

quivering, turning, flying, hovering, and swooping, with many changes of pace and direction, and finally alighting close to the thrower's feet.

*Saturday, May 14th.*—When I awoke this morning the fever and ague from which I had been suffering had all disappeared, and, though still very tired, I felt decidedly better for the change and the bush life. I am convinced there is nothing like a land journey to restore a sea-sick person after a voyage.

It was a most disagreeably cold and showery morning when we landed, to photograph a party of natives, and see them throw boomerangs and spears. They were the most miserable-looking objects I ever beheld; rather like Fuegians. The group consisted of two men, dressed partly in tattered European clothes, and partly in dirty, greasy kangaroo-skins heaped one on the top of another, and two women in equally disreputable costumes. One of the latter had a piccaninny hung behind her in an opossum-skin, the little hairy head and bright shining eyes of the child peeping out from its shelter in the quaintest manner. Although the poor creatures were all so ugly, we did our best to take some photographs of them, using a pile of sandal-wood bags as a background. Then we drove up to the cricket-ground to see them throw their boomerangs, which they did very cleverly. The spears were thrown from a flat oval piece of wood, in size and shape something like the blade of a paddle, which sent them forward with great accuracy and velocity. The natives have formed a small encampment not far from here, where they live in the most primitive fashion, very dirty, and quite harmless.

We saw a great flight of black cockatoos yesterday. Cockatoos are very affectionate and loyal to one another—a fact of which those who kill or capture them take advantage; for if they succeed in wounding a bird they tie it up to a tree, where, so long as it continues to cry, not one of its companions will leave it, but will hover around, allowing themselves to be shot rather than desert a comrade. Very different is the behaviour, under similar circumstances, of the kangaroo, in whom I have in consequence lost much of my interest. When hard pressed the doe will take her offspring out of her pouch and fling it to the dogs to gain time for her own escape. The meat of the joeys, as the young ones are called, is by far the best, and tastes something like hare, though it is rather tough and stringy. The flesh of the older animals is more like that of red deer.

*Sunday, May 15th.*—Such a lovely day—more like an ideal May morning in England than an Australian winter's day. We attended service in a picturesque ivy-covered church.