptive drawl. – – –

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So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot went too far, -
'Let them have it!' And they had it, and the same was serious war
Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamps and beer-mugs, chair and boot.

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs –
The pitfall of the stranger, but the bulwark of thy sons –
Measured speech, and ordered action, sluggish soul, and unperturbed, -
Till we wake our Island Devil, nowise cool for being curbed. – – –

Build on the flanks of Etna when the sullen smoke-puffs float;
Bathe in the tropic waters, where the lean fin dogs the boat;
Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite;
But, oh, beware my country when my country grows polite'. – – –

St Lawrence – Roasted slowly to death on a gridiron.
Lean fin dogs the boat – shark showing its fin on the surface.

Thus the Bran incident ended. I gave my horse a big allowance after that till the bran was exhausted. My mate, Goldie, told me that night, that although he did not like to interfere, he knew I was quite right.
We all occupied this same little one-roomed slab hut with its shingle roof, a doorway without a door, and a window-opening

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without a window. My reader may guess the mix-up when we two night-workers tried to sleep in the daytime when the day-workers came in to do their cooking and have their meals. There was only one bunk, and we two slept on the earthen floor.
31. – THE EAGLES – PARATOO.
The Eagles, Paratoo. – Singular 'Justice'. – un-English. – The well being finished, and there being no more work to do, I was on the point of leaving Paratoo for the second time.
I could see the Bush life was no good to me.
It was at this time that I had the two young eagles at The – Hut – by – the – Scrub. The smaller one had just died – So, taking my swag, and the head of the dead bird with me in order to get the standing reward of half-a-crown for it, I said farewell to the old hut and its occupants, and tramped the five miles to Paratoo Head Station.
The Great Peter met me at the Store, and wrote out my cheque [by the way, since that time – it is now 1932 – that was 1864 – I have written out cheques myself to the value of a good many tens of thousands of pounds sterling.] He deducted seven shillings and sixpence from my dues, saying that I

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had purchased stores to that amount. This was my second advent to Paratoo, and I had not purchased a single article there. The hat mentioned I had settled for on the first occasion. I told him so. He rudely and curtly asserted that I had had the things, and refused to investigate the matter, although I told him I believed that a certain other person had bought some things for himself, and told the storekeeper they were for me. He refused absolutely to make any enquiries.
Then, burning with indignation, I brought out the eagle's head and requested the usual payment of half-a-crown for it, He refused absolutely to make any enquiries. Then, burning with indignation, I brought out the eagle's head and requested the usual payment of half-a-crown for it. He refused point blank, but said he would give me that sum for the live eagle that I had at the Deep-Well hut. I looked at him in amazement! I had never come across such a remarkable individual as he – and I was much interested. Then, boy-like – I was only sixteen, as I have said – I just as rudely (for rudeness begets retaliation) I told him I would go back and kill the bird before he should have it! So I spent half-a-crown in sweet revenge!
It was quite an unexpected shot from a humble boy, and seemed to startle him for the nonce. Then we parted, never to encounter each other again, I am happy to say! Did I go back and kill that bird? Oh, No! I was too tender-hearted. Why should the bird suffer on his account?

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I started in that direction – which was west – in order to give him the impression that I was vicious enough to carry out my threat, but, when out of sight, made a detour southwards.

I surmise that that fine bird afterwards adorned my good friend, Sir Thomas Elder's collection of native fauna at Birksgate, Glen Osmond. At anyrate the Great Peter saved two and sixpence – twa and saxpence! – whilst I lost it –
Had I let that bird loose, it would probably have died, as it had been caged ever since I had taken it from its nest in the sandalwood tree. I hear some one say it was cruel to keep it caged. Just so! And it is cruel to eat meat! Do you eat meat? Nature is the cruellest of all. The population of the world is kept down by one animal preying upon another. That eagle would, in its wild state, have torn many bush wallaby to shreds, by the beak and talons evolved for that purpose by Nature. So there you are, ye gentle ones! Where is your God of Love now?
32. – ANTECEDENTS.
Antecedents. – I am not a quarrelsome individual, or a fighting one. My paternal grandfather was a powerful, active man, and a fighter if the necessity arose. He kept

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an inn at Cambridgeshire, England, in the early part of 1800 – that is, the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, – and had wagon teams travelling between Cambridge and London, a distance of fifty-two miles, in the days before railways were in vogue. He also had a farm. He was a man of great determination. In stature he was not quite six feet tall, of powerful but active build, and straight as an arrow. He wore the usual light-fitting knee-breeches then in fashion. Standing before the fire, my father told me he had often noticed how perfectly straight and well-proportioned were his limbs. He fought many a battle with his fists in those rough days, and was never beaten. He lived till he was eighty-three years of age, and but for the early decease of his wife would have been a rich man – – – .
My father also learned the noble art of self-defence," and had to make use of it on several occasions – He always spoke of his battles reluctantly, and I had to draw the tales from him bit by bit. When sixteen, he heard a man threaten to fight his father. 'Fight my father!' he said in amazement – 'Fight my father! You'll have to come out and fight me first!' And go out and fight they did. He gave the fellow such a thrashing, that whenever they met afterwards, the man who had been spoiling for a fight invariably went on the other side of the street. – – –
Another time, when in charge

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of one of his father's teams, while staying at a wayside inn, a bully picked a quarrel with him. The bully tried to take him unawares, and sailed down upon him while seated. But my father, being exceedingly active as well as strong, gave him one-two between the eyes, which laid him senseless on the floor. Then the fighting fire and the latent determination in him got the uppermost, and he offered to take any of them who didn't like it – one at a time or all together. No offers! When the man came around, he was like the Soudanese nigger whom Sir Samuel Bake struck in the same spot with his fists when the nigger attacked him with a knife – the nose and both eyes had joined partnership. – – –
I forbear giving any more of his exciting experiences in that line. He never fought except to defend himself. He was well educated when a youth, and was very bitter that his education was not put to better use. I still have two of his schoolbooks – dated 'West Wratting, 12th May, 1830 – 11th Jan. 1831' – and they are a marvel of neat writing and intricate arithmetic, all written with quill pens, which the schoolmaster cut out of goosequills with a penknife. – – –

His brothers – my uncles – were also quiet but determined men. Whilst seated, John Tilbrook was once struck a terrific back-handed blow across the mouth by a surly fellow whom he had caught poaching.

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This seemed to raise Cain in him to such an extent that he went for his assailant, thrashed him within an inch of his life, and left him apparently dead on the ground. He recovered however. This was told me by my uncle, Mr Tom Stalley, who was present and witnessed it all. Mr Stally married my aunt, Ann Tilbrook. – – –
Another brother – Jim – had charge of some duke's estate, and the Prince of Wales – afterwards King Edward V11. – made him a present of five sovereigns every time he went there, which was very often. In an Illustrated London News a picture was given of 'Tilbrook Cottage' where he resided. I think it was at a place called 'Long Bottom'. One night, Jim heard shots. Getting up, he took with him his man Sam and tackled the poachers – for such they were. Approching two men, one of them pointed his gun at Jim and said that if he advanced nearer, he would be shot. But Jim was not to be cowed. He went up to seize the poacher, when the latter fired at point blank range, and half of Jim's face was blown away – 'Sam' then gave the poacher a dose of shot in his seat of understanding as he was making off, which dropped him. 'Sam' then chased the other poacher, who got away, but was afterwards apprehended. 'Sam' came back in time to see the first poacher hobling off on crutches which he had improvised out of tree branches, and

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took him in charge. He was transported for fifteen years. Uncle Jim recovered, and his employer made him a present of Five Hundred Pounds sterling. – – –
Of my mother's family I know little. My mother herself was a very skilful woman. She was a Nunn. My father told me the skilfulness ran in her family. He had seen her brother, William Nunn, fill his pockets with pebbles, and go into a paddock where a vicious bull grazed. When the bull made for him, he stood his ground and hit the animal wherever he chose with the pebbles, until the bull had enough of it and cleared off. I have learnt that many of the Nunn family are rich, and that there is one in Australia – either Melbourne or Sydney – who has an extensive business. My father was an expert shot with the gun, never missing, however difficult the shot. He shot on the wing or at a running target. Rabbits running from bush to bush he shot from the hip. He told me this wrinkle – to always shoot with both eyes open. This showed a double sight on the gun barrel, and I think it was the right hand image he used – but am not quite sure now. But it could easily be tested on a stationary target, Our house at Llangforda (or Llangvorda) on the border of Wales where I was born, was two-storied, of nine rooms, My mother had two servants – one named Ann, and another

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to mind us. I remember that Ann one day climbed the sloe tree, and fell out and broke her arm. A terrace in front of the house overlooked the orchard – There was no verandah on account of the weight of the snow in winter. There was a big dog-kennel or enclosure. When my father entered this, he always took a stout whip in his hand, as, he said, his life would have been endangered otherwise. Mary Roberts, a miller's daughter, used to come and play with us. We loved her! The mill was at the brook below us. The millpond was fed by this rippling brook. Every time the pond was emptied, the miller sent us heaps of fish. I have stood and watched, with dread, the big,

sombre waterwheel revolving with a continuous roar, and listened to the water splashing down. Those sort of things will come again yet – water wheels where running water is abundant, and windmills where water is scarce. My brother George was an obstinate boy. Skating one day on the ice-covered millpond, the girl told him not to go on the blue ice. But that was where he went, with the result that one leg went through the thin ice. The girl got him out somehow In winter we snowballed each other, and thus made ourselves warm. When the bleak north wind blew from the Pole, or the north-east wind from the Continent of Europe, we buried ourselves

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beneath the snow to keep warm. – – –
In the summer we gathered daisies, buttercups, cowslips, and other flowers, and made chains and balls of them. – – –
A pony that we owned was a trickster. He undid the gates, chased the cow into the turnpike road, and then drove her back again. He would pretend to gallop over us in the fields. But we knew him, and did not move. When he got near, he would stop suddenly, then prance about like a little kid. My father was reluctantly persuaded to part with him for the sum of Forty Pounds to some circus people, much to his regret afterwards. – – –
One day, standing at a gate that opened into the woods, I saw a fox pass quite close, in front of me, but it did not see me. Another day I saw a fox that was caught in a trap fixed in a wall that was built around one field, and told father. – – –
It <u>was</u> cold during winter! Sleeping in a bedroom upstairs, I was brought down in my nightie in the mornings and placed in the chilly fireplace till the fire was lit. – – –
Big oak trees were felled for their timber and their bark. While being grubbed, ropes were placed on the topmost branches, and I used to put in a pound or two of my weight in helping to haul them down. Then wooden mallets were set to work hammering the bark, till every particle was stripped off. This was used for tanning purposes. It makes the best leather. – – –

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We had a donkey that we boys used to ride – – –
We often went into the sandstone hills of Wales to get sandstone for mother to clean the knives with. And in those hills we gathered beautiful snowdrops also. – – –
A man named Francis lived near our beautiful brook, and I thought it was strange that it was either a man's or a woman's name – the woman's being spelt Franc<u>e</u>s. – – –
Of our journey to London, through the Black Country, and my being lost in London, I had better leave for another article.
33. – <u>TRACKING A LOST HORSE IN THE DARK</u>.
<u>Night-Tracking a Lost Horse, Arkaba Run</u>. – Hunting one day in August on the western portion of the Arkaba Run, in the Far North, near the base of the great Elder Range, we got back to camp in the Lower Arkaba Creek to find one of our horses missing.
The farmer at Uroonda from whom we hired the pair and wagonette advised us to 'outspan' the animals to prevent their straying. He lent us a pair of 'outspan' hobbles. On one horse we ~~we~~ fixed these long chain hobbles to his off fore and hind fetlocks
What the horse did then was simply to walk away from us in a stern chase! My mate was chasing the horse up, but I called out to him to make a circuit through the scrub on one side,

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while I went on the other. This we did, and headed the horse – or, rather, the mare, for it was of the contrary sex – back to camp. There we put on ordinary ring hobbles, which are the best always and in all circumstances and places, as they can be shortened or lengthened as required.
On the morning of this particular day, L. had taken the rope off the dark mare, which was unshod – (this is important to notice, as the sequel will show) – and placed this said rope on the grey's neck, tethering her near the camp, leaving the hobbles on the dark mare, and turning her loose to graze, not thinking she would leave her mate. He also left the bell on the tethered horse, as I found out to my sorrow afterwards!
When we returned late in the evening, Darkie was gone! I hurried off at once to pick up the tracks. It was five o'clock. We did not wait for tea. I started without my coat, although it was very cold, and I was suffering from a bad attack of pollen – influenza. L. suggested that we should wait till morning. I said, On no account, as we might have a seventy-mile journey then. And I called to mind the Arkaba-to Port Augusta teamsters!
Starting, I tracked the mare into a deep rocky creek. L. simply followed me. He, not having had any Bush experience, did not profess to be able to track. It became dark. I had a box of wax vestas. With these I followed the tracks. To add

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variety to the proceedings, I, between whiles, tumbled over big rocks and down small precipices. But little things of that kind never hurt me much; I always fall on my feet. L. kept to the rear all the time. Out of the creek, the track went to the left bank, where the walking was much easier. After going some miles like this, the mare's tracks went on to an old pad. Then I knew the general direction the animal was taking! She was making for home and mother! So I was now more sparing with my matches.
Upon lighting up again, I found her unshod tracks mixed with cattle footprints. This was strange! It was not a cattle run, and we had seen no cattle in our travels up to that date, except a few stray head twenty miles back. But this was evidently a mob, and a big one, too! What did it mean? Darkie being unshod, it was not easy by the light of a flickering wax vesta, with the wind blustering and blowing hard, to pick out her print from among the scores of cattle prints. I concluded they must be travelling cattle. My last match gave out, so I followed the old trail in the pitch blackness of the night, walking hard all the while. The trail in this instance consisted of an old track at that time seldom used, and almost overgrown. My eyes became so accustomed to the darkness, that I had no difficulty whatever in following it,

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for I was on foot. On horseback it is best to trust to one's horse, the rider being too high above the ground to follow an old trail well. It became colder as the night advanced, and I was in my shirt sleeves. I missed my coat, and the cough kept me busy. My mate was urging me to give up the quest; but I was thinking of those Port Augusta teamsters!
After tracking for two hours – say at seven p.m. – we heard a bell ahead in the distance. Our horse had no bell! The bell was on the tethered horse in camp! 'That's the stockmen's horses!' I said, joyfully, 'and our horse will be running amongst them!' But no man knows beforehand what a mare ore a woman will do! Going along for a considerable time, we caught the glimmer of a camp fire.

With regard to bells, how distinct and clear horsebells sound in the Bush on cold, dark nights! No one can judge their distance away. A bullock-bell is different. Its tin-kettly notes do not penetrate far; it sounds as if it had a cold in its throat. Thus when dull rattle of the [un]musical instrument is heard, we know its bearer cannot be far away. With a horsebell the tintinabulation comes to one's ears from afar in those desert regions.
In a short time we were at the camp fire, and found it to be a camp of six stockmen, and one Blackfellow, with

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a cook and sixteen horses. The men had with them two hundred head of cattle. So my job had been to pick out an unshod horse's track from amongst those of two hundred beasts – and with wax matches, too!
Well, I can say, like the New Zealander who 'won' the German-made war of 1914-18, 'I done it!'
The cattle came from two stations on the Queensland Border – viz-, Tinga Tingana and Monté Collina. They were to be trucked at Hawker for Adelaide. I remember they fetched Four Pounds sterling a head.
Calling out to the men in camp, I asked if they had seen a horse in hobbles – 'Yes, at sundown, going up the track at full gallop!' This was lively for us! At sundown! They asked us to have some tea. I was famishing for a drink. The influenza fever had a strong hold of me; but I replied, 'Yes, when we have caught our horse.'
So off we went again. In another mile we got up to the main body of the hobbled-out stockhorses. We went up to each one in the darkness and limned them against the skyline to see if its outline would show it to be our horse. No such luck! It was so dark that it was a difficult matter to decide, and some of the animals were startled at our sudden

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appearance. After carefully scanning the outline of each, stooping low the while, we were forced to the conclusion that our discontented, homesick wanderer was not amongst them
Off again! and still southward. Tramping along for another mile, we were brought up standing against a corner of that immense paddock – for in a paddock we had been all the time. How big it was only the Arkaba people could say. Later on we traversed it ten to fifteen miles north and ten miles west, but saw no fence. The eastern and southern fences were all we encounted, and our horse was in the angle where these two joined. She had her head over the hurdle gate. The gate was shut.! It is a crime in the North to leave a gate open. Had that gate been left open, we would have had a seventy-mile journey for our cheval.
To our intense relief, however, Darkie was there, and we quickly secured her and started back for the drovers' camp. Arrived there, we were right royally treated by those big-hearted Bushmen. Mr Warren was in charge. We two horse-trackers soon had a pannican of tea each in our hands. My mate wanted to know where the spoon was. I did not look for a spoon, but cut a stick from a bush and stirred my tea with it, holding it meanwhile in a bucket of water to cool. Then I drank my

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pint almost at a gulp. My mate told the men that he would like a piece of real Bush damper. He got it, but I fancy he did not appreciate it much. That wasn't right! Because what could be nicer than a two-inch-thick slab of solid damper made of flour, water, and salt? These good-hearted

fellows asked if we would like some apricot jam. I promptly said, 'No!' I did not intend to deprive them of that luxury, which they seldom, if ever, got. My mate, not knowing this, indulged in it. I was sorry.
Having had a refreshing drink and an interesting chat with the stockriders, we started campwards. Upon getting away from their big blazing fire – for Bushmen love warmth in the cold, biting nights – the firmament all around seemed as black as the so-called nether regions. My mate did know in direction lay our tent. But I knew, and that was enough. I picked up the track, followed it down – for we were now descending, our camp being in the Lower Arkaba Creek, about seven miles below the Arkaba Head station, a range of hills and rough country intervening between the two.
We arrived at our tent at ten-thirty o'clock, after a jaunt of five and a half hours. Our other horse was safe. The distance we travelled on this night-tracking – if at two miles an hour, would be twelve and a half miles, allowing for half an hour at the stockmans' camp. One of the stockriders told us there were plenty of 'puppy-dogs' about the hills. That was his way of referring to wild dogs.

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34 – A TRAMP IN THE MURRAY SCRUB.
A Tramp from Mannum into the Murray Scrub. – In the winter of 1875 – or 6, I, in company with my cousin, Mr Josh Tilbrook, took the coach from Clare to Adelaide. This was in June. The rainfall that month was phenominal. We were almost rained out of the coach on the way to Farrell's Flat, and after getting into the train were in reality flooded out of one of the then open-sided third class carriages, and had to take refuge in a second and first.
Our intention was to make a journey to Mannum, on the River Murray, to inspect land just thrown open for selection. In Adelaide, next day, we took the Mount Pleasant coach, and found, on coming to the junction of the Mannum road, that we had made a false start, as no coach went to the river that day. There was nothing for it but to continue the journey to Mount Pleasant – a total distance of thirty-six miles.
Staying at the hotel, and dining off turkey and other good things, we spent a day there. The township was small, but the surroundings were pleasant, looking like a scene in England, with the noble trees, the grass, the herbage, and the running water.
Having my father's muzzle-loading, single-barrelled gun with me, we went out shooting. Loading up with a big charge of powder and a heavy wire shot-cartridge, I targeted it

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upon a large gum tree one hundred yards away. The effective range of a shot-gun is forty yards. Upon pulling the trigger, there was a deafening explosion, and I did not know whether my head was blown off or not. I could see nothing but blinding smoke, and the gun nearly flew away from me. Examining the weapon to see what had happened, I found I had overloaded it – I had used diamond grain, a quick-ignition powder – and had it not been a first-class gun, it would have burst. It stood at full cock just as if it had never been fired. That gave an indication of the immense pressure exerted internally, for the nipple-hole was very small; and the power required to force the hammer back through that \tiny/ perforation must have been terrific. I was fortunate to escape injury. I saw a pellet or two in the tree, and they had hit very hard even at that distance. We did not get sport of any consequence, the place being too settled.

Next day we took the coach back towards Adelaide, and upon reaching the junction got on board the Palmer coach; thence we went on to Mannum that night. From the top of the Mount Pleasant range there is a down grade of quite ten miles. Upon arrival at Palmer it was dark, but we travelled another ten miles through the Murray Scrub before reaching the river town.
There being some steamers newly arrived at Mannum, the hotel we stayed at was crowded, and a great business was done.

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By next day, the boats and all hands had disappeared, leaving the place dull as usual.
Mannum is situated on the west bank of the Murray, below the high cliffs. The hotel was at the foot of the bank, but our bedroom was on the cliff itself. From there, in the morning, we obtained a good view of the swamp land on the other side of the river. The reaches and swamps extended for miles. The wild fowl were so numerous that, when on the wing, and when splashing in the water, the noise they made was like that of a dozen paddle steamers going at full speed.
At eight a.m. we commenced our journey on foot. The first thing we had to find was a surveyor's peg, five miles from Mannum, in a North-North-Westerly direction. Taking out my pocket compass, bought for this occasion, I made careful observation in that direction, and at about the distance mentioned noted a hill with certain trees upon it. Then, putting away the compass, we made a start.
Going down into deep valleys with precipitous sides, we soon lost sight of the hill. But as I had registered it, that did not matter. In another mile, our landmark came into view again.
We found the soil of the surrounding country very light and sandy, and although twelve inches of rain had been

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recorded on the western side of the ranges within a month, the fall here had been slight – so slight indeed that we saw hardly any surface water about. The ground was undulating and timbered. Our hill came into view every now and again and finally we arrived at its base. Looking about for the surveyor's peg that we had been aiming for, we found that we had struck it exactly to a hair. There it was at our feet, with its trench mark!
Now commenced our exploratory work. We had come in order to see what the land was like. Just around there we found it to be nearly all pure sand for soil The trees varied a little, In some places there were forests of splendid pines – the Cyprus pine of Australia – with their tall, straight stems and pleasing foliage, making the place look most beautiful. Then the scene changed, and the pines gave place to thick mallee as large as any I had seen in the Far North.
We walked in a northerly direction for many miles – for many hours – in the hope of finding good land. There was none! It was still the same – pines and pure sand; then large mallee and pure sand. No feed of any description. At times we came upon a pool of rainwater in a slight hollow, showing that it had rained. We went down upon our hands and knees and had a drink ϖ Once, while drinking from a small pool, I saw in the water a long, thin worm just under my nose. It suddenly disappeared while I was quenching

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my thirst. I got up quickly, with the uneasy feeling that I had swallowed it; but it must have disappeared in the mud.

By and by we came to a romantic watercourse. I found out afterwards that it was named Baker's Creek. It had deep, valley-like sides, with clean sand and clean rocks, surrounded by the unending mallee and pines. On the slope of the further bank we saw a shepherd's hut. We crossed over and went inside. Provisions were there in plenty. These we left intact. The shepherd was absent, and no sheep were visible.
By this time I think we were past the northern boundary of the Hundred of Finniss. We had not seen a fence or track. It was getting late in the afternoon. We had walked hard all day. So we turned into a track that we discovered just there. It was going westward, which would just suit us, as we intended to try and reach Palmer that night. Soon darkness came on, and kangaroos were hopping about in the faint moonlight, for we were now out of the desert country and among gum trees. We did not get a shot at the 'roos. We followed the track for many miles. The soil was much better.
We had got much to the north of Palmer, and were hoping this westerly track would keep on bearing to the left, which it did. A young moon lighted us on our way a bit. The gums showed us we were nearing the ranges. By this

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time we were exceedingly tired and thirsty. My mate had an unsuccessful shot at a kangaroo. Directly afterwards we come upon a clearing. Beyond a high stockade was a house. Not being able to find an opening, I climbed over the top of the logs, gun on shoulder, and knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and nearly fell down with fright when she saw a man standing there with a gun. Before she could close it, I asked how far it was to Palmer. She said, 'Five miles!' then slammed the door in my face and bolted it. Those frightened shemales! Just as if any man would hurt them! And I was thirsty, too! It served me right for taking the gun with me. But I never expected to find a woman there. I clambered back to my mate with the good news that we had only five miles to go. We were heartened up. It was good, too, to know that we were on the right track.
We tramped on for another five miles. No sign of Palmer! After a while we came to a fire at some settler's place. Again we asked the distance to Palmer 'Five miles!' was the answer we received. Our disgust may be imagined. But this time we obtained a drink of the beverage that is so much appreciated by thirsty travellers – a pannican each of good bohea – Off again! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys were marching. And march we did for another five miles. By this time we were going

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southward. Lights gradually came into view, and just before eleven p.m. we marched into the little village of Palmer from the North. We started north, it will be remembered from Mannum. We had been afoot, walking fairly hard, most of the time, from eight a.m. to eleven p.m. – or fifteen hours.
Supposing we rested two hours – which we did not – and kept up a rate of three miles an hour for the rest of the time, then the distance travelled would be thirty-nine miles. My mate reckoned that we did four miles an hour; but I know that we did not do that.
At Palmer at that time there were two public-houses, built on exactly the same plan, as I had noted on going through per coach the previous evening. They were placed opposite each other – one on each side of the main street. We made direct for the southern one, and immediately disposed of two bottles of lemonade each. We were desperately thirsty! Then we had something

to eat. Upon enquiring about a bed, we learned that the coach started for Adelaide at three o'clock in the morning, or just four hours from that time. So we decided it was useless going to bed. The coach was in the yard. It was just a matchbox stuck up on end with four wheels under it. Anyhow, we took possession. Josh being a six-footer had to fold his legs into kinks in order to lie down.

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I was more fortunate; one kink in my legs did for me. It was midwinter and very cold. Having nothing to cover us, we got very little sleep: ~~Besides~~, We were tired to death, but even with the help of partial exhaustion, the frost beat us and kept us awake. I must have dozed off, however, for when I awoke, the coach was rolling along the road in the dark. There being an uphill stretch of ten miles, the pace was slow.
At the junction on top to the range above Gumeracha, we met the Mount Pleasant coach for Adelaide and got inside it. It was daylight then. This vehicle had been newly done up, and the smell of the fresh paint, in my partially-knocked-out condition, made me feel very sick. This was awkward! as it was packed with passengers – with no seats vacant outside. I felt deadly! I had just pulled open the waterproof-curtained side to heave up – like we do aboard ship! – when the inrush of cold air revived me, and I was saved. Amongst the passengers was a young lady of fine development and figure who was a sufferer from rheumatism. Her wrists were swollen to an abnormal size. And this poor girl had been so ill advised as to go to Gumeracha – one of the wettest and coldest spots – to seek a cure!
Concerning the land we went to investigate, we came to the conclusion that it would be midsummer madness to select any of it. So we left it alone.

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35. – A MAD RUSH THROUGH A N.Z. SCRUB.
West Coast of New Zealand. – In the year 1866, when I was young and able I had a curious mad scamper through an entanglement of vegetation in a marshy spot on the West Coast of New Zealand. I had a tent-companion named Harry H. ---- son. I had picked him up on board ship after my mate had given me the slip and deserted me at Nelson. He was an Adelaide man out on his adventures, his brother being in a big business in that city. Before landing at Hokitika, H, and I agreed to go together. I had a few pounds in cash and a tent. He had nothing but the clothes he stood up in and his blankets. But upon getting to Greymouth he took a job as cook at a leading hotel – Morehouse's – but lost his job later on. So I took him into my tent again. I was earning big money at the Grey River Argus office. I also kept him, gratis, until I got him a job in the newspaper office as 'Printer's Devil' – i.e. roller boy – at Three Pounds per week. I was by this time in my seventeenth year; he eight or ten years older. He was a Scotchman, and had a good conceit of himself – a good trait, too!
One day, in going through a dense thicket, which surrounded my tent outside Greymouth – then not long settled,

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and the surroundings unexplored – I discovered a freshwater creek, being a branch from a most beautiful lagoon. It was not more than one-third of a mile away. H. being Scotch and releegious, naturally did his washing on the Sawbath, Telling him of my discovery, he said he would do his

washing there. Accordingly, next Sunday he packed his clothes, and with my big, shallow \tin/ prospecting dish to wash them in, started off, I acting as guide.
I took him straight to the creek – that is, as straight as the thick scrub of slim sticks, entwining supplejack, creepers, bracken ferns, fern trees, and thick undergrowth would permit. We had to go on our hands and knees to get through the entanglement of supplejacks. Harry growled continuously. Said he would never have come had he known the way was so long. He kept this up to such an extent, that my gorge began to rise, and I resolved to teach him a lesson. We soon arrived at the creek and lagoon.
They were lovely in the extreme, the low trees nestling into the clear, calm bosom of the lagoon, while the banks of the creek were clear of scrub for a width of up to six feet, making it a very delightful spot indeed. No boat had ever been on those waters, which were very extensive.
Having finished his washing, H was ready for a start homewards. Now was my time! I said to him:

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'Look here, Harry, you have been grumbling at me for not taking you straight to the water. I am going to let you take me a shorter way back. So just make a start and I will follow you.' 'Alright!' says Harry, quite valiantly 'I'll show you a shorter way home than the way you came.' 'That's just what I want,' I replied.
Throwing his wet wash across his shoulders, he actually stooped down and half filled the broad, shallow prospecting dish with clean, fresh water, and got ready for a start. I asked him what he was going to do with the water. 'Take it to the tent, of course!' he replied. I smiled loudly! He had a puzzled look on his face, too. He could not make me out. He hadn't any doubt as to his ability to march straight to the tent. But with the load of water in the shallow dish! Through that creeper-entangled undergrowth and thick scrub! The idea was so absurd, that being unfortunately endowed with a keen English sense of humor, laugh outright I had to, while he stared at me, the picture of injured innocence. The fact is, I had an analytical head; he was deficient there. We are all born with different faculties. He could beat me hollow in some things, no doubt. Cooking would be one of them, for he could take a billet as chef at an hotel, while I could not.

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Well, I anxiously watched to see if he entered the scrub in the right direction. If he entered it just right, he would reach the tent safely. If he entered it a little to the left, he would eventually strike the tent. But if he entered it little to the right of the correct spot, he would be hopelessly lost! So I watched keenly. He started a little to the right! Then I knew he was a goner! The tendency of a lost man is to wander to the right in ever-widening circles. The direction of the tent was to the left of the direction he started in. Therefore I knew he was lost, even at the very start.
As he dived into the maze of vegetation, his foot caught in the supplejacks, and away he went – dish, water, and all! It was comical! I started laughing, and couldn't stop. If I had had the least respect for the man I wouldn't have laughed. But there! Perhaps he had no respect for me either. And that English sense of seeing the comic side of a thing is very awkward sometimes. Poor Harry H. crawled through the tangle, got on his legs, went here, there, and everywhere except in the direction of home. I followed him easily.. As time went on, he veered to the right, and still further to the right, until he had the tent exactly behind him. All the country to the right was totally unexplored, except that surveyors had cut a narrow sighting-track here and there through the jungle and swamps. When Harry got into one of these, he started on a wild

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run, till brought up by a swamp or other obstruction. These 'sighters' were made for the surveyors to get a sight through the scrub in a straight line. They were about eighteen inches wide. When a tree came in the way, it either had to be cut down altogether or have a piece lopped out of its side.
On we went, for the space, maybe, of two hours, through swamps, and through perhaps one of the densest scrubs in the world. Our clothes were getting badly torn, and I doubt whether H's wash was intact. He stuck to his guns, however – more power to him! For I did admire his stubborn pluck. The everlasting doubtful grin never left his face.
Once we came to a sort of clearing. It was more than an acre in extent, rectangular, with nothing on it but growing ferns. I think it probable that it was a Maori's hidden encampment, used by them before the advent of the white man – which happened only two years previously on that Coast. When the Northern Maoris descended upon these natives down the coastline, to murder them and take their women, I have no doubt that this was one of their hiding-places. The hostile Maoris came along the coast from the north, Massacre Bay way. They could come from no other direction, and they never got further south than the Hokitika River. However, that is another story. As H. went along, rushing hither and thither, gradually

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pivoting to the right hand, with the tent now behind us, the trees became higher, the creepers less, and the undergrowth more open. But the butts of the small trees were showing closer together, till at last it was difficult to squeeze through the thickest patches. At length we came to the bank of a beautiful, still stream leading to a calm and placid lagoon with umbrageous surroundings.
Why! here's the creek we started from!' exclaimed Harry, delightedly. 'Do you think so?' I asked. 'Did you see any big trees like those' – pointing across the creek – 'at the other creek?' On the opposite bank were magnificent white pines and kauris. He admitted that he did not think he had. The fact is, we were much further inland than when we started, and the timber was getting large. Near the coast it was dwarfy – rather taller than the South Australian big mallee, with sticks for trunks. Across the creek in front of us the trees were like the Australian gums – tall and stately.
All this time, my 'bump of locality' had stood me in good stead. Had it played me false just then, both of us would have been lost for a time, No matter how we turned and twisted, I always knew in which direction lay the tent. At this particular juncture, H., after looking about for awhile, started off along the right-hand bank of the creek, leading south whilst the tent was due north! The small trees here, also, became almost impenetrable, and

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I saw our clothes would suffer if I allowed this to continue. So I decided to 'follow my leader' no longer.
I said: 'Now look here! I've followed you long enough, and you haven't found the tent yet. If you like to follow me, I will take you back straight home. He submitted, but with a very bad grace. And when he saw me face around and start in the opposite direction from what we had been going, he hung back, I cautioned him that if he continued to act the fool, he might get really lost – and for ever! So he very reluctantly and very slowly followed me.

I struck out straight for home. My tent was then pitched on the N.W. bank of a swamp, with scrub all around except at once side where it had been cleared. In our wanderings we had got to the S.E. of it. Consequently we had to go through the swamp to get home. When at last our tent hove in sight across the water and ooze, H. ejaculated, 'Oh! there's someone's tent!' I said, 'Yes; its's ours.' Still a Doubting Thomas, he contradicted me flatly. He was quite sure that was not our camp! I said, 'You'll see when we get across the swamp. He was so dazed, that not until we were under the canvas – I beg pardon, 'calico' – could he believe the camp was our own. As he saw the familiar things inside, he was at length convinced.
He excused himself by saying that I, being used

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to the Bush, noticed the trees as we passed, the broken bushes, and other little things that he, being brought up in a city, would not notice! Nothing could be more absurd! Bushmen don't bother about little things. I myself always took a comprehensive view of the whole country and made for a general direction on a large scale, and ignored local things. Besides, I was city-bred also. I had had only two years' Bush experience. In the present instance, the comprehensive view was a mental one, as no view was visible from the ground. It was somewhat like a mental sum in trigonometry or plane sailing.
36. – LOSING MY RECKONING IN A N.Z. JUNGLE.
I lose my Reckoning in a New Zealand Jungle – Westland. – 1866. In Westland, New Zealand, while camped on the edge of a dense scrub, interspersed with swamps, on the outskirts of the newly-formed Town of Greymouth, on the Grey River, I required a new ridgepole for my tent. Harry H. was still living under my canvas – again I beg pardon, 'calico'. – The date was some time after the episode of Harry's short cut back to the tent. It was late afternoon. The weather was cold and wintry. I stepped into the scrub, tomahawk in hand, leaving H. at the fire. I may have gone half a mile through the swampy thicket without seeing a stick straight enough for

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my purpose, when I came to a little open glade. In this opening was a huge bunch, seven feet high, of New Zealand flax – phormium tenax of commerce. At its foot was a pool of clear water. Stooping down to cut off a long leaf of the flax for bootlaces, I stood up again to find myself dazed! My knowledge of locality had suddenly vanished. I knew not where I was, from what direction I had come, or where the camp lay. A nice fix for me to be in, with night coming on, in the cold, swampy waste, and without matches! I tried to think out the points of the compass, but could not. I could locate nothing. It was already much too dark to see a track. I stood awhile, and decided that I must do something, so started off.
Pushing my way through the dismal swampy scrub in the dull light, I had not proceeded very far ere I found myself standing at the spot whence I had started! This was too ridiculous! I had often read similar travellers' tales, but had never believed them. But however distasteful it was to my pride, here I was actually doing the same thing! I was to have still further proof of my own fallibility. I could not stay there all night without a fire. So I started off again – with the same result!
Then I thought I had better let off a Bush whistle,

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which is very shrill, and far-reaching, at anyrate in the open air of Australia. Of course everyone knows what that is. it is operated by bringing the tips of the fingers together at the back of the right hand, placing the apex I the mouth, contracting the latter, and blowing with all one's might. I tried it. But I was too far in the jungle of scrub and creepers for it to be heard outside.
Making up my mind to accept the inevitable, and stay there till morning, I knelt down beneath the pool beneath the giant flax bunch to which I had returned the second time, and indulged in a refreshing draught of aqua pura. Upon getting on to my legs again, my brain cleared instantly, and in less than the millionth part of a second I knew where I was! Needless to say, I was relieved.
Everything was now clear to me. The tent was in that direction, my mind pointing to a little east of north. The scrub overhead was too thick for me to see the sky, so the whole process was a mental one. In short, my bump of locality was in working order again. I knew where the camp lay now, and I also knew where I could get a ridgepole; but it was too dark to obtain the latter.
So, by taking my flax leaf, I marched straight back to the tent. H. Looked up, and wanted to know what had kept

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me so long, and why I hadn't brought a ridgepole. Some people want to know too much! Had he been a chummy mate, I would have told him all, and we could have had a good laugh over it. But had I told him, I should never have heard the last of it. So I kept the matter to myself.
This little 'o'er-true tale' shows that none of us should be too bumptious. And it was a nice little quiet lesson for me!
37. DESERTED BY MY MATE IN NELSON, N.Z.
Deserted by my Mate at Toi-Toi Valley. – I Track Him Down – The little happenings recorded in these pages are not placed in chronological order. I mix them up purposely, for variety's sake. This next is an account of 'How my mate Deserted me at Toi-Toi Valley, Nelson, New Zealand." – In February, 1866, while on my voyage to the gold-diggings of the West Coast of New Zealand in the S.S. South Australian, that vessel called at Nelson, on the Middle Island, among other ports. The fruit season was in full swing there, and we had grand feeds of cherries and apricots. We stayed two full days. The boat was to sail one morning before daylight, the tides being so enormously high – fourteen feet – and the channel so narrow, that vessels had to go out with the flow. At low tides, the

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harbor was mud. The night previous to the day named, my mate – A.B. – who had arranged to go with me to the diggings, was absent.
So, early in the morning, I started out, solus, to find him. The whole country was strange to me. The city of Nelson – it was only a village then – lay in a broad, beautiful, fertile valley, with running brooks meandering through it, and surrounded in the mid-distance by bold , high mountains, many of them snow capped.
Thinking B. might have got into trouble by helping himself too freely from the fruit gardens, I first went to the Police Station and stated my errand. I was courteously informed that he was not there. I then asked the officer in charge if he knew a place called Toi-Toi Valley. He said he did not. I thought that strange, as I knew that B. had a brother living in a Valley so named, in the Province of Nelson.

Seeing a deep, long valley in the distance between Mountain ranges, I resolved to go in that direction. So, opening my shoulders for a day's hard walk, off I went, making enquiries on the outskirts of the town. But no one had hear do Toi-Toi Valley. 'Toi-Toi- is the name of a beautiful, feathery tuft grass eight or ten feet high which abounds in New Zealand, and especially among the lagoons

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of the West Coast, as I afterwards found. It would not do to be disheartened too easily, so I tramped onward until I had reached the valley that I had seen, then went up it on a track for several miles without seeing any habitation. The weather was delightful. So I enjoyed the view as much as one can when on a long journey afoot.
Ahead, in the distance, the mountains were many thousands of feet high, with snow on their crests, although it was midsummer. It was now past midday. Still keeping on, I was rewarded early in the afternoon by the sight of a house on the righthandside of the track.
Going up to it, I tapped at the door, which was open. A woman appeared. I enquired if that was Toi-Toi Valley. It was! Could she tell me where Mr B------ lived? Yes; he lived there. Was Mr A.B. in? Yes; did I want to see him? I did – very much!
She called out 'A. -----,' and A. came in suddenly. He looked very sheepish when he caught sight of me.
'Hello! A-----,' I said. 'Don't you know that the steamer sails before daylight in the morning?'
He replied: 'Yes, – but I have decided to remain here, and not go on to the West Coast, as the reports from there are so bad.' And so this miserable fellow had deserted me at

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the last moment! It was impossible for me to get another mate, as the boat sailed direct to Hokitika from Nelson. This was serious news to me. But I kept up a bold front. He had evidently made up his mind to give me the slip on the quiet just before the ship sailed, never dreaming that I would be able to track him down. But he didn't know me! He had never mentioned his brother's name while on the ship, nor at the Port of Nelson. But he had told about him while in the Australian Bush. The name of the Valley was such a peculiar and romantic one, that it had stuck to my memory.
Notwithstanding my own plight, I at once acknowledged that he was free to please himself. 'And now that you have made up your mind to \stay here/ with your brother, A------,' I said, 'You may as well hand me over those three sovereigns of mine which you have on you.' This quite coolly!
Without a word, he pulled the three golden sovereigns out of his pocket and handed them to me. He had evidently forgotten all about that money of mine.
So as not to be hard on him, I then said I would go halves with him. Accordingly I handed him a sovereign and a half sovereign. Heavens! Money was valuable in those days! I worked for twelve months in the Bush for Mr Sims, of Ooraparinna, for Fifty-two Pounds sterling, which even then was

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Thirteen Pounds more than he had agreed to pay me. And this precious thirty shillings must have been a boon to A-----, as it was a loss to me.
I then bid him good-bye. They did not ask me in for a drink of tea or a feed. I had a long, hard walk before me to get back to the ship. So I put a best leg forward. I had gone so far, however,

that it was dark before I got out of The Valley – not out of the shadow, but of the beautiful Toi-Toi grass. The road from there being well defined, I had no trouble in doing the remainder of the journey in the dark.
It was eleven p.m. when, having passed through the town, I arrived at the Nelson Harbor. There was a sailmaker's shop overlooking the harbor on the road which led from the town to the wharf. The shop was two stories high. Finding it closed and in darkness, I hammered at the front door. In response, a window was opened above me, a head thrust out, and a voice demanded, 'Who's there? What do you want?' I answered, 'I belong to a steamer that is sailing in the night for Hokitika, and I want to buy a tent.' 'Alright; I'll come down!' And come down he did, arrayed in a woollen wrapper – or dressing-gown – and with an old-fashioned English nightcap on his head. I purchased a thin eight by six calico tent from

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him for the sum of Thirty Shillings, which left me with very little money to face the West Coast with. Then I went to the steamer, which lay a quarter of a mile further on, and got on board. The only bite of food I had had that day was at breakfast on the ship. I turned into my bunk very tired. When I awoke, I was out on the ocean sailing.
How many miles did I walk that day, from eight a.m. till eleven p.m.? Fifteen hours. Putting my average at three miles an hour, that would be forty-five miles! Now, is that possible? [*in pencil*] No! [*in ink*] Yet I was walking all the time.
Forty-seven years later, this telegram came across the water: – 'A heavy hailstorm and torrential rainfall in the Toi-Toi Valley, near Nelson, to-day [*Nov. 24, 1911*] stripped all the orchards in the district.' Afterwards some earthquakes.
The country I traversed was pleasant & beautiful, but it was summertime then. The Valley was shallow in the lower part, but deeper higher up. On each side, in the distance, arose great ranges, with the Maungatapu Mountains at the head. Going inland was uphill all the way; coming back, the reverse, which eased my return journey wonderfully. I did not meet a single traveller after leaving Nelson. The population of New Zealand itself was then small. In less than a year later, these same

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Maungatapu – final 'u' silent – mountains were the scene of some cold-blooded murders by a gang of West Coast bushrangers, of which I write separately. And this same Nelson was the scene of their planning to assassinate a whole bank staff, and also of their own capture and execution.
38. – CHASING A STRANGE-LOOKING CREATURE. Ooraparinna – At Eventide. – M^{r}. Chas Dawson, his wife Charlotte, their two little children, Miss Mary Clegg (a young girl of fourteen), and myself, were the only persons left on the Head Station of Ooraparinna in the early part of 1865. The station is surrounded by hills, except to the south, all the hills being spinifex-covered. One evening our curiosity was aroused by seeing a strange-looking creature slinking about amongst the porcupine grass. It was dusk, and none of us could make out what it was. We watched for a while. It did not appear to be a man. It was neither emu nor kangaroo. We were all much interested. Being young and active – I was then sixteen – I volunteered to go and investigate. Crouching low, I crept along silently behind a friendly spur, till near the spot where I had seen the mysterious thing. Then, jumping up

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suddenly, I darted towards it. I then saw it was a Blackfellow, in the garb of Nature, but disguised by something thrown over his head and shoulders. He was evidently spying out the station in the dusk of the evening. He was armed with single barbed spear.
Just about this time the male aborigines were raiding the huts pretty freely; and also spearing cattle to the eastward in the gorges of the Bunker Ranges. Whatever his object, he was much startled by my sudden appearance. He threw the unknown thing from his shoulders and made for the ranges at the back. Although the hills were covered with sharp-pointed spinifex, with angular stones between each bush, yet so agile and hardy was he, and leather-footed, that he was on top of the first ridge, three hundred feet high, while I was still at the foot. I tore up to the top only to find that this noble savage had descended the intervening gully and was on top of the next ridge. He was still going rapidly – in the direction of The Devil's Creek.
Seeing I hadn't a Buckley's show of getting near him, I reluctantly returned to the station, and enlightened the inmates as to the mystery. The mysterious thing on the man's head and shoulders was an emu skin, which I brought along with me. We concluded that the Black was one of the hut-raiders, and was reconnoitering the homestead, but for what purpose we

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could not make out. There must have been a camp away to the westward in the rugged ranges. We saw no more of the stranger, and both he and his mates were evidently scared away.
Running up a three-hundred-foot hill seems easy on paper; but let anyone who wishes to do so try it! This I know, when I reached the top, my heart was thumping at a great rate, and I hadn't much breath left. Yet that Black sinner was going just as fast and easily over those rough stone-covered spinifex hills, with bare feet, as a white man could sprint in light shoes on a level plain.
39. DISCOVERY OF A FLOURSACK IN A CAVE. Something White in a Cave – Ooraparinna. – In 1865 the drought in the Far North of South Australia was very severe. White men had to abandon the country. The Black men became bolder and bolder ere the climax came. We had trouble to protect the shepherds from their depredations. An aborigine would enter a shepherd's hut in the absence of its owner, steal the flour, the mutton, and the damper, then depart from the slab habitation backwards, and with a piece of bush in his hand obliterate all traces of his footprints, and depart in peace. Another time, our wily Black brother would get a pair of whitefellow's discarded old boots

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put them on, and boldly enter a hut, take all he wanted, and as boldly depart, leaving tracks that a blind man might follow. Now, a Bushman in those days was not soft enough to be taken in by so palpable a trick as that, although it was well known that certain lazy 'sundowners' travelled around the back country from hut to hut. But as these lonely shepherds were glad to see any white face, these poor tramps were always made welcome; so they had no need to steal for a living. Besides, they could not for the life of them pass a hut, but must stay there a night. When in want of new footwear, they invariably made for a head station and worked long enough to get a pair of boots out of the Store. So the shepherds and we overseers knew who were the culprits. A white man of intelligence can easily see through the cunning of a Black, but a white man is ever an unfathomable mystery to the savage.
Some shepherds would ostentatiously sprinkle a little salt over their flour when natives were present. Needless to say, their flour was never touched after that! For the aborigines could not

dinguish between salt and strychnine, because they were never allowed to handle the strychnine. There is a great difference between the two, the salt being in fine grains and the strychnine in spikes.
There was one especially-lonely, out-of-the-way hut on our run that was frequently robbed. It was on the lower part

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of the Borrelinna Creek near the base of Mount Carnarvon, at the edge of a great mallee scrub which ran up to the slopes of the Bunker Ranges on the western side.
One day, while riding near 'The Guide' hill, in a very rocky creek, I came to a cave which I had never seen before The entrance was low, but broad. Alighting from my horse and hobbling him, I went on my hands and knees and looked in. The interior, of course, was dark. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I perceived something white some distance in. Spooks never troubled me! The only thing was, there might be wild dogs, or snakes, inside – nothing likelier. But taking my chances, I crawled in on all fours for four or five yards, seized the white article, and took it out into the daylight.
I found it to be a 200-lb floursack turned inside out. It was the remains of a recent theft from the hut mentioned, situated from this cave five miles in a south-easterly direction, with cross ranges between.
I thus obtained a clue to the robbers. Upon further examination of the neighbourhood, I found water in the rocks, and indications of a camp there where the Darkies had had a big-one tuckout! The flour had evidently been made into dough on the bag itself; hence its whiteness. I took the floursack to the station

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and handed it to Charley Dawson, the manager. Many hears afterwards, I heard him telling the tale of its discovery, as though he had been the finder. This was in the commercial room of the hotel he was then keeping on Mount Bryan Flat. I am afraid that Charley's memory was very short.
40. – A CAVE OF BONES AND SKELETONS. Borrelinna Creek. – In the year 1889, while out on a hunting expedition after Euro and Rock Wallaby skins, I went one day eastward from our camp, which was pitched about two miles north of the old Appieallana Mine, on the Ooraparinna Run. Tramping alone for three miles or more, I came to the upper part of the long Borrelinna Creek – (in Government Maps it is named – 'Fifteen-Mile Creek'). The ground was rough, being rocky and hilly, with steep-banked blind creeks about. The lay of the land was on a descending scale, for I had come from high ground. There were the usual interesting flats, dotted with brushwood, a truly Australian desert scene, with the great mallee scrub on the other, or eastern, side of the creek.
Getting into this long, narrow watercourse, dry except in rainy seasons, or during thunderstorms, I travelled up its bed for awhile. There are many indications of copper in this locality.

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In the rocky western bank I discovered an opening to a cave. Upon going to it and looking in, I saw that the floor of the Cave itself was covered with skeletons and bones of Kangaroos and Euros. I went in as far as I could see, walking on dried bones all the while, as well as on

complete skeletons. Whether the animals went there to die or not is problematical – On the left-hand side, at right angles to the main cave, there was a passage leading somewhere or other. It was pitch black inside. Having no matches, it was useless for me to turn into that. And I had no wish to be torn by a dingo in the dark. So I did not turn into that gloomy passage in the corner. After peering into the darkness for awhile, I withdrew
I am inclined to the opinion that the cave had been a dingoes' den at one time, and may have been so then. But, on the other hand, so many of the skeletons were intact that it is possible a number of the animals mentioned above may have gone into the Cave and there died a lingering death.
On this occasion I had a combined gun and rifle in my hand, loaded and ready for action. So I could have tackled a dingo in the main Cave itself. But it would have been \of/ no use to me in the dark passage. I had shot two Euros on my way to the Cave, and had the skins on my belt.

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41. – A THREE-DAYS' JOURNEY ON A N.Z. COAST. West coast of the Middle Island. –
Landing one stormy day in February, in the year 1866, at Hokitika, I got my first glimpse of the gloomy surroundings of the West Coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand. The Southern Alps pierced the clouds a few miles inland. Mount Hockstetter to the north, but more especially Mount Cook to the south, forty miles down the coast, opposite Okarito, showed up with magnificent grandeur, the whole might range being over ten thousand feet high, whilst Mount Cook stood out majestically with an elevation of 12,349 feet, as if proud to perpetuate the name of the great English navigator. Near Mount Cook stood Mount Sefton with 10,959 feet to its credit.
The perpetual snow-line of the Southern Alps on the western side, facing the Tasman Sea, is three thousand seven hundred feet; while on the eastern side, facing the South Pacific Ocean, it is only three thousand feet, showing the cold to be greater on the eastern than on the western side.
Since the time of my landing in 1866, a record of the rainfall has been taken, and the average is now given as one hundred and sixteen inches – (116 inches) – at Hokitika, or about six times greater than that on the Adelaide Plains. In Greymouth, while I was there, we had one hundred

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and twenty-three inches in one year. All this is preliminary to a description of the wet journey we had on this coast, with its many swollen rivers.
We got ashore from the S.S. South Australian in a tugboat named The Lioness with some risk and difficulty. Our mode of getting on to the tug I have detailed in my journal. Wrecks in plenty were lying on these weather-beaten shores. Having safely negotiated the ever-shifting bar of the Hokitika River, we landed at the wharf, just built, quite half a mile from the mouth.
The principal street of Hokitika was Revell street, named after its first and then Mayor. It was then in the incipient stage of its existence, wood or iron structures, with calico or 'scrimm' divisions, being feverishly rushed up, weekdays and Sundays. The street mentioned was then about two miles long, and ran parallel with the coast, but not facing it, for that would have constituted a quay – and no quay could face the elements there.
I had taken as my mate from aboard ship Harry H.------ an Adelaide man. The tent belonged to me. It was the one I bought in Nelson. I allowed another man, a stranger, to sleep and have his shelter with us. Going some distance beyond the outskirts of the town northward, we encamped for the night.

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It was raining, and had been doing so ever since our disembarkation. I had no 'fly' to the tent, and the rain pattered in incessantly. We thus early experienced the inconvenience of camping in a thin calico structure without a 'fly' in that damp, sombre, lachrymose region. But there was no help for it. I was the only one with any capital, and that was only just sufficient to keep us going for a short time, and buy a pick and shovel and a prospecting dish when we should arrive at the Grey River, which was our intended destination.
I raised the ire of Harry H ----- in Hokitika by buying some bacon for supper and breakfast. Possibly he did not like bacon. I did! We would have had some of it for tea but for the fact that we were quite unable to light a fire – the first and only time in my own extensive camping-out experience, both before and since – excepting one night in a scrub on the slopes of The Reaphook Hill, in the Far North of South Australia. We each tried in turn, and gave it up, had a cold feed, washed it down with cold water, and turned in to our damp blankets.
Our camp was on the edge of the scrub, which was just kissed by the highest waves of the Southern Ocean, as they came up roaring, and then sullenly retired, never quite reaching the scrub, but leaving us enough ground to camp on. It rained

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the whole night long, tiny globules of water spattering through the calico from each raindrop. We would have been quite dry and cozy if we had had sufficient spare money to purchase a fly. But a fly we could not get, and so had to go without The dank smell of that wet region is in my nostrils yet, though many years have elapsed since then.
In the morning we managed to kindle a fire, but, alas! my bacon was missing! If found a portion of the rind about ten yards from the tent. The rats had pulled it from under my head in the night and made a meal of it. Harry H------ seemed as much annoyed as I, strange to say! It still rained. As early as possible we pulled down the tent, rolled up our wet swags, and made a start up the beach, northwards.
Our walking was mostly on shingle. I slung my boots – like Paddy – around my neck and jumped or stepped from pebble to pebble. They were generally very large. We did not go far that day – only a very few miles, takin shelter occasionally where we could. The scrub that came down to nearly high-water mark was of the densest, and was matted together by a creeper called 'supplejack'. It was of a very dark-green color, with long joints, twice as long as those of a grape vine and about the same thickness.
At one time we arrived at a stream rushing into the ocean,

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The current was strong, but not very deep, and we waded through it Indian file. Onward we went slowly, as the shingle was rough, and after awhile arrived at the edge of a larger river – the Arahura – which seemed a dangerous customer to tackle. It was swift-rushing over a shallow bed of pebbles. In crossing it, the stranger took the lead, I went second, while Harry H. ----- came last. We each of us had cut a long pole from the scrub as a support in crossing. Pressing these into the bed of the river downstream assisted us materially, and obviated the danger of our being washed into the surf. Nevertheless, as we proceeded in this fashion, close behind each other for support, the water up to near our middles, the stream being broad, we heard a rushing sound rearwards. Looking back, I saw a big wave curling upwards toward H-----, as if intent upon

overwhelming him. It was so comical, and H----- was so alarmed, that I could not help laughing. It appeared that, being last man, his feet disturbed the shingly bed of the river, and the stream, being rapid and strong, carried the loosened pebbles away out towards the sea, which was surging on the left of us, and kept following this up close to his heels, the curling water looking like a dog waiting for a bite. I was a bit anxious myself, but H----- really thought he was a goner. However, we reached the other shore safely.
One other creek we crossed in a similar manner as it

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rushed over its pebbly bed into the bosom of Mother Ocean. Then, long before nightfal, camp was pitched under the fringe of scrub above highwater mark. It had rained all day, and was still doing well. Having kindled a fire and had tea, we again faced a wet night under calico, with dewy sprinklings around and upon us. It put me in mind of the Poet who said to his best Girl: –

'Our couch shall be roses, besprinkled with dew.' to which the sensible Girl replied: –
'Twould give me the rheumatiz; so it would you!

It rained all night, and wasn't a bit tired in the morning. I might mention that my weapons and implements at that time comprised a six-chambered revolver, a bowie knife [*has a clipped point for hunting*], and a tomahawk.
We thought we might just as well walk in the rain as sit in the sprinkling dew of the tent, so started on our journey after breakfast. We soon encountered another small but swift stream which we also crossed easily.
Travelling along the pebbly shore for a time, we reached the great Teremakau River – nicknamed 'The Terrible Cow' by the diggers. It is situated midway between the Hokitika and the Grey rivers. It is not navigable at the mouth like the two rivers mentioned, although uncrossable by travellers. It consists

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of five streams \at one part/ and its bed is about half a mile wide. A boat was there, and the owner demanded half-a-crown each to ferry us over, at a spot where the stream was not divided. He got the money, too. Had he been like Charon, the ferryman of the Styx, we should have been taken over free. Being young, I wrote this joke in my diary at the time. After events showed the sadness of it, for my own loved one, Marianne, went across the mystical River of Death into the mists beyond, some years later, and left me on the other shore to mourn her forcible abduction from my arms by a cruel Fate. But that sad event occurred long afterwards. – – –
I must harden my heart and continue my narrative. The stranger who was with us was disgusted with the Teremakau boatman. He hotly observed: 'You can't open your bankety mouth in this blanket country without their charging you half-a-crown for it!' An Australian will know what 'blankety' means. Yes, of course – 'blessed.' There was no copper money in circulation on the West Coast then – nor, indeed, during the whole two and a half years I was there. The auriferous deposits hadn't long been discovered when I arrived. Previous to this it had been uninhabited except by a few Maoris.
After many years, a wire cable was fixed over the

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Teremakau River, with a cage attached, and passengers were then hauled across by steam power.

After leaving the Teremakau there was more sand on the beach than before, and we thus had better travelling. Low ranges and terraces came down to some distance back from the shore, leaving high flats covered with dense thicket between them and the sea. These gave way to flatter country as the Grey was neared; and on them, beyond the sandhills, were many lovely freshwater lagoons, fringed with foliage to the very edge of their clear and mirror-like surfaces. Around their edges grew the New Zealand flax – phormium terrax. Also the beautiful toi-toi grass with its graceful feathery plumes standing eight feet high, and the tall and slender cabbage-tree, with other vegetation.
The roar of the breakers on our left was loud and constant. It goes on for ever and ever – or at anyrate will continue until our sun dies out and the ocean becomes frozen, dead, and still. Then only will the thunderous noise cease. The waves come in in successive 'curlers' sufficiently large to overwhelm a house – were it there.
During my sojourn on the Coast, no rowing boat had ever got through the breakers. To be washed into the sea at the mouth of the Grey was certain death, unless one was a

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powerful swimmer. One day later, a man took a horse and dray along that portion of the Coast. He saw near the water a stretch of sand, and drove down to it for easier travelling. Suddenly a great 'curler' came along and circled over the lot. There was a woman in the dray as well as the man. All were carried out to sea, and the man, woman, and horse drowned.
On this journey we crossed only one more stream of importance. The distance between the Teremakau and the Grey was twelve and a half miles. The last stream we crossed was called The New River. It was deep, and was spanned by a wooden bridge. As we were crossing over this rather high footbridge, some horsemen came up, and without the slightest hesitation, plunged their horses in to the flood and swam them across. There was no danger here of being washed into the sea, because this river emptied itself on the slant into the Grey.
After another mile – this time in mud thick and black – we were in the chief street of Greymouth. It was still raining, and did not intend stopping just yet. A man on board ship had told me that it rained 'eight days a week' on the West Coast, and up to the present I had no reason to doubt it. We had not yet caught sight of the sun. At Greymouth it was 'mud, mud everywhere', and any amount to sling.

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We passed through the embryo town, and camped near the entrance to the Gorge, through which the Grey River runs on its course to the sea. Our camp was just on the edge of the creeper – entangled forest. This was temporary, until we could find a better spot. The timber was high just there.. Thus ended our tramp of twenty-five miles along the Westland Coast. 'Westland' was the name given to it later. We had not been dry since leaving the ship.
Even fifty-six years after this, after inland towns had been formed, people did not seem to know the danger of those 'curlers'.
For this is an account of what happened in 1922: – 'Wellington, Feb 9. –

> 'A calamity overtook a picnic party from Reefton to Greymouth. About a hundred were bathing on the beach near the river entrance, not knowing that dangerous currents were swirling around the tip-head to and from the river. Some got into difficulties, and a boy, two girls, and several men were rescued. A boat which was attempting to assist in the rescue overturned, and one occupant, Arthur Hutchings, of Greymouth, was drowned. A

number of the rescued and rescuers were badly exhausted, and five others, all Reefton residents, were drowned. Their names were Leslie O'Donnell, Robert Duffy, George Wilson, Frank Hart, and Harry Evans. None of these bodied have been recovered.'

The reason for the latter was that people drowned there were swirled northward by the diagonal current and were never seen again. Reefton was not in existence in 1866. It was the first place where reef gold was found, and is at the head of the Grey and Buller Rivers.

My brother George with another man, started a newspaper there – the Tuangahua Herald – after I had left the Coast. H.H.T.

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42. – STOCKRIDING THROUGH THE BUNKER RANGES.

A Two-Days' Ride after Cattle through the Bunker Ranges, Far North, S.A. – It was in the year 1865. A man had come from Blinman, wanting fat cattle. Accordingly, Mr. Chas. Dawson, manager of Ooraparinna Run, decided to go through the Bunker Ranges and on to the eastern side, in search of suitable stock. Our party consisted of Chas. Dawson; Charley Wills, a (small) squatter's son from Appieallana; H.H. Tilbrook, assistant overseer of Ooraparinna; and the man from Blinman, whose name, I think, was Pascoe.

