

* * * The hunger of him who is pressed by famine to fight will absorb every good feeling, and every sentiment that would restrain him from allaying that hunger with the body of his adversary. * * *

Among those who are accustomed to eat the dead, death must have lost much of its horror; and where there is little horror at the sight of death, there will not be much repugnance to kill. * * *

The situation and circumstances of these people, as well as their temper, are not favorable to such as shall settle as a colony among them. Their temper renders it difficult to attach them by kindness. * * *

This country scarcely sustains the number of its inhabitants, who from their indolence in not attending to the cultivation of their vegetable productions in due season, are urged to perpetual hostilities by *hunger*, &c. * * *

It is worthy of notice, that though the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land appeared to have but a scanty subsistence, they would not even touch our people's bread, though they saw them eat it, whereas these people devoured it greedily when both mouldy and rotten. But this was not owing to any defect in their sensations, for they were observed to throw away articles of food of which our people eat, with evident disgust, after only smelling to them. The nature of their food in general corresponds with the nastiness of their persons, from the quantity of grease about them, and their clothes never being washed.

Water is their universal and only liquor as far as could be discovered.—*Capt. Cook.*

At Rose Hill, the heat, on the 10th and 11th of February, on which days at Sydney the thermometer stood in the shade at 105°, was so excessive, that immense numbers of the large fox-bat were seen hanging at the boughs of the trees, and dropping in the water, which by their stench was rendered unwholesome. * * * During the excessive heat many bats dropped dead while on the wing; and it was remarkable that those that were picked up were chiefly males. In several parts of the harbour the ground was covered with different sorts of small birds, some dead and others gasping for water.

The relief of the detachment at Rose Hill unfortunately took place on one of those sultry days; [in Feb.] and the officer having occasion to land in search of water, was compelled to walk several miles before any could be found, the rivers which were known being all dry; in his way to and from the boat, he found several birds dropping dead at his feet. The wind was about north-west, and did much injury to the gardens, *burning up all before it*. Those persons whose business compelled them to go into the heated air, declared that it was impossible to turn the face for five minutes to the quarter from whence the wind blew.

The dogs peculiar to this country could never be checked of their natural ferocity. Although well fed, they would at all times, but particularly in the dark, fly at young pigs, chickens, or any small animal that they might be able to conquer, and immediately kill and generally eat them. Capt. Hunter had one which was a little puppy when caught; but though he took much pains to correct and break its savageness, he found it took every opportunity to snap off the head of a fowl, or worry a pig, and would do it in defiance of correction. The dogs of this country are of the jackall species. They never bark; are of two colors, the one red, with some white about it, the other quite black.