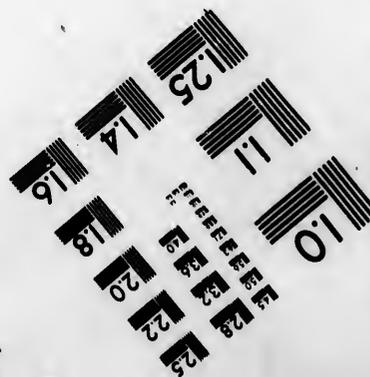
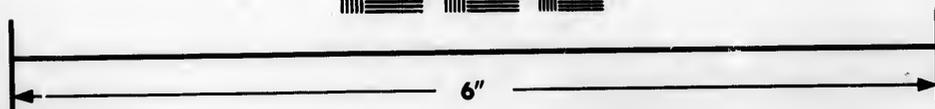
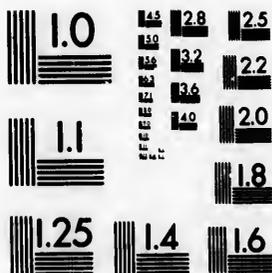


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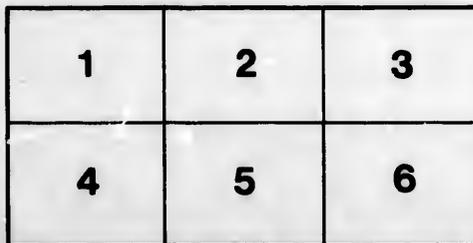
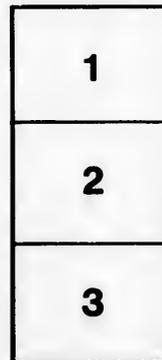
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ROUGH AND SMOOTH:

OR,

Go! for an Australian Gold Field.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "INNER LIFE," ETC.  
~~~~~

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell

QUEBEC:

HUNTER, ROSE & CO., ST. URSULE STREET.

1865.

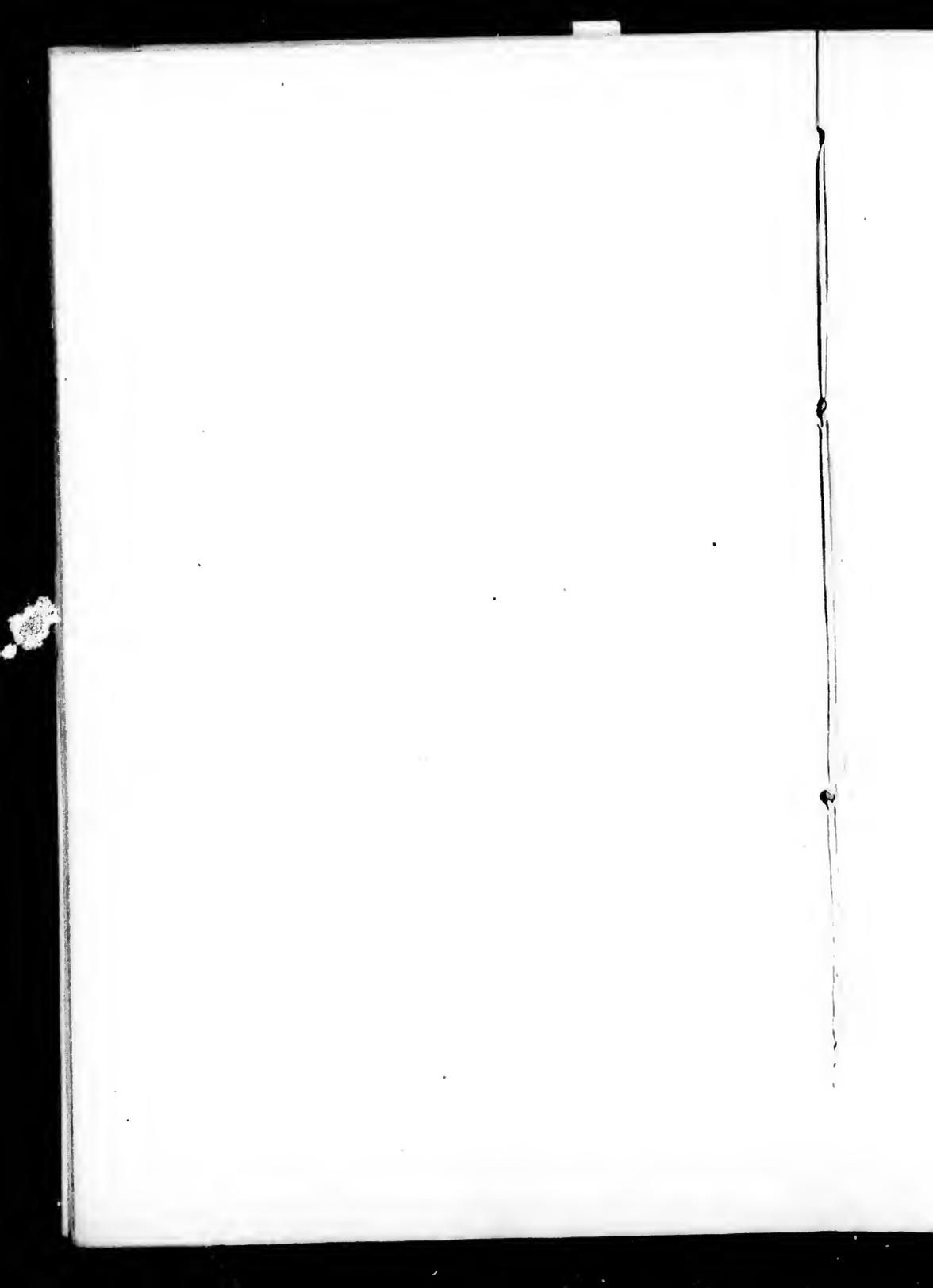
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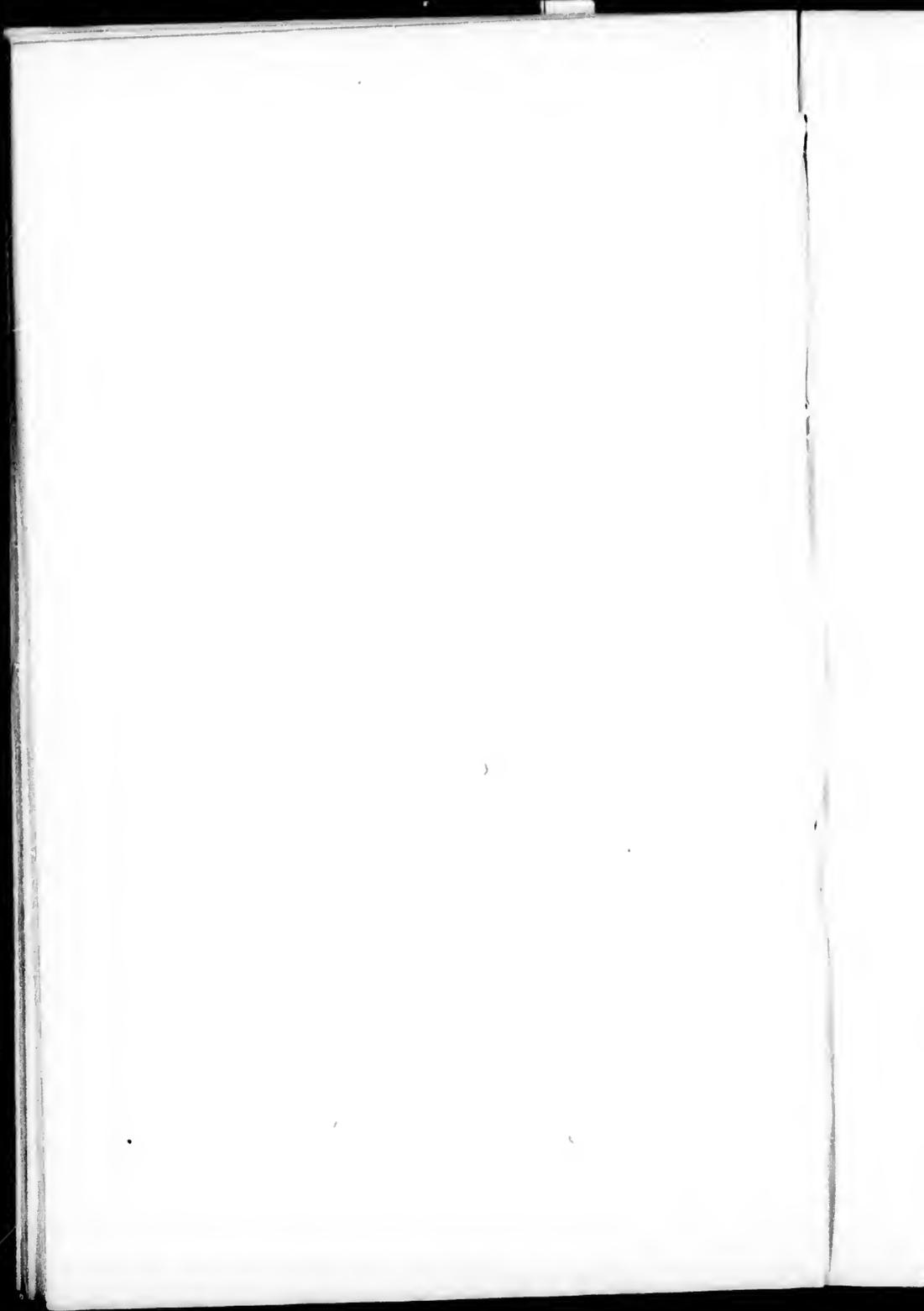


PREFACE.

IN giving *ROUGH AND SMOOTH* to be published, I feel it needs a few words of explanation. It was a journal written for the instruction and amusement of my own children, which I have thought of too egotistical and personal a nature to interest other little ones than them. My friends, however, think otherwise; and have urged the printing, on the plea, that children like *true* stories better than fictitious ones, and never tire of reading travels; and that as our own gold mines are now attracting considerable attention, information for little people respecting the older ones of a sister colony might not be unacceptable, though so late in the field.

To my young friends, therefore. I give it, trusting that whatever they may find objectionable, they will indulgently excuse, remembering that when it was written it was not intended for other than home eyes, and, therefore, kind ones.

QUEBEC, *September*, 1865.



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ROUGH AND SMOOTH:

OR,

HO! FOR AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELD.

CHAPTER I.

Leaving Home—New York Ship—Bad Treatment and Provisions.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—You have so often asked me to tell you all about my journey to Australia, that I have thought it advisable to write it out, to suit your comprehension; hoping by so doing to instruct, as well as to amuse you by my true tale.

Perhaps I never told you why we left a comfortable home, to travel to that distant region. The reasons were simply these: your father, from having read a great deal about Australia, had long looked, with a wishful eye, towards that great colony as a future home—the fine climate, increasing prosperity, and great natural advantages of which, were to be desired for his children. All obstacles seemed removed to our trying this fancied elysium in the summer of 1852, by the ill health of your father requiring a sea voyage, and by the cutting of our strongest tie to Canada, in the death of my widowed mother. So we went.

I was urged to remain at home, while papa went first and tried it; but as my home was where he was, I would not consent, and we were not separated. Our party consisted of papa and myself; my sister, who was then a little girl; my brother, a young lad who would not be left behind—both orphans; G., our only child, three years of age; her nurse, Ellen, and two young gentlemen who were going out to this new country under your father's care.

Now, take out your maps and find Quebec—its latitude and longitude. Look also for Australia, and see how far, how very far we had to go. No ships left Quebec for Australia at that time; but from many ports in England, and from New York and Boston, in the United States, there were ships leaving frequently. Now, by finding Liverpool, England, upon your map, and then finding New York, United States, you will see we would save many miles by leaving from the latter place, besides not having to cross the stormy Atlantic, and getting at once south, into mild climate and smooth seas; therefore, you will not wonder at our deciding to go by the way of New York. It was a trial to us all—leaving the city of our childhood, endeared by all the historical associations connected with it, (of which most young people are proud,) as well as our own fond recollections; but the excitement of change and novelty, and the hopes of youth, had painted our future in bright colors.

I need not take you with me, on the journey to New York; it is now common road, in these days of cheap travelling. In Montreal we remained a few days, to bid farewell to my aged grandmother, whom I never expected to see again, while your father went on, and returned for us, after he had made all the necessary arrangements in New York.

The ship chosen was the *Catherine Augusta*, 350 tons,

Tapscott & Co., owners, rated at Lloyd's A. 1., to sail 1st October. Careful inquiry had been made relative to the respectability of the owners, who were bound, by his agreement with them, to take only a certain number of passengers; and to guard against the tricks often played upon long voyages, great care had been taken that the agreements should be clear as to the provisions, &c., being of the very best kind. Walking up Broadway one day, we saw a placard with "*Catherine Augusta*, splendid clipper ship, 1,000 tons, &c," upon it. I remarked, "Surely, that is not our ship?" Papa laughed, and said, "It is, though, so enlarged, I suppose you do not know her. She is not clipper build, and only 350 tons register. These are the tricks used to catch the unsuspecting. These cards are sent into the Canadas, and people there engage their passages and pay half the money down, trusting to the truth of these statements." I could hardly overcome a shiver of fear at having to do with such people, and felt thankful our agreements had been so plain.

While in New York, I saw a dear lady under whose care I had been at school for three years. I was quite a girl when we parted, and she was so pleased to meet me again, and see my husband and child, and took such a loving interest in our concerns, that I felt many a pang of regret for thoughtless conduct towards her in my young days. I mention this, dear children, and trust you will not think it out of place, that I may save you from any like sorrow, by reminding you that, next to your parents, God has placed your teachers, and you will owe them a debt, the obligation of which will be life-long; and the more faithful they are, the more affection they deserve at your hands.

The expected 1st of October had come and gone, and no

appearance of the sailing of the ship. We were weary of the excuses given us every day. The old German captain, whose intelligence and experience had made us wish to sail with him, and the first mate, were sent away, and two Americans put in their place. Captain Baily and Mr. Bryant, the former of whom bought a share of the vessel, and Messrs. Harris & Bowden, passengers, became the charterers.

Seeing how things were, papa grew alarmed, and offered \$130 to be allowed to withdraw from the ship altogether, and have his baggage returned. This was refused; nothing less than \$300 would be taken, which we thought too great a sacrifice, and decided to proceed in her. After repeated remonstrances on the part of the passengers, and several successive days had been named for sailing, we were told to go on board; a tug steamer towed us out into the stream, and left us there for three more days, before the captain came on board. In that time we found that the provisions were bad, and the number of passengers much greater than they agreed there should be. A letter was, therefore, prepared, stating these grievances; and when the steamer came in reality, on the 24th October, to tow us out, it was sent ashore to be published in the New York and Canada papers, as a warning to others.

Towards nightfall the steamer left us, and we proceeded on our way—my note-book says, “not rejoicing, but alone.” I did not then sufficiently know Him who says to those who trust in Him: “Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” I had never been at sea before, and a lonely feeling crept over me. I felt as if I would willingly escape from the ship, and there was no way, and yet I would not leave my dear ones. We sat upon the deck till driven down

by sea-sickness, from which we suffered severely, and found Nurse Ellen more trouble than she was worth. In a few days we were able to drag ourselves on deck; and all revived save dear papa, who had suffered from tape-worm, a secret we only found out in New York, and which, if known sooner, might have prevented our leaving home. From want of proper nourishment, he continued so long ill and weak, that I feared he would never recover; and often I lay upon the deck at night, watching the bright stars, and thinking how light were other troubles—loss of friends, home, and everything—to that which seemed to hang over me; but God mercifully heard our prayers, and he recovered. And I could not but trace the hand of a loving Father here, in thus preparing me for unlooked trials afterwards.

On the night we sailed a dear little baby was born in the steerage, whose mother died two days after. Papa was obliged to read the Church of England service over the body, as the captain would not do it. The corpse was wrapped up in an old sail, and thrown overboard, as they bury at sea. Two days after another little baby was born; but God did not take its mother away, and both little ones throve nicely. It was touching to see the care taken of the motherless one by its aged grandmother, father, and grandfather. They were a very respectable family, who had met with misfortunes, and were trying to better their condition by going to Australia, which, alas! few of them ever reached; but I must not anticipate.

For the first five or six days after leaving, we had strong northwesterly breezes, which induced the captain to make directly in a southerly course, instead of taking the wind, as he might, and ought to have done, to go easterly, and thereby follow the course usually laid down for vessels

bound for Australia. He thought to run his chance of a continuance of those winds for twenty days, or more, and, consequently, gained nothing; for, in the end, we ran too close to Cape St. Roque, in South America, (which you will easily find upon your map,) and could not double the cape; and so had to beat about for four weeks, trying to make to the eastward, where we would have been long before, had our ship been properly sailed. Added to our other troubles, we were spending this time in the tropics, under occasional burning suns and torrents of rain, such as I never saw before; and we often remained on deck, drenched to the skin, in preference to inhaling the pestilential air of our small cabin, where not one-third of us could find room to sit down at the same time. The water for drinking, owing to its having been put up in bad and dirty casks, was, in two weeks' time, black, thick, and having an intolerable smell; and we were very thankful to be able to catch some of the nice sweet rain water. One night we caught fifteen hundred gallons of it; but owing to the bad casks, it did not keep long; and what with musty provisions, and no live stock, preserved meats, or fruits of any kind, we would have fared but badly, had it not been for our own private stores.