It was summer time. The weather was parchingly hot. We made a daybreak start from Ooraparinna Head station, each man on his own stockhorse. Riding five miles eastward, over low ranges and through hilly country, we came to the last water. It was at a shepherd's hut, ~~and the water was~~ in the middle part of the Borrelinna Creek. On the further bank commenced the big mallee scrub, extending back for miles

In the bed of a small creek, a few hundred yards from the hut, was a tiny hole of fresh, clear , water. It was round, and not more than two feet in diameter. Yet it was never dry, for the Bunker Ranges, with Mount Carnarvon, stood high above it, five miles away to the east, and it had many miles of higher ground up the Borrelinna to feed it.

The other three men besides myself were old campaigners, and did not need to be taught the art of filling a quart pot. A

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quart pot is a tin utensil some seven inches high, broader at the base than at the top, with two wire handles, which fold up at the side of the pot. The lid consists of a pannican with a hinged handle that turns over the top into the pannican itself. It tapers slightly like the quart pot, and is, as mentioned, in reality the lid of the pot. There is only one way to put this lid on, and at the same time to have the pot full of water, and to prevent its leaking while hanging from the saddle. One joke of a stockrider is to give a new chum a quart pot and pannican complete and tell him to fill the pot with water and put on the lid. Invariably the new chum fills the quart pot, and then tries to force the pannican into it – a mechanical impossibility! A quart pot can only be filled and the lid (pannican) put on under water. But that alone would not prevent leakage when buckled to the riding saddle. A strip of cotton has to be wound very evenly around the sides of the pannican close to the rim or base. If the lid is then forced carefully into the quart pot, under water, it will hold its contents securely, no matter how rough the riding may be. A quart pot is buckled to the saddle and lies against the saddle cloth of the horse. I give full particulars here. Note the sequel further on!

The three veterans soon had their quart pots filled. I, being the greenest, took longer to fill mine, although I had been carrying a quart pot on horseback for some time, and knew all about it. But it

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would be a serious thing to find your quart pot empty at the end of a day's journey, with no prospect of getting a drink for another day and night. Yet we were doomed in this instance to go two days and a night with only one quart of water divided between for men! And that quart of water was mine! Parching weather it was, too!
Our equipment consisted of a quart pot each, a stockwhip, ring hobbles (homemade of raw hide with rose-head buttons in lieu of buckles), half a blanket, tea, sugar, strychnine for wild dogs, with a bread, homemade by Mrs Dawson – nee Charlotte Clode. Some of us had revolvers – I for one – Of course each one had a knife. – mostly a Jack-knife.
Proceeding along, I asked Charley Wills to show me how deeply he could dent the bark of a gum tree in the creek with the lash of his stockwhip. Circling the whip around his head, he brought it down with the report of a pistol on the gum we were just passing. It cut into the bark so deeply that one could see it would easily penetrate a bullock's hide. A stockwhip is certainly a terrible weapon, and also a most effective one in good hands to bring a refractory beast to his senses.
Riding due east, we skirted the big range, with Mount Carnarvon on our right, and an extensive plain on our left – the Moodlatana Plain. Coming to the body of a calf that had just been killed by wild dogs, we cut a lot of baits from the carcass and

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hung them from our saddles. In preparing the baits, we first cut slits in them and then introduced as much strychnine as would just cover the point of a penknife, then close up the slit. Before leaving, we made incisions in the remainder of the calf's body and inserted a few grains of strychnine in each ready for the dingoes.
We were on no track of any description, for we were bound for a region where white man had seldom set foot. Turning to the right, where the range – the Bunker – was now lower, and where there was a kind of gap, we rose higher and higher. The scenery was imposing, but the weather was scorching hot. We developed a parching thirst. Quart pots cannot be opened until a camping place is reached. Besides, each man's quart pot of water had to last him two days and a night, and we had some hard and long riding to do.
The cattle pads were now numerous, and on the dry dust we saw dingo footprints galore. These pads were the tracks made by cattle going to and returning from water Alongside these well-beaten tracks – but not actually on them – we dropped bait after bait until our supply was exhausted. The wild dogs stick to the pads for ease of travelling, and smelling the baits, snap them up.
At last we rose to the top of the stony range at the

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lowest part known to stockmen. Thence we descended a very steep, stony gully. The country opened out here, and we found ourselves on the Great Eastern Plains, having now left the Bunker behind us, on the west – all except one line of outstanding sentinels in the shape of Sugarloaf Hills, which formed a semicircle about one mile, or perhaps two miles, from the main range. They looked very striking, and my one wish was that I could obtain a photograph of them.

They stood up most symmetrically, each the exact shape of an immense sugarloaf, with a dry creek winding around the base of each.
No water was to be got anywhere; but we were aware of that before starting. Away out on the plain, in the far distance, stood 'Tooth's Knob'. It was a hill all by itself, the station of that name being located alongside it.
Selecting the base of one sugarloaf hill for a camping and mustering ground, we proceeded to unsaddle, for the scorching Australian day was ending. Our distance for the day was twenty-two miles. We were terribly thirsty. And our quart pots of water had to last us for tea that night and breakfast in the morning. Then all day long we must do without a drink until we reached home. Each of us could have swallowed the lot at almost one gulp! But at least we would have one delicious drink – a whole pannicanful, and another pannicanful in the morning! So we thought!

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But 'there's many a slip!' The unfortunate horses had to go without a drink at all. We pitied but could not help them.
Lighting the camp fire, after first hobbling out our nantos where most feed was to be found, we started to open our quart pots in order to place them on the fire to boil the water. It was a moment of expectation. Prising off the lid, I found mine full to the brim, and placed it against the hot embers. Hearing exclamations of dismay, I turned towards my companions to find, alas! that every one of their quart pots was empty!!! We all sat down in stony despair. Charley Dawson observed, quite plaintively, 'Well, I'm beggared!' – a favourable oath of his! Being a religious man, he could not go higher than that, viz 'Beggar it!' Now, I myself, would sooner be 'damned' then be 'beggared'.
By and by we recovered our spirits. Of course I conscientiously shared the precious contents of my little quart pot with my companions. That infinitismal drop of tea did not alleviate the thirst of any of us. That evening, before dark, we dodged about, prospecting for cattle, and saw several head. We were too thirsty to tell yarns at that camp fire, and so turned in to our blankets early.

Let me here quote an exquisite poem by Banjo Patterson:-

‘And in my dreaming I crossed again
The miles and miles of the saltbush plain –
The shining plain that is said to be
The dried-up bed of an inland sea –

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Where the air, so clear and bright,
Refracts the sun with a wond'rous light,
And out of the dim horizon makes
The deep blue gleam of the phantom lakes.

At the dawn of day we would feel the breeze,
As it stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,
And brought a breath of fragrance rare
That comes and goes in the scented air;

For trees and grass and shrubs contain
A dry, sweet scent on the Saltbush Plain.
For those who love it and understand,
The Saltbush Plain is a Wonderland –

A wond'rous country where Nature's ways
Were revealed to me in the droving days.'

That night I had pleasant dreams of limpid streams gurgling along through cool, green pastures, but awoke with a consuming thirst thirst that left its pall upon everything.
We were too hard hit to eat any breakfast, so we galloped off to the muster. The cattle had not seen anyone for a year or two, and were in consequence just wild beasts. Upon sighting us, even if half a mile away, they up with their tails and were off. Consequently we had some hard riding to do through the brushwood and down and up dry watercourses. In an hour or two we

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had enough cattle in hand to allow us to make a start homewards. Now and again, as we travelled along, a snorting beast, with terror in its eyes, would make a bolt for liberty. It was a sight to see Charley Wills turn one of these outlaws back into the mob. A steer broke away on Charley's side with the speed of a racehorse. Putting spurs to his horse and lifting the reins, Charley was after it like a dart from a bow. Throwing the reins on to his his nanto's neck, and at first keeping just behind the flying bovine, he brought the stockwhip down with his right hand on to the animals hindquarters, at the same time letting the handle of the whip fall into his left hand; repeating the operation from that side, and catching it in the right again. In short, he threw the stockwhip from one hand to the other at each stroke, and thus the flying animal got it on both flanks and hindquarters. Every time the lash descended it made a livid red mark. Then, when punished enough, Charley rushed his horse at the steer's side, dropped the whip on the forequarters, and drove it back into the mob.

‘It was a drover's horse, and my hand again
Made a movement to close on the fancied rein,
For I felt the swing and the easy stride
Of a grand old horse that I used to ride.

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In drought or plenty, in good or ill,
That same old steed was a comrade still.
We worked together at dawn of light
And camped together at fall of night;

For the grey old horse, with his honest ways,
Was a mate to me in the droving days.’

Soon my turn came, and I treated my bit of beef in the same way, for I could use the stockwhip almost as expertly as Charley. I could bring it down from right hand to left hand, and from left to right with the same effect, as I had the strength of arm and the necessary skill. After punishing

the poor beast for a little while, I rushed my horse at its shoulders and turned it into the mob again, giving it a few parting strokes as it joined its companions. All this may seem cruel, but wild animals must be subdued, and nothing but force will do this.
Then a wild outlaw bolted out on my side again, this time into a thick mulga scrub – so thick that I could see no opening in it whatever. Moreover, each tree had dead arms straight arms standing straight out from the butts, like spears, waiting to impale anyone who dared venture into its depths. But the beast had to be brought back and be shown that man was its master, or we might lose the whole mob in a general stampede.

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So, ducking my head down level with the saddle, into the scrub I went at full gallop. Strange to say, my horse immediately found an opening, and in less than a minute we had turned the beast into the mob again. By this time these wild cattle were beginning to find that they had met their masters.
To quote again from the Bush poet:-

‘Many a time when the nights were damp,
And the cattle rushed form the sleeping camp,
In the mulga scrub, and across the plain,
With my head down on his waving mane,

Through the boughs above and the stumps below,
In the darkest night I could let him go.
At a racing pace he would choose his course,
And my life was safe with the old grey horse

And never once would he cry a crack
Till he caught the cattle and wheeled them back.
But man and horse had a favorite job
When an outlaw broke from a station mob;

With a right good will was the stockwhip plied
As the old horse raced at the straggler's side,
And the green hide thong such a weal would raise -
We could use the whip in the droving days!'

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With regard to the 'greenhide thong', it was not the the greenhide thong that did the work, but the silken lash that was securely fastened to the end of the greenhide thong by a very simple Bushman's Knot. Nothing but silk can withstand the terrific crack, Stockriders always carry a silk handkerchief with them, from which they strip a piece of silk for this purpose. – – – We had to travel back by the way we came. Upon arriving at the steep stony gully that we descended, we got off our horses and led them upwards. To prevent the cattle from rushing down upon us, we armed ourselves with stones from amongst those that lay around us the size of road metal, and kept the animals going with well-aimed shots when they showed a disposition to halt and turn around. Wild cattle are like wild Blackfellows. You must keep them in front of you. When a beast turns suddenly to annihilate his enemy, the stockman, the first thing it gets is a hail of well-

planted stockwhip over its head and body. This hail is so terrible, that the animal is unable to stand it a moment, and rushes back amongst its companions.
At last we got our mob to the top of this long, steep, and rough gully, and remounted our horses. Getting over the remainder of the ranges, over plains, and through scrubs, we arrived within five miles of the station. Another outlaw endeavoured to escape. It went off at full gallop, Charley Wills

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after it. The beast suddenly swerved to the right; Charley's horse came to a dead stop in three props. He propped and turned suddenly to the left, and thus met the beast as it doubled. An inexperienced rider might have gone flying over the horse's head in a sudden 'prop-and-turn'!, but stockmen are the best of horsemen. After this we had no more trouble until reaching the station.
Then the turmoil began, and we had a lively time. [*see diagram*] After this we had no more trouble until reaching the station.

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The stockyard was built within one hundred yards of the huts. The cattle had to be driven up to within that distance of the station before being turned into the 'guide fence', which led to the big Receiving Yard. The plan on the previous page is drawn only on a very small scale, and does not do justice to those grand stockyards. The guide fence was on the eastern side, away from the station. Therefore, once the cattle were got past the corner of the yard which faced the huts (B) and were turned to the right, they thought they were escaping, and rushed madly onward towards (C), only to be caught in the guide fence, and directed through the big opening right into the main yard, when up went the heavy mallee panels, and they were safely imprisoned.
Now to resume. Coming to the Rocky Creek near the stockyard, we got our mob over it. At (A) on the plan a fierce fight ensued. Whips cracked; men shouted and yelled. Cattle turned, only to receive a rain of blows. At first they would not face the station. They were mad enough before; at sight of the huts they went fairly off their heads. The slightest relaxation of our efforts at this critical juncture would have lost us the whole mob.
So we rushed them with our horses, plying the whip incessantly, shouting and yelling like demons till we got

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them to (B). Here the noise from the cracking of the whips was tremendous. B was really the most critical point, the huts being so near. Having got our wild animals there, we gave them one big hustle and drove them around the corner as far as (C). Once there, all was safe. Giving them no time to regain their senses, and the huts being now behind them, we easily drove the terror-stricken mob towards the guide fence, which turned them to the right, and in a few moments they were crushing through the opening into the big Receiving Yard. In a twinckling we were off our horses and had the panels up.
And our two-days' work was over! How we quenched our thirst I hardly know. I will answer for it that those three veterans never afterwards travelled with empty quart pots on their horses' ribs. Had I been the culprit, the chaffing I should have had would have lasted the whole journey.

43. – AN ARDUOUS TRAMP THROUGH JUNGLE. – ATTACKED BY RATS.
A Day's Tramp after Gold. – In a New Zealand Forest. – The scene changes. From a dry, sunny land we now go to a dull, gloomy, wet, sodden one. And yet they both have their advantages. In wet New Zealand I never was troubled with so much as a stomachache, the water being

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so pure and the atmosphere moist. In the Far North of sunny South Australia – and more especially, in the North-East – I had chronic internal aches and pains, due to the mineral water, the dry air, and the hard food. In Australia our insides are mummified by the dryness. In New Zealand, the vital organs are soft and moist, and food never dries inside one. Consequently the bowels work with the regularity of clockwork; and if a man has stomach complaint there, it must arise from disease, not from the drying up of the food before it passes through him. When I first went to the West Coast of New Zealand, I drank nothing at all – not even at meal times. Then I got stomachache. I could thus see that a little moisture was necessary with one's food. So, for nearly three years I invariably had one or two cups of coffee at each meal, [I did not then know that too much coffee affects the heart.] I never touched tea or intoxicants. [I have long since that time come to the conclusion that tea, in a weak form, is one of the most wholesome and antiseptic of drinks.] My stomach then troubled me no more. I did not even know that I had one. Not so in Australia. There we want twice the quantity of drink that will do us in New Zealand.
Now for a description of my first day's tramp in a New Zealand forest in search of gold – gold, the elusive!
My second partner – Harry H -----, whom I picked up as a forlorn hope on the ship after my first mate had

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deserted me in Nelson, now showed the white feather also and left me in the lurch after I had served his purpose by bringing him from Hokitika to Greymouth, and keeping him until he had obtained a billet at a leading hotel – Moorehouse's on Mawhera Quay. Neither did he offer me any help, although he was receiving high wages.
Thus deserted once more, I made up my mind to try the the diggings as a 'hatter' – that is, a man working by himself. As the rain was never-ending, I struck my tent, wet as the weather was, and made up my swag into two portions, and started off alone on alone on my adventures. That was one day in February, 1866.
My load was exceedingly heavy. It weighed quite one hundred pounds, and probably more – perhaps even one hundredweight. It was made up of the following articles: – Sixteen lbs of bread [four quartern loaves]; four lbs of cheese; one lb. of coffee; one shovel; one heavy pick, with handle; a six-chambered revolver, with ammunition; a bowie-knife in sheath; matches; tomahawk; prospector's gold dish, eighteen inches in diameter by five inches deep; several books which I would not part with; all my wearing apparel; billycan; four lbs sugar; my blankets of blue; and my eight-by-six calico tent with ropes. To make the swag heavier, the blankets and tent were wet.

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That was a weighty load for a youngster of seventeen years to hump all day along a New Zealand quagmire misnamed a track! I divided my swag into two portions to allow one-half to fall vertically down my back, and the other half down my chest. I had to arrange it that way partly to

balance it, but chiefly to prevent the ends from catching in the creepers called 'Lawyers' and another, already mentioned – the supplejack. The name 'Lawyer' was given to the former, in sarcasm, by the diggers. It had hooked thorns, which, catching in your clothes, frequently brought you to the ground. It was also known as the 'Wait-a-bit Thorn', because you had to wait a bit when it hooked on to you. The supplejack was thornless, and had joints like a grape vine but twice the length. It was supple and strong, about the thickness of a man's little finger, and of a dark-green color.
The track I intended following was just a trail through the forest about two feet wide. The vegetation was a bit more open in some places than in others, but soon closed in again. The country here was almost unknown; hence the narrowness of the path. On the Grey River itself, the cleared track was eight or ten feet wide. My trail struck off from that river towards the S.E., and a big limestone range soon separated me from the Grey.
It had been raining for weeks before I started, and was still hard at it, The track was lovely! Up to the ankle in mud anywhere,

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and in places knee deep. But it doesn't do to be too comfortable in this world, or we should get fat and lazy. It was a dismal, gloomy tramp by ones self though! The vegetation overhead was so dense that Old Sol's rays – when he did shine – never reached Mother Earth there. My journey was through a forest showing a view of only a few yards around. I had no compass, which, up to then, youthlike, I had despised. To tell in what direction I was going was impossible, except by instinct.. That instinct, generally called the 'Bump of Locality', told me where I was all the time. I was skirting a big range on my left, crossing its spurs, and crossing all the creeks running down into the flat country on my right, where lay the New River. I have a ring made from gold obtained from this river. It cost me three guineas. Instinct told me my direction and the nature of the country. Here and there, in flat places, I had a view of perhaps one hundred yards along the track, and a few yards around me.
The pickhead was strapped to the swag on my back up-and-down fashion to keep it clear of the creepers. In one hand I had the shovel; in the other the pick-handle. Both hands being full was a handicap.
I pushed my way through the slush, gradually ascending

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into the higher ground, which was better than getting into the swamps below on my right. My task was harder through not having my hands free to assist me in climbing over obstacles. Notwithstanding my carefulness, the Wait-a-Bit thorn held me from time to time, and occasionally threw me on my back.
It still rained. I was wet through; but that was mostly with the perspiration that oozed from me. The rain did not make much extra difference, except to make my swag still heavier. The rain, be it understood, reached me only in drips from the trees, and from bushes that I brushed against. Some steep banks I had difficulty in climbing. But I gradually made headway.
As I have said, my path lay along the spurs of a range which lay on my left, as I could see by the slope, for the range itself was hidden from view by vegetation, except where where the Grey Ran through it in a gorge at Greymouth. It continued on the other side of the gorge at Cobden. I thus had to pass over many narrow, rapidly-flowing creeks with precipitous banks. Some diggers

had thrown a fern tree trunk across these from bank to bank, and over them I straddled. The fern trees grew very tall, with trunks light but strong, and they bore a man's weight easily.
At one spot I came to an enormous tree of another kind that had fallen across the narrow track. The trunk was ten

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or eleven feet in diameter, and consequently that height as it lay upon the ground. How to get over it I hardly knew. To cut my way around through the scrub would take too long.. So I made a rush at the obstacle, which lay slightly on the slant and was partly buried in the soft earth and decayed vegetation, and therefore was not so hard to surmount as might be imagined.
With my first rush, I got half-way up, but lost my footing through the load I was carrying, and fell back in the slush – Several more attempts were equally ineffectual.. Then I threw the pick-handle and the shovel over on to the other side. Having now the free use of my hands as well as my feet, I at last surmounted the barricade and continued my journey. All this shows the difficulties a 'hatter' has to contend with in regions of that description.
So far I had seen nothing of the genus homo. However, in a rather open place, I shortly met a party of three men coming towards me – in single file of course! Just at that spot, although fairly open, the path was especially nasty. To get out of the mud, the leader walked along the trunk of a fallen tree some three feet thick and eighty feet long.
Stepping gingerly off the end of it on to the hardest bit of ground within reach, he suddenly began to disappear

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bodily! He was gradually vanishing from sight, travelling down-wards towards the Antipodes, when his mates, objecting to his leaving them so summarily, hauled him back up again on to the log. The language that man used was voluble and excessive!
As soon as he had recovered his reason, they took stock of me and advised me to go back. That was no place for a beardless boy. I could see myself it wasn't by that time, but resolved to see it out. And so we parted.
Tramping along, another hour saw me at a creek filled to the brim with a stream going like a mill race. Thrown across it was the usual fern tree. I looked at it for some time meditatively and made up my mind to rush over that slender bridge standing trusting to the impetus first obtained to land me safely on the other side.
Preparing to put my plan into operation by stepping backwards in order to get a good run, I suddenly heard a voice above the noise of the rushing waters. Looking up, I saw a man on the opposite bank gesticulating and shouting to me to go back. He then explained by voice and signs that if I attempted to walk or run over the ferntree bridge I would inevitably be drowned. The creepers on the bank would catch in my clothes at starting, put me off my balance, when into the water I'd topple, and Henry Hammond Tilbrook would never more be heard of! Amen! This seemed feasible enough, and perhaps that sensible man

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was the means of averting a catastrophe so far as I was concerned that would have been sad, and awkward, for just one person on this earth – and that one person was my beloved sweetheart, Marianne, then in Adelaide. For she was the only person living who cared a brass farthing for me.

Across the rapidly-flowing stream I threw the shovel and the pick-handle, following his advice, and ignominiously straddled across once more, with a leg in the water on each side. Even then I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my equilibrium, my load being so heavy. With nothing to carry I could have got over in two skips; but with a load of one hundred pounds it was very different.
Getting to the other side, this good man tried all he could to dissuade me from going on. There is no fool so great as a young fool – notwithstanding the adage about old ones, so all his arguments were wasted. He said I was sure to be lost. I told him I had had a pretty good Bush experience in Australia, and was not afraid of that.
So we parted, and I never saw him again. I was only a boy then, with a beardless face, and he must have been struck by my assurance. However, I wished to try for gold, and as I could keep a mate, I had to try as a 'hatter'. As this man pointed out, a 'hatter' could do nothing there, he

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being unable to sink a shaft deeper than six to ten feet. I knew that from practical experience, as I had already sunk several holes, and at six feet the water had always come in, unasked, and covered the floor.
Towards nightfall I arrived at a spot where an immense forest tree – a kauri or a white pine – had fallen. This had cleared an open space, the first I had seen in the everlasting forest. And there being an inviting bed of dead fern leaves many feet thick nice and handy, I resolved to make this my camping-place. Accordingly, I pitched my tent there. 'Water, water, was everywhere, and any amount to drink,' although running in unseen channels, for I was now in comparatively flat but high country. The range on my left had disappeared. I had either got around it, or struck away from it at a tangent. Anyway it was gone.
I was too exhausted to light a fire, for I must confess that I was thoroughly done up. Although travelling all day, I had covered only eleven miles. It was the heavy load and the quaggy track that had knocked me out. I had been in a bath of perspiration the whole day, in addition to the rain that had never ceased; and that had kept me extra well wetted without the perspiration. The rain dripped from the forest trees overhead, while each shrub that I brushed against added its quota of water to my swag and my clothes.

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I fixed my tent upon the clean, soft bed of dead ferns, pegged it down tightly everywhere to keep out the mosquitoes. But I had reckoned without mine host! Being too tired to make tea, I had a drink of water and ate some bread and cheese, got inside the tent in the twilight, pinned up the flap closely, and lay me down on my damp blanket.
As I lay on my back, listening to the music of the waters, I heard the strains of a different kind of music – a music not much appreciated by campers. It came from the wings of countless mosquitoes. I had pitched my camp on the fern leaves to escape them, I might just as well have gone into a lions' den to escape the lions.! That bed of fern leaves was their home, and at dusk they arose out of their lair right into the tent to find a fat young man of ten stone lying at their mercy! No wonder they sang! They were going to have a joyous banquet.!
But further troubles were coming! For at dusk I became aware that something else was happening: Animals were climbing up and running over the tent – up one side and down the other! They were RATS! They had smelt my cheese. I had it under my head as a pillow along

with the bread and other things. The rats were thumpers, and very active. They were the kind that escaped from Captain Cook's ships when he arrived in New Zealand waters.

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Being unable to get in under the calico, they swarmed over the top of the tent, right up to the ridgepole, in search of an opening which they could squeeze through. As I lay on by bed of ferns – not roses – I could limn their bodies against the skyline, which in that open glade was visible. Then I up fist and hit the rodents a whack with my right hand and another with my left, and sent them flying in the air. But that did not daunt them. Their numbers kept increasing, and my fists were going all the time until night set in in earnest, when exhausted Nature came to my aid and I sank into oblivion. I fell into the most profound slumber I ever remember experiencing.
I was dead to the world and all around me! I went to sleep peacefully and quietly while fighting the rats, and awoke the next instant – as I thought! But day was breaking, I had really been dead asleep for nine hours! And I arose quite rejuvenated. What had the rats been doing all this time? Oh, just enjoying themselves.
They had knawed one big opening in the tent, near the left hand lower corner by my foot, near the flap or entrance. Through this they had entered, no doubt in troops. They pulled the four pounds avoirdupois of cheese from under my head. Then they had a grand banquet, and ate up every crumb of cheese that was there! I could not dignose the smell even in the morning – They must have had

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fine times romping over my inert body! I can visualise it! It would have made a good subject for a painting, but no one would have taken it as being true to Nature. – I lying there peacefully, calm, and of placid mien, amongst the rats.! No! No one would have believed it true.
All this time, too, the mosquitoes were enjoying themselves, with their lances thrust into my body, sucking my blood. It would have made a fit subject for a picture by the great French artist, Monsieur Doré. His mosquitoes would have been very large. When I awoke in the morning from my refreshing slumber, my eyes first rested on the calico sides of the tent. They were absolutely black with the winged insects, each and every one of which had gorged itself with my blood.
All these things happening whilst I was sound in the arms of the god Morpheus shows how exhausted I must have been.
The rats, having had such a glorious feed of cheese, turned up their noses at the bread, and ate very little of that comparatively – about one quarter loaf, or four pounds. That would be eight pounds altogether of bread and cheese. So I had plenty of provisions left \[*in pencil*] although / \ \it was only dry bread, and/ [*in ink*] the titbit was gone.
The next problem was how to get rid of the mosquitoes It was impossible to kill them all, and I could not set the

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bed of ferns alight to smoke them out. So I took the tent down and turned it inside out, then re-erected it in a different spot.
I was disfigured by the mosquito bites; but the rats had not touched me except for one incision on the cheek below the right eye, which soon healed. And, indeed, I may have made that scratch myself while asleep. Among other things, I always carried a small mirror with me.

Having had breakfast of dry bread, I started prospecting. I could sink only shallow holes on account of the water. The creeks were all flooded, too. The best places to try for gold is on the bar of a watercourse; but all these being covered by the flood, I could not get at them. So I turned my attention to the flats, the banks of creeks, and other likely spots. I soon found that a 'hatter' could do nothing there, and I got nothing but 'colors.' I prospected for several days in this manner, but got only the color of gold now and again.
With regard to the rats, now that the cheese was gone, they did not trouble me more than usual, coming into the tent at night, fossicking, and then departing. I had made the bread secure, using the big prospecting dish and other things for that purpose.
Having proved practically that I could do no good there by myself, I returned to Greymouth with a lighter load, and much

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wiser than when I started. This true tale taught me that a man is very useless by himself. And those few days' experiences made me resolve never to go into such lonely places again 'on my own.' The loneliness was simply appalling.
44. – THE LONELY TENT IN A LONELY SCRUB. – THE OWNERS LOST.
Two Men Lose the Camp and Tent. – Some time after the foregoing occurrence, a party of two men took their tent and started out prospecting on the low-lying land to the right of my track, towards the New River. Leaving their tent standing one morning, they went here and there in the tangled thicket and tried several places for gold.
Getting hungry at midday, they started back for the tent, but could not find it. They dodged about, trying their utmost, but could not locate it. That night they had to sleep without cover. In three day they reached the sea coast, guided first by the fall of the water, and later by the distant murmur of the sea, which, however, cannot be heard when the wind is blowing in the treetops.
Having thus saved themselves, they, when recuperated, made an attempt to get to their tent. But they could not strike their first tracks again, and were wholly unable to find the camp.
The tent, no doubt, stood there till it rotted, all deserted and alone! awaiting the return of its owners. Had a child been

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left there in charge, its end would have been sad. But suppose it had been some devoted woman! How terrible the thought! Just think it over!
45. – A FROZEN CREEK IN A N.Z. FOREST.
A Creek of Ice, – New Zealand. – Going one day up the Grey River, on the West Coast of New Zealand, at a flat covered with scrub and tall forest trees some three miles from the Mouth, and inland from the coastal range, I turned to the right. It was the depth of winter, and even when the sun shone direct on to the thermometre the temperature registered only 32 degrees – or just freezing point.
The Grey River itself had too big a volume of water and too rapid a current to freeze. But I found a tributary creek in the forest frozen solid to the ground. Even the ground beneath the ice was hard, and rang like a bell when struck. The latitude was. 42° – 30" S. From the big river there arose great volumes of steam, which floated away in the shape of mist. This was caused by the atmosphere being of much lower temperature than the water, the invisible evaporation arising therefrom being condensed immediately it left the water.
In the summer time this creek through the forest was

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unapproachable, being full of mud and water and slime, with almost impenetrable undergrowth to the water's edge. Now was my chance to explore it! Getting on the surface of the ice, I journeyed along amongst the timber that stood high on either side. The banks were low, The creek itself ran for miles through the flat – all forest and undergrowth. It would be termed a plain in Australia.
There were big white pines, beech, cabbage-trees fern trees, and others, with the New Zealand flax – phormium tenax and toi-toi grass o Kauri pines, with their tall, straight stems – ready-made ships' masts in appearance, and for which purpose they were used – were there also, although the text books say there are no Kauri pines on the Middle Island. But the text books were written before the West Coast was penetrated by man; and at that time the text books were not up to date.
Wishing to see what was below the ice, I took a big pebble and smashed through the level surface, expecting to find water below. But there was none. Instead I found what was once mud frozen into solid rock. The smoth sheet, an inch or more in thickness, was supported from the frozen ground by ribs of ice in sections, standing up edgewise just as if built by man, thus: – [*see diagram*] Bed of creek, frozen, Ice supports, Surface of Ice

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The ice supports underneath ran diagonally into each other, and were never parallel. They were only a few inches high. Thus the top, level sheet of ice, instead of resting on the bottom, was supported on little foundation walls of ice springing from the frozen mud-bed of the creek. You see! the water on top froze first, quite level. Then Nature built up the ridges underneath to support it. Showing – what? That water contracts in volume upon freezing. That ice takes up less space than water. What a bursting charge ice would make inside a pipe when it thawed!
This phenomenon of Nature interested me greatly. What a grand skating rink this frozen creek would have made!. Yet I believe I was the only person who saw it!
46. COUNTING TWO FLOCKS 15 MILES APART. – AT SUNSET AND SUNRISE.
Counting out Sheep. – Two Flocks Fifteen Miles Apart. – The First at Sundown, the Second at Sunrise. – Having received orders to go out twelve miles eastward of Ooraparinna, to Bennett's Springs, to count the shepherd's sheep there, I rode to the place on horseback. It was midwinter, in the year 1865. The shepherd was a single man, therefore a 'hatter', and would have liked my company for the night – only I had other instructions.
Bennett's Springs arose amongst some boulders in a rocky

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creek coming out of a small gorge in the range on The Second Plain – a plain bespattered with red, angular stones the size of road metal. The hut was just outside the gap on its Northern side, and had an easterly prospect, including a view of 'The Gorge' in the Bunker Ranges. The place was one of the I knew of for a hut. The pine-slab edifice was over a quarter of a mile away from the springs, it having been impossible to place it nearer owing to the inaccessibility of the waters.
Getting there in good time, I saw in the distance the sheep coming up slowly to the fold. Riding up to the shepherd, I told him my errand. Going back to the sheepyard, I placed a hurdle at the entrance, leaving an opening wide enough to allow from two to four sheep entering abreast.

Through this the shepherd drove the sheep, whilst I counted the rushing Jumbos in twos or fours. The tally was two two fifty odd.
Having entered the number in my pocketbook, I, without losing a second of time, mounted my horse and rode away a N.W. direction, over ranges and along gullies till twilight. I had now covered seven miles, but had not got through the low, scrubby ranges. Nor did I wish to do so that night. There was more shelter there than on the plains.
Having by this time come upon a place in a long valley where there was feed for the horse and wood for a camp fire,

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but no water, I off saddled , hobbled out my horse with the ring hobbles, and set about making myself comfortable for the night. This consisted of dragging up as much dry firewood as I could lay hands on and building a camp fire on a rather generous scale, for the night was frosty.
My camp was at the base of a large dead tree, but far enough away to escape the possible falling of branches. This tree, perhaps twenty feet high, or less, had outstretching limbs blanched white with age, and exposure to the weather. It made a gaunt, skeleton background to the light of my camp fire.
My quart pot was soon on some sticks against the flames and embers. Needless to say, it had been filled with the precious fluid at Bennett's Springs. And the pot had not leaked, either!
Having had my supper – which consisted of salt beef, dry bread, and tea – I piled on the wood, wrapped my single blanket – 'bluey' – around me, lay my head in the V of the saddle, with my feet towards the fire, and dozed off into slumber, to the musical clink of the hobble-rings.
While the hobbles clink, the stockman has a contented mind; when they are silent, that is ominous, and he may have to get up and make a search for his horse in the dark. Dozing fitfully, each time I awoke I raised my head, and at once heard the welcome sound.

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Then, after a short but deep sleep, I was thoroughly awakened by the intense cold, for the thermometer usually goes down to nineteen degrees Fah [*Fahrenheit]* in the winter time up there. We never carried more than half a blanket on horseback on account of the weight. I, for one, never could never sleep under so thin a covering with Jack Frost nipping at me.
My fire had burned down low. Lying there in the cold, I heard a dismal howl a short way off. It made me feel very lonely – (I was then a youth, in my sixteenth year) – but the clinking of the hobbles was reassuring, for it showed that the horse was busily engaged feeding after his journey.
Jumping out of my blanket, I piled more wood on the dying embers: Soon a cheerful blaze sprang up. I sat there for some time, enjoying the warmth. When, chancing to look towards the trunk of my white, spectral tree, with its outspreading arms, I saw two gleaming eyes directed my way. They were illuminated by the flames of the camp fire. I have often seen the same effect when camping out with sheep. Their eyes glare in the bright firelight, and if one did not happen to know they were harmless moutons, he might think he was about to be attacked by a mob of wild animals. In this case it was, of course, Mr Dingo who was paying me a visit.
Going to the saddle for my revolver, I

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turned to the tree again, but found that the eyes had disappeared. Sending a bullet in that direction, I got into my blanket once more. After that, I did nothing but dream. In fact, I got the nightmare, and badly! I dreamt that dingoes were howling all around me; that I tried to get up, but some unseen hand held me down.
Then I distinctly saw the light of dawn appearing in the east. But struggle as I might, I could not break away from the invisible bonds –
The wild dogs howled, day was breaking, the sun would soon appear above the horizon, and I still had seven miles to go ere reaching the shepherd whose sheep I had to count out before sunrise! I was in a cold sweat. All these hallucinations were so vivid that I was certain they were real. But they were just an ordinary nightmare that had got hold of me in my sleep, perhaps induced by the piercing frost – about thirteen degrees below freezing point.
Making one more great effort to break away from the mystic force which held me down, I at last managed to open my eyes. Then I slowly got up, stiff with the cold. It was still pitch dark! But, my fuel running out, I packed up, ready for a start, first listening for the sound of the hobbles, which were still clinking plainly. Knowing my horse to be within

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easy reach, I got sticks and kept the fire going on a Blackfellow's scale till the slightest sign of light appeared in the east. Then, getting my nanto, I saddled up and made off, still in a N.W. direction, obliquely across the ranges. By and by I got through them on to the Moodlatana Plain – otherwise known as 'The First Plain'.
I was bound for a shepherd's hut at a well named Yeltipena, on the E. bank of the big, gum-tree-studded Moodlatana Creek, thirteen miles due North of the head station of Ooraparinna. I arrived there well before sunrise. The shepherd was up, and I counted his sheep out of the yard, just as I had counted those at Bennett's Springs in the night before. His tally was also over two thousand head. We counted the shepherds' sheep regularly. At each count there would generally be some slight discrepancy, some of the animals having strayed or been killed by wild dogs.
This was one of many such jobs that I carried out on the Ooraparinna Run.
47. – IN THE OPEN. – THE COLDEST HOUR.
The Coldest Hour. – The coldest hour begins between three and four o'clock in the morning. Having camped out summer

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and winter during many winters and many summers – both in S.A. and N.Z. – I can vouch for the accuracy of this assertion. It has also been proved to be true by thermometric readings.
On many a winter morning I have felt the intense cold come down and grip me hard at about three o'clock, always awaking me at that hour. That has been my invariable experience when camping in the open. Then was the time to lie low, and lie still, tightening the blanket – or the rug if you were blessed with one – around you, not allowing the air to come through even a single chink.
48. – A STORM IN THE TASMAN SEA.
A Storm on the Ocean. – In the Tasman Sea. – In the early part of 1866 I was on board the screw steamship South Australian, 1000 tons burden, bound for the Bluff Harbor, Province of Southland, New Zealand. 'The Bluff' is situated at the southern extremity of the Middle Island; in

lat. 46° 40' S. The distance in a straight line from Melbourne one thousand two hundred miles. Being so far South, the seas are stormy and broken.
Soon after leaving Melbourne, it was found that the ship had a strong list to Port – i.e. left hand side. After being some days out in the Tasman Sea, the weather became rough. From my bunk below, which was in the cargo hold, I heard a crashing of

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something going first to one side and then to the other, as the ship lurched and rolled with the waves. The noise came from behind a great bulkhead which separated some two hundred passengers form the general cargo. I thought a bit before saying anything. Then I approached a man I had become acquainted with, and asked his opinion on the matter. He said it was nothing, and not worth while drawing the captain's attention to.
Getting no encouragement from him, and the smashing noised continuing, I made up my mind to interview the captain. The captain was a man of sense. He listened to me quietly and gravely thanked me for reporting the matter, then went down to the bulkhead listened to the noise himself. He at once ordered a hatch on deck to be lifted, although even then the storm was increasing in violence, and one of the officers went down to investigate. He found that a four-hundred iron Malt tank had got loose and was crashing across the hold from side to side with every roll of the vessel. Men were sent down to secure it and prevent its knocking like a battering ram against the ship's sides. The storm gradually increased in strength. It was soon one of the healthiest storms I had ever encountered, its lungs being very sound.

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When the waves struck the sides of the ship, she shivered with the shock as though hit by a rock. It seemed wonderful how three-eight-inch iron plates could stand the strain – or it may have been steel. The wind shrieked! It wailed through the rigging like a lost soul. It howled and whistled, and broke up the white-crested waves into spray, which went scudding along in the shape of mist. My berth, unfortunately for me, was on the weather side of the boat. By this time the vessel was sailing along almost on her beam ends. The consequence was, I was pitched clean out of my bunk on to the floor. Therefore there was nothing for me to do but loaf about down below in the viliated atmosphere, or go on deck amidst the flying spray. I chose the latter. And the experience gained well repaid me for the discomfort endured.
All on deck was chaos. Confusion reigned supreme. The ship was lying on one side. Now and again she would get on an even keel, to be blown over again till her masts were near the water. As a rule, she had a list of about forty-five degrees. The ocean was a white, seething mass.
I, with two other young fellows, had no sooner got on deck when we took shelter in a covered passage-way which ran along the deck against the starboard bulwark, from the forepart to the middle part of the vessel.

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We had not been there long, before orders were given to batten all passengers down below. Had the ship not been battened down, and the hatches fixed firmly, the ship would have foundered.
As I have mentioned, the passenger portion of the ship was in the cargo hold, which had been fitted up with bunks. We three were not discovered till the hatches had been fasted down securely. There being no other way of getting into the hold, we were allowed to remain where we

were, it being impossible to open the hatches again, as the deck was being constantly flooded with the water – at times several feet deep. The water arose in great waves forty feet high, and fell upon the deck with an enormous thud, then rushed out again over the top of the bulwarks on the other side, the bulwarks being about as high as my shoulder.
The deck cargo soon began to break up. The ship was going under steam, at half speed, the sails also being close reefed. In those days all steamers had auxiliary assistance with masts and sails. We could look from either end of our passage-way and see all that was going on. By and by a great wave came along, but a reefed spanker-sail high in the air with hundreds of tons of water, broke the stout chains and tackle that held it in position, and brought the whole lot, spars and all, with a crash to the deck.
There was one member of the crew whom we all disliked, he

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being so very disagreeable and disobliging. He was 'Chips', the carpenter. He was tall and thin. When the spanker-sail came down, 'Chips' was ordered forward to assist the crew in mending the chains and put the sail into position again. We watched the men from our coign of vantage. They waited till the ship righted herself, and then rushed forward. In a second or two the vessel was on her side again, with her deck at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then the grabbed hold of whatever was handy and held fast till she was nearly level again, when they once more darted onward. In this manner they soon reached the mast, and immediately set to work to right matters.
The water was pouring over them in waterfalls, but they stuck to their task, holding on when necessary. 'Chips' had a beautiful new macintosh on, the envy of all the others. He was working away, with a scowl on his face, when suddenly, without warning, another forty-foot breaker soared on high and overwhelmed them all!
The water having disappeared overboard as per programme, we saw the crew struggling about the deck in all sorts of positions. The miracle was that they were not all washed overboard.
But where, oh! where was 'Chips'? There he is! just arising from the deck! his beautiful coat torn off his back! and lost in the sea! Terrible! oh, terrible! He is in a

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towering rage! He has saved his cap, and has it in his hand – knocking the water out of it against his knee with the utmost violence!
How we young fools did laugh! It was shameful, I admit, – but then I, for one, had not yet arrived at years of discretion, being then only seventeen, and it seemed good to us to see our enemy so discomfited! I was sorry for him though. In time the men righted the sail. But the chain broke several times after that – three times in all – and each time the heavy spar came thundering to the deck. The reason the waves arose so high was that they struck the side of the vessel first.
A tub near us broke loose, hurtled across the deck, and caught one of the crew against the opposite bulwark. We thought he was smashed, But he got up and limped away, mostly on one leg, holding on where he could.
The water all this time was often up to our waists. Being, fortunately, on the weather side, we were generally high and – no, not dry! – until the ship came back to a level position, when the liquid element came back to our side and ran over the top of our bulwark. That was the time to hold on!

Just at my left elbow I saw the mate dis-appearing over the bulwark with the flood, when one of the crew seized him by the ankle and pulled him back.
By this time all the deck cargo had either been washed

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overboard or scattered about the deck. We had a lot of live sheep and poultry in pens and coops, but they were all drowned, not one being alive at this time.
Soon I began to feel squalmish. I had not been seasick on this voyage, having had a thorough 'doing' between Adelaide and Melbourne in the S.S. Aldinga. My stomach now began to sink. A bright idea struck me! Among the deck cargo were bags of onions. Most of these by now had gone overboard; but a large number of bags had burst, and the onions were rushing back and forth in the water around my feet. Seizing one, I tore it open with my thumb nail and teeth. It was strong of odour! Inhaling its pungent exhalations for a time, I thought I felt better. That one being exhausted, I tried another, and so on for several hours, when I found that those strong odoriferous bulbs had acted as a tonic on my internal organs to such an extent that the threatened mal-de-mer had entirely disappeared. Richard was himself again!
Well, the hurricane – for such it was – continued for twenty-four hours. The storm, taking us on the wrong side, of the ship, tilted us still further over, and at times her deck was almost vertical. We could see the tops of the waves from our comparatively high position, and they were one seething mass of white foam. The spray was blinding, and nothing could

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be seen one hundred yards ahead. The captain must have had an anxious time. He could do nothing but run before the storm. In those days steamships were not the powerful things they are now. It was fortunate that we were out in the ocean, with no land near, as we thus had a clear course.
In twenty-four hours the storm had abated; and the hatches being taken off, we went below. We then learnt that some of the women had been making a ‘to-do’. That could hardly be wondered at. Just imagine two hundred people being battened down in the hold of a big iron ship with no means of communication with the deck, or with the officers' quarters, the ship tossing and pitching, with the prospect of going to the bottom at any moment, and lying on its side most of the time.!
I can say that I enjoyed being on deck immensely. The worst part with us on top was standing all night in the water. At daylight the storm had abated. We could then see what a wreck the upper part of the ship was. Besides the loss of stock and deck cargo, the damage generally was very great.
The poor old South Australian did not long survive this voyage. A short time afterwards, she struck a rock off the New Zealand coast, and went to the bottom. This occurred in daylight, and in calm weather, and everybody

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was saved. She stopped on the rock for over a day. Then she was suddenly washed off, when she foundered in deep water, and nothing more was seen of her.
Foundering of the Steamship 'London'. – By a strange coincidence, the S.S. London, while on her way to Melbourne from London, foundered in the Bay of Biscay at the very time that the storm overtook us in the Tasman Sea.

I may say here, parenthetically, that when on the way from London to Adelaide in the ship Albemarle with my parents in the year 1853, we encountered storms in the Bay of Biscay. The storm overtook the London in that Bay, off the French coast, when her hatches were torn off by the tremendous seas, and she sank, with the loss of two hundred lives. This was in January, 1866 – the very time that the storm caught us in the S.S. South Australian in the Tasman Sea. Had our hatches not been securely fastened down, we also would have foundered.
A report from Wellington, N.Z., in 1912, said that two steamers – the Warrimoo and the Aorangi – met the full force of a hurricane in the Tasman Sea, and the former lost the greater of her deck cargo of fruit overboard.
Height of Ocean Waves. – The White Star liner Arabic reported waves forty to fifty feet high in the Atlantic Ocean.

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On the White Star liner Pittsburgh, two waves met overhead at the height of the 'Crow's Nest', swept the deck, carried away the bridge and the officers' quarters, hurled the man from the wheel through a partition into the chartroom, and ruined the bridge. Waves one hundred feet high have been reported by Captains of Atlantic liners, and steamers have even had their 'Crow's Nests' stoved in.. It is stated that in storms of exceptional violence the waves of the ocean vary from thirty to forty-five feet in height.
49. – A HURRICANE ON LAND.
A Hurricane on Land. – The Glenelg River, S.E. – In October, in the year 1895, three of us, in a wagonette with three horses, arrived late in the dark and the rain and the slush at 'The Punt' – otherwise, Nelson – Near the mouth of the Glenelg River, on the Border of S.A. and Western Victoria. The weather was stormy and boisterous. We wished to get around, ascendingly, a rather steep and in part rocky hill, and on to the bank of the river to camp. Mr L, who was our Jehu, was cautious, and was dubious of driving around and up the hill owing to the danger of a capsize, it being pitch dark. But we had to camp somewhere, and could not stay on the weather side of the hill, exposed to the elements.

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I descended from the vehicle in order to find a way on foot. I was then fifty-seven years of age, and had not long recovered from a bad attack of heart dilatation, whereby I was badly handicapped.
The ground was invisible to us in the trap. Putting a piece of white calico that I had in my pocket on to my shoulders, I picked out a way, L. keeping the horses' heads – there were two at the pole – close against my back. We gradually wound our way up the hill, steering between rocks, and got over the top on to the other side, where we pulled up on a grassy flat sodden with water. We were now six feet below a protecting ridge of rock, which was fortunate for us, as the sequel will show, as we were sheltered somewhat from the full force of the wind.
We erected our tall conical military tent by the aid of a Dietz lantern, obtained some wood after skirmishing around, and lit a fire with the aid of some fire-lighters that we had brought with us. By this time it was ten-thirty o'clock. We turned in, and had a comfortable night. The military tent being of thick canvas was rainproof.
Next morning I took two photos of the scene. We found we were on the high N. Bank of the Glenelg River, about two miles from its mouth, at a place where the stream made a bend at right angles. The bank on our side was thirty feet high, with

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a slope to the water. Further up stream was a bridge, with the little town of Nelson on the other bank, opposite.
Hiring a boat at the hotel there in the morning, we all three – Mr Fred Lester, Mr Olsen (a clerk of the Mount Gambier Local Court), and myself (H.H. Tilbrook) – rowed down to the mouth. The river was flooded and muddy, precluding any chance of catching fish.
I landed, with my camera, at the lowest point, and strode forth, looking for views, leaving the others waiting for the tide to come in. I strolled along, and at length came to a freshwater stream which emptied itself into the Glenelg just inside the mouth. This stream was calm, smooth, and beautiful. The banks were of clean, bush-covered sandhills. The long, thin, narrow strip looked very pretty, flowing gently between them. It was called Eel Creek, or Albrecht's Creek. I took a stereoscopic view of it after a good deal of trouble, for it was raining. The bushes all around were wet. No other views being obtainable, I returned to the boat, and found my mates still there. Saying I would make back for camp, and telling them not to wait for me, as I thought I would be able to get across the swamps which abound there, I started for home. My load was heavy – nearly forty pounds. I skirted the edge of a swamp, but the tuft grass or cutting grass,

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which was as high as my head, interfered with the view. I had got about half a mile through the water, mire, and this high grass, wet through to the knees, when I found that, instead of making a bee-line for camp, I had to turn to the left against my wish, and yet again to the left, until the tent was behind me instead of in front, and I was facing the coast once more! Then the swamp became so deep that I could not cross it at all. It was exhausting work, too.
Afternoon was now on. So I decided to return to the point and see if the boat was still there. Fortunately for me, it was! my mates having made up their minds to wait there till nightfal for the turning of the tide. They agreed to pull me up the river about three-quarters of a mile to another point where the swamps were shallower. And a big job they had! They could make no headway until they crossed the river and pulled up in the shallows on the right-hand side.
In landing at this rocky point I nearly got a ducking. Upon nearing some stones close to the slippery rocks where I was to land, I leaned over and grasped a smooth rock just showing out of the water, to guide the boat in, when the boat slipped back, leaving me suspended in mid air, my hands on the rock and my toes in the boat. It was touch and go! But they quickly poled the boat up, and I was saved. I landed, and the boat was soon out of sight down the river.

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I made a start to get through this swamp which was similar to those lower down. I had to turn down stream again further than I wished. Seeing a fence in front of me a good distance off, in the correct direction, I made for it, feeling sure there would be dry land there. But I found that the water was up to the top wire. The fences there are made of post and wire, with the bottom wires closely and firmly fitted with very stout but short palings. That is the way they have down there of sheep-proofing the paddocks.
Although I jumped over one tussock to another, I could not evade the swamps, but had to go through them. They were not more than knee-deep there except in places where I could not venture. At last I got over that fence and reached some sloping ground. The burnt scrub on it, with its black pointed sticks, however, took a lot of dodging.

Just as I was getting through it, I spotted a big big Bull in front of me. Now, I didn't mind bulls, but you mustn't be too rash with them, and I was not then in a condition to take any risks.. Accordingly, I went around him as much as I could; but, somehow he was always in front of me. The fact was, I had to make a big detour to get around him, whilst he had only to take a few steps to keep in front of me. I was beginning to get savage, when I saw something

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lying on the ground near a stripped wattle. It was the dinkiest and handiest little tomahawk I had ever seen, the handle being home-made of sheoak, very thin but strong. The thinness of the handle made the head all the heavier. There was also a neat mattock lying near it.
Now, I was always strong in the wrists and arms – inherited from my father's side, and cultivated by athletic exercises – so, picking up the tomahawk, I marched straight up to the Bull, who was still between me and the camp, and passed by his very nose! He took not the slightest notice of me! He merely kept his eyes on me, and snorted a little as if he did not like me, but kept on grazing all the while. Had he gone for me, he would have got one on the knob.
Our camp was still a mile away, and I got there a little before dark. Within a quarter of a mile of the tent was a house, and in passing it, I called to ask if any one knew the owner of the mattock and tomahawk. A stuttering boy came to the door. As he could not talk for excitement, only stuttering when I put the question, while I held the tomahawk behind my back, I could see that he knew the owner. So I handed him the tomahawk, and his eyes glistened with delight.
I lit the camp fire, and was getting the tea when L. and O. arrived. They had left the boat at a kind of

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landing half a mile away. They told me they intended to go to the mouth of the river at midnight to fish. I wished them joy! For my part I intended turning in, for the wind was howling and the rain falling even then. We were all hungry, and had a hearty tea. In addition to bacon and eggs, we had fried bread on the top of them. They also persuaded me to take a big dose of whisky and honey for a bad cold and sore throat that I had. I might mention that butter and honey did the throat most good.
The weather getting worse, my two companions thought better of their intended fishing trip, and decided to stay where they were. L. asked me to with him in the dark down the river as far as the boat, to see if it was safe. We went together, and found the water lashing and splashing about. We tied the boat up stern and stern near another boat. It was so dark we had some difficulty in finding the way and in keeping out of the holes and ditches that were numerous there, but at last we got back to the tent.
My tea, or their medicine – the awful whisky – was showing its, or their, effect upon me now. I was feeling very ill, and by the time we had turned in to our rugs I was in a high fever. Previous to this, in Adelaide, I had been suffering from a bad heart attack, and had not long been out of the

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hands of the doctors – five of them: Newland, Ewbank, Riessmann, Sir J. Verco, and Harbison – who said I was not to carry heavy weight, run to catch a tramcar, climb stairs, or that sort of thing. But who pays heed to what doctors say? They had operated on me in a private hospital too, and I gently died under their hands, but they brought me to with injections. It was great fun

at the time. But it was different now. No fun here! The heart was going at one hundred and twenty beats instead of my normal forty-eight. And just then I wanted to be well and strong, as I could see we were in for a very bad night.
Our Dietz lantern illuminated the inside of our tent. I, unfortunately, got worse and worse, and lay with my head on my box, not joining in the conversation, for I was too ill to speak. My heart thumped, thumped along without any abatement. The gale increased in strength as the hours went by until it reached hurricane force. The rain flew along horizontally instead of falling perpendicularly, and it was intensely cold, which was all the better for me, as I was at fever heat. The ropes had been slackened, but not enough, as the (central) tent pole was forced six inches deep into the soft soil by the contraction of the cordage.
My two mates were joking about sending a message to

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Mount Gambier, saying that our expedition had encountered a most terrific gale, but that our good military tent had weathered the storm. I thought they would be mighty lucky if they had not a different tale to tell before morning.!
The tent absolutely thundered! And the very ground seemed to shake. I could then see that no tent made by man could outlive such a gale. So, about one o'clock in the morning, I got up and dressed but very slowly.

'Hello!' said one, 'Tilbrook's dressing! Something's going to happen!'

I said, 'Yes. The tent could not last.'

They then got up and dressed also. Then we waited for the inevitable, for nothing could be done to avert the impending catastrophe, except lowering the tent. But this could not be done without tipping the cumbersome pole over.
Suddenly, with a tremendous roar, the tent was ripped down in two places from the top of the pole which was ten feet high. It was about our ears in a twinkling, flopping wildly, and the rain got in at last. Out dashed the others to let go the ropes – I after them to prevent their doing so, and also to help them save the tent from total destruction. By the time I had got out, they had

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loosened two of the three guy ropes that held up the pole from the top. Fortunately, the one to windward which held the whole thing up was untouched when I arrived on the scene. The lower part of the tent was held down by twenty-two little ropes fixed tightly to as many iron pegs. If the pole were tipped over, one half of these little ropes must necessarily be torn out of the canvas, for the pegs would not give, and the destruction of the tent would have been complete.
Things like that flash across one's brain with the rapidity of a lightning stroke. I told them to go inside and push the butt of the pole right up to the windward side of the tent – towards me, in fact, as I stood by the one remaining guy rope , which was taking all the strain. This would allow the tent to fall within its own circle. L. said it could not be done, as the pole had been forced into the ground by the strain. I rushed inside and move the pole and inch or two by putting my shoulder to it; then went outside while they did the pushing. By the light of the lantern I saw the butt coming towards me. When it reached the outer ring of canvas, I let go the last guy rope, and the tent fell upon its own ground minus further damage
Then away went my hat over the river cliff! I took after it, and was blown clean over the bank. I landed on my heels on a slope below, for I had been an adept

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long running jumps, and knew how to land gracefully with my cheeks between my knees. I could not find my hat. Up I went again for the lantern; then returned and retrieved my hat, which was just floating away from a lower bank of solid rock. The water here in mid-stream, I was given to understand, was forty feet deep.
Reascending the higher bank, the wind, exerting its full strength, blew me down again. Then, ascending once more, bending low, I faced the gale and the beating rain, rushed forward, and got under the uneasy canvas, which kept twisting and twirling and flapping about the remainder of the night. There we lay till daylight.
Our camp being about six feet below the ridge of the hill, saved our tent from going across the river like a balloon. As it was, its boisterous flappings, like that of a huge wounded bird, made it rather uncomfortable for us. Although three of us were under the tent, neither knew where the others were.
By this time I felt a little better, the intense cold and the rain reducing the fever a bit; but I was still ill enough. At daylight, L. – who was one of the most enterprising of men, – and who had the advantage of me by being fifteen years my junior, while O. was only some thirty-three

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of age – got out, hunted around, obtained some wood, and made a roaring fire on the little bank below the cliff. This cliff gave splendid shelter from the hurricane, which was raging as fiercely as ever. He called to me above the noise of the storm to come out. But I thought it was a hoax, and ignored him. His repeated calls, however, induced me eventually to move out, when I was immediately blown away like a piece of paper, over the thirty-foot bank, down on the slope, to the lower bank. I still had no difficulty in digging in my heels, and I did not get a scratch.
A grand fire was burning down below, and in perfect shelter. Its warmth did me good, and I began to recover rapidly. After a time I became hungry – a sure sign of convalescence! the others had been feeding all the time, Fact!
I essayed to reach the tent to get my aluminium pannican. Stooping low, I faced the rain, which was still driving along horizontally, and stung like hail. Getting the light pannican, the wind kindly took it out of my hand and carried it away! It went sailing in the air like a bird, right into the river – as I fully expected. I went after it like the very wind itself. The hurricane caught me in the back and helped me over the cliff once more! I landed nearly as soon as the pannican, and grabbed it just as it was rolling over the two-foot rock bank into the water.

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How my two mates did laugh! They hardly reckoned upon an old buffer of fifty-seven being so nimble, especially when he was ill. But I was nearly well again. We stayed at that camp fire from daylight till three in the afternoon, without a sign of the storm abating or the rain ceasing to drive. One or other tried to walk down the river as far as the boat, but were blown back at a trot.
We learned next day, however, that or boat and its neighbour had both sunk. Ours had overridden the other and swamped it, then shared the same fate. Both were recovered.
We kept chopping down limbs of trees about nine inches thick to replenish our fire. That fire was a comfort! At three p.m. we all scaled the cliff, ducked our heads and bodies, rushed to the humbled and disgraced tent, rolled it up, packed all the things into the trap, and, leaving the trap there, carried the tent, with the canvas wrapped around the pole, over the bridge at The Punt,

three furlongs away, to the hotel in the town of Nelson, half a mile away from our camping ground. That night we slept in beds, and were as comfortable as cold sheets could make us!

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50 – AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. – BY A PARTY OF ONE.
A Three-Day's Tramp Looking for Sheep. – Ooraparinna and Angorigina. – One day, in 1865, I started, solus, on a three days' march to look for strayed sheep. I was on foot, as our horses, owing to lack of feed, could not stand the journey.
Leaving Ooraparinna early in the morning, I went northward in a direct line for thirteen miles; then zigzagged about over low, broad ranges, hills, and plains, till I got on to the Angorigina Run. When five or six miles east of the Reaphook Hill, I came across a big mob of sheep reclining in a natural position – all dead! It was a puzzle to me how they died. Yet that puzzle was solved by nighttime! They were not our sheep. I carried a half-gallon tin canteen with me. Having a snack of salt beef, homemade bread, and water, for lunch, I travelled along, and finally turned due east. Continuing in this direction for several miles, I came to a pleasant, shallow valley in the range which separates The First Plain from The Second Plain.
There I found a HUT, belonging to Angorichina. A shepherd was there with a flock of sheep, which, it now being sundown, he was just putting into the yard. My tramp for the day was considerably over twenty – miles, for I had been walking from sunrise to sunset.

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The Hut which I had arrived at was eighteen or nineteen miles in a direct line from Ooraparinna, and I had never seen it before, as it was off our line of travel, and there were no tracks on our side. The Shepherd was a bit surprised to see me march up; but as that was back country where tramps were never seen, he was exceedingly pleased to have a companion, if only for a night. He was an oldish man, of a pleasant disposition.
He unearthed the hot embers in his fireplace and prepared for tea, bringing out a rare luxury in the bush – a small piece of bacon! I like bacon – immensely! – especially as I had tasted none for so long! But I was not selfish enough to deprive the poor old fellow of any portion of his tit-bit. He cut off four small, thin rashers and cooked them in a pan. He politely offered me the lot! It really appeared as if he had cooked this dainty solely for me. But I refused it. And glad I was that I did not succumb to this blandishments that night, for next morning I learned why he had cooked four rashers. He did not look very well, poor chap, and I \was/ only a boy of sixteen and a half years.
I told him about the dead sheep I had seen. He then explained that mystery to me. They belonged to his flock. They were very thirsty, and tried all they could to get to a spring north of the Reaphook Hill; but as it was not their day for water, he, with his dog,

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turned them back. Whereupon they took the sulks, lay down, and stayed there till they died. I quite believed him for I had seen exhausted sheep act very similarly when crossed. Sheep are, perhaps – if we except some humans – the stupidest creatures on this earth, lambs giving them a close run. Sheep are sulky creatures when exhausted; but, for all we know, it may be the sulkiness of despair, caused by exhaustion
Having had a pleasant evening with the old Shepherd, relating our experiences, he turned in to his bunk, and I on the floor in my one single blanket.