We were six weeks before we reached the line;* and what provisions we had were getting low—sugar, butter, and many things quite out—and the water so bad, that the passengers, whose spirits were not bright at the prospect of affairs, feared to go the rest of the voyage in this way. The ship also was leaky. Messrs. Harris & Bowden had provisioned the vessel, and were looked upon as the harpies who had preyed upon us; and the state of feeling was not pleasantly divided into two parties—these people, captain,

* Equator.

first and second mates, and one or two of their friends, against the injured passengers.

I am sorry to tell you that there were every day quarrels, from petty acts of tyranny and oppression on the part of those who had it in their power to make the passengers, if possible, more uncomfortable than their privations and crowded state rendered them. You will not wonder, then, that a protest against this treatment, to enable them to take an action against the owners, if they ever reached Australia, should be drawn up, and presented to the captain, recommending him to put into a port. This was very uncivilly received by him; and the reply given was, "that he would do as he pleased; would or would not put into a port as he liked; would choose that port himself, if he did put in," and ending with, he had long intended going into the port of Rio de Janeiro. Great was the astonishment caused by the news that we were bound to Rio, as any other port would have been preferred, on account of the unsalubrity of its climate. The wish was for the Cape of Good Hope; but it was useless to express it, and they had to be content.

.....

CHAPTER II.

Sharks—Ships—Catamaran—Mollusca.

ON our way, we saw the usual wonders of the deep; but you have all read so much about them, that it would be but badly "telling o'er an old tale," to attempt a description of the shoals of flying fish, one of which fell upon our deck; the sharks, of which we caught two; dolphins, whales, stormy petrels, or (as the sailors call them) Mother Carey's chickens, nautilus, and all the other sights, truly wonderful to a person to whom the sea was a new element. But while talking of sharks, I must tell you of an escape your papa had. One day we were becalmed in the tropics, and the heat was excessive, the water was of that deep beautiful blue, so clear, that you could see several feet below the surface; we were admiring the fishes swimming near us, and, in particular, two small silvery ones; they were so pretty, I begged those who were trying to catch them to spare them, thinking it a pity to kill them. I went down to the cabin, and from the door saw papa pass with only a flannel shirt and drawers on. It struck me at once that he intended taking a swim, and thoughts of sharks coming to my mind, I rushed forward to prevent him, but was too late; he had jumped in, and the cry of a man overboard, caused the people to crowd to that side of the vessel, so that I had to retrace my steps to the upper deck, where I called out, "Come up—sharks! sharks!" To my horror, I perceived he was floating with his ears under water, and could not hear me; and his weakness at that time made me

doubt if he would be able to climb up by the rope now thrown. Minutes seemed hours ; and to add to my distress, I heard some person saying, "The man is mad, perfectly mad ; the pilot fish were here a few moments ago." I knew then, that the little fish, whose lives I had saved, were those who swim under the fins of the shark, and guide him to his prey, and that sharks must be near. At that moment he turned, caught sight of my horror stricken face, and, seizing the rope, climbed up. Hardly had his feet touched the deck, when the cry, "a shark ! a shark !" was heard ; and, sure enough, there was a monster ready for prey. My feelings may be imagined, not described—enough to say, the naughty one promised never to do such a foolish thing again, and was forgiven.

The evil did not stop here, however. Little G. had often expressed a wish, and showed a determination to go overboard ; and as the small rope-railing of our poop deck was open in places wide enough for a man to go through, I was afraid she might some day carry out her desire. When she'd say, "I like a go overboard," I tried to frighten her by replying, "You would be drowned, or sharks eat you." One day, to my surprise, she returned a "Papa not drowned—sharks not eat papa ;" and when I said, "God saved papa from sharks," she asked, "Wouldn't God save me, too ?" During the four weeks we were beating about, we had the squally weather and thunder storms common to those regions ; one night we were frightened by the cry, "The ship is on fire," but found it was only electricity playing round the masts, like beautiful balls of blue flame. During the fine weather, many of the gentlemen, and some of the ladies, slept on deck, covering their faces, lest they should be injured by the moon. In the Bible, you

will find a beautiful promise given the Lord's people, Psalm cxxi, ver. 6, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." One requires to visit a southern clime to understand that text well.

One morning there was a cry of "land," and every one rushed on deck to see what appeared to be a huge barren rocky island: but neither captain or mate would tell us its name. They would never let us know our latitude and longitude, or rate of sailing: but by papa's having kept a sort of log and reckoning of his own, he made out that it was the island of Fernando Noronha, which they confessed it was, and we soon saw the coast of South America. We were afterwards told by experienced navigators that our captain was far out of his course, in taking that passage, as it was a very dangerous one.

It was long before we saw a ship: at last, we met three, but only ran up an ensign to them, American ships seldom carrying Marryatt's signals. One morning we were delighted by the sight of a beautiful steamer nearing us, and were anxious to have our ensign and private number hoisted, that we might be reported in such a latitude at home, and our friends would know of our well-being so far; but the captain said, "She was English, and bound for England, and he would not hoist his flag to her." Our appetite for breakfast was gone. A few days after, we met a pretty barque, which ran up the "stars and stripes," and was immediately replied to. As she neared us, she was so well managed, and the passengers so pleased with the idea of speaking a ship, that some one called out, "Three cheers for the little beauty," which was responded to most heartily, when our captain, with a voice of thunder, called out, "Stop that noise; stop it this instant; I'll let

you know who is master here." The gentlemen thought this so rude, that few of them bowed to him again. We found, by means of the speaking trumpets, that she was the *Swan*, a clipper barque, bound to Pernambuco, with a cargo of flour. Her captain saucily told us "we were a valuable cargo, and to catch him if we could," which we soon found impossible, as she sailed out of sight; and one of the first objects that attracted us, on entering Rio harbour, was our little friend. Not finding a good market for her flour at Pernambuco, she went on to Rio, where she arrived three days before us.

After the *Swan* ran away from us, nothing disturbed our monotony, till one morning I was awakened by a slight shock in my berth, and heard the words, "Hard down the helm; we are on it." Some feared rocks, or a wreck; others a man overboard. I went upon deck, and learnt the cause of the uproar; which was, that we had run down a catamaran, a floating raft used by the natives of South America, and broken it up; that there were two black men on it, one of whom held on by the ship's bow, and climbed up; the other floated past on a log, and looked like a speck on the water, before the boat could be lowered to pick him up, so that we feared they could not save him; but strong arms and stout hearts can do much, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing him upon our deck, hugging and kissing his fellow, and scarcely seeming to realize his safety. We found, through a friend interpreting their Portuguese, that they were free blacks, fishing all night. They were both asleep when we struck them. They told us they were about twenty miles from land—so venturesome are these little craft. We soon saw lots of them in the distance, putting up their sails and making off. We gave chase to one, but found, as the

sailors say, "A stern chase is a long one." Their owners evidently feared we had some bad motive in view, probably that of kidnapping them, and selling them in other slave countries, as is often done upon that coast. At last, we caught one, and forced upon the frail-looking thing, these two men, with a present of a bag of biscuits, a jar of fresh water, and some money from the passengers. The owners chattered, and opposed receiving the two new-comers in every possible way, but were obliged to submit, and sailed off, looking *very* black.

Some of the sailors caught a beautiful mollusca, called by them, "Portuguese man of war." Not liking to dry it on Sunday, I left it in a tub of water; and some person saved me all further trouble about it, by throwing it overboard, a joke they were fond of playing upon the towels and clothes hung out to dry. As we were leaving the latitudes where they are to be found, I did not get another; but shall take from my note-book the description of this one for you: It was a soft pink looking shell, about four inches high and six long, resembling mica in its clearness—the pink shades to a deep purple in the boat part, or belly, of the little creature, from which hang long curls, or streamers, which form at once the ballast and weapon of defence. It has no sails, like the nautilus, being simply one solid mass, crescent-shaped, and very beautiful.

.....

CHAPTER III.

Trouble—Entrance to Rio—Frigate Captain—A Trick.

WE were gradually nearing Rio Janeiro, when an affair happened which gave me a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and which I find difficult to explain to little people, yet which I could not pass over. I have hinted before at the bad feeling on board. Wicked men hate those they injure, and are often unscrupulous in carrying out their designs. This was the case here. Every effort was made to cause a quarrel; and twenty-five dollars were offered by the first mate to any of the second-class who would beat a gentleman passenger. This was not made known till long afterwards. A dispute arising one night between one of our young Canada friends and the mate, your papa found himself obliged to interfere. A scuffle ensued, and I reached the deck, alarmed by the noise, in time to see the mate, who was a very powerful man, making every effort to throw him overboard. My scream seemed to give energy to one arm, while it paralyzed the other, for, to my relief, a sudden spring brought him round, away from the dangerous opening. They were separated, papa unhurt, the mate with a pair of black eyes, which neither improved his personal appearance nor his behaviour. Things seemed to calm down for a while after this; but only the calm before the storm, for we saw, by the restraint put upon our movements, that mischief was brewing.

I also had my private cares with Ellen, who had engaged herself to Mrs. Harris, and refused to work for me. She

had overdrawn her wages before leaving home, had been left a trunk of clothes by my mother, and we had paid first cabin passage for her, that she might sleep with her little charges. Servants were said to be scarce in Australia, and enticing her away, was an easy way to get one, without having to bear the expenses of her passage out. This plan was also tried upon the servant of a gentleman and lady who had become great friends of ours; but the girl, who was a German, to the credit of her country, remained staunch. We looked forward to reaching Rio with feelings you can hardly comprehend. We knew that it was an unhealthy port; but we felt with David of old, that it was better to fall into the hand of the Lord, than into the hands of wicked men, and prayers of heartfelt gratitude arose when we sighted land again. Ellen had told me (commissioned to do so, I thought,) that papa was to be sent back to New York in irons, and we left in Brazil alone. Believing this, it was no wonder she was glad to leave us, was it? When first we came on board, the captain had opened out a few secrets of his life, and boasted of what made us ever after despise him. A remark he made, shortly after leaving New York, will show you what he was. Being told that a man below was very ill, and likely to die, he replied, "I wish he would—the fewer mouths to feed the better." In point of character, his first mate equalled him. He had been once engaged in the slave trade, a traffic which deadens every better feeling in human nature. The second mate was an honest, upright German, too respectable to make a tool for his superiors, and, therefore, not allowed a sight of the log-book the whole voyage.

We were becalmed for twenty-four hours about four miles from land; and the air came wafted from the shore, richly

laden with perfume from the orange groves. Though we found the days hot, the evenings, despite the damp, were very delicious; and we sometimes yielded to a feeling of intense enjoyment, that absorbed all others; but it was only like the criminal condemned to die, dreaming of the delights of freedom, home, and happiness, and awaking to the stern realities of his fearful position, more heart-rending and harrowing, from the taste of bliss he had been enjoying before.

The entrance to Rio surpasses, without exception, in beauty of scenery, any place I ever saw. Huge towering rocks, with occasional peeps of lovely valleys, dotted with country seats, appear on either side of the rather narrow and circuitous winding of the entrance, before you reach the forts; and the luxuriance of the foliage, in some parts, formed strange contrasts to the mountains of sand, entirely without vegetation, seen in others. The water here loses its deep beautiful blue, and changes to a light green, a change generally observed on nearing shore. The forts are at some distance from the town. On passing the first, we were hailed with, "Where are you from?" "Where bound to?" This answered, we were allowed to go on, till we reached the second, when we were again hailed, and told, in very good English, to "heave to and drop your anchor." Our captain's wits seemed to have gone wool-gathering in Australia, for to the repeated command, intelligible to all of us, he kept answering "Australia," and sailing on, to the apparent rage of the officer at the fort, who, at last, fired a gun across our bows, a proceeding which brought prompt obedience: and we were told to go back, and drop our anchor between the two guardships. This done, I saw the American ensign over our heads, run up reversed; and, missing papa, went down, and

found him dressing himself in his best clothes, and was told that it was a signal of distress, and call for assistance, to any American frigate in port; and it was probable their threats were now about to be put into execution, in as far as they could carry them. I was begged to bear myself, as bravely as I could. Choking down a few rebellious tears, I hurried on deck, and was just in time to see a boat full of armed marines, and an officer, pull alongside of us, and placing myself by the side of the captain—an unwelcome position—heard the officer say, “Signal reversed, sir; are you in need of assistance?” “Yes, sir; can you come up here, and I will tell,” was the reply. The question was put, “Have you been boarded by the custom-house yet?” “No.” “Then I cannot go up. Can you not tell me what you want?” “We are in a state of mutiny, and I want the ringleaders taken off,” said the captain. “You shall be immediately attended to; I must return to report.” He was pulling off, when papa, who had just come up, inquired, “Is the port healthy at the present moment, sir?” to which the officer politely replied, “Indeed, I am sorry to say, it is not; yellow fever is raging, sir.”

We walked up and down the deck a few moments, chatting; and I told him, in an undertone, what had occurred, and that he might trust to me, to let him know all they were going to do. We then separated, as the custom-house and health officers were coming on board. They had no sooner left, than the frigate's boat was again at our side; this time with the captain of the frigate in her, and men armed to the teeth. He came on board, and was invited to the cabin. I quietly followed, and seated myself on the opposite side of the table to that taken by them, they having their backs towards me. The conversation was opened by Capt. Bailey's

saying, "I called for your assistance, sir, to take off the ringleaders in a mutiny we have had on board." "I am sorry to hear it," was the reply. "Have you a strong crew, and did they try to obtain possession?" "Oh! it was not the crew," said the captain; "the trouble was among the passengers;" and he went on with a tissue of falsehoods, ending with, "and the chief ringleader, a Mr. C—, in the middle of the night, tried to commit murder, by seizing the first officer of the ship and trying to throw him overboard." Burning with indignation, I could hear no more, and said, "How can you dare to say such infamous falsehoods, Captain Bailey?" At this, they both turned round; and the frigate captain, seeing me for the first time, bowed, and, with gentlemanly politeness, laid his cap upon the table. Our worthy looked taken aback, at quiet me venturing so much; but recovering his insolent manner immediately, laughed a "Ha! ha! we'll see if we can't *prove that*." "I believe *you* to be base enough to try anything," I replied. "This I know; there is not one word of truth in what you have told this gentleman." The latter, with an air of great kindness, then asked me to give him my version of the affair, which I did, as calmly and clearly as I could. I had just finished, when papa came into the cabin, some one having told him I had the temerity to deny Capt. Bailey's statement: and, fearing some rudeness, was not a little surprised to find me quietly telling my story, and as quietly listened to; the efforts to interrupt being checked at first by the firm authoritative, "A lady is speaking, sir," of the kind old gentleman. Saying he could not possibly be in "durance more vile" than the present, papa offered at once to go with the frigate captain, who, in a tone of surprise, inquired, "Are you the person against whom these

charges are brought?" "I believe I am, sir," was the reply. "I am a British subject; and here is my commission of First Lieutenant, Militia Artillery, as proof of what I say. I am by profession a barrister of Lower Canada, and shall, of course, appeal to the British Ambassador for protection, if made prisoner, as I hear is proposed." "You have a perfect right to do so," was the reply. "I would not second such a measure, and will have nothing to do with the case. I came on board, expecting to find the whole crew had mutinied, and this, from what I can make out, is simply a dispute between you and the first officer, and no mutiny whatever. I will have nothing to do with it." Captain B.'s remonstrances were of no avail. He then asked what he could do, and was told that he might have an investigation held upon the case by the American Consul, if he wished to push the matter; and evidently much chagrined at having been brought a fool's errand, when, as he said, the whole port was in commotion at the reversal of the flag, the frigate captain left the cabin, smiling, and bowing his farewell to me as he did so. On deck, he said, "You have been boarded by both custom-house and health officers, I believe?" "We have," was the reply. "Then all your passengers can go on shore, if they like." "All, sir?" inquired papa. "All," he echoed, nodding pleasantly, taking his departure, carrying my most grateful feelings and good wishes with him for his kind and gentlemanlike behavior, so great a contrast to what we had lately been accustomed to. No doubt, long ere this, the good captain of the frigate *Constitution* has quite forgotten the circumstance. I never shall, and, certainly, shall always remember him with pleasure. I often thought afterwards, when the whole of the nefarious proceedings of our captain and party towards the passengers

became known, so as to render them the abhorrence of all right-minded people in Rio de Janeiro, he must have been glad he refused to lend an aid towards their persecution.

I had forgotten to say that I was also present during the conversation of Capt. Bailey with the health and custom-house officers, and heard them ask him, "If he intended staying long in Rio?" to which he answered, "Three or four weeks." "Indeed! that will be a bad thing for your passengers, the port is so unhealthy. What will keep you so long?" "Oh!" was the reply, "I have put in for repairs. We have had very stormy weather, lost several sails, sprung a leak in a heavy gale, and have to put into dock for a complete overhauling." Nothing was said about want of provisions, &c. Of course, I reported this first information any of us had of a heavy gale and losing sails to our friends, who were not a little astonished at it, and the length of time proposed to remain in Rio; and not knowing where it all would end, felt very uneasy at the prospect of affairs.

Next morning, Dec. 23d, papa and most of the passengers took advantage of the numerous boats crowding round us for employment, rowed by half naked, mahogany-colored negroes, to go ashore. It was evening before he returned, bringing with him a basket full of oranges, bananas, and pineapples, and plenty of news—good as regarded himself, bad respecting the ship. He had called upon the British Ambassador, and found him out of town, but saw his secretary, who had heard of the reversal of the flag, and laughed most heartily at the whole case. He said they could do nothing beyond the holding of a court of inquiry by the American Consul, which papa might attend or not as he pleased; he would recommend the attendance, were it only to expose them. He also advised our leaving the ship im-

mediately, on account of the danger of fever getting on board, and told him of a good private hotel in St. Domingos, a beautiful place opposite Rio, and much more healthy than the city. Of the ship, they had all heard that a "Yankee trick" was about to be played upon them. The captain would try to raise money upon her, under pretense of repairing her. Failing in that, he would let her be condemned—the passengers' freight, cargo, and all—and sold, to clear off the debts incurred; then buy her in for almost nothing, and return, with a cargo of coffee, to New York, leaving them in Rio. Scarcely could they believe such a thing possible, till reminded they were in a Brazilian port, where law and justice are slow, and might right; and as it had already been successfully done in many cases, it was possible it would be in this. Shortly after, they met several English people; and glad to see white faces among so many dark ones, spoke to them, and found they were unfortunate passengers of the steamer *Fanny* upon whom this very game had been played a month before. Seventy of them had since died of fever; some had managed to leave Rio; some were begging in its streets, and the rest remaining to see what would become of the vessel. This was not encouraging news for us—something sadly telling us the suspicions of the Rio people were not without foundation; and next day, in apparent confirmation, there appeared, in a Brazilian paper, this advertisement: "Wanted to borrow, on bottomry bond, \$6,000, to repair the barque *Catherine Augusta*." Upon this, papa at once secured the lodgings recommended, and began to search for a vessel for Australia, but could not find one.

We were to leave the ship for our quarters the evening of the day after Christmas—waiting that long, that he might submit to the investigation, the notice of which the mate

had triumphantly served upon him. Nearly all on board offered themselves as witnesses, saying they could soon clear him, a fact which I alone doubted—visions of his being sent back to New York in irons, rising up like a phantom, and scaring away comforting thoughts.

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CHAPTER IV.

Visit to Rio—Hurricane—The Case—Mr. Vernon—Narrow Escape.

THE day before Christmas I paid my first visit to the shore. I was disappointed in the aspect of the city as we neared it. Laying at a distance, Rio seems to be a city of palaces, rising above one another, and giving one an idea of a people far advanced in the luxuries of civilization. All this vanishes on a closer acquaintance. Narrow, filthy streets, with dirty houses, covered with tiles, meet your eye at every turn; and the state of the sickly looking inhabitants, and the number of wretched slaves, either chained in gangs, working half naked, and covered with boils, sometimes with tin masks on their faces, locked behind as a punishment, bodies deeply scarred, and cut into with the flagellator, sadden and sicken you. Here the evil of slavery's curse and the want of Gospel light are very apparent: nowhere are the masses in a more degraded state than in the capital of the Brazils. I found out all this after having had some experience in the delights of Brazilian society. On this, my first visit, novelty, indeed, did not, as usual, "charm." My own troubles weighed heavily, and the sympathy warmly excited for the miserable beings around me, made me blind to the attractions papa was trying to divert me with, and whose charms women are usually not behind in acknowledging—the shop windows, filled with beautiful and costly articles, dressed for Christmas. Poor slave! I kept thinking our blessed Saviour indeed came on earth to save you

as well as us, and yet how few of you ever hear of it. What is Christmas, merry Christmas, to you? It did not promise to be very merry for myself. I soon bought the toys I wanted for the poor children, not wishing them to feel more of our sorrows than I could help; and resisting all the offers of presents for myself, prepared to return with much greater alacrity than I could have thought possible on a first visit to an empire city. By the time we reached the wharf, the sky, which had been clear, with a suffocatingly hot air, overclouded, and a wind had sprung up, circling round and carrying with it clouds of sand and dust. In spite of our entreaties, as it was late, backed with what seldom fails to move a negro—promise of extra pay—the boatmen refused to go to the ship till the storm was over, telling us, what we could not believe, it would not last half an hour. Finding we could not shake their determination, we had to submit, and return to the Hotel Pharo, near the wharf, where they were making active preparations for the hurricane, as they called it—shutting up windows and dropping curtains over them, bolting doors, &c., all of which was scarcely finished when the storm burst over us—thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, seeming to strive which would have the mastery. I was much frightened; and papa proposed that we should remain all night where we were. This I did not like to agree to, not wishing to leave the children on board without me, and hoping, in spite of our unbelief, that the boatmen's prediction would prove true—that the storm would be over in half an hour; and, sure enough, to our delight, it was, leaving the air as cool and delightful, as it had been hot and insufferable before, though its effects did not subside so quickly on the water, as the sea was running so high, that the boatmen begged for a respite of another half hour, which

was not given them. We, however, reached the ship safely, and slept soundly, tired with our walk on the hot pavements. Next day, Christmas—my birth-day—proved to be a fearfully hot one. We could do nothing but lie on the deck and fan ourselves, and had hardly energy enough to wish each other the compliments of the day. The children were quite put out by having no pudding, and would not believe it was Christmas at all. The following morning—the eventful 26th—all went ashore, the second-cabin passengers dressed in their best, to be near and ready to give their testimony, should it be required—their own grievances absorbed in their anxiety as to the result of the case. I occupied myself in packing one or two trunks, to take ashore with us in the evening, and locking up the rest till I could return for them. Ellen, being perfectly sure our sun was set, never offered me any assistance, but continued as contumacious as ever. I confess to the heaviness of that day; and I look back upon it as the most anxious one of my life, and the effort to conceal all suffering, perhaps made it the harder to bear.

It was four o'clock before a boat came from the shore. As it neared us, a kind old gentleman, a Jew, (who died of fever shortly after,) was the first to see me, and, taking off his hat, waved it round his head to me. It was enough. I knew all was well; and my eyes became so dim, I could see nothing more. Another moment, quick steps were upon the ladder; and I heard the gleeful shout of "Hurra, we've won," and turning, saw the capers into the air of my brother and young Mr. C., who scarcely seemed to know if they stood upon their heads or their heels. Both hands went to papa, who came forward and said, "We have won, my wife; but show no delight, no triumph. We must not crow over fallen enemies. Get yourself and the children ready quickly.

We will leave in this boat." I could not obey at once, my hand was so seized and shaken on all sides, two other boats full having arrived. When, at last, I got down, I found Ellen looking rather crestfallen. She came forward, offering to help me, and saying she was so delighted I was going to leave the "nasty ship, and live in that beautiful country place," and wished I would "take her, too, as Mrs. Stolz had Anna." I quietly lashed her by saying, "Anna was Mrs. Stolz's servant; *you* are not mine." When ready to leave, the good second mate came forward in evident distress, and apologized for not having the chair rigged to lower me down, as all the other ladies had, saying it was the express orders of his superior, before leaving, that "Mrs. C. was to go down the side of the ship." I laughed, and told him not to mind it—I was young, active, and did not fear, and the children would be easily managed. When the second-cabin passengers saw this little bit of spite, they wanted to give three groans for Mr. Bryant; but papa quieted them, by reminding them of their promise to let him off without a word.

I got down, narrowly escaping a cold bath, from the difficulty in keeping the boat near, as the wind was blowing fresh, and the waves pretty high. Just as I was seated, the captain's boat came up; the mate was steering, and dashed the boat into us, as if to upset us. He looked wicked enough to do it; but, no doubt, the sight of the bulwarks, all lined with heads, made him fear that if he threw us into the water, he would not be long in following.

While going to the shore, papa gave me the particulars of the case, which I shall shorten as much as possible, still leaving his own words: "I left my witnesses (about twenty) outside of the Consul's room. On entering, I found all the

party before me. I first objected to the jurisdiction of the Consul acting as judge in a foreign country. This was held good; and he told me, 'It was simply an investigation of the matter,' to which I said, 'I was perfectly willing to submit.' I next objected to the mate's witnesses being all in the room together, which caused stormy opposition, but which objection was also held. From this arose the most contradictory evidence on their part—what one said was white, the other made black; and when I came to my gentleman, the mate himself, and put him under a cross-examination, he so lost his temper, that I had twice to claim the protection of the representative of his country to keep him quiet. When finished, I refused to call any of my own witnesses, resting the case upon their own evidence. The Consul approved of this; and on dismissing the action said, 'Had he been placed in Mr. C.'s position, he probably would have acted as he did;' and after soundly rating Master Bryant, wound up with, 'Before you attempt to command others, sir, learn to command yourself.'

"My people outside were in such spirits at the result of the affair, that they proposed an adjournment to the Hotel Pharo, 'to stand treat,' which, as I am a Son of Temperance, was passing off very innocently, when in strode the mate, saying, 'he wanted satisfaction.' At this, up jumped 'Canada Jim,' a strapping fellow of six feet, from the second cabin, and with a 'leave him to me, sir; I'll settle him,' said, 'You want satisfaction, do you, Mr. Bryant? I'm ready to give it. Here goes,' catching him by the collar, and giving him a kick, 'and here—and here,' carrying him before him, amid the roars of the bystanders, till he dropped him outside of the door, which he did not venture to re-open, as the greatest bullies are always the greatest cowards, you know."

I could not help laughing as papa finished his story, the telling of which almost convulsed himself, but said, I thought it hardly fair to lynch-law Mr. Bryant in that style. The gentleman, however, thought the second-cabin passengers might lead a better life for the future, as he would certainly respect their champion's strength of purpose.

By this time we had reached the beach, in front of our new residence, with which I was charmed at once, as it was a fine large house, and pleasantly situated. We followed papa up stairs, into the apartments provided for us, where he sat G. (who had slept in his arms the whole way) down upon the floor to awaken her. Opening her eyes, she looked^d around in astonishment, rubbed them, and looked around again; then, as if comprehending where she was, jumped up, and ran about the room, screaming, "A house—a dear house," meaning house, climbing on the sofas and into arm-chairs, as if they were old friends, and her delight did not subside for several days. We were scarcely less pleased than Miss G. Our rooms were large and airy, our private sitting-room commanding a view of the beautiful bay, the waters of which seemed almost to dash against our door. After our friends had sufficiently admired all, and congratulated us upon our pleasant change, they returned to the ship, sorry the already deepening shades of evening would not allow them to remain to tea. After they left, we had our cosy tea-table to ourselves, at which I presided; and long did we linger over it, enjoying the delights of an uninterrupted chat, and truly thankful for our many mercies. After the children were in bed, we strolled upon the beach for half an hour, quite regardless of the heavy damps, and the numerous mosquitoes, and lost in admiration of the beauties of the bay by moonlight. The tinkling of guitars, and the sound of sweet

voices, heard in the distance, made us almost fancy ourselves transported to fairy-land. That night our sleep was undisturbed, even by dreams; and though we were not exactly "up with the lark," because there are none in Brazil, we certainly lost none of the lovely morning in bed. As soon as we were heard stirring, our hostess brought in a large dish of ripe oranges, telling us they were more wholesome before breakfast than at any other part of the day, and we soon got into the habit of always eating them then.

Time kept flying, and found us still at St. Domingos, without the slightest prospect of ever reaching Australia, and, indeed, little of ever getting away at all. The few vessels leaving were either filled, or did not take passengers; yet had it not been for our increasing anxiety about the fever, to which papa was much exposed, our stay in Brazil would have been one of much pleasure—there is so much to see, so much for a lover of the grand and beautiful in nature to admire, and the people were so hospitable, inviting us, though perfect strangers, to many dinners and parties, few of which we accepted. One night, however, we dined with a Mr. Vernon, a young English merchant, who had made Rio his home for several years; and I must tell you of a funny story about him. A boat race having been got up by the Emperor, with a gold cup as prize, Mr. Vernon entered his own boat, rowed by young Englishmen, himself being stroke-oarsman. Of course, the brawny arms of the children of Old Mother soon carried them to the goal most victoriously. The Emperor was in raptures, and made a very pretty speech, giving Mr. Vernon the cup with his own hands. That gentleman, who could use his arms better than his tongue, was so taken aback, that, after an awkward pause, in which he was expected to say something, bluntly and

warmly, came out with, "Your Majesty's a brick." This could hardly be translated to the bystanders; but when the idea was conveyed to them, it elicited great laughter, loud applause, and a hearty shake of the Emperor's hand, who appreciated the compliment, and took all the young Englishmen home to dine with him, ever after remembering Mr. Vernon with kindness.

We saw but little of papa all day, as he devoted his services to those who had not deserted him in his hour of need, going from consul to consul, and from ship to ship, in Rio, and running great risk from contagion. The passengers' position was becoming more and more harrowing, from the spread of sickness among them, owing to their crowded state, and the bad food served out to them.

The captain refused to send on the vessel to Australia, or to furnish means for them to get on in other vessels, and even refused to give up the cargo belonging to them. They had offered to appoint their own surveyor, conjointly with his, to hold a survey upon the ship, as some of them were ship-builders, and carpenters by trade, and thought a small sum would make her quite sea-worthy, which they offered the American Consul to advance themselves, and to provision her. This was refused. Although by far the greater number on board were British subjects from the Canadas, the British Consul could give them no redress, as they had sailed under the American flag, though he exerted himself in every way to better their condition, in getting them food and employment. Many Brazilian families also charitably helped the sufferers. It may be wondered why the American Consul did nothing. The reason he gave was, that the United States had only lately become a country from which there was emigration, and, therefore, had no laws empowering him

to act, for the protection of emigrants, save in California. To their credit, however, the representatives of other countries were not behind the English in doing their best for these people; and none worked so hard as a dear old gentleman, the Dutch Consul, who had taken a great fancy to papa, and showed him much friendship.

Finding it necessary to bring the rest of our baggage from the ship, papa proposed going for it, but finally yielded to my entreaties, to let my brother and myself do it for him, as I always lived in dread of his meeting the mate. I found Ellen still on board. Mrs. Harris had cast her off, and I promised to get her a place and a passage, if possible. As I was bidding them farewell, an old lady gave me a beautiful nautilus shell, as a keepsake. While waiting on the deck for the boxes to be lowered into the boat, I was almost stunned by a block falling at my feet, and dashing the nautilus out of my hand into a thousand pieces. The front of my bonnet was also bent by it. Looking up, I saw the first mate arranging the rigging, and nearly fainted with fear. I am willing to suppose it was accidental; yet strange, the very argument used by a friend that morning, on joining his persuasions to mine, to prevent papa going, was, "The mate might let a block fall, *quite accidentally*, you know, upon your head from above, and kill you." The people who saw it, were horrified at the escape I had had; and one of them said, "Make haste, Mrs. C., and get out of this ship—it is not a lucky one for you." An Almighty hand alone saved me that day.

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CHAPTER V.

Brazilian Living—Productions—Mosquitoes—Ship—Off—Voyage.