Next morning, the mystery of the bacon was also explained. He told me he couldn't eat bacon warm. So he always cooked it the night before, and had it cold for breakfast! Now, why did he not say so at the time? I might have deprived him of his breakfast had I not been strong-willed. I felt relieved, at anyrate.
Of course, sheep and shepherds have to be out at sunrise, summer and winter. So, I, perforce, bid an early adieu to my entertainer. I had shared my little bit of food with him, saving just enough for lunch that day, as I was expecting to sleep at one of our huts, where a Shepherd was located, on the second night. The sequel will show the wisdom of not reckoning one's chickens before they are hatched! I started off, still eastward. I was making for a part

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of the country almost untrodden by man. It was a very dry, sterile land, with scarcely an atom of feed, and very little bush either. Continuing eastward for several miles, I got through the ranges on to The Second Plain, still on the Angorigina Run. The soil on that plain was red, and well sprinkled with 'cobbers' – stones the size of road metal.
I explored this Land of Desolation, but did not see a single animal, let alone a sheep, A strayed sheep would not exist long there. If it did not starve or die of thirst, a dingo would soon kill it.
Going over stony flats and stony ridges, I turned west again, and made for Peter Simple's Springs. These were not springs then, but a shallow well sunk in a pleasant, easy valley near the eastern side of the range.
Incidently, I might mention that these Springs were thus named by Mr Boord after a very cute and very intelligent Blackfellow, who was nicknamed 'Peter Simple' because of his very cuteness. 'Peter' showed the Whites the locality of the Springs, which were hidden in an out-of-the\way/- portion of the range.
On a flat near the entrance to this valley was a Shepherds hut. It belonged to Angorigina. I had been there before, on horseback, therefore knew its location. The hut, I found, was occupied, but the door was locked – no doubt owing to the depredations of the Blacks.

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I hunted for the key in vain. So, being disappointed, I continued my course – south this time, with the intention of striking Bennett's Springs, on our own run, many miles down The Second Plain, where I knew we had a shepherd with his sheep – or thought I did! Having eaten my lunch, and had no more food left.
My walking now was chiefly down a very long valley in the low range, just on the border of the plain mentioned. I still saw no sheep.
At night time I reached Bennett's Springs Hut from the east – Ooraparinna Station now lay to the west, twelve miles away. I hastened along as the welcome hut came in sight. No smoke coming from the chimney! Yet it was past sunset! I saw no sign of sheep, either! No noise! What could it all mean?
Going up to the Hut, everything seemed ominously silent. I opened the door and went inside. The place was empty and deserted! The manager – Charley Dawson – had withdrawn the shepherd whilst I was on my way, although he knew I would probably make around in that direction. The Springs themselves were some distance to the west, away from the Hut, up a rocky gorge. And, quite unknown to me, a mob of Blacks were camping there. The camp was too far away for me to hear any noise, and it was too dark for me to go there for water.

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As a matter of topography, when I started, two days before, the hut at Bennett's Springs was twelve miles east of me. I went [*word crossed out*] north nineteen miles, but had gradually worked around in a big circle, till on the second night I came to the Springs from the east.
I was wroth with Charley, as well as filled with deep disgust. However, we take these things philosophically in the Bush. I reckoned I had walked another twenty – miles on the second day I examined the Hut to see if I could find any 'plant', and discovered two pounds weight of black sugar. I had water in my canteen – just a little – so I did not need to go to the Springs for water. I ate some of the sugar, drank some water, then turned in to my blanket on the Shepherd's hard bunk. I had my revolver on my hip, and I put it under my head, loaded. I slept well. There is nothing like an exhausting walk to make one sleep soundly.
As day was breaking, I heard the door-latch click! Jumping up quickly and grasping my revolver, I sat upright on the bunk. Then I saw the clumsy wooden latch rise.

I called out sternly, 'Who's there?'
A sweet, low voice came softly: 'On'y me, Polly!'
I hid the revolver behind my back.
The door opened, and a Black Girl of about sixteen

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- my own age – with downcast eyes, entered.

I asked: 'Any other Blackfellow outside?'
She persisted: 'No, on'y me, Polly!' She continued: 'Me wantum tucker!'

I hid the revolver and got up. When camping in the \Bush/ we go to our blanket at night fully dressed excepts for boots and socks. I went outside and looked around, and could see no one. Then went inside again.
I smiled upon her and told her: 'Me got no tucker; shepherd gone away!' I showed her the remains of the sugar. She looked at it eagerly, for our aborigines are desperately fond of sugar. That black sugar was for my breakfast. But I gave her half. I sat on the bunk, eating my portion, whilst she squatted on the earthern floor, enjoying her feast immensely and talking to me in Blackfellow's English. She was clothed in a blanket, with a Bush pin – i.e., a piece of stick – holding it together across her shoulders. One arm was bare to the shoulder, and, young as I was, I noticed that it was very pretty, whilst she herself was comely. She trusted me entirely, and I was struck by her simplicity and modesty. She informed me that her people were camped at the Springs up the rocky gully. The Springs had

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a commanding precipice of rock overlooking \them/ from the North.
That sugar was nectar to her, poor girl! Her soft, dreamy eyes looked their gratitude. I explained to her that I had 'walked two day – forty mile – come alonga Bennett's Springs – no tucker – shepherd gone – findum sugar – me give her half. Me go alonga Ooraparinna presently.'
That Girl, as I have said, was about my own age. When I transcribed these notes from my diary forty years afterwards there was not one Black man, woman, girl, or boy of those tribes left alive. Every one was dead and gone – civilized off the face of the earth by the white man. The Trades hall fellows yell, 'Australia for the Australians!' The Australians are dead, killed by the white man's vices, combined with the destruction of their game. Their song should be 'Australia for the

first invaders.' But I quite agree, now we – the Whites – are here, that we should keep Australia white.
Time is not wasted in the Bush. So, soon after sunup, this young, modest, sentient Black maiden and I parted – she for the Blacks' camp at the Springs, I for Ooraparinna, across the low ranges to the west, then north, then south again.
I was going to give the manager a bit of plain talk when I reached the station.

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During my journey so far, I had not been on a track of any description. Neither would I get on to one till within seven miles of the head station.
After crossing the ranges, The First Plain, and the Moodlatata Creek, and getting on to the above track, who should I see coming towards \me/ but Charley Dawason himself on his favourite horse, Norman.
We met! I asked him how it was that he had taken the shepherd away from Bennett's Springs without letting me know, or leaving provisions in the hut for me, when he well knew that I was making around in that direction.
Charley was evidently disconcerted. He had no doubt forgotten that I would get there at night time. He, however, excused himself the best way he could. Then he adroitly turned the conversation into another channel. He told me that a consignment of flour had just been brought up from Adelaide, via Wilpena; that the teamster had put tins of kerosene on top of the flour; that the tins had leaked and tainted the flour; and that the bread made from the flour had made them all ill.. So that was what was in store for me when I returned – Kerosined bread!
Charly rode outwards, while I padded the hoof inwards. In another seven miles I reached Ooraparinna,

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and had a good feed of Kerosined bread and salt beef at Government House – for I was the 'Pannikin Overseer', under Charley Dawson.
Thus I finished my three-days' journey of over fifty miles on foot in search of lost sheep, and never saw one. But it proved this much: That there were no sheep in those parts of the country to find, for they were non-existent, which at anyrate was a negative result.
51. MY FIRST DINGO HOWL.
I hear my first Dingo Howl in the Bush. – Great Eastern Plains – It was in 1864. I was a youth of fifteen. The Bush of Australia held unknown mysteries for me. My first wild-dog howl sent a thrill through my body that I shall never forget. The time was winter. It was then that the dingoes came out from their rocky fastnesses on to the Great Eastern Plains to hunt for prey.
I was sleeping alone in a hut on the Paratoo Run – a hut without a door or window, but with a door-opening and a window-opening – situated on the edge of a vast virgin scrub. The time was midnight, the night dark. I was suddenly awakened by a prolonged and most dismal howl. I raised my head and listened intently. There it was again, about forty

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yards from the hut. We had no sheep there – only a well and yard and throughs [*troughs]* for watering. The night was still and the howl so long drawn out that it thrilled, I being then a romantic town youngster, with my first experience of the Bush. It is when dingoes are silent that they are up to mischief; when howling they are not so much to be feared.

I jumped off my bunk, land, going to the open doorway, fired a pistol in the direction of the sound. The howl ceased, and I heard it no more that night. The firearm I used was a pocket pistol belonging to my father which he carried in England as a protection against highwaymen – It was one of a pair. It would send a bullet crashing half way through the staves of an oaken barrel that ornamented the chimney-top of the hut.

52. MY ONLY CASE OF BULLOCK-PUNCHING.

My first and only Case of Bullock-Punching – Paratoo. This happened at Paratoo in 1864, when I was fifteen years of age. I knew nothing whatever about driving bullocks. I had seen scores of teams about the streets of Adelaide, for it was then an every-day sight, but I had never had anything to do with the gentle creatures.

The lordly autocrat of Paratoo, having a set on me because I was engaged personally by that absolute gentleman Mr (afterwards Sir) Thomas Elder, and probably knowing I was a town boy with

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no knowledge of bullocks, said to me one day: 'Tilbrook, put the bullocks in the dray and drive to the Deep Well and bring back a four-hundred gallon iron tank from there.'

I never 'Sir'd him. I said nothing, but set myself to the task. Going to the stockyard in the Paratoo Gap, I had a look at the bullocks. There were four of them. What positions they occupied in the team I knew no more than Adam!

But I got an orthodox of long-handled whip and set to work on them. I come-hithered this one, and gee-off'd that one, till I got them into a corner, and began to put the yokes on. Then, just in the nick of time, a friendly puncher came to my aid and told me where the bullocks fitted in. Roany was the off-side poler, Strawberry the off leader, Bluey the near poler, and Whortleberry the near leader. This kind man did more, surreptitiously, for he was afraid of the Great 'I Am'. He helped me punch the animals into their proper places and yoke them there so that they could not run away without taking the great clumsy dray with them.

All being ready, I made a start. I come-hithered Roany, and punched Bluey's ribs; cracked the [*whip ?*] with both hands over Strawberry's head, and put the fear of death into Whortleberry's narrow, cunning mind. Down the Paratoo Creek we went, past 'Government House', and through the gap

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Then up a steep bank out on to the plain, where a five-mile winding track lay before me.

I reached the Deep Well safely. A man helped me get the four-hundred gallon tank aboard, when, in turning in a very circumscribed spot near the thirty-thousand-gallon above-ground masonry tank, I nearly upset the whole caboose.

Bullocks are cunning creatures. They always play a waiting game; and they soon sized me up as a green new chum. They are like some Laborites: They do nothing till they are forced. Consequently they responded very slowly with an inexperienced Kid like me at the helm – that is, until I wrathfully laid the whip along their hides.

Anyhow, the first half of the journey was safely consummated, and I was on my way back. All went well until I came to a part of track which ran along the perpendicular bank of a creek ten or twelve feet deep. The track ran very close to, and parallel with, the edge for some distance. This bank was on the off side of the dray. There the beasts, instead of come-hithering, gee-off'd, and I watched the off wheel trail within a foot of the edge.

The hard, dry, soil crumbled but did not give way. To turn then suddenly would have hurled the whole caravan to the bed of the creek. With whip high in the air, I gently

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flicked my beauties towards me – very very gradually, inch by inch, till the dray and team were in safety.. I soon had to descend a steep bank in the Paratoo Creek, which we managed with a run. Then came a hundred yards of sandy creek-bed, where we nearly stuck, but with punching, tall language, and cracking of whip we got across. My job was now nearly over. I got the team up to the yard of the station and unyoked them after unloading the tank.
This was the first and only time that I had been Captain of a team of gandy bullocks, and I was pleased when the job was over. I certainly drove, a pair of bullocks occasionally in a whip drawing water at the Paratoo Station well – one hundred and twenty feet deep.; but that does not count.
53. FROZEN WRISTS. In Two Gaps. – Paratoo Gap and Phillips's Gap. –
In Paratoo Gap, 1864. Time midwinter. The cold was severe – 19° Fah. I got out of my bunk every morning at five o'clock, finished breakfast and out in the big horse paddock by six a.m. It was pitch dark. I searched the paddock, which was some miles in extent, for my horse.

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On this particular morning the temperature was exceedingly low. By the time I had brought in the horse it was daylight When I arrived at the horseyards and well I found the water in the wooden troughs frozen over. I tried to break the ice with my heels, but failed. I procured a heavy mallee pole and broke through it, and gave my horse a drink. I measured the ice, and found it to be five-eighths of an inch thick in the thinnest part, while at the sides it was more..
Saddling my horse, I rode through the Paratoo Gap. The wind was cutting. My wrists were bare. The sun had not yet risen, and that hoary-headed frost did come down with a vengeance! After a time my wrists became painful. By and by they were agonizing. What to do with them I did not know. I clapped my arms, rubbed my wrists, wrung them – all to no purpose. Do what I could with them, I got no relief till half an hour had elapsed, and by that time I was well out on the plain to the westward. Old Sol then arose, and Jack Frost cleared out at once, as the two cannot endure the sight of each other, and never appear together in Australia except on the highest mountains, such as Mt Kosciusko in New South Wales and the Bald Mountains.
But they are very chummy in the winter time in

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New Zealand, the sun trying to melt the Ice into tears. But Jack Frost there beat the Sun, and the chaste, cold Ice would not be wooed by Sol, but stuck to Jack until the Summer came along, when the Ice Maiden melted into tears at the wooing of the hot, roystering Sun, ran down the rivers and buried herself in the Sea. Then Old Sol, not to be beaten, raised her up again in the shape of Mist and Moisture and deposited her upon the great mountains in the shape of Snow, where he could gaze upon her, but could melt her no longer until she slipped into the arms of the Glaciers and slid down into the Lowlands again. And so the Sun and the Ice Maiden, born of Jack Frost, continue the struggle while Time lasts. Then, when Old Sol dies of exhaustion, Jack Frost will hold the Ice Maiden in his tight embrace, and keep her there for ever and for ever!
Now to practical business once more!

Let me see! Where was !? 'Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions about?' Oh yes, I know! My wrists! Well, all of a sudden, the pain disappeared from both wrists, and nothing serious followed. – – –
The other time I had my wrists frozen in South Australia was in September, 1894. The locality was Phillips's Gap -

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two hundred and eighty miles north of Adelaide as the train goes, or two hundred and fifty-three, as we travelled. A friend and I had been up North for a trip. On our journey back we camped at the above place amongst the acacias on a tributary of the Wonaka Creek. That night the frost was heavy. At three a.m. the cold came down and pierced through us. I speak for myself. It went through my warm opossum rug. I lay still, and closed up all air crevices. But I felt Mr. Jack nipping me pretty severely.
After daylight I took the two horses down to water at a yellow claypan. I was in my shirtsleeves. Presently my wrists became frozen, and I endured the same agonies as at Paratoo thirty years previously. Upon getting the horses back to camp, I placed my hands over the fire, but the pain remained as hearty as ever. Then I tried rubbing the wrists, but with no result. Alternately I placed them over the fire, then in the cold; but the fire seemed to make them worse. This lasted for half an hour, when once again the pain suddenly ceased.
It will be noted that on the only two occasions upon which I suffered from frozen wrists, the localities were in South Australia, and both of them in Gaps. In New Zealand I frequently had my face frozen while in a Gap – or Gorge – but not my wrists, for they were covered.

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54. STEERING FOR A HUT IN THE DARK. ANGORIGINA.
A bit of Night-Navigation to Strike a Hut. – between Creeks. – In 1865, being deputed to represent Ooraparinna Run at a sheep hunt, my first night's experiences at the Angorigina Station were as follows.
I arrived at Ango. before dark after a straight, unbroken walk of twenty-six miles. I had not seen Ango. Station before. As was my wont, immediately upon my arrival I took careful stock of the place, and noticed that about six hundred yards away there was a big hut down by the sheepyards.
Standing at the Men's Kitchen, I took a mental note that the said hut stood nearly in a line with the pointed peak of a range some distance away to the eastward. It was well for me that I did.
The station stood on elevated ground. Two creeks ran from it – one on either side – and junctioned below the old slab building mentioned as being six hundred yards away. Between the two creeks was a plateau, sloping in the same direction – that is, eastward, with trees and tree stumps upon it here and there. The banks of both creeks were mostly vertical, and in places ten or twelve feet high, in others sloping. To fall down any of these in the dark would not have been any too pleasant – unless one had wings.
I had tea at the Men's Kitchen. They evidently did not know

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my quality! For I belonged to Government House at Ooraparinna. But I lay low and said nothing.
I did not bring a horse with me, as the hunt was to be on foot, owing to the rough country we had to penetrate. Therefore there was no reason why should ride a horse to Angorigina to be

paddocked for a fortnight while we were away after sheep. I would have saved me only a walk of fifty-two miles. And it will be seen later on that I needed to be on foot on my return journey to Ooraparinna – for a certain special reason.
This particular night was very dark. At ten p.m. I was told I could sleep in the hut away down below in the fork of the two creeks. Thus it was just as well that I had taken my bearings during daylight. There was no visible track. Fortunately, the peak could be just distinguished on the skyline.
Making a start, I held my hands out in front of me, and moved onward. The creeks on either side were what I had my doubts about. The place being totally unknown to me, I was in the dark both mentally and physically. Presently I blundered into a stump. Then, before I was aware of it, I nearly broke my propoxis against a tree. I encountered all sorts of things, but those confounded creeks haunted me. I walked very gingerly, not being at all anxious to find

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myself lying in a creek-bed. I was after another kind of bed. I could not make a straight course towards the peak, as I had to watch where I was going. No doubt I deviated considerably and got the Hut out of line. A seven-minute walk in the day time would have taken me there. My groping lasted much longer.
Suddenly I came up against something big. I put out my hands feelingly. That something felt like a slab Hut. Along its side I groped till I came to a corner. Yes! there was no doubt about it; I had struck the Hut I was searching for. Creeping around slowly I came to a door around the second corner, facing east. With some difficulty I forced the door partly open, for it was jammed and would neither fully open, nor would it close.
I had lucifer matches – the post-and-rail kind. I had no other illuminant. The matches were big, and of the brimstone order. You put the head in the hinge of a pocket-knife, opened the blade, and it went off bang! Or placed it on the nipple of a loaded pistol, pulled the trigger, and it detonated the charge like a percussion cap. Striking one, I found that the building was of comparatively large size – a sleeping-place for shearers during shearing time evidently. In the dim light, bunks loomed up. Dirt, litter, dust, and disorder reigned supreme, and would put one in mind of Gustave Doré's picture of 'The Spare Room at the Crocodile.'

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But I knew nothing of the great French artist then. Doré's picture represents a room smothered in dust and dirt. Spiders a foot big are in evidence in the corners and hanging from the rafters. A snake is peeping from under the pillow of the spared bed; while a large snail, and other 'reptiles' are crawling about. By the light of my timber matches I could see the bunks and floor littered with dirty pieces of sheepskin, bones, and other rubbish not especially inviting to an intelligent stranger at that time of night. Striking another match, I located a solitary bunk between the door and the great open fireplace, the bunk was close to the door, which opened directly at the foot of it. As it had a sheepskin on it, I decided to take possession and make it my sumptuous couch for the night.
Unrolling my blanket in the dark, I accordingly placed it on the wooden fixture, and with my boots for a pillow, lay my body there and slept the sleep of the just – or tried to, for I never could sleep well with only one blanket for a covering when the thermometer stood below freezing point, for this was midwinter. I tried to shut the door, but it would not close. So I was in a draught all night.

In the morning I arose, and examined the Hut with much interest. It evidently hadn't been used since the last

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shearing, Bones, sheeps' heads, pieces of skin, dirt, and dust – most charming to a sensitive intellect! What reptiles or insects might be there I did not know. There were the window-openings without sash or coverings, letting in fresh air, as well as opossums, bats, and such-like nocturnal creatures.
I soon vacated my midnight dwelling for the Men's Kitchen, where I had a good breakfast of mutton and damper, washed down with milkless black tea. My age at that time was sixteen years – showing that youngsters were not molly coddled in the Bush. With regard to the return journey of twenty-six miles from Angoichina to Ooraparinna, after the sheep hunt, I might mention that it was as well that I was on foot, for on that day I had to take a mob of flying wild sheep thirteen miles to one of our shepherds, and then continue my way to Oorap. But that is another story.
55. – A NIGHT'S 'REST' ON A SHEEP-HURDLE.
Camping on a Sheep-Hurdle. – Far North. – One night I had perforce to sleep in a deserted hut about midway down the extensive Moodlatana Plain, alongside the Creek of same name with its majestic gums. I had been drinking a lot of strong tea, and

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had somehow developed a nasty turn of nervousness. I had to camp either in the hut or outside – I chose the former, but would have been less nervous outside. The doorway had no door, and the window-opening no window. Also the only bunk was under the window-opening. Being nervous that night, I would not sleep on it,
My horse I had hobbled out, and I used my saddle as a pillow. There was a pile of round-railed mallee hurdles in a corner. A 'hurdle' has five or six mallee rails one and a quarter inches thick fixed to three uprights a bit thicker, with diagonals to make them firm.
I spread my blanket on top of the heap, and lay me down upon my little bed longitudinally.
Feed being scarce there – and that only saltbush – I did not hear the ring of my horse's hobbles, which was another matter for concern. Neither was there any water, for the great Creek was dry, owing to the drought. I slumbered fitfully. My leg went dead asleep. Turning over on the other side, that leg also became paralyzed. Getting up to restore the circulation, I heard a howl just outside in the Creek. I went back to my blanket again, but had to rise several times.
Nervousness took possession of me. Something seemed

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to be looking in through the doorway and window-opening. But upon striking a lucifer match, all I saw was some kangaroo rats hopping out faster than they hopped in, being scared by the light.
A kangaroo rat is about the size of an opossum
Then something was scratching on the shingle roof and playing high jinks. Just opossums – nothing more. My legs went to sleep alternately the whole night long. This was the result of my lack of experience. Had I placed the hurdles side by side and lain on them crosswise, I should have had a perfect bed, and my legs would not have been affected. But experientia docet!
The night seemed very long, and I was glad when daylight appeared. I soon had breakfast, of more tea, and also salt beef, then got my horse, which had not strayed far, and was off!

Moral: – Don't drink too much strong tea.
56. – A LONG NIGHT-TRAMP ON A NEW ZEALAND COAST.
A Night Tramp of Twenty-Five Miles. – From the Grey River to the Teremakau River, and Back.– The scene changes again to New Zealand. It was one day in 1867, when I was eighteen years of age, that a friend of mine in Greymouth, on the West Coast of the Middle Island, asked me if I would do a fifty-mile tramp with

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him from the Grey to Hokitika and back – to start on a Saturday afternoon after four o'clock, and come back on Sunday afternoon or night
I knew it was a big undertaking, for I had done the journey before – one way – [vide No.], with nothing but a shingly beach to walk on, and several rivers to cross.
I agreed, however. My friend's was just Blank. That is as near as I wish to put it here, for reasons that will be seen further on. He is dead now. But he has relatives, and I do not wish to hurt their feelings, should they ever read these lines, by exposing his one little weakness. I will just say here that he lost much money in gambling, which must excuse his one fault. He was working in the same office as myself, and I liked him well. He was a big, childish, nice fellow.
Knocking off work at four in the afternoon, I went to my tent, he with me, to change my clothes. Finding I had no clean shirt, I handed him a Bank of New South Wales Five-Pound note, and asked him to go to a store I named for a best-quality woollen Crimean shirt for eighteen and sixpence. He did so, and brought me the change – one and six in silver and a roll of One-Pound notes. Having been amongst many rogues – both in the Australian Bush, on shipboard, and on the goldfields – I had adopted the Bush maxim; viz.:'To

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treat every man as a rogue until you found him honest.' Accordingly, instead of thrusting them into my pocket, uncounted, I began counting them: 'One – two – three – ' He interrupted me with: 'Oh, Harry, I've got one of your notes in my pocket!'
I never turned a hair. He looked horribly red and confused, as he pulled the paper money from his pocket and handed it to me. I took the note and said not a word. He was getting a salary of Three Pounds a week; I Four Pounds Ten Shillings just then with a rise to Six Pounds in prospect. Nothing more was said, and we started.
He was twenty-six years of age, or eight years my senior – for I was eighteen. He was very fond of me. This little slip on his part did not alienate our friendship.
I carried a much, larger sum than the notes in question in a pigskin belt across one shoulder beneath my shirt. But neither he nor anyone else knew of it. So many murders were being committed on the West Coast at this particular period, that it was unsafe to show that one had money on him.
Tramping along a heavy track through the scrub for a mile or so, we crossed the New River and got on to the sea coast. Before dark we had wended our way among the tall flax near the beautiful lagoons at the back of the sandhills, to avoid the shingle on the beach.

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But after dark, we had to negotiate the pebbly strand. Going at it with our shoulders open, we faced a strong wind from the south. It was too dark to see anything, but there was no rain. The walking was heavy, sand alternating at times with the shingle. It soon got wearisome enough.

Had we had sufficient light to enable us to see where to plant our feet, it would have been easier for us. As it was, we simply stumbled along.
This continued till we came to the big Teremakau River – the 'Terrible Cow' of the diggers. It was quite ten o'clock by this time. We ought to have been there by nine.
Presuming we left Greymouth at five p.m., this gave us the rate of two and a half miles an hour only, the distance being twelve and a half miles. Our slow pace was due to the rough travelling. We worked hard enough to have covered three and a half miles an hour.
Getting as far as the North bank of this wide river, we called to the ferryman on the South side to come and row us over. The distance across was more than a quarter of a mile. So perhaps he did not hear us, the wind blowing hard in our teeth.
We saw the light of his hut across the bleak waters. I put my two fingers together and sent several shrill Australian whistles across the cold, dark, and gloomy river – In vain! He may not have heard, the river being wide and the wind against us. But the hour was late. Perhaps he did not wish to hear! Who knows?

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The fare across was half-a-crown, with an additional half-crown for pulling across to us empty. Seven and six would have paid him, but he may have thought there was only one passenger.
We tried thus for the best part of an hour. Then the light in the distant hut disappeared. The delay lessessing our chance of reaching Hokitika and getting back to the Grey in the time at our disposal, we decided to return. We could not do it if we waited by the Teremakau till daylight.
Turning our faces northwards and our backs to the river, we disgustedly and grudgingly made our way homewards. We were pretty tired before our journey was comleded. The wind being now at our backs, however, helped us considerably.
At length we arrived at Greymouth early in the morning, both of us safe and sound, but leg weary, after a walk of twenty-five miles.
57. IN SEARCH OF AN UNKNOWN WATER.
My First Day Out at Ooraparinna in Search of an Unknown Water. – In the beginning of 1865, Charley Dawson, the manager of the Ooraparinna Run, instructed me to cut my way through a dense mallee scrub, in hilly country, \and/ find a certain water on a small plain fifteen miles away. On my route there was no track whatever, although there was one on the west, or left hand. My direction was North.

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The water I was to find was named 'Pataton'; but I had never seen it. I had only just arrived at the station, and the whole country was strange to me. It takes some time to get one's bearings in a strange land; but Charley D. did not think so! The chief purpose of my having to find the water was to deliver a letter to Mr H.C. Swan, then Manager of Angorigina.
He was supposed to be at the spot I was aiming for, with his men, effecting repairs to the watering-place. The water in question was a small spring situated over our boundary on the Angorigina Run. Pataton Water!
I had strict injunctions, after delivering the letter, to start straight away to the Reaphook Hill – another place I had never seen – go around the back of it amongst the scrub, and camp there for the night, ready to pounce down upon a shepherd of ours at Baldina Hut, early in the morning, and count his sheep out of the yard before sunrise, but on no account to sleep at the hut, which was occupied by a married man with his wife and family.

I mounted my horse at Ooraparinna and started. The first five miles was through nice, open, hilly country. Then came the dense mallee. Being new to the place, I could not pick my way, as I used to do later on, but forced my way through wherever I found an opening, going over hills I could have avoided

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had I been acquainted with its topography. This was hard on my poor horse. Going along for hours like this – for I could not go out of a walking pace – up creeks, across rises, over steep hills, making detours and deviations to avoid the dense and wide-spreading arms of the mallee clumps, and get around fallen trunks, and down and up steep creekbanks, I gradually turned too much to the right, and early in the afternoon debouched on to a plain about five miles wide and thirty miles long!
I thought it was the one I was looking for! As a matter of fact, I had got much too far eastward – my plain being many miles away to the north-west. I had certainly got through the confounded mallee scrub, but on the eastern side instead of the northern, and was now in open country, with ranges on each side of the five-mile wide plain. This plain ran north and south.
I went onward, vainly looking for the water. By and by I saw a flock of sheep! Riding up to them, I could see no shepherd, and thought they were a lost mob. Then a man came up to me from nowhere. It was the missing shepherd!
Telling him my errand, I asked if he knew where the Reaphook Hill and Pataton water were.

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He did not know anything about the water, but the Hill was ten or twelve miles away, in a N.W. direction over some ranges. He pointed out the direction. Having no time to lose, I made off again, and, getting through some very rough, rocky country, I came to what I felt certain, by its shape, was Reaphook Hill. There also was the small plain at its foot. But search as I might, I could find no water, nor hear sounds of as men at a camp. It was getting late in the afternoon. Away to the north-west, four miles distant, I espied the corner of a sheepyard. My horse was almost knocked up, having had a very rough day's work. But I got him up to this yard along a plain with plenty of blind creeks running into a central creek.
There I found a Hut, as I expected, around the corner of a hill – if a hill has a corner! Its location would be due west of the Blinman.
Riding up to this Hut, I was met by a lady termagant! I admit this a contradiction of terms. She, the sweet angel! was standing at the door, her arms akimbo. She was middle aged, of dark complexion. She was also stout. She eyed me with a sour visage. And yet I was only an innocent, retiring, bashful youth of sixteen!

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She surely could not have mistaken me for her husband! But No! I was on horseback; he must have been on foot. Perhaps she thought I would like a drink of tea! And just would I not! For it was a hot summer's day, and a drop of moisture had not passed my lips since morning. For, be it told, although I had a quart pot of water hanging on the saddle I could not open it till camping time, as once opened it could not be closed again.
With beetling brows, and looking as black as thunder, this ministering angel from the skies gruffly asked what I what I wanted. I told her I wanted to find Pataton Water.

Yes, she knew the place for her husband watered his sheep there. She snapped out "You've come past it! It's in a bend of the creek four miles away, at the foot of the Reaphook Hill."
She said this with so vicious a scowl, that I was glad to get away without losing my scalp.
I didn't kiss her for mother when I left. But I looked back in terror several times to see if she was after me with a shotgun. But she wasn't, and I began to breathe more freely. In fact, she seemed very pleased to see my back – like the other woman who said to her husband, 'I'm pleased to see your /you're\ back!

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He wondered what she meant. But there was no mistaking what my beautiful one meant. I expect she told her hubby that a bushranger had stuck her up, and that she had shoo'd him off!

> 'O, woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!' – – –
>
> 'When woman reigns, the devil governs'. – – –
>
> 'It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman; also on the housetops than with a brawling woman'. – – –

I soon traversed the return four miles, and, following the creek up, came right upon the very water I had so long been in search of – Pataton Water!
It could not be seen until one was right on the bank. That was how I had missed it. I had passed within four hundred yards of it! Fortunately, also, Mr Swan and his men were there. What a quiet lot they were! I wished they had shown them-selves on the bank, or have made a bit of noise, whilst I was passing! Their thoughtlessness lengthend the

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journey of myself and horse quite eight miles! I delivered the letter to Mr Swan.
The shades of evening were falling. Neither Mr Swan nor his men asked me to stay in their camp with them for the night. I again mounted my steed, and started for the foot of the Reaphook, about a mile away, south.
On the map this remarkable hill, I believe, is named Mount Emily, probably after some surveyor's sweetheart. He should have adhered to the local name, which is so appropriate. That part was once a tableland. Some convulsion of Nature Had elevated the northern part to a height of several hundred feet, leaving the plain in front of it intact; whilst the back part on the southern end moved like a hinge. And so it remains to this day.
It is impossible to scale the northern front. But one can ride on horseback from the southern hinge up the gradual slope at the back right to the top of the hill or precipice.
There he is stopped. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice of vertical rock perhaps fifty feet straight down. Then comes a steep slope perhaps three hundred feet below. This capping of rock has been forced out of the plateau in the shape of a sickle, or reaphook, thus: -

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[*diagram of a reaphook*] But of a much neater design than here given. Hence the name The side or sectional view would be like the rough sketch below:-
[*see sketch of hill with detritus and rock face*]

Riding towards this strange geological formation, I heard a rifle shot from the camp behind me, and heard a bullet whizz through the air. I looked back, but saw

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nothing. I expect the fellows in the camp were having a lark with me!
By the time I had arrived at the foot of the Hill, the sun had set. But I had further to go yet, and proceeded around the slopes to the right, then turned to the left. When I had reached the scrub-covered slopes at the back of the Hill it was dark, and I was unable to fix upon a site for camping.
So, in the blackness of the night, I off-saddled on a scrubby and stony slope of one of the ridges – there was no flat land there. I hobbled my horse and let him go. The poor animal was almost done. We had been travelling twelve hours, and had not had a single spell of five minutes.
Had I not kept going, it is evident I should have failed in my mission that day. Fortunately for my reputation, I succeeded. Nearly all the way was over ranges and hills, with the mallee scrub running \through/ most of them. And what about myself.? Oh, I was young!
I soon heard the hobbles jingling merrily. So I knew the horse was alright. Now for a fire to boil my quart pot – to make tea, and to keep me company for the remainder of the night.
Searching my pockets for matches, I found two!!

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Those were all I had. Oh, how gently I struck one after I had gathered some dry sticks from the surrounding bushes! The wind very unkindly blew it out. I tried the other one. Alas! rude Boreas puffed that out, too! What luck! Also, what management! Travelling in the Bush with just two lucifers!
I was thus fireless for the night, in a very bad position, on sloping ground bestrewn with stones, and knowing nothing of my surroundings, having arrived on the scene after dark. I opened my quart pot, and had cold water instead of a pot of hot tea. It was dinner and tea in one, for I had had nothing all day.
I shifted the 'cobbers' that were lying about, rolled myself up in my blanket, and tried to woo Somnus. But I was anything but comfortable. It was possible that a few scorpions and centipedes might be anxious to share my blanket with me. I hoped they would stay at home, however. But then I might be intruding upon their domain, for I had come late, and it is well known that if one wants to find a nice fat centipede, one has only to turn over a few of the little angular stones lying about everywhere to find one – together with his cousins and his aunts and the rest of the family. However, they did not trouble me, and when day broke

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there was I, lying on a scrubby slope, with the Aldina Hut and yard in sight about a mile away below me to the westward. These were on our own run.
Catching my horse and going down, I introduced myself to the shepherd, and counted his sheep out of the yard before sunrise. His good lady was a kind-hearted soul, and, hearing where I had camped, without fire or tea, she gave me a good drink of the latter beverage, and a meal of bread and mutton also.
Then, starting southward, I entered mallee scrub once more, land made my way through it to Ooraparinna, doing the journey this time in almost a direct line. On my way I passed, on my left

hand, a rocky, castellated hill called 'The Coronet', of most peculiar formation, and very aptly named. I wish I could have obtained a photograph of it.
58. – DESCENDING A 35-FOOT SHAFT. – OPOSSUMS!
A Find of Opossums in an Old Shaft – Waterfall Hut. – One day, in 1865, Charley Dawson and I (H.H. Tilbrook) riding along together, came to a dry waterfall – if such a thing can be! – in the big mallee scrub, north of a red granite-looking hill

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called 'The Guide'. Close by was a shepherd's hut, at that time unoccupied, but afterwards inhabited by a new-chum shepherd, of whom I have something to say elsewhere.
When the creek ran, the whole of the water fell in one stream over a level rocky face thirty feet wide and thirty or forty feet deep, the face being Perpendicular. Below this was yellow, and also white, loam or Pipeclay. Through this a shaft had been sunk thirty-five feet deep. There was neither windlass nor rope. But the shaft was only two feet wide by about four feet long.
On the sides were small foot-holes where one could plank one's feet, alternately, first on one side, then the other, and so descend to the bottom, and form there ascend again.
Charley having expressed a wish to know if there was any moisture or sign of water below, I volunteered to go down and see. Getting to the edge, I put my feet into the notches and began the descent. Being then young and active, I had little difficulty in stepping from notch to notch downwards, both sides of the pit being firm. Descending in this manner for a considerable distance, I heard a great commotion beneath me, with screeching and a rushing and jumping of bodies several feet up the sides and along the bottom. I came to a standstill pretty quickly,

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and peered below to see what the dickens was the matter! I soon spotted the trouble. Three opossums, looking for water, had dropped down this hole of thirty-five feet without harming themselves! But they could not get up again. They were so frisky, they evidently hadn't been there long. Stepping upwards again, I informed Charley of the situation. Both of us agreeing it would be more merciful to give the animals the happy dispatch than to allow them to die a lingering death a.la Nature by starvation; and also knowing that their bodies would contaminate the water when it flowed in; I cut a stout stick with my jack-knife from the scrub, and went down below again in the same fashion.
It was contrary to my nature to become executioner. But there was no help for it. The disagreeable duty had to be done by someone, and I was the only one who could do it. Charley had a crippled foot, and could not descend the shaft. So I went below again. Stopping when I was a few feet from the bottom, the opossums made rushes up the sides towards me. They could see better than I down there, they being nocturnal animals.
But I gave each one its coup-de-grace. Then, stepping down to the bottom, I examined the floor of the narrow well to see if it was moist. But it was dry as a chip.

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There being no Blacks about to give the bodies to, I took them by their long prehensile tails, ascended to the light of day, and threw them into the scrub..
We then remounted our horses and resumed our journey.

59. – EAU – DE – MORT! – WATER OF DEATH! – IN A WELL!
Four Feet of Animal Remains! – The Guide Well. – Charley Dawson and I had often, in the course of our duties, to camp at a hut near The Guide Well. It was a useful place for drafting small mobs of strayed sheep. The yard being a staked one, with brushwood intertwined, and thus upright, the sheep could be chucked over the fence easily. That was how we drafted them there. Seizing the fellow that did not belong to us by the wool, over the brushwood fence he went. Willy nilly!
And thus it was that I once poisoned my hand at that very spot, and was in burning pain for two days while out alone, But of that elsewhere.
The Well at the Guide Hut was shallow – not more than sixteen or eighteen feet deep, or twenty at the outside. It was equipped with a windlass, being too deep for an Egyptian Whip. Both of us had noticed the 'twang' that the water had.

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It had the taste of Death! – of a charnel-house! It was far too strong for us to drink until made into tea. Even after that transformation, it had its own peculiar flavour.
So Mr Charley Dawson one day said to me, 'We'll clean that well out!' 'Right you are!' said I. So we went there with a shovel, and a billy for a scoop.
It was five miles from the head station, and was situated at the base of a high rocky outcrop that looked like red granite, but which, I think, was metamorphosed sandstone.
The billy was for ladling the 'juice' into the bucket. The bucket was a five-gallon nailcan or oil drum – the latter presumably. We set to work. Charley, with his crippled foot – caused by a fall from a stockhorse – was not equal to going below.. That was my job, while Charley did the hauling. First of all we emptied the well of the top lot of tainted water. Then, when the long bucket lay on its side, I went down into the well to fill it, Charley lowering me with the windlass.
The stuff that I sent up had the smell of a charnel-house. In color it was black.
When I first got below I sank into the putrid matter that lay there awaiting me.
There were numerous bodies of bush wallabies, opossums, kangaroo rats, and other animals.
The whole bottom reeked with putridity!

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I filled bucket after bucket with animal remains in the shape of skeletons, bones, decaying flesh, and black ooze. There was four feet of this to be removed. And remove it we did, although it took all day. By night time we had the well clean; and then clean water came in again and arose to its usual height.
Although we had often drunk tea made from this 'water', neither Charley nor myself had ever felt any ill effects from it. The germ or microbe can go through the ordeal of a bath in boiling and survive! Verbum sap!'
It was a habit of our silly Australian animals, when oppressed by thirst, to come to the well, and, seeing water below, throw themselves in for a drink, and there perish. Kindly Nature, again!
The consequence was, we men got very cheap 'soup' – of a kind – every time we camped there.
These happenings were in the summer of 1865, during the great drought.

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60. – THE BUSHRANGERS' SIGNALS.
I Retire Gracefully from a Murderers' Trap. – Again the scene changes. In 1866 a gang of murderers roamed over the ~~the~~ West Coast of New Zealand's Middle Island. Their location was the Grey River, their head-quarters the Town of Greymouth, a goldfields town then just in its infancy.
I was encamped in my tent, all alone, in swampy ground on the edge of thick timber, entwined with creepers. I was there before them. They came and pitched their tent about fifty feet from mine, a little further in the scrub. My six-chambered revolver having been loaded a considerable time, I, one evening, discharged its contents outside my tent, ~~re~~placed the firearm under my pillow, and went to work at the Grey River Argus office as a compositor, and remained at work till two o'clock in the morning.
Coming home that night in 'the sma' ' hours avant the twal., [*presumably – before the hour of twelve*] I turned in. Getting up early, I noticed the tent was in some disorder. I searched for my revolver to reload it. But it was gone! I did not know then who had stolen it, although I had a suspicion it was the men in the outside tent, who, I had noticed the night before, had taken stock of me while I was firing it off.

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Three sinister pairs of eyes followed my movements. But I learned the facts afterwards.
The gang of murderers was composed of Burgess, Kelly, Levy, and Sullivan.
Always when I took my walks abroad at night – which I made a practice of doing in order to get exercise – I carried my revolver in its holster on my belt under my coat. I also had a bowie knife in a sheath. I am quite sure, however, I never could have got myself to use a knife on a man, even in defence of my life. It seems too brutal and unEnglish. I would rather have relied upon my fists and hands if I had nothing else.
But after the loss of my revolver, I carried a heavy pebble in each coat pocket to stun an enemy with. I found out afterwards that that would have availed me nothing against these cunning and methodical villains.
There were only two tracks out of Greymouth – one up the river, the other towards the beach, both through thick scrubs, the former mostly on a siding cut around the high bank on the right hand, that being a portion of the high timber-covered range, the range being one mass of timber and foliage from bottom to top. For two miles up, commencing at the Gorge, through which the river ran, the track was cut around the range. The track therefore overlooked the river on the left hand. In

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places the stream touched the perpendicular bank along which the track ran – an easy spot in which to throw a victim overboard into the swirling waters! In others there was heavy foliage between the track and the swiftly-flowing stream.
The excavated track was elevated from thirty to sixty feet above the river. Anyone cast down by the bushrangers would either disappear for ever in the shrubbery or fall into the river, to be afterwards carried to its mouth, then over the bar into the ocean, and afterwards perhaps thrown up upon the shore. Body after body was thus found, and general consternation prevailed.
I carried my money – up to Thirty Pounds (above that sum I used to send on to Adelaide by bank draft) – in a pocketed pigskin belt beneath my flannel. With regard to the heavy pebbles in my

coat pockets, I had resolved, upon the approach of bushrangers, that the first man would get the first or right hand pebble, hurled with full force, on the head, and the second man the left. Then I would have a run for it. I was young – about seventeen – and green, but with the usual conceit of youth thought I knew a lot! Little did I know of the murderers' tactics, however! These came out afterwards.
Their plan was this. Burgess was the leader, and a brave man. Selecting one of the most daring of the band – mostly Kelly – he himself and the man chosen took up their

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station on the lonely track, first placing a scout at each end. The scouts were to signal to the two Executioners when a digger was coming along. If two men approached together, they were allowed to pass right through, all the members of the gang just quietly stepping into the scrub for the time, where they were completely hidden from view.
When a man came along alone, the Scout signalled the fact – The two murderers then waited till their victim was within reach, when they pounced upon him like human tigers. They at once strangled him with a silken Spanish sash that many diggers wore around their waists those days, and either threw his body into the river or down the bank into the creepers below, or dug a shallow grave and buried it.
It made no difference whether the man had money or not, he was murdered in cold blood just the same. 'Dead men tell no tales' was their motto, and they acted up to it always. Every man they stuck up, they killed. None escaped. So what chance would I have had? If two solitary men came along the track in opposite directions, and the Scouts at either end gave the signal that a traveller was approaching, the two villains in the centre stepped into the obscurity of the scrub and let them pass on their way unmolested.

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In another article I shall give some account of the doings of these inhuman brutes, and what led to their undoing and destruction – for three were hanged, and one – (Sullivan) – turned Queen's evidence on his mates after the whole gang had been captured.
Being on the scene of most of the tragedies, I had an intimate knowledge of them all. And now to come to the point of this particular article.
One evening, after the loss of my revolver, I decided to take a constitutional towards the beach, along the one and only track with the dense scrub on either side. The darkness was intense, for the timber growth stood up like a wall both right and left, the country there being flat. The track went through this scrub a mile or more before debouching upon the beach. I took care to have a heavy pebble in each coat pocket. Swinging along on the crunching gravel, I had proceeded about half a mile when, suddenly, there arose upon the still night air a noise like the clinking of two hard pebbles together. It sounded clearly and sharply above the dull booming of the distant sea. There was one click only.
My senses being on the alert, I stopped immediately. Listening intently, and hearing nothing more, I concluded

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I must have been mistaken. So off I started again, when the same metallic was repeated. Then, getting wary, I just slowed down, gradually came to a stop, and stepped into the scrub.

Listening with all my ears, I peered up and down the track, but could see nothing, and everything was still and quiet except the restless ocean. I reasoned with myself. 'I must be a coward if a noise is going to deprive me of my walk.' So, being reassured, I stepped out of the scrub and resumed my journey. But I had no sooner trodden the gravel when the click sounded out once more.
There could be no mistaking it now! It was a signal of some kind. What, I did not know then. But I afterwards knew the meaning of it all. Being thus certain there was something in it, I argued again: 'Well, what's the use of running into danger when there is no necessity for it? Now, if I had to go down this track, I would go, and chance it; but as I am only out for a walk, I would be a fool to take the risk.'
Thus settling the matter in my mind, I stepped out on to the gravel and started homewards. As I did so, the ominous clicking was repeated. But by this time I was interested

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in it no more, and steadily pursuing my way, went back to my tent to within fifty feet of the murderers' abode, and peacefully turned in. I wonder if I should have taken things so placidly had I then known that it was the 'murder gang' that was camped close alongside of me, and all of us in a lonely spot away from the other tents?
I was, however, only a beardless boy; and that was what saved me. The hair was growing on my face, but it was fair and so irregular that I shaved it off, and thus had the appearance of a beardless youngster. Grown men never clean-shaved in those days. They wore ornamental whiskers, or at least a moustache.
I really had more money on me than the murderers obtained from most of their victims. Sullivan himself confessed to no less than twenty-two murders on the Grey River and along the coast. No one ever knew what the total was.

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61. – THE PREDICAMENT OF TWO MEN IN A BOAT.
Two Men in a Boat – And the Sad End of Two Others. –
During Flood Time. – Going up the Grey River one day when a flood was on, I, from a high portion of the excavated track on the range side of the river, could see the whole stream surging along.
I was on the Canterbury side. Across the river, on the Nelson side, was a heavily-timbered plain of vast extent, with little ranges about it. Away beyond were the Great Southern Alps with its capping of perpetual snow. Mount Hocstetter and Mount Holmes stood up just there, both over ten thousand feet high. Mount Cook was further south.
Watching the boiling steam, I suddenly saw a flat-bottomed boat come out from the inundated scrub on the opposite side. There were two men in it. The freshet caught it and tossed it about anyhow. A little further down was a giant snag in the shape of a big tree, anchored by its branches in shallow water, the branches being down stream, the great trunk pointing up stream, and mostly submerged.
On this sloping trunk the little boat suddenly swung. I considered the occupants doomed! No help could reach them. But they had nerve and grit. They sat absolutely still. Gradually and almost imperceptibly they worked the little dinghy

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off the three trunk, when it silently glided into the troubled waters.
Whilst on the snag, the forepart was trying to climb the tree, while the lower part was submerged. Consequently when the boat got off the snag into the water again it was in imminent danger of foundering. Only the top of the woodwork was visible. Had the men lost their heads, or had a hysterical woman been with them, all would have been drowned.
But No!, they kept perfectly cool, land never so much as moved their bodies. Then as the boat was carried swiftly down stream, with the gunwale just showing above water, each man, quietly and gently, took off his hat and began baling, not even bending his body to upset the equilibrium of the crazy little craft. Gradually the sides arose higher out of the water. Then, the danger diminishing, they worked harder, and as she disappeared out of my sight, the courageous fellows were at the oars again.
It was not a pleasant thing for me, standing there on a high cliff, with no way at all of getting near the water, helplessly looking on, unable to give a hand. With the floodwaters added, the river there was half a mile wide. – – –

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Two Men in a Boat carried over the Grey River Bar – The other incident I have hinted at in the main heading was more dramatic, but was witnessed by other people besides myself.
A great Flood was on then also. Below the Gorge, about a mile from the mouth of the Grey, the river was more than half a mile wide, as at the spot above-mentioned. These events happened in 1866, and the river at its mouth has now been narrowed down by an embankment on the Cobden, or Nelson, side.
The situation was this. Mawhera Quay wharf in Greymouth extended downward to Boundary Street, starting near the Gorge. At the lower end of this wharf two men entered a boat, with the intention of crossing to the Cobden side. A crowd was around them, watching the Flood, I among the number. They were expostulated with on their foolhardiness. But go they would.
The Flood was an immense one! In fact, it was one of the sights of a lifetime.
The water was silent – deep – yet boiling, and was flowing swiftly. And its great width and rapidity precluded any chance whatever of the men reaching the other side. But we all thought they would pull back into safety on our side when they saw the hopelessness of crossing. Their judgment was very bad indeed, and their pluck amounted to foolhardy recklessness.

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Starting from opposite Boundary Street, they pushed the boat into the stream, and used their oars forcefully in their endeavour to cross. But to no purpose! The current was too strong.
Getting well into the rolling Flood, we saw the boat twist around like a cockle shell.
It was surmised that an oar had broken. Gradually they approached the terrible Bar, were swallowed by the tumultuous Breakers, and neither they nor their boat were ever seen again!
One reason why a body would not be found when the wind was from the South was that the storms and tide went diagonally along the coast northwards.
Beyond Point Elizabeth, five miles away, there were then no inhabitants. If the bodies were cast ashore beyond that Point, they would lie there till buried by the sand and pebbles. Still further away, to the North, was the Buller River with a town at its mouth named Westport. But there no means of communication between that place and Greymouth at that time.

Our furthest outside track from Greymouth in a Northerly direction then was the before-mentioned Point Elizabeth – otherwise locally known as Darkey's Point.

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62. – A CAVE AND AN UNDERGROUND RIVER.
I Discover a Great Cave and a Sub-terranean River. The six-hundred-feet-high coastal range at the back of Greymouth was so steep, so slimy, and so densely covered with scrub and timber, matted together with creepers, that no one had ever been to the top during the nearly three years that I was there.
Sunday being my only free day, I frequently tried to reach the top, but never succeeded.
One day I lost three One-Pound notes of the Bank of New South Wales during the attempt. And the bank was consequently the richer by that sum.
Another day, in 1866, I had got about half way up, when, upon descending, I found myself on the upper and steep side of a chasm of unknown depth. I was going straight into it down a slope of eighty degrees; but the sides of the chasm were vertical. Pulling myself up in time by the aid of the strong creepers and bushes which surrounded it and hid it from view, I got around it to the lower side, and proceeded to make investigations.
Peering over one end, I gauged the abyss as being sixty feet long and twenty feet wide. All the corners were rectangular. Three of the sides were vertical, while the lower

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side was overhanging. No bottom was visible. Throwing something down, I heard it fall about eighty feet below. Going down the hill through the tangled vegetation, I examined the mass of greenery to find an entrance if possible, In this I succeeded beyond my expectations.
Seeing a hole behind some shrubs just large enough to get in, head first, I forced my way in, and presently found myself in a narrow passageway higher than my head. Going along this straight into the hill, I came to the edge of the big chasm about twenty feet from the bottom.
It was impossible to get down, as this was the hanging wall, which went up overhead out of sight without a break. Standing in this natural doorway, I surveyed the curious scene below. On the left-hand corner, and further on at the next corner were archways leading into caverns of evidently immense extent. A great Underground River was rushing through them.
The thought occurred to me, 'Oh, for a boat to explore this River and those Caverns!' They must extend back for many miles. But I am afraid the current is too strong for any boat. The Range consisted of mountain, or carboniferous, limestone; and flowing waters will always eat their way through such rock. The carbonic acid in the water dissolves the limestone and carries it away in solution

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On the right was a sharp projecting angle which prevented my seeing into that corner. The floor, excepting where the Underground River encroached upon it, was of detritus, being clean and firm, with no vestige of mud. Having enjoyed the interesting spectacle, I retired the way I came, took a note of the entrance, and told a mate of my discovery.
Next Sunday, armed with a tomahawk, my mate accompanied me to the spot. Cutting down a long, thin pole, we got it through the passage and planked the butt end upon the floor of the chasm, leaving the thin end resting in the doorway. Clambering down this, I soon stood on the stony floor. My mate, being heavier than I, would not follow me.

Going around the angle on the right, I found another arched doorway through which the water was flowing also. The water at all the archways was too deep to allow me to enter. Looking upward, I could see the top of the chasm walls about eighty feet overhead. Having seen all that was possible under the circumstances, I reclined the pole and rejoined my friend.
Next Sunday we returned and got two poles in, when my companion descended to the floor with me and examined the place. The water was now low, and running gently. But it was still too deep for us to enter.

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Afterwards we hunted for the spot where the underground waters emptied themselves into the Grey River. This required a lot of looking for, strange to say!
Eventually we located the outlet in a jumble of broken rocks showing no visible opening. And the whole was so entirely covered with a mass of vegetation so dense that no one ever suspected the existence of an Underground River there.

63. – A MOB OF BLACKS HUNTING IN A MALLEE SCRUB.
Surrounded by a Mob of Hunting Blacks. – In 1865, whilst traversing a big mallee scrub on Ooraparinna Run, on horseback, I suddenly heard a mysterious buzzing and murmuring sound all around me, but mostly in front. I was at the time riding up a steep hill covered with the tall mallee. Upon nearing the crest, the peculiar notes brought me to a standstill. Reining in my horse, I peered into the mallee clumps that surrounded me, and listened.
The murmering increased, coming from both sides and in front equally. My eyesight was keen. After a while I caught sight of a Blackfellow pressing onward in my direction. Then another, and another. They were in hunting garb, with nothing on but a girdal slip, and were fully armed.

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Not wishing to be interviewed by them, I turned my horse quietly, followed my up-tracks down the hill again, made a circuit, and continued my way in peace. They did not see me, strange to say. But the fact is, I was higher up the hill than they; and when I started back, I was hidden from their view by the hill. And they made such a noise themselves that they did not hear my horse going down the hill.
Had I stayed where I was, the Blacks would have passed by me on either side, and I should have remained undiscovered. I was not afraid of the Natives, for I was armed; but I simply thought discretion the better part of valor on this particular occasion, as the mob of Darkies was a large one, as I could tell by the buzzing that was so loud and \that/ lasted so long.
64. – ARMED NATIVES AT PARAWERTINA.
Mob of Backs and Flock of Sheep, Parawertina – Dead Cattle in Waterhole. – In the same year, returning to the Station a little after noon, I arrived at a water, with fresh springs named Parawertina, situated one mile from, and north of, Ooraparinna.
To my great surprise, I saw there a flock of sheep belonging to a Shepherd who ought to have been five miles

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away to the eastward. The flock numbered about twenty-five hundred. But no shepherd was with them.

In his place, however, to my consternation, was a big mob of armed Blacks, nude all but the usual girdle fringe. I thought the matter looked serious. A Shepherd had been murdered on a neighboring run, and the Natives were becoming threatening and cheeky.
At this time a very serious drought was on, and there were but a few white men left in the country. Hence the cockiness of the Darkies.
Looking to my revolver, I descended from a ridge into their midst, but keeping my face to them all the time. They came towards me – that is, many of them, others squatting about – with their spears, boomerangs, waddies, &c., in their hands. They appeared friendly.

I questioned them as to how the sheep came there, and 'Where was the Shepherd?'

'Oh, him gone along Station to get um bacca!'

I thought that very likely; but things looked suspicious enough to me. The Darkies we so treacherous; there was no trusting them.
I determined to get to the station as quickly as possible to see if their statement was true.

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Around me in the creek were rocky but shallow water holes, with springs running into them at the edges. We were surrounded by ranges. In the pools were the bodies of many dead cattle.
In the centre of the largest were the putrid carcases of six big beast, tainting the water all around.
One of the leading Blacks came up to me as I was sitting on my horse, and said, pointing to the waterhole:
'Him big one stink! We wantum drink! You pull'um up that big-one-p'feller rock alonga side and let'um water run in!'
He then tried his utmost to raise a heavy stone at the edge of the water, but could not shift it.
I said: 'Alright! You all'um gett'um alonga there!' pointing to a spot about one hundred yards away. He saw my meaning, and pressed all his band away from the water to the position shown.
I had no wish whatever to have a waddy crashing into my skull while stooping down to raise the 'old-man' pebble. If treachery was in the air, I wanted more than a Buckley's chance of escaping from it. What more tempting to a well-armed Black than a silly white man's head as he stooped to do the work they demanded? He, the Black, might be like the Irishman – unable to resist cracking a cranium in so inviting a position.

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Seeing the Natives well away from the waterhole, I dismounted, keeping the bridle reins on my arm. Then, stooping over the big stone, I got my hands under it, gave one mighty haul, and up she came! Then I quietly and deliberately remounted my horse.
The Darkies rushed up with yells of delight. Getting to the water, they jabbered and gesticulated, and pointed to the fresh spring water bubbling in from where the stone had lain. As soon as the water was clear, they were on their marrowbones quenching their thirst – with the aroma from the six decaying carcasses still assailing their nostrils, however.
I thought then that nothing could be wrong, and rode off to the station to make sure. I saw the Shepherd at the Store, and the Blacks' tale was true.
This incident, however, shows what risks the Shepherds of those days incurred. This particular one got back to his hut and yard in safety, having been quite unmolested by the Natives.
It was not always so. His hut, at the foot of the Bunker Ranges, had frequently been robbed.

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65. – A NEW-CHUM SHEPHERD. LOSING HIMSELF AND HIS SHEEP.

The Lost New-Chum Shepherd – And his Sheep. – We had a married Shepherd, named G ---, on our run. He was a splendid, active intelligent fellow, although uneducated. He, with wife and family, was at Yeltipena Hut and Well, thirteen miles north of the Station.

A brother-in-law of his, named B ---, came out from the Lancashire Cotton Mills and made his way to Ooraparinna. Upon arrival he was sent to the Men's Kitchen. I resided at Government House, and dined with the Dawsons.

When B --- arrived, Mrs Dawson was very kind to him. (The Clodes were always goodhearted – she was Miss Charlotte Clode before marriage). She handed me some of her best plum cake – i.e. currant cake – to take to him, thinking it would be a treat to a weary new chum.

'Take this cake, Henry, to the poor man!' she said to me.

'Henry', who was a connoisseur of cakes, looked at it, thought a big think, and anticipated the result with a cynical grin. Nevertheless, 'Henry' took it to the 'poor man' in the Men's Kitchen. The 'poor man', too, looked at it. Then turned up his nose.

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'Do you think I am going to eat that stuff?' he demanded.

'You can please yourself about that,' I replied,

'But let me tell you this. Before six months are over, you will be precious glad to eat such a cake as that; but you won't get the opportunity!'

My words came true. He told me several times long before six months had expired, that he often thought of the cake he had spurned and wished he could get some. But he couldn't. He had to stay his hunger on mutton and damper, washed down with black tea, and be satisfied.

Charley Dawson, the manager, decided to give him a flock, and instructed me to take him to the Ign\-/orama Well, where he would have to water his sheep.

From there I was to show him across country to his relatives' hut – Yeltipena – thirteen miles, as I have before stated, from our starting point, the Head Station.

Accordingly, I on horseback, he on foot, we started off from Ooraparinna one morning. A well-defined track of four miles amongst hills led us to Ign-orama.

Upon reaching the Well, I asked him if he thought he could follow the track again by himself.

'What track?'

'The track we've been coming along.'

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He 'didn't know we had been following any track'!

Taking him out of the little gap in which the Well was located, I pointed out the track, meandering along – plain enough to be followed even at night time.

'He couldn't see any track!'

'Suffering snakes! Do you mean to tell me you can't see that track running along there? pointing it out to him again, more minutely.

'No! he couldn't see any track at all.'

What he wanted was a turnpike road.! I knew then that he was hopeless – at anyrate until he got his bearings, when he would become as god a Bushman as anyone else.

Then we went north-easterly, and scrambled over hills and ranges, across dry creeks, blind creeks, through scrub, for another ten miles without the ghost of a track.

He must have been pretty tired when we reached the Yeltipena Hut, for he would not mount my horse, although I gave him the opportunity.
Riding back to the Station, I advised the manager not to give B --- a flock in the scrubby hills at the Waterfall Hut, as he would lose himself, sheep and all, to a certainty. 'Oh, that be blowed for a Yarn!' says Charley. 'How could a man get lost in such country as that?'

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How, indeed? Charley was impatient, and even angry at my suggestion. And I let him have his own way. B --- got the flock. He was stationed at the Waterfall Hut, three miles from Ign-orama Well – in the midst of the dense Mallee except to the eastward, where it was hilly but open.
Some days after this, I was riding along past The Guide, when I saw sheep tracks where no tracks should be! Going along, I found they increased in number. This was serious.
Turning my horse around, I hurried back to the Station, eight miles away, and informed the manager that B --- was lost, sheep and all!
He was much upset. Getting his horse, we both hastened to the scene. Sheep were scattered all over the place, miles away from the yard, and in small mobs.
I need not detail the endless task we had in trying to muster the strayed ones. I believe that not more than half were ever recovered. What happened was this.
B ---, finding himself lost one evening, and not being able to find his hut or yard, abandoned the sheep, instead of rounding them up and camping with them. He then tried to find the hut of his brother-in-law at Yeltipena, which was on a plain seven miles from his

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own hut, but with ranges between. G --- had let him a sheep dog. This dog naturally wanted to get back to Yeltipena.
B ---, when lost, resolved to let the dog go where he pleased, and follow him. The animal made for his old home of course, and the man followed him, calling him back when he got too far away. When the dog was within half a mile of his old home, he broke away and raced into the hut. B --- was thus that distance behind, but had got his bearings, being on the track that ran alongside the gum-tree laden Moodlatana Creek.
His brother-in-law, G ---, being a very smart man and active, was prompt to act – in contradistinction to B ---, who was very slow.
G ---, when he saw the dog rush into the hut late at night, concluded that B --- was lost, and set out immediately in search of him, explaining to his wife that 'Andrew was lost.' He went out into the night and searched over the rough country and the hills and ranges, west of his dwelling. Then returned home in the morning to take out his sheep.
And there he found B ---, fast asleep!
Had he waited less than half an hour, he would have seen B --- sauntering in after the dog! The irony of it! Yes Charley Dawson put B --- back to his hut again,

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and with due looking after, he was soon able to take care of himself and the remainder of his flock that we had been able to muster.