IN mode of living, the people of Rio differ little from ourselves. Their houses are, for the most part, well furnished, with polished floors, in lieu of carpets. Having no chimneys, the kitchens are in the upper story, and the smoke created, by the heating of their brick ovens once a day, escapes through the openings of the tiles in the roof. The ladies dress richly, and are not, generally speaking, handsome, though possessing the redeeming quality of large dark eyes. From living so much in-doors, they grow enormously stout, and roll rather than walk. All who can afford it, keep carriages, drawn by two or four mules, horses being expensive, and not fitted for the mountainous roads. In personal appearance, the men present a striking contrast to the women, being small, dried-up looking creatures, and having a most universal ugliness. They are much addicted to smoking, beginning at what we would consider a baby's age, but they are moderate in the use of liquors. Theatres, masquerades, and amusements of all kinds, are well patronized by the people of Brazil. We saw some amusing torch-light processions. The actors were all gaily dressed, and danced through the streets, to the music of a band, women, in white dresses and satin shoes, performing pirouettes through a mud-puddle. We visited the town residence of the Emperor, and were disappointed with it, many of the wealthy citizens having finer houses. Outwardly, it presents the

appearance of a prison, and the square it is built in, is by no means a handsome one. The churches are beautifully decorated inside, and some of them are very large. Papa visited several very fine monasteries, the chapels of which were fitted up in the most costly style, and having many fine old paintings. He was kindly received by the priests, who took pains to show him everything they thought might interest him. He was anxious that I might also see them, and asked if he might bring me, but the poor monks seemed horrified at the request, telling him, "a woman was never allowed there." In religion, the people are all Roman Catholic; and here there is less vitality, and more formality with it, than is to be seen in countries where there is a greater mixture of religions. In Rio there is but one Protestant Church, and it had a very small congregation, principally strangers, and I was told it was the only one in Brazil. A good deal of attention is paid to the numerous gardens in the vicinity of Rio, as the sale of the fruit is very profitable, and forms generally the pin-money allowed to the ladies, who employ their negresses to retail it, even on Sunday, about the streets. We went to see several of them, and found them kept in neat order, the flower-beds being bordered with pretty shells, and in very tasteful arrangement. Vegetation is here very luxuriant, almost too rank for the health of the inhabitants. Many delicious fruits grow in perfection—oranges, banana, pineapple, sweet lemon, tamarinds, &c.; but they did not equal, to our taste, the peaches, apples, strawberries, plums and wild fruits of our northern country. Potatoes, wheat-flour, corn, and many of our necessaries, have here to be imported; and, from the want of tender grass, the beef and mutton is coarse, and the milk thin and watery. Poultry is very

scarce, and the fish inferior. They have many vegetable products only produced in warm climates, such as manioc flour, yams, and various other sweet-tasting roots, not pleasing to our palates. Coffee and sugar are here produced abundantly; and we also saw the various spice shrubs; but I do not know whether they are cultivated to a sufficient extent to admit of their being an article of exportation. We admired the brilliancy of the plumage of the Brazilian birds very much, though their notes were discordant and harsh. The parrot here exceeds in beauty and size any I ever saw. The monkeys afforded the children a great deal of amusement, watching their antics, climbing trees, mocking and grinning at them. We found the country also plentifully supplied with ants, baratan, centipedes, scorpions, fleas, and mosquitoes, the two last being the most abundant, were also the most troublesome. The flea lays an egg in the flesh, particularly in the feet, which, if not soon removed, produces violent inflammation, and is exceedingly painful. The mosquitoes were so troublesome, that we had to walk the floor many nights, sleep being impossible, in spite of good mosquito bed-curtains. The children's faces and arms were in a fearful state, the hot weather turning the bites into running sores. One night they were so bad, that after smoking the house several times, the gentlemen could stand it no longer, and went and sat out of doors, smoking, till morning. One of them, a young Swedish captain, declared he would rather risk the fever on board his ship, than be tormented in that way any longer. The others tried to laugh him out of it; but he left, and a few days after died of fever. His sad fate made us bear our little tormentors more patiently. The lizards here are very large, and of a brilliant green; the animal, in form and motion, is anything

but pleasing. They used to run up the walls, and enter the rooms; and we always examined our beds at night for fear of an intruder, though they are very harmless, which cannot be said of the numerous snakes, whose bite is deadly, a person rarely living, I was told, more than an hour after getting one.

After being about a month living at St. Domingos, at no small expense, we heard of a vessel leaving, bound for Havre, in France; and as every hour's delay was dangerous to us, the fever having carried off twenty of our people, papa visited her, to take our passages, to get away from Rio—*anywhere*. He found every sailor on board down with fever, which caused him to hesitate, and take one day's consideration, that he might consult a doctor, who told him, on no account, to go in her, as we would surely take the fever by infection; and even did we not, we had been too long in Rio, to go north through the tropics again, without taking it. After we left port, our only chance of escape lay in going south into a cold climate at once.

That afternoon, a Dutch vessel, bound for Australia, put in for provisions. Scarcely crediting the good news, papa flew to his friend, the Dutch Consul, who said she was full, but that he would make the captain take us, even if he had to give up his own state-room, as it would be such a good thing to get on board of a ship laying out in the bay, and not putting into the wharves at all. In three days from this, we bid good-bye to our Brazilian friends, and went on board the *Mathilde*, Captain Weyburg. We found her a fine large Dutch East Indiaman, flush deck, with which I was well satisfied, as there was not so much danger of Miss G.'s going overboard. We were obliged to pay as much passage money as we had in the first instance, from New York. The

captain had put in for provisions; and his charterers having no agents there, he raised as much money by us as he could. Thus people are always found ready to take advantage of the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures. Papa also laid out £12 in stores for the children, and wines, in case of sickness. Three of our second-cabin passengers got on board—two as sailors, paying fifty dollars each, and working their passages, and one as steward, for which he paid sixty dollars. Although a large ship, she had not been fitted for passengers, and the captain was obliged to give up his state-room to us—my brother and the two young gentlemen we had in our charge sharing one bed, by taking it different watches* during fine weather, and in bad, sleeping on the cabin floor, thankful for even that, to get away. For Ellen I got a place as chambermaid at the hotel where we had boarded; and papa gave her sixty dollars, in case she should have to pay her passage on. The British Consul promised to remember and forward her to Australia, if possible. Would you believe, that in spite of all this, she made me cut open a large tin case, in which my most valuable things were soldered up, to get out a few trifles which I had given a place in that box. Of course, not being able to get it closed up again, the things in it were nearly all ruined when I reached Australia, a velvet cloak being green with mildew. We left her, however, with light hearts. We were much amused the evening before we sailed by a visit from the hotel-keeper with whom Captain Bailey, his wife, child and servant had been boarding. He came to tell us he had been obliged to turn the gallant captain out of doors, not having had one farthing of payment from him, and to ask what could be done against him; but we could not tell him, as

* Divisions of time on board ship.

the captain had no effects he could seize, and even had he, the Brazilian law was so defective, he might gain nothing. Poor man, we sympathized with him; he was one more victim, and we never afterwards learned if he recovered anything in payment.

On the 21st of January we left Rio, not a little grateful to find ourselves leaving a place we had almost given up all idea of ever getting away from, and having our little band all safe. Captain Bailey had seen Captain Weyburg, and tried to frighten him from taking us, but was too late, as our money was paid. He used to laugh afterwards when telling us how frightened the captain's stories had made him of us. The day after sailing, one of our *Catherine Augusta* passengers, who had become a sailor, was taken ill with yellow fever, and in a few days died; and your father had again to perform the sad task of burial. Happily, the fever did not spread, and this was the last we saw of it.

In two weeks we found the weather very cold, and were glad to put on furs, feeling it more, from having been roasting so long under a tropical sun. We saw white pigeons, gulls, and albatrosses in abundance. The sailors caught many of the latter, killing and eating them. They are a fine large bird, some of those we caught measuring ten feet from tip to tip. When brought on deck they cannot rise from it, and, strange to say, become at once sea-sick. They are a very ravenous bird, and are called the marine vulture. A sailor told us of an instance of a boy's having fallen overboard from a vessel, on which he had been, and before the boat could be lowered, and get to his assistance, the albatrosses were around him in numbers, and had picked out his eyes, although every effort had been made, by throwing large pieces of beef, to draw them away from him. Our passen-

gers spared all the gulls, the sailors having a prejudice against their being killed. We saw this with regard to a bird that was caught, called the "parson"—black, with a white throat. They showed the greatest of uneasiness about it; and were much pleased when, at our intercession, it was spared, on condition that I would work a collar, with the name of the ship, day of the month, year, and latitude and longitude on it, which I soon did, with white cotton on red flannel, and the prisoner was set free.

After we passed the Cape of Good Hope, on the 20th of February, we had a strong gale, with head wind, which lasted two days, and broke our mizen boom. I went on deck to see the storm, and the mountain waves, each one seeming as if it would swallow us up. How utterly insignificant man feels at such a time. Truly, we are in the hands of a kind and merciful Father, who not only permits us to see His works and wonders on the deep, but, not the least wonder of all, brings us so safely through the danger of them. A poor little Mother Carey's chicken took refuge on deck, and was brought down to the cabin to show G., who was so pleased with it, that she wanted to keep it, saying, "She liked dear wee birdie like that, not big albatrosses who ran about deck trying to bite you." After giving it shelter for the night, we let it fly. On the 27th we had snow. 8th of March we sighted the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam. The captain was anxious to see these islands, to know if his calculations were correct, and found that we were 100 miles further on than he thought we were. The 10th of March was G.'s birth-day; and we gave her little presents, and made her so pleased, that she wanted next day to be birth-day too. March 17th, St. Patrick's day, was a noisy one on board. A Mr. Black sold spirituous

liquors of all kinds; and you may suppose there was much fighting in the steerage. The doctor was nearly beaten to death in his berth, in the second cabin, and the person who did it next day apologized, saying he had not the slightest ill-will to him, and had he been sober, never would have thought of such a thing—small reparation for the black eyes and bruised face of the unfortunate doctor, who was good enough to forgive him, and promise not to prosecute him in Melbourne. March 28th, we were sixty-seven days from Rio, and saw our first sail. What rapture it gave us, after almost fancying ourselves the only ship on the ocean. The morning was red and lowering, and by dinner time we had a perfect hurricane, which, though it only lasted ten minutes, tore three sails to ribbons, and broke an iron bar, as thick as a man's arm, short off, so easily, that the captain feared the rudder would be the next to go, as it required the united strength of four men to turn the wheel. We were all frightened, except G., who, as she was tossed from side to side of the sofa by the rolling of the ship, kept laughing with delight, and calling out, "Here I goes, here I goes;" and even in spite of our fears, a glimpse into the second cabin, facing ours, set us all laughing. It was also dinner-time with them, and plates, dishes, and knives, scorning all guards, went flying over people's heads in wild confusion; barrels of biscuit, pork and beef came from their hiding places, in snug corners, and went dancing about, to the great danger of the legs of those trying to get out of their way—while buckets of dish-water, meat, pudding and sauces made the floor so slippery, that those who tried to take refuge in their berths, falling, in vain attempted to rise, and went sliding, with every roll of the ship, from side to side, hands, faces and hair well bedaubed with the float-

ing mixture, which they were afterwards at some trouble to get rid of, for things had amalgamated which had probably never met together before. When within four days sail of Melbourne, we buried another of our fellow-passengers, a young man in the steerage, the only remaining son and support of his old parents, who were with him. They had hoped he would have lasted till they had reached shore; and his death was a great grief to them, more especially, as being a Roman Catholic, he died without benefit of clergy. Poor people, they could not understand that Jesus is everywhere, but thought he was only to be found under the shadow of the priestly garment. They were simple, pious people, and one could not help feeling sad to think of the delusions they were under. The poor old man would be up all night, praying to all the saints in the calendar to intercede for him, not knowing that "there is but one Mediator with God—the Father, the man Christ Jesus." 2nd of April, provision day, the discovery was made that we were out of salt beef, tea, coffee, rice, beans, and flour, and the pork did not promise to hold out long. We had been some time without the et ceteras—as potatoes, molasses, mustard, dried apples, and such things; indeed, we had been but badly supplied with provisions. Mr. Black's family were the only first-cabin passengers, besides ourselves, and they had seized upon all the dried and preserved meats and fruits put on at Liverpool, saying, we were only the captain's passengers, not the charterers, and had no right to them. We submitted to this bit of injustice, which was not as bad as their selling spirits, and robbing the poor people of the little money they ought to have had in landing. April 3rd, we sighted land; and as the captain had never been in Australia before, was cautious, sailing only in day-time, laying to at night.

CHAPTER VI.

Entrance to Melbourne — Friends — Appointment to Ovens — Climate of Melbourne. — Letter.

ENTERING Port Phillip harbour, the scenery is soft and pleasing. There is a small fort at the entrance; and we hoisted a flag for a pilot, who came and took us half a mile further, to a safe anchorage, pointing out to us several wrecks of vessels stuck on rocks around us. We felt grateful that we had entered so safely. Next day, and the next, we were proceeding quietly on, with two other vessels, under the care of the pilot, till noon, when we dropped anchor in Hobson's Bay, with Williams Town on one side, and Melbourne, up the Yarra, on the other. We were soon surrounded with boats of all kinds—custom-house and health officers, butchers and bakers; it was quite ridiculous to see the way we all plyed these poor men with questions. Of course, we were inquisitive as to the prices of necessary articles in Melbourne, and were not a little shocked at the information we received, which afforded no small amusement to our informers, as they richly enjoy what they elegantly term "gulling a new chum," though there was much of truth, as we afterwards found to our sorrow, in what they told us. Papa had the satisfaction of hearing that the vessel his brother had left England in had arrived eight months before. We found the custom-house officer was from New Brunswick, and had the same name as ourselves; so we looked upon each other as friends and neighbors, if not relations at once. Strange how absence from home opens the heart to all who come from

any place near it—how much it does towards those who come from it I was afterwards to find out. By the time we had passed through the hands of these gentlemen, it was too late to think of going ashore; and we spent the evening walking the deck, talking over all that had been told us. They had left us some *Argus* newspapers. In the latest of them we saw this funny advertisement: "Wanted, a Lieutenant-Governor. Apply to the people of Victoria. Wanted, a Colonial Secretary. Apply to the same." The passengers all jokingly told papa here was a chance for him. There were numerous ships laying around us. Here we saw one in quarantine from Liverpool; 101 of its passengers died of ship fever on the way out. How it humbled us, to think of our unnumbered and undeserved mercies, not the least of which was our exemption from yellow fever in leaving Rio. Here we saw vessels from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, French, Swedish, and Chinese; and the shades of evening deepened around us, and found us still admiring and chatting, and chatting and admiring.

Next morning, papa went ashore to search for friends and lodgings, leaving us to finish our packing before taking our final leave of the old *Mathilde*, which, on the whole, we would be sorry to leave. We had been tolerably comfortable, liked the captain, officers, and many of the passengers much, and the time had not hung heavily. I sewed, and taught the children, read, and crocheted, and papa devoted a large part of every day to go on with the education of my brother. In the evening he got back, with much to tell. He had found his young brother and some other friends; but was disappointed in not meeting a gentleman in the commissariat department from home, who had been ordered to Australia. He had left Melbourne, and gone to his station, several

thousand miles away. He had sailed about the time we did ; but our unusual length of voyage had made us miss him. After spending several days, hunting all over Melbourne, going wherever he heard of people of our name, he recommended us, should we ever turn up, to the kind offices of the head of his department there, who had himself spent many years in Canada, and whose wife was a Canadian by birth, and knew many of our friends. Consequently, when papa called at the office, he found himself expected, warmly received, and begged by Mr. B. to look upon him as an old friend at once, and use him as such. So thoroughly in earnest was he, that he said, " Now tell me what is the first thing you want to do ? " And when told to find lodgings, replied, " Well, bring your family to my house, and we will take our time to look about for them, as they are scarce." With grateful thanks, this kind offer was refused, saying, that as we had a great deal of baggage, and our little girl not well, it was better to make only one move. Finding this determination was not to be shaken, he took up his hat, and, arm in arm, they started lodging-hunting. After trying the filthy hotels and every boarding-house Mr. B. knew of, to no purpose, they called upon Mrs. B., to see if she could direct their way for them. On telling of their non-success to her, she directed them to a new house, only opened four weeks before, on the next street, on very exclusive principles, and thought it might suit. Off they started—this time successful. The exclusiveness was overcome by Mr. B.'s introduction, and the payment of two weeks in advance, at £15 sterling per week, for a small bed-room for ourselves and children, and a bed in a room with some other young men for my brother. We were congratulated, not only upon getting lodgings at all, but upon getting them so

cheap for Melbourne. Papa had taken his papers ashore with him, (recommndatory letters from people at home, address of the Quebec Bar upon his leaving, &c.,) and called upon the Colonial Secretary, thinking it best to have no *mauvaise honte* in such a place, and under such circumstances, and had applied for a situation. He was very well received, and his papers highly approved of, and was told that the office of Police Magistrate for the Ovens Gold Fields was open; that the recommendations would be placed before His Excellency, and, he thought, with every chance of success, as they wanted to fill it with a well qualified person, who had a knowledge of law. All this was very satisfactory news to me; and it is hardly necessary to say, night again surprised us, our thoughts busy planning, and our tongues, as usual, not slow in communicating our plans.

Nine o'clock next day we left the ship, in a small steamer, well filled with baggage. As we pushed off, and bowed our farewell to those on board, three cheers were raised for papa. We were touched with this mark of respect, as upon him only was it bestowed, rightly considering that the other first-cabin passenger, Mr. Black, was unworthy of it, from having made such a shameful traffic on board. We had to follow the windings of the narrow Yarra, and were not a little disappointed with it. We had read much of its beauty, and the charming landscapes around it, and found it a filthy little muddy stream, the only variety in the monotony of the scenery being an occasional shed for the washing of wool, surrounded with skins and filth of every description, from which proceeded an odour anything but agreeable. Here and there, would be seen a dead cow, or bullock, lying on the banks in a state of putrefaction; while the brown and withered grass, and the miserable stunted trees, gave us but a

poor idea of the fertility of the soil surrounding the chief city of Australia Felix. One old lady from the green isle of Erin, with tears trickling over her withered cheeks, kept up a lament over there being "no grass here, and nothing green to cheer one's heart." Certainly, shamrocks could not have grown upon the banks of the Yarra.

We reached the wharf at eleven o'clock, and found kind Mr. B. waiting for us. He warmly welcomed me to the antipodes; and, giving me his arm, and taking the children, walked off with us, leaving papa to see the baggage put upon the cart he had thoughtfully secured for us. As cabs were a luxury unknown to Melbourne at that time, and very few even of the wealthiest people kept carriages, he apologized for making us walk, fearing little G. would be tired. She, however, in spite of a late illness, walked exceedingly well, delighted with her new acquaintance, to whom she prattled the whole way, so cheery at again seeing "houfes, and horses, and lots of cows," as she called the teams of bullocks passing by her. We soon reached "Cleveland House," and found it comfortable and prettily situated in the midst of a garden, the flowers delighting our sight, after being so long with only the monotonous ocean to look upon. In the afternoon, papa called upon the Governor, who gave him favorable hopes of receiving the appointment. The evening we spent with the B.'s; and talked about Canada—its cold, clear climate, and its warm-hearted people—to our heart's content. Next morning, as soon as dressed, I ran off to the garden to enjoy the flowers, wondering at the stillness around me, till reminded that I was missing the singing of birds, a sad want in Australia; for though we afterwards saw many varieties of gorgeous plumage, we never heard a singing bird there.

In the course of the day, we parted with our young charges from Canada—one getting a cadetship, and the other joining a party for Ballarat Diggings. Our intercourse had been so pleasant with them, that we separated with regret. They were both of good French families in Canada, and Roman Catholics. One, a Mr. C., kept us constantly amused by his funny ways. Having an aptitude for business, though he had been a medical student for a couple of years at home, he had turned the money his father gave him, in New York, into American clocks, thinking they would sell well in Australia. These were entered as cargo; and the difficulty was how to get at them in Rio. He managed to open one box in the hold without the captain's knowledge; and every time he went on board, by bribing the sailors, got off two or three of his clocks. These, by selling to advantage in Rio, enabled him to pay his board, and we lent him enough for his passage on. The other box was lost, as he could not get at it. Another droll way he made money was, by advertising himself as an "Oculist from Canada." An aunt, in a convent at home, had supplied him with several bottles of some famous eye-water, the receipt of which had been a family secret for years; and upon the strength of this, he set up. Of course, he had many calls, and was sent for to attend some very high families in Rio. His advertisement stated, "That if there was no cure, there was to be no pay," and he honestly acted up to it. The eye-water, and the diet prescribed with it, had, however, done so much good, that when leaving Rio he had more demands than he could attend to, even if his bottles had held out, and was everywhere dubbed "Doctor," to our great amusement.

The third day after landing in Melbourne, I had the pleasure of introducing papa as "His Worship," duly sworn

in, to our friends, who were not a little surprised at his good fortune, as they called it, in getting such an appointment so soon. I cannot say I felt as grateful as they thought I ought to be, as the station was on a newly discovered gold field, which was in a state of disturbance. Some of the former officials not having given satisfaction to the diggers, had been chased off, and narrowly escaped with their lives; and it was 208 miles north of Melbourne, into the interior of the country, over frightful roads, where I could not go, as there were no houses built, and the officers had to live in tents, and the rainy season just coming on. As a set-off to this, the salary was to be, including rations, &c., about £1200 sterling a-year, beginning at once, and a fortnight's leave allowed, to make preparations. Papa had also got for my brother a berth as clerk to the Gold Commission in Melbourne, with a salary of £100 sterling per annum, and a promise of more, if he suited. This, for a young lad, was pretty good, especially as the office was a very respectable one, and the hours only from ten to twelve, and from one to four. At the end of the fortnight we parted, my feeling it the more from being left in a strange land, almost among strangers, and having a very responsible charge.

We were soon enlivened by letters, and a journal kept for my amusement, from which I found that papa had taken six days to reach his destination, travelling in the fastest conveyance, the escort cart, which carried up gold; that he had found the roads shocking, had had continued rain, and was very thankful he had not brought me up with him, as he was sure I could not have survived the journey. On reaching the gold fields, he found everything as miserable as it could well be—a large staff of officers without any accommodation or comfort, beyond a few tents. He thus describes his first twenty-fours there:—

“On arriving at the May-Day Hills, I found out Captain P.’s tent, where I washed myself and changed my clothing. I then remained shivering till Mr. Hood, an Assistant Gold Commissioner, to whom I had a letter of introduction, came and asked me to warm myself at his fire, before the mess dinner. The fire was made in front of his tent, in a nail-keg pierced with holes, as they have no stoves. I soon warmed myself; and we went to dinner, which we took in the Police Court tent, dining in our great coats and hats. After dinner, I returned to the tent, where I remained shivering, quite unable to obtain any warmth, it being so excessively damp.” Next morning, 2nd of May, he continues: “What a horrible night was the last one; it blew and rained as if the gates of the firmament were opened, and it was withal a dark and cold night. I shivered even in my bed; but managed at last, by dint of piling on great coats and everything within reach, to get a little heat into my body, and slept till morning. Then, how dismal everything was. In order to warm myself, I took a cold bath, and put on my flannels, which had the desired effect; went out in the rain to breakfast, which we took in the same guise as we had done our dinner. At ten attended Court; and lunch was brought at one o’clock to my tent by my orderly. At dinner, great coats were again in requisition; but the evening proving milder, I found that they were not always a necessary part of our costume; though you will not wonder at our wearing them, and still suffering from cold, when I tell you that at Snake Valley, five miles from here, snow fell to the depth of three inches.”

Of course, with such accounts as these, my going up to the Ovens was out of the question, till a house could be built for me, which papa was hurrying on as fast as he could.

I found the climate of Melbourne very disagreeable—rain, incessant rain, and wind, so as often to shut us up in the house for days, it being at the risk of one's life to attempt to cross some of the streets after a heavy shower, grown persons frequently being swept off their feet, and children known to be drowned. The lower part of Melbourne had to be crossed, in some parts, by boats. The *Argus* paper was constantly drawing attention to this state of things, an article at times being headed, in large letters, with, "Another child drowned in the streets of Melbourne." A lady described to me one day a disagreeable position in which she had been placed the foregoing week: "I was obliged," she said, "to visit a sick friend in the lower part of the town, and reached the house safely enough, though in crossing Elizabeth street the water reached above my ankles. I had not been long in the house before the rain fell in torrents again, without any abatement, for about two hours. I was advised by my friend to remain all night, but could not leave my young baby, and sallied forth as soon as it ceased a little. I got along pretty well till I again reached Elizabeth street, which is the cross street into which all the others, inclining downwards, pour their accumulation of filth. There I was stopped; I saw the water would take me to my waist. What was to be done? Go on, I must, as it was getting dark; cross over, I could not, and not a cart or horse was to be seen. At last, I entered a shop, and asked the people if they thought it safe for me to venture across. They said, 'Certainly, not alone.' Two gentlemen, appearing to understand my dilemma, came forward, saying, they were going across, and would be happy to assist me. I gladly accepted their offer; and each provided with a stout stick, we plunged into the roaring torrent. I should never have been able to

keep my feet had I not had such able assistance, the force down the street was so great. I reached home drenched and exhausted; and my husband, who had just come from his office, was not a little alarmed to find me out on such a day."

In such a place, my tendencies not being naturally aquatic, I was necessarily much confined to the house, and my health suffered accordingly. I was a martyr to neuralgia, influenza, and all the other ills of a damp, cold climate; and when I did get out, was obliged to wear as warm clothing as I had ever done in Canada, as the sharp winds and damp air penetrated my very bones. I often thought, with a sigh, of all the accounts of the lovely climate of Australia, where the sun ever shone, and the "place was a Paradise," and thought if I were only in Canada again, those who liked it were welcome to the possession of it for me; and the feeling only deepened the longer I remained in the country, for when the rainy season was over, and the dry one began, the cool damp was even preferable to the suffocatingly hot winds and sirroccos to which we were subject every few days. Nothing could keep out the dust-storms. They reminded me, in their thickness, to a heavy snow-storm of home, substituting hot pricking sand for cool snow. Gentlemen, when they could venture out of doors, did so, with coat-collars up, and a thick green veil tied over hat and all, and came home, hair, whiskers, and face, looking as if they had been showered upon with a huge red-sand box. Business, however, was generally suspended till the sirrocco was over. The beauty of these dust-storms was, they involved regular house-cleaning after every one of them; as if the dust were allowed to remain upon carpets and curtains, it speedily turned into fleas. How the people of Canvastown lived

through them, was often a marvel to me. Canvastown was a collection of some hundreds of tents opposite Melbourne, where people who could not afford to pay the enormous rents of that city—lodged, shall I say? No—existed. Many people of respectability in their own country were found there; and the exposure to wet and cold carried them off by typhus fever in numbers. Melbourne itself was subject to that complaint, as well as dysentery, which was common. To give you an idea of the rents, the small cottage allowed Mr. B., as the head of his department, cost Government £500 sterling per annum; and I knew, in several cases, of two or three rooms costing £200 a-year. As most of the land near Melbourne was owned by Government, and locked up—that is to say, they would sell none of it—the city was ill supplied with vegetables and dairy productions—milk, butter, &c., absurdly dear. Indeed, most of the latter articles were imported. Our idea had been to buy land, and settle upon it; but when your father heard it was impossible to obtain it, he was glad to get something else to do.

While in Melbourne, I was invited to a ball given by the Governor, on the Queen's birth-day; and the cost of ball-going may be imagined, when I tell you that the carriage hired by my friends, with the owner's stipulation that they should leave at a certain hour, cost seven guineas. The ball itself cost His Excellency what would have given four or five in any other part of the world, and he did not make the country pay for it either, as is sometimes done in colonies much further north. I think, as a wind up to this chapter, I cannot do better than give you a few extracts from a letter from Western Australia from the friend who had gone there, before spoken of, as I am sure they will interest you:—

“PERTH, W. A., July 20th.

“MY DEAR C.:—Your note of 23rd April has just reached me, and greatly relieved my mind of much anxiety on your account, as well as Mrs. C. and your family. I was greatly disappointed in not meeting with you at Melbourne; the more so, as I could not, by any means, ascertain whether you were in the colony, and, until the receipt of your note, have been quite ignorant of your movements.

“*We should have sailed together in the Shirley, the finest and most commodious vessel it has ever been my good fortune to travel in. On my return to Canada from Boston, you had taken your departure, and my brother suggested my writing to you, and recommending the Shirley. I did so, but afterwards withdrew the letter on recollecting that she had not the usual accommodation for ladies. On joining the ship, I then regretted not sending the letter; for we were but three cabin passengers, occupying the room of sixteen, and two (including my servant) steerage, with plenty of room for four or five families. The skipper was a brick, and a first-rate sailor, exerting himself to amuse his passengers, without neglecting the interests of his owners. Altogether, we had, though rather a long one, a jolly and anything but a tedious voyage.*

“I offer my hearty congratulations on your appointment to an office of, I should imagine, considerable importance, and of by no means indifferent emoluments. How you, a perfect stranger, have managed to drop in for such good luck, puzzles me. You have not explained. I must, therefore, only conclude that your professional talents have obtained it for you. I wish you joy of your good fortune, and sincerely hope for its continuance. I was most happy to hear that you had made the acquaintance of my esteemed

friends, the B.s, and that they had been of service to you and Mrs. C. on your arrival, as strangers, in a new colony. I am truly glad that you have found them such sincere friends.

“Coming from Melbourne to Swan River verifies the old saying of jumping from ‘the frying-pan into the fire.’ Such would be the case with a settler; but with me, when my transportation is limited to a certain period, I regard my sojourn in this strange country as a casualty incidental to the service to which I, ‘for better, for worse,’ am wedded; and having accordingly made up my mind to be ‘jolly under the circumstances,’ endeavour to delude myself into an idea of contentment, which feeling—regret for Canada—sometimes renders it difficult to realize. I am, however, a bit of a philosopher, and easily satisfied. This is a wild bush country, with about six thousand inhabitants living on their scanty means, the produce of a barren, sandy soil—and which but for the introduction, within the last three years, of convicts, and the consequent Imperial expenditure, must have gradually dwindled into insignificance, and very probably returned to its original savage state. The convict system has saved the colony, and will, I have no doubt, raise it to an important position. Prices of everything are most exorbitant, even higher than in the sister provinces, and without any prospect of a decline. There is very little export trade. The arrivals from England generally seek freights at other ports. No opening for young men in search of employment, except situations under the convict establishment, which are indifferently salaried and not the most reputable. There is, however, one redeeming character in the society, which, considering the *locale*, is respectable, and better than might be expected.” * * * * *

CHAPTER VII.

Start for the Diggings—Difficulties—Inn-Keeper—Crossing Rivers.

SIX weeks in Melbourne had given me time to try how I could get along with papa away. Keep house there, I could not; remain as I was, I was not willing to do for the winter, and the only plan seemed for us to live at the Ovens together. On proposing this, obstacles presented themselves on all sides—the impassable roads; the want of the common comforts of life up there; my feeble health; the difficulty in getting an exchange for my brother to the Ovens, as he must not be left alone in a large city; and lastly, the leave from head quarters for papa to come and fetch us, which favor he would not ask so soon. But women, you know, are not easily deterred by trifles, when they set their hearts upon a thing; and having braved the stormy ocean that we might keep together, I was not to be frightened by roughing it on land, and set to work in right earnest to smooth over some of these difficulties, thinking that finer weather and better spirits would give me strength for it all.

Knowing the kindness of the Chief Commissioner in Melbourne, Mr. Mitchell, I wrote to him, (without letting papa know,) asking for leave of absence—rather an informal proceeding. Instead of writing me a stiff reply, he kindly sent a mutual friend to say I had the required permission; but before using it, he wished me to be remonstrated with upon my Quixotic notion of attempting to live up there, as no lady could do it, even if she could stand the journey.

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Great was the astonishment of my friends when it got abroad that I was going to the Ovens. Strangers even called, to explain to me I could not know what Australian bush life in winter meant. I was frequently asked if I justified suicide? One gentleman politely told me I was mad, as he could not possibly believe either Mr. C. or myself were sane, to think of attempting a journey over such roads, and live in such a place—no delicate woman could stand it. I told him my powers of endurance were greater than he gave me credit for, and that as I had *made up my mind to go*, his kind efforts to dissuade me would be “love’s labor lost.” Upon this, he vouchsafed to tell me, “I was very plucky;” and he only hoped I would be able to hold out so when brought into contact with discomforts and miseries. One day, so harrassed was I at all the Job’s comforters my friends had been to me, that two officers, who called late in the day, got the benefit of a flood of tears for their trouble. I was heartily ashamed of such weakness and seeming ingratitude, but could not have helped it, if all Australia had been at stake. The application for the exchange of my brother to the Ovens was granted, and the promised addition to his salary of allowances, rations, &c., given without its being expected so soon. The heaviest trouble was leaving my sister behind. We felt we were not justified in taking her up, and so placed her in an excellent private boarding school, just opposite the B.s’ cottage, who promised to take care of her, and have her to spend Saturdays with them. A beautiful dolly, the best Melbourne could afford, with wax arms and legs, and such a pretty face, somewhat consoled her for the parting.

The Friday of the week papa arrived we began our journey; and there is an old saying, “Friday begun is never

well done," and you will laugh and think the old saw was verified in our case as you read on. We started in a spring cart, with a pair of horses, one in the shafts and the other outside, in what they call an outrigger, an abominable contrivance, and one peculiarly Australian. Besides being delightfully adapted for bringing the wheel on the heels of the off horse, and causing him to kick, (an accomplishment the Australian horses excel in,) it gives you a most unequal power over the animals, so that you drive along in continual dread of one of them taking it into his head to make off, and inducing the other to do the same. G. sat on my knee, papa drove, and my brother followed on horseback. For a while we got along very well, though the roads were, beyond description, bad, till one of the horses, beginning to show symptoms of laziness, threatening to lie down in every mud-hole—finally did so, about nine miles from Melbourne, when he came to a hole sufficiently large and deep to almost engulf the whole of us. Persuasion and force were alternately tried, without effect. The animal seemed to have more affinity to the donkey than the horse, and was stubborn as a mule. Not a bit would he stir; and papa declared he had never been so "taken in" by an animal before. He certainly had some ground for the complaint, as in getting out of the cart, he was "taken in" up to the waist in the soft mud. In despair, he still held on, and, with great exertion, dragged himself out of his treacherous position, leaving his boots behind him. Happening to have a pair of India-rubber trowsers over his others, he stood upon the cart, and managed to get them off and throw them away; then venturing a bold spring, landed on "terra firma." I was the next trouble. How was I to be got down, with mud all around us? My brother walked his horse over every place, to try

the ground ; and papa again venturing upon the nearest and firmest, bade me jump into his arms ; and it so happened, that my weight falling against his left arm, which had been badly sprained two weeks before by a fall from a back-jumping horse, and which, at the moment, we both forgot, caused it to give way, and down we both went, measuring our lengths in the mud. With some laughter, we *scraped* ourselves, and began to look for assistance, and get out our cart and horses. A bullock team making its appearance, the men kindly came at once to help us. They had a great deal of trouble in getting our obstinate horse out of his soft bed, and were almost in despair, after giving him a severe cut with the bullock-whip, to find that his one effort to rise had ended in his pulling the other horse over him, and breaking the iron of the outrigger. At last, with great perseverance, they were got out ; and by yoking a pair of bullocks to the axle-tree of the cart, drew it backwards out of the hole.

We had then the comfort to find ourselves wet, muddy, and cold—one horse nearly dead, our cart broken, and were told we had missed the road. Happily, we were not far from a blacksmith's forge, where we took refuge till the cart could be repaired, sending my brother back to Melbourne to prepare our friends for our return that night. It was 4 P. M. before we got ready to start—stiff with the mud, which had dried on us, and having had nothing to eat since morning. We reached Melbourne late at night, and I was laid up in bed all the next day. Thus ended our first attempt to reach the "diggings ;" and our friends were somewhat delighted at our disasters, quite sure that I had had enough of it, and would not try again ; but having made our arrangements and sent off most of our baggage, we did

not like to give up, and determined to make one more attempt, and in the beginning of the week start again.