I had many a camp in the Waterfall Hut with him afterwards, as I used to carry water to him on horseback, from Ign-orama, in a couple of five-gallon casks, slung across the saddle, I walking by the side of the horse, through the dense, hilly, creeky, mallee scrub.
66. – I RECOVER 200 SHEEP BEFORE \THE/ EXODUS.
I Discover and Retrieve Two Hundred Sheep prior to Deserting Ooraparinna. –
Towards the end of 1865, many months after B --- 's misandventure, Charley Dawson, with his family, having left the run, and Mr Sims, the owner, who had lately come up, having just returned from England, decided to clear out all the remaining sheep in order to save their lives.
Some days before the exodus, I had been out northward alone. Coming back late one afternoon, being near 'The Guide', I saw on a distant range, four miles away, something that had the appearance of sheep. This was after I had lost my telescope.
I walked my horse to the spot, for our horses were now very poor. There, on a steep stony ridge, I saw about two hundred sheep.

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Going up on foot, I got them under control and brought them as far as 'The Guide' hut yard and kept them there that night. I camped in the old slab hut without anything to eat. Next morning I took them the remaining five miles to the station.
Mr Sims did not know what had become of me, as the Blacks were threatening then. He was delighted to see me turn up with two hundred sheep – just on the eve of our departure, too! For it meant a good bit of money in his pocket
67. THE GREAT EASTERN PLAINS. THEIR BEAUTY AND CHARM.
The Beauty of the Great Eastern Plains Country in the Early Days. – In 1864, travelling along the Eastern plains in different parts – Gottlieb's Well, Pandappa, Paratoo, Parneroo – when the country was unspoilt by man, when the scrubs and shrubs and saltbush were flourishing and unthinned – I used to admire the beautiful Bush scenery, albeit always dry and dusty.
The trail of the Snake across the tracks was visible any time in the summer.
Footprints of Kangaroos, Bush Wallabies, Kangaroo Rats,

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Iguanas, Jew Lizards, and others were to be seen everywhere. This was in the desert country, with its desert flora and its Bay-of-Biscay soil.
Within Goyder's Line of Rainfall, stately Emus, with their young, in flocks up to thirteen in number, strolled along the grassy plains around Gottlieb's Well and surrounding country, until decimated and ultimately destroyed by the white man and his dogs.
I do not know that I have ever seen a more interesting sight than a mob of Emus going along at fair speed over the grass-covered , undulating plains, edged with beautiful pine groves which then existed in all directions – that is, adjacent to Gottlieb's Well, north and south.
A grove of pines might be half a mile through, and sometimes more, and sometimes less. One curious thing about them was that the lower branches of the whole vast scrubs were of one uniformly-level height from the ground, presenting a straight, unbroken line to the eye – the line being, say, five or six feet from the soil. Thus all the trunks of the trees were visible to that height. There the foliage began in a line so even as to give the appearance of having been trimmed by man.
Trimmed it had been, but not by man. It had been done

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by animals. They had eaten off the foliage as far as they could reach, which gave the beautiful groves quite a cultivated appearance.
The pines were a treasure to the settlers when the era of fencing set in. And even before that, for all buildings were constructed with them, and wells timbered.
But from an aesthetic point of view the change has been anything but fascinating. The Emus are gone; not a kangaroo remains. Nor any one of the other animals which then swarmed over the land in millions. All this refers to \near/ where the township of Terowie now stands.
Further North-East, towards the Barrier Ranges – that is, beyond Paratoo – the scrubs were of the desert order, low and thick, with small trees and big shrubs of every decription, but no gums, all beautiful to the eye. High up to twelve feet, with the mallee much higher.
Broombush, belladonna, native peach, (quandongs), cypress pines, sandalwood, various kinds of thick, spreading bushes, with plenty of space to walk between them. Heaps of wild animals, too. Bush Wallaby the commonist; whilst the tremendous thud! thud! of the kangaroo could be heard at any time amongst the bushes.

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Snakes, sleeping lizards, Jew lizards which would chase you if you interfered with them, iguanas of great size which lived in holes in the ground; emus scarce. Plenty of smaller lizards of various kinds. Bulldog ants galore, with their little mounds (apparently of clay) with just one entrance – very inviting to sit down upon, but ---- ! ! ! Perhaps when you did get up you might jump twenty feet high! Thrashing the mound with a stick brought them out in a furious rage, and they chased you with the greatest ferocity. I measured them often. They were invariably just one inch in length, with slender bodies, nippers in front, and a red-hot sting in the tail. We used to call them ‘Sergeants.’
Other kinds of ants so numerous that it was impossible to sit down anywhere without sitting on some of them. Most of these were half-inchers, and active. The three-eighth inch dark-green ones had a fiery sting. And you had to keep away from those active fellows of five-eighth inches that lived in holes in the ground in colonies. Ants are the Savingers of Australia.
The Kangaroo-Rat burrows were generally on the open plains. They were lumped together in a circle of, say, twenty feet diameter. The occupants came out at night only.

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The native birds were also interesting, but none of them were of brilliant plumage; nor were they singers – for there were no parrots in the desert owing to the absence of gum trees. The Bell Bird was a real ventriloquist. Its note was like the tinkle of a hose-bell, and it was impossible to locate the sound. It seemed to come from anywhere.
The curlews wailed like lost souls in the night, and during winter the Dingoes would come in from anywhere. Small hawks of various sizes were fairly numerous; but there were no Magpies or Laughing Jacks (Coo-cook-a burras), owing to the absence of water, although plenty of Mopokes.
A pair of Wedge-tailed Eagles would be always visible, high in the air, floating along without so much as a flap of the wing, their nest being in some broad-spreading sandalwood tree. They caught the Bush Wallaby for themselves and their young and carried them long distances to their nests. Now, they have the rabbits to feed upon; and of course they carry away lambs also.

Natural waters were few and far between on the Great Eastern Plains. And how any animal or bird lived there has always puzzled me.

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68. TRAVELLING CATERPILLARS.
Travelling Caterpillars. – Their Methodical Ways – During my sojourn on the Eastern Plains, when a youth, in 1864, I saw many interesting sights. One of these was the Travelling Caterpillars. Across the dusty plains, winding in and out among the saltbush, a long, thin line would make its appearance. It travelled slowly. It was too long and attenuated to be a snake, and the pace was not killing enough. What could it be? Just a long string of woolly Caterpillars off on the Wallaby Track.
I made all sorts of experiments with them to see how they would act in an emergency.
There were a Leader and a Rearguardsman. The creatures travelled head-to-tail through the column. That is, the leader's head was free. He picked out the track. All the others were subordinates – dummies to all appearances; but wait! They followed each other by touch. None of them did any reasoning except the leader. The next man – I mean Caterpillar – kept his head in touch with the leader's tail; the next one kept in touch with the second one's tail; the next one with his; and so on to the last one, or rearguardsman.

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Their total length was eighteen feet. I used to stand by and watch them wriggling their bodies along, the motions all in unison, and just touching each other. I never saw them in other than single formation.
Studying these interesting little creatures for awhile the first time I saw them, – I wondered what would happen if I took the leader away.
Accordingly, lifting him up by his woolly coat, I put him on one side. The next one, losing touch of his guide, immediately stopped, and the next, and the next, right down to the tail one. Then they had a spell, not moving from their positions. In five minutes or so, the leader not turning up, the second fellow said to himself in Caterpillar language, 'Well, I'll be darned!' took the billet of leader himself, and started off. Then his ticky-ticky-touchwood mate wriggled his body along also, and so it went on to the end one.
Next I put the leader back in his proper place, and he took the lead again without a word.
Then I took Mr Rearguardsman away. His front neighbour stopped, and the next one stopped, and so on up to the leader. Having all rested for the usual time, and the rearguardsman not putting in an appearance, the penultimate man took his job, and gave a hint to his front neighbor to shove along, which he accordingly did.

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And each one sent the hint on till the leader got notice to start again. Then all their bodies were wriggling along together in the one unbroken column.
The next thing I did was to displace a Caterpillar from the centre of the column. Then they stopped both forward and backward, one at a time, till the leader and the rearguardsman were reached. In so many minutes, if the missing chap did not come up, his rearmost mate took the initiative and started forward, and connected with the other one's tail. Thus the column started from the centre in this case both forward and backward till it was all in motion again.

I always put the abducted one back with the others. It did not matter where; they always fitted in. Placing the rearguardsman in front, he didn't mind a bit, but started off as leader as if he had had the billet all his life; and the real leader played second fiddle without the least demur. I never even heard him say a swear word or saw him punch the other in the eye – as a 'human' might have done under the circumstances.
Giving the leader the rearguardsman's job was all one to either of them. They always followed their leader. And every Man Jack of them was capable of being leader, but did not hanker after the billet. If Greatness was thrust upon

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them, they accepted it with all its responsibilities, but never sang a song about it.
These Caterpillars would lie up in the winter by climbing into lightgreen-barked acacia trees and others, weaving themselves a nest in the shape of a heart. Possibly they were then in the chrysalis stage of their existence.
I never could find out which was the butterfly of this particular 'pillar'. The 'pillar' was brown in color, woolly, and about two inches long.
69. – A HARASSING DAY'S WORK IN RECORD HEAT.
Driving Sheep on a Record Hot Day. – 112°Inside M[r] Dawson's Thatched Hut. – In the beginning of 1865, in frightfully hot weather, Charley Dawson and I – H.H. Tilbrook – found a lot of lost sheep and put them in 'The Guide' hut yard, five miles north of Ooraparinna head station. Having penned them early in the afternoon, I rode back to the station to inform M[rs] Dawson of our absence for the night.
Leaving my horse at the station, and procuring a half gallon tin canteen, I returned on foot to Charley and camped with him in the hut – Charley on the bunk, I on the floor.

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Rising at four a.m. and having finished a breakfast, we started drafting soon after daylight. Amongst the strays that we had yarded were a lot of Aroona sheep. Aroona was one of our next-door neighbors on the west. The drafting was done by throwing the Aroona sheep over the yard fence and leaving our own inside. The reason why I had left my horse at the station was that the work I had to do could be done only on foot, as will be seen directly.
Charley kept his horse with him for a reason I will explain. I had to take my lot of sheep – the Aroona animals – a distance of nine miles, on to the Aroona run, and deliver them to a shepherd at a place named Alatana, where a beautiful spring existed – a spring of cool, delicious fresh water. My way was across spurs, low ranges, rocky places, plains intersected with steep creeks, and the whole country dotted with spreading broombush and thin scrub of all kinds excepting mallee. Then, the sheep being delivered, I was to walk another seven miles back to Ooraparinna. I had not one yard of track of any description the whole way. Thus it will be seen that a horse would have been an encumbrance, as I had no dog.
On the other hand, Charley had to take his mob

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along a track for eight miles – going further from the station at each mile – to a shepherd's yard on the Moodlatana Creek. He then had to travel back to the station – a distance of thirteen miles. Filling the canteen with water from 'The Guide' well, I started off towards Alatana before the sun

was up. Then, when I was well away from the yard, Charley set out with his mob in exactly the opposite direction.
We both of us used to fill our hats with mallee leaves in the summer time to ward off sunstroke; and this precaution was especially necessary on this day, for it turned out to be a record hot one. It must have one hundred in the shade at sunrise, and in a short time the heat was terrific.
It was so hot that the sheep put their heads under every bush they encountered and refused to go on. I had to push and kick each one out by sheer force. The energy I spent that day ought to have gained me a pension for life!
The first mile or two was over hilly country, intersected by creeks. It was hard work getting the sheep out of the creeks. Further on were plains, with creeks still numerous. The big broombush was shady, and my greatest trouble was to get the animals from under the thick branches. But I stuck to them and pushed them out one by one.

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Sometimes the senseless animals took refuge from the blazing sun in the bottoms of the creeks, along which shady bushes grew. Then I had to almost carry them up the steep banks. When I came to open plains with few creeks, I made up for lost time.
Some time before this, I had done the journey on the back of an old horse, without a saddle, but sans sheep also. The old horse was thin. His backbone was sharp. I had to sit sideways upon going down and getting up the banks of those narrow, deep creeks! They were generally about twelve feet deep. When that journey was over, I was very sore, and as John Chinaman said in 'The Mikado', 'welly, welly sad!'
To resume, I soon became thirsty. Uncorking the tin canteen, it went off with a pop, for steam was up. The hot water did me no good, for I could not tell whether it was going down or not. However, the half-gallon of hot liquid soon disappeared, and I was as thirsty as ever.
Towards the middle of the journey I had level plains with only small, shallow creeks. Then I got along famously! After that came one very large creek, having more the appearance of a river. The banks were high, and the bed was broad, like the Torrens near Adelaide, minus the water,

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although there were waterholes in it higher up from where I crossed. It was really the lower part of 'The Devil's Creek, where it emerged from the hills. It ran eventually through the Brachina Gap into Lake Torrens on the west of the Flinders Range.
With the crossing of this creek my difficulties were over, as I then had only a Saltbush Plain to travel down, which led straight to Alatana. I worried the sheep along till I reached my destination. After handing them over to an African Black who had charge of the hut and yard, I borrowed a pannican and rushed down the creek to the Alatana Springs which gushed forth in a pretty but narrow gully between two hills.
Gathering up a pint of the cool, refreshing liquid, I swallowed it at a gulp. Another pint went the same way. I had got half way through the third when I began to feel sick. Sitting down for awhile, I soon recovered; then had some more of the precious fluid until my thirst was partially quenched. When one has had a 'doing' like that, it is impossible to quench one's thirst fully.
This never-failing Spring – also another one at Youngoona in a similar gully a few miles further North, and which the late Mr Robert Bruce, in his 'Reminiscences of

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a Squatter', designates 'Yunganna' – owes its origin to the fact that the land on the east is high tableland, and the water draining westward, the springs are permanent.
Having had a rest at pleasant Alatana, I made a start for home. I had got my sheep to their destination before midday in spite of the fact that the day proved to be one of the hottest on record. I filled my canteen before leaving Alatana, but the water did not remain cool long. Every time I pulled out the cork to wet my whistle it went off with a pop, and the once-cold liquid was getting up towards boiling point.
I had seven miles still to go, and uphill all the way. I traversed a portion of Boord's Plain, where the Old-Man Kangaroo had his existence, and where I encountered him on many occasions – and a giant he was! – and arrived at Parawertina, one mile from the station. Many a small springs existed there; but all were warm and unrefreshing. I arrived at Ooraparinna at a little past two p.m., after an arduous day's work, to find the temperature one hundred and twelve degrees indoors. This was inside M[r] Dawson's pine-slab house, with a roof of thatching-grass. So it can be imagined what kind of baker's oven it was!

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Charley himself afterwards insisted that it was one hundred and twenty degrees. M[rs] Dawson afterwards declared the same. But I am very accurate in my account of things, and I still keep my figures down to one hundred and twelve degrees inside the thatched hut. I still believe it to be a record heat for that kind of building. It is impossible to conceive that temperature when thinking of it in winter time, or whilst living in a cold country.
Charley Dawson had not returned when I arrived at the station. Nor did he until four p.m. Then he had a pitiful tale to tell. He started with his mob on the eight-mile journey soon after I started on mine. But the heat being so great, he could make no headway. The country he travelled over was easy-going compared to mine, although it was bad enough in one part, with many creeks and thick bushes. Thus, being on horseback was against him, for he could not persuade the sheep by word of mouth to come out of the creeks or from under the bushes.
He strove manfully for hours, but could get his mob only about half way to Yeltipena. So, giving it up as a bad job, he rode on to the shepherd and told him to feed his sheep in that direction and pick up the little mob. What the shepherd did was to drive his flock to the spot and

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hustle the sulky mob out of the creeks and bushes with his dog.
For a time Charley took shelter from the head of the sun under a shady tree, but getting no relief, decided to ride back to the station. He declared that that was a record hot day in his experience, which was a long and varied one.
70. – THE SUN. – HIS STRENGTH.
The Sun Quietly Plays a Trick on Me. – In a Mallee Scrub. – Riding along on horseback, with a pack- horse on my off-side, one hot day in 1865, I had to go through several miles of thick mallee among hills and creeks, in the Far North. It was a difficult place to traverse on horseback even alone, but with a packhorse in addition to one's own it was infinitely more so. It was hard to pick a way down the creeks, up steep banks, along the sides of hills, with the everlasting mallee menacing one at every turn. To do so without some slight damage to one's skin or clothes was impossible.
It is in cases of this kind, with both hands full, that spurs are indispensable.

Packhorses are contrary animals. Going up the bank of a dry creek, I got the sleeve of my shirt torn near the shoulder.

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We wore no coats in summer time. The sun was fierce. Taking no notice of the tear, I rode on till nightfall and camped. Then I noticed the arm paining slightly. Placing my finger there to allay the itching, I felt quite a hollow where no hollow should be. Upon examining the spot, I found that a hole had been burnt into the fleshy part of my upper arm a quarter of an inch deep. It was absolutely roasted. Such was the power of Old Sol, who had done his work so gently that I did not even notice it. Covered up again, the wound soon healed.
71. – THE SNAKE IN THE RAVINE.
A Snake in a Narrow Gap. – Moodlatana Creek. – Riding along one day on the western bank of the big Moodlatana Creek, I sought for an easy place to get down into its bed. In size and length and stateliness, the grand and noble Moodlatana is really a river. Soon I came to a ravine made by a blind creek which had cut its way through the steep bank to the bottom of the main creek, presenting an easy path for an equestrian. It was not more than three feet wide, and of considerable length.
Putting my horse into it at the shallow end, I had not proceeded far between the vertical banks before I saw a large

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Snake of the brown variety in the narrow gap just in front of my horse. The Snake was travelling slowly from me. I could not turn the horse, so kept him going slowly, following up the reptile. I had my thirteen-foot stockwhip, but could not use it in that confined space. We all kept on like this for a little while, when suddenly the Snake stopped, raised its head some four foot high, placed it into a hole on the right-hand bank, and then its whole length of nearly seven feet gradually disappeared into the bank, as if greased for the occasion.
I pushed on, and upon coming to the hole, which was nearly level with my knee, had a good look at it. It was of good size, and must have gone in a long way to hold so lengthy a reptile. And there must have been a chamber or a loop in it to enable the Snake to turn – for a Snake must progress head foremost.
I was sorry to lose him, as I reckoned upon dispatching him with my stockwhip as soon as we emerged into the bed of the Moodlatana. The Snakes of the Far North are much larger than those of the middle North or South, as I know, for I have killed them in all the localities mentioned. The smallest we killed at Ooraparinna was six feet six inches long.

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The longest caught there and killed was a non-poisonous Carpet Snake fifteen and a half feet long, and its skin was exhibited at Blinman. At Ooraparinna we had a skin stretched on the wall inside Mr Dawson's hut which measured fifteen feet. This snake was caught by my friend Charley Wills in the Borrelinna scrub, six miles away from the one in the ravine.
Coming South, the lengths were:

One I killed in the Broughton River, five feet five inches.
At the Levels, Dry Creek, three feet three inches.
Fifth Creek, in the Hills, near Adelaide, three feet six inches
Others in the Hills, three feet six inches

Death Adder in the sandhills, near Patawalonga, fifteen inches
Mannanarie, four feet six inches.
Clare, four feet six inches to nearly five feet.
South-East, and Cape Banks, two feet eight inches.

72. – STEAMING UP THE YARRA, VIC.

A Comical Episode! – Izaak Walton Upset. – Let us change the venue once more. In the first week of January, 1866, after a voyage from Adelaide of forty-eight hours in the fast steamer Aldinga, we made a start up the Yarra to get to

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the wharf at Flinder's Street in the heart of the city of Melbourne, some distance below the Prince's Bridge. There was a sharp bend in the river in those days, where, in turning, the boat almost overhung the land, the stream being so very narrow. The Aldinga was the fastest steamer in Australia then. Whilst on the ocean, when meeting a wave, she was too quick to go over it. She went through it, walloing in the water like a pig, but boring her way all the time.
The Yarra was being dredged, The spoil was dumped on the very low banks, and made quite an elevation.
Now happened an episode that shocks me much to relate. It was early morning. A crowd of us passengers was at the bows, watching the scene. The steamer was so fast that she threw up two huge and continuous waves in her wake, one on each side, as she surged along. These waves were so high, that they washed over not only the low natural banks, but the made banks as well. Ahead of us, on our right, was a single disciple of Izaak Walton, fishing complacently with line and rod. He did not notice the big wave coming up on his side. He was one of the unintelligent sort. We noticed it, though! And a look of expectation came over our faces. What a mean

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lot of dogs we must have been not to give the poor fellow warning! My youth is my only excuse. But the man must have been strangely dull, and he really deserved what we all knew he would soon get. Somehow I have no patience with stupid people.
The wave was getting nearer and nearer, It was big enough to be seen, goodness knows! But he took no notice, Suddenly it reached him. Then he knew it had come! It caught him full in the chest, hurled him backwards, heels over head, over the made bank upon which he had been sitting, and lodged him on his back on the muddy flat beyond! His rod went flying; and the way his heels went sailing into space nearly sent some of us wicked spectators into convulsions.
By and by he picked himself up, but our steamer was so swift, we could not see what happened after that. A canal has now, I believe, been cut from the Yarra wharfs to Port Melbourne – at that time called 'Sandridge'.
As we proceeded further up, we came upon some smells so strong and so thick that they might have been cut with a knife. That was why the Sydneyites named Melbourne 'Marvellous Smellbourne.'

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73. – CAMPING-OUT IN MELBOURNE.

Strange Lodgings in Melbourne. – In the Sixties. – Early in 1866, I lodged in a two-storied brick house in King Street, off Bourke Street-on-the-hill, Melbourne. A lively young Girl did all the cooking and housekeeping and looked after our comfort.
I and my man mate had a bed in a room on the ground floor. Upon retiring the first night, I am sorry to say I soon pulled a long face – for I knew the symptoms! Then I jumped out of bed and struck a light. The bed was full of bugs! What a go! My mate got out of bed, too! He did not like the B flats either. I took my \own/ blanket out of my swag, and all my belonging, and camped out on the cobblestones in the little back yard. My mate did likewise.
The Girl, hearing the commotion, came downstairs. On finding that we were determined to sleep out in the yard, and that nothing could induce us to occupy that bed again, she took the matter philosophically, and said, 'Oh, well, good night, boys!' So we wished her good night, and were soon sound asleep under the stars in the centre of Melbourne.
And each night that good-hearted Girl came to the back door, which was three or four feet higher than the back yard, and gave us a cheery, 'Good night, Boys!' as we turned in to our blankets on the cobblestones.

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74. – A MELBOURNE WEDDING.
A Wedding Night in Melbourne. – The Bottle of Gin. – The proprietor of our lodging-house in Melbourne, Victoria, was a single man – not young, and not old – perhaps thirty or more. At anyrate, while we were staying there in January, 1866, a young lady came out from England as an assisted immigrant. To he was engaged to be married, and came out for that purpose.
The hymeneal ceremony was performed immediately she landed, and the bride and bridegroom took possession of the same room and bed which we had vacated as having too many occupants already! Whereat I marvelled greatly. There was no passage in the house on either floor, and the room in question opened on to the dining-room, which was common to everybody. In the dwelling were diggers from Ballarat, Bendigo, and other gold-mining centres. The proprietor, among such a medley crew as his lodgers were had, of course, to 'shout '- an abominable practice fit only for uneducated barbarians and not people of the British breed.
His 'shout' was simple in the extreme. It consisted of a square bottle of Hollands gin – a horrible and vile concoction! And yet, such were the depraved tastes of

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lodgers, that they all seemed pleased with the gift. I watched my mate to see if he touched any of this firewater. If he did, I had made up my mind to 'sack' him on the spot. He, however, had only a small sip or two.
On principle, I left it entire alone, and watched the other fellows 'enjoying' themselves. We had all assembled in the dining-room to do honor to the occasion. It was evening. The proprietor and his newly-wed wife were not present. They had retired. But only a door separated us from them, and they could hear all the goings-on in our room.
Our young Housekeeper joined us, for she was a prime favorite with all the men, with her friendly and happy ways. I feared for her when the gin got in, and the sense and courtesy got out. 'When the wine's in', &c. The Girl accepted a seat upon a digger's knee as a matter of commonplace, and without showing bashfulness. She drank nothing herself, but seemed much interested and amused at the witty sayings and doings of the men as their spirits arose evanescently under the influence of the vile and demoralising spirit which they poured down their

throats. She enjoyed it for awhile, and her young and inexperienced eyes shone with excitement and delight. But suddenly they became dulled, and she jumped up and

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declared that one of the by-this-time ‘exhilarated’ company had insulted her. She began to cry, then rushed to the door and out into the street, with her pinafore pressed to her eyes.
Here was a ‘how-d’ye-do!’ But we bolted after her, I among the rest, to try and persuade to return quietly, but she still continued sobbing. As soon as we got back. – the Girl with us – the bedroom door of the bridal couple opened and the proprietor came forward. He was arrayed in a flowing white garment of some description. He left the door ajar, and I had the felicity of seeing the bride sitting up in the bed that we had vacated, complacently doing up her back hair! Truly, the poor thing must have thought Australia a queer place, and the Australians a queer people.
The proprietor enquired what was wrong, and then mildly remonstrated with his lodgers for their ungentlemanly behaviour – and that, too, after providing them with the fuel which had caused the disturbance.
The Girl soon dried her eyes, and smiled – and laughed again. The proprietor retired to his room, and things went on just as one would expect with a bottle of forty-degrees-overproof Hollands on the table.
The Girl, being a sensible lass, soon saw that that was no place for, and vanished.

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I and my mate made for our luxurious couch on the cobblestones, whilst the rest of the company disposed of themselves as they thought best – some going to bed sober, some muddled, and some lying about where they were till next morning, and awaking with a parching thirst.
The bride was young and jolly; much younger than her husband.
The young Girl housekeeper informed me that she would not stay and work under a mistress, but would start a lodging-house of her own. So there was trouble ahead for the bride!
75. – A HOT JOURNEY TO THE BORRELINNA. A Hot Journey to a Shepherd’s Hut on the Borrelinna Creek, beneath Mount Carnarvon, Bunker Ranges. Let us go up North again. One of the hottest journeys I used to make on the Ooraparinna Run was a short one fortunately, of six miles only. The track was a bridle-path the whole way.
This shepherd’s rations I usually took out to him once a fortnight, strapped across my riding saddle, I walking alongside the horse, and keeping him going at a stiff walk. It was only on long journeys or with big loads that we used packhorses.

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One of the hottest places to walk through in the whole world is an Australian mallee scrub on a flat, with the mid-summer sun taking stock of you and no breeze blowing. That’s the time you want your hat full of mallee leaves.
The horse track of which I write passed through shallow gullies, and over low hills, with thick brush here and open spaces there – a very pleasant bit of country indeed, with a lovely prospect of the Bunker Ranges in front.
At the foot of the Bunker was the virgin mallee scrub, since mostly cut down by the Blinman miners – for miners are ever vandals where timber is concerned. The Borrelinna Creek entered this scrub; and the bridle track for the last two miles was along its bed, the outside country being too rough to negotiate on horseback.

One warm day, leading my laden horse into the bed of this watercourse, after having already travelled three miles, it seemed to me that I had struck a spot several degrees hotter than a place called Sheol!
The banks stood perpendicularly thirty feet high. Above them was the mallee, another twenty or thirty feet. There was not a breath of air, and the sun was doing his utmost to turn me into a grease spot. It was warm! No one in an Australian city knows the parching

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power of the sun. The solar rays take all the moisture out of a human body and leave the mouth and tongue dry. Without the leaves in my hat, my brain would have been scorched.
To make matters worse just then, the horse was poor, land I had to hark at him the whole of the way to get him to move at all, thus exuding more of my precious moisture. In the creek there was no shelter – nor anywhere else, for the matter of that. The sun shone direct into the bed of the watercourse, leaving no shade from either bank. It was like a furnace – an Inferno!
At last, after walking two miles down the gravelly bed, the hut came in sight on a low slope and flat on the left-hand side. Arriving there, I rushed inside, seized a pannican, and drank off one pint of water to begin with. The shepherd was there, and he gave me a pannicanful of hot tea. I drank that, too, without stopping, although it partially scalded my throat. Even that was not enough. I drank yet another pint of the lukewarm water out of the bucket standing by.
Thus within the space of three minutes I had swallowed a quart and a half of liquid; but it did not satisfy my great thirst. Not all the drink in the world would do that when it once takes possession of you.

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76. – A FAR-NORTH THUNDERSTORM.
Caught in a Phenomenal Thunderstorm. – Backbone Range, Ooraparinna. – In the year 1865, after tramping around the Angorigina and Moolooloo Runs for a fortnight, searching for strayed sheep with a party organised by the manager of Ango., we returned to that head station. Amongst the mob of strays were thirty-five belonging to Ooraparinna, of which run I was the sole representative. Accordingly, at the close of the hunt I took possession of these early one morning, and left Ango. with them for home. The distance from Ango. to our nearest Shepherd was thirteen miles. That was on my way home. I intended leaving the sheep with him, and then tramp the other thirteen miles to the station.
A day's work like that would make a 'Weary Willy' snort with disgust. The sheep having been running loose for goodness knows how long, were as wild and active as goats. I had to be fleet of foot to manage those beggars without a dog. And I was! The country to be traversed was easy, and nearly all open and undulating, with a splendid prospect all around. Thus I could head the mob in any direction. The consequence

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was I travelled at express speed, and by midday had covered the first thirteen miles and handed over sheep to our Shepherd on the Moodlatana Plain. By this time clouds were gathering. The Shepherd said to me, jokingly, as I commenced the second half of my journey.
'I shouldn't be surprised if you got a ducking before you get home!'
'That's just what I should like!' I retorted.

It very seldom rained up there, and to witness a thunderstorm was one of the pleasures of life in a dry region. After traversing five miles of saltbush plain, I entered hills and ranges, through which ran many big dry creeks.
On the horizon, in exactly the right quarter, lightning flashed vividly against an absolutely black background, while the deep reverberations of distant thunder were audible. The clouds had now gathered ominously overhead – They sailed about in heavy, black masses, to and fro in all directions – a sure sign that something more was to come. All else was still. It was the calm before the storm. Gradually these portents increased in intensity, till there were continuous flashes of lightning, and one continual rolling, booming, and crackling of heaven's artillery above and around me.

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I was now on top of the comparatively low range which divided the watersheds of the East and West. Within fifty feet of where I stood, the fall on the east was gradual towards Lake Frome; while within the same distance on the west it was more precipitous in the direction of Lake Torrens. This, of course, was all elevated country.
While standing on that interesting spot, with a grand view in all directions, the bottom seemed to fall out of an ocean up in the sky somewhere and come down flop on top of me! It was a deep ocean, too! for the water continued to fall for quite ten minutes
I started off down the western slope, but was wet through to the skin almost instantaneously, I was in the centre of this most tremendous spectacular storm. Although it was the sight of a lifetime, it was not nice to get such a ducking in so short a time.
As I hurried down the slope, the water ran in a sheet over the tops of my boots. The reason I hurried was to get across the creeks before they became impassable. I had half a mile to go to 'The Guide' Creek, Arriving there, I found it already high. Losing not a moment, I entered the water, which was flowing rapidly, and made a dash for the other side. But I was too late!

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Wading carefully along, feeling my way with my feet, the water came first to the knee, then arose so quickly that before I had reached the middle of the creek it was up to my waist. My legs were being washed from under me, so rapid was the stream. There was nothing left but to beat an ignominious and hasty retreat, which I did.
Getting on to land again – it wasn't dry land – the creek arose far beyond my depth in a very few minutes.
Having still five miles to go, in a direct line, I could not stay to admire the scene, so started <u>up</u> the creek – or away from the station. About a mile away, I found a tree stretched from bank to bank in a narrow part, and over that I walked in safety. Getting onto the track again, and tramping down it, I arrived at a very broad creek at the foot of an isolated and cone-shaped hill, with one side very steep. The flood was coming down this creek from bank to bank; but being shallow, I crossed it by wading. A mile further on was a deep but narrow watercourse. In it I found that the water had risen some fifteen feet, but had fallen as quickly as it had arose. After that, the ground was wet a bit, with pools of water here and there. That was all.
By night time I arrived at the station (Ooraparinna).

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The storm had given me an additional walk of two miles, making my total walk twenty-eight miles, not counting the detours in chasing my wild sheep. Telling Charley Dawson of my experiences, he was pleased with my getting the lost sheep and delivering them to our shepherd, but he was incredulous about the storm. They had experienced it in a slight degree at the station, but it had not made the creeks run there.
Next morning we mounted our horses and rode out to the scene of the thunderstorm. We found that it had been very severe, and had an extreme width of five miles only. In the Ign-orama Gap, a dead bullock used to lie high up above the bed of the creek, which was very wide there. It was lying on some rocks. The rushing water had risen above that level and carried the carcass away down towards the Brachina Gap in the big Flinders Range, on its way to Lake Torrens.
A thought strikes me here. What a boundless lot of bones and skeletons Lake Torrens must hold in its various layers of detritus, – for the ancient tops of these ranges are now deposited beneath the salt and gypsum encrustations which lie on its surface.
In a few days the ground was apparently as dry as ever, and no permanent good resulted from this heavy downfall.

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77. – A BAD CAMP. – AND A MIDNIGHT ALARM.
A Night Camp near 'The Pinnacles'. – A Search in the Dark. – A Donkey in It. – Being out after sheep and Shepherds and cattle, and horses, C.D. in one direction, I in another, Charley D., the manager, instructed me to camp at sundown one evening in a certain rough, rugged, stony gully near 'The Pinnacles', and not far from 'The Coronet'.
In the bottom of the gully was a deep creek, with rotten banks, and hills arose steeply on each side, covered with stones and bushes. It was a very rough place to get about in at night, and a displeasing and disagreeable spot for a camp, being commanded on all sides but one by higher ground – a position which always made me feel uneasy. So I suppose I must be a bit of a tactician. Besides, there was no flat anywhere about, everything being on a slope. Neither was there water. We had to carry that, each in his quart pot.
I got into the gully before dark, and made a fire against the stump of a small decayed tree on top of the creek bank. The locality had one virtue – and abundance of fallen and dead firewood, for, unlike the great Washington, we never carried a little hatchet about with us, so were dependent upon wood that lay scattered about the ground

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for a camp fire – a picaninney one like a Blackfellow's. Charley said he might be at the gully at sundown; but if not, I was to keep the fire blazing in order to guide him to camp, there being no moon. The night turned out to be exceedingly dark. Charley was not there at nightfall, so I boiled my quart pot of water and had my frugal meal of home-made bread – made by M^{rs} Dawson – and salt beef. My horse, needless to say, I had hobbled out long before. I waited and waited, but no Charley appeared. I kept sailing out into the darkness for more firewood, as I was afraid my heap would not last out the night at the rate it was being consumed. It is a wearisome job waiting in the night for a mate to turn up at a lonely camp in the Bush when he is behind time, and when one never knows whether an accident has not happened to him.
My anxiety increased with the hours. But by and by I heard the welcome sound of stones being kicked about down the creek, and at a little after ten o'clock Charley and his horse arrived in

safety. He had had a great time getting up the gully to my camp, for he could not see the fire till close to it. He soon had his quart pot boiling, and after refreshing the inner man, we both rolled in to our blankets to the jingle of the hobbles.

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I slept very soundly – too soundly, it appears. For in the night the wind changed, and the smoke of the dying fire blew into my nostrils while there was any smoke to blow. I breathed so much of it, that my lungs were tanned for days afterwards. The sensation was not a pleasant one, either! Then I was roughly awakened from my sound slumber by Charley, who hurriedly told me to go after the horses at once. He was afraid that a vicious and savage donkey stallion which ran wild there had attacked them, and that in consequence they had stampeded.
Jumping up, with my nostrils and lungs full of the horrible smoke, I went out into the bat-black night to the work of rescue. This donkey was a terrible nuisance. He really belonged to Angorigina, but ran wild in this locality, getting his water at Yeltipena, where there was a never-failing supply in the open sheep-troughs. He attacked and scared our horses at every opportunity.
Once he caught my riding mount – a black horse, named Baker – by the neck and worried him, making a hole in his neck from which maggots afterwards rolled out. But he couldn't kill Baker! Nothing could! Baker was too tough!

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I don't believe Baker ever died. He probably turned into a second Pegasus, and is now flying about the sky.
Why didn't we shoot the donkey? Well, I wonder why we didn't now. He once came after me a la the Tantanoola Tiger, while I was on horseback. I waited for him, and chuckled. I had a loaded revolver at my side; but, better still, in my hand a stockwhip twelve feet long without the handle – or thirteen feet in all. Directly he was near enough I turned my horse suddenly and faced him. Just then he must have thought of his poor old mother, for a well-planted stockwhip began to raise weals over his worthless carcass. He was the most surprised donkey on this mundane sphere. Making a desperate bolt of it, he bounded off across the saltbush plain, I after him on my good stockhorse, letting him have more of the whip as he flew along.
Another day, he encountered Charley Wills on a horse that knew how to use his heels. The donkey came up, sniffing cautiously. Charley turned his horse's hindquarters towards him – the nanto's ears lying back ominously and the whites of his eyes showing. The donkey, thinking he had an easy prey, made a grab for the horse, Charley put in the spur gently, backing the horse at the same time. The stockhorse let fly with both heels right

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on to his antagonist's head and shoulders. This gave the donkey more than he wanted. Charley also giving him a taste of the stockwhip, he departed in hot haste. And now, there was I on a pitch-dark night out looking for horses all through that confounded ass! I could hardly put a foot forward without blundering over stones, or down blind creeks, or over dwarf bushes. The stony hills were steep and were all around me. This was about one of the most difficult bits of night work I had had. Dodging around the hills and gullies for considerably over an hour, I at last heard the welcome sound of the hobbles.

I succeeded it catching both horses in the darkness, and blundered down steep declivities with them back to camp, to Charley's great satisfaction. The donkey was really there, but had not scented our horses, which had strayed away a mile or so while feeding.
Thus it will be seen that the joys of camping out are not extreme when a bad spot is selected and everything else goes wrong. The smoke in the lungs made me feel out of sorts – not to say ill – for a long time, but finally I got it eliminated from my system.

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78. AN ACCIDENT AT SEA. – NEAR PORT FAIRY.
The Blowing-Up of a Steam Cylinder at Sea. Towards the end of the year 1868, I was on board the S.S. Coorong, bound from Melbourne to Adelaide. She had twin screws – then a novelty – and was of small burthen, probably under five hundred tons. Keeping close to the Victorian coast, we put in at Port Fairy, some forty miles east of Portland. Leaving that black, mud-begrimed potatoland, we passed Lady Julia Percy Island and Lawrence Rock, which latter shows in my photo-graph of Portland Heads that I took thirty-eight years later from land side while on a trip there.
On this day I put my head under the open skylights of the engine-room and viewed the three great oscilating engines working a similar number of cranks, each crank being at different angles on the shaft so that there was a pull and a thrust in every position. The immense sexagonal iron nuts on the uprights were the largest I had seen, and interested me. Having satisfied my curiosity for a time, I withdrew my head, walked away a few yards, and sat down on a seat on deck. The vessel tossed considerably, for the weather had been very heavy, and I had only just recovered from a

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violent attack of sea-sickness, But it was calming down now. On the starboard (right) side, in the far distance the low-lying coast was just visible.
Suddenly, the ship shuddered and shook as if struck by an earthquake. Simultaneously, there was the noise of an explosion. Turning quickly, I saw the noise of an explosion. Turning quickly, I saw the framework and thick glass of the sky-lights up in the air, with fragments flying about. Clouds of steam rolled up from the opening.
I jumped to my feet, and while I stood there for a second, wondering what had happened, a most ludicrous scene unfolded itself before my eyes! At the side of the shattered skylight was a passage-way that led down below into the cook's galley and other places. Out of this, 'midst escaping steam, shot forth the valiant cook like a ball from a cannon. He tore along the deck towards me as if his wife were after him, with terror writ large upon his manly countenance! He evidently was not much hurt, to judge by the way he was travelling!
Behind him, a good distance away, from the officers' quarters at the stern of the ship, came the captain, and the mate, and the second mate, and all the rest of

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them, as hard as they could pelt, But instead of running away from danger like the cook, they rushed straight for the scene of the disaster, to render help if necessary. I also made a rapid move for the same spot – just out of curiosity, you know!

From the same passage-way that had vomited forth the Cook came other men – the engineers and the stokers – one by one. Then it was speedily ascertained that no one was injured. It was I who had had the narrow escape; but I enlightened no one on that subject.
When the steam had cleared away, a look through the broken skylight showed a broken piston-rod and one of the three cylinder heads smashed to smithereens. And that was the sum total of the damage.
But it left the captain in a fix. The vessel having twin screws was fortunate, as one screw was still workable. The other screw could not be raised from the water, and acted as a drag-anchor to our progress. All sail was set, and one engine and screw were set going. It took us nearly three days to get abreast of Cape Jervis, which was the first and only place where we could signal our condition and ask for help. There were few Lighthouses along the coast then.

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A message having been sent to Adelaide, the new and powerful steamtug Yatala was dispatched to our assistance. Of course it was a considerable time before she hove in sight, but with her tow-line aboard, we travelled to some purpose.
We seemed to tear through the water, and the tug took us the Gulf of St. Vincent in fine style past the Old Lightship, and up the Port River, finally landing us up against one of the wharfs at Port Adelaide.
79. – A NIGHT WALK IN THE BUSH.
Paratoo to Deep Well and Back. – One winter night, in 1864, three of us decided to walk to Paratoo Head Station from the Deep Well. The distance was five miles – over an open plain in one direction; and over and through scrubby hills and small flats in another, on our left, with a creek or two to cross. The night was very dark, Even the ground we were walking on was invisible to us. It was cold.
Skirting some scrubby hills on our left, we struck out on to the plain, scorning the dray track, which lay to the right. Not having been long in the Bush, and being

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young, fifteen years – the place was lonely and desolate to me at night.
Proceding over the dusky plain, we heard a large flock of curlews and forth their plaintive wailings – Then came the ‘Oo-oo-oo-oo’ of a wild dog, disappointed of a sheep for his supper. Now and again we heard what we took to be kangaroo rats hopping about by us, for their burrows were numerous then. They were essentially nocturnal in their habits.
Sandalwood trees dotted the plain, and form these and from high bushes on our left came occasionally the voice of the Mo-Poke. The mopoke is really a common owl, and many years after this I heard the same sounds in the great forests of the New Zealand West Coast – nearly three thousand miles away, or two thousand miles across the ocean. Showing, I think, that these birds are also common to New Zealand.
The was only one natural waterhole on the Paratoo Run. It lay in the Paratoo Creek, which we had to cross. It was a good distance out on the plain. As we approached it, the curlews were wailing like lost souls. Those who have heard a large flock of them on a winter’s night would never forget the demonaical shrieking! and wailing!

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each bird following up the others until they all shrieked together.
Under the cover of the night, the waterhole was the rendezvous for all the creatures around, and they were exceedingly numerous in the early Sixties, the country then being new to the white man.
The 'civilization'of the white man was then very crude. He ate mutton and unleavened bread called 'damper'. If he wanted a fork to eat with, he had to cut one out of a forked bush with his pocket knife; or a spoon to stir his tea, a stick from the same bush, A tin plate was found him, and a pannican. Milk was unknown to him; vegetables also.
After three or four miles, we struck the track. It might be asked how we knew we were on a track on such a dark night. Oh, that is easy! It seems to be a kind of instinct In time, the pupils of the eye open as wide as those of an owl also. When we strike a track, we can see the slightest trace along the ground, and we know then, and from our position generally, that we are right. I never failed yet to keep on a track on the darkest night, or to pick it up when I wanted to.
Shortly afterwards we reached Paratoo. Having spent a couple of hours there, one of us proposed that we

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should go back another way. To wit: Go three miles due North, through ranges; then strike west, first getting out of the ranges; then cross a flat into a long, low, sloping hill, with undulations, and covered with light virgin brushwood scrub twelve feet high, with branches often sticking into each other. The other man and I foolishly agreed to this mad proposal. On this route, the only track was the three miles that went North. After leaving that and striking west, we had no track of any description for five miles
The first part of the journey through the ranges was rough enough; but worse was to come. Upon taking the westerly turn we crossed the flat, which immediately gave way to the dense brushwood scrub mentioned, and all of a hilly nature. This would have been easy enough to traverse in daylight. But the night being dark and the ground strewn with fallen brushwood and sticks, our journey turned out a very wearisome one
Five miles of this! The brushwood continued all the way. We guided ourselves by a general knowledge of the locality, and by the instinct mentioned above. I can truly say we steered straight for that hut all the way through, although it was five miles away on

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the further edge of the scrub. Fallen brushwood we had to step over all the time. Big bushes growing close together we had to dodge around in the dark. It was a wearisome journey truly!
I shall never forget how tired and leg-weary I was. And when, at last, we reached the hut early in the morning, I threw myself down upon my blanket on the earthern floor and sank into a deep slumber. The other two were as much knocked up as I.
80. BLACKFELLOWS' KEEN VISION.
Aborigines' Keen Eyesight. – Marsupials on the Plains. – In the year 1864 I was one day hunting kangaroos on the Paratoo Run east of the head station. I had a mate with me, and several fleet dogs of the greyhound breed, generally called 'kangaroo dogs.' The country was open saltbush plains, with hills and short ranges scattered about
There was plenty of cover in the shape of tall bushes in the hilly portions. Game was scarce that day for a wonder. We had gone several miles without seeing any

Then two Blackfellows appeared on the scene.
One of them said, pointing to a spot five miles away,

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'Plenty kangaroo jump about alonga there! See 'um?'
'No, we couldn't 'see 'um!'

So they offered to guide us to the spot, which they did, and sure enough, we saw the kangaroos hopping about. With the assistance of our dogs, we got one tail to put into our stew, and the Blackfellows were rewarded with the body. This incident shows the keenness of the aborigines' eyesight. We thought ours was keen enough, but the beat us easily.

81. – 'CARTING' WATER ON 'HORSEBACK'.

Carrying Loads of Water in Kegs on Horseback. – There was no water at the Waterfall Hut, Ooraparinna Run, Far North, where the New Chum Shepherd, named B_____, was domiciled on the outer – eastern –edge of the mallee scrub. Neither was there a track to the hut, There had been one once from the station via 'The Guide'; but that was a long way around, and it had become totally obliterated.

The nearest water was west, at Ign-orama, three miles away, through the mallee, without any kind of track. I had to get water from Ign-orama Well to the Waterfall Hut somehow. This I did in a way that will be shown. Ign-orama Well contained delicious, cool water

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of the very best quality. It was sunk through solid rock of slate formation to a depth of twelve or fifteen feet, and had an everlasting supply. It was situated on one side of a wide creek which came down from 'The Guide', the latter being many miles up.

What a delightful treat it was to get to Ign-orama Well on a blazing hot day! To recline there at ease under the shady gums, quenching one's thirst with that pure, cool water, was an experience never to be forgotten!

The Well was served by an Egyptian Whip. It was my job to carry water to the Shepherd B------ at the Waterfall Hut. Getting two five-gallon kegs from the Ooraparinna Store, I strapped them together, slung them across my riding saddle, and led the horse three miles to the Well.

It was impossible, as things were, to fill the casks while they were on the animal's back, as they could not be got near enough to the water, and there were no appliances handy for that job. So I carried the two kegs to the Well. They had to be filled direct from the Well bucket, which held five gallons, and could not be detached from the Egyptian Whip. When filled there, I had to lift them on to my shoulders, stagger with them to the horse, and throw

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them across the saddle, leaving one keg on each side of the horse. Now, that was a pretty stiff proposition for a light-weight youngster of sixteen! But that youngster did it every time. Ten gallons of water weigh one hundred pounds, Putting the kegs and straps at thirty pounds, we have a weight of one hundred and thirty pounds – Well, I used to take that load, sling it over the horse, and start off on my journey, without aid from any one. It was difficult to find a way through that mallee scrub to the Waterfall Hut; but after a good deal of practice, I hit upon the easiest route. First crossing a low range, I descended into a creek which wound around about the hills. In this way I got beneath the mallee branches.

The creek being rocky, it was the Rock Road to Dublin alright; yet it was better than dodging in and out around the mallee clumps, with their wealth of dead limbs lying about in confusion, and live and dead ~~arms~~ projecting in all directions. I had frequently to leave the creek, yet up the banks, and wind around hills, and cross little flats. There was no escaping the mallee, however. The distance was only three miles.. And I made three journeys a day – or eighteen miles for the day.

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We did not limit our work to eight hours a day then, but kept going from daylight till dark, and we never growled. Of course it was different on a big run like Paratoo, where men worked from six a.m. to six pm., with one hour for dinner. It was uphill all the way to the Hut, and, per contra, down hill all the way to the Well.
It was a two days' job to carry water to this solitary shepherd. I slept on the floor the intervening night, and sometimes on the second night also. Right glad he was to have me there on these occasions, as I was company for him at anyrate.
And that was how I 'horsed' water to B _____ , the Shepherd!
82. – A TICKLISH JOURNEY OF 13 MILES.
Carrying Flour on Horseback – Two Hundred Pounds of It – Thirteen Miles on Horseback –
When a large quantity of provisions had to be taken out to Huts we used a packhorse. This was wearisome enough, for the packhorse was always lagging behind, and had to be pulled along. But a still more tiresome job was to make a long journey with a two-hundred Pound bag of flour lying across the saddle of your steed,

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displacing your noble self for the time being, you yourself footing it alongside.
This I had to do on several occasions, the longest distance being thirteen miles to Yeltipena Hut – half way to Angorichina. There was a distance of nine miles of hills, and four of plain. It was very hard on the horse, the weight being dead, and heavier than any man. The bag of flour had to be evenly balanced, a surcingle being first being buckled tightly across the saddle in addition to the usual girths; and the horse could be walked slowly the whole distance.
Stockriders use surcingles of raw hide always when after cattle. Those horses won't lead. They go like the wind when ridden, but lag behind when led. With the bag of flour aboard, I had to be at my horse all the time to keep him going. He was always wanting to go backward instead of forward, and required touching up during the whole long journey. The walk itself was bad enough without having to lug a quarter-of-a-ton horse along too!
There were some ticklish creeks to get down and up on the way, and should the saddle slip, a catastrophe was inevitable. Even if it fell to the ground. I frankly admit that I was quite unable to hoist a two hunded pound bag

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of flour onto a horse unaided. But I never once met with an accident. At the end of the journey, I unloaded the flour by the simple process of taking it into my arms and carrying it thus into the Hut. I could do that quite easily, although only sixteen years of age.
When a boy, I had always been practising gymnastic exercises, which explains my phenomenal strength in that line. There were only the Shepherd's wife and children at the Hut in the daytime, and they could not help.

After that, I got into the saddle and rode back to the station. Or I might go somewhere and camp, as the case might be. Summer or winter I did this task. In summer I would be dried up with heat and thirst. But winter was just the time for it – except when the east wind blew and pierced through my ears, giving me excruciating earaches!

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83. – A NEW ZEALAND LAND-SLIDE.
A Landslide of Mud, Standing Trees, and Rocks. [*several illegible words erased*] – On the inside of a gorge \through which/ the Grey River \runs,/ in Westland, N.Z., there is a Landslide. Tis, because I saw it in operation for nearly three years from the beginning of 1866 onwards, and I have no doubt it is still going. It started among thick timber on the very crest of a limestone range six hundred feet high. Although inaccessible, its head is visible from the track cut on the right hand river bank at the foot of the range, but a considerable distance from the said track and river.
The average rainfall there being over one hundred and sixteen inches a year, the ground is always saturated. At the top of the range, among the trees, a white precipice is visible. That portion of the mountain has broken away from the backbone, and the earth, rocks, and trees are gradually sliding down into the river Grey. It is like an earth glacier. Its progress is very slow. It is a mile or more in length. For the whole of that distance the ground moves along, and the trees upon it stand at all angles. But all are flourishing, excepting a few that have fallen.

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The rate of travel depends upon the rainfall. The heavier and more continuous the fall, the quicker the movement. The track up river crosses this travelling landslide close to the stream, and that portion has to be corduroyed with logs placed side by side over it. They are perpetually moving down towards the river, into which the detritus, with its burden of trees, rocks, and stones is constantly flowing, to be washed down to the sea by the big river. And any gold which it may contain sinks into the lower depths, there to be ground into powder by the rolling pebbles, the gold dust carried to sea and there thrown up on the beaches, whilst the heavy nuggets sink into the crevices and hollows in the rocky river bed. I know an elbow where there is gold in tons in the channel of that river. But it could only be retrieved by means of coffer dams, and the game might not be worth the candle. Most of the gold in the river comes from the big Southern Alps, miles further up, and the flour gold is always with black iron sand
I once held in my hand a pebble of pure gold picked up in the bed of the Grey River. It weighed twelve ounces, and was valued at Fifty Pounds sterling.
The logs forming the corduroy track have to

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be constantly shifted as they get out of alignment. After heavy rains they hustle along a bit faster than usual. In any case, the logs do not remain long in a line with the track, but move imperceptibly like the everlasting glaciers of the Southern Alps beforementioned, whose snow-capped crests stand out in silent grandeur to the eastward, right opposite this small range.
For the Grey, the Teremakau, the Hokitika, the Buller, and other rivers are fed by the snows of those great mountains and their contained ice-rivers.
[*in red ink*] End of Book 1 – Series B. – Continued in B 11. – Series B.
End of Volume 6

PRG 180/1/7 Reminiscences of Henry Hammond Tilbrook
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Volume 7 has a pink marbled cover

MEMORANDA OR NOTES OF INCIDENTS
BY HENRY HAMMOND TILBROOK, EAST ADELAIDE.
BOOK 11. – SERIES B.

'Lives of small men all remind us, we can write our Lives ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Some fat volumes on the shelves.
Per Longfellow.

In the Lives of most men there's a tale to unfold
Which it is selfish to keep to themselves.
They should take up the pen, ere getting too old,
And some fat volumes leave for our shelves.' H.H.T.

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Continued from Book 1 – Series B.
84. – KANGAROO AND EURO LEAPS.
The Lengths of Kangaroo and Euro Leaps. – Kangaroos make their greatest leaps when chased by fleet dogs. The 'Flying Does' have the credit of being the swiftest. They all out-distance their canine pursuers during the first mile; but after that, the dogs get their winnings – Nature's cruelty, again!
On these occasions I have measured the Kangaroo jumps after following up the dogs on horseback. On the plains, I invariably found that the longest jumps were twenty feet.
The biggest leap of a Euro that came to my knowledge was thirty-two feet in length. This was around the base of Mount Sunderland, amongst the porcupine grass. The Euro was being chased down hill. This measurement of thirty-two feet is authentic, and I vouch for its accuracy.
The highest authentic high jump of a Kangaroo is eleven feet – which is 'some' jump!

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85. – A CIRCLE OF INQUISITIVE HORSES.
Encircled by a Troop of Inquisitive Horses. – An Amusing Scene. – Tramping alone one day in 1864, with a swag on my back, on the Great Eastern Plains, I resolved upon a halt. The locality was west of the Grampus Range, about two hundred and thirty miles N.E. of Adelaide. Little hills were numerous, but the country was mostly undulating plains, dotted with bushes and small trees such as sandalwood, belladonna, native peach, and others. But this particular spot was open all around, giving a nice view. Placing 'Mathilda' on the ground, I sat down upon her for a well-earned rest, having walked ten miles without a spell.
Sitting thus, resting, in the calm and quiet of the Bush, I saw a string of horses approaching at a trot, heads in the air. Stopping two hundred yards away, they began trotting around me in a circle, gradually getting nearer.

There was I, an insignificant Kid of fifteen, sitting upon a 'bluey', resting on Mother Earth, with forty or fifty noble, semi-wild horses doing the circus business around me out of pure curiosity, wondering what kind of animal I was! It looked as though I were the clown of that circus. Keeping up their encircling movements, the ring of

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these handsome animals were at last no further than fifty yards away. Neighing shrilly in their excitement, they trotted around me, with heads craned and tails erect. I began to wonder whether they intended attacking me. I looked around for a cudjel. There were plenty lying about. But these specimens of Equus Caballus were not like their brothers, the Tarpans of Tartary. Those sweet creatures roam about the steppes – plains – of that country wild and savage. Should they come across a biped of the genus homo driving a domesticated horse in a vehicle, they will make an organised attack upon the unfortunate man, smash his trap to pieces with hoofs and teeth, maltreat the driver, and triumphantly set the tame horse at liberty to enjoy a free and easy life along with themselves. Fortunately my horse friends had not that kind of disposition.
After a time I arose from my sitting posture, 'humped my bluey,' and made a fresh start. That broke up the circus ring! The horses bolted in all directions, and left me to pursue my journey in peace.

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86. – TRACKING STRAYED HORSES.
Tracking Horses in the Bush of Australia. – Lost Horses are a weariness to the flesh and worrying to the spirit. I have lost many and tracked scores. Three instances in three different kinds of country will suffice.
Take Paratoo first. One morning, before breakfast, I started from the Deep Well hut for my mare, 'The Duchess.' I could not find her. I had hobbled her out on the scrub-covered long slope, with its undulations, at the back of the Hut. The loftiest point was not more than two hundred feet above the plain; the slope ran to the summit. At the backs of that were merely undulations. But all was scrub-covered, with here and there fair-sized openings.
At first I hunted about at random, hoping to hear the 'tintinabulation of the bell' which was suspended from the mare's neck. Then I set to work systematically to pick up her tracks. Finding these, I followed them along in all manner of devious twistings and turnings for several miles. Bush horses never lie down. They feed all night; or if they sleep, they do so on all fours.
After a time I distinctly heard the note of a bell. Listening intently, its note struck my ears again. I was jubilant!

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and started off in the direction of the soundø Walking and listening, I was lured on in different directions, when I found, to my chagrin, that I had been following the sweet sound of the Bell Bird! – not sweet to me just then, however.
The Bell Bird is sometimes called the Ventriloquist of ~~of~~ the Bush, because the direction whence comes the clear, bell-like sound which it emits is so puzzling to locate. It seems a long way off whilst in reality it may be quite near. Retracing my steps, I picked up the tracks once more, and stuck to them, wherever they went, Now and again I would circle around and listen for the bell, but never heard it. After travelling and tracking like this for quite six miles, I found that the

general trend was towards Paratoo Head Station, which was five miles in a direct line from the Hut, and about four from where I stood, 'the Countess' having gone away to the N.E.
Coming to this conclusion, I made a bee-line for Paratoo, where I found her in the yard! Thus had I walked ten miles at least, and now had to ride back (bareback) five more ere I could start the day's work – and all before breakfast! – – –

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Twelve months or more after this, having charge of a flock of two thousand five hundred sheep travelling down country, with two shepherds under me, they doing the droving, and I the navigation and the picking out of camps and water, we were camped not a great way from Arkaba Eating-House. Out of two horses, I found my shafter; 'Aleck' – missing one morning.
That part of the country is all hills, creeks, and thin scrub, with some thick clumps of mallee.
Setting out after that horse at sunrise, I followed his tracks hour after hour. He being in strange country, I had no idea where he would make for. Thus I had to track him foot by foot. Occasional signs would show how far my quarry was ahead of me.
Master 'Aleck' kept chiefly to the watercourses, and it was in the bed of the big Arkaba Creek that I found him at midday. – – – But the most annoying and difficult case I had was in the grass country amongst the big hills and grassy flats west and north-west of Mount Bryan. This horse was a young Colt, the other one of the two just mentioned in the Arkaba affair. He took it into

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his wooden head to clear off one night. The feed there was silver grass. It grew so thickly as to hide the ground from view. In the summer time it is most difficult to track a horse in – for no hoof-marks left behind, no earth upturned He had gone many miles north-westerly – for what reason I do not know.
He was a stranger in a strange land, and therefore ought to have been contented at the camp, there being plenty of feed around it. This being December, the grass was dry and smooth. It is then a peculiar undertaking to attempt to climb a steep hill covered with this slippery sliver-grass. One has no foothold, and consequently slides backward, being as helpless as if he were walking with ironshod heels on plate glass at an angle of forty-five degrees – or upon hard ice having a similar slope.
On horseback it was positively dangerous, dotted as the ground thereabouts was with jagged and sharp spears of rock standing from twelve to eighteen inches out of the ground. A fall from a horse on to one of these might prove fatal. Well, I tracked the Colt many miles over that kind of grass country, finding it most difficult to trace him, more especially where other stock had been over it, as of course they had.

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He went around hills, over flats and plains. The hills were too steep for him, fortunately; but he got over saddles and rises, and it was eleven a.m. before I tracked him down and caught him.
He seemed in an ill temper. Putting the bridle on him, I walked beside him and made him move his stumps on his way home. Resenting this, he suddenly sprang forward and let drive at me with both heels! Like lightning, I took in the situation and leapt forward as he and his heels struck nothing harder than air-.

Getting him home to the camp at the foot of 'The Razorback I tied a rope around his neck and larruped him well for daring to make a sudden and cowardly attack upon a man – his master. Whether it did him any good or not I do not know; but he never again tried to kick me, even when I was shoeing him by the wayside with cold shoes which I had made to fit him before leaving Ooraparinna. – – – Another horse I was once leading suddenly lifted one hind leg and let drive at my knee with his ironshod hoof. I as quickly jumped aside, and he missed my kneecap by an inch.
Horses are strange creatures, and like bulldogs, are not always to be trusted. Other accounts of tracking horses I have given in separate articles. Quod vide.