Anxious that nothing should be left undone that would help to smooth our way, a fresh horse was procured to replace the lazy one, and a mounted trooper granted us by Government, to be exchanged at each police station on the road, as guide and assistant. Although it rained heavily the morning of our start, papa did not think it right to delay any longer in Melbourne, as the roads were daily getting worse, with no prospect of their improvement for months; and the rivers were becoming so swollen, that if we did not hasten, we would be stopped on the road, and perhaps have to turn back after all. After driving about an hour and a half, the rain ceased, and we found it more pleasant. Our trooper was very useful, as he knew every inch of the road, and would take us off into the woods, to avoid the bad spots, a thing we would not have ventured to do alone. Finding G. heavy on my knee, we made a comfortable seat for her in the bottom of the cart, which was the means of saving her life, as shortly after, to avoid a hole, papa went round a tree; and not seeing a stout low bow projecting from it, I was struck down by it, bruizing my side severely. Had G. been on my knee, we might both have been killed. I screamed out loudly, thinking all my ribs were broken; and the trooper, who was riding in front, told us he had seen two men knocked off their horses by that branch before, and that he had gone through the mud-hole on purpose to avoid it. As the branch was short, it had only hit me; and having but a mile to go, we drove fast, and in a little time reached the stopping-place.

For the next hour we thought there was a fatality against our ever reaching the Ovens. However, after a good night's rest,

which quite satisfied me that my ribs were not *all* broken, I dressed in good spirits to go on again. As it rained heavily, we determined to go only twelve miles that day. We had a very large and dangerous swamp to cross, and would have been stuck in it, as we saw many other abandoned carts and drays were, had it not been for our trooper, who had his marks and beacons here and there, which he had observed in guiding the escort, and so brought us, by a circuitous route, safely through it, and, in a few moments after, to the comfortable hotel, where a blazing fire and a hot dinner, the host said, "would comfort both the outer and inner man." The cost of these comforts, however, was not trifling; and you can judge of our bills, when we never paid less than £1 sterling for each horse the night. Papa had a conversation with the inn-keeper, who told him he intended selling his place and going to Van Dieman's Land. On his wishing him success, he said "Oh! bless you, sir, I am independent; I cares not for success; I goes there to enjoy one's-self with mates, I know." On asking the amount of his wealth, he was told he expected, and would get, £12,000 or £14,000 for his property, which might be bought in Canada for £400; that he had £10,000 worth of cattle, and plenty of money in the bank. He said his was the best trade going. As far as this world was concerned, probably it was; but I sadly fear the investment would not be found a profitable one in the world to come.

The next day at noon we reached Kilmore, a dirty little town. As it was a police station, we had to change our trooper, which we regretted, as we liked him much. On leaving Kilmore, after an hour's stay to dine, we stuck in a mud-hole in the street; but after a little delay in unharnessing were pulled out, and able to go on—nothing broken, and

ourselves with only another coating of the black mud, which was already laid on pretty thickly. As there were no bridges, we had to drive through all the creeks; and that night we reached a place called Ferguson's, very tired, as we had made a long journey, and been tolerably jolted; but my side was better, and we felt very thankful at having accomplished so much so easily, and did not fear the rest of it. True, we had several more rivers to cross, but only one of them gave us any uneasiness, and that we should go over the following morning, it being nine miles from Ferguson's. They told us it was already too high; but we thought best to judge for ourselves, as there was no hope of its getting lower. We had crossed so many already, in the primitive style of half swimming, half wading, that I was rather tired of the fun, and did not feel very amiable, on reaching this, to find it a deep, wide, rapid river, with pretty steep banks. "Why do not the Government make bridges?" I exclaimed. "They certainly spend nothing on roads, and they must draw an enormous revenue from the diggings, to say nothing of the high price at which they sell their bits of town lots in Melbourne." This last was spoken feelingly, having tried a little private speculation on my own account in iron houses, and been obliged to relinquish it for that reason. The attempt to soothe me by saying, "This is a new country, and things cannot be done all at once, you know," only provoked a naughty reply of "Tut, tut, instead of dressing up so many officers in gold lace, as I have seen strutting about Melbourne, they might make safe bridges for people to go over, and that on the great high road through the country, too."

"Well, *barring* the roads," was the laughing rejoinder, "we have no cause to grumble at Government, or its gold

lace either, I think, have we?" This home thrust silenced me a minute; but I got out of the difficulty by saying, "Well, get me safely across here, and I'll praise the bridge that carries me over, you'll see."

"In we go," shouted the trooper; "in we go," was the echo, and we almost lost sight of the horses, as they swam over to try it, landing with legs many shades darker and heavier than when they went in. The question then was, what would be done with me? which was becoming such a common one, that I was often tempted to think, "I was more trouble than I was worth"—in the backwoods of this colony, at any rate; and the people on the road seemed to participate in the idea, for I was gazed on, sometimes as a strange animal, and at others, notwithstanding my claim to toughness, as a brittle bit of porcelain to be labelled "glass, with care." But I am still on the wrong side of the river. Will I cross on horseback, the trooper carrying G., or will the three of us get on the top of our seat in the cart, an elevated, though shaky position, as the wheels were very high, attempt it in that way? This last plan was deemed the better one, my "guid man" thinking the danger of the sunken logs upsetting the cart not so great as slippery me sliding from the horse's back, without a side-saddle. In, therefore, we drove, going down stream part of the way, the river being only fordable so, the trooper swimming his horse in front of us as guide, and his companion close by, to be ready for an upset—a few moments of short breathing and hasty prayer, and we were ended. Then Mr. Trooper tells us how anxious he had been about us, as a foot further in one spot would have tilted us into a deep hole. Well for them I did not know that before, else they would have found it harder work to get me over than they did. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be

wise." In the new and unsettled country parts of Canada I had never crossed a river in that style; but we live and learn, and I had to practice the lesson sooner than I cared for.

The fourth and fifth days of our journey passed without any change upon the up-hill, down-dale, and mud, mud, mud, of before. We passed enough broken drays and abandoned carts to supply a good sized town with both articles. The scenery of the country was often pleasing—sometimes park-like; at others, reminding me of the pictures one sees of parts of Palestine. We often suffered for want of water, as it was swampy, dark-colored, and salty. We saw lots of beautiful birds—the bronzed wing pigeon, parrots, laughing jackass, and a swallow called "razor-grinder," from the ugly noise he makes; and though they all made noise enough, they never gave us a song, like their less gaudy brethren of other countries. The wild flowers were small, and had to be hunted for, but repaid the search, by their beauty and sweetness. I had read that flowers were without perfume in Australia, and found this to be a mistake, as I often had as many as twenty varieties on my table at once, all scented, and a flowering shrub and tree, called wattle, in spring filled the air with its fragrance.

The morning of our sixth day, one of the horses kicking, broke the outrigger, and we were delayed for some time, at a dirty little village called Euroa, till it was repaired. From there we came to Broken River, and then left the plain and began to ascend the hills and mountains. From the top of one of these, we had a fine view of the plain below, and, in the distance, the Australian Alps, rising one above another, and giving us the grandest picture we had had yet—almost repaying us for our toil and fatigue. We fancied we

were breathing more freely, partly from mountain air, partly from knowing we were getting near our journey's end, and leaving our difficulties behind us. How "little we know what a day may bring forth." Well for us it is so; else the shadows of the future would cloud over all the enjoyment of the present. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Looking back from my present stand-point, I would urge you, my children, to be always ready—having your loins girded, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.

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CHAPTER VIII.

An Upset—A Walk—A Repulse—Civility of Squatters—First View of Gold Field.

ON our road we passed many people going to and returning from the diggings, and never failed to notice the difference between them. The former were well loaded with blankets, clothing, and provisions, and trudged cheerfully on, no doubt with bright visions of success, and pictures of returning to their native land to enrich some loved ones. Very different was the appearance of the generality of those coming down; in their long, gaunt, half-starved faces, you could trace sickness, and the lines of disappointment, and hope deferred. One, however, who had evidently met with better fortune, rode up to the hotel where we were dining, and called loudly for the ostler. "What do you want with him?" inquired the host. "Why, to take my horse and give him a feed," was the reply. "Pray, friend, do you know the price of a feed now?" "I don't care what the price is; I can pay for it." Upon which the landlord civilly told him, "The ostler was not in, but the stable was close at hand." When he was gone, he turned, and, with a knowing wink, said to papa and Mr. Foster, the Governor's nephew, who were standing by, "Successful gold digger, sirs; feed for horse is six shillings. Excuse me—likely to be a good customer—must tend him myself," and off he started to do so.

We rested a Sunday on the road, starting from the Honey-suckle in high spirits bright and early our seventh journeying day. Captain Cook, a police officer, and three of his

men, had joined our party, they riding first, my brother and our trooper next, and our cart, with Captain Cook trotting by our side, bringing up the rear. Little did we think, as we laughed and chatted on, how near we were to the brink of eternity—how soon the waters of death would be presented to our lips, but before quaffing the full draught, to be dashed aside by an Almighty hand, and ourselves allowed to breast, for a while yet, the waters of life—one space more given us to prepare.

On reaching the side of a river with unusually steep banks, one of our horses slipped in landing, and his feet striking the other one, over went horses, over went cart and contents into a deep-water hole. What next passed I did not know. I felt myself drowning, and groping about, caught hold of the dash-board of the cart, and raised myself up. I was between the horses, and they were plunging violently. I was soon reached, and held above water, till Captain Cook and the trooper got me out of my perilous position, and dragged me ashore, which, from the weight of the wraps I had on, and the steepness of the bank, gave them no easy work. I had begged them to save G., and, on diving, somebody found her lying on her back, with outstretched arms. Papa next appeared, his head and face covered with blood. He had been thrown forward, and falling under the horses, had been severely bruised and kicked by them. Most providentially, the wounds bled, or he would have been stunned and drowned. He had great difficulty in getting free from them; but by placing his feet against the body of the nearest one, and pushing himself back, got away, and struck out for the bank.

All our care was needed for poor little G., as being the weakest of us. She had turned perfectly blue,

and the poor little mouth was rigid and stiff. I forced the only drop of port wine left in the broken flask down her throat, and, with Captain Cook's assistance, stripped her naked, and wrapping her in a blanket and opossum skin, one of the men had strapped in front of his saddle, she speedily recovered.

We were then three-and-a-half miles from a house to turn back, and five to proceed. Our cart and baggage was still under water; for all that could be done was to cut the traces of the almost expiring horses, and let them save themselves. The cart could not be moved till assistance, with ropes, &c., was obtained. This one of the men galloped off for. It was thought best that we should walk on the five miles to a wealthy squatter's house, and save crossing the creek again, where, after being dried and warmed, we could await our cart and horses, which Captain Cook and my brother were to bring on, he keeping his two men, and we taking our trooper, mounted, as guide, and to carry G. Thinking that the walking would probably save our lives, as we had no means of changing our wet clothes, and with many injunctions to those left behind to hurry and catch up to us as soon as they could, and prevent our walking the whole of the way, we started, McKay walking his horse to keep up with our pace, and we have him in sight. There being no regular roads or fences, people making them for themselves here and there through the bush, which was like a vast apple orchard, with cattle, branded with the owner's name, grazing all over it. As they have miles to wander, a couple of men are always kept, called stockmen, who are said to live in their saddles, riding about all day, to see that they are not lost, driving them before them with a long whip with a short handle, which gives a peculiar crack-

ing sound, heard at great distances, and well known to the cattle.

At last, weary and cold, the rain pouring in torrents all the time, and ourselves ankle deep in mud, we reached the squatter's station--to us the beacon of hope. We had some trouble in getting to the door of the house, as we were assailed by a very wicked dog, but, by the use of sticks and stones, at last drove him off, and knocked. A respectably-dressed woman came to the door, and glancing at us, stepped out, and shutting it behind her, asked what we wanted. Papa apologized for our intrusion, and stating our deplorable case, asked for shelter, telling her who he was, which the small regulation cap all gold commissioners were obliged to wear confirmed, which is generally respected in those parts, as were it not for the arm of authority, the squatters, who are immense land and cattle owners, would not lead the comparatively unmolested lives they do, near districts with a population thrown together from all parts of the world. Looking at us most incredulously, and telling us to follow her across the yard, she opened the door of a stockman's hut, and told us to go in, calling a man-servant near to make up a fire. Sadly disappointed, papa tried to awaken her womanly sympathies, by setting poor G. on the floor, and telling her she was naked, and that I had had to walk the whole of the five miles, wet through, and felt very ill; to which she replied a cool "Indeed!" Seeing that matters could be minced no longer, with one who was either devoid of understanding or humanity, he plainly asked her to supply me with a suit of dry clothes, and to lend something for G., all of which would be sent back with much gratitude, and without any risk from Bannalla. With eyes widely distended and looks amazed was this request received, and, in

reply, she turned, and taking a dirty old great coat of her man-servant's off the wall, handed it to him, saying, "You can wrap the youngster up in this;" and then addressing herself to me said, "You can take off your things here and hang them up before the fire, and they will be dry soon enough for you." It was my turn now to look amazed—the undressing in a hut, between each slab, which formed the sides, you could put your clenched hand, was arriving at colonial experience with rather too sudden a jump for me, and almost took away my breath at the bare thought. I could not thank her, and the good lady walked off, shutting the door behind her, leaving us to moralize, if we felt inclined, upon the vanity of all earthly hopes. We looked at each other in silence; and I staggered to an old broken box to sit upon, there not being a seat in the hut. McKay, however, broke forth into a "Well, if ever I saw such a wretch; she deserves a choking," and he looked as if he would have gladly given it to her had he dared. The servant coming in, papa questioned him as to who the fair dame was who had so effectually given us the cold shoulder, and was told, "She was the mistress of the house, Mrs. Webster; that her husband was not at home, and that we need not expect any extraordinary hospitality from her, as it was not *in her*." He then said, "She has no children, I perceive." "No," said the man, "never had any; but how did you know that, sir?" "Oh!" was the reply, "the little child has been trying to make friends with that cat, and has been cruelly repulsed and scratched, which shows she has no more love for them than her mistress has."

Miss G., glad of sympathy, held up the bare arm with a pitiful face, saying, "Naughty pussy," and did not attempt to renew the acquaintance.

After waiting half an hour without any return of good Mrs. Webster, my shivering became so great from the effect of the outward warmth, while all my inner clothing was so wet, that papa and McKay thought something must be done, and that it would be best to proceed towards Bannalla, not waiting for our cart. He, therefore, sent in her servant to ask for the loan of her horse and cart to take us on, which would be returned next day. This was refused, the excuse being, "Her husband was not at home." The only thing that then remained was to walk on, and trust to our friends overtaking us, as I must be kept moving. I remonstrated, declaring myself unable to stir another step, but was told it was better to trust to God, than to such an inhuman creature as Mrs. Webster, and, putting G. into McKay's arms again, and, leading me, we started. On passing the dwelling-house we saw a blazing fire, and the lady herself sitting at luncheon. Papa felt inclined to go in, and upbraid her for her want of charity, as she had not offered us a mouthful of anything; but I begged him not to, reminding him that a man's house was his castle, and we had no right to storm it against the owner's will.

On we trudged, my eyes filled with tears of disappointment and pain—his, with those of rage at the unchristian treatment we had received.

We had now twelve miles to go before we could reach Bannalla, and there were no houses between it and Webster's Station; indeed, had there been any, it is doubtful whether we would have risked a second repulse. Poor G.'s plaintive cry of, "I so hungry—I want someting a eat, mama," had to be hushed by, "Mama has nothing for you, my darling;" and the patient little creature would wait a long time before asking again, having had nothing to eat since her early breakfast.

It was drawing towards evening, and we were still on the road, worn out with cold, wet, and fatigue. Again and again, did I beg to be allowed to sit on the wet ground, and remain there. This papa would not hear of. The only seat he would let me take, was to make McKay dismount, and, holding the child in his arms, put me on the quiet horse's back to rest for a few moments; I would then be able to walk on for some time. Had we had any matches, we might have lighted a fire, and rested and warmed ourselves; but we had none, and the only resource was to trudge on: and so lonesome was the road, that the only horseman we met the whole day, was Mr. Webster returning to his station.

Towards evening, we heard the joyful sound of horses' feet behind us, and making sure it was the long looked for cart, stopped to await it. We were, however, destined to be disappointed; it was only the postman and a pack-horse. When he came up to us, he stopped to tell us he had heard of our accident, was very sorry for us, and wished to know if he could be of any use. Papa told him to ride on to Bannalla as fast as he could, and go to Mr. Barkly, the Lieutenant of Police, desiring him to have a horse harnessed and sent off to meet us as soon as possible. Saying he would do so, he galloped off. Hope again kept us up for a-while; but it was hard to strive against exhausted nature, and we had just made up our minds to force McKay to comply with a plan he had refused to accede to before, on account of the danger to us, of meeting blacks, or bush-rangers—which was, to leave us, and ride on to the hotel at Bannalla, giving G. into safe hands, and returning again—when we heard the sound of wheels, and, in a moment after, saw a cart approaching, driven by a young cadet, and sent by Mr. Barkley. It is needless to say how the cart was

received. McKay at once made off with G., and taking our seats in the welcome vehicle, we followed at a slower pace.

Upon questioning Mr. Bluett as to our distance from Bannalla, we found that we were only two miles, and had actually walked fifteen miles in the pouring rain and deep mud. It is true, it had taken us nearly the whole day to do it, for when we drove up to the "Black Swan" darkness had set in. Papa was obliged to lift me out of the cart and carry me into the house; for the short time I had been sitting had caused such a swelling of my feet and ankles, that I could not stand. He also made the discovery that he was lame, and upon examination found that he had been kicked in the thigh, anxiety for us having prevented his feeling it before.

Here we found Miss G. strutting about in little boys' clothes, quite happy, eating bread and jam. Kind Mrs. McLaren, the mistress of the house, took me into her own hands, and, with some assistance, tearing off my garments, which had become a part of myself, dried, and rubbed me well: then dressing me in a suit of her own, lifted me (for I was perfectly helpless) upon the sitting-room sofa, looking delighted at the metamorphose she had effected; and, truly, she might, for when first sat in front of the dressing-table, and given a glimpse of myself, I could not resist a roar of laughter, and immediately exonerated Mrs. Webster from the charge of ill-treating a person of respectability, for not the slightest resemblance did I bear to one—black beaver bonnet, all smashed and covered with mud; face in perfect keeping; shawl and cloak tattered and bespattered; the remnants of a dress which had been black in the morning, now an undefinable color, and at every movement letting

fall lumps of soft mud, completed the costume; and really, a more miserable looking wretch never was picked up in a gutter.

Though at so late an hour, our hostess soon had a good hot dinner ready for us; and while partaking of it, we felt thankful that comfort and kindness could be purchased for money—not but that I am sure, had we needed it, Mrs. McLaren would have given it as charity, with a warm heart; and I am willing to hope, that there are few of the softer sex who would have been as hard as Mrs. Webster was. We heard here, that though very rich, she bore a miserly character, and completely ruled her husband; and our story spreading through the country, and even reaching the local paper, did not do away with the general impression.

About an hour after our arrival, our delinquents made their appearance. They had had great difficulty in getting the cart out of the hole, into which it had settled, even with the assistance they had obtained. On reaching Mrs. Webster's station, they were much frightened to find us gone, and could get no satisfaction from that lady, she not deigning to reply to half their questions. As they were leaving, they met the man, who enlightened them as to our disappearance, making them rather warm with anger and alarm; as every one of the party had been all day in wet clothes. Mr. Barkley insisted upon supplying them from the police barracks, and very thankfully was the supply received.

Next day found us all too much "done up" to think of going on; and one of our horses had to be put in the hands of a veterinary surgeon, with a flesh wound in his shoulder. The following morning, my brother, being quite well, was sent on with Captain Cook's men, to report himself at head-

quarters, and we remained one more day to recover. That evening the up escort of gold arrived; and our shaft-horse being pronounced unfit to go on, the officer in charge offered G. and myself a seat in the gold-cart, driven by himself, if papa could manage to get a saddle-horse and a man to bring our cart and other horse and baggage slowly on. This was effected, and next morning we started, after spending two or three nights most comfortably at Bannalla.

I may as well tell you here what the gold escort was: You know the diggers were finding a great deal of gold, in its rough state, which would have been unsafe for them to keep in their tents, besides needing it to be turned into coin for use. One of the duties of the Gold Commission, therefore, was to weigh it as it was brought to them, and either change it into coin, or give a receipt for it, and send it, stamped, to the Government Bank in Melbourne. Every week, therefore, a cart with gold was sent down, and the same, with coin, up. To guard this treasure, they never had less than eight mounted troopers, armed with holster pistols and short guns. They ride splendid horses, and wear a uniform of blue and silver. Notwithstanding all precautions, the escort is at times attacked by bands of desperate characters, bushrangers, &c. While I was at the Ovens, one was robbed, or "stuck up," as they call it—the troopers shot at from behind a temporary barricade in a lonely place, some killed, the rest left wounded, and the gold carried off on their horses. Months passed before the perpetrators were found. At last, some of them were taken on board ship, ready to sail for England—tried, and executed.

In such a cart-full of treasure, Mama and G. take their seats. I am sure papa thought with the mother of the Gracci, we were the most valuable part of it all.

We reached Wangaratta, a distance of thirty miles, that night most comfortably, though it continued pouring as before; indeed, had it not been for his careful thought in providing large India-rubber rugs and water-proof things of every kind, we would never have been one moment dry.

Next morning we started on our last stage, thankful that it was indeed our last, as our little child had looked anything but well since her dip in the creek. At noon, we stopped at a Dr. McKay's Station, where the escort were in the habit of resting their horses and giving them water. Papa lifted us out of the cart, telling us it would do us good to stretch our limbs by walking a little. Miss G., attracted by the sight of children standing in the doorway of the house, drew me to the garden gate to look at them, while they seeming equally pleased with her, looked, and smiled in return, till their mother, coming behind them, drew them in, and shut the door almost in our faces, as the gate was close to it. Of course, I took the hint; and getting back in the cart, out of which the horses had been taken, refused to walk any more. I began to fancy that there must either be something very repulsive about my appearance, to induce people to be so rude, or that squatters, from living so much alone, were a most uncivilized and inhospitable set; and, finally, to satisfy my own vanity, I came to the conclusion that the latter must be the case. Presently, one of the servants came out of an out-kitchen, and asked me to go in there for shelter. I thanked her, but declined, saying, "I did not mind the rain." Papa and Mr. Diegan tried to persuade me to go; but I rather crossly told them, "I did not want a second edition of kitchen hospitality, and would not accept, at the hands of a servant, the politeness refused me by the mistress." As I suppose the gentlemen thought

that a "wilful woman must have her way," they left me to do as I pleased, telling me, "I was very naughty, and deserved a good wetting."

From this station, papa took Mr. Diegan's place as driver; and from here to the Ovens the roads were infamous, and the cart and worn-out horses were bogged several times. We walked most of the way, papa driving on foot--and putting G. on horseback before a trooper, a mode of conveyance highly approved of by that young lady, who would begin an acquaintance at once by saying, "My name's G. What's your name?" "I from Quebec. Where you come from?" "I got mama and papa, and dear little aunty. Have you got any?"—to all which, and many other questions, she received most willingly-given replies, and by the time we reached the diggings, had become fast friends with the whole troop, remembering each one by name, and all were ambitious of carrying the little chatterbox whenever she wanted a ride.

It was about dusk, eleven days after our start from Melbourne, that we reached the gold-field; and upon leaving the bush, and coming down upon it, what a sight presented itself to my wondering gaze. I cannot describe it. One must see gold-digging to understand it. Heaps and heaps of newly upturned earth; deep holes, out of which sickly looking men were drawing buckets more of it; while others, up to their waists in water, were washing pans of the sun-dried clay, and so close were the holes to each other, that there was hardly room for our cart to pass between them, obliging us to make a constantly zig-zag track. How plainly it all seemed to speak of the grovelling nature of man. What, thought I to myself, can man stoop so low as to burrow in the earth in this way—to risk health, and stand,

in the depth of winter, up to the waist in water, for such fleeting gains? And an inner voice sadly answered, "Yes, man will do anything to lay up treasure where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

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CHAPTER IX.

Household Arrangements—Beechworth—Work and Play.

PAPA had prepared me to expect a small wooden house, the only one at the Ovens, for my dwelling, without the least shadow of comfort or prettiness about it; and I was agreeably surprised, upon driving up, to find a pretty little garden, tastefully laid out in front, and two nice large carpet-lined tents, with tarpaulin awnings on either side of the house. My brother and our man-servant were ready to receive me. Honest Barnes was delighted to have his master back again, and, for his sake, had striven hard to make everything look as comfortable as he could for me. He had dug up and laid out the garden during his absence, and had brought all the pretty shrubs and wild bushes he could find in the woods to fill it; so that it was literally a garden of wild plants, all new to me. He had gravelled the front of the doorway, plastered the inside of the chimney and whitewashed it, in which there was a cheerful fire blazing, and had built a bark hut and fire-place for himself to cook in, so that I might not be troubled with the dirty work in my little domain. Small and poor as it was, it was to be my home, and loving faces were around me. I tried to be pleased, and completely won Barnes' heart by praising his garden and white fire-place; though as I looked round the shanty—twelve feet by sixteen—I thought to myself, can it be possible for me to spend the whole of the rainy season in this small hovel. Papa seemed to divine my

thoughts, and said, "It will not be for long, my wife; the contract is out for our house, and it is to be finished ready for us to move into in a month's time; this will then be the kitchen. So cheer up."

"Be the dwelling e'er so small,
Having love it boasteth all."

Barnes had tea, hot bread, beefsteak, and potatoes, smoking on the table; and as we had had nothing to eat all day, the meal was very acceptable. I was surprised to find the table well supplied with cups, saucers, plates, silver forks, and spoons. Papa asked Barnes "where he had made such a rise?" and was told that some of the officers hearing that the missis was arriving, had sent them for her use till her own were unpacked, as well as a nice hair mattress to sleep upon, thinking that the straw bed given by Government would not be very comfortable, and hearing that our bedding had been wet on the way up. We were much gratified with this mark of thoughtful attention; but it did not end here. A few moments after, a comfortably cushioned arm-chair arrived, with compliments, for Mrs. C.'s use, till her own furniture came up, and I was greatly amused with sheets, pillow-cases and hot soup from another quarter.

"Well, indeed, old lady," said my brother, "you are not so much to be pitied after all; for your husband's friends in the camp seem determined to let *you* want for nothing—they never thought of sending any nice things for *poor me* when I arrived wet last night, and, I think, I would have been quite as well able to appreciate them, too." "I think so," said papa, casting a laughing glance at the huge bowlful of soup the said individual was making rapidly disappear—his mode of appreciation.

As Government had already supplied blankets, iron bedsteads, &c., I found no difficulty in soon making a comfortable bed, in which we slept soundly. Next morning we found Barnes had a hot breakfast cooked in his little hut, ready to bring in as soon as he heard we were dressed. "Oh, dear?" I could not help saying, "I am afraid all my troubles will be imaginary ones, if Barnes continues to be such a treasure, and can cook and bake so nicely, and the people are so kind. I really shall have to give up considering myself a heroine, roughing diggings life, all for love." "Nous verrons," laughed papa.

After breakfast, we separated, my brother to his gold office, papa, with bruized face and black eyes—the effects of the kicks from the horses in the creek, though looking as if he had engaged in a pugilistic encounter—to sit upon the bench and adjudicate upon some assault and battery cases, to be brought before him at ten o'clock—Barnes and myself to unpack the few trunks we had with us, and arrange about the household economy. This we lost no time in entering upon. "First thing," said Barnes, "are the rations, ma'am. We can draw, for the master, the young gentleman and myself, four-and-a-half pounds of fresh beef, or mutton, every day, and by keeping a book, and putting down all we get, joints, &c., can pay the butcher, at the end of the week, whatever we overdraw."

"Yes, that will do," I replied. "Now for bread." "Well, ma'am, for the three we are allowed thirty pounds of flour per week. I have no idea how far this will go as yet; but bread is to be had upon the diggings, if that will not make enough. As for tea, sugar, and wax candles, the allowance is large enough, though I am not so sure about soap and salt."

“Oh, well, those are trifles. I did not think the rations were so large. Now, what are we to have for dinner to-day?” “Anything you please, ma’am,” was the reply. “Well, then, suppose we say boiled leg of mutton, turnips, potatoes, and”—“Stop, stop! ma’am, if you please,” cried out Barnes. “Where am I to get the turnips and potatoes? I don’t think there is a turnip to be had upon the diggings; at least, I have been six months upon them, and never saw one; and as for potatoes, they are very scarce, for the six or eight you had last night on the table I paid three shillings, and it was a great favor to get them at all, as they were almost out of them at the store.”

“Oh, dear!” I sighed, “no vegetables—eggs for a pudding, Barnes?” A shake of the head was the only reply. “Rice—you can surely get *that*?” “Yes, ma’am, at two shillings a pound.” “Oh, then!”—and I breathed more freely—“milk; I *know* you can,” pointing to the half-emptied milk-jug on the table. With a smile, Barnes said, “The milkman can only let me have a pint a-day, and it is half-a-crown a quart; but if you like I can make a plum-pudding—plenty of suet at the butchers, and raisins and currants at the store, though very dear.” “Well, then, that will have to do for to-day—boiled leg of mutton in rice, and a plum-pudding—not so bad after all,” I said, handing him some money, which he good-humouredly took, and walked off to purchase the needful.

As I set to work in good earnest to arrange my house, I was quite astonished when one o’clock came, bringing with it papa, my brother, and dinner. The former praised the appearance of the house, and the latter was not behind in lavishing encomiums upon the dinner. “It had only one fault,” he said; “the melted butter tasted strong.” “Well,

sir," I replied, "you are to blame for that. Who bought the butter yesterday?" "Oh, dear! I did, and paid five shillings a pound for it, too." This led to a complaint from me to papa about the difficulty I should have in catering for them, as well as poor G., as milk, eggs, vegetables, and other necessaries, were not to be obtained. "I'll see if I can't mend matters for you," he replied. "I'll ride over to Young's Station, and buy a cow and calf from him. There is plenty of grass about here. Barnes can milk her, and perhaps you will be able to save cream enough to make butter for yourself. We can do without it. I will also try and buy some fowls, and then you and G. can have plenty of eggs." G. clapped her hands at the thought of the "dear chickens," as she called them; and I was not less pleased at the idea of the cow, all of which we were in full enjoyment of in less than a fortnight.

In the afternoon I divided my house into two rooms, by means of a curtain, so as to have a sitting-room, without showing my bed. One tent was used as bed-room for my brother, and the other for Barnes; and with cutting up some pretty bright chintz I had with me, to make covers for boxes and benches, and setting them aside for sewing when I had time, hoped to make my place a snug home. For the present, I covered the old benches and the arm-chair with large anti-macassars; and these much-despised articles, by gentlemen in other parts of the world, were here admired, and praised, as bringing with them traces of civilization and womanly refinement.

As tea-time approached, our little darling, who had not looked well all day, began to show symptoms of serious illness—high fever and bad cough—and by bed-time was attacked with a fit of croup. I at once took what measures

I knew to be right, to give relief to the little sufferer, and papa went for Dr. Crawford, the Colonial Surgeon appointed for the camp, who remained with us some hours, watching over her with great kindness and skill. For the succeeding four or five days, she hovered between life and death; but God mercifully spared her to us, and after having quite given her up, we had the happiness of seeing her restored to us again. Dr. Crawford, whose unremitting attention I shall never forget, attributed her illness to the exposure consequent upon her wetting in the creek. During her illness, the gentlemen of the camp showed much sympathy; and many more kindnesses and thoughtful attentions did we receive from those among whom we came perfect strangers.

As the winter finally set in, we were kept close prisoners to the house, the rain continuing to pour in torrents, and, at times, for three weeks without ceasing, or our having one sunny day to cheer us; and the wind was so high, that we sometimes feared it would take our little house off its slight foundation. Papa and Barnes had managed to make some additions to my comfort, in plastering the outside of the house with mud, to keep out the rain, making a porch to break off the draught, and lining the inside of the room with canvas, and toweling stretched over it; but even this did not protect us from the fearful gales and constant rain, which often dropped through.

As it was more than a month before the workmen began to dig the holes for the posts of our new house, and then could not proceed with it on account of the rain, we had little hope of getting in under some months' time, and were obliged to make ourselves as comfortable and contented as we could. This the contrast of everybody else's case with our own contributed to do. May-day Hills, or Beechworth, as the

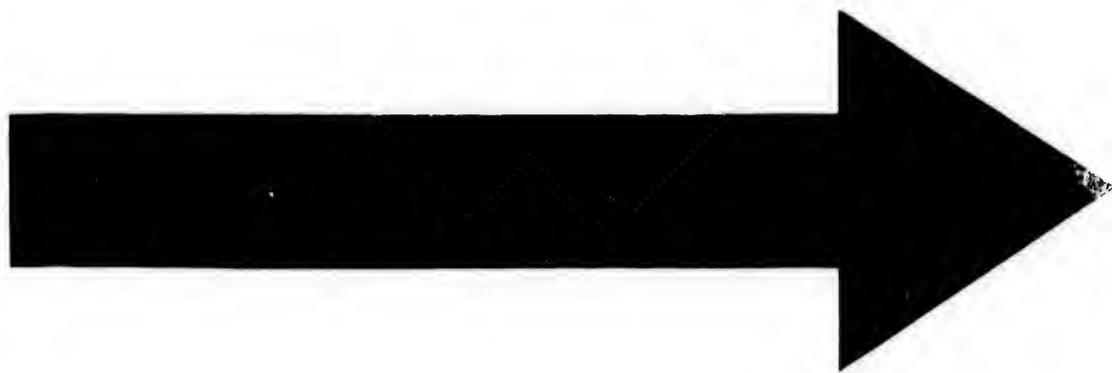
camp was called, was on a high ground—dry, in comparison with the gold-field, which stretched as far as the eye could reach in front of it. We were fenced in and guarded by sentries, and separated by a river called Spring Creek, which overflowed its banks in winter, filling the gold claims near it. Of the diggers themselves, and how they lived, I shall tell you by and by.