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87. – LIGHTING A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES.
Lighting a Fire with a Gun. – To come down to uninteresting civilized life, I will record one little incident because of its uniqueness, and to show what can be done on an emergency.
One day, going out with a friend to shoot rock wallaby, he undertook to see to everything in the cooking line. This was at Spring Gully, near Clare.
I was happily married. Our respective Wives were with us, gracing the place and making us happy and contented by their charming presence. At lunch time we produced the billy to make tea – for what outing was ever complete without that blackened but indispensable friend of picknickers and campers generally?
Then we suddenly discovered that no one had brought any matches! Oh, the despair of those lovely feminines! And the black looks we got! Hard-hearted stupid brutes of men! To come away without the one thing needful to make a picnic complete! How could they – the ladies – possibly exist another five minutes without a coup of hot Bohea! Life was not worth living any longer! Their happiness was gone for ever!
Well, I will say we masculines did feel like a

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pair of fools. However, I did not despair. I have been fairly endowed with the inventive faculty, and had often put it to the test.
Setting down for a while, I had a good think, and evolved the following plan. Instructing my male companion to pile up all the dry sticks and leaves he could find, I tore a strip off my handkerchief, took the shot out of a loaded cartridge with my penknife, also half the charge of powder, leaving one-half in the cartridge, minus the wad. The extracted half of the powder I wrapped in the piece of handkerchief. This I placed snugly amongst the nest of sticks and leaves.
Then, telling my friend to kneel down by the heap and get his blowing apparatus ready for a big spurt, I put the muzzle of the gun against it, aiming at the strip with the powder in it, and pulled the trigger.
Then I told my fried to blow like ------ well, you know what. And he did! Smoke came after the mild explosion of the loose powder. Then, as my friend blew like a blacksmith's bellows, a beautiful flame arose from the heap of dry fuel; and by piling on bigger sticks and bigger wood, we soon had a glorious camp fire.
And the ladies fell upon our necks with delight!

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At least they ought to have done so; but I don't remember that they did. Do you, friend Lester?
88. – TENT LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.
Some Incidents of Tent Life in N.Z. – Fire, Storm, and Flood. – I will now move across the Tasman Sea again, as a variation from dry Australia.
In the winter of 1866, I was camping in swampy, black-mud land on the edge of the dense scrub and forest that cover the south bank of the Grey River. I may say that the vegetation is also as thick on the northern side.
I had taken the precaution to cut some timber and make a platform of logs upon which I erected my eight by six calico tent. This was to keep it out of the mud and possible floods.
When I camp in a wet country I look for high water marks. I reckoned that a height of two and a half feet might save me from the minor miseries of a flooded tent. After events proved me right. My labor was well spent, and I had my reward later. Having fixed my tent thus, I erected in front of the entrance an overhead shelter of brushwood on four poles. Then I put up a tin chimney, where I did my cooking – boiling and frying only.

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This tent I occupied during the latter part of the summer of 1866 and the ensuing winter – by myself after the first month or two. During the years I was on the West Coast, as much as one hundred and twenty-two inches of rain fell in twelve months, or an average of over ten inches each month. Everything weeped water! In stepping on a fallen log to get over it, my leg has sunk into the oozy mess of slime that I though was solid wood.
During the winter it rained heavily – sometimes for twenty-four hours a stretch. Then we had to look out for floods! Frinstance: – Putting my hand out of the blankets one wet night, splash it went into water that was gathering around me. It did not take me many seconds to dress!
The water had already risen a foot up my log platform. Heaping up my blankets and other possessions in the middle, I left them there, tent standing, and started for safety. It was two o'clock in the morning. To get to higher land, I had to slop through muddy and ice-cold water more than three feet deep in places.
At length I reached Mawhera Quay, facing the river. Richmond Quay was lower down, and suffered badly from all floods. As I intend giving a description of a

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West Coast flood in another article, suffice it to say here that I did not see my tent for three days. When I got to it, I was pleased to find that the flood had not reached the floor of my platform by some inches. But my cooking shelter had been favoured with eighteen inches of thick water which had slowly meandered through it, and the floor was covered with several inches of soft, black, mud.
I then plumed myself on my forethought in having 'raised my tent on high', and had refused another man's advice to erect it on the ground. – – – Later on, in the same winter, a terrible storm came on one night. I was in my blankets. Soon I sat up, for the squalls were heavy, and it was doubtful whether the tent would stand. I had a 'fly' over it. The 'fly' soon began to rip. I went outside and fixed it. But the storm evidently meant business. So I dressed for emergencies. Soon the 'fly' tore down. Then the tent began to go, and the rain poured in. Finally the gale raged with such fury, that my poor calico dwelling was torn to shreds, and totally wrecked over my head.

Then I set out for ‘fresh fields and pastures new,’

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wet to the skin. Every place in Greymouth was closed, and I had to walk about till daylight.
On Boundary Street – once an outlet of the Grey – I heard a big shop window over the way blow in with a crash. In the morning I purchased a new tent and ‘fly’ and put them up on the same spot. – – – Another time, a rather peculiar event happened. I had been working long hours, early and late, and had in consequence become exceedingly sleepy.
Getting home in the sma’ hours one stormy night, I was was so desperately somnolent that I could not hold up my head.. I had made a candlestick out of a block of deal, with three nails stuck in it. Placing a candle in this, I lit it – then ---------- I remembered no more!
The candlestick and candle were on the log platform near my head. My bed was the log platform itself, lined on the top with canvas. On this lay my blankets, and I must have fallen on them in a dead slumber. It took seven blankets to keep out the cold in winter!
Under my pillow – which consisted of boots, books, and clothing – was a half-pound canister of Diamond-Grain gunpowder. It was close to the candle, too!

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Well, when I awoke, it was daylight. A curious spectacle met my eye! The candle had burned right down into the wooden candlestick and consumed it. That in turn set fire to the canvas of the platform, and then to the platform itself, and then to the articles comprising the pillow.
The fire burnt right around the tin of gunpowder, and consumed some of the bed clothes – (blankets don’t flare up fortunately). Then, as they say in novels, an unlooked-for event happened.
A storm had been raging the most part of the night, accompanied by heavy rain. Truth is stranger than fiction, for at this juncture the wind tore away the ‘fly’ at the corner where the fire was creeping along. The rain then spattered through the thin calico of the tent and gradually extinguished the flames before they had time to explode the powder and do more damage. It was certainly a very close shave!
This reads like romance. But every word I write in these notes is true, everything being put down exactly as it happened. – – – I had yet another wonderful escape from fire, while living in the above-mentioned tent, I, after a long

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use of it, brought another one from a man who was leaving the Coast. It was already standing, on higher ground, and did not need a platform. I dismantled mine and took up my abode there. I was entirely alone.
One night a terrible, cold wind, called ‘The Barber’ was blowing though the Grey River Gorge from the east, off the snow mountains of the interior. I had a big fire going all the evening, as I was not working that night. The cold was biting. Water froze outside but not inside the tent; although ice brought indoors floating on water would not melt. The chimney and chimney-place of this tent consisted of four poles let into the ground, with galvanized sheet-iron nailed around them. The fireplace opened into the tent. The entrance or flap, was alongside the chimney, with a porch outside also beside the chimney. Just inside the flap I always took the precaution of placing a kerosene tin full of water, with a dipper handy, in case of fire. It was well that I did.
Around the tent were stout rails, to which were attached the ropes of the tent and ‘fly’. It was a

most substantially-put-up affair altogether; but there was no way of escaping from it except by the flap door.

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My fire that night was a very hot one. At ten o'clock I extinguished it. My bed was at the far end, opposite the fireplace, nearly six feet away. Even after putting out the fire, the heat from it was very great. I was uneasy, but could see no smouldering embers. I examined the posts of the chimney outside between the laps in the sheet iron. They seemed alright; but I still had a suspicion that something was wrong. However, I turned in, and slept as sound as a top.
At midnight precisely I was awakened by a terrible roar alongside my head. Jumping out of bed at one bound, I was met by a great mass of flame which shot out from the fireplace right up to my bed. The tent being open in places for ventilation, the strong breeze had carried this tongue of flame along for five feet straight towards the bed without its touching the roof of the tent! It seemed marvellous! But I did not think of that then.
I lost not the millionth part of a second. In about that space of time I had the dipper in my hand, and was throwing water over the woodwork of the chimney, which was all ablaze and roaring its utmost. However, I soon 'dowsed the glim'. But I was only just in time, Another minute and the whole tent must have been on fire, and I

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should probably have been burnt to death, for I do not see how I could have possibly ~~have~~ escaped, hemmed in all around as I was. As it was, I merely sustained some slight burns and singeing of hair. – – – One cold night soon after this, I again awoke suddenly with a glare of light in my eyes. Jumping up instanter, I saw that my tent was safe. Standing on the bed and looking through a ventilation hole, I saw a fire bursting fiercely from between the weather-boards of a solitary wooden tenement about one hundred yards away. Soon the flames reached the roof, and in a few minutes the whole place was a seething white mass, the fire being accompanied by a fierce, crackling noise, sparks, and smoke.
But in the meanwhile, out of the flaming doorway rushed a man, who immediately put his hands into his trousers pockets, humped up his back and walked away in the cold without so much as looking back!
The piercingly-cold wind, a wood-and-iron chimney, and a big inside fire to nullify the intense cold of 'The Barber' were the combination that caused the disaster. Upon examining the ruins next day, I saw a big

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three-legged iron pot in the fireplace. In the pot was a chunk of beef, spoilt, the water in which it was boiling having evaporated, leaving the meat scorched and blackened – – – Another night I jumped up, on the alert again, to see a tent blazing, and a man being pulled out by the heels by two other men. The poor fellow was so injured that he had to be taken to hospital. – – – And yet another digger, dead drunk, set his tent alight and was burnt to death. – – –
Afterwards I gave up that tent and had a comfortable little weather board house built for my own special use. One dark night, I had turned in to my bunk – I had two bunks, built ship fashion one above the other, I occupying the lower one – when I heard someone prowling around the hut, with muttered oaths. I lay low, ready for him. He cursed and groped, and groped and cursed, but finally gave up and marched off. – – –

With reference to fires. When one occurred in a West Coast town, whole blocks of buildings had to be

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pulled down to make a gap, as all buildings were of either wood, or wood and iron.
After I had left the Coast, the whole block on which the Grey River Argus office was built was consumed by fire.
89. – THE BUSH CHILDREN'S PRAYER.
Ignorance and Superstition in the Bush. – In my sojournings about the Ooraparinna Run and beyond, I had at one time and another occasion to sleep or camp in every hut within its boundaries – and in many outside also.
At one hut where I stayed overnight more frequently than at others, was a family of four – mother, father, boy, and girl. The hut consisted of two rooms; it was termed a married man's hut. A partition of pine slabs between the two rooms\up/ to where the ceiling is supposed to be separated the two. There really was no ceiling – just the pine rafters and a thatched roof.
[En parenthesis, I might say that on The Great Eastern Plains these huts were roofed with 'shingle' – i.e., short lengths of stringybark – there being no 'thatching grass' on those saltbush plains. But on the Ooraparinna Run thatching grass grew in abundance among the hills, and all the

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huts were thatched with it. It was the same at Angorigina. This peculiar grass defied all droughts. It grew in a tussock, straight up, a yard high and six inches thick in the bunch.
To resume. There was one open doorway between the two rooms, with a piece of loose hessian doing duty as a door. The people were from England – homely and good, but uneducated, and the whole of them were always delighted on my arrival with their rations and upon other duties such as counting their sheep. The boy and the girl would run down the track on the chance of meeting me and having a ride on my horse. When there, I always slept on a wooden bunk near the door in the first room, using my own blanket, which I always carried with me in the shape of a swag strapped ~~in~~ \on the/ front of the saddle.
The wife could neither read nor write. Those were the 'early days', when education was expensive and had to be paid for by the parents.
Ignorance breeds superstition. From my bunk I could not help hearing what was over the partition. When the two children were undressed and ready for bed, the mother

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plumped them on to their knees to say their prayers. The prayers each little kiddie had to say amazed me the first time I heard it, although I was only a youngster myself of sixteen years. But I had a good knowledge of the universe even then, having taken a great interest in astronomy and kindred subjects which broaden the mind and banish all superstition. Therefore I was shocked and amazed to hear the mother – a good woman in every way – teach the two little children the following prayer:-

'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on;
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels to my head –

One to watch and one to pray,
And two to take my soul away.'

Then, having said this, with the usual 'God bless father and mother', they tumbled into the blankets to sleep the sleep of the innocent.
The woman's age was thirty-four. The father had nothing to say in the matter. The girl was about ten or eleven, and the boy over twelve.

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90. – THE WOMAN WITH THE GOITRE.
Shepherd's Wife with Goitre. – Its Origin. – This lady was troubled with a goitre – a swelling in the front part of the neck as as large as a man's two fists. It is also called 'Derbyshire neck.' She came from the Lancashire cotton-mills districts of England.
Ignorant as she undoubtedly was through lack of education – for her childhood's days must have been in the twenties or thirties of 1800 – yet she had shrewd sense. She told me the exact cause of the unsightly tumor, not knowing that it had puzzled the learned medical profession to account for it.
Its origin was simple enough. In England, the winter is, of course, excessively cold. When a girl, she was in the habit of placing knuckles up under her neck to warm her fingers. That caused conjestion of the blood vessels just there. A tumor formed, and grew bigger and bigger as the years rolled on. I have reason to believe, however, that in many instances, if the inciting cause is discontinued, they gradually become smaller, and then disappear with old age.
The above lady lived to attain her eighty-third year. She died in the Adelaide Hospital in 1916. Her husband was still alive.

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91 – A BUSH HUT.
Australian Bush Huts. A Bush Hut may be of one or two rooms. In any case, it is always built of pines, or pine slabs – if small trees, the whole pine; if large, split into two halves – placed in the ground in an upright position, unlike the log cabins of America, where the timbers are laid horizontally.
The bark of the pine is left on – as a nesting place for B flats, which are oft times exceedingly numerous in the Bush! The uprights are nailed on top to beams of hewn pine, and the framework of the roof is composed of round pine timber just as felled. The covering is thatching grass in localities where thatching grass grows, and shingle where there is none. The roof is hip-shaped and never a 'leant-to'. The floor is of earth, and there no Brussels carpets!
There is one window opening, but never a glass window; one door, but never a lock. Some huts have no doors at all. The door opening and the window opening are always on the same side of the hut, thus precluding any chance whatever of getting refreshing breeze through your mansion in summer, when the sun is roasting you as in a baker's oven.
The door has a latch of wood, home made. Attached to

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this is a strip of raw hide going through the door to the outside. By pulling this from the outside, the latch is lifted. When the Hut is up, a lot of earth – called 'pug', but in reality mud – is mixed and plastered into the crevices between the pine slab uprights to keep out the wind and rain, if it

ever does rain. Single Huts have one room only; Married men's huts two rooms, divided by a partition of pine slabs. No ceiling. The chimney is very wide, built of stone and mud. The biggest logs and small tree-stumps can be placed in it.
All the cooking is done on the open hearth, in a camp-oven on three legs, with a fire on top and underneath. The 'furniture' consists of a table and a bunk, and maybe a stool, all adzed out of round wood, and all excepting the stool fixed into the ground, the bunk being also fixed to a side of the hut. There are no toilet sets or duchess pairs with swivelled mirrors, beloved of ladies! Oh, dear No! Brooms were made of brushwood branches, and the earthern floors are swept occasionally
In country like Ooraparinna, huts were built when possible near a well or spring. In places like the Eastern Plains, each hut had a four-hundred iron malt tank to hold the water supply, which was carted there by bullock teams. A single hut cost Twelve Pounds sterling to build; a double one nearly twice as much.

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92. – AN EGYPTIAN WHIP.
Egyptian Whips for Shallow Wells. – Where wells are shallow as at Ooraparinna, Egyptian whips are indispensable. They are made thus: – A big mallee or other tree trunk with a fork on top is erected a suitable distance from the edge of the well. A long pine-tree trunk is then fixed in the fork in such a manner as to allow of a free up-and-down movement, the pine-tree trunk being thus converted into a moving beam, This beam is not centred, but the iron bolt on which it works easily is placed through a hole bored in the beam as near the butt as possible. This give a greater reach to the thin or uppermost end, to which the bucket is attached by a rope. The butt end of the pine beam is then weighted with a heavy stone till it and the bucket almost balance each other. All the shepherd has to do is to pull the five-gallon iron bucket down into the water, then, when full, give a big jerk at the rope upwards, when the full bucket rises to the top of the well in one operation, and is emptied into the trough. Still, it is pretty hard work watering twenty-two hundred thirsty sheep on a hot day. Yet a Shepherd is called a lazy man! Poor Shepherd!

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93 – I LOSE MY POCKET TELESCOPE.
I lose my Pocket Telescope in a Singular Manner. – Outwitted by a Mob of Weavers! –
I was the happy possessor of a very powerful Pocket Telescope with five draws. It cost me twenty-five shillings only. It was useful to me in searching for strayed sheep. The eyepiece I used as a microscope. It was my boon companion. I valued it highly. It was Power, just as Knowledge is Power.
By its aid one day, I discovered a mob of forty weaners in a range eastward of the Moodlatana Creek, some fifteen miles from the head station. Riding up, I took possession, though they were as wild as hares.
Getting them on to the plain, with its slopes running up into the ranges, I started northward to hand them over to a shepherd out that way. All went well for awhile. I drove them on slowly in front of me, and over a gentle rise which then hid them from my view.
Alighting from my horse here, I had a short spell to let them feed, thinking they were going along in the right direction. While lying on the ground, holding the horse's reins, I searched the hills to the right fore more sheep. By and by, I was rewarded by seeing another mob

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making for the ranges. They were then within half a mile of them, and were travelling in long strings. Then a thought struck me like a thunderclap! Dropping my beautiful on the ground, in my haste, I jumped on to my horse, galloped over the rise to the bank of a blind creek ahead of me, and there that horrible thought was confirmed!
The mob I saw making for the hills were my own weaners, which, taking advantage of my trusting nature, had started for liberty and wild dogs,, under shelter of the creek, while I was looking for more. The saltbush did not grow very much under my horse's hoofs during the next ten minutes or quarter of an hour! It was a race for it! For some time it was doubtful who would win, the silly sheep or I. At last my good horse won by a neck. We got around them as they were getting into a steep gully and drove them out on to the plain again.
I then hurried them to the shepherd, put them in his yard, and hastened back for my telescope. But I never found it! Strange as it may appear, I could not for the life of me locate the exact spot. I kept at it till the setting sun bid me flee.

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Again and again, whenever in that locality, I searched, and every time in vain! It was miles from any track, and it is unlikely that any one ever found it. In fact, I may say that it is impossible. It was amongst thick saltbush on a big undulating sloping plain, and would not be seen unless actually stepped upon. I [*It*] has lain there now all these years – ever since the year 1865.
This is to give notice to all and sundry, that if anyone finds it, he may keep it for his honesty – or hand it to a museum as a relic, I purchased it at Muirhead's shop, corner of King William and Hindley streets, in the year 1864.
94. – A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN TRAMP. – GT. EASTERN PLAINS.
A Perishing Tramp on the Dry Eastern Plains. – Was tramping along one day in 1864, with a swag on my back. It was mid-winter, fortunately for me. The sun was hot during the day – the skies being cloudless – but the nights were cold.
I had walked ten miles from Panramirratee to Vickery's station called Netley near the Grampus Range. The drinking water at Netley was atrocious, and I could not quench my thirst with it.

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Continued my journey towards Brown's station – 'Sicilly' is the name in my notes, but I think that must be wrong.
Before reaching that station, while tramping along the track between thick brushwood I saw a man lying under a bush on the left-hand side. Going up to him, I entered into conversation, He was a New Chum just out from England; and as he said he was going south, whilst I was travelling north-east, I bid him good-bye, and started off again
Seeing the direction I was taking, he shouted out that he was going that way, too! So I waited for him. It appears he was 'at sea', and didn't know which was north or which south. We went on together. Tramping along a few miles further, the sun still fairly high in the heavens, we hove in sight of the station. My companion immediately shrank back into the bushes, and exclaimed: 'Don't go in yet! Wait till sundown!'
I laughed and thought how quickly He had become a 'Sundowner'. I said: 'You may stay where you are if you like. I am going in. I have walked twenty miles to-day, and when a manager knows that, he won't send me further on.'

He then agreed to follow. Getting among the huts, we sought Government House and saw the manager, who willingly agreed to our staying the night.

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I was sixteen years old then, and I guess the manager wanted sturdier men than we two to work for him. Of course he informed us that he did not require any more hands.
Going to the Men's Hut, we had a good 'tuck out' of damper and salt meat, for, seeing that neither of us had had food or a real good drink since morning, we did ample justice to the hard fare placed before us. The worst of salt meat is that it makes one thirsty.
We found the men on this station a veritable set of gamblers. And what think ye they gambled for? Jam! Yes, jam! Damson jam. One man, they told us, had lost all his wages in this manner for some time past. The wage then was One Pound sterling per week and found. A winner thoughtfully placed a tin of damson jam before us two hungry strangers. How delicious a little scrape of that conserve on a thin slice of damper tasted to us!
All things come to an end – even Mother Earth herself – and next morning we had to tear ourselves away from that beloved jam!

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We both saw it was no use continuing North-East and agreed to go southward. Accordingly we retraced our steps to Vickery's as a first instalment. Upon getting there, we were unable to touch the water in spite of our thirst, it was so appallingly bad!
Continuing our journey on a different track – to the eastward this time, we by and by came upon a Shepherd's Hut. Entering this, we took a small piece of sheep's brisket, and also tried the drinking water, but could not get it down. It was the vilest stuff that white man ever guzzled!
The track was turning South. I was making for a Well that I knew of. It was Martin's Well, one hundred and twenty feet deep, salt as the sea nearby, and used only for watering sheep. It was twelve miles East of Paratoo. I was certain that someone would be there, and that they would be supplied with drinking water from Paratoo Well. So we chanced it and pushed on for that destination. It was a two-days' journey.
We were taking a short cut east of the Grampus Range, a part I had not traversed before. The distance, with deviations was thirty-five miles. Doing about seventeen of this the first day, we

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camped, wretchedly thirsty, beyond a mallee scrub a few \miles/ to the eastward of the Grampus.
The moon shone brightly upon us that night, as we lay beside a bush on a long slope overlooking a beautiful far-spreading landscape. We still had eighteen miles to go to water, and I was already half famished for the want of it, whilst my mate seemed done up.
Sleeping fitfully, I dreamt of delicious waters running through green meadows – of beautiful English brooks rippling over pebbly beds as I had seen them in my infantile days at Llangforda, in Wales – but alway woke with the oppressive thirst raging through my body.
About two o'clock in the morning, we packed up our swags and took to the 'Wallaby Track' again. We tramped on till daylight. At sunrise, seeing nothing but the eternal rough plain in front of us, with scrub and hills about, with the Grampus on our right, my mate refused to go any further.

Lying down on the ground, he said he could not put one leg before the other, and he might as well die where he was. By this time we were both so dry that when we tried to expectorate on the palm of our hands to see how far gone we were, nothing at all was forthcoming -

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not so much, even, as a speck of froth. Did ever a Townie get as dry as that? Never!
During my journeys afoot, I have always noted the following stages of dryness: – First stage, the mouth clammy, the spittle frothy; second stage, mouth dry, the spittle no greater in quantity than a small bead, and the froth very fine and white; third stage, mouth and tongue absolutely dry, and no spittle at all, not sufficient even to cover a pin's head. The blood by this time must have been nothing but thick flowing salt. With regard to ourselves, we had now reached the third stage. I was just as bad as my companion, but did not believe in caving in.
After resting awhile, I event on a bit and called to him to come along also; but he would not budge. Going back, and standing over him, I pointed out that staying there meant certain death, and that his perversity was also endangering my life, as I could not go away and leave him.
All to no purpose, however! He was like a silly sheep. My tongue was too dry to wag. Wasting my breath in that way only caused the little moisture that remained in my body to evaporate still more rapidly without the arid atmosphere returning any of it. So I adopted different tactics! The toe of my boot took up the business, and started a silent

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but very earnest and persistent argument with a tender part of his anatomy which lay conveniently handy. The foot was evidently getting the better of it, for man moved about uneasily and seemed suddenly to think that he was not lying exactly upon a bed of roses. My tongue could not touch his conscience, but my Number Sevens found out where it lay. When it was sufficiently worked upon, I took him by the hand and lifted him upon his feet.
Then we both resumed our tramp along the not-too-well-defined track.
It is strange but true, that when one gets very tired towards the end of a long journey, he drifts along, first to one side, then to the other, seldom being able to walk in a straight line. He thus lengthens considerably the distance he travels. This was our state just then. After a while we saw a Hut, about five miles away to the westward – that is, on the right – at the footy of the Grampus Range. It was entirely off our track. Notwithstanding this, the New Chum begged of me to go over to it with him on the chance of obtaining water. I said, 'No! It would be madness.'
Levelling my telescope at it, I could see no signs of habitation, There was a

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four-hundred iron tank there, but no wood, sheepskins, smoke, or anything to indicate presence of a Shepherd. Had I not been with him, that inexperienced young man would certainly have gone to it, and perhaps perished. Our journey seemed endless. No doubt we were a bit weak through lack of food as well as exhausted by our consuming thirst. When one is in that condition, one English mile seems a long to him as a German mile of about five and three-quarter English ones.
In another five English miles another Hut came within range of our vision – this time right on our track! It was a replica of the one at the foot of the Grampus, with the same four-hundred gallon malt tank. My telescope told me, long before we reached it, that no one was there. And so it turned out. There was not one drop of water in the rusty tank.

My mate was much cast down, and was inclined to give in again. But I cheered him up, and kept him going by telling him that Martin's Well was not far off; and that there was sure to be somebody there working it. And sure enough, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we could hear in the distance ahead of us the tiny sound of clanking chains. [It was a bullock whip at Martin's Well,

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one hundred and twenty feet deep, and a chain is used as 'whips.']
Oh, what a joyful sound that was to us weary and parched travellers! But we did not reach Martin's Well that day after all!
Proceeding along, we passed that singular landmark standing out alone on the plain – 'Elder Rock'. It was a beautiful and interesting sight! being studded with trees and surrounded by bushes. It was a rugged rock, somewhat broken up, and rose abruptly sixty feet above the plain. What its geological characteristics are I do not know. It may be an indurated capping of a reef, and has withstood erosion; or it may be plutonic, and have been forced up from below. It was a regular roost for wallabies and other animals.
Small happenings sometimes have strange after-effects! My suddenly stumbling across this rock saved my pocket later on. Forty-two years after the date of this our tramp a syndicate was formed in Adelaide to work the Rock for Nitrate of soda, but was unsuccessful commercially. Nitrates were there, but as they emanated from droppings of wild animals during past ages, the deposit is only local and superficial, and therefore of no value.
A friend of mine – Captain Fawcett – who floated

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this syndicate had a poor and very small snapshot photo taken of this Rock, and I made an enlargement of it – still on a small scale. The story of the syndicate I relate elsewhere.
To resume. Proceeding along the slope of a hill, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of something white about five miles out on a saltbush plain to the east. It was a tent! That was good enough for us! Thinking no more of Martin's Well, we left the track and made across the plain, It was slow work, and my mate declared we were no nearer our destination. Looking back, I then found we were in the middle of the plain – or half-way over. I told him to look for himself, and upon doing so he was astonished
At last we reached the tent, and had a real good guzzle of nauseous Paratoo water which had been carted there. The Shepherd soon came home, and was pleased with our company. He gave us the best of what he had – viz., – delightful saltbush mutton chops and damper, helped along with black tea.
We had been practically two days without water or food, and had walked thirty-five Bush miles without counting the turnings and twistings.

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95. – POISONED HAND – DRAFTING SHEEP.
A Poisoned Hand through Drafting Sheep – on a Long Tramp. – An Unexpected Cure. Having to go a few days' journey part of the way with some lost sheep just discovered, we – that is, the Manager and myself – drafted them at The Guide yard by pitching them over the fence, as on other occasions.

That night I camped alone in 'The Guide' Hut. In the early part of the evening my right hand began to burn. Looking at it, I saw a black spot in the fleshy part of the palm.. Ere I had turned into my blanket, it had travelled to the edge of the hand, and the hand was as hot as fire. So bad, indeed, was it that I could not lay my hand down horizontally, but had to camp on the floor, with my elbow on the earth, and my hand hoisted vertically in the air. I had a bad night, and got no sleep.
Next day I started with the sheep, northwards towards Angorigina, and delivered them to a Shepherd eight miles away; then continued my journey till I had gone twenty-one miles – my hand in the air the whole time, like a fanatical Dervish! The burning was intense.
By this time the black disease had crept over half the palm and three inches around the back of the hand. It

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was impossible to keep my arm by my side, for the blood rushing to the hand caused it to throb and pulsate unbearably.
My night's stay was at an empty hut, and my night's rest similar to that at 'The Guide'. What to do I did not know, for I could get no succor in the wilds where no one lived. This precious skin-eating microbe worked desperately hard. It did not believe in wasting time, but went at it with a vim while it had me at a disadvantage.
By this time it had devoured the outside cuticle of one-half of the psalm of my hand, and about three-quarters of the back of the same. I had no rest, day or night. The limb seemed to be in a fiery furnace, like unto that of Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednigo – I wonder if I have those fellows' names spelt rightly! Only they pretended that they liked it; but I didn't pretend anything of the sort. I noticed that the burnt portion of hand was black and shrivelled.
In the morning, while looking around this deserted hut to see if I could find anything to put on my hand, I saw a greasy, dirty bottle containing the dregs of some sweet oil – olive oil, I imagine. Draining this on to my tortured hand, I rubbed the greasy stuff into it. I couldn't make it worse, anyway! But what a relief!

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The fire began to abate. By and by it ceased altogether, and that night I slept in comfort after another long day's walk. The fiery disease was smothered by the oil, and came to a dead stop. The burnt supercial skin peeled off my hand, which got right in a few days. It had been poisoned by the yolk of the sheep's wool while I was handling them so roughly.
When I returned to the home station, I looked up the medical work there, as I thought at the time I had contracted erysipelas. The book said that oil must not be used for that complaint. So I was pleased that I had not been able to consult it before I applied the remedy that effected the cure. From what I have read since, I understand it was Anthrax that had got hold of me.
96. – A N.Z. GANG OF MURDERERS. 'Dead Men Tell No Tales'. –
The Burgess Gang of Murderers. – During my tent life in New Zealand – at Greymouth – in 1866, a gang of murderers made that place their head-quarters. The names of the individual members of this foolish

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lower-than-the-brute gang were Burgess, Kelly, Levy, and Sullivan. They were four of the greatest scoundrels on earth then; although they have since been outclassed by the Bolsheviks

of Russia, to say nothing of others who could be named, as a glance back into history could show. Dead bodies of men were found on the seashore and in the rivers. Great consternation prevailed, as, without a doubt, many of them pointed to murder.
At that time my eldest brother – George Tilbrook – had arrived on the Coast, and just then was with a Mr Fox, a storekeeper and gold-buyer at The 'Ten-Mile' – or ten miles up the Grey. The 'Ten-Mile' is close to the site of the present Brunnerton Coal Mines. His intention was to see if the business was worth purchasing.
Having already mentioned the loss of my revolver, and the fact of the murderers pitching their tent a few yards from mine, I will now trace their career of crime.
One day these four Thugs arranged to stick up Mr Fox as he walked down the track to Greymouth, murder him, and steal his gold. But, somehow, Fox was warned. At first he declared a big, big D__! he would walk down the one and only track – alongside the river, but dense scrub

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intervening between it at the water, revolver in hand, and defy them. Eventually he thought better of it, and went down by boat – one of the ten-ton coal barges – and left my brother George in charge. The Bushrangers did not know this, and just as Fate would have it, a victim was ready for the sacrifice! A young Surveyor named Dodgson came along at the psychological moment in place of Fox. As he had a leather bag slung across his shoulder, he was mistaken for the gold-buyer. They caught him in their ambush, the plan of which I have detailed in a foregoing article – No. 60, Series B – Burgess and Kelly seized the poor fellow near a magnificent white pine tree in the middle of the cleared track. Then they coolly and deliberately strangled him with a silken sash which men then wore around their waists, Mexican fashion.
A mental picture of the lonely but beautiful spot where the murder was committed is impressed indelibly upon by mine, for I visited it a few days after the tragedy. When dead, they searched his leather bag for the gold, but found none. In his pockets was the magnificent sum of seven shillings and sixpence! That was all they obtained for their crime.

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Carrying his remains about ten feet into the scrub away from the track, they dug a shallow hole – short and narrow – doubled the body up, rammed it in, and covered it with sodden earth – all but the tips of his boots!
That little bit of negligence proved their undoing, and saved many another man's life, and probably my own, for I was very often up and down that track, taking solitary walks, with as much as Twenty and Thirty Pounds in banknotes in a pigskin belt beneath my clothes.
Dodgson was expected in Greymouth that evening, and, not turning up, a hue and a cry was raised. Search parties set out next day, working all day; and when night came on, kept it up by the aid of lighted torches. It looked like looking for the needle in the haystack. But there was one thing in favour of the searchers. It was known that Dodgson could come by only one track. In fact, there was only one track up the Grey River, and that was on the right or Canter~~ter~~bury side. That track of mire, mud, and water and disordered logs lying at all angles, was so well examined, that one searcher with a torch actually came upon the disturbed ground and the two up-turned boot toes just inside the screen of ferns!

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The body was exhumed and carried to Greymouth. My duties in the Grey River Argus office prevented my taking part in the search. After the inquest, poor Dodgson's body, on the following Sunday, was accorded what might be termed a public funeral, the whole population of the town attending it.
Instead of following the procession, however, I determined to go up the river to the scene of the murder for the purpose of inspecting the place. A young man of twenty-eight, working in the office, agreed to go with me, I was then seventeen.
Accordingly we made an early start on that eventful Sunday morning. For two miles we walked along the siding that had been cut around the spurs of the range overlooking the Grey. Then, leaving the range and crossing an exceedingly muddy creek on our left where an occasional Maori caught eels, and over which was a rough bridge, we came to the very big flat covered with timber, undergrowth, creepers, and swamps.
In this forest stood many stately trees – white pines and kauri pines, some slim tall ones with boles bare ready for ships' masts, all straight as a dart for a great length up, and many others of great thickness, with solid timber to the core.

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Through this a track six or eight feet wide had been cut by surveyors. I ran along the right or south bank of the river. But the scrub was so dense, that the river was never in sight, the track being a good distance back. The trees that had been felled to open the way, instead of being piled on one side, were strewn all over the track; and this, with its muddy condition, rendered it a most exhausting path for pedestrians to traverse.
It was easy to be seen that no man could escape the Bushrangers in such a place. To run one hundred yards meant physical exhaustion. Besides which, he would be shot down before going a tenth of the distance.
Then there was the armed sentinel at either end to pass, with their revolvers ready for action. Once within the ambush, he was as good as dead.
Burgess was the leader of the gang, and his motto was: "Dead Men Tell No Tales!"
By midday, pretty tired, we arrived at the Big White Pine in the very centre of the track where poor Dodgson was done to death. The Tree was a thing of beauty. Its bole was one hundred feet high to the first branch, and about six feet in diameter at the base. A White Pine is very similar to a Kauri in a way.

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It has a conchoidal bark like the kauri, with leaves broader but not so long as those of our Australian Blue Gums. It differs from the kauri in that in its top branches it is more the shape of a gum than a pine. Above the one hundred feet of clear trunk was a large and spreading head.
These murderers, however, like other brute beasts, had not sufficient brains to admire the beautiful in Nature, but allowed their sordid, selfish desires to rule them.
This being a surveyed route, the tree had come into the theodolite's line of sight. Thus it was that at that spot the path had deviated on each side of the trunk. The surrounding thicket of timber, tree-fern, cabbage-tree, beech, bracken fern, and creepers, was as dense as elsewhere, and one could not see ten feet into it.
Having examined and duly admired this stately giant of the forest, and rested upon its roots, which stood out above the ground, we searched for the impromptu grave, and found it a yard or

two to the right, or south of the tree, amongst the ferns. The hole was, perhaps, nearly three feet long, narrow, and about two feet deep. It was then full of water to the brim; but we fathomed it with a stick.

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We had not encountered a soul during the up journey. The distance was six miles.
Having viewed the mournful spectacle and ~~saa~~ satisfied our curiosity to the full, we started for home. By this time we were wet through to far above the knee, and were also one mass of mud. Our boots were also pulped. Stepping over the fallen logs into mud all the time was exhausting work, too. So the pace was slow.
Getting back to that part of the flat, about one mile from Eel Creek, we had a good, long piece of easy walking. This was where I climbed up into a tall beech tree – right to the topmost branches – and saw a solitary digger pass beneath me up the track.
At this part we searched for and found the Murderers' Lair – first discovered by the searchers after young Dodgson. It was fifty yards from the path, in a very pleasant situation. From the thicket which surrounded it, the Bushrangers could watch people who went up and down the track. I had passed along that spot alone many a time. The river here was half a mile away, with a flat shingly bed, and without banks. In flood time, the water would cover the whole of the shingle. The pebbles would leave no

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tracks. It was thus an easy matter to wait till nightfall, and then throw bodies into the fast-running stream, which at that spot was seldom less than a quarter of a mile wide, and during flood time anything up to half a mile or more.
My own solitary walks used to extend far beyond the Murderers' Lair. It was, no doubt, my youthful appearance that saved me from the clutches of these ghouls.
The Lair was a hut composed wholly of bushes, and was cosy, being rainproof.
We continued our journey, and arrived at Greymouth very tired. The Wellington boots that I wore reached to the knee. My boots were boots no longer! but a heap of soppy waste leather. The sole of the right one had turned up, and at one time I was walking on one side of the upper, but rectified that before reaching home, once out of the mud.
Young Dodgson having been decently interred, the next thing was to catch the murderers. Instead of making a mystery of it, as is done in novels, I will trace their course as afterwards revealed. Public indignation being so intense, they cleared out of Greymouth immediately. Strange to say, a livery-stable-keeper

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disappeared at the same time, leaving his horses in the stable. His horses were for riding purposes between Greymouth and Hokitika, and for light cart traffic in Greymouth itself. There were no roads and no vehicular traffic outside of the town. He never turned up again. Whether murdered, or whether, having been connected with the gang, he had cleared out through fright, was a problem never solved, My own individual opinion is that he was murdered. "Dead Men Tell no Tales" points to that. There were only four in the gang. I say this with confidence. The gang never used horses.
The Bushrangers, finding the Coast too hot for them, started up the Grey River towards the little City of Nelson, in the province of Nelson, the town where my first mate deserted me, and where I

purchased the calico tent, and which is about one hundred and fifty miles distant from Greymouth as the crow flies. On the way they had to cross the heads of the Grey and the Buller. Then they got on to good tracks and roads.
Hearing that four men were either going to or returning from the diggings, they resolved to waylay them and murder them according to plan. 'Dead Men Tell no Tales!' – everyone they stuck up they killed.

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The road over which the intended victims were travelling went through a gorge at one spot. Kelly was hidden there with a loaded gun levelled at the track. He had instructions from Burgess to keep his weapon aimed at anyone passing through the gorge. Should the traveller turn his head, Kelly was to shoot him dead in his tracks.
Persons acquainted with firearms know that a shotgun is more deadly than a rifle at close quarters – say from ten to twenty yards. Chokebores were non-existent then; but now, with big shot, a man would have no chance of escaping with his life if hit fairly with a 'choke' at even forty yards, which is their effective range.
An equestrian did ride along, and Kelly's gun barrel followed his head all the way until out of range. He was not one of the inquisitive kind, and never turned his head even to view the scenery – so he was allowed to go unmolested.This man was a witness at the subsequent trial.
While walking along a cutting which overlooked a deep, thicket-laden gully, Burgess and Sullivan met an old man known as 'Daddy'. Exchanging greetings, they passed on. Suddenly halting, Sullivan exclaimed they must go back and 'quieten' the old one, or he might be a

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witness against them if they succeeded in capturing the men they were after
Burgess agreed! Thus poor old 'Daddy's' fate was sealed! Going back, they caught him, he making no resistance. Sullivan then held the aged man, while Burgess wound the fatal silk around his neck and held it tightly until he expired. While he was in the agonies of suffocation, Sullivan struck him a hard blow in the stomach with his fist. Having finished him, they took his still limp body, and with a one-two-three, swung it into the gully below, where it disappeared amongst the undergrowth – for ever, as they thought!
Then, following up the preconcerted arrangements, these four beauties laid an ambush, caught the four unsuspecting men, and led them away captives. They must have been returning from the diggings, as they had seventy ounces of gold with them – worth £280.
Their names were: – John Kempthorne, James Dudley, Felix Matthias, and James Pontius. Three were storekeepers and one a digger. They carried their swags on a packhorse, They had money besides the gold.
Taking them to a lonely spot, and tying each one to a separate tree, they took close aim at their helpless

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victims and shot each one dead. If there was a 'hue and a cry' over the missing Dodgson at Greymouth, it was accentuated at Nelson when the four men and 'Daddy' were missing. Search parties of sixty men went out from Nelson in squads. The scene of the murders was the Maungatapu Mountains.

The Bushrangers, in the meantime arrived at Nelson, and sold the gold to the Bank of New South Wales there. Hence the clue they gave of their connection with the murders. Criminals are ever shallow people! The arrival of these four strangers in a little town that Nelson then was, in itself aroused suspicion, for the town itself was little more than a straggling village. Although I, myself, was there for only two days, I explored every portion of it, and knew it by heart. When my mate deserted me there, I went to the very Police Station there to enquire about him.
Burgess was the first to be arrested. The others were then easily caught. Burgess was really captured before the bodies were found, the police being on the alert owing to the murder of young Dodgson on the Grey.
The Nelson searchers discovered the body of the packhorse first. The animal had been shot. It was not until

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Sullivan had peached on his pals and turned Queen's Evidence that the bdies of the men were recovered, including that of 'Daddy'. Probably just at that time the murderers had no spade.
The bodies were brought down to Nelson from the Maungatapu Mountains strapped to packhorses – and along the very road in Toi-Toi Valley up which I went in search of my mate a few short months before.
Getting to Nelson, before their capture Burgess and his gang made plans for a real coup, by which they would not only escape from New Zealand, but also make a great haul of cash as well. It was: – To wait till a steamer sailed direct for Melbourne, or via Hokitika in the alternative – for Nelson was generally an en route port. At the Port of Nelson which is a mile away from the City of Nelson, a point of land and a shoal run across the harbor, and the only entrance for vessels was within fifty yards of some rocky cliffs. The tides rise and fall there fourteen feet, and ships can go out only with the full tide. Our Dacoits were to wait till a steamer was leaving some time after midnight – as did the South Australian when I was on board her. Booking their passages the day before, as separate individuals, under various aliases, they intended sticking up the branch Bank of N.S.W. Their scheme was this: – They were to enter the

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bank a few minutes before closing time, strangle the manager and all the clerks except one. Then by his aid on promise of his life obtain the bullion. He was then to be taken to some dark spot and killed, the murderers then clearing off to Melbourne. The idea was, that the body being hidden, it would be thought that the man had committed the murders and then cleared off with the plunder! The shallowness of those criminals!
There were no ocean cables them, and wireless was undreamt of. New Zealand was isolated. We had no telegraph on the Coast either. So the scamps had a good chance of escaping to Australia; but sovereigns were the only money they could take with them, bank notes being useless, and silver too bulky. Gold being heavy, they could not carry much of that. So, I repeat, the shallowness of those criminals!
The schemes of mice and men 'aft gang agley', as Bobby Burns said. The police were on the alert; but the gang was so stupid that none of its members seemed to know it.
On a bright sunny day Burgess was walking along one of the lanes of Sleepy Hollow – Nelson's nickname – with its green grass and running brooks, that I myself

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had wandered over a short time previously, no doubt cogitating over his wicked scheme to deprive his fellows of their lives and property.
In the lane was also another man, some distance behind. The Bushranger had loaded revolvers in his belt beneath his coat, and I have reason to believe that mine was one of them. The stranger seemed to be a raw countryman by his hayseed get-up, and the gawky way he was gazing around him. He sauntered about from side to side as if he had nothing to do but enjoy the rural scenery – for Nelson was then a truly rural city. Such a greenhorn as he, did not trouble the murderer in the least. And that was where he showed his lack of intelligence.
Taking his time, the Country Jhonny lurched about and got near Mr Burgess, not apparently taking any notice of him. But suddenly, with the leap of a tiger, he bounded on to the Bushranger and had the handcuffs fastened to his wrists before he could gather his wits together. His now useless revolvers were taken from him, and he was hustled off to the police station by his plucky captor, who was no other than a detective in disguise.

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The leader of the gang being now in durance vile, the other three – Kelly, Levy, and Sullivan – were soon captured also.
On the promise, not of a free pardon, but of saving his neck from the hangman, Sullivan at once turned Queen's Evidence, and the bodies of the Maungatapu Mountains victims were recovered. Burgess, the leader was 40 years of age; eight, 5 ft 4 in.; he was bold and unscrupulous. Kelly was a rank coward. Levy, the Jew, was a low, cunning rascal, 40 years of age; height, 5ft 5 in. Sullivan was a sneak, a coward, and utterly callous, 50 years of age; height, 5ft 7 in.
While they were in gaol, somebody tried to burn it down – whether to incinerate them or allow them an opportunity to escape was not known. Instead of either, they had a great fright, but the fire was quickly extinguished.
They were taken back to the West Coast – to Hokitika – for trial, Sullivan was conveyed there separately under a strong police escort. A great crowd of diggers assembled at the wharf – the wharf where I myself finally landed on the West Coast – a mile or less up the river, with the secret intention of lynching him.

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On board the steamtug Lioness, which went out to the ocean boats, more police were sent with instructions to land the criminal at the spit and convey him across the beach to the Hokitika lock-up. He was landed there alright, and was being hurried to the gaol when the tugboat arrived at the wharf.
The diggers, seeing no prisoner or police, smelt a rat.! Noticing the party struggling along from the spit, they at once made for the gaol. The escort, seeing the mob, raced their man along, and pushed the white-faced Sullivan through the doorway of his refuge, slamming the door in the faces of the infuriated diggers just as they were prepared to pull him to pieces.
Sullivan, in his evidence, confessed to twenty-two murders \by the gang/ on the West Coast, and there were many others. The other prisoners incriminated Sullivan also, and thus all the minor details I have given here came out.
One witness said he was walking along the beach from Greymouth towards the Teremakau – which I had traversed three times – when he saw two men ahead of him working with a shovel. As he approached, they stepped into the scrub and disappeared. Upon reaching the spot, he

saw what he took to be a prospector's hole just begun, and he wondered why prospectors were sinking a shaft on the beach, as all the

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gold obtainable there lay amongst the black sand on the surface. Sullivan's confession showed that the man came along a little too soon. Had he come half an hour later, he could have been accommodated! That is to say, he would have been strangled for his pocket-money, buried in the shallow hole, when the next high tide, with its ponderous breakers, would have carried the body out to sea.
Burgess, Levy, and Kelly were taken back to Nelson and hanged. Sullivan was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In gaol he turned out to be perky and insolent, For some inscrutable reason, he was let loose upon society after serving a few years. He went to Melbourne, was shadowed by the police till life to him became a burden.. He then went to England, followed everywhere by the minions of the law, and finally died in poverty and misery.
This Bushranging Band was not a happy family 'Dead Men Tell No Tales', carried to its logical sequence, could have only one ending. That was what struck the minor members of the gang – after a while! They were every night expecting to be slaughtered by their leader. That really was his intention. He was only biding his time. He and Kelly intended putting Levy and Sullivan out of the way, That would be the first step. Then Burgess would have only one man to

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deal with! But Kelly had the same idea in his head, and he may have got the first blow home after all. But the law stepped in and decided the matter. Levy and Sullivan were afraid to go to sleep at night, not on account of their evil deeds, but through a horrible fear of their leader. They knew they were doomed unless they could dispatch him, and Kelly also. This they had made up their minds to do when they could find both of their dear friends asleep at the same time in some convenient spot. Then there would be two only! What a happy family, to be sure! In the end, Sullivan euchred them all by turning Queen's Evidence. On the gallows, Burgess said he wished to be known as 'Burgess, the Murderer.'
The details of these cold-blooded deeds were so horrible, that several people on the Coast actually became sick, one of our proprietors – Jack Keough – amongst them.
This pleasant gang was camped a short distance from my tent for a long time at Greymouth. I think now that had I applied to the authorities for a return of my stolen revolver, they would have acceded to my request. But I was so young, that I never thought of the idea.

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97 – CUTENESS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.
The Cuteness and Intelligence of Australian Aborigines. – One day, Charley Wills and I were out on the Ooraparinna Flat, which is about a square mile in extent, after either a kangaroo or a Euro. Our weapon was an old single-barrelled shot-gun, the projectile a round bullet hardened with an admixture of zinc in the lead.
The only way to get a kangaroo in comparatively open and flat country is to stalk him. The maximum range with the above weapon and ammunition was one hundred yards.
On the Flat, after dodging about from bush to bush, Charley shot one very large old-man kangaroo at seventy-five yards. Taking the tail, which was required for a stew, we wended our way back to the station, enjoying the feast in anticipation.

Arriving there, two Blackfellows approached us and asked if they could have the carcass for their own use.
We told them, Yes, if they could find it. Find it! What a joke on a Blackfellow!
The body was a mile away. They went direct to the spot, just as if there had been a track to it, put the heavy carcass upon each others' shoulders in turn, and carried it to their camp below the huts in the Ooraparinna Creek. After cooking

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it on the fire, they had a right royal feast, and stored enough in their appendices to last them several days. The doctors say an appendix is a useless appendage. For a white man, no doubt, for he is always stuffing – three times a day at least, and very often more. His appendix never has a chance of emptying itself. But for a Blackfellow the appendix is a necessity. He stuffs it full when he does get a feast; and when he has to starve for several days through lack of game, his appendix gradually disgorges its stored-up food, and thus prevents his starving. The appendix is small, I grant, but it suffices. – – – Charley Wills and I, another day, went into the hilly country north of the station in search of a Euro tail. Charley was a splendid hunter.
Seeing a solitary animal feeding, he got into a blind creek, bent himself double, and, stealthily creeping up, got almost within range. Then, taking to the bank, he crept from bush to bush, when the Euro, hearing a slight noise, looked up. Charley kept quite still, in the same attitude. Then, getting within the one-hundred-yards range, he fired, and the fine animal fell dead. From an elevated spot I witnessed almost the whole scene.
If you stand perfectly still beside a bush, adopting

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a little camouflage with the branches, a Euro or a Kangaroo, will pass close by without seeing you. But if you make the slightest noise, up goes its ears!
Again taking the desired tail, we carried it home to be turned into soup. It was late afternoon. Some Blackfellows intercepted us on our way back and asked for the body. Obtaining permission, they made straight for the quarry, and returned with the body. It was marvellous! The ground was stony, dry, and hard. They either followed our return tracks – which I think probable – or they may have been watching us all the time. But I do not think they were, for we saw nothing of them, and we were cute enough to not to allow a Blackfellow to ambush us. The noise of shot may have been a guide for them. But there was no hesitation about them. – – – We never thought of skinning and drying the skins of Euros or Kangaroos those times. But the Blackfellows did, and they made for themselves useful rugs of the smaller and softer ones. – – – To still further illustrate the cuteness of the Aborigines, there was the case of my chasing an iguana into a cave.

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in the bank of the Pekina Creek and killing it there. I was young then; I would not kill an iguana now! When I came out of the Cave, there was a Blackfellow waiting for the body! Where he sprang from I did not know. I don't think he descended from heaven. But there he was. And he got the body, took it to a camp I knew nothing of till then, cooked, and, with his companions, ate it in my presence.
Yes! our Aborigines – they are nearly all dead and gone now – were wonderfully cute people in regard to anything that interested them. That Blackfellow who stood at the entrance to the Cave

when I came out of it with the iguana in my hand – I carrying it by its tail – was the first one I had seen there, and he was not within range of my vision when I began to chase the big lizard.
98. – A PASSING THOUGHT. – WOMAN! LOVELY WOMAN!
A Passing Thought! – Why is a Woman like the Deep Blue Sea? – Because she is never still! The ocean frets away and undermines the hardest rock by its ceaseless motion, This it keeps up for ever, never ceasing for one moment.

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The hardest adamant must give way in tune to this persistence.
Dear woman wears a man out similarly. She does not mean any harm. But, like the ocean, she cannot possibly keep still, for one single moment ever! And in time, down comes the cliff, and under goes the man! He has to give in to her at every point. The cliff cannot escape from the ocean, nor the man from the woman – the cliff because it is immovable, or is so in the concrete – the man because he is attracted by dear woman's charms, alike of mind and body. She will persist in giving names to the children which he knows will be distasteful \to them/ in after years; and the mere man is helpless, to prevent such a catastrophe.
The ocean and the woman are alike also in that they are both beautiful to look upon. Yet, contrary as it may seem, the possession of the woman gives peace and contentment to the man, and the contemplation of the ocean has a similar effect upon his mind
An old saying runs:-

'When a man is dead, he is still;
When a woman is still, she is dead!'

Terrible words! May she never be still, is my earnest wish.

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99. – CAMPING IN CREEK BEDS.
Beware of Camping in Creek Beds. – A Dangerous Practice – Dry creek beds make lovely camping places. But Beware! They are treacherous. I always kept out of them. One never knows when a thunderstorm may pass along higher up, when the floodwaters might come down and get very affectionate with you. But the temptation is great; a creek bed is so cosy!
One lot of Stockriders I knew of, throwing caution to the winds, camped in one one warm night. A storm passed along at the head of the creek. No rain fell where they were. But the Law of Gravitation set to work, and the water went tearing along to get as near the earth's centre as it could, and the men had a job to save their saddles, which, of course, were under their heads. 'Never again!' said they.
It is worse if you have a horse and trap. A hawker, one night, camped in a deep creek in the North – a watercourse like the Arkaba Creek, but narrow. He was foolish enough to put all his eggs into one basket. He planked himself, his van, and his two horses in the nice, soft creek bed; with its sheltering banks. But his luck was out! An unexpected storm broke miles away – like the one that overtook me as described in No. 76 – "A Far

Page 355 [*"A Far*] North Thunderstorm'; – ante. The creek arose nearly a banker. He escaped somehow, but both his horses were drowned, his van was carried away and wrecked, and he lost most of his goods. 'Never again!' wailed he!
The storm waters referred to in No. 76 were so extensive, that they flowed down from where they caught me for thirty or forty miles. The fellow below would wonder where they came from!

McKinley, the great explorer, was caught in floods at Cooper's Creek, and had to take refuge on the highest hills he could find. Had there been no hills, he and his party may have perished. Stuart, the explorer, when he reached the tropical parts of the Northern Territory, saw in a river valley flood marks one hundred and twenty feet above the river bed!
A Wesleyan Methodist local preacher, who was for many years in my employ, once asked me: 'Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer, Mr T.?' My reply was: 'Well now, look here! We are living in a dry country. Do you think we can alter the seasons by prayer?' He was silent. Continuing, I said: 'If a man, in a new place, where semitropical storms are frequent, carelessly builds his homestead in a low-lying spot, below previous floodmarks, would all

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the praying in the world hold the waters back and make them flow around his house instead of over it?' He was quiet! I said: 'When people settle in a dry country, they should put up with its natural metereological conditions, and not make a futile attempt to alter them by prayer.'
It is well known that 'religious' people are always praying for rain when it is a bit dry, What I don't understand is their failure to just as logically pray for golden sovereigns to drop from the sky into a net spread out ready to receive them. Again, in order to end the dry seasons, why not do the thing properly, and pray for a great Mountain Range to be raised right across the centre of Australia from east to west. It would have to be twelve thousand feet high. It would then be snow-capped, with rivers running from it to the sea, with nice little gaps here and there to get through. That would end all necessity for further praying.
While on this subject, I may refer to one of my camping places on the Glenelg River, over the South Australian Border, where the only margin of safety I could get was six inches. I had thoroughly examined all the watermarks before risking the tent there. Yet a man came along and said we would be flooded out that night. But I knew better,

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because I had been so careful in my examination. And so it turned out. The river there was tidal. Some years ago, at Messina, in Italy, during one of the terrible earthquakes there, the ignorant and superstitious Italians rushed to their shrines and prayed to the holy something-or-other, while the hard-headed English Jack Tars from British war boats rushed to the rescue of the unfortunate people who were entangled in the ruins of the fallen buildings – some in upper stories, others under the debris –
100. – THE 'GREY RIVER ARGUS' OFFICE. THREATENED ATTACK BY DIGGERS. Threatened Attack on the Grey River Argus Office by Two Hundred Stalwart Diggers. – Pulling down the Office, and Cutting off our Hair with a Knife!!! – Things were lively on the West Coast of New Zealand in the middle Sixties of the nineteenth century – 1866 – when gold was first discovered upon its dreary and inhospitable shores.
On one occasion, in the year mentioned, the office of the journal I was engaged upon – the Grey River Argus – was threatened with destruction by as fine a body of men as one could wish to see,

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They were anxious to catch every one of us connected with the staff, to perform a certain 'barber'-ous operation upon us – to wit, cut our luxuriant crops of hair off with a knife! Very nice!

What led up to this very interesting – and to those of us individually concerned, exciting – event was this –
Further south, at Okarito, a man named Hunt had led the diggers a great chase to an imaginary gold find. Like the Pied Piper of Hameln, he induced almost the whole ~~of~~ ~~the~~ floating population of that part of the Coast to follow him across flats, through swamps, over mountains, down valleys – all covered with dense forests, scrub, and creepers, Many fell exhausted by the way. The hardier ones kept close to him, and followed him in all his devious windings. Finding he could not shake them off, he told them he was not quite sure of his ground, and asked them to stay there, while he looked around.
He then gave them all the slip, took a direct course to the sea coast, got on board a schooner, and escaped to the Thames River, near Auckland, on the North Island, where he discovered the Thames Goldfield \the mines of/ which are working to this day. That was his revenge for some bad treatment he had received at the hands of the diggers.

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The duped ones straggled back one by one to the sea coast. So wroth were they that they determined in the absence of any police protection, to have their revenge on some one.
So they set to work to –
Pull Down and Destroy the Embryo Town of Okarito. This was not a hard job. The town consisted of the usual assortment of quickly-erected business structures, mostly of canvas. These valiant fellows soon had the 'pubs' and other places down, looting all they required, drinking as much grog as they wished, pouring the rest on the sand.
One grog shanty, however, was left standing. Why? Well, the barman stood behind the bar, with a loaded revolver in his hand, and swore he would shoot the first man who laid hands upon the place. This was quite an unexpected cheek! And those bold 'miners' – as they loved to be called, instead of 'diggers' – placed such value on their own skins, that they let the place alone. That shanty belonged to an hotelkeeper named Kilgour who had a large hotel and Assembly Rooms in Greymouth.
A few days after this event, a digger came down

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the Grey, and showed our editor – Mr W.H. Harrison – lot of large nuggets of gold that he had found a long way up that river.
We naturally reported the find in the Grey River Argus. Diggers flocked to the town by steamer in great numbers, Some went up this \most/ difficult river for many miles, and returned, denouncing the report as a hoax.
That settled it! The Grey River Argus was doomed! The office was to be pulled down a la Okarito! The machinery and plant were to be destroyed! And each member of the staff was to have his hair cut off with a knife! How kind of those diggers to save us the expense of patronising a barber!
The machinery at that time consisted of a double demy Albion press, a foolscap folio Albion press, an old-fashioned book-binding plant with hand-plough as cutter and wooden screw press. We had plenty of news type – Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeois, Brevier, Nonpareil, and job-printing and poster type.

The building was of corrugated galvanized iron on a framework of wood, standing on wood piles about four feet above the swamp. It faced Boundary Street, whose centre was still an outlet of the Grey, but banked up at Richmond and

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Mawhera Quays. When the river overflowed, Boundary street became a raging torrent again. The building consisted of a front office and editor's sanctum, a large composing and press room in the middle, and a long, narrow sleeping compartment at the back.
We Made Preparations to Meet the Enemy! I loaded my six-chambered revolver, and had it handy on my hip, as in the Australian Bush. The others were armed in various ways, although one or two were inert. There were nine of us inside altogether.
Early on that interesting morning, the diggers began to assemble in front of the office, in the old creek bed, which was very wide. They were a fine, stalwart lot of men. They wore no braces over their shoulders – just a belt, a saddlestrap, or a silk sash around their waists. This allowed a free and natural action of the shoulders never felt by a man harnessed up with braces. A number of these diggers were adventurers from California, Mexico, and other parts.
The proprietors sent out quietly for the police, Six long, slim constables, all six feet high, arrived and

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entered by the back entrance, unobserved by the diggers in the creek. By this time two hundred men had assembled. They stood about in groups.
We besieged person kept on working, for a newspaper has to be published though the heavens fall! The Grey River Argus was a tri-weekly. [It is still in existence, by the way, and has long since been issued as a daily.]
The waiting so long for the attack was rather trying to our nerves, and a sort of shivery feeling crept over us. It was not fear, but just the suppressed excitement occasioned by suspense. We waited hours for the attack. One of us kept going to the front window to report.
The men outside were ominously quiet, and were still walking about, and talking earnestly together in groups. They had got wind that we intended defending ourselves, and that six armed police were in the front office awaiting them. They evidently began to think that this was not such a nice picnic as the one at Okarito, which was so very enjoyable – except for that silly fellow with the revolver!
All of us in the office stuck to our guns, except one. The exception was the Editor – W.H.H. – who cleared off in a boat across the river, and hid himself in the little Town of Cobden until the storm blew over.

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At last, after four hours of waiting, one of our props. – Mr Jack Arnott – went out to the men and spoke to them. They received him fairly well –
Finally they adjourned to Kilgour's Assembly Rooms on Mawhera Quay, where they held a meeting and solemnly fined the Editor One Hundred Pounds, that sum to be handed over to the local hospital. Needless to say, that fine was never paid.
Thus it was that I, along with others, escaped the delightful sensation of having my hair cut off with a blunt knife! But I somehow think there would have been a bit of a fight over the business.

This gold find – it was a fact, not fiction – led to the discovery of auriferous reefs at a place subsequently named Reefton in the Inangahua district.
After I had left the Coast, my brother George and another man started a newspaper there which they named the
Inangahua Herald. That town lies in the combined watersheds of the Upper Grey and Buller Rivers. Both watersheds are now great coal-producers.

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101. FINDING 'COAL' AT PENDULUM, F.N.
A Lump of 'Coal' that Behaved Badly – Moolooloo Run. Far North. – In the winter of 1865, while a party of us were hunting for lost sheep on the Moolooloo Run, our leader, Mr H.C. Swan, J.P., and afterwards a Stipendiary Magistrate, made a great discovery of 'coal' at one of our camps. Mr Swan was the manager of Angorigina Run, mentioned by the late Mr Robt. Bruce in his 'Reminiscences of a Squatter'. The party consisted of three men from Angorigina, one man from Moolooloo, and myself from Ooraparinna. The time occupied in the hunt was a fortnight. We were all on foot because of the extremely rough nature of the country. Every night we camped at some water, or in a hut where there was water, the precious fluid being plentiful in that range country. The only flat places were along the numerous creeks.
One day, as the shadows of evening were falling, we came to a halt on the low bank of a long, stony creek in a valley flat, in proximity to a place called Pendulum. Close by, in a steep scrub-covered gully, was a solitary shepherd's hut. It was unoccupied. We chose the bank of the creek, however, as a camping-place because

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of our comparatively large party. The weather was exceedingly cold, the temperature was going as low as 17° or 19° at night. Water put out in a dish began to freeze before dark. Consequently we had a glorious fire, for fallen firewood was plentiful.
Finding a large tin vessel there, we pressed it into the service; and instead of each one using his own quart pot, we made the tea en famille in our new acquisition.
Mount Patawerta was only a few miles north, with its tooth standing out five hundred feet above the main range, and visible – so I have been told – in clear weather from the top of Mount Remarkable. But I am doubtful if this is correct, for Mount Remarkable is two hundred miles away down south.
During the conversation around the camp fire, with its red-hot embers and tongues of flame, the subject of Coal cropped up. Mr Swan said he would give any one of us a handsome reward for first information of any really valuable discovery that we might happen to make. South Australia being a new country to us, but really a very ancient one, we did not then know that the carboniferous formations had long since been eroded and washed away, and that only recently-formed, or brown, coal formations existed.

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Rolling ourselves up in our blankets, we slept the sleep of youth, our feet to the fire and our boots for a pillow. Whoever woke up in the night through the cold, got up and threw on more wood, then rolled himself up again. Thus was the fire replenished during the night.
In the morning, Mr Swan volunteered to fill our family billy with water from a hole in one of the gullies near the deserted hut. It was uphill and steep. He was a long time gone. We were on the

point of starting off to look for him, when we saw him staggering down the precipitous side gully with a huge lump of black rock under his arm. His face was beaming.
He observed, as he came up: 'Well, lads, I think I have made a discovery at last!'
Of course we all gathered around him to inspect his treasure. Some pronounced it just black rock, some shale. But, to test it, it was suggested that it should be placed in the middle of our camp fire. This was done when, heigh presto! with a bang! bang! splutter, splutter, splutter, bang! it commenced to bombard us with a vigor worthy of a better cause. We all turned our backs to the enemy and fled ignominiously for shelter behind the nearest trees, whence, when the

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fusillade had eased off a bit, we cautiously poked out our heads to see how matters stood. As all mundane affairs come to an end, so this valuable lump of 'coal' exhausted its energies in its frantic attempt to escape from the fiery furnace in which it had been placed. Then we paid a visit of inspection to the scene, and found that the lump of 'coal' had taken wings to itself and flown away – in pieces!
Thus terminated the coal-tinged vision of at least one of our party.
Here is an extract from a newspaper: – 'A Victorian correspondent writes: – 'Referring to the means of enhancing the value of firing burnt in stoves by placing a stone at back of grate, I think it would be advisable to warn your readers not to use stones of the slate variety, as they explode with terrific force when subject to certain heat, as I have found out by experience while camped at Wood's Point. I believe sandstone is the safest.'
Mr Swan was S.M. for Mount Gambier as late as forty years after this episode. A clerk from his local Court there made one of a party with Mr Fred Lester and myself in an expedition across the Victorian Border in the year 1905.

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102. – TWO LUBRAS. – 'ON THEIR OWN'.
Two Lubras off 'on Their Own'. – But Tracked by Two Blackfellows. – One day, in 1865, two young Black Girls arrived at Ooraparinna Station, Far North. Their clothing consisted of just one Government blanket, nothing more,
They were tramping 'on their own' for some reason or other – probably escaping from their tribe, They were eighteen or nineteen years of age. They were of a jolly, happy disposition. They camped below the station huts in the side creek.
Charley Wills and I went and had a chat with them. They were not at all nervous, and told us they came from Aroona way, and were bound for Wilpena and further south. It seemed strange that two Girls should be roaming about like that! However, they made their little camp fire, boiled their quart pots, thick with sugar that we gave them, and added the tea. Blacks do like syrup! We also supplied them with bread – of a kind, of course.
They seemed perfectly happy, and they very modest and rather retiring pair, After tea, they curled themselves up before the camp fire and went to sleep. Next morning, having had breakfast of more bread and tea, with a piece of mutton,

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they resumed their journey southward. They were, of course, barefooted. – – –

Towards evening, two days afterwards, two Blackfellows came along the track, which was hard and stony, and to our eyes left no trace of human footprints. Nevertheless these two Blacks were following down the Girls' tracks. Upon arriving at the station they came to us and said:

'Two lubra come along-a this way two day' – holding up two fingers – 'ago?'

We replied: 'Yes.' And they were satisfied.

They would tell us no more, but camped for the night, and started off next morning, following the trail of the two Girls with unerring instinct.

Whether this was a tragedy or a love romance, we never knew – No doubt they caught the Girls, who did not seem to think they were being followed. Aboriginal Girls seem very simple-minded.

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103. IN THE DEVIL'S CREEK. – AFTER SNAKES.

A Walk Down The Devil's Creek after Snakes. – Early on one Sunday morning, Charley Wills and I – H.H. Tilbrook – started off to the head of The Devil's Creek, about two miles from Ooraparinna head station, with the intention of going down it on the look out for snakes. Going first over a plain, then up a slight valley, with hills on both sides, and Mount Sunderland directly in front of us, we turned to the right, or northward, and got into the bed of the above-named creek. This was a mile or so from its head.

On our right was a cliff one hundred and fifty feet high to the top, but not perpendicular all the way – shown in one of later-date photos – constituting the eastern bank of the creek just there. It consisted of stratified rock, layer upon layer, with a decided dip northwards. This 'dip' formation is what gives rise to the name of 'Sliding Rocks.' The reader will see why presently.

Some of the layers of rock were very thin – at the base perhaps only six inches thick. Then they varied upwards, till one was to be seen twenty feet thick. That layer must have taken many thousands of millions years to form! Then came layers of varying thicknesses from a few inches to two or more feet. About one hundred above the base was another layer some twenty feet thick, showing another long, peaceful

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time while being slowly deposited upon the ocean floor. Above that came smaller ones again. Those two thick layers must have taken ages of quietude to lay down in the aeons of time gone by!

Up this stiff cliff we climbed, peering into every cleft for snakes. But, to our disappointment, we found none! Descending to the bed of the creek, we resumed our journey northward. On our left the bank of rock was twenty or thirty feet high, on our right much higher. In some places there was merely a slope on one side, and occasionally a slope on each side.

The vegetation was the everlasting spinifex – porcupine grass. – with gums here and there in the rocky bed of the watercourse. There was scarcely any soil anywhere. The bed and banks of the creek were solid rock, and what ought to have been soil on the slopes was chiefly stones and rock.

In some places lower down – in clefts in the cliffs high overhead – pine trees had taken root and grown to full size. What they lived on was a puzzle! On the ridges straight cypress pines grew in numbers.

Travelling down the creek, we disturbed Euros almost in droves, while rock wallabies were numerous. Coming to a place where a very large and very old

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pine tree grew upon a high-up slope on our left, we noticed an immense eagles' nest in the branches. This ancient tree was unclimbable, but it grew at the base of a sloping and still higher cliff which towered above it. The cliff consisted of sliding rocks, and a man could easily go up one of the slides which ran along the face, get on to a high ledge of rock, and from thence step into the upper branches of the tree. From there into the big nest was but a step.
Charley Wills at once volunteered to get into the eagles' next and capture the young, if I would stay in the bottom of the creek and watch the valley well for the bold birds – for it was open on both sides here.
First scanning the place and the horizon above the rocks everywhere, and seeing nothing of the Kings and Queens of the Air, off Charley started for the cliff. Having climbed about three hundred feet up the slope, he came to the base of the cliff. Then getting on to one of the winding shelves, he was soon on a level with the great nest, which was merely a platform of sticks some five or six feet in diameter, hollow in the centre – like the one I climbed into in the sandalwood tree on the Eastern Plains.
Charley climbed into the tree, and had just stepped into the flat nest, when I heard a swift rustling overhead!

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Turning rapidly, I saw a large eagle going like a dart across the narrow valley straight for the tree. I immediately called out and whistled swiftly between my fingers to Charley. I shouted with the full force of my lungs that the eagles were upon him, and to hasten down at once!
Then I looked up to locate the bird; but, strange to say, it had disappeared. At first Charley was afraid that he would be attacked while in the next, and I was rushing to his aid.
Upon my calling out that there was only one bird, and that it had disappeared, he seized the two eaglets that were in the nest, stepped out rapidly on to the cliff and came down to me safely. We did not mind the birds attacking us then.
The eaglets were mere bundles of yellow fluff, and after an examination, Charley dispatched them, there being a half-crown reward for every head. The disappearance of the mother bird – or father bird, whichever it may have been – and the absence of the other one, was a complete mystery to us. Those birds are mostly in pairs. One may have been poisoned previously. But why the appearing bird did not attack on sight we could not comprehend. Possibly the noise I made frightened it,

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We did not wait to see the denouement, as we wished to get on with our journey. Following down the rocky bed of The Devil's Creek, still northward, we arrived at a place where a branch came in from the base of Mount Sunderland on the left, surrounded closely by very high hills and overhanging precipices. Up this tributary some distance were several caves wherein were aboriginal drawings of animals.
A little further on, in the bed of the creek, we arrived at 'The Sliding Rock' bed, stretching across the floor to the vertical banks on either side.
I myself, with Charley Dawson and Charley Wills, had previously travelled down this creek on horseback after cattle and horses, and did so again afterwards

These Sliding Rocks barred the way of an upward journey on horseback, as no shod horse could get up the ‘slide’. But, going downwards, we simply set our horses at a run down the smooth, sloping rock, and by this means always arrived safely at the bottom.
To digress a little. One day I had ridden down this romantic creek alone. Tying my horse to a tree below, I began ascending a cliff one hundred and fifty feet high. It had ledges and small slopes. When up a good height

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I found I could not get down again without the risk of falling. Looking down, my horse appeared like a little dot beneath my feet. I had to go over the top of the hill before I could descend – by another route.
Being on foot on this present occasion, we easily got down the ‘slide’. Further along, the creek was still more romantic and wild. This being a dry year, there was not a drop of water in any of its rocky ledges. Although, many years afterwards – in 1894 – when I was there one wet day, taking photographs, necessitating a journey of ten miles to and from Appieallana, alone and on foot, water was abundant in its bed and ledges.
But now we were parched and couldn’t get a drink The strata dipping northwards, the water would soak away in that direction. This was high country, and the head of the watercourse. The Creek ran through our boundary, through Aroona Run, past Hayward’s Bluff, through Brachina Gap, and onward into Lake Torrens.
But this time, on this particular day, afternoon was partly spent, and there were indications of a thunderstorm. Following the creek further along, we sat down for a spell and watched the play of the lightning. The thunder gradually became more distinct. It was of the sharp, crackly

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kind, denoting a dry electrical disturbance, which are, perhaps, the more dangerous
Some distance ahead of us a rock of many tons weight was perched on high upon the very edge of a lofty and precipitous cliff on our right. It was almost overbalancing. I had before wondered how long that rock would remain there as I had ridden beneath it. The storm came nearer and nearer, the thunder crackled and reverberated among the hills, making almost one continuous roaring and rumbling. But there was no rain, save a few drops. The lightning became very vivid and brilliant, darting out chains in all directions – sometimes horizontal, sometimes vertical, but never forked, as there is no such thing in Nature. It was highly interesting, and would have been resplendent at night time.
Suddenly a great vertical flash, like a big column, struck the rock overhanging the chasm. It was vivid. The thunder banged out almost simultaneously. The great rock, being already nearly on the balance, toppled over into the creek and broke into many pieces. Being unable to restrain our curiosity, we went on to the scene of the cataclysm. It was simply an instance of what frequently happens in various parts, only we had the good luck

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to witness this. The storm passed, the air cleared, but there was no rain.
On another occasion, long after that, in quite another part, I had often tried to dislodge a rock of six or eight tons which was nearly balanced on \a small cliff/ top of a one-hundred-foot hill. All the leverage I could put to it, however, had no effect. One day I saw a lighting stroke descend on the hill. On the following Sunday I went to the spot and found that the big rock had been

dislodged by the lightning – showing its immense power! The rock was in the shape of an igneous boulder, and fairly round. I traced its track down the steep slope of the hill. It rolled down bushes and saplings like straws. Then it came butt against a gum tree two feet thick. The rock had such an impetus by this time, that it felled the tree at a blow, having hit it fair and square, and the tree was a bit weak low down, as a fire had done it some damage. After felling the tree, the boulder continued its course to the bottom of the gully. – And there I saw it, lying peacefully in its new position, very little the worse for the banging it had received. But, as I have said, it was of plutonic origin, and therefore tough and homogenous.
Thus it will be noticed that it might be dangerous

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to remain too close to high cliffs during an electric disturbance.
Continuing our course down The Devil's Creek, we gave up all ideas of catching snakes, and coming to an outlet through the hills on the east, we returned to the station as the shades of evening were falling. We had not seen a single snake! How was that for luck? We saw lizards, Euros, Kangaroos, rock wallabies, bush wallabies; and Eagles we saw occasionally, soaring high above us.
104. RIDING OVER SNAKES – MANNANARIE.
The Mannanarie Snakes. – Four in One Day. – On our journey down from Ooraparinna with sheep, in the latter part of 1865, before there were any fences in the land except fenced-in horse-paddocks at all head stations, we came to a water called Beniah, where we stayed several days. Having charge of two horses, I hobbled them out where there was feed, To do this, I rode one bareback, leading the other on the off side like a packhorse.
One day I rode over four separate snakes – I was thus enabled to witness the speed at which they can travel

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when alarmed. I had finished watering the horses at Beniah, and was trotting back to grass in the above fashion, when I rode over a full-grown Brown Snake. The reptile sprang up and made an attempt to bite my horse on the belly, but failed, the hair being too long for the fangs to get into the skin. Not content with this one attempt, it had a second try, but again failed to catch hold. This second attack raised my ire. So I quickly pulled up, hobbled my riding horse – the hobbles were fixed on one leg while being taken to and from water – picked up a stone, for I had no weapon, and chased the snake. I had just got within shot of it when it arrived at its hole. Half of its body had disappeared beneath the ground when I threw the stone with all my force and struck it about six inches from the end of its tail. But I lost the creature, for it dragged the remainder of its body below the surface, and thus escaped.
Having taken my led horse on to feed, I went back to camp on the one I was riding. Shortly afterwards I saddled up and proceeded towards Mannanarie Head Station. The country was slightly hilly, with low ranges and long, undulating plains and shallow valleys, stretching for miles, with a fair number of sheoak, pine, and other trees about.

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Going at a smart trot, I rode on to a Black Snake. It glided on in front of the horse for a few yards, then slipped down its hole. I had no whip or stick, and it had disappeared before I could get off my horse. That was No. Two.

Again, later, whilst riding at a canter, I saw right in front of me a full-grown Black Snake comfortably coiled, sunning itself. Before we reached it, the Snake leapt up as quick as thought and careered away at top speed, keeping well ahead. I urged on my horse; but still the Snake kept ahead, until, coming to its hole, it poked its head in and the body stood nearly upright in the reptile's frantic endeavour to struggle in quickly. It was underground before I reached it. Another one lost! This one gave some idea of the speed of these reptiles on an emergency.
If they were attackers we would have a lively time defending ourselves. But they are not, unless you are between them and their hole, and even then they are only trying to get home. If on foot, and they have stopped, your eye fixed on them will hold them; but take your eye off them and they are away at once. I have proved this over and over again, for I have killed numbers of them in all parts of South Australia – from the Far North to Cape Banks

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in the South East. They will even allow themselves to be run over by a trap. I killed some large ones like that quite easily – One was at Hill river while we were out after wild turkeys, or bustards. They can spring back half their length when attacked. One nearly caught me like that at Dry Creek, when I struck at it with a soft nine-inch slick – a piece of mangrove. I had to throw the stick at it, waddy fashion to finish it.
To return to Mannanarie. Walking my horse along for a mile or two after the last encounter, it was time for another spurt. So off we went once more! Soon I espied another Snake curled up ahead – this time a Brown one. It was just as nimble as the Black one. With the noise of the hoofs approaching it, it made a tremendous squirm and shot ahead at the same speed as that of the horse. In this case also, the Snake's underground residence was directly in front of us. In the first instance we were between the Snake and its hole; hence the reptile's attack on my horse. Number Four Snake kept in front of my mount, and I was again mortified at seeing it pop into the ground and disappear. These Snakes were all full grown, but not so large as the Far North ones, being about four feet eight inches long.

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105. – A N.Z. WEST COAST FLOOD.
A New Zealand Flood. – The Grey River. – During my sojourn in New Zealand, I witnessed several phenomenal floods on the West Coast – With an annual average rainfall of one hundred and sixteen inches, and sometimes a fall of one hundred and twenty-two inches – or over ten solid feet of water – 'freshets' in the rivers were frequent; but it was only after extraordinary and continuous rains that the waters arose to an abnormal height. It does rain over there at times! Then look out!
During and after these heavy falls, I invariably put my hand out of bed in my tent at night every time I awoke. This was to explore for water which came along so insidiously. If there was a splash, I had to get up, dress, and clear out for fresh pastures. This occurred on many occasions
The Town of Greymouth is built on a flat, sloping slightly towards the sea, with occasional depressions, all having been originally covered with scrub and tangled creepers. The flat land terminated suddenly at the six hundred-foot range where the river ran through the wide gorge a quarter of a mile across at about one mile from the sea. The ground upon which the town is built is really the delta of the Grey. It is

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composed, underneath, mostly of clean shingle and sand overlaid with decayed vegetation and mud. The land itself is not more than ten or twelve feet above the river-level. The river is tidal for about three miles up, but only at high water. The tides are not high.
The water supply of the town was from shallow wells sunk in the gravel to below river level. These Wells, at the time I write of, were lined with deal packing-cases, the top protruding a foot or two above the surface.
The beginning of a flood was accompanied by a curious phenomenon. All the houses and business premises were built upon piles to keep them off the swampy ground. The two quays – Mawhera and Richmond – were raised to the level of the business premises, which nearly all faced the river, with the street in front at the same level.
Thus the mouths of the wells at the back were all below street level. During flood times, as soon as the river rose to the same height as the top of the packing cases, the water, percolating through the sub-gravel, began to flow over the tops of the wells. As the flood increased, the wells became artesian in character. Over the tops of the packing cases the water flowed in immense volumes to their full capacity. And as there were hundreds of

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these wells, the low-lying ground was soon under water.
The very worst flood we encountered was, I think, in 1867. I was there in 1866-1867 – and 1878. By this time a wood-railed horse tramway had been laid along Richmond Quay and Mawhera Quay, thence across a bridge over the New River on to Kumara on the Teremakau River, The depot on Mawhera Quay was full of stores, among the latter being a boring plant consisting of heavy iron rods, jumpers, &c. The upper part of the river bank – Mawhera Quay – had been protected by immense wooden piles driven into the sloping bank and bolted to long balks of timber at the top. No one dreamed that anything could shift them. We shall see! The whole [*word crossed out*] was backed with timber and filled up level with the street.
A good deal of sheet-piling had also been done at the lower half of the town below Boundary Street at Richmond Quay. The higher portion facing the river there was occupied by shops and other business places; still lower down by dwelling-houses on piles as high as nine feet.
As I have stated, the office of the Grey River Argus was in Boundary Street, on the upper side. The piles under the building were about four feet high. It rained! rained! rained! It did not stop

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raining! It could not stop raining! It rained for two days without intermission! And such rain!
The bed of the Grey was capacious and very wide – It could hold a deuce of a lot of water. The fall of the stream was fairly rapid, too; so it could very easily get rid of a lot of it in one second of time – enough, in fact, to fill all the Adelaide reservoirs in one tick of the clock. At anyrate, one minute would suffice to flood the lot.
Notwithstanding the great capacity of the Grey River, that deluge was too much for it. Gradually the well in our back yard began to overflow. Then it shot its artesian spring into the air two feet high! Every other well was doing the same. Precautions were taken everywhere to keep the waters at bay, and at the shop fronts particularly, but unavailingly.
The flood broke through the bank of the Grey at Boundary Street and rushed down its old outlet, making that street a river once more, for it had not been filled up or levelled.

The whole town – excepting the upper part near the gorge, where the Post-Office was situated – was flooded. All the wells, with their packing cases were drowned. Water flowed in a great stream under the office floor. We heard

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a crash over the way on the other side of the Boundary – street stream. Looking up, we saw a dwelling-house of weather board with an iron roof topple over on its head, with the furniture tumbling out in all directions.
Needless to say, long before this, boats were out rescuing men, women, and children. The occupiers, however, were quite unable to save their furniture or household goods. Crash after crash announced the destruction of houses in various directions, more especially in the lower township. Everything was primitive then. The town was not three years old.
This flood, fortunately, commenced in the morning, after daylight. Boats brought all the people to land from the danger zones – namely, the lower side of Boundary Street and right down to where The New River emptied itself into the Grey. They were taken to high land near the Gorge, where a very substantial wharf had been built.
The worst of a newspaper is, it has to be published no matter what happens. The Grey River Argus was a tri-weekly, and that was our publishing night. Many houses and business places had been washed away by night time, and the flood was still rising. We did not know when our time might come. Even on Mawhera Quay, the highest frontage of

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the town, the water was over the bank and into all the shops and other premises. Schooners and steamers of up to two hundred tons burthen were riding on the stream on a level with the shop floors, swaying and straining at their cables in a most alarming manner, and almost getting on top of the quay.
At dark, the flood surging beneath our office had reached to above the floor, and arose to our knees inside the composing room. Every moment we expected the building to be torn from its foundation piles and follow others down the stream. I think the weight of the presses and type helped to keep it in place. Every man Jack in the office stuck to his guns, however. The paper had to be brought out by six o'clock next morning; and bring it out we would, or perish in the attempt!
We started work at 8 a.m. and kept on till two o'clock next morning, and sometimes till a little later, on the nights preceding publication. It was cold work at night, and colder still on that eventful night, standing at our cases, setting up type with the icy water above our knees! I was young then, but we all worked with a will, with our lower limbs half numbed.
During the night we constantly sent out to Mawhera Quay

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to see how things were faring there. For if that went, three-quarters of the town would go too. The business people had sandbagged all their shop-fronts, and this sent the waters down the quay, which helped to save the place.
Then the food [*presumably flood*] became stationary, and we knew the worst was over, Gradually, it went down. We got the newspaper formes ready for the pressman, who came, with man – the Printer's Devil – at five o'clock.

But I had nowhere to go. My camping ground was under water, and remained so for three days. For aught I knew, my tent and belongings were washed away.
In the morning a terrible scene of devastation presented itself to our gaze. The whole of the protective piling of the river, with the exception of the upper wharf near the post-office, had been washed away. The lower part of the town – Richmond Quay – was a mass of wreckage. I saw things there that probably never happened before. The shops and other buildings facing the river that were still standing either in part or whole were pierced through from front to back with the immense piles and balks of timber up to forty feet in length that had been torn away from the river embankment. The timbers were resting peacefully in their new places, with one portion sticking out in front, and the other portion through

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the back, some three or four feet above the floor level.
It was comical to see the shops and houses facing Richmond Quay bristling with these gigantic spears that looked just as if they had been hurled there by by the hand of some Titan! But it did not seem very comical to the owners.
The Tramway that I have referred to for this reason was completely destroyed, not the least Vestige of it being left. Even of the Depot itself there was not a sign. On its site there was only gravel, like that on a river bed, The goods and everything else it contained had disappeared. I also mentioned the boring plant in the fore part of this article to show the power of the stream. That plant, heavy as it was, with its iron rods and appurtenances, was found near the mouth of the river, almost a mile away.
The schooners, a steamer, and other small vessels, strange to say, all rode out the flood. Had it risen a little higher, they would have crashed on to the buildings, for the trend of the water was spreading in that direction. The whole of the piling for half a mile right up to the substantial wharf mentioned was washed away, leaving the bank of the Grey a mass of rough shingle and sand intermixed. Now, all that big flood made no noise. It was silent.

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But the waters in the deep river boiled like that in a boiling cauldron. Deep waters run still, Deep men run still,
One feature of the flood was the rats. They were swimming about in the water in all directions, striving for dry land. As they approached a shore, men were there to give them a warm welcome. Large numbers were killed in this manner, and others drowned.
During these big floods in the Grey, the waters boiled and surged, and swirled and eddied, travelling down swiftly the while with enormous power – and all wasted! – the power of the sun! – for the sun did it all. They were a sight to see, and once seen could not be forgotten.
When, after a lapse of some days, I returned to my tent, I found it still standing on its high platform of logs, but the swamp all around was a Slough of Despond. Mud six inches deep was all over the land – – – During another heavy rainfall, one night I put a hand out of the blankets, fossicking. It splashed into water a foot deep that had been quietly creeping around me while I slept. I jumped up, dressed, and waded through the cold liquid. I had to go through a hollow where it was up to my waist. While doing this, I heard a frantic scream,

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repeated again and again. I waded towards the spot in the dark, and found a woman in distress, squealing for help. I got hold of the poor dame and guided her – carried her at one deep spot – through the flood to solid ground, where I left her, as I knew she could obtain shelter somewhere, for who would refuse to help a woman in distress! Not an Englishman certainly.
Some forty years after the above happenings, and since I first wrote the above account, and now transcribed here, the following telegram appeared in the newspapers, from Wellington, N.Z.: – "At Greymouth one of the heaviest floods on record took place' – [June, 1908] – 'Thirty-six hours' continuous rain threw an immense volume of water into the river, which by five o'clock on Saturday morning had overflowed into the town. The place was quickly inundated. The firebell was rung, and people were aroused to seek safety. Scores were rescued by boats. By seven o'clock the town was completely under water, and a furious stream fully nine feet in depth was rushing down the principal streets. There was three feet of water in the telegraph office. Six steamers were lying at the wharf, and the crews had a most anxious time in in attempting to prevent the vessels being swept down the stream. By six o'clock in the evening the water began

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to recede. The damage was considerable. Settlers in the Grey valley lost nearly all their stock. Twelve horses grazing on the racecourse were drowned. The Teremakau Bridge was washed away. Hokitika was also badly flooded. The bridge close to the town boundary sank during the night.' That's that! History repeating herself! – – –
I well remember the racecourse mentioned being cleared of its virgin scrub in order to inaugurate the first race meeting ever held in Greymouth. The site is up the river fully two miles. Every foot of land had to be cleared, and the ground was very mucky even then. I attended the first race meeting held there, and upon returning was nearly knocked down by a girl on horseback. Her horse hit me sideways and sent me spinning, but I wasn't hurt.
But all that occurred after the place had been civilized. A man named Hamilton came from Victoria to have a racecourse cleared.
The Teremakau Bridge had no existence when I was there; nor yet the Hokitika Bridge.

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106. – 'THE GORGE', BUNKER RANGES.
Two Trips to 'The Gorge,' in the Bunker Ranges – At an Interval of Twenty-Four Years. – In 1865 and 1889. – I had had, of course, many rides on horseback to 'The Gorge,' in the Bunker Ranges, fifteen miles east of the Oraparinna Head Station. It is one of the romantic and interesting places that I have been in. It is of the desert order of Nature.
The Borrelinna Creek from the South and the Moodlatana Creek from the North join forces at 'The Gorge'. The former is some fifteen miles long, and the latter twenty-two miles. The Moodlatana has a wide, spacious bed throughout, studded with beautiful gum trees the whole way. The Borrelinna is restricted in its proportions at its upper part, but becomes broad and full of gums many miles ere reaching 'The Gorge'- It had then a vast mallee scrub extending from the Bunker Ranges right down to its eastern bank.
'The Gorge' is a gap in the Bunker Ranges five or ten miles North of Mount Carnarvon. Where the two creeks join, the bed is very wide, and during flood times lots of water rushes through the ranges, via 'The Gorge', to the Great Eastern Plains.
'The Gorge' is composed mostly of rock. The water

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is brackish, all the vegetation is saline, and there is scarcely any feed but ‘thatching grass – the only thing growing there that was not of a salty character.
Charley Dawson and I, one day, saddled up at Ooraparinna for a visit of inspection to the lone spot, chiefly to see what cattle were there, and to ascertain whether the Blacks were making depredations on them.
We each of us carried a bottle of strychnine in a waistcoat pocket to feed the wild dogs on, for these rocky ranges were one of their head-quarters. We also had our lunch with us, and each a quart pot. C.D. had a double-barrelled gun; I a six-chambered revolver and Jack-knife. We also had our stockwhips, surcingles over our saddles, ring hobble with rawhide-straps and rosehead buttons, and spurs on heels, mine being of the finest steel and silver-plated.
We started soon after daylight. Going eastward, we crossed, first, about five miles of hills, flats, and small ranges. For the first mile the creeks trended westward – A little further on the watershed fell eastward.
Getting over the edge of this hilly land, we had a grand panoramic view before us. On our right was the Borrelinna Creek, with its gums and high mallee beyond it, sloping up to the Bunker Ranges, topped by Mount Carnarvon.

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On the left, miles away, lay the Moodlatana Creek, coming down The First Plain, with ranges beyond. In front of us was the Moodlatana Plain, eight miles across, saltbush and brushwood-covered. At the far end the two big creeks junctioned and entered ‘The Gorge’ as one.
Riding down to the Moodlatana Waterhole, we saw about eighty head of cattle dead and many dying in its muddy bed, They had come down to drink, and having drunk their fill of the excellent water were, owing to the added weight, unable to extricate themselves from the mud.
With the Jack-knife we ‘pithed’ all the animals we could reach, to end their misery. These kind of things, of which I have seen many, remind me of the saying of a religious ‘loon’ – ‘The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb’ ! Not on your life! The Laws of Nature are fixed! immovable! grim! merciless! They are never relaxed for man or beast.
Cutting a few baits from recently-dead bests, and inserting enough strychnine to cover the point of a pen-knife into pockets in the flesh – one lot to each bait – we laid them, as we rode onward, alongside the cattle pads leading to water. Dingo tracks were numerous on the cattle pads.
One beautiful Emu sprang up and ran away. We did not molest it. Out of many bushes came bush wallabies,

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rushing off with dodgy, staccato jumps. Kangaroos were plentiful; but not a single Blackfellow did we see.
The further east we got, the worse the water became, and even the Blacks prefer good water when they can get it. Nearing The Gorge, we rode down into the extensive bed of the two creeks where they became one. The boulders, gravel, and high banks told their tale of floodwaters which sometimes rush through The Gorge at certain long intervals, for the average rainfall now is very limited.
In going long journeys on horseback, one has to walk his horse nearly all the way, and it is very tiring to the rider. An occasional trot is indulged in, and sometimes a canter. Charley D. had his

favorite brown horse, Norman. Mine was named Baker, a black animal, as hard as iron, and very sure-footed in rocky country, but slipshod on the saltbush plains.
We had by this time distributed all our baits for the sole benefit of Mr Dingo. His tracks were exceedingly thick on the cattle pads in the mouth of The Gorge. Indeed, although I have camped for a night in that place with Mr Dawson, I honestly confess that I would not go to sleep there alone on any consideration. If I had to camp there solus, I should keep my camp fire going all night, with my firearms ready

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in case the sneaking animals, emboldened by numbers, should take a fancy for a bit of man steak.
The Gorge stood before us – almost solid rock at the entrance – barren and romantic! Yet there was plenty of scrub about, and the creek further down was full of teatree – not the sloppy, big teatree of Victoria and the Glenelg River in the South-East, but the small, hard, tough, thin-wooded stuff that stockwhip handles are made of.
As we entered The Gorge, with its wide, gravelly bed, numerous Rock Wallaby appeared on the cliffs on the opposite side. Loading Charley's gun with a spherical bullet, I took a shot at one at one hundred yards. The missile hit the rock at the Wallaby's feet. We wanted more bait for the dingoes. So I fired again, a little higher this time, at another rock wallaby, and the pretty creature fell dead on the spot. We soon cut it up into bait, inserted the strychnine, and dropped them alongside the cattle pads – not <u>on</u> them!
Cattle were numerous. So we knew the Blacks were <u>non est</u>. Using the shot-gun, we got many more Rock Wallaby, and thus obtained sufficient bait to last us the day. The dingo tracks were thick inside the range also. Riding down the bed of this most interesting watercourse a little way, it turned suddenly south and hugged the base

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of the outside range, and ran parallel with the plain outside for some distance – say, a mile. – then went off eastward again. Water was plentiful – all brackish. Hills of rock abounded, with precipices on all hands. The teatree being thick in the creek, we could see only a little way ahead. Flocks of ducks and teal were numerous.
Charley had a shot or two, but got nothing. He then handed me the gun. We had left our horses away back at a place where it was impossible for them to get away in hobbles owing to the precipitous sides.
Going on ahead, I saw a flock of twelve ducks. Letting drive, I brought down three of them, which I took back to C.D., who was pleased, as they would be a treat for us at the Station, where we dined upon salt beef mostly – varied now and again by the flesh of wild goat which we sometimes shot on the sides of the Ooraparinna ranges.
Penetrating still further down the intricate bed of the creek – and leaving C.D. behind, resting – I noticed that the tracks of the wild dogs were very fresh. Suddenly, in front of me, about thirty yards away, there stood out against the rocks two yellow animals. They were gazing intently at me. Before I could raise the gun,

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they had departed hurriedly – Running down the creek, I hoped to get a shot at them, but saw only their tails and a part of one body disappearing around the next bend.

By this time it was getting late, and Charley would be impatient for my return, so I started back. A large brown snake slipped under some rocks as I went by. That was the only one I saw that day.
Getting back to my companion, he thought it time to make a start homewards. Returning and catching our horses, we saddled up once more and rode to the mouth of The Gorge. The sun was now setting. We had fifteen miles to ride, the first ten without a track, the last five over ranges and hills on a slight horse trail.
My horse, Baker, as I have already mentioned, was alright in rocky country but on the plains he was lazy and careless. Going at a canter side by side over the bushes which studded the plain, Baker suddenly tripped, put his nose to the ground, and turned a complete somersault! Where was I at that time? Oh, I was alright! I landed on my hands and knees and nose; and not knowing what the animal was up to next, I made up my mind what to do in about the millionth part of a second. Like lightning, I darted ahead on my hands and knees, and when Baker

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finally landed, I wasn't there. When he got up, Baker was so astonished that I went up and caught him easily. That possibly saved me a long walk.
Charley asked if I was hurt. I said 'No', although really I could only limp, as my revolver had given me a nasty blow on the hip. When my horse fell, Charley had the presence of mind to pull his horse aside instantly, or I might have been thrown under its legs.
It was now becoming dark, and we had a rough ride back. We arrived at the station by ten p.m., and the three ducks were a pleasant surprise for Mrs Dawson. – – –
106A. – TWENTY-FOUR YEARS LATER. A Second Journey to the Gorge –
After an Absence of Twenty-Four Years. – I had a longing for the old spot, lying out there in its loneliness, scarcely if ever seen by White Man, and twenty-four years afterwards, I took a trip North from Clare. I had for a companion Mr Fred Lester, the district secretary of the A.M.P. Society, who had a holiday of nearly a month. We were really out after Euro and Rock Wallaby rugs – The year

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was 1889 – the month September. We had been encamped among the hills north of the old Appieallana Copper Mine, and had obtained a large number of Euro and Rock Wallaby skins. One Sunday morning we started early from that camp for The Gorge, where, I told L., there used to be a lot of fine Rock Wallabies. The total distance was twenty miles, without a track except the five miles to Ooraparinna Station – probably thirty miles by trap, as the country was now fenced into big paddocks of many miles in area. We had two horses and wagonette.
The five-mile track to Ooraparinna I found almost obliterated. It was stony and rough. Getting over this, we arrived at Ooraparinna. How the old Station that I knew so well had altered! Government House where I used to sleep had gone. The big Stockyard where we had such exciting times with the wild cattle had disappeared. Charley Dawson's had been enlarged from two rooms to four rooms, and was now Government House. The Smithy across the little branch creek, with the horseyard, had been removed to a more convenient spot.
Lester pulled up the horses one hundred yards away from Government House. I alighted, walked to

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the house, and knocked gently at the door. No result! I knocked louder. The same! I thumped. The same! I banged! No notice! I stoned it with a hard stone. A voice from behind it: 'Who's there? What do you want?'
Heavens! It was a woman's voice! After informing the Voice who I was and what I wanted, the owner of it opened the door. She was a vision of beauty! She was fair and well proportioned – plump, in fact, but not fat. At first she looked a bit shy of me.
I asked her if a track fit for a four-wheeled trap had been trailed out to The Gorge, fifteen miles – East. She did not know of any such place. (!) She had arrived there only three months previously, by coach to Wilpena, thence by dray to Ooraparinna. [This explained a mystery of a single dray track about three months old that had puzzled me for the last fortnight]
She was alone on the station. – 'He' had gone away the previous day to a station that was being formed near the main track, further North – probably on or near Boord's Plain, where good water was obtainable, and where the country was open. [Ooraparinna was miles off the main track, in a very inaccessible spot.]

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There was she, all alone, – a city girl of about thirty years, in the prime of her womanhood! Who 'He' was she did not say; and, being English, I never ask embarrassing questions of anyone, be it woman, girl, or child. I leave that to cads!
I told her we were absolutely out of tea and sugar. It was still early morning – a quiet and beautiful Sabbath Day – and I may have disturbed her early-morning rest. At anyrate she became obstinate, as only woman can without reason. She resolutely refused to let me have either tea or sugar.
I said I would pay any price she asked for the goods.
No! She would neither give nor sell me any!
Cannot dear woman be cruel when she chooses! What tyrants her sex would be if they had absolute power! Heaven forfend!
She went so far as to turn her back upon Truth and say she 'hadn't any', and she 'didn't have the key of the store'. Probably the latter explained matters. When I had the use of that identical store many years previously, I did not put the key in my pocket, but hung it on a nail in the very same house where she now was.
She was only playing with me, as a cat plays with

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a mouse. I knew if I persevered she would cave in in the end. I cajoled her. To no purpose!
I pointed out to the lovely one that we had ~~had~~ nothing to eat but dog biscuits and Euro tails, and nothing to drink but water. She didn't care!
However, I stuck to my guns, and imperceptibly she softened, and then surrendered! She would see what she could get! So I waited patiently outside the door.
At last she reappeared with two pounds weight of black sugar and one pound of tea. Ye gods! She would take no payment for these luxuries.
'Inconsistency', thy name is 'woman!' What on earth would we men do without her! We love her all the more for her charming inconcistencies. I was married then and happy. But now, alas!
I took off my hat, thanked her in gentle irony, bid her good morning, and went off to the trap.

My mate thought I had failed in my mission, but he was pleased when he saw the sugar and tea. But what of the lady all alone in the house? Well, so far as I can judge the delightful sex, I should say she went inside, threw herself on her couch, and had a good 'cry' to

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relieve her pent-up feelings. Poor girlie! For she was not like the Virago I encountered near The Reaphook Hill mentioned in No. 57 of this series.
Having no time to waste, we made dash eastward. I soon found that our old horse tracks had been converted into creeks, with rivulets leading into them from long distances on either side. Consequently the old routes were barred to us. I had to get out of the wagonette, go ahead on foot, and pick out a way. Instead of crossing the little ranges by the gullies and saddles, we had to tear through the scrub on their sides and go over their tops. It was hard work for the horses, hard work for me, and anxious work for the driver as well as myself.
Getting over the first two or three ridges, we came to a place where we had to let the trap down a perpendicular bank four feet high. We did this by scheming and a bit of engineering. Then, emerging upon a little plain with a rather steep down-grade, we had one more gap to get through before we gained the extensive Moodlatana Plain. A creek with a sandy bed ran through this gap, Many a time I, with others, had driven wild cattle through it! It was just wide enough to take the trap, and we got through easily.

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I still had to walk ahead and pick out a way through the scrub and bushes. But there was no mallee on that great plain. I had to avoid banks of creeks, however.
Presently, L., having whipped up one of the horses while pulling into a scrub, it jumped forward suddenly and snapped the swingletree in two. Here was a nice fix! Our tomahawk was the one that was made of lead, or some softer metal – if there be any – and would scarcely cut butter, and turned up its nose completely at sticks!
And yet we made a new swingletree out of the scrub timber. But it would not swing, for we were unable to bore or burn a hole through it. Another hardship on the poor horse!
I led the way in front of the horses till evening, when I guided them down the, at that part, immense bed of the Borrelinna Creek one mile before it junctioned with the great Moodlatana Creek at the mouth of The Gorge. But, try hard as I could, I could not get the trap into the Gorge itself.
Where we were there was neither feed nor water, and very little wood. There was saline vegetation, including 'pigfaces', which the horses would not touch. On the Moodlatana plain, the geranium was standing a foot high,

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this being a record rainfall year – 1889. But there was no geranium near The Gorge – just saltbush, bluebush, and pigfaces.
We had nothing to eat, either, except dog biscuits. So, taking my combined gun and rifle, I told Lester that, as I had been over the locality years before, I would try and shoot something if he would look after the horses, and light a fire to guide me back to camp, as it would be dark before I could return. He promised to do so.

The sun was very low, so I made a hasty dash for the mouth of The Gorge, a mile north of us. Arriving there, I went down the creek, which, as I mentioned in the preceding article, hugged the outside range for a mile, which was very handy for me on this occasion.
I followed its windings through the teatree and around rocks and precipices. To my astonishment, I saw no Rock Wallaby whatever! There were the tracks of Dingoes, but not so many as of yore. Rabbits had not yet invaded the country. We learned afterwards that a party of men who were cutting down the great mallee scrub on the Borrelinna Creek for the Blinman Mine, twenty-six miles North, had depleted the place, not only of mallee, but of Rock Wallaby also. It was now getting dark. I had gone about two miles

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into the recesses of this creek and the ranges, and was just going to turn back when I espied three Teal. I had B B shot cartridges only – far too large for birds. However, I let drive, and bagged one. And to get that one I had to wade through water in which were sticks and rubbish of all sorts. But I got the bird; that was the main thing.
It was now too dark for me to make an attempt to get out of the place through the entrance. So I struck west over the ranges, and got on to the plain that way.
But it took some time. I knew the direction of the tent. Getting over one of the ranges, I saw nothing of a camp fire. Keeping on in the same direction, I stood upon the last eminence on the edge of the plain. From there I saw that Lester had lighted our camp fire – and a pretty big one, too! For had begun to get nervous about me!
He was overjoyed when he saw me emerge out of the darkness into the light of the fire, for it was pitch dark. He being chief cook, I handed him the Teal to prepare for tea. Taking the bird, he said he would cook it Blackfellow fashion. Splitting it in two, he clapped the two halves together again, and put them on the embers, feathers and all. When cooked, we ate every scrap of it, and it seemed the nicest bit of tucker we had ever tasted!

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Feed being scarce, we had to tie up our horses, but gave them some barley and boiled wheat. We had to be careful with the boiled wheat, as it is apt to give a horse foundered feet.
Next morning, having had time to look around, we found we were upon a rather high plateau, with a fine view in all directions except the back of us, where the ranges stood up high, and from which I had emerged the night before.
Going down into the two big creeks, we saw distinct tracks of one solitary Emu in the damp sand. There were Dingo pads outside The Gorge also.
Having examined this wonderful place for awhile, we, for the sake of our horses, immediately returned to camp, packed up, and started upon our return journey.
There was still no rest for me. I had to go on foot, as usual, and pick out a way, mostly following our old track.
After going like this for eight miles, zigzagging across the Moodlatana Plain, I mentioned to my mate that I used to know a better way which would take us on to the Ooraparinna Station. But we would have to go ten miles up The First Plain, along the big Moodlatana Creek

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as far as Yeltipena and then turn westward. He agreed that we should try it. We discovered a fair track up the Moodlatana. So I got aboard for a rest, while L. drove.

In ten miles we arrived at Yeltipena. The old Hut so familiar to \me/ was gone, the chimney alone standing. The well, with its Egyptian whip, was dismantled and had fallen in. The place was overgrown. Memories came back to me of the happy nights I had spent in that hut with the Shepherd Glass and his family when \I/ took out his rations and counted his flock of sheep in and out of the yard!
Looking for the old track from there to Ooraparinna which I had ridden over so often, I found it entirely obliterated and impossible to follow down with a trap. So, making the best of it, we turned about and drove down the beautiful Moodlatana for the return ten miles.
On the way, we passed the very Hut in which I had that eventful night's rest (?) sleeping on a stack of mallee sheep-hurdles! Strange to say, on this occasion it was occupied, but by whom we had no time to enquire – we had to push on.
After ten miles, striking west into the low ranges and ridges again, we avoided the four-foot creek bank,

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and after a difficult journey, got as far as Ooparinna again before dark. We did not trouble the Lady this time, but made our way as rapidly as possible over the other five miles to our old camp, on ground a couple of miles from the deserted Appieallana Copper Mine.
We arrived there just in time to put up our tent ere darkness spread its pall around us.
The return journey from The Gorge had stretched itself into forty miles and more. We were both thankfull to get back safely. Lester said he would never forget that journey for the rest of his life!
We were now amongst plenty of feed – geranium – and were certain of a couple of Euro tails for soup every night.
107. – AN ENCOUNTER IN 'THE GORGE'
The Blacks, a Dog, and a Determined Squatter. – It was Mr Septimus Boord who named The Bunker Ranges. He was the original discoverer of Ooraparinna. It was on one 17th of June that he first saw the Bunkers. It was in the late fifties. He was accompanied by Mr Hayward,

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of Aroona. The Ranges were a remarkable sight, and I myself was filled with admiration when I saw the beautiful prospect spreading out before me.
The day of Mr Boord's visit being the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill in America between the English and the Americans in 1775, in which the English proved victorious, Mr Boord declared that that should be the name of those ranges. And they have been known as The Bunker Ranges ever since.
Hayward's Bluff, near Aroona, was, of course, named after his companion.
My own first appearance on Ooraparinna was in 1864. A few years previous to this, Mr Boord, with two men, rode out to The Gorge just as Charley Dawson and I did later on. The whole party was well armed, the Blacks being hostile. Mr Boord had a firearm, one barrel being for shot, the other for ball. I may here say that Boord was a most determined English-man. One day a young horse broke loose with a piece of rope around its neck. Boord followed that colt on foot night and day, and walked him down.
The late Robert Bruce wrote of 'Mr B.' – as slightly excentric. Boord's Plain was named after him; miss-spelt by him as 'Beard's Plain' – probably a printer's error, as Mr Bruce told me there were many printers' errors

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in his book, caused by the letterpress being set in linotype. But I am digressing.
Having arrived at The Gorge, the party soon had evidence that the Blacks were there. In this rocky place the natives, when favourable opportunities occurred, used to kill cattle down below by pushing rocks over from above. But the spear was the weapon most often used by them to bag their game.
No live cattle were about – a sure sign that they had been frightened away. The party travelled a good distance down the creek inside The Gorge. The men kept their eyes open in case of spears coming into their midst. But none came. On all sides were high rocks, while side creeks led into the bed of the main creek. The teatree was thick, and mulga plentiful. The creek was difficult to traverse on horseback owing to obstructions in its bed and on its banks. Water was standing in pools in many places, for this creek was never dry. The Gorge would be a magnificent site for a dam to retain a vast area of water for irrigation purposes on the Great Eastern Plains. There are many drawbacks to such a scheme, however.
The party felt sure that Blacks were watching them from the cliffs that commanded the creek, but could

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see no trace. Having selected a camping ground, they hobbled their horses for the night at the spot where they could not get away without coming through camp. That was the spot where Charley Dawson and I camped. The hills were too steep for the horses to get over in hobbles, and they would have to pass through the camp to get out of The Gorge.
The men took it in turns to watch the whole night long. No fire was lighted, the risk being too great.
In the morning, after the horses had been secured, one of the men noticed a Blackfellow's dog looking at them from a rocky coign of vantage some little distance away across a gully. He drew the squatter's attention to it. The party knew at once that the dog's owners were close at hand – probably watching them from the cliffs and scrub. Boord raised his firearm, took careful aim at the dog – lowered it again. It was a bit beyond range. He raised the weapon again, and again lowered it. His companions began to titter! Once more taking aim, he pulled the trigger, the bullet sped home, and the dog fell dead! He was thus careful of his aim in order to show the Blacks the power of the white man's arms.

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108. – AN ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.
A Snake in 'The Cottage by the Sea' – near Cape Banks. One day, in the year 1898 – or, to be precise, on the night of February 27th and the following morning, we had a rather interesting time with a Snake which was our companion in 'The Cottage-by-the-Sea', near Cape Banks, South Australia.
The house had been unoccupied for six months. It seemed to have been built mostly from the wreckage of ships. One door was a cabin door with the number of the cabin still clearly painted upon it. The one-and-only entrance door had holes in it that one could put his leg through in places. The two [front] windows had half a sash in each, nailed to the upper portion of the frame, the bottom half of each window-opening being composed of palings nailed perhaps one inch apart. So, although the sashes were fixtures, we had plenty of fresh air and light, there being no blinds or curtains. Over the outside door [front] was a paling porch. The Cottage had two

compartments and a little outhouse. The latter being well inhabited by Fleas, we could not use it. But we put the owner there one night, having no room elsewhere. As he was gone next morning, we never knew whether the fleas had eaten him alive, bones and all, or whether he had got up in the night and ran

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away, with the fleas chasing him. They may have devoured him in the scrub, in which case we missed the skeleton if that had remained.
However, there still remained one inhabitant of The-Cottage which might easily have cut my, or any of my companions' existence short at a few minutes' notice – namely, the afore-mentioned Snake. It had taken up its abode there without our Knowledge or consent. The two compartments of the house were separated like a Bush Hut by a wood partition reaching to the ceiling-line. A hessian – (bran-bag) – ceiling canopied the two rooms; and through it on windy days fine sand was sifted on to us and our victuals, making our food gritty and helping to smooth down our teeth! The hessian was also full of big holes – amply large to let Snakes through!
The wood floor, too, had numerous apertures – some round, some long – having apparently been eaten by rodents.
Mr and Mrs L. occupied the far room, using a home-made, rickety wood bedstead. Little Dorothy had a shakedown in a corner. The boy, Leslie, and I had the entrance room with the door opening into the paling porch. I slept on the floor – Leslie on the table in a corner.
The Snake was coiled up on the partition between the two rooms, the top of the partition being of thick timber. The airbricks below the floor-level were all broken away, giving

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access to all the snakes in the South-East. I slept on the floor in my opossum-skin rug, my feet near the outer door, my head near a corner of the fireplace – a wide affair over which was a mantelpiece.
On the night in question, it was hot. I lay partly in and partly out of my rug. I had mice and fleas all around me on the floor. A big hole in the skirting-board under my nose had a nasty smell. Near my head on the other side, at the hearthstone, was a cavity which took three buckets of sand to fill next day. We ought to have filled up those holes before, especially as we knew the house had ben unoccupied for so long a time.
That night the mice were particulary bad. They made a tremendous noise scampering about. Being annoyed, I darted out my hand now and again in an effort to catch them, but unsuccessfully. The boy was making running comments of his own from the vantage-ground of his table, as he could not sleep.
Suddenly, something heavy dropped out of the flimsy ceiling on to the high mantelpiece above my head, thence with a thud on to the floor alongside me! Exasperated, I opened the rug and darted my hand in the direction of the sound. I missed again! A heavy dragging noise went

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off towards the dresser in a corner opposite the door and against the partition. Telling the boy I had had enough of it, and intended going to sleep in spite of everything, I turned my face to the wall, up against the mouse-hole where the smell was strong, and fitfully slumbered till morning.
Breakfast over next day, Lester and I were engaged mending a long fishing net, one hundred yards away, when suddenly a shriek arose from The Cottage!

Looking up, we saw Mrs L. waving her hand frantically, and screaming for us to come up at once. I, thinking, with deep-seated resignation, that the whole place was on fire, made a rush, with Mr L., through the heavy sand towards the house,
Getting there, we found Mrs L. much agitated. She said she was just washing up the breakfast things at the table (the one upon which the boy slept), when a big snake came down through the ceiling on to the dresser in the other corner. She then made for the door like one o'clock!
I had a four-pronged harpoon in my hand. It had barbs on each prong, and was the one I speared the big sting ray with. I asked her if she was sure it was a snake, as I had seen some long-tailed lizards about the

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previous day. The charming and intelligent lady nearly exploded! Of course it was a snake!
Now, ladies are invariably in a great hurry. Turning to her husband, she told him that if he didn't go in, she would. She had just run out, by the way!
I asked where she had seen the snake last. She replied, 'On the dresser.' Lester wanted to go in at one. I restrained him. I was the elder by fifteen years. I told him there was no room for two men and a snake there. One man and a snake in one room were enough – and – I – was – going – to – be – that – man! I requested him to remain outside the door, ready to help if necessary, but on no account to go inside unless I called. To this he agreed, reluctantly.
Now, the aforesaid dresser was a dilapidated affair The back and one side were skeletons only, and stood two inches away from the two walls in the corner. Then the double doors in front were jammed partly open, and could not be moved either way. Thus the snake could attack from several ambushes without my being able to see him until he darted out at me. But the snake had to be scotched at whatever risk. On top of the dresser were piled-up packages of groceries.
Stepping up softly, with the harpoon poised in my

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right hand ready for action, I commenced moving the packages with my left. Presently, upon lifting one of the parcels, black, glittering scales came into view beneath!
Lifting the other packages now quickly but gently one by one, the whole length of the beautiful reptile lay before me! right across the dresser, with the head down in the crevice between the dresser and the wall, and the tail hanging over the outer side.
Then, with a lightning stroke, my weapon descended upon the snake's back. All four prongs went through its body and transfixed it firmly to the table!
Leaping back out of reach of the flopping head, and holding down the harpoon firmly by the end, I called L. in. He came in with his two-pronged weapon and made dabs at the reptile's head. The head was so lively, however, that he could not get a shot in. So I got him to hold the end of my harpoon.
By this time the snake had got its head into the crevice again. So, taking the two-pronged harpoon, I pulled the head out and gave it it a good wholesome knock on the back of the neck, which finished its earthly career – although it continued to wriggle for a long time
Mrs L. came in, and viewed her enemy with satisfaction, 'There!' she explained, 'didn't I tell you it was a snake?'

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I am inclined to think she would have tackled that snake herself if we superior menfolk had not been there. However, she saw one next day near the house, but did not kill it – so I am not so certain.
I then mentioned casually that I would like a stereoscopic photo of the reptile, and Leslie started to build a tripod of sticks, and finished it with my help, outside the door of 'The-Cottage-by-the-Sea', near the paling porch, It is now immortalised thereon in my photographic album.
The snake was black with a yellow belly, short, thick-bodied, and venomous. It was the first black one I had seen with a yellow belly; all the Northern black snakes I had killed had red bellies.
On that eventful day – like locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen – I filled up every hole in the floor, either with buckets of sand or wood plugs; also the broken airbricks at the foundation-line outside.
Upon climbing the dresser and examining the partition, we saw where the snake had made its nest, coiling itself there when not out hunting. The shelves of the dresser acted as a ladder for it to climb down.
Mrs L. was a plucky one, but she declared she would not sleep in that house another night, as the defunct snake

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was certain to have had a mate. Evidently we had had that beautiful scaly creature for a companion for eighty or nine days and nights.
When bedtime came that night, the fun began! The occupants of the other room turned in as usual, but with many protests from the lady. In the snake room, I dossed on the floor as usual – the boy on the table. Lights out, a great shuffling noise was heard on the boards. 'Strike a light, Mr Tilbrook! There's another snake!' from Leslie. I struck a match. Nothing visible – all sounds had ceased. From over the partition wall came a feminine voice: 'Is that another snake?' 'No; only mice!, I replied.
Darkness again. More skirmishing along the floor. Again the objurgation of the boy to strike a light, as that was surely a snake! No; simply nothing. The light out. A resumption of the noises. More urgent appeals. But I could not respond.
Then came a tremendous row on the floor, and a heavy scuffle all around – by my side, near my head, and at my feet. Leslie, excitedly: 'Mr Tilbrook! Strike a light! Strike a light! Quick! There's a snake this time!' He sat up on his table in high expectation. I struck a match this

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time with the greatest alacrity, for I really though the dead snake's mate might ~~really~~ be there at last. The illuminating match showed no living creature, and the noise had ceased instantaneously. Uncanny! you might think if you were a Conan Doyle-ite or an Oliver Lodge-ite! But not at all! There was plenty of time during the striking of the match for the animals to cease their music and make themselves scarce.
After that, I declared firmly I would strike no more matches for anyone that night. I turned over to try to try to sleep the sleep of the just, but slept only the sleep of the persecuted – the persecution being done by Nature through her allies, the Fleas!
Thus ended our adventure with the snake! And we did stay the other five full days and nights! – – – Since that event, Mr and Mrs Lester have visited Adelaide from Launceston, Tasmania.

I went to see them at the Grosvenor Hotel, North Terrace.
Of course the incident of the Snake in The-Cottage-by-the-Sea cropped up. It was quite an event in

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Mrs Lester's life, and she said to me that she had never seen a snake that shed so much blood as the one in question. She wound up by saying: 'And you killed it, Mr Tilbrook!' A compliment to me at anyrate.
The reason of so much blood showing, I suppose, was that all four prongs of the harpoon went through its body and affixed it to the dresser-top.
109. THE HANG-DOG-LOOKING MAN. A Queer Individual. – Great Eastern Plains. – One day in 1864, when a youth of fifteen, I was 'humping my bluey' on the Great Eastern Plains. I had left Paratoo Head Station bound eastward. Having travelled some distance, I came to a lonely, scrubby spot.
Just there I overtook a queer-looking individual – a man, to all outward appearance. I said, 'Good-day!' He said nothing. We tramped along in silence for some miles. He was dirty-looking and sullen. He scowled darkly, but uttered not a word. I did not like the look of him. If I had known the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, I would have

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tried that on him. I was not loquacious myself when young. I had a pair of loaded pistols in my pockets, so did not mind him. Coming to a dense tall-growing heoak scrub [*male sheoaks*], I let him get a little ahead, then quietly left the track at a spot where I knew it took a big bend – for I had travelled over it before on the mailcoach – made a short cut, and came out half a mile ahead of him.
The country being hilly and scrubby, he could not discern me. Looking back, I found he was not in sight. Keeping on the track for some considerable time, I then left it and struck into hilly country on the left-hand side.
The track from here turned southward, but I kept on eastward. I presently came to a beautiful, wide, sloping valley where I knew that two well-sinkers were engaged in sinking a deep well. This well was in a spot where any one would be certain that water could not possibly be found! I presume a Great I Am selected the site. It was to be sunk to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The price paid for sinking was Two Pounds sterling per foot. As I never heard anything further of that well, I conclude it was another dud.
I was made welcome by the well-sinkers, and tucker and

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tea were offered, which I did not refuse. Just then they were sinking through a solid mass of hard, glassy, 'buck' quartz.They were earning their money!
Having refreshed myself, I went off again, still eastward. The man I had left behind me I knew by instinct was going south.
At fifteen miles from Paratoo I struck Burranunyah, where the well was fairly shallow and the water the best on the one thousand square miles of the Paratoo and Pandappa Runs.
I stayed with the shepherd there that night. In the morning I struck across country without a trail southwards, eventually cutting a track and doing a fifteen-mile stage to Parnaroo.

Next day I was travelling along steadily, when I saw a man coming in my direction across a big plain on the west. I was on a track, but he was not. He seemed to have been dossing in a creek. As he came near, I recognised my saturnine, taciturn companion of two days before.
His tongue hung loose this time! He said he was astounded at my mysterious disappearance two days previously. He did not know what had become of me! My disappearance without one word he thought something uncanny, and had played upon his nerves ever since! Poor man! Where had I been? And how did I vanish so amazingly? He thought

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I was bushed and done for, as he had heard nothing of me as he travelled down the trail.
What a desperate fog he must have been in, to be sure! If he had never seen me again, what yarns he would have pitched!
I told him plainly that he was such a very pleasant companion, that I preferred his room to his company, and explained how I had avoided him.
The Bush, without a fence, or a house anywhere in sight in a day's march, except at the end of it, is a very lonely place. And as soon as he had discovered that he had lost me, he was sorry that he had not been civil enough to pass the time of day and answer when spoken to.
He soon made up for lost time in that respect, and was afterwards quite chatty, seeming glad of my company. One sometimes meet queer customers whe 'On the Wallaby Track'. However, we did not remain together long. We took different tracks next day, and I never saw him again.

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110. – TO TELL THE NORTH BY YOUR WATCH.
To Find the Points of the Compass by a Watch. – I have found a watch a very handy thing in a big-timber country where it was important to know which was due north. By its help I was always sure of keeping in the right direction while travelling about in the dense forests of Western Victoria, which are quite open overhead – unlike those of New Zealand, where a compass would be necessary. The modus operandi that I adopted was this: – Hold the watch with figure XII. pointing direct to the sun. The true North will be found midway between the hour hand and the figure XII. The rest is easy.
In country I had never been in before – the South-East, for instance, and the Western District of Victoria – while journeying for a couple of weeks with horses and trap, it did not matter what the turnings were, I always knew by the aid of my watch whether our general bearings were correct. And, in spite of doubts and opposition by and from others of our party, I was never once found to be wrong.

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111. – FAIRY LOGS AND CHIPS.
Luminous Logs and Chips. – A Phosphorescent Display. – Near the Grey River Gorge, New Zealand, one day soon after my arrival there, I cut up with an axe a so-called dry log of firewood. Getting up in the night and going outside my tent in the dark to investigate some noise that I heard – which is always my practice, even in a house – I was astonished to see the whole place illuminated like a veritable fairyland! The big long – what was left of it – was one mass of phosphorescence, glowing with a white, steady light. The chips were the same. Taking one in my hand, I could see to read by it. The color of the light was a ghostly pale-white like that of acetylene. But it emitted no heat.