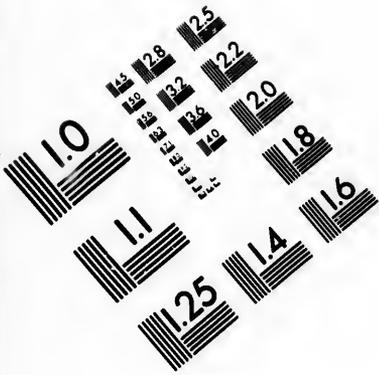
The camp consisted of rows of tents, facing one another, down streets—officers' tents, servants' tents, police tents, &c. In the middle was the large court-house tent, and a flag-staff, with a bell to sound the hours—which reminds me of one out of the many riddles our second servant (who was quite a character) made to amuse my brother—"Why is the Gold Commission like that flag-staff? Because it has a camp-bell at the top of it." The stores, of which there were two or three, were open tents. Mine, therefore, you see, was the only wooden-walled dwelling, and had the only glass window for miles. The gentlemen, who often came to have a play with their pet, G., used to tell papa he was the only one who had *light* in his dwelling; and, I am sure, away from friends, little brothers and sisters, they often thought so. A Lieutenant Finch, 11th Regiment, G. made up to the first time she saw, saying, "I likes you, Misse Finch; you's got such a pretty rose-pink coat." This speech brought a pocketful of sweets to the young lady the next day, which he was well laughed at for, as being so easily made a victim to flattery. I am afraid G. is not the only young lady dazzled by the color of a coat.

As the roads became so bad, communication between the diggings and Melbourne was almost cut off; and we had often to wait for the post long after the proper time. This, as a natural consequence, caused a scarcity of provisions

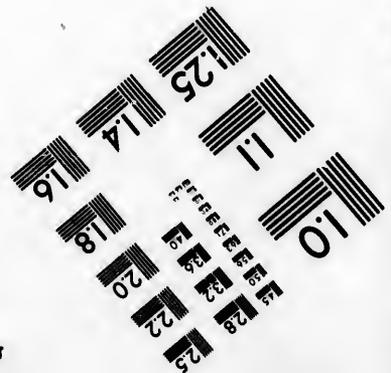
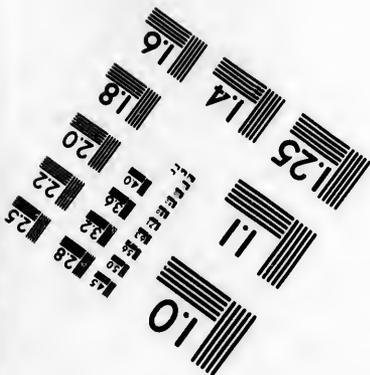
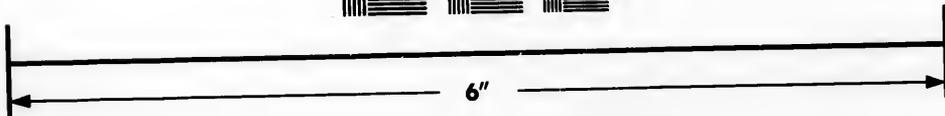
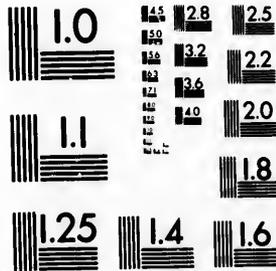
Flour rose to £15 the bag; oatmeal, 1s. 8d. the pound; coarse salt, 1s. 6d. the pound; split peas, 2s.; beans, 2s. 6d.; dried apples, 3s. 6d.; and rice, barley, and other necessaries, proportionably high. The cost of cartage from Melbourne to Beechworth was £150 the ton. For four months we had neither potatoes, turnips, cabbages, or any other greens; and the trunks, with jams, biscuits, anchovy pastes, &c., we packed and sent off before leaving Melbourne, were two months on the road after us, and most of the things spoiled when they did reach. Situated as we were, our cow was invaluable. She gave us milk enough for use in abundance; and we saved cream for butter, to my brother's great delight, enough for all at table. How the butter was to be made, was an enigma to us at first, without a churn, and without the possibility of getting one made, out of the hard wood of the gum-tree, which dyed everything red it touched when wet; but we at last managed to convert a large stone jar, with a wooden cover and dash, into a very tolerable churn. It is true, it took two hours and a half to bring the butter; but then our patience and perseverance had to be brought into request, and we only relished it the more from the labor we had had in getting it. Our fowls had cost ten shillings each at the station from which we had to bring them; but as eggs were 12s. to 18s. the dozen, they soon paid themselves.

My first real trouble was the loss of Barnes. The company to which he belonged when he came upon the diggings having succeeded in opening a promising claim, and needing his assistance, we could put no obstacle in the way of his bettering his condition, and, therefore, released him from his engagement. The poor fellow was as sorry to go as we were to lose him; knowing that I would find it difficult to





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get a man who could cook and bake as he did, before leaving, he tried to teach me all he could, but as his companions had only given him two or three days' notice, this was not much. Papa at once had many applicants for the vacant place among the unsuccessful diggers, as the wages were £150 sterling per annum, paid monthly by Government, and rations; but of those who applied, few could either cook, make bread, or milk, and, at last, he had to engage a respectable man, merely because he was so, and who, in position far above that of a servant, knew nothing about the duties of one. Our efforts in Melbourne to get a female servant had been quite unsuccessful; and I thought myself very well off in having my washing done by one of the women upon the diggings, at 10s. sterling the dozen—Barnes washing table-linen and towels. We heard of Ellen's having had a free passage to Melbourne, and her taking a place as barmaid in a tavern, at £36 sterling the year; but I would not have had her, even had she been willing to try diggings' life.

I called the new man, Frederick, in, to find out what sort of a servant he was; and his evident respectability, and the sorrowful way in which he told me he knew but little of such matters, having been compositor to a large publishing house in London, but would try and do the best he could, raised a feeling of pity, that one who had seen such "better days" should be so reduced, and I determined to make the best of it, and see if his desire to learn, and my small experience, would not overcome some of the difficulties threatening to diminish our household comforts. As he could not milk, and, after repeated attempts, failed to learn, we had to employ a camp servant, who offered to do it if we gave him half the milk. This, though very extortionate, had to be submitted to, as it was better than not having the cow

milked at all. The making of bread and yeast, also, he knew nothing about, and I had to put in practice the hints gained from Barnes. The yeast turned out well, and great was my anxiety about my first loaf of bread. I placed the dish to rise in front of the fire-place, and watched it; to my delight, it rose well, and many were the injunctions Frederick received about the baking, which he did nicely. I do not think compliments ever gratified me so much as the praises I got for this loaf of bread did; and indeed, the making of it good was of more importance than one would be inclined to think it could be, where bread could be bought; but the flour allowed by Government was sweet and good—that got upon the diggings sour and bad, and the bread, besides being adulterated with unwholesome ingredients, was 7s. 6d. sterling the loaf.

Frederick and I having overcome our greatest difficulty—the making of yeast and bread—were bold enough to try muffins, cakes, pastry, &c.; and here I found myself more at home, as the latter I had often made, to please myself, in Canada; and how sorry I often felt that I had not striven to learn more of the really useful, when I had the opportunity. True, it was never dreamed I would be placed in a position where I would have myself alone to depend upon, and, therefore, many things that would have been of use to me were neglected, as not being necessary where servants could be had. I had also foolishly forgotten that useful appendage to a young housekeeper's library—a cookery book.

But I must not tire you with too much about my work, or you will think it was all work and no play with me; that it was not—happy days I had, and a good deal of play, too, of one sort or another. I had a melodeon bought in

New York, and which arrived at Beechworth two months after us. This made pleasant evenings and pleasant Sundays; and then my Sunday school—but of that I shall tell you presently. However, even in spite of ill health, I never could feel the ennui the poor gentlemen complained of. During the winter they were often at a loss for amusement, news was scarce, the mails sometimes not being able to run. For days, and even weeks, they would know nothing of what was going on beyond the precincts of the little world, the camp. The last letters were always learnt by heart before the next arrived, and the little daily incidents of life were retailed for each other's amusement. Everybody seemed to bear an amount of good feeling for his neighbour I had never seen so exhibited before. An old bachelor told me, with all due respect for myself, that "this was owing to the almost entire absence of the female sex, they being generally mischief-makers and chatter-boxes"—a doctrine I am rather disposed to believe in.

I must tell you now how I came to have my Sunday school. For the first one or two Sundays after I came up, I missed church very much, and the day passed heavily. I was grieved also to see that it was totally unobserved by the people around. Papa had done what the law would allow him to, in putting down digging and washing gold on the Sabbath. Further than this he could not go; and the diggers took the day to wash and mend their clothes, fell trees, repair their tents and huts, and when they had not these to do, spent it in drinking, gambling, and idleness. Of course, the children of such parents were not behind them, in profaning a day they knew little of the sanctity of; and groups of dirty, idle, mischievous children were continually running wild all over the diggings. This was very sad; yet it could

not be otherwise, where there was no effort made to send a clergyman to a population, gathered from all parts of the world, of from nine to ten thousand souls—of whom but a very small number were women and children. Little babes came into the world, and were not baptized—went out of it, and were buried like dogs. Men and women who wished to be married, had to go over a hundred miles, at great expense and loss of time, to get to the nearest clergyman. Little as we could do towards reforming such a state of things—that little we felt anxious to try; and, therefore, the Sunday school was proposed, to rescue, if possible, some of the children, and, perhaps, through them, the parents. The difficulty was, how to get scholars. I did not like to enter any of the diggers' tents or huts, knowing the bad state of feeling that had formerly existed between them and the authorities. This was happily dying away; yet still coming from the camp, I felt nervous about getting refusals, and perhaps insults, and contented myself with inviting one or two little girls I met to come to me on Sunday, and I would teach them. "What a coward you were, dear mama," I think I hear little voices saying. "Yes, my dears, I was," and explain it in this way: I was anxious to do right, and to work for God, too—to *do* good, and to *be* good also; but it was in my own strength, not the love of Christ constraining me.

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CHAPTER X.

Sunday School--Working the Diggings--Burial Ground--Gold License Troubles.

I SENT to Melbourne for a supply of books to teach with, for rewards, and to form a small circulating library. In this way, I hoped to keep those who came once. The first Sunday I looked anxiously for the appointed hour—two o'clock. It brought *one* nicely-dressed little girl of thirteen years of age. She told me some of her friends wanted to come with her, but she was afraid I might not like it. Of course, she got permission to bring anybody she liked, provided they would remain, and came neat and clean. I found she had attended a Sunday school two years before in Sydney, and was anxious to learn all she could. I had, therefore, one promising pupil. The following Sunday seven or eight little girls were clustered round the door, waiting for admittance, all as clean and tidy as possible. I tried to interest them, and they seemed sorry when the hour came for us to separate. The third Sunday the number was doubled; and, besides, there were some ten or twelve little boys hanging about the door.

One of the little girls said, "Please, ma'am, these boys—Jane's brothers, and my brothers, and the rest are neighbours—wanted to come to school, too, but we did not like to bring them in as you did not tell us to bring boys." The boys now seeing that she who had evidently been chosen spokesman, was pleading their cause, gathered in a group, looking anxiously in for the result. I felt very sorry, but

was afraid of boys. I thought myself not strong enough to cope with turbulent or boisterous spirits, and that the hours, from two till five, were as long as I could bear, and, therefore, told the little girl I could not take boys, and, going to the door, said the same to them, telling them I was sorry, but if they wanted to learn what was good, they might share in the circulating library with the girls. They thanked me, but went away looking sadly disappointed; and now I may tell you, that all the pleasure I have in looking back upon that little Sunday school, is marred by the thought of having done nothing for those poor boys; it is one of the keenest regrets of my life, which I would have been spared, had I considered these words—Eccles., chap. ix, 10th verse—“Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.”

From this out, rain or shine, my house was always full to overflowing, and never had teacher more quiet, loving and industrious pupils. Before twelve o'clock, they would be waiting for admittance; and it was no use my telling them not come so early. As I could not begin before two, they always answered, “that their parents had no clocks, and they were afraid of being too late.” So Frederick had to make a place for them to sit in till dinner was over, and I could let them in the house. Some of them were very ignorant, one girl of twelve not knowing who made her, or who Jesus was; but the less knowledge they had, the more greedy they seemed for it, and the remarks made by some of them showed thought and much feeling.

In about three months' time a travelling Roman Catholic Priest came upon the diggings, where he remained for a few weeks, administering the rites of his church to those of

his persuasion. From him my Sunday school experienced its first opposition. Hearing of it, he went from hut to hut, and warned and threatened the parents not to send their children to the school of a heretic. Some of them ventured to expostulate, saying that the children had learned no harm there, and that it must be good, as it was all charity. This he angrily told them was a snare of the devil's, to catch their souls, and commanded them to send back the books without reading them. The next Sunday my school was much diminished in size; on anxiously inquiring the reason, the children told me about the priest, and that one little girl, in slyly attempting to go with them, had been seen by her mother, who threatened to break her back if she ever attempted to come to school again. I had never thought of asking these poor little ignorant things whether their parents were Protestants or Roman Catholics before. Now, on doing so, I found those left me were Protestants, and would remain. After a stay of a few weeks, the priest left, and returned, reinforced with an assistant. They energetically set to work to gather money for a church, boldly coming to the officers of the camp to ask for it. On one of them telling him he could not assist a religion against which he protested, the priest, with an air of great meekness, replied, "Ah! sir, the days of such intoleration are passed away; do not strive to revive them in this new country"—consistent sentiments from the lips of a man who had threatened his people with eternal damnation if they allowed their children to attend my Sunday school.

Much as I disliked the means used to gain their purposes, I could not but admire the energy with which they pushed

them, and sorrowed that it would not give the Bible to the people, but property to those already possessing so much of this world's goods. I wished our own clergymen would stir themselves a little, to rescue the hundreds, nay, thousands, of poor souls perishing upon the various diggings, without a hand stretched forth to help them, and could only pray, that He who gathered such a harvest together would send forth laborers to work in it. The Church of England service, read in the court-house tent by one of the officers, was the only public reminder of Christianity upon the Ovens.

One fine day, Papa and I were tempted to walk down upon the diggings, as I wanted to see the whole process of gold-digging and washing. We found the diggers very obliging; and they good-humouredly answered all my questions, and explained all I wanted to know. We saw the process, in various stages, as shown by the different states of advancement to which the numerous holes around us were brought. Some had just marked out their claims, and, with shovels and pickaxes, were removing the hardened surface of the clay; others, having penetrated a few feet, were throwing up the soft earth around them; while those still further down, were obliged to use buckets to remove it, which were drawn up and down by means of a windlass. The further they descended, the more laborious became their work, not only on account of the intense heat and confinement of the atmosphere so far down, but because they had, alternately, layers of sand, earth, stone, lime, or pipeclay, to work through, before they could reach the strata containing the precious metal. This some reached at a depth of eighty or ninety feet, others at sixty or seventy, while some never met with it at all; for after working the holes so far, found them

to be only what they called shicers—that is to say, not in the line of the gold vein, and, consequently, without the gold clay. Upon once reaching the precious strata, it had to be quickly and carefully dug, and lifted up; or if left for a night, the hole would perhaps tumble in, and be half filled with earth in the morning. The gold clay had then to be carted, at great expense, from one-half to two or three miles, to the creek, to be cleansed—which was first done by the cradle, or long tom, to separate the pebbles and coarse earth, and then washed out in small pans, the digger standing up to his waist in the water to separate all the clay from it. After all this, the black sand had to be blown out; it being nearly as heavy as the gold, did not wash away. With all this labor, at the immense detriment to health, it chanced sometimes that they were repaid in washing by finding that the strata had been a rich one; yet this did not often happen, the greater probability being that it would only be about equal to the wages of a laboring man, and this they were glad enough to get during the winter season.

The dangers incurred by the digger were not only those of loss of health and blindness, but they were frequently cut off in the midst of labor by the sudden and awful death of being buried alive. On getting down, and finding a rich-looking strata, they often sunk what they called tunnels, which was undermining the earth, by digging holes all round them. This, to permit them to penetrate further, they supported by pillars of wood, which frequently gave way, and buried them alive. Papa was often called upon to hold inquiries upon cases of this sad nature; there being no coroner, the duty devolved upon him.

Upon the Ovens' diggings few nuggets were found, the

gold being of the finest and purest quality; that dug from the bed of the creek—Reedy Creek, in particular—is mixed with small precious stones, rubies, garnets, and others, which, though small, are pure and valuable. A gentleman showed me a few in a match-box, for which he had refused twenty pounds from a Jew jeweller, to whom he happened to show them. All the diggers we questioned, upon their success in mining, gave us for reply, that they had barely made more than a living, and that fortunes were very rarely made. We were convinced that it was not the digger who profited by the gold-fields, but the storekeepers, doctors, draymen, and others, who were employed by them. The enormous profits made by the storekeepers enabled them to realize handsome fortunes in a few months' time; and although each of the diggings has its own number of "quacks," yet from the prevalence of scurvy, fever, and dysentery, they have a practice that would cause envy in the breast of many a respectable M. D. in large cities, between whom the only point of resemblance consisted in their knowledge of the art of charging.

As the digger is a migratory animal, he contents himself with few of the comforts or even necessities