The large log had the appearance of a bar of white-hot steel, but without its brilliance, the light being soft and pale. It looked very pretty indeed!
Afterwards, when out for a walk, or at my tent, I frequently saw logs glowing on winter nights. A species of fungus gave out a similar phosphorescent light. Coloured [glow-worms showed their [*coloured*] lanterns under foot everywhere, and in every earth bank.
I have also seen and gathered phosphorescent fungi in South Australia on very wet winter nights.

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112. – CARRYING STRYCHNINE IN THE BUSH.
Carrying Strychnine in our Pockets for Wild Dogs. Ooraparinna. –
A Careless Young Man in Danger! – As it was the duty of all Overseers in the Bush in the early days to poison Dingoes and Eagles – the beautiful Wedge-Tailed Eagle of Australia – we always carried strychnine in a little bottle in a waistcoat pocket.
We shot either Kangaroos, Euros, Rock Wallabies, or Bush Wallabies for bait, or cut baits from dead cattle. I was never out on horseback without being thus equipped.
A young man whom I succeeded on Ooraparinna seemed rather careless in the handling of this deadly poison, and once got a severe scare. He was travelling from the station to Bennett's Strings, twelve miles eastward, to look after a shepherd there. Arriving at the water in the low, rocky gorge, he hobbled out his horse, and had lunch of damper and salt beef. He thought that his food had a rather bitter taste.
Upon rapidly investigating, he was horrified to find that the cork of the strychnine bottle had fallen out and had distributed some of the white flakes on to his food. He had put his lunch and the poison bottle together in one of his coat pockets! It was winter time, and very cold.

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That accounted for his wearing a coat. He acted quickly. Taking half a stick of tobacco, he bit pieces off and chewed and swallowed them until he became violently sick. This heroic remedy responded promptly and saved his life. He quickly recovered, which was rather remarkable, as a quantity of this poison sufficient to cover the point of a penknife will kill man or beast. That young man kept his lunch and his poison in separate pockets after that!
We poisoned Dingoes by cutting little pockets in the baits. In these we placed the strychnine. Carrying the baits hanging from the saddle, we dropped them alongside cattle pads where the Dingo footprints were visible.
113. – ABORIGINES' REMAINS, S.E. A. Supposed Battle-Ground. – In March, 1900, during a camping-out expedition, we came across numerous bones of aborigines a few miles north of Cape Northumberland, in the North-East, and some distance from the sea. They were ancient. At that spot the sandhills were high. One of them, after lying there for centuries, perhaps, had been shifted recently by strong winds until the solid ground was reached.

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This disclosed to view many traces of aborigines, and some of their remains in the shape of disjointed skeletons. There were both upper and lower jawbones, with the teeth in absolute preservation, – not a decayed one to be found amongst them; portions innumerable of skulls showing great structural strength, some parts of the back of the head being half an inch thick. There were legbones, ribs, shinbones, and those of every portion of the human frame. Handfuls

of teeth were lying about; but I could find no complete skull, although one had been taken away. Searching about, I discovered many ~~many~~ ancient aboriginal camping-places, with stones around where the fires had been to protect them from the westerly winds – that is to say, to prevent the embers from being blown away. The blackened bits of wood and charcoal were still there. What tales they could tell had they but tongues to speak!
At one camp fireplace I was fortunate enough to find two ancient culinary utensils composed of mutton-fish shells – Heliotus Gigantea. One was very large, the other of medium size. The dimensions were: (1) Six and three-quarter inch \long/ by five inches wide; (2) Six and a quarter inches long

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by four and a half inches wide. There was one other big one nearly as large as No 1. The holes at the sides with which these shells are always perforated by the fish themselves, had been filled up by the Natives with the gum of the grass tree, or Yacca – (Xanthorrhoea) – ; and as none of these trees now grow in the neighbourhood, either the Blacks must have come from a distance, or the gum once grew on the spot.
The smaller shell was packed quite carefully on top of the larger one, They must either have been forgotten by the owner upon shifting camp – an unlikely thing to happen – or the Blacks were surprised by a hostile tribe and massacred, or had to fight for their lives.
A legend has been handed down that this was a battle field of long ago. And those two interesting shells packed up so carefully alongside the camp-fire point to this hypothesis. They were used as drinking vessels. The marks of the lips and the polishing caused by the friction of the fingers were distinctly visible.
I brought those specimens of conchololology home with me. But, unfortunately, I picked out the gum, filling, thinking at the time, it was dirt that had got into the perforations. The shiny, brittle substance told me at once what it was. I brought back, also, portions of skulls, and one-half

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of an upper set of teeth with its superior maxillary bone complete, belonging to a youth under twenty years of age; as well as the half of a lower jawbone of a woman of twenty-five to thirty years. All the teeth of both exhibits are perfect and complete – without a blemish except for weather stains. This shows their age historically.
Before the advent of white Man, the aborigines along the coast lived upon fish – shellfish included – as well as meat. Thus, having no acid fruits – the native peach need not be considered – to cause dental decay by dissolving the ivory coating, the teeth were sound. It is acid fruits, and acids obtained from fruit and other sources, that ruin the teeth of 'civilized' people. Of that there is no doubt whatever. I take no notice of dentists' cackle about foods decaying in the instertices between the teeth causing also decay of the teeth. That argument would apply to an uncivilized Black was as well as to a white man; yet his teeth never decayed, because he could get neither fruits nor acid food to eat; nor get acid drinks to quench his thirst. He ate flesh only, and drank aqua pura – or perhaps unpura! Neither did he ever use a toothbrush.
Some people are foolish enough to say that sugar causes decay of the teeth – just because lollies do! Now,

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I think that takes the cake for lack of perception – I was going to use a stronger word, but refrain. It is the tartaric acid and the citric acid in lollies which decay the teeth, Sugar has nothing to do with it. It counteracts the acid in reality. It is a preservative.
But with regard to the Darkies' teeth that I brought home, fixed firmly in the upper or maximillary bone, and in the lower jawbone, respectively, one characteristic of the female was her rashness. She tried one day to eat a stone, and broke a molar in two. Even then there was no decay. Nearly one-half of the tooth flew off. That was all. I expect she said something – or perhaps cried!
Aboriginal women, in my own time in the Far North, were great hands at making a fuss over little things; but they took serious things more philosophically. It might be asked how I knew that the once-owner of the lower jawbone was a woman, and a young woman; and the once-owner of the upper jaw a man, and young man of under twenty years. Oh, just by analysis – by a Sherlock-Holmes process of reasoning – by putting two and two together
The teeth of the women, taken as a whole, are not so robust and strong as those of men. In this case, too, the

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the teeth of the half set in the upper jaw were large and powerful, and more robust than those in the other, although the owner was not full grown. Once glance will show the difference.
Then, as to age. The incisors – front teeth – of the young woman are worn evenly, though not very deeply, by the sand which gets on to all fish and flesh foods in those parts. The wind is always blowing, and the sand is always flying. Consequently the shellfish, other fish, and flesh foods have to be eaten along with a certain amount of grit. This grinds down the teeth – very gradually it is true, but very surely – and many ladies have the habit of masticating with their front teeth. All this points to the girl's age as perhaps thirty, or may be more.
On the other hand, the incisors of the male jaw are not worn at all, and the teeth are particularly fine ones. The molars having been used more, are worn a little by the sand that became mixed with the young man's food. We had to eat a lot of sand ourselves when camping there, although we had plates, and knives and forks, while he had only his fingers and teeth. Finally, in the case of the young man, his age could be definitely fixed by the fact that his wisdom tooth – or back molar – was only just emerging from the gum when the owner met his death. That also points to a sudden attack and massacre. Healthy young fellows do not die suddenly.
The fatalities must have been numerous, judging by the numerous pieces of skullbones lying about and the handfulls of teeth which I could have brought home with me but did not.
114. – A RAT EPISODE, N.Z.
A Small Fight with a Big Rat at Greymouth, N.Z. – 1886. – In my second calico tent at Greymouth, in Westland, New Zealand, I was much annoyed by rats. Every night they ran over me while I slept, or while I was trying to sleep. One particularly big fellow was very fond of me. I was not fond of him – or was it her? No matter. I shall continue to call 'it' 'him'. Many a clout I gave him with my fist in the hours of darkness as he stealthily crept across my chest – in search of food, no doubt.
One day I dropped a half-crown on the packing-case-boarded floor of my abode. I let it lie for awhile, and when I went to pick it up a day or so later, it was gone. Some rat – perhaps not my special rat – had taken it to line his nest with.

But my particular rat was getting far too familiar. One night he dragged a book entitled 'The South Australian Gazetteer', half-bound in leather and cloth, and weighing

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twenty ounces, from a table at my head on to the floor. Another night he ran away with my felt hat. At last I could stand his attentions no longer. Procuring a five-gallon oil drum, I fixed it in such a way that while he was eating a nice tempting bait, the drum would fall on his neck and decapitate him. But the affair was too heavy. He ate the bait without bringing the drum down, Then he capered about the tent in the dark, and ran over me as I lay in my blankets.
Highly incensed, I jumped up, in my short shirt, my legs bare to the knees – like a Highlander! Striking a light, I seized a cudjel and stationed myself at the calico flap which did duty as a door. There was no other way of ingress or egress – not even for a rat. He could get out no other way. I looked at the rat. The rat looked at me. I made a smack at him with my stick. He evaded the intended blow, and made a dart for my bare legs – he merely wanted to get out, and I was in the way. I hit him, and banged him about. Then we had a stand-up fight. He rushed me time after time, and ran into my legs repeatedly. But I cudjelled in a way he did not approve. He was so very active and fleet, that I could not give him a settler, for I had only the dim and flickering light of a candle to aid me in following his rapid movements.
I would not move from the doorway to let him scape,

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After one rush at my legs, I gave him such a pummelling that he ran under the bed. Putting the candle on the floor, I stooped down to try and locate him. I saw him glaring at me with his little, wicked, red-hot eyes. Taking good aim, I made a vigorous poke at him. When I looked again, he had disappeared. Where to I never knew!
There were no openings in the tent, and he did not get out at the flap-door. His disappearance was a mystery to me for a long time. But I now know, of course, that he squeezed himself through some small aperture, and went away and died. At anyrate he troubled me no more.
115. – A FIFTEEN-FOOT SNAKE.
A Huge Reptile Caught by Charley Wills in the Borrelinna Scrub, Far North, S.A. – One day, in the early sixties, Charley Wills, while in the Borrelinna mallee scrub, at the base of the Bunker Ranges, espied an immense non-poisonous snake. Creeping up, he stunned it with a stick. Then, placing a silk handkerchief over its head, he seized it by the neck, threw the body over his shoulders, land started homewards for

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Appieallana, five miles away, where his mother, sister, and younger brother lived.
He had not gone far when the snake recovered consciousness and began to struggle. Charley dared not let go. He was tall, wiry, and muscular, and managed to hold on. But the reptile coiled around him and squeezed and twisted him about. This struggle continued until the station was reached, when, with the aid of the ladies, the snake was dispatched.
It proved to be fifteen feet in length. It was a carpet snake. Charley then skinned it and pegged out the skin to dry. He afterwards gave the skin to M^{rs} Dawson – nee Charlotte Clode – wife of Charley Dawson, manager of Ooraparinna, where I saw it stretched along the wall of the old pine residence. It was nearly nine inches wide.

I was informed that there was another skin of a carpet snake at Blinman, in the hotel there. Not being a drinker, I did not go in and see it when I was there with Mr Swan, of Angorigina. The measurement was given me as fifteen and a half feet. So Charley Wills's was not an isolated case.

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116. – STAGECOACHES OF THE EARLY DAYS.
Stagecoaching in the Early Days of South Australia. – Cobb & Co. – Up to the early sixties stagecoaching was very rough north of Adelaide. There were no made roads except to a little beyond Kapunda – nothing but natural tracks. When these tracks were between fences – say as far as Black Springs – they were very bad. Where there were no fences, or only a fence on one side, a new track could frequently be picked out between the timber when the old became too rutty for use.
Time had to be kept, too, ruts or no ruts – mud or no mud – dust or clear. The average rate, including stoppages, was eight miles an hour on the main routes, with a daily mail, and seven miles an hour on side tracks, with a weekly or fortnightly service – as on the Great Eastern plains, where the mail ran once a fortnight.
I have travelled on both. In summer the dust was awful! But, being young in those days, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I could stand heat or cold, dust or mud, rain or sun; while it was a delight to be tossed about hither and thither as one set of wheels went into a rut axle-deep and out again at full speed, pitching us into the air like rockets, when we generally came down like sticks, either on to the hardboard seat or

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head first into some one, or perhaps into a lady's lap. The coaches were called 'Cobb & Co's' They emanated from California. They had no springs, for spring could not stand the jolting they would have had to endure; but the body was suspended from the frame by four thick leather loops, which allowed a lot of swaying from side to side, and backward and forward, and that was all.
Travelling between Kapunda and Burra Burra was an ordeal then. On a nice hot summer's day, with the wind following us, we were enveloped in a cloud of thick dust the whole way. Upon arrival at our destination after a fifty-mile drive, our faces were unrecognisable by our friends We had to scrape ourselves with shovels to get rid of some of the mud! Mud? you say! Yes, of course. For the perspiration oozing from us had turned the dust into a caked crust. You needn't believe this unless you wish to! Combing the beard was an utter impossibility. I hadn't a beard then; I was too young. But beards – and big ones – were the fashion then. After the scraping, a wash. But water was very very scarce, and it would be weeks before our dear sweethearts could be quite sure they had their right boy.
And as to the babies! – for women were strong and hard then, and the mothers carried their babies with them –

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I have often wondered whether the fond mothers got the right ones back again. Perhaps they did not, and would never find it out. All babies would be of a mahogany color for a considerable time, even after being washed in hard water with soap that would not lather. The only way would be to tell them by their clothes; but as they couldn't be washed with their clothes on, they would

almost sure to become mixed. Then what was a poor mother to do? Of course, with a room to herself at the hotel she would be alright. But they had to mix together in one room – like women steerage passengers in coastal steamboats. This seems to show that all babies when they travel should have a silver name-plate securely attached to their little necks by a silver chain.
I made many journeys on these mailcoaches. On one occasion I rode the whole distance from 11 a.m. till 6 p.m. with my legs dangling over one of the big hind wheels. There were no less than twenty-two passengers aboard, and the coach was not a two-decker either! Three young women were squeezed into the centre of one of the seats, with their legs jammed together in the smallest space that human legs ever got into. Woe betide them if they got the cramp! That was why I chose the free-and-easy seat with my legs over the wheel.
One day a tremendous bump sent all of us on a

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central seat high into the air. We all came down together on that one-inch-thick board and snapped it in two, when we tumbled promiscuously as near to the bottom of the coach as we could get!
Another day we left Kapunda in a cart, for some reason or other, no coach being available. There were nine of us. It was an ordinary spring-cart. Soon one wheel crashed down with the weight in going across a hole. Some of us tumbled out, but the wheel held together, and I travelled, with the driver, in the cart thus damaged another five miles to Hamilton. But we both stuck close to the sound wheel. The other wobbled beautifully! I had volunteered to carry the mails to the Burra on horseback; but as I was only sixteen, the ostler at Hamilton [*employed to look after horses*] took the job in hand. The other passengers had to walk the five miles to the township. Getting a coach with five horses at Hamilton, we arrived at the Burra at ten that night instead of six o'clock. Various accidents happened that day, and saddlestraps to mend the harness were in great demand by the driver. When within twelve miles of the Burra, not far from the Sod Hut, while going full tilt across a flat, the leader fell, and the others, coach and all, went over him! More demand for saddlestraps! I wisely withheld mine, though! It took time to get the horse

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on his legs. Practically he was uninjured. Afterwards, when the Burra Mine had ceased working, a smaller coach, with a cover, was used. Travelling in one of these one day, the driver whipped up the horses. The long lash entered the open doorway, hit me a sharp blow on the pupil of the right eye, and blinded me temporily. I was in agony for a long time, but I said nothing to the driver. It was days before the sight of that eye became normal. Ever since then that eye has shown two images, there being a ridge across the centre of the pupil.
In one of these little coaches, I was once sitting opposite a young lady. My wheel went into a deep rut, and out again. Away I flew into space and pitched into her lap, nearly head first! She laughed! I was young then. If I had been as old as I am now while transcribing these notes \ – viz-eighty-four – / she would have bitten me – hard! Afterwards came her turn, and she came flying across towards me. Then our heads would bump against the roof, and we would sit down in a very sudden manner, Nobody said a swear word. Everybody laughed.
On another occasion I travelled in one of these little coaches nearly fifty miles with just two lady passengers and no one else. Oh, yes there were! There were two

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others. I had nearly forgotten. The two ladies were Girls of nineteen or twenty – or thereabouts. They were both married; one a brunette, the other a blonde. They were from the Burra. Both were dintily dressed, and were refined and lady-like. Each had an infant in her arms. That was where the other two came in! Thus there were five of us. They sat opposite me, knees almost touching mine. When one baby cried, the young mother did the natural thing and fed it. The other mother immediately followed suit. They were not in the least embarrassed by my presence. It was I who was the embarrassed one! Still, it was nice to see woman so natural and womanly. Why should we be ashamed of Nature, I wonder? This went on all the afternoon, and the Girls talked of domestic matters all the time, now and then asking me questions, and thus helping me to get rid of my silly feeling that I was an intruder there. On these Bush journeys some of the lively young sparks were up to all sorts of pranks, as I have mentioned in my 'Reminiscences' – quod vide.
It was the event of the day to see the mailcoach drive along into a little hamlet, and go out again. For the people who lived there – those hardy, cheerful pioneers of the old days – were cut off from civilization. And what a wonderful

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thing it was for one of them to get a letter! A letter! Ah, how I treasured mine!
I travelled up and down with the Kapunda-Burra coach no less than nine times. The teams generally consisted of four horses – sometimes five, They travelled at a spanking rate where the tracks were good, and especially on flats. I also made a coach journey between Burra Burra and Blinman – a distance of two hundred and eighty miles – or three hundred and thirty miles from Kapunda. On that route there were some steep-banked, narrow creeks. One had to hold on as the driver set his four-in-hand at full gallop down one bank into the bed of a creek in order that the impetus thus gained should should assist in carrying the coach up the other bank. It seemed as though the heavy pole must inevitably stab yards into the opposite bank and somersault the coach. But No! The horses kept their feet and mounted the other bank at a gallop, dragging the heavy coach with its living freight after them.
I have spoken of the dust in summer. In winter it was Mud! And the rain we had to put up with, with a warm overcoat to protect us. No Umbrellas.!

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117. – DOGS I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.
Dogs Who have Met Me. – Dogs? Yes, dogs! Some are a nuisance; some are useful, I have met all sorts. Generally they have come to meet me, ~~Had I been a little child and ran away from them~~ fiercely growling, with the full intention of eating me. Had I been a little child and ran away from, they may have done so – – – When a boy, I once straddled a big Newfoundland dog. He, or she, promptly turned around and bit me across the breast, leaving the marks of his teeth there. – – – Turning into a lane another day, a full-grown Newfoundland slut savagely tore off half-a-leg of my trousers. Thus I found the Newfoundlands, although playful when young, are treacherous when old. – – – When quite a little boy, it was my unpleasant duty to unchain a big Newfoundland house dog – an animal far larger than myself. I did this usually in the presence of Bishop Short and his wife and two daughters – M[rs] Short, Miss Short, and Miss Albinia Short – who came out with us in the ship Albermarle in 1854. That was how we became

acquainted. Upon being released, the dog was so overjoyed that he rushed about like a mad thing and invariably made

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one tremendous spring at me, which sent me on my back every time. So at last I had to arm myself with a stout stick and fight him off. Those were in boyhood days. – – –
Going out to Porter's Lagoon, east of Farrell's Flat, one moonlight night, Mr Fred Lester and I did not know where the big dams were. We were after ducks. Towards Midnight we espied a light afar off. Going up quietly on foot, we found a surveyor's camp. Upon nearing the tents a large mastiff came straight for us, with a deep, low growl. In my right hand I was carrying my combined gun and rifle, loaded in both barrels. Swinging it around towards the animal's head \ready for action/, I told Lester to do likewise with his double-barrelled 12-bore shot-gun.. All the while, we did not hesitate one moment in our stride, but kept up a steady advance. The dog sneaked around our heels. Both weapons followed him, and had he attempted to spring upon either of us, he would have been instantly converted into dog meat. The dog was nonplussed at our steady and unwavering advance, but stuck close to our heels, with the deadly barrels pointing straight at him, Getting to the tent which showed the light, we found a young fellow in bed on a stretcher, burning the midnight oil, reading a novel. Jumping up quickly, he seized the big canine by the collar and

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exclaimed that we had had a narrow escape, as the animal was both fierce and bold, and would tackle anybody. I retorted that if he had tackled us, it would have been his last tackle, as four fingers were on four triggers, and he wouldn't have [*word missing*] what hit him. After receiving instructions as to the location of the dams we were seeking, the young man said he would hold the dog until we were out of the camp. We were one hundred yards away, when the dog broke loose and came after us. Lester, being a very much younger man than myself, was inclined to quicken his pace. I immediately told him not to do so, but to go slowly and quietly. So once more we turned our weapons on the dog as he came up to us. Again, our steady motions disconcerted him, and he didn't know whether to take samples out of us or not. Presently he slunk back to camp. – – –
While on a trip to the Far North on one occasion, we sighted a habitation on the outskirts of civilization. It was evening, and nearly time to a camping-place. The abode was a ramshackle one, homemade. Lester and I alone were of the party. I alighted from the wagonette, got through a fence, and went towards the house in search of eggs, when there came, rushing across the flat, from the house, three Kangaroo dogs, growling

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savagely. Had I been a youngster and run away, they would have been on me in a trice and mauled me. But I was not so young as that. Unfortunately, I had neither firearm nor stick on me. My rifle I had left in the trap. However, that made no difference. I faced the creatures and kept up a steady and rapid stride. Meeting them, with a deep growl I ordered them away. They hesitated, growled, but kept off. I strode on at an even pace all the while, not slackening for a moment. I turned my head towards them, and with a constant fire of, 'Get out, you brutes!' made straight for the house. They swung around to my heels, but by threats I kept them off till I reached the dwelling-house, when, after much knocking, an old, ragged, dirty, black-as-midnight

Pole came out and asked what I wanted. I told him, 'Eggs'. He said he had none. I said, 'Yes, you have! Go around the back and see how many you can find." He demurred. 'If you don't go, I go myself!' Then he said, 'What you give?' I countered with a 'No! What you want?' He persisted, 'No! what you give?' At a venture I replied, 'Six pence a dozen.' 'Alright; me see!' And he disappeared around the back. The dogs were still sniffing at my heels. The old Pole came back with a hatful of eggs. He transferred them to my hat, and I paid him the price mentioned, and returned to the trap, which was a long way off.

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The dogs followed me up, but I kept them off. I afterward found that the Pole's wife was at \that/ very time in Hawker selling eggs at threepence a dozen! So her old man got the best of her.! – – – A gigantic black Kangaroo dog on the Eastern Plains was another nasty customer. I have seen him run down a sheep in a few seconds. He one day stuck up a man and turned him off the trail. A man in a hut threw scalding water over him, and the dog never forgave him, and always met him with a growl. I was then always armed with a pair of pistols, and was ready for him at any time. I drove him from the sheep. It would have been certain death to a child had it been attacked by the vicious brute. Fortunately there were no children there, and hardly a woman – – – Many children, girls especially, have been done almost to death by dogs when trying to escape by flight – a dangerous thing to do, and children should be taught to never run away from a dog. When first penning these lines – in 1909 – I read of a girl of eleven years who, seeing a pack of dogs coming after her, became terrified and ran They overtook her, got her down, and worried her in a

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terrible manner. Half her scalp was torn off by the cowardly animals before she was rescued. – – –
Again – in 1920 – I read a paragraph describing how a bulldog attacked a girl of about the same age and worried her, biting great pieces of flesh out of her. When found, she was under a sofa, insensible, the dog still worrying her. Her life was only just saved. The dog was immediately shot. – – –
One day, going through a back street on my way to Marryatville, I noticed a vicious-looking dog – a St. Bernard – of huge proportions lying on the roadway. His eyes were bloodshot, and he glared at me as I passed.. Beyond this I took no notice. Presently a shuffle and a growl in the rear announced that he was after me. Turning suddenly, I went for him with a counter growl, and a 'Clear out, you brute!' He immediately backed down, with head hanging low and his red eyes glaring at me. I had not weapon, not even a stick. So I rushed him, and he backed away. I then went on a few paces; he came after me. I turned suddenly and faced him again. And so the game went on till I emerged from that by-road into a more frequented thoroughfare, when he slunk back to his home. – – –

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Another day, a foxie-looking Collie dog came across a street straight towards me. I took no notice of him. Suddenly, when opposite me, although he had been pretending not to look at me, he made a snap at my nearest leg, caught my left thigh in his long jaws, and made both his upper and lower teeth penetrate my trousers and skin. Before I could raise my foot to kick his

head off, he was gone. I had no weapon, I have hated those sneaking animals ever since. They may be intelligent, but hypocricy is conspicuous in their sneaking faces. – – –
Just prior to this, on the same day, a little surly dog had flown at me and torn my trousers; but as he belonged to one of my tenants, and I was inside his fence, I could not kick him. But this second attack on the same day made me wroth. – – –
Then, the same afternoon, to put on the climax, I met a grown girl going along, with a little, spoilt, insolent pug beside her. Both my hands were full – a piece of three-inch downpipe in one, and some galvanized corrugated iron in the other. The impudent little rascal made a dart at my legs. The girl did not call her pet off, so I thought I would teach her manners. I awaited his onslaughts while

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walking steadily along, and just as he thought he was going to get a sample of my trouser-leg, I fetched him one on the nose with the galvanized iron, knocking him back a yard or so. And he ran howling to his mistress! She looked daggers at me, and thought me a cruel monster! Poor girlie! I could love her, but not her dog. Why will Beauty always take up with the Beast? Is it lack of brain power to see things in their proper light? – – –
One of the most disgusting sights I ever witnessed with regard to a dog was near a Pinkie Shop in Adelaide. A little girl was standing in a lane, a mongrel kind of dog near her. In her hand was a meat pie which she was eating, taking a bite at it occasionally. The dog helper by licking the pie every time she took it from her mouth and held it down at arm's length. This went on till the pie was finished, The dog slobbered over it every time she held her arm down. – – –
Now, Dr Riessmann informed me that his most numerous cases of hydatids came from the South-East. The disease is carried by dogs. In the South-East there are no running streams or springs; consequently dams are numerous. Dogs swim about in these dams, dropping their saliva into the

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water. I myself have often seen them do this. During hot weather, dogs cool their heated bodies in the first dam they come to. In their saliva are the hydatid germs, which are thus transferred to sheep, and to those young and inexperienced people who are foolish enough to assuage their thirst there without first boiling the water. Dr. Riessman also told me that he took from a South-Eastern young lady a hydatid cist which was as big as his two fists. Therefore, I say, Beware of dogs! in more ways than one. I understand that dogs do not have hydatids themselves, but convey the germs, or eggs, to other animals and human beings. Hydatid cysts are allied to the tapeworm. I here quote an authority: –

> 'Man may become infected with bladder-worms, especially by a too-close companionship with dogs. – – –
> For the dog is particularly liable to tapeworm. One of the most dangerous bladder-worms found in man is T. echinocoecus, a common tapeworm in the dog. The bladder-worm T. caenurus, which is also found in the dog, is peculiarly fatal to sheep'.

Hydatids have hooks to attach themselves to the internal organs of their host, and the tapeworm has hooks also. In addition to that, they have suckers.
So once they get a hold, they hang on!' – – –

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Notwithstanding the foregoing, I was very glad, when sleeping on the treeless plains of the grasslands of the North in the early Sixties to have a sheep-dog lie across my feet on top of the blanket of a night, for the sake of the warmth. But not now, thank you! – – –
One night, while parading a street in Adelaide, an immense dog, much taller when standing on his hind legs than myself, rushed out of a lane, sprang on to my back, with a paw on each shoulder. I was at his mercy; but I kept steadily on my way, as is always my practice when dealing with dogs, I expected every moment to feel his fangs close on the back of my neck. I felt his hot breath there, and his bark sounded in my ears. But \as/ I walked on at the same quiet pace, he dropped down and left me. Had I a stick in my hand at the time, it would have gone hard with him! I felt so indignant that a mere dog should so insult a human being by attacking him in that way. – – –
Once upon a time, not many years ago, a man in the Far North of South Australia hunted wild dogs with two ferocious boarhounds. They were powerful creatures,

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and striped like tigers. It seems a fact that all striped animals are bad and vicious. A tramp came along, with a mongrel that he wished to get rid of. He asked the man with the boarhounds to do away with his dog for him, No sooner said than done! The big brutes were unmuzzled, let loose, and set on to the mongrel, when in the space of seconds, the said mongrel was torn limb from limb! A case of dog eat dog! Had that dog been a child, that child would have been treated in a similar way. – – –
One dark night, while out for a walk, a genuine bulldog dropped down from heaven or somewhere, and circled around my legs, and continued thus while I journeyed full half a mile. I knew better than to say anything to a bulldog – I just kept on, and pretended to take no notice. A bulldog is the pluckiest thing on earth, and it does not pay to provoke him unless you are well armed. I had nothing in my hands. He was smelling at my calves as I walked along, but I took no notice of him, and he eventually left me. Directly he was gone, I procured the biggest shillelagh I could lay my hand on. This was in the country. – – –

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An ordinary dog came at me one night when I had a stick in my hand. I waited quietly till he got within reach. Then I fetched him one on the lug that sent him bowling and yapping away – – –
Reverting back to bulldogs. On the West Coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand, the pigs were allowed to run half wild. When a butcher wanted a pig caught, he put a bulldog on the job. Many a chase I witnessed in Greymouth beneath the piles on which the houses were built. There were no dividing fences then, so there was full scope for the chase. The dog invariably caught the pig by the ear, and never once let go – so tenacious are that breed – until the victim was exhausted or the butcher came up. With a bulldog it is best to adopt the motto: ‘Let sleeping dogs lie.’ – – –
Mrs Maloney, of Clare, had a little dog that used to tackle me every day. At last I got tired of the fun. Once morning he was in a specially cantankerous mood. He came out on to the road, and ran at me just like a football. I resolved to treat him as one, as I was rusty also by this time. As he arrived, I landed him one on the neck with the toe of my boot which fairly flung him right

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over the low fence back into his own yard. He howled and whined in baffled rage, running away the while. Mrs Maloney was looking on! I expected a rumpus, for her name indicated her nationality. It was like 'treading on the tail of me coat!' But all she said was: 'Serve ye right, ye little divvil!' I smiled on her and went my way. – – –
My father used to keep kennels of dogs in England. I remember them well as a nipper. He told me they were so savage that it was dangerous for a man to go into their yard without a whip. They fenced in with a high fence, and kept out under lock and key until taken out to be trained. He never entered the yard himself without a stout riding whip in his hand. – – –
While dogs are dirty creatures, carrying dirt, fleas, and disease everywhere, sheep-dogs and cattle-dogs are invaluable – in fact, indispensable. I had plenty of experience with sheep dogs in the Bush, and know their worth; but we had no dogs for our cattle; it was all horseback and stockwhip work. – – –

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Many dogs are great curs. I have seen a ewe with lamb lamb at foot turn on a sheep-dog who thought he was cock-of-the-walk, stamp her feet at him, and chase him away! – he running off with his tail between his legs. I have seen that done repeatedly in a lambing-down flock. – – –
At Woorkoongarie, near Ulooloo, once, long ago, I saw the manager of that run – Mr Hiles – seize a big collie dog by the scruff of the neck, thrash him with a stick as hard as he could lay it on, and with the rapidity of pent-up rage. The dog did not know what kind of thrashing machine had got hold of him. He yelled, howled, and shrieked in terror. At last the man let go, and sent him off with a final kick. That dog went over the low, scrubby ranges like a kangaroo dog after a 'flying doe', and did not consider the order of his going, but went, never looking back to see ~~see~~ what sort of a thing he had escaped from. – – –
I have had many exciting horseback hunts after kangaroos with fleet kangaroo-dogs as aids. Without them we would not have caught our game. So from that point of view, they had their uses. – – –

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A sheep-dog is valuable for rounding up sheep. He will also attack a dingo and thrash him, but will not harm a dingo slut. And when old-time shepherds rushed out into the night to drive off the wild dogs that were trying to get into the fold to devour the woollybacks, their trusty sheep-dog would render valuable help. – – –
One more little incident that happened after the above was first written. Going home through Park Street, Hackney, from North Adelaide, a bulldog near two women sprang on to the calf of my right leg. He got his claws in, but not his teeth. I walked along quietly and steadily. He clung, but didn't bite. One of the women called out to him excitedly to 'Come down, Sir! Come down!' And after I had gone a few yards like that, the dog dropped off my leg and went back to the women. – – –
Women never see anything dirty in a dog. But perhaps I had better qualify that statement by saying 'hardly ever'. I have been in houses where dogs sat up to meals at the table with human beings. Need I say that the human beings were of the feminine gender? – – –

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A famous actress once took her dog into a hotel. She and her dog were politely ushered out by a mere man. Nor could she get lodgings with dog in any other hotel in that city. It was in California. Here is a paragraph from Sydney, N.S.W. –

> 'While playing with a Kangaroo-dog at Hargraves, near Mudgee, Jane Roach (3½) was savagely attacked by the animal, her nose being torn from her face and left hanging by a piece of skin. She was removed to a hospital'.

This was in 1923. – – –
Another one, from Cadell, South Australia: -

> 'Miss Effie Wiles, the daughter of M^{r} and M^{rs} J.F. Wiles, of New Era, was savagely attacked by a dog to-day (Aug. 26). A sinus was lascerated, and an artery severed, in one of her legs. This is the second occasion on which a member of the family has been attacked by dogs'.

When Jack Wiles was bitten some time ago, several stiches were inserted in his wounds. – – –
My advice regarding attacks by dogs is: – If a dog chases you, and you have no weapon, take no notice

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of him, but walk on steadily. If he is ready to spring, turn on him suddenly, and he will in most cases back away. If you have a good stick, wait without sign till he is within reach, then clout him as hard as you can, \and/ with stroke and thrust ~~stroke~~ follow him up, giving him no time to recover from his astonishment, and keep up the attack with might and main. Never mind how big he is. – – –
At an inquest in London on a young married woman, the husband said his wife kept a Pomeranian dog and two terriers for two years. She was devoted to the Pom, and had a habit of kissing it. The government pathologist said that death was due to syncope; he also found a hydatid cyst. The Coroner:

> 'This [kissing of dogs by women] is a disgusting habit, and is common in the streets of London, both with Poms and Pekinese. No doubt the woman's death was caused thereby.'

Verdict accordingly – – –

Quotation from a London writer: –

> 'At most West-End restaurants the attendants have instructions that women accompanied by dogs must not be admitted. But the copious wraps which are at present fashionable afford doting mistresses admirable means of concealing their pets'. – – –

The

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[*The*] manner in which these dogs are pampered and gorged with delicacies is a little nauseating, and when one sees – as I did last week – a stylishly-dressed woman in one of the best-known of West-End restaurants feeding her pet off her own plate, using one of the restaurant's forks, one is liable to become unpleasantly suspicious of the plates, spoons, and forks on the table at which one is sitting. On this occasion, the open disgust of diners in the vicinity should have been sufficient to convince the management that ladies, however fashionable, who bring their canine guests are scarcely likely in the long run to prove profitable

clients. Women who carry the worship of their 'darlings' to such absurd lengths should be told plainly that their presence – – – is not desired. –
An acquaintance who arrived late at a musical comedy was trying to put his hat under the seat in the dark, and was bitten on the hand by a toy dog. He assures me that the glance bestowed upon him by the dog's 'mamma' when the sudden withdrawal of his hand caused the animal to yelp its irritation, plainly indicated her opinion that if there was any justice in the world he would have been prosecuted by the S.P.C.A. According to one newspaper par, a woman has even been known to book two seats in the stalls of a theatre, one of which she occupied herself, while the other she gave to a poodle which she had smuggled in under her evening cloak.'

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I have seen in a leading grocer's shop in Adelaide a notice, saying that the shop was always kept clean; but that if customers brought in dogs, they were respectfully requested to keep them on a leash – – –
One correspondent of a newspaper describes a dog as a 'sniffing flea-bag whose unclean habits distress people who have a sense of decency;' and a cat as a 'pestilential nocturnal atrocity' which conveys skin diseases to human beings, and especially to children. – – –
As the editor say, 'this correspondence is now closed.' But I must wind up with one little anecdote:- Scene: Lady, husband, and dog, dining at hotel table. Waiter: 'I'm sorry, madam, but we can't allow that dog at the breakfast table.' The lady: 'What an idea! Why he eats scarcely anything!' – – –
What's that? The inferiority complex of woman! Oh, nonsense! nonsence! Yet, after all, I wouldn't like her to get on the Judicial Bench, or help to make our laws. Since transcribing the above, a case has occurred – in 1890 – where a woman J.P., aided by a similar sapheaded

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man J.P., sentenced a man to two years' imprisonment for some trivial [law-made] offence. The matter was enquired into by a Magistrate, who altered the penalty to a fine of Ten Pounds, or three months. The woman J.P. said she didn't like the demeanor of the defendant while in court!! Why not, then, cut his head off without any silly trial? That woman ought to be in Russia.
118. – CAVES I HAVE SEEN. Various Caves that I have Seen. –
Far North – the S.E., – and New Zealand. – The Caves of the Far North of South Australia are generally shallow. They are nearly always caused by aerial erosion, the rocks being mostly sedimentary. But some are metamorphic and others of igneous formation.
On top of a hill in the middle of a sedimentary range which divides The First Plain from The Second Plain, about fifteen miles N.E. of Ooraparinna Station, and near the border of the Angorigina Run, there is a large, \open/, shell-like Cave. It is in the face of a perpendicular cliff, and once made a good camping-place for the Blacks when shelter was needed. The hills around it are steep, but there is no water near. I discovered it by

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accident one day while out exploring alone on horseback. The Cave was thirty feet high, and extended back the same distance. It is away from all tracks and habitation. – – –
The Cave near 'The Guide', five miles east of Ooraparinna, where I found the discarded floursack narrated in No 39, was in a rocky creek-bank. The entrance was some four feet high

and ten feet wide, and went back into pitch darkness. It was higher inside than at the opening, but I could not stand upright in it. The sack I discovered was about twelve feet in. – – –
We couldn't explore caves in those times because we had no lighting apparatus. Slush lamps were used in every hut. At Government House we had a kerosene lamp but we had no lantern excepting one holding a tallow candle, which we could carry about with us. – – –
High up, among the red precipices of 'The Guide', are shelters – they can hardly be termed caves – and recesses formed by masses of fallen rock. The rocks appear to be metamorphic. The might be mistaken for red granite. 'The Guide' is many hundreds of feet high, almost all rock, with

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a bold, precipitous face. I ascended it once only, and then saw the shelters I have mentioned. – – – The singular Cave in which I found the skeletons and the kangaroo bones on the bank of the southern portion of the Borrelinna Creek, some twelve or thirteen miles further south, I was unable to explore, as I had no lighting material. I was alone when I discovered it and many miles from camp. [This was up North with a friend, after Euros, after many years' absence from Ooraparinna.] The cave was like a small room, the entrance upright an narrow. On the left was an opening, which I did not attempt to penetrate, as it was in utter darkness. The outer room was well lighted by the upright doorway, and the floor was literally covered with bones and skeletons. Old age now prevents my going now to explore that Cave thoroughly. I do not think that anyone but myself knows of its existence – – –
A shell-like Cave exists about one hundred and fifty feet up the face of Rawnsley's Bluff. In front of it stood a good-sized native pine tree – shown in my large picture of the Bluff. Captain Davies, of our party, climbed up into it one day while I was taking photographs below. He

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found it of the ordinary description, with no back passages. From that platform, one thousand feet above the surrounding plains and hills, a lovely panoramic view was obtainable. – – –
At the foot of Rawnsley's Bluff, on the southern side, or angle, lying on the long slope are many huge boulders which gave been hollowed out by disintegration, or air-weathering. Some of them are mere shells. Others have passed that stage, and have collapsed into fragments. Inside the live ones, the cavities are as large as a small room. The outside shell is hard. They are composed of hard, red-coloured rock, which looks like granite, but is not. Metamorphosed sandstone, I think. – – –
The Cave at Arkaba of which I took photographs has the appearance of a miners' drive, excepting that the roof dips southward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and there was no 'spoil' at the entrance. It goes in for fifty feet or more. It starts in the rock-faced of the Arkaba Creek, but high above its bed, and the floor inclines upwards. As it followed the strata in a straight line, and the roof was high above my head, there was sufficient light coming in from the entrance to enable me to explore it to its furthest extremity. There were no remains of animals, nor signs of live ones. The dust

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dust from the disintegrating rock lay on the floor and ledges undisturbed. A parallel Cave ran in alongside the larger one for perhaps twenty feet; but it was not the width of a man's shoulders, although much higher than a man. So I made no attempt to get into it. The origin of Caves of this

description may have been Blacks obtaining ochre therefrom for ages. The very narrow one could have been excavated by little boys following a narrow seam of ochre. The narrow opening was just wide enough to allow a man in edgewise. But even a Cousin Jack miner could not work a seam as narrow as that! As I have said, there was no debris or spoil at the entrance. With regard to ochre, Captain Stephens and I together discovered an ochre quarry in the open near Rawnsley's Bluff, about twenty miles north of Arkaba, upon returning from a trip in 1894. With all my enquiries about these Caves, I could get no enlightening information. Even Mr Robert Bruce, the once-manager of Arkaba, could tell me nothing about them. So there it must rest unless someone else takes the matter up. Wild dogs breed in the ranges.. There was no sign of any

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in this cave – perhaps because it ran straight in and was too well lighted. – – –
Many small shelters, or little Caves, are formed by large slabs of rock falling across each other and leaving considerable open spaces beneath. Then, again, there are openings in the strata which animals can get into They are mostly horizontal, or nearly so – I have frequently placed my hand and arm into these crevices in search of water, and have been successful in obtaining some delightful cool drinks. Risky, of course, on account of snakes. In few places, however, can water be obtained in this manner, – – –
In a branch of The Devil's Creek, at the base of spinifex-covered Mount Sunderland, are some small, shallow caves, much used up to 1865 by the aborigines. They were ornamented with native drawings. I did not know of the existence of these caves till I was leaving the country – forced out by the drought of that year. So I was unable to inspect them minutely. I always had rotten luck with my companions. None of them were scientific, or took an interest in natural things. – – –

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At Spring Gully, near Clare, there is a large shell-like open Cave. There is also one in the Morialta Creek in the Adelaide hills. But they are not real caves, but merely shallow erosions.
– – –
In limestone countries, caves are both numerous and extensive. They are caused by the percolations of water, and often extend for miles. The carbonic acid (carbon dioxide) in the water dissolves the limestone rock and carries it away in solution. – that is in liquid form. – – –
The Blackfellows' Caves, near Cape Banks, in the South-East, thirty miles from Mount Gambier, are of the above class, and they extend a long way in. They have their origin in freshwater streams flowing through the rock to the sea. The seawater has enlarged the entrances. In a good light, the pipe-like freshwater channels are distinctly visible some distance in, under the very broad but low, arched roofs. These pipe-like openings show fairly well in a stereoscopic view which I took there one day under great difficulties, and at the imminent risk of being eaten by

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an eight-foot shark, which came out soon after I had finished. The shark was a minute or two too late for his dinner. So I escaped! – – –
Tunnels, in the shape of blowholes, exist all along that coast. The rock is coralline limestone – hard, solid, strong and firm. Detached pieces ring like a bell when struck. The Archway of No 1 Blackfellows' Cave is from forty to sixty feet wide, opening to the sea; but the crown is not more

than twelve or sixteen feet above the water. Yet it is as strong as the strongest arch built by man. The thickness of the crown would be between six and eight feet. No 2 Blackfellows' Cave is a little narrower, and the crown of the arch, although of the same height above water, is slightly thinner. – – –
Another Cave in the same locality, where I had a tight job in taking a stereoscopic view of its interior, was a nameless one. I feel sure I was the original discoverer, It was about six miles south of the Blackfellows' Caves, on the sea coast. The entrance, which is at the base of a low perpendicular cliff, is uncovered only at low water. I came across the entrance accidentally one day when the tide was

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fully out. Having my camera with me, I crawled through the entrance on the chance of getting a photo. The inside was not more than four feet high, except here and there, and extended back about twenty feet, with ramifications, and had gravel for its bed, there being no water. Shortening the legs of my camera, it took me a long time to focus. I had to go out at intervals to watch the tide, as I might have been caught, and the facing cliff was unclimbable. It took me half an hour to get this photo, but the resulting negative was an exceedingly good one. The Cave was dimly illuminated and the exposure long, equalling sixteen minutes for the small stop – f/64. Not that I used that stop, I did not. It would have taken too long. Upon getting out, I found the tide advancing rapidly, ad ere long my cave was under water again. – – –
A mile back from the sea, at a point midway between The Carpenter's Rocks and Cape Banks, is situated 'The Blackfellows' Well.' It is a hole in the solid limestone rock, eight inches in diameter with an inexhaustible supply of delicious, cool drinking water. It is connected with underground caverns, all full of water. When elevation of the land takes place at some distant geological period, they will be accessible to man.

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Around the Point which divides Nora Creina Bay on the north, from what is locally named Stinking Bay – from its aromatic smells – are numerous Blowholes. The rocks are honeycombed with them. – – –
On the Glenelg River – on and near the South Australian and Victorian Border – fresh water gushes out of tunnels in the limestone rock beneath the brackish tidal water, indicating strong underground streams. And they are quite one hundred and twenty feet beneath the high ground. That is how caves are made in limestone country. The high cliffs of that river from the mouth to twenty miles up are pierced with tunnels made in the same way. We went into some which were eight feet high and of oval shape. I believe they extend inland away from the river for miles. They are only three or four feet wide – – –
One day, being camped on the Northern side of the Glenelg River nine miles from its mouth, I explored the country among the stringybarks on its bank, Strange to say, I met a man! From him I learned that there was a Cave somewhere near. When he was gone, I searched for it, and found it. It was on a hill. The entrance was

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simply a hole in the roof. Thirty feet below was the floor of an extensive Cave, through which water had been flowing. Although there was a long, slim stringybark pole leading from the floor

to the entrance on top, I did not risk going down it, being alone and my mate not knowing where I was. – – –
The man told me there were other Caves in the vicinity, but some distance away. Four miles past the one that I found was a 'Bottomless Pit; names Hell's Hole. Three miles beyond that again was yet another, which sloped down till water was reached. Snakes were plentiful near the water, as it was easy of access., In addition there being no tracks, my time was limited, and I did not hunt for these wonders. They were common enough down there, however. Swallows always make their nests in these Caves. The nests are of mud, and are stuck on the rocky walls in the shape of an open shell. I saw many of them. The adaptibility of Nature is marvellous! The famous Limestone Ridge Caves, over the Border in Victoria, four miles from Mumbannar, are very extensive.

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The one-and-only settler at Mumbannar drove us there from our camp. We let ourselves down with a long rope to a depth of thirty feet. I took several photographs all alone, I having sent my two mates away from eleven a.m., till evening while remained below. They were on the hunting stunt. Some of the photographic exposures took forty minutes, even when helped along with the white light of magnesium ribbon. The swallows' nests were thick here, too. A Bull had fallen down the hole forty years previously, and his skull and some of his bones were still lying on the floor of the cave. What stalactites I saw were very ancient and very massive, but not at all pretty. In some places they had met the stalagmites from below and had bound the roof and floor together. They must have been ages in the course of formation. The late J.E. Tennison Wood devoted a whole book to a description of these caves. We had only one afternoon to spare. The passages ran in every direction. One of my mates got lost. He had a small piece of candle, and when that had burnt out, he found himself run to earth at a spot where the roof had come down to the floor. It was some time before we found him. We were guided by his shouts. These Caves make the most complicated maze. The

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man whose duty it was to bring the lantern forgot to put it in the trap! Rotten luck! However, I explored the Caves the best way I could, and spent the day in taking photographs. There was one group of overhead holes that let in the light. It was near these that I took most of my underground photos. My mates left me early to go snipe-shooting. So I had most of the day to myself underground. From every direction under-ground passages came in to the central portion – that is, to those series of holes. The passages went: – on the level; up above; and down below; goodness knows where; and to every point of the compass. Those series of holes had been either an inlet or an outlet – the former, in my opinion – for the water that dissolved out those caves. The Bull's skull shows in one of my photographs. Towards evening, as the light from above was getting duller, I heard anxious voices shouting my name. My friends did not hear my reply for some time, and they went from hole to hole, calling louder. At last they located me. They brought a Dietz lantern with them this time. So we explored the galleries in various directions, and saw the place where our mate had been jammed. While alone, in focussing one of the views underground in the darkness, I had to stoop low. The space I was in

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was restricted. Just overhead was a stalactite, pointed but short and massive. It was less than five feet above me, but I did not see it. Having finished the focussing, I stood up suddenly – but was down again instanter! For I had bumped the top of my head with full force against the massive stalactite! I was dazed for awhile, but picked myself up again. Then I discovered that the peaked cloth cap I was wearing at the time had a thick pad of wool sewn into the crown! And that had probably saved me from cracking my skull. Laughable, truly! And but for that bit of wool, my friends might have had a job to find me. There is little chance of the Limestone-Ridge Caves being thoroughly explored, unless a scientific body takes the matter up. The seat of government – Melbourne – is too far away. It is South Australia that would benefit most by attracting tourists there. The Caves are located within twelve miles of the S.A. Border, and twenty-six of Mount Gambier. A railway has, since my visit, been constructed from Mount Gambier to Portland, and it must have a station at Mumbannar. If this is so – and there can be no doubt of it – then the Caves are now easy of access, being only four miles away from that place. But the passages want clearing out before exploration of the Caves can be made easy – – –

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There is another series of Caves ten miles nearer the Casterton road, and within sixteen miles of Mount Gambier. But owing to the rain, mud, and slush, and late start, we were unable to leave our trap to inspect them, for the night was falling. I cast a long eye on them as we passed, but we had to go on. – – –
Umpherston's Cave, about three miles from Mount Gambier, is situated on flat country. It is simply a hole in the hard rock, caused by the falling in of the roof of a great cave. It is seventy feet deep, with perpendicular, and in some parts, overhanging sides, and one hundred or more feet across. I went down it. I searched very carefully in the coralline limestone rock for traces of marine origin, and saw petrified seashells in plenty, some of them sixty feet beneath the surface. The Cave is twenty miles from the sea. How many thousands of millions of years did that rock take to form? The laying down of that rock by the sea, and its upheaval miles inland! Stupendous! At the bottom is a pool of fresh water – lying under the overhanging portion of the limestone. In fact, the water is at the one universal water-level of the whole surrounding country. In wells, caves, craters, the one

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sub-aqueous level is the same. The waters are all connected by underground channels. The rock is also porous. The coralline limestone was all formed under the sea, and the marine petrified shells in it at so great a depth shows that it had taken aeons of ages to form. – – –
At the rear of the Town Hall, Mount Gambier, there is a big hole, or cave, into which much of the drainag of the town flows, It is a cavity sixty or seventy feet deep, sloping inwards, overhanging on one side, and about one hundred feet across at the top. The water-level is the same there as everywhere else in that limestone region. In letting the drainage of the town get into the water there, the inhabitants may be contaminating their domestic supply, whose source is the Blue Lake. A casual visitor might think the Blue Lake water-level much higher than the town; but it is not. It is sixty feet below their street level, and the water has to be pumped to a high-level reservoir before gravitation can accomplish the rest. – – – I am describing only 'Caves that I have Seen', and how I come to New Zealand. I discovered inaccessible, but

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apparently extensive Caves and a great, flowing Underground River beneath a mountain range of carboniferous limestone on the West Coast of the Middle Island, in the year 1866, when a youth. They were hidden from view by the dense growth of trees, shrubs, and creepers. An oblong chasm, perpendicular on three sides and overhanging on one side of the steep range yawned below me as I descended from a higher point one day. By grabbing the creepers and bushes, I edged around and cleared the danger point. The chasm was sixty feet long by twenty feet wide – Its depth I could not at first ascertain, as I could see no bottom. By dint of close and careful search, I found, lower down the hill, hidden beneath rank vegetation, a small hole. This led to a passage higher than my head, and two feet wide, which extended horizontally to the perpendicular wall of the chasm, some twenty feet above the floor. It was just a doorway, so to say, in the inside perpendicular cliff or wall twenty feet from the gravel and water down below.A River was rushing through arched channels. The chasm, I found, was eighty feet deep. Afterwards, with the aid of sapling poles laid down from the doorway to the floor of gravel, I and a friend whom I informed of my discovery,

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climbed down to the bottoms, and we explored the place as best we could. Streams were rushing out of two archways, and disappearing into others towards the Grey River on the opposite side. The bottom was quite firm with gravel and rock. The bed of the Underground River was rocky so far as we could see into it. It ran too rapidly to allow of a boat being pulled up stream. Even if a boat were put on the water, the overhead rocks may have been too low to allow of the stream being navigated. Anyway, no attempt was ever made while I was there. I believe that long afterwards, when a railway bridge was erected across the Grey, the entrance to this cave was cut away. The reason the cave was not discovered before was – in addition to its being entirely hidden by vegetation – the outlet into the Grey River was indiscernible. Upon looking for it myself I could not find it, although I knew it was there. But I eventually located the spot, though with much difficulty – This underground stream had evidently disgorged a vast number of rocks and big stones, and had thus blocked its own outlet with them. But the stream percolated through them. And to hide the outlet still more effectually, all the rocks were overgrown with the densest possible shrubbery.

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How many miles this underground river extends into the heart of the range it is hard to say, but it must be a vast distance. I had been along the range for miles on both sides, and saw no signs of anything unusual. I used frequently to visit this Cave, climbing down to the bottom via the sapling poles, and watch the water gushing out, crossing one corner, and disappearing through another opening, and finally emptying itself into the Grey. And the same through the other archway. The openings were six or eight feet high. After heavy rains, this Underground River increased in volume to large dimensions. – – –
Other Caves, with stalactites and stalagmites, were found by some diggers in a different locality out in the direction of Point Elizabeth, one party of men nearly falling through a roof while prospecting. The limestone rock here is of the carboniferous period geologically. Consequently coal seams are numerous. Coal shows on the surface in places up the Grey River. Mines were working there even then, and the coal was brought down the river in ten-ton barges. At Point Elizabeth the Government is now working a State coal mine.

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119 – VARIOUS WATERS I HAVE TASTED.
Various Waters. – The Well Waters of the Great Eastern Plains. – These latter waters are the vilest that human beings ever drank or refused to drink. At Martin's Well, twelve miles east of Paratoo, one hundred and twenty feet deep, the fluid is so salty that nothing but sheep will touch it – and the poor sheep have to, or perish.
The Deep Well – on the map now named 'The Salt Well' – one hundred and fifty feet deep, five miles west of Paratoo, is of the same nature, if not worse. The woollybacks alone touch it. Nothing else can. At other places further towards The Barrier Ranges – notably at Netley – the water is vile enough to knock the partaker of it backwards.
Paratoo Water – from the well, one hundred and twenty feet in depth, in the gap of that name – was used all over the Paratoo Run, being carted to all huts within reach. It purged a newcorner for a month before he became used to it. I have been so ill with it that I could not stand for hours at a time. I was informed that one man died from the purging. In about a month I got used to it, and it had no further effect upon me. Like some medicines, it became stale on one.

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At Pandappa, thirty miles away to the east, it was very bad also, and one could not quench one's thirst with it. In truth, there is little good water on the Eastern Plains.
At Burranunyah – between Martin's Well and Pandappa – the water from the comparatively shallow Well there was drinkable, and after the other vile stuff I thought it good. The contradistinction to this, grand water exists on the Northern track in the Flinders Range, and in the hill country from Hawker to Blinman, and further, with a width of twenty miles
At Ooraparinna the waters were glorious! The same can be said of those of Arkaba, Wilpena, Aroona, Alatana, Youngoona, Moolooloo, and others. I write only of those with which I have had a tasting acquaintance. All the waters from Yednalue (should be spelt Yednaloo) down to Booborowie were excellent. But below Booborowie – at Farrell's Creek, in fact, or one day's sheep march south from that station – I found the water to be as salt as the sea, and unusable even in tea, and tea hides a lot of nauseous tastes.
At Ooraparinna Head Station, the springs are permanent. At Appieallana the same, They never fail. At Alatana, just over our boundary on the Aroona Run, I have had many a glorious drink from the beautiful spring

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which gushes out with full force from the head of the creek. At Youngoona, a few miles further north where I, on horseback, used to intercept the Blinman mailman every other Sunday for our exchange of mails, another delicious spring has its source. On Ooraparinna Run, even where there are no surface strings, the Wells were only twelve to fifteen feet deep, with water a few feet down – and such water! – water fit for the [mythical] gods to guzzle on a flaming hot day!
The Ignorama \Well/ water was the most delightful of all. The Well was about four miles north of Ooraparinna station. There was no Hut. To reach that well on a parching summer's day and quench one's thirst with that cool, pure water was like living in Paradise [mythical again, but an expressive word!] My boon companion – my good old stockhorse – would enjoy it as much as I – Setting the Egyptian whip in motion, I would fill the trough for him, while I dipped my beak into

the five-gallon iron bucket to take my fill – returning to it again and again. Ah! such places were oases in the desert!
One mile below Ooraparinna – north – the Parawertina Springs were permanent. They were really sloping rocks, with a forty-foot fall.
At the foot of Mount Carnarvon, in the Bunker Ranges, east of Ooraparinna, in a fork of the Borrelinna Creek, is a spring

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with and opening two feet across. It was simply a deepish, clear water hole. it did not overflow, but was never dry. It was a grand place to fill our quart pots at – for, be it known, the old-fashioned quart pot of the stockman, carried hanging to the saddle by a strap, had to be pushed clean under water before the panican-lid could be fixed on securely so that the water would not leak out.
Bennett's Springs, twelve miles eastward of Ooraparinna, where the ranges between the First and Second Plains exist, the waters were excellent and the springs permanent. They were in a small, rough rocky gorge.But only three miles eastward in 'The Gorge', where the creeks ran through on to the Eastern Plains, the brackish water began.
At Peter Simple's Springs, in the same range as Bennett's Springs, but some miles further North, on the Angorigina Run, the springs had to be opened up, the elevation being higher.
On the lower part of the Moodlatana Creek, with its backing of twenty-two miles of wide creek-bed filled with stately gums, there is a spring which has never been known to fail – Its mouth had been enlarged to four by six feet, and timbered to a depth of two or three feet. No one had been able to bail it dry.

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At Yeltipena, fifteen miles further up this magnificent creek, a Well fifteen feet deep – sunk on its eastern bank, not in its bed – kept a flock of twenty-five hundred sheep constantly supplied with excellent water.
Reverting back to Alatana and Youngoona, at both places great gum trees gave welcome shade. At Youngoona was a giant gum through whose spreading legs a horse could have been ridden. Fifteen miles further north from the latter place, at the foot of The Reaphook Hill, is a good and permanent water named Pataton, belonging to Angorigina Run.
Further south, on our run, was Aldina Water, equally as good, supplying a flock of sheep and also horses. Mr Chas. Dawson afterwards named his Mount Bryan estate after it – 'Aldina'.
On the Moolooloo Run, forty miles north of Ooraparinna, with its hills and ranges, and the Patawerta Peak rising five hundred feet above the main range, the waters I camped at were excellent. Patawerta Peak is three thousand and sixty feet above sea level.
The water was the same at Angorigina station, but on the eastern portion of the run where it merges into the Great Eastern Plains, towards Tooth's Knob, it became brackish.

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On Wilpena, Arkaba, Yednalue, and all the runs lower down which I travelled over, the waters were good. In the Lower Arkaba Creek they are permanent and excellent, but slimy on the surface in places in summer time.
With regard to creek waters deposited after rain, that in Philips's Gap, four miles east of Hawker, was peculiar. It was good enough, but of the exact color of peasoup. Nor would it settle, – at

least not in the limited time at our disposal when camping there – that is twelve hours. The fluid in the creek, and in the Well also, was colored yellow, with extremely light-weight clay in suspension. As it would not settle during the night, when placed in a bucket, we had to make it into tea in the morning and d-r-i-n-k it – or was it eat it? Anyway, it was very filling.
I omit all references, with this one exception, to surface waters, as they are almost always tainted in some way, mostly by animals. Verbum Sap. When containing minerals in solution, I have noticed that the more it sparkles the viler it tastes. At Mount Gambier the drinking waters are delicious. That in the Blue Lake is cool and refreshing. Of a certainty it must contain lime in solution. Whether that would, in time, give the users of it stone and gravel I do not know, but would think it would.

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In New Zealand, the waters are absolutely pure, and would conduce to a long life to its users.
In England, at Llangforda, where I was born, the flowing brooks ran summer and winter – the water perfect, containing, perhaps, just sufficient minerals, obtained from the rocks and soil, to keep one healthy. The Glenelg River Water – (Victoria) – was apparently pure, although it came from innumerable swamps. I was always cool.
120. THE ACTIVITY OF BLACKS OUT HUNTING.
The Alertness of Australian Aborigines in their Normal State – To judge by the appearance of the so-called civilized Natives of South Australia at the time of this writing, seen occasionally around the City (Adelaide), and at mission stations, one would never think that these people's forefathers were as active and alert as any white man. But such was the case.
I have seen them on the Eastern Plains, in 1864, and on Ooraparinna and Wilpena in 1865, organising kangaroo hunts. None but males took part in them. All being nude except for the six-inch-square strip of fringe at the loins, they had the

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full, free, and untrammelled use of their limbs. And they did use them! The only boots they wore were what Nature gave them; so they were light of foot also. Their activity was abnormal.
One man would take command. Standing on an elevated position, spear in hand, he shouted his orders as hard as his tongue could go and as smartly as any military sargeant or captain. And those orders were obeyed with the greatest alacrity by the younger men. Their object was to drive the kangaroos into a big net staked out in a semicircle. The meshes were large, being made on the open hand of four fingers. The openings were thus large enough to admit the marsupials' feet. Their pedal extremeties once in the meshes, the animals were placed hors-de-combat, when the waddies did the rest.
In using the spear, individually, the Natives stalked their game until within throwing distance. For long distances the spears were thrown with wommeras, which sent them with greater force. For short distances, the hand alone sufficed. Other weapons used were the boomerang, the waddy, and the two-handed sword made of hard mallee. The boomerang was sometimes thrown in such a manner as

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to strike the ground with great force and fly off at a tangent on to the object. But the usual method was to throw directly at the game. If it missed its quarry, the weapon would rise in the air, circle overhead, and return to the thrower.

At Ooraparinna I have given the Blackfellows leave to throw their boomerangs direct at me as I stood on an open flat. Although very active then myself, I had to move alertly to avoid being hit, the boomerang being swift, and its motions erratic. The Natives could also throw their waddies with great effect. It was only in big drives that the net was used.
In those days – that is, prior and up to 1865 – kangaroos, emus, bush wallabies, rock wallabies, euros, and other game abounded, and were easily captured and killed by the exceedingly-active and alert Natives. I never saw a fat Blackfellow! The women were plump, but not the men. The men were hunters; the women sat down in camp. When travelling, they – the women – became beasts of burden, the noble Blackfellow carrying only his weapons and a firestick, with maybe a cooked wallaby on his shoulder.
'Other game' I speak of refers to more insignificant things, such as eagles, kites, brown hawks, pigeons, ducks, teal, curlews, lizards, snakes, iguanas, kangaroo rats, opossums, besides other small fry. Sleeping lizards especially were

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very numerous, and big Jew lizards were fairly plentiful. I never saw wombats in the North, – but the existed in great numbers in the South and South-East. Even on Montefiore Hill, North Adelaide, there were deep Wombat holes, and many a time I, as a boy, have scrambled down them. I saw only one live wombat in the South-East, but two dead ones. One had been burnt badly when alive by a Bush fire.
Our Northern Blacks had wonderful eyesight, and could see game hopping about where a white man could see none. Yes, the Australian native, in his wild state, was a semi-civilized, wonderfully intelligent, and an exceedingly active being.
By the way, when we first arrived in the colony – in 1854 – the Black men were a terror to the white women, even in Adelaide itself. They would sneak silently around a house – for there few fences then – look through the windows, come to the doors, and fiercely demand 'tucker!' which they generally got. One held a waddy over my head on North Terrace when I was a kid, \one day/ as I was standing there, and demanded a penny bun that I had bought for my dinner. And he got it, too! Some of the Northern Blacks were amiable enough, but generally they were fierce-countenanced and vicious, easily

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aroused to anger, and ugly customers when in that state of mind. That they were keenly intelligent there could be no doubt. Their overhanging, shaggy eyebrows and deep-set eyes showed both intelligence and a keen eyesight. To watch them pick up a practically-invisible trail aroused admiration and astonishment. I once asked a Blackfellow how he managed to follow a trail of which we saw nothing. – He said: 'Oh! Me see him now and then – not all the time. And me go along and pick him up again.'
121. – <u>HOW THE BLACKS KEEP A STRAIGHT COURSE</u>. –
<u>How Australian Aborigines Steer through a Scrub</u>. – I had this from my late Brother-in-Law, Inspector Tom Clode of the Mounted force.
The Australian Blacks learn by experience. Upon going through a scrub, on a plain, in cloudy weather, the best of Bushmen are apt to go in a circle. That is, when the sun is quite obscured. The Blacks knew this human failing, and M[r] Clode told me that the method they adopted to counteract it was novel but simple

Upon beginning a journey through a big scrub on extensive plains, with ‘no mountain peak to guide’, he broke a twig from a bush, Taking this in one hand, he started.

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Upon coming to a bush, he passed it on his right hand side, at the same time transferring the twig to his right hand. The next bush he passed on the left, shifting the twig to that hand. And thus, without any necessity to think, he just mechanically passed each bush or tree alternately on his right or left; the twig in his hand showing him what to do next. In this way he was able to keep a comparatively straight course through the biggest scrub.
Vide No. 36 for an instance of walking in circles.
122. – MAORI MEN AND WOMEN.
Maori Men and Women. – New Zealand. – I write of what I saw in 1866 to 1868. In going up Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, Province of Otago, in the former years, I saw Maori men literally ‘paddling their own canoes’. And a sight it was! The men were of exceedingly good physique, tall and well-shaped, active and lithe of body. In their large war canoes, each set of men paddled from their own side. They took long, steady strokes, keeping exact time, and sending the canoes through the water at a good pace. The canoes were long and narrow, and it was fascinating to see the paddles go in and come out

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of the water with such rythmical unison and precision – With only one man in a small canoe, he, of course, used the paddle on each side alternately. On swift streams like the Grey River, the Maoris had to use poles to get up stream. The white men had to do the same with their boats and barges. The long poles were jabbed into the gravel bottom near the shore, and then pushed hard, thus forcing the vessel up stream.
The Maori men, besides being fine specimens of humanity, were, in the southern or cold parts of the Middle Island, as fair of skin as English people. In the Northern part of the North Island their skin was of a darker hue. I have a photo of one Auckland Maori girl, showing her to be almost black. This indicates that Maori tribes, like those of Australia, kept to their own localities, and never travelled far, or mingled one tribe with another.
Many an interesting talk I had with the old Chiefs at Greymouth, and I got them to teach me some of their language. It is strange that every Maori man I ever had an interview with was a chief! They were always calm and dignified, and acted like gentlemen, as if to the manner born. I never saw a sign of larrikinism amongst them.
As to the Women, they were simply lovable! Angry

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words never came from their lips. They were exceedingly well formed, their figures being full and rounded, and their proportions perfect.
My first close sight of Maori women was in Greymouth in February, 1866. The place had not long been discovered – perhaps a year and a half – and the town of Greymouth was shooting up like a mushroom. Consequently, all the clothing the Maori girls had on was a Government blanket thrown over their fine shoulders, with their legs bare from the knee downward. They wore no boots or stockings, but tramped along in the black mud bare-footed. Their hair was in a big mass about their handsome heads; and to make it more ‘taking’ and imposing, they had frizzled it out to enormous dimensions. In fact, the first two I saw thus arrayed were walking side

by side just in front of me on the footpath on Mawhera Quay, and the two heads took up the whole width of the footpath. True daughters of Eve, even in their uneducated condition! They were a different class of women from their Australian sisters.
Whitebait and other fish being abundant in the West Coast rivers, they had plenty of excellent food to live upon and keep them plump. They had an abundance of pure water to drink and to bathe in and keep themselves clean; and they had no dogs to give them diseases, and fleas to pester them. And the atmosphere

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was humid, and did not tend to dry up their bodies or their internal organs. Their disposition was amiable and loving – Modesty dwelt with them; and they were so very nice, that many white men married them. The drawback were many, of course – for instance lack of education, of musical instruction, and perhaps of domestic management. So the men took their risks. The complexion of the Maoris here, as at Port Chalmers, was as fair as Europeans. Perhaps I ought to say 'almost'. But, really, I think I need not qualify the statement.
One day, at a whare – or hut – I saw two handsome well-built Maori women allowing three or four young white men to take the measurements of their calves, which, of course, were always showing. And what a contrast between the spindleshanks of the Australian women and their substantial limbs! I did not stay to see the measurements completed, being young and bashful, and I was only just passing along – ; but I should judge from what I saw that they would attain to a circumference of fifteen to sixteen inches – An Australian Black girl's would probably be under nine inches; some are just skin and bone.
New Zealand has a grand climate for developing the Natives, Australia a terribly drying-up one.
Up the Grey, I came upon some potato patches, just

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occasionally. The soil was the richest black mud, and the potatoes were the most water and insipid I had ever tasted. How the potatoes got there it is hard to say.
I used to live partly on whitebait myself. During the spawning season I caught them in a net when about an inch long, and boiled them into a soup just as they were. They were delicious, and very fattening. When the fish were large, I caught them with a line and hook, and fried them in the pan.
No fish were ever got form the sea on the West coast, as no boats could go out without being upset. The ocean, too, was deep.
In addition to fish, eels were in abundance in all the muddy creeks running into the Grey.
The Maoris caught them in wickerwork baskets sunk on the muddy bottoms. So the whole Maori race – men, women, and children – had abundance to eat, and nothing to do.
They were subject to attack from other Maoris in the North. In fact, they were so attacked, and massacred, as the invaders wanted their women. And no doubt many of the men I had conversations with were some of the attackers and murderers of their brethren. They could come in only from Nelson way, and down coast from the North.

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Two Maori Chiefs in the North were invited to dine at a Pakaha's house – white man's. One of them saw a pot of nice-looking, highly-concentrated mustard on the table. Helping himself to a big spoonful, he swallowed it.. Presently tears coursed down his cheeks. But he was a stoic, and

said nothing. His brother-chief, noting his action and being desirous of sampling that nice-looking yellow condiment, asked what he was crying for. ‘I am grieving for my long-lost Mother,’ replied the first one. Thereupon Chief No. 2 dug his spoon into the mustard and took a large swallow. He also began to cry. ‘And what are you crying for, brother?’ asked No 1, solicitously. As soon as he could get his breath, the other replied, ‘I’m crying because your mother did not die before you were born!’ And thus he was quits.
123. THE EXTINCT VOLCANO – MOUNT SCHANK.A South-Eastern Extinct Volcano. The extinct Volcanic Crater named Mount Schank I regard as one of the most symmetrical mountains that I have seen. Viewed from any point of the compass, it shows almost the same pleasing proportions – It rises in the shape of a truncated cone, the cone being cut off

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about midway between what, if continued, would have been its apex and its base. The latter is perhaps one-third of a mile across. It has thus a substantial, and at the same time an artificial, appearance, the slopes being smooth and even, with the edges of the crater serrated but uniformly level and parallel with the base.
I have taken photographs of it from four or five different standpoints. Unfortunately, however, I was very far away on each occasion. I had thus to use a telephotographic lens of long focus, The weather was also bad every time – either blowing a gale or very dull. The resulting pictures suffered in consequence.
Mount Schank is a prominent and picturesque object in the surrounding landscape, and a silent monument to the once-active forces of Nature. It is so conspicuous because the whole surrounding land is one immense undulating plain from sixty to one hundred feet above the sea. Mount Gambier rises to six hundred and twenty-eight feet above sea level, but does not appear so high by any means. As the town of Mount Gambier, however, is one hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea, that figure deducted from the height of the mountain leaves it at four hundred and ninety-one feet above the surrounding country.

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Mount Schank has not been surveyed trigonometrically, but its height by barometrical readings is placed at five hundred and twenty feet above the sea. Thus it is probably four hundred and twenty feet above the surrounding plains. It is hollow in the centre like a cup, with precipitous sides. This hollow, however, does not go down to water level. On one side of the volcano, lava is abundant, having been ejected from a very low but ancient crater, now almost buried beneath the ash of the modern mount.
There is one spot where a most beautiful photograph of Mount Schank could be taken with a telephoto camera. It is on the road to Port Macdonnell, on the N.W. side. But although I traversed the road twice, my luck both times was against me. Once a drizzly rain was falling, obscuring the landscape; and on the other occasion darkness overtook us ere we reached the spot owing to the procrastination of my travelling companion, upon whom I depended to get to the spot in time.
The crater is said to be a dangerous one to descend, owing to the steep sides. Unlike Mount Gambier, Mount Schank has not a single gap in its outer rim.
Although I did not ascend the Mount myself, a personal friend of mine – a ship captain – did, and he gave

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me some of the lava which he picked up from its eastern base. It is just the same as the Mount Gambier lava, of which I brought samples home.
During its eruption throughout the ages, Mount Schank has enriched the surrounding country with its ejected sulphureous ash, but not to such an extent as the more violent crater of Mount Gambier – i.e., the Valley Crater.
Mount Shank is a separate volcano, while Mount Gambier had at least two active vents – (1) The Valley Lake and Brown's lake; (2) the Leg-of- Mutton Lake. The great Blue Lake seems to have been a by-product of the chief or Valley Crater; and yet the ash-mound around its two-mile rim is considerable. But it is evidently a fallen-in cavern of later date, and did not send forth so much ash as the active Valley and Leg-of-Mutton craters. Mount Shank lies between Mt Gambier and the sea – eight miles from the latter, ten from the sea. Government surveyors give the distance of Mount Shank from Macdonnell Bay as eight miles only, but it is not so by the mileposts.
They also give Mount Gambier as sixteen Miles; but by the mileposts it is eighteen miles. No doubt they measure geographically – by degrees, minutes, and seconds.

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124. – AFTER STRAYED SHEEP. – ANGORIGINA. –
A Fourteen Days' Journey on foot in Search of Strayed Sheep. – Angorigina – Mooloolloo – 1865. – In this year I was deputed to represent Ooraparinna station in a sheep hunt organised by Mr Swan, to take place on the Angorigina Run – about four hundred miles north of Adelaide. The name has since been transmuted to 'Angorichina'.. The fortnight included my total absence from Ooraparinna.
We had to leave horses behind, and foot it, the country being too rough and hilly for them, It extended into the rangy Mooloolloo Run. Feed was scarce; good water plentiful.
My first day's journey was twenty-six miles, from Ooraparinna to Ango.. The trail was indistinct, having been unused for years; but I reached Angorigina by nightfall without any trouble.
Although I was an overseer, and came from Government House at Ooraparinna, I took my place with the men in the kitchen, and had tea there.
After tea I was told there was no place for me to sleep except at the Shearers' Hut, nearly half a mile down the sloping Flat, between two creeks with steep banks. At ten o'clock at night I struck out for that abode, which was used once a year, and its neglected state may therefore be guessed at. In article No. 54 I give details. Suffice it here to say that I managed to find the hut in the dark. The bunk I selected was between the half-open door and the fireplace. In the morning I found my place of domicile in so disorderly and neglected a state that, had I known it before hand, I would much rather have camped outside.
Having no light, I had to go to bunk in the dark. It was winter, and I had only a blanket to keep me warm. The thermometer often stood at 19º Fah. at night. Talk about 'sunny Australia!' I know this, that it is bitterly cold in the interior of Australia in the winter time.
This station – Angorigina – was twelve miles east of the Blinman Mine. At breakfast that morning, in the Men's kitchen, I took stock of a long slab of a man whom I had noticed the night before. At first I imagined he was an educated person, but I soon found that in associating with his superiors – like Mr Swan, who was either then or afterward an S.M. – he had acquired the knack of using words then unknown to ordinary Bushmen. I soon found him to be an utter crawler and a waster. Seeing him trying, unsuccessfully, to split a log of wood, I lost patience

with him, and said, ‘Give me the axe!’ With one blow, well aimed, I split the log in two, it was so easy!

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Yet he had been pounding away at it without looking for the grain of the wood!
Being, as I have said, a Government House man – I was just seventeen then – I soon found out things. The men criticised their bosses pretty freely. But, as I never tell tales out of school, there was no danger of their being exposed by one!
And that reminds me! Months afterwards, on our own run, when all the shepherds were called in to Ooraparinna Head Station prior to our final departure, one of them said to me, plaintively, ‘I always took you for an ordinary hand, and didn’t know you belonged to Government House. And I have been telling you all sorts of things not intended for the manager’s or the owner’s ears!’ I assured him he need not alarm himself, as what I was told never went any further, if it would do the teller any harm. So at that he felt better.
One little incident happened at Ango. that morning which I should have liked to report, but was in honor bound not to. The incident was this. Mr Swan gave orders to Long Slab and another man to go on to the ranges after dinner, cut some thatching grass, and bring it down to the station. Thatching grass grows perfectly straight and upright in a thick tuft six inches in diameter and three feet or more high. It is to be found only on scrubby ranges.

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The men asked me to go with them, which I did. Getting to the range, they started cutting grass leisurely. By and by Long Slab saw Mr Swan driving down the track in a buggy in our direction. ‘Let’s work like the D!’ said the long one. ‘Here comes Swan!’ And work like the D. they did until the manger had disappeared around a point of the range, when Long Slab sat down, saying ‘We can take it easy now. He is out of sight!’ And they accordingly took it easy, doing very little more work that afternoon.
Next day Mr Swan drove me in with him to the Blinman Mine, where I dined at the house of Mr Butterworth, S.M. – a relative of the late Mr Sam Mills and Lady Verco. I had custard pie that day – a luxury I had long been unaccustomed to.!
While at the Blinman, I watched the men manipulating the last charge of copper ore that was being smelted in the reverberatory furnace, for the works were shortly afterwards shut down owing to the great drought – 1865 – having paralyzed all traffic. I saw them draw the slag, and watched the molten copper pouring into the moulds. I was foolish enough to look into the white-hot furnace and to continue looking until I could see the slag flowing about like water within the wide, low-roofed inferno which turned rock and metal into fluid that ran like treacle. The men working the furnaces of course used darkened glasses.

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The next day I and another man started out on a two-days’ searching expedition down the Second and Third Plains – both samples of the Great Stony Deserts of those parts. For particulars of this journey, vide No. 127, following. At the end of the second day we got back to Ango. But we had found nothing in the way of strayed sheep. It would have been surprising if we had, as there was absolutely no feed whatever there – nothing but red earth with red road metal distributed over the plains, the hills, and the slopes, the valleys, and the creeks.

Next day, Mr Swan having organised his forces, which consisted of several men, each man carrying his own blanket and provisions. We made a start together, all being mounted on shanks's pony. Mr Swan was leader; I second in command. Further provisions we were to get at certain huts, sent there ahead. Water we obtained at every camp, whilst wood for our camp fires abounded. The country was all rough rocky hills, with gullies, flats, valleys, and creeks. I was midwinter, as I have said. So one of the party generally got up and replenished the fire when the biting cold prevented his sleeping. Not far from us arose the big Mount Patawerta, topping the other elevations on the ranges by five hundred feet. Its height is three thousand and fifty feet – 3060 ft above the sea. It is also spelt 'Purdawurta', which would better represent

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the Native way of pronouncing the name. Had I been the discoverer, I should have felt inclined to have called it 'The Tooth'. Nevertheless, I approve of retaining the native appellations. It is situated on the Moolooloo Run. Some nice photos might be taken of the romantic scenery there. I was young then! Every night when camping-time arrived, I was as fresh as a daisy, and could have tramped on till midnight – at least I thought so! I am eighty-four while transcribing these lines. And I now know what an asset youth is. We had no tent, of course – simply a blanket each – and camped in the open, making breakwinds where necessary.
At a place called Pendulum Mr Swan made the wonderful discover of black 'coal' – Vide No.101.
Of course we camped in huts occasionally, but mostly preferred the open. One has to be careful of snakes in old huts. There was little chance, though, of encountering any in the winter time. But I have noticed that Australian snakes are very fond of old, deserted huts, and also of houses with broken floors.
One hut we camped in was in decent order. It was named 'The Melbourne Hut'. I don't know why. The land we were searching was to the east and north

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of Angorigina, and extended on to the Moolooloo Run. We had a representative from Moolooloo with us. We had fine, crisp, cold weather the whole of the time. Of straggling sheep we raked in a few at a time. We had no sheep-dog with us, so had to do our own barking and chasing. Even then, we had to be pretty nimble to retain possession of them, Day by day our mob got bigger, and at the end of our search we had gathered together about one hundred sheep, all as active as mountain goats!
This was a poor result, as many thousands were missing. But the vast majority of these were never seen again. No doubt the wild dogs had many a feast. The tracks of dingoes were there, but we had no poison baits with us – very different management from what obtained on our run.
Getting our sheep safely to Angorigina on the evening of the last day, we once more enjoyed station fare, and I once more dossed down in that shearers' old hut. There was a big fire in the Men's kitchen, but I had none in my cold and open sleeping palace.
Next morning, at break of day, my lot of woollybacks were drafted from the others. They numbered thirty-five, of the most nimble kangaroo-sheep I had ever had the luck to handle.

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Starting off with them before the sun was up, I made for a shepherd's hut thirteen miles away, on our own run. I delivered the goods at midday without losing one. But what a job I had!
Continuing my journey for another thirteen miles, I received a ducking from a phenominal

thunderstorm that overtook me, causing me a deviation of another two miles – making my day's journey twenty-eight miles. For a description of this journey and the accompanying thunderstorm and flooding of the creeks, vide No. 76.

125. – A GREEN NEW CHUM. – 'VERY EMBARRASSING!'

A New Chum from England. – ' Very Embarrassing; but I'll Annihilate Him!' – A New chum, once upon a time came out from England and made his way into the Bush. His destination was a run in the Far North of S.A., and my friend, Charley Wills, of Appieallana, being in town at the time, acted as his guide to the station. They were on foot, and had nearly four hundred miles to travel – the first one hundred by train and coach. It was late summer. It was also hot. The Englishman, not being acclimatised, had one continual

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thirst upon him, accentuated by salt meat eaten at breakfast and tea on some stations by the way. He was highly cultured, and used words of such length that some of the more uneducated bushmen hardly knew their meaning. This is not to be wondered at, for that was the time when a parent had to pay one shilling per week for the education of each of his children. That was in the city, where laborers received six shillings a day and had to pay rent out of that. Bushmen received twenty shillings a week and rations. Result: There were vast numbers of both sexes who could neither read nor write. On our own station and Appieallana I count eight people in that state of [un]civilization.

On their way to the station, whenever this New Chum came to a nice shady spot – which spots wery few and far between – or a waterhole in a creek, surrounded by shady gums, he would politely observe, 'What a delightful spot, Charles! Let us stay here until we have recouped exhausted Nature!' – with variations, of course. Charley Wills was then a young man, but an experienced and clever bushman – a good-hearted, honest fellow whom everybody liked. He took a liking to the New Chum because of the latter's simplicity and courtesy, a frequently tried to induce him to eat when at their camps. But he very often declined, saying, 'No, thank

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you, Charles; I am troubled with an extraordinary thirst, and cannot eat heartily at present,'

They arrived at the station at last, when 'Mopoke', as the New Chum was nicknamed, had to put up with a good deal of chaff. This he took in such good part that most of the men thought him a simpleton. However, they were shortly to be undeceived.

Now, most of us know that the average Englishman seldom boasts, and the English gentleman never. And many Englishmen learn the art of self-defence.

The run carried both sheep and cattle, and the stockriders, when mustering cattle, gave him the liveliest buck-jumper they could find, with the result that he nearly had his neck broken once or twice. An Australian dearly loves to take down a new chum, and will tell him the most Sinbad-the sailor stories. This particular new Chum being an educated man, no doubt saw through most of this, but he lay low, which an Englishman has a habit of doing. He generally has something up his sleeve.

There was one Smart Aleck on the station who was a bit vicious; and, being viscious, was not so smart as he though himself. Emboldened by the visitor's apparently want of pluck, he one day gave him a stinging slap on

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the nose, drawing the claret feely. The Englishman, putting up his handkerchief to stanch the blood, said calmly: 'Very embarrassing! Very embarrassing! But '- with emphasis – 'I'll annihilate him!' Then he went for that colonial for all he was worth! He shaped up to him in true boxing style, and with a right and a left sent him to earth. When the colonial got to his feet, this really-infuriated, but ostensibly-calm, New Chum knocked him down again. The quiet, determined glare in his ey boded ill for his tormentor. He thrashed him with all his pent-up fury at boiling heat, and did not know when to leave off.
As Kipling says, it is bad for the other fellow 'when the English grow polite." This particular 'other fellow' found this out to his sorrow, for every time he got upon his legs he was pommelled without mercy. At last, having punished him enough, and taught him a much-needed lesson in politeness and courtesy, and the other men now interfering, the Englishman desisted. It took some time for the smart one to get rid of his bruises. He soon afterwards left the station, but the New Chum remained on, He eventually became as good a bushman as anyone there; and it need hardly be said that from that time onward he was treated with the greatest respect by all hands.

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126. – A SUPPOSED FOX THAT WAS [NOT] FISHING.
A Presumed Fox that was (not) Fishing on the Sea Coast – Betwixt Robe and Nora Creina Bay.–
One day, in March, 1900, from some high sandhills near Long Gully, which is on the sea coast nine Miles south of Robe, Mr. L. and I saw something rolling backwards and forwards in the waves of the seashore about four miles southward of our camp. My friend said it was a fox fishing. I did not know what it was, as I had no field-glass with me. But, taking my mate's word for it, I agreed to his suggestion to attack Reynard from the rear.
We accordingly started across the back sandhills. They were very high ones – up to one hundred and fifty feet – and some of them exceedingly steep, We clambered up them and slid down them till opposite the desired spot. Then, with gun and rifle, we cautiously emerged over the sandhill tops to find ---- a jettisoned cask from some ship being carried up and down the shore by the sad sea waves! My friend was keenly disappointed.
The journey over the sandhills had taken us a couple of hours. Now, of course, we resolved to return by way of the beach, as the coastine was fairly straight. So we made a start tentwards – that is, North. The shore dipped steeply into

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the sea. The sand was soft, being composed mostly of broken-up shells, and the walking was heavy. We kept as near the water as we could, to get a firmer footing. The waves rushed up, and we were several times submerged to the waist. It was impossible to run away from them, as we could only flounder along. We arrived at camp about dark, very tired.
The sandhills that we traversed were hard to climb, for the sands were on the move. They were slowly travelling along, burying everything in their course. Sheoaks standing up we saw half buried. In other places only the tops were showing.
I got into one volcanic-looking hollow composed of pure, clean sand. One tree was already half submerged in it. It took me ten minutes to climb out of that hole, and it seemed to me that as I climbed up two feet I slid back three! But, still, I did get out.! Then the sands on the beach were so light that we sank deeply at every step.

But what a refreshing thing is tea after a hard day's work! What did we have for tea on that occasion? Some pannicans of Bohea, with fried ham, and farm-made bread, also jam. And did we not enjoy it! It did not take us long to dry our clothes at the big camp fire. We had a tent to sleep in.

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127. – A TWO DAYS' TRAMP OVER GIBBER COUNTRY.
A Two-Days' Journey down the Second and Third Plains for Lost Sheep – Angorigina Run. – 1865. Having arrived at Angorigina from Ooraparinna, after a walk of twenty-six miles, it was arranged by Mr Swan, the manager of Ango., that I , with one of his men, should, before starting on our big hunting expedition for strayed sheep, make a smaller trip of two days' duration over the ~~First~~ \Second/ and ~~Second~~ \Third/ Plains.
We two accordingly made a start – We were on foot. It was winter time. Getting over some ranges, we entered the head of the Second Plain – from the North. We found that both it and the Third Plain consisted of gibber country. That is, the ground was generously sprinkled in a most even manner with hard, reddish-colored, angular road metal. One could not put one's foot down hardly anywhere without treading upon these loose stones as they lay a few inches apart all over the hard ground. A photo of mine, taken in later years near Wilpena, at a spot where the porcupine grass had been burned off, shows the gibbers plainly in the foreground
This region we were now in was one great solitude. An absolute stony desert: !. Not a living thing to be encountered!

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We tramped for two days over this stony land. Every-thing was calm, peaceful, and dead! We followed down plains all bearing these scattered stones, down and across creeks, over stony ranges, and altogether had at anyrate an interesting time.
The panoramic view for miles to the southward was grand. The ranges ran in that direction, with the plains between them.
Towards the end of the first day, in a creek, we saw an uncommon sight. It consisted of a group of dead bodies There were: –

a Kangaroo.
a Dingo.
a domestic cat run wild, and
a wedge-tailed Eagle.

They were all lying together in the rocky bed of a deep creek. Now, how did a kangaroo, a dingo, a cat, and an eagle give up the ghost within a yard of each other? The answer will be 'strychnine'. But the foot of man would not penetrate to that spot once in many years. Then how did the poison get there? The kangaroos would not feed off any of the tree; but the other three would make a meal off the kangaroo. Therefore the kangaroo caused the death of the others.

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It may have been shot by someone and used as a bait. I had previously been on the Second Plain myself, on horseback, from Ooraparinna. With regard to domestic cats that have run wild, they are pretty numerous, and have been known to attain a weight of twenty pounds. I once shot one on a tall tree when after opossums on a moonlight night.

Leaving these interesting remains, we turned eastward, encounted a hut with water, and camped there for the night. This was our first night's objective. I had not seen the place before, but my companion knew its location.
In the morning we made a fresh start. After another day's tramp over rough ground, with moderately high ranges, we, making a wide circuit to the east, then north, returned to Angorigina Head Station. We had seen no living thing! Our Journey had been resultless, excepting that it proved that no strayed stock existed there. Another result was that I raised some fine callosities on the soles of my feet that I retain to this day. I was unfortunate in having to wear a pair of new tight-fitting boots.
Next day we made a start on our big journey. – Vide No 124.

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128.-TO THE TOP OF MOUNT BRYAN. – 3065 FT.
A Day's Tramp, solus, to the Top of Mount Bryan – with a Camera. – It was on March 21st, in the year 1899. I had not then developed heart dilation. That came soon afterwards. I was then fifty-one years of age. Staying a week or so with Mr and Mrs Chas. Dawson, who then had the Aldina Farm of one square mile on Mount Bryan Flat, I had my camera with me, and took numerous views. His farm he \had/ named after the water near which I camped \one night,/ solus, at the back of the Reaphook Hill thirty years previously.
Charley drove me about in his trap to enable me to take views about the Mount Bryan Run and ranges. He also took me to Mr Hiles's residence, eleven miles N.W. of Hallett. We had lunch at Mr Hiles's, and I took photos of his residence. This was, I am quite certain, the gentleman who had thrashed the dog at Workoongarie and who gave us the mutton when we were leaving empty-handed for Pandappa in 1864. He was now a hale and hearty old gentleman.
One morning a Church of England Parson was coming to the Dawson's for the day, at Mrs Dawson's invitation. So I decided, not being of the elect, to clear out early on my own. At eight a.m. I made a start to try and find Mount Bryan

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and get to the top of it. Mount Razorback was in full view to the N.E., with its height of two thousand five hundred and thirty-four feet – [2,534 feet].
My load consisted of a whole-plate camera, parapernalia, heavy stand, and an umbrella to protect the camera from the wind whilst giving long exposures with isochromatic color-screens. When I got back that night long after dark, Charley weighed the lot, and found the weight to be thirty seven and a half pounds – or only two and a half pound short of forty lbs. This I lugged about over the mountains, to the summit of Mount Bryan and back, for twelve long hours.
At starting I made for the foot of the Razorback, on the right-hand side, in the direction I reckoned Mount Bryan to be. It was all grass country, the grass being dry. At five miles, just as I was getting into the ranges, who should turn up but the manager of the run – Mr Chas. Bowman – with one man.
We had a chat together. I told him my errand, and he said there had never been any satisfactory taken of the Mount or run yet. He was a very decent sort. We parted.
Soon after leaving him, I came across a Stone Hut –

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the very one that we passed on my first tramp into the Bush in March, 1864 – or thirty-five years previously. I recognised it at once. It was, of course, deserted, neglected, solitary, and alone! The track to it was obliterated.
After inspecting the old ruin, I made for the highest point I could see in the North, some five hundred feet higher, and climbed to the top. But Mount Bryan was nowhere to be seen.
I was now penetrating that gloomy-looking mountain country that I referred to in the account of my tramp from Mount Bryan station to Woorkoongarie Station 35 years before. I should have been afraid to venture into it alone in my then inexperienced days. But experience and age put a vast amount of confidence into a man. Thus, with all the experience I had gained, I now thought nothing of it.
Going down into the gully, and up the next range, gave the same negative result. I tramped on for hours, going to the tops of all the highest ranges and hills that were in my route. At last I came to a valley which divides the whole hills, excepting the outer range on the east. It was named The Doctor's Gully. It was well worthy the name of 'Valley' so extensive was it.

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Water was there. Had Mr Bryan's party had time to explore that valley, his life would not have been sacrificed. Bad judgment was shown in that expedition. For where there is grass country and big ranges, there is sure to be water.
At one spot I found a dingo trap. The remains of sheep were around it. It was fastened down, but had been sprung. There was no bait in it. It had two strong steel springs – one at each end. I had to stand on the two before I could open the jaws. I did this, then put a hard pebble between the cruel teeth. Then, having focussed my pair of stereoscopic lenses on it, I put my left hand between the steel jaws, stooping down the while alongside the trap, and with the other hand wound up the reel of thread that set the shutter of the camera in motion, and took an instantaneous picture of myself and the dingo trap, with my hand between the steel jaws. I now have the photo both mounted stereoscopically and in an album, enlarged
My objective – the Mount – was not yet in sight. I took a photo or two besides that one. One was from the top of the eastern range, overlooking the plains on the East, and the far-distant Murray scrub where Mr Bryan perished.
A terrific gale was blowing all the time. It tore along

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The Doctor's Gully! Whilst I was on the eastern range, the wind blew my camera completely over directly I took my hand off it.
Mount Bryan was certainly a long way off! For I tramped on hour after hour without seeing it. It was all hill and range country, with many gums of a dwarfy nature about. I kept on north and sometimes east, the whole of the outward journey.
At last! at three o'clock in the afternoon, after seven hours' tramping, I saw the Mount Bryan trig straight in front of me! I was pleased! In a few more minutes I was standing on the highest pinnacle in the Middle North! – three thousand and sixty-five feet above sea level. The next highest was Mount Remarkable, seventy or eighty miles away in the north-west – elevation, three thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet.

The trig of loose stones had the usual stick built into the centre of it. These trigs are the surveyors' data – or datum marks – for the triangulation of the country. By their aid every boundary is determined.
The Mount stood out clearly, overlooking the plains to the north and east. It is invisible to people

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travelling on the Northern Railway line. Having had a rest, I sheltered the camera from the roaring gale by placing it under a projecting slate rock which shot out into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees. The dip was to the westward, indicating that water would be found in that direction. Then, adjusting the thread, and focussing the trig, I went up and stood beside the latter. I then gently wound up the reel in one hand, the camera standing there all alone clicked and the photo was taken!
But for the shelter of the rock, the howling wind would have carried the camera somewhere into the big Murray scrub to the westward! Thus was I handicapped by rude Boreas the whole day long! The umbrella came in very handy with the other photographs that I took on the return journey.
Although the elevation of Mount Bryan is so great, and the Mount itself so far from the sea, the sedimentary rock of which it is composed was deposited by rivers – for it was originally river-mud – in either shallow depressions, or on delta, or in estuaries. It was then, after being sunk beneath the sea, and hardened by the enormous pressure for thousands of millions of years,

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thrown up at an angle of forty-five degrees by some great cataclysm of Nature, and left at that – for me to inspect! But the most interesting thing of all, to me, was a discovery that I made, viz. – In this sedimentary, stratified mud-rock I found embedded chunks of still more ancient rock. In fact, these chunks were hoary when the present slate formation was soft mud. They were of plutonic origin, and found a resting-place in the plastic mud when forced up from below by the cataclysms of nature.
By this time I was rested, so started for home. It took me seven hours to find the Mount and get to the top of it. As much time was wasted in finding it, I reckoned I could return home in less than that, as I could make almost a bee-line back, for I knew in what general direction the farm lay, although it was many miles distant, and with mountains between.
Tramping back for several hours, with my 37½ lb load, I stopped occasionally and took some views – some on whole-plates, others on 8½ x 3¼ plates. One or two plates were spoilt through under-exposure owing to the lateness of the evening, when the shadows were in semi-darkness. It was dark before I arrived at my journey's end, And to make matters worse, my boots pinched me severely. I had to sit down repeatedly to ease my aching feet. All

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things come to an end! At eight p.m. I came out of the darkness into Mr Charley Dawson's house.

The Parson had come and gone. The household were all upon thorns as to what had become of me. An accident may have happened! Perhaps I was lost! Out all day, with nothing to eat or drink, and not back by dark!

But Charley being a Bushman himself, knew there was little likelihood of my being lost. He also knew that I had never backed out of any difficult exploring job when young, and was not likely to give in when older.
Charley had been out lots of times before dark to see if he could spot me. He had a clear view of five miles across the plain from his house to the foot of the mountains. But I was behind the hills then. It was after tea that Charley decided to register the weight that I had 'humped' all day, with the result stated above. I slept well that night. I had not been on any track, road, or trail the whole day.

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129. – LOST IN LONDON, AS A BOY OF SIX.
Lost in London when a Child. – Temple Bar. – 1854. – While staying in London, England, at an aunt's, with my father and mother, I was lost in the great City of London. That was about the end of August in the year 1854. I was then about six years of age.
A servant girl working for my aunt took three of us – my brothers and my insignificant self – out with her through the streets. Aunt lived in a 'Place', a sort of side-court with a flagged floor, but no roadway. All the houses were many storeys high.
We had just come from the country. My father, Peter Tilbrook, had paid £150 for our passages out to South Australia, and we were on the point of embarking on the wooden sailing ship Albemarle. The girl took us three boys out into the streets. She walked very rapidly. We turned in to Cheapside – otherwise The Strand. We went underneath one of the arches of the famous and historical Temple Bar, which, with its three archways, spanned the street there.
It was upon it that they used to exhibit traitors' heads on spikes after the criminals had been beheaded. Temple Bar was erected in the year 1670, but re-erected and completed in

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1672 by the great architect Sir Christopher Wren. In 1772 the last head fell from the Bar, as after that time no others were placed there [Vide Book I., p. 37, of 'Old and New London' in my bookcase. Also p.42 for illustrations showing Temple Bar as I saw it in 1854.] Afterwards, – in 1878 – it was taken down from the spot where I saw it, and in 1888 re-erected at Theobald's Park.
I remember it well. As I have mentioned, it had three archways – one over each pathway and a larger one over the roadway. Striding along, the girl looked straight in front of her, we following. From Temple Bar we crossed the roadway into The Strand on to the river Thames side of the street. The buildings towered above us as I looked up at them.
Completing her errand further along, the girl started for home, my brothers alongside of her, I following behind, as the footpath was narrow. In The Strand, within fifty yards of Temple Bar, I saw something attractive in a shop window, and stopped to look at it. When I looked up again, I was alone! The girl had sailed along without looking back, She and my two brothers had, of course, disappeared through Temple Bar, and I was left there deserted! I was a curly-headed kid, and although only six

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years old I remember everything – the exact shape of Temple Bar, the high buildings, and all. I had as much chance of finding my aunt's place as I had of getting to the moon, for London streets are not rectangular; they run in all directions.

Stray kids were mostly kidnapped in those days by master criminals and trained for nefarious purposes. Some were wantonly crippled to turn them into efficient beggars; others were used as chimney-sweeps. Boys were made to climb up the insides of chimneys to sweep them out with handbrooms. Imagine the turnings and twistings of chimneys in a city like London!
I stood there helpless. I felt like a grown man, but desolate and hopeless. I gazed around very quietly, I made no noise. I knew I was lost, but said never a word, although hundreds of people were passing by all the time. I moved away slowly from Temple Bar, I looked down an area grating and saw a man cleaning a pair of boots. I gazed at him with desolation in my heart. I remember quite well that I wished I was he, for then I would have somewhere to go.
Then I wandered further down The Strand, away from Temple Bar, till I came to a narrow lane. This I afterwards learned was The Strand Lane.
Down this I walked till I came in sight of the Thames River,

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with shipping on its wide waters. Going down towards it, I was just on the point of emerging into the open, when I saw a Black Man! turn from the wharves into the lane I was in! and come towards me.
Now, in my home at Llangforda, in Wales, the maid who looked after us was always trying to frighten us by saying, if we were not good a Black Man would come and run away with us! Being one of those truthful and trusting youngsters who never thought of telling a fib, and believed everything that was told them, and being so young, I felt sure that that was the Blackfellow who was coming after me at last!
Even then, I acted like an experienced man. I knew instinctively that I must not run away. So I quietly turned around and retraced my steps, feeling every moment that this Black Man might grab me. But I would not run; neither would I look back.
I soon returned to The Strand, and went and gazed into the very shop window that was the cause of my being lost. It was also the cause of my being found!
I stood about there a long time, looking around, not knowing what to do, and with a fearful load of desolation in my heart.

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I was gazing at the opposite archway of Temple Bar, when who should I see come through it, and pass over the roadway straight towards me, but my father and my aunt!
How pleased he was may be guessed under all the circumstances, And what a terrible load was taken off my mind! We crossed the roadway together, passed under the same archway once more, then turned into a labyrinth of streets, long and short and twisting.
In one long, narrow street was an old woman's apple stall. The old woman who owned it was absent, however- But that did not daunt my aunt! She was a woman of action. She planked down some silver on the stall, helped herself to a liberal supply of apples, and gave them all to me, so delighted was she at my rescue.
130. – FROM LLANGFORDA TO LONDON.
Through the Black Country to London. – My father having decided to leave England for South Australia, we left Llangforda – situated not far from Oswestry – for London. Railways had not long been in existence then. My father had

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walked over the Britannia Tubular Railway Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson across the Strait of Menai, between the Island of Anglesey and the main land of North Wales, Carnarvonshire. That bridge was built in 1850, and we were journeying on one of the railways from Wales to London only four years later – in 1854.
I remember going through what I think was the 'Black Country', but of that I am not sure. At anyrate there were great factory chimneys, with clouds of black smoke hovering over all – making a dismal picture after picturesque Llangforda and Llangedwyn. Being only six years of age, the journey was an awesome one to me.
We went through the Bath Tunnel, which was said to be three miles long. The train took five minutes to pass through it.
Arriving in London, my father paid for our passages in the ship Albemarle, in the meantime lodging in that city with my aunt

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131. – FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA. – 1854 The Voyage from England. –
We got aboard the good ship Albemarle, and left London Docks in her on the 11th of August, 1854. Although only a small vessel of seven hundred and odd tons, the Albemarle was a full-rigged ship of three masts. She sailed around to ~~Plymouth~~ Portsmouth to obtain barrels of fresh water.
At Portsmouth we saw Nelson's immortal ship The Victory upon which man-of-war he finished his great and glorious career at the Battle of Trafalgar on October 21st, 1815. She was a noble sight, with her high decks and tall masts.
There was a great crush of shipping at Portsmouth, and I thought the big ships there were going to run us down. Hot words passed between our captain and the captain of a large ship which towered above us. The big dog wanted the little dog to get out of the way; but the little dog wouldn't!
Bishop Short came aboard at Portsmouth, for he and his family were also coming out to Australia. He was the first Bishop of Adelaide, and was consecrated at Westminster Abbey in 1847. He was a short, sturdy man, with a rather irascible temper. He was a good boxer, well understanding the 'noble art of self-defence.' In fact, he once, in Australia, gave a bullock-puncher a taste of his fists.

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I well remember seeing Mrs Short, Miss Short, and Miss Albinia Short being hauled up from the little rowing boat on to the deck of the ship in a chair which swung high up into the air. The men climbed up the side steps or gangway.
It was very rough in the English Channel, but calm in the Bay of Biscay, where tacking! tacking! tacking! to get a way on was the order of the day and night. We stopped one night at Greenwich, I might mention.
What was afterwards termed 'circular sailing' was unknown then. Instead of going with the wind across the Atlantic Ocean to the American coast as ship captains afterwards did, we hugged the African coast as being the most direct route. The consequence was we got into the 'Doldrums', and for days scarcely moved at all.
Then \when/ we reached the 'Roaring Forties' – that is, 40°S – the ship rolled so badly that the yardarms dipped right into the sea. The Albemarle was a slow boat.

We passed through a big school of whales. They were on all sides of us. They were monster animals – for a whale is an animal, a mammal, not a fish, As whales must breathe air like other animals, they have to come to the surface for that purpose. It is then that they 'spout'. I

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watched these leviathans about the ship with wonder. They had great black backs, and they spouted water up in great fountains. I was greatly afraid they would run into our ship and upset us.
One day, in the tropics, the sailors caught a shark fifteen feet long. They trailed a stout hook, baited with a great lump of port, over the stern of the ship. I did not see the shark actually take the bait; but my father did. He said he was curious to see if the fish – for a shark is a fish – would turn on its back in the operation; so he watched closely. He told me afterwards that the shark did not turn on its back to take the bait, but swam straight to it and swallowed it, hook and all, in its normal swimming position. Since then I have read of sailors denying that sharks turned on their backs when taking bait or attacking their prey.
However, I saw this monster shark being hauled on deck by the sailors. It thrashed the deck with its tail in a most vigorous manner, making a tremendous commotion, while a sailor skipped about with a hatchet in his hand, trying to get in a fatal blow – In this he was at last successful. I was much interested.
At another time, flying fish flew over the ship in large numbers, and many of these curious creatures fell

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on the deck, where, of course, young as I was, I examined them. They had very long, bony membraneous fins. They were being chased by either dolphins or porpoises – the latter, I suspect.
In one great storm, the bulwarks of the Albemarle were washed away, and the old ship was in a sinking condition in the morning. However, the pumps were set to work and she was saved.
We touched no land all the way out, but saw land at different times. We saw the Cape Verde group of volcanic islands off the coast of Africa. One mountain there is nine thousand one hundred feet high. We also passed another group of volcanic islands – Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean. These belong to Great Britain – the former to Portugal. The island that we sailed close to [*what*] appeared to be bare rocks.
Once, towards evening, a ship came into view, but had passed by us by morning.
On the West Coast of Africa we saw little white huts. I was permitted to look at them through a telescope.
Miss Short – (Isabella) – was a very active young lady, and very pretty, with a beautiful, fresh complexion. She announced on board that she was going to hold a Sunday

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school each Sunday. This frightened me so, that I ran away and hid myself amongst the cargo, which gave rise to the belief that I was lost overboard. It was, no doubt, a great relief to my parents when I turned up again – after the school was over for the day! Afterwards I attended school regularly.
I remember, at the beginning of the voyage, all our people were sick except father and I. We stayed up, eating warm, boiled potatoes, with salt. I can remember the taste of them now! Our

chief food during most of the journey was peasoup with hard ships biscuits. How I detested the soup! It was thick and yellow, made with ripe split peas.
The drinking water was pretty bad, being stored in wooden barrels. Condensers on a ship were unheard of then. Nevertheless the science of navigation was as perfect then as now. Perhaps even more so in a way. For the captains had to find their longitude by observation of the heavenly bodies with a sextant and make rather intricate calculations – all the data provided for them by that wonderful institution, the Greenwich Observatory. Now they have simply to look at their ship's chronometer, which tells them their longitude by the difference of time between the ship and Greenwich – They have to ascertain the local time, of course.
They still have to find their latitude by observation,

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which, however, is a much simpler operation and surer than the ascertaining of the longitude. As a matter of fact, even now in 1932 – it is impossible to get the exact longitude by observation. That is why there was a Disputed Territory on the Border between S.A. and Victoria.
We arrived at Port Adelaide on the 26th November, 1854, in a torrid heat. There were no wharves for us to land at. There may have been some in existence, but I did not see any. We were dumped out of the ship's boat into the Port Adelaide mud.
Port Adelaide was then named 'Mudholia' – Of course there was no railway. We went up to Adelaide per bullock dray. My father was no fool if he was a 'new chum', So he asked the bullock-driver his charge. This, father agreed to; but upon reaching the city, the man demanded more. Father became angry, and was going to give the bullock-puncher a punching, which he was well able to do, as he was a high-class boxer, and strong and active; but mother, who was of a gentle nature, begged him, to pay the man and get away. What he paid, I don't know, but that was the end of it.
Government immigrants were then brought out free, or were assisted. But my father and his family were not even assisted, as there were too many members – eight in all; so he himself paid the whole of our passage-money,

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amounting in all, I believe, to One hundred and Fifty Pounds Now, in 1932, the Government hand out Five Pounds for every child brought into this over-populated world, instead of fining the parents Five Pounds each. And when the parents get old, and have squandered all their money, they are given a handsome annuity for the remainder of their lives! And the man who has been saving and practiced self-denial is super-taxed to pay it!!! Good business eh!

'For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain,'
Bret Harte once said that 'the Heathen Chinee was peculiar'.

But his way, if dark and vain, were not so silly and peculiar as are the ways of the Trades and Labor Unionists of Australia, who brought in and passed the above legislation.
Adelaide and South Australia itself were a great disillusionment to us all. The town was filthy. The climate was horrible after that of beautiful England. The dust and heat were terrible – to us then! [once acclimatised, we did not mind either.!]
There was only the slimy Torrens water to drink. Many people were sunstruck – being too full-blooded to stand the heat really! Everybody had ophthalmia, both eyes sealed up with matter by morning, necessitating an application of hot water before they could be opened. A fly of some kind

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gave everyone bunged eyes – so bunged, in fact, that an eye was invariable closed and black. People's lips were peeled by the sun, and the owners of the said lips had to protect them by keeping a gum leaf between them, Puggarees were worn down the back of the neck to ward off sunstroke. Great whirlwinds came along every summer, and no one knew when the roof of his house would be lifted off, I myself saw the roof of Phillip Levi's red-brick wholesale store, on the site where the Imperial Hotel now stands, at the corner of Grenfell and King William Streets, taken up into the air by a monster whirlwind and hurled into the centre of the latter thoroughfare, I have seen a whirlwind at the rear of the Napoleon Bonaparte Hotel, King Wm. Street, twirl bottles about like feathers and smash them against a brick wall. Long, spiral whirl-winds were often seen a thousand feet high, and newspapers were carried up like thistledown.
These whirlwinds have ceased since cultivation of the soil has taken away the intense surface heat of the ground.
Still, Australia had its advantages. Grapes and other fruit were plentiful and delicious, and there were no diseases to attack the fruits then. There were no English sparrows, or starling, or rabbits.

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– I quote the following death notices in 1920: –[*each initial surname has double-underlines*]
Maryon-Wilson. –

> On the 24th July, at Great *[after the 'e' is a cross in red ink*]/ at Caulfield *[after the 'a' a cross in red ink*]/ Rectory, Essex, England, Albinia Frances, widow of Rev. George Maryon-Wilson, and third daughter of the late Bishop Short, Adelaide.'

Maryon-Wilson. –

> On the 24th July, at Greta *[after the 'r' is a cross in red ink*] Canfield *[after the 'n' is a cross in red ink*] Rectory, Dunmow, Essex, Albinia Frances, widow of the late Rev. George Maryon-Wilson, and third daughter of the late Augustus Short, first Bishop of Adelaide, in her 75th year.'

This was Miss Albinia Short who came out with us in the Albemarle. She was then nine years of age, or three years older than myself. Her eldest sister was afterwards Mrs G. Glen, she having married a squatter in the South-East. Her next sister was named Isabella, whom we always called Miss Short. She died in 1923. She was rather short in stature, and very pretty – Why she never married was a mystery to me. She was very slim in build. Albinia and I, being girl and boy together, were chummy. There were two brothers – Henry and 'Gertie'.
[*In red ink*] x Note. – [*in black ink*] The first of the above notices is written in as

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slipshod manner; but the second is well written, is full, and accurate. The contradictory words 'Great' and 'Greta' may be a Printer's Error, as 'Caulfield Rectory', and 'Canfield Rectory' must surely be! Yet the 'l' in 'Caulfield' seems to exonerate the compositor. Besides which all 'proofs' on daily newspapers are corrected from the 'copy' read out to the proof-reader by an assistant. That was my own job once on Register, Adelaide. Mr Cooper was the proof-reader, I myself his assistant.

132. – A VISON OF SUDDEN DEATH! An Amusing Experience!. – Standing one day at Toy & Gibson's new premises in Rundle Street, Adelaide, when they were nearing completion, I watched two men hauling stuff up to the fifth storey. A stonemason was trimming a building-stone industriously near me. Another onlooker like myself was standing alongside me. We five were within six feet of each other
The two men were just hauling up some articles tied to a rope, when, suddenly, down from the Blue, with a flash, came a piece of three-quarter-inch flooring board, eight feet long

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and six inches wide. It fell end on between the two men who were hauling at the rope, nearly shaving one man's nose. It struck the pavement between them and rebounded yards away! Remember, we were all within six feet of each other.

The man whose nose it missed by an inch or two went as pale as death, and could not speak for a minute. His mate laughed.

The stone-cutter, whom it missed by two feet, scarcely lifted an eye, and never lost a stroke of his hammer.

The spectator alongside of me was startled. He went pale, and said, excitedly: 'That was a narrow escape! That was a narrow escape!'

The stonecutter replied: 'Oh, it's all in the day's work!' and never looked up,

As for myself, I was as cool as a cucumber, and my heart did not give one extra beat as I amusedly noted the different characteristics of the other men.
The affair happened, and was all over in a second, And I was vastly pleased to note the characteristic coolness of these individuals of the British race in a case of sudden danger.
That was well shown afterwards in the blowing up in the night of British passenger ships by the German fiends.

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133. – TOMAHAWKS A BLESSING.
The Comforts of a Good Tomahawk! – What a comfort is a good tomahawk, well handled! By well-handled, I mean a good-shaped, slim, light but strong handle, On one trip of mine which lasted over three weeks, our tomahawk had a nose that turned up with every stroke at a bit of wood. It positively refused to cut a stake for the tent or point one, We were in a fix!
On another expedition of two weeks, the 'tomahawk' was a light thatching hammer without a handle! Then, when a handle was found for it, the improvised handle could not retain its head, which flew away at almost every stroke. The head was so light, too, that an effective blow could not be forced home at a yielding sapling; nor could it worry its way into a log, or split one.
Needless to say, it was not I who was responsible for such aggravatingly-useless toys. They were forced upon me without any alternative. After those experiences I selected a tomahawk myself when I had the opportunity. What glorious luxuries they were then!
Then again, what courage a good tomahawk instils into one in a time of danger! One that I picked up at the

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psychological moment, after floundering out of the morasses at the mouth of the Glenelg River in the South-East, enabled me to pass by the very nose of an antagonistic bull – Without that in my hand I should have had to make a long detour.

A good tomahawk to cut and point tentpegs and knock them into the ground; to cut ridgepoles; to cut forked uprights; and to augment the supply of wood for your camp fire, is an aid that is indispensable.
It gives you heart's ease instead of heart disease. It assists in giving you glorious fires – 'bottled sun' in reality – when, without one you would be 'starving' and shivering in the cold.
The man who evolved the present-day tomahawk is a benefactor to mankind. I have seen wild Blackfellows with white men's tomahawks, and they would sooner lose their lives than part with them – Their own stone implements would only bruise the bark off a tree.

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134 – MAULED BY A FELINE.
How it may Feel to be Mauled by a Tiger – I once experienced in a small way what it might feel to be mauled by a tiger – of course in a very insignificant way without any crushing of bones. I had a rat trap set for catching sparrows. One evening I was out. Going home at 11.30 p.m., I perceived in the dim light that some animal was in it – Getting a lantern, I found it was a cat. I was alone in the house, for this was after my great misfortune – the death of my beloved Marianne.
Feeling pity for pussy, I obtained a bag with the intention of letting her loose, for she was uninjured. It was of the feminine gender.
Attempting to put the small sugarbag over the animal, she flew at me like fifty tigresses! The bag went flying! She clawed me and bit me till I felt keen shooting pains over the whole of my body, right up to the top of my head. She bit through the instep of both of my feet, her fangs going through both boot uppers and penetrating my flesh and muscles in front. She clawed and chewed both my hands – tore holes in them! Then she got the index finger of my right hand in her jaws, and commenced to eat it with her sharp teeth.

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I have that instinct of knowing how to act in emergencies. That faculty is called 'presence of mind'. I instinctively knew that if I endeavoured to pull my finger out of the fiend's mouth, the flesh would be stripped to the bone. So I left it in her mouth while I adopted a bit of strategy. I was all this time balanced evenly on my two feet, in a stooping posture over the trap, which was pegged down. But now, while she was chawing my finger to pieces, I gradually got the weight of my body on to my left foot and leg.
Then, when I was ready, and she still had her fangs fastened in my unfortunate digit, I lifted my right foot and gave her one almighty kick in the ribs that took her breath away and made her open her mouth. My finger, thus released, I instantly snatched away, and I was free.
I was drenched in blood – my own blood, not hers. I was bleeding from both insteps, and my hands were streaming blood.
'Now, my beautiful tigress', I thought, 'I'll settle you!' I went around the paths, my hands hanging down, leaving trails of blood as I walked in the semi-darkness, got a piece of heavy iron pipe, went back, and gave the vile thing just one – and a mighty stroke it was! for by

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now I was a pent-up volcano. The creature said, 'W-i-a-u!' and all was over.
'I buried it deep by dead of night.'

It was many days before I could go about without taking my hands out of my pockets. For days the paths where I had walked were black with my own gore that had dripped from my hands.
A cat is only a miniature tiger. That one made the third I had disposed of on my premises. One I shot out of pure philanthropy one morning because it had been torn by dogs and was in pain. It had taken shelter in my hedge. The other I shot because it was suffering from cancer, and it infested my woodheap. One shot did the business with each of them. A chokebore gun hits hard!
135. – CHURCH BELLS AND COCK-CROWING. Two of the Things I Detest. – I hate and detest the sound of two things – church bells and cock-crowing.. The one reminds me of compulsory attendance (by my mother) at church and Sunday school – (church of England) – four times a day on Sundays when a boy; and the other of

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hard times later in life, and getting up in the dark and cold at three o'clock in the mornings.

[*The following five clippings were found loose in this notebook*]
1. J. L. Young's School [*From a newspaper of unknown source*, *includes a picture of Mr. J. L. Young*] Some time ago A.T. Saunders dropped me this little note. –

> 'Dear Rufus – Mr. Alfred Odgers, who lives in Barton street, North Adelaide, is 87, and is the sole survivor of Young's scholars of 1854. His name appears on the roll, July 9, 1854, age nine, of Gilbert Street, Adelaide. Mr. Young may have been a good teacher, but he was not tidy nor methodical, as his roll of scholars shows. A George Whitington, aged 12, of Walkerville, appears July 2, 1856, and another, with no Christian name; aged nine, in January, 1858'. On Sunday Peter Whitington, aged 87, told me that he and his brother George Falkland (so called because his uncle settled the Falkland Islands), went to Young's School in 1856 and left in 1858. He showed me the prizes presented to himself and his brother in December, 1858. He remembers Caleb Peacock, Charles and Willie Gosse, and G.S. Wright (still alive) attending the school in his time. Mr. Saunders yesterday showed me the list of scholars, and other survivors with the date of their entry – M.J. Solomon, March 9, 1853, J.P. Roberts, October 1, 1855, and Sir Herbert Phillipps, January 14, 1856.

2. Perilous Climb on N.Z. Alps,

> an attempted crossing with a Maori Guide of the Southern Alps of New Zealand – the Franz Josef Glacier, Almer Ridge, Geikie Snowfields, Grahams Saddle, and down the Rudolf Glacier into the Tasman, and thence to Ball Hut, from where a car runs to the Hermitage. Author – Mr. P.D. Coles, of the Port Adelaide Branch of the Bank of Adelaide.

3. Pencil list of articles and a square of graph paper:

> Operation – In a trance – Jamming of fingers in window MK – Write out in pencil first – The Cruelties of Nature.

4. Big Eagles

> Recently an eagle with a wingspread of nine feet was shot near Narrabri. Such eagles are fortunately rare, but even larger ones have been known. One measuring eleven feet from tip to tip of wings was obtained many years ago near the Denison gold diggings. This, I believe, was the largest recorded of which precise and definite measurements were made, though I should not receive news of an even larger specimen with scepticism. I saw this [*picture of eagle on rock*] great bird alight in a paddock among a flock of full-grown tame turkeys. They scattered and fled terror-stricken like chickens

before a hawk, so small did they appear in comparison with the mighty monarch of the skies. Evidently the eagle had already dined, for they ran home unmolested. It is not generally know, I think, that the Australian eagle is the largest of its kind in the world, in spite of the romantic tales we have read of European and American birds of prey. – G.G.

5. Three newspaper clippings about Dingoes.

5a. Do Dingoes Eat Men?

W.E. Carson, Bordertown, writes:- 'Dear Rufus – I would like to ask some of the old school of bushmen, who take such an interest in Out Among the People, if they ever heard of dingoes eating human flesh. Some 40 years ago, a son of the late Robert Carson, wandered away from his home at Carew, 20 miles west of Bordertown. The late Mr. Whelan, father of Martin Whelan, the well-known horse-trainer, gathered together over a hundred horsemen and four black trackers. They searched for weeks, but never found any trace of him. Being on the edge of the Ninety Mile Desert, which was infested with dingoes, it is the opinion of old bushmen that he was devoured by wild dogs.

5b. Sad Story Of the Bush E.P. Ridge, mounted constable, Cowell, writes: – 'Dear Rufus: – Your correspondent, W.E. Carson, of Bordertown, asks, 'Do dingoes eat human flesh?' I can answer in the affirmative. When stationed at Tarcoola in '23 or '24, I had to go after a man named Allen, reported missing. He had started to walk from Purple Downs to Coward Springs, and when last seen alive he had a leaking waterbag, and the temperature was well over the hundred. Some weeks after that I collected his bones at Curdlawindy Well, between Parakylia and Miller's Creek stations – this was an old abandoned well with water more salty than the sea. In this case the dingoes had eaten the body completely, and had scattered the bones over acres of country. Even the upper part of the boots was eaten to the soles, and little of the clothing was left. One pocket, found apart from the rest, contained a roll of notes and cheques – and the marks of dingoes' teeth were showing right through the roll. I buried the remains, as I have buried other poor fellows in the bush – just where they were found.'

5c. Dingoes Camp In Tree.

W.E. CARSON, Bordertown, writes: – 'Dear Rufus – Thanks for the information re dingoes eating humans. Your column is very popular with the old bushmen. Being a bushman myself who has lived a lot in the Ninety Mile Desert, I claim to know quite a lot about dingoes. In 1897 I was kangarooing in Western Australia on A.Y. Hassell's station. He had a troublesome dingo that killed over a hundred sheep. Mr. Hassell offered a big reward for him. But the dog was too cunning to be caught. He lived in a teatree swamp, through which no man could ride. One rough windy day we spotted him making for his camp. We followed him on foot and he surprised us by climbing a leaning old paper bark tree. We shot him and climbed up to his camp. Bones of all descriptions were there, as well as a human skull. Dr. Harvey, of Perth, said it was a white man's skull. The skull could be seen for many years at a leading hotel in Albany. The late Mr. Peter Low, who married A.L. Gordon's widow – both are buried in Bordertown cemetery – used to tell us of a fencer who got his hand caught in a log he was splitting, and died a terrible death. They found him weeks later, his bones picked clean by dingoes.

End of Volume 7

End of PRG 180/1/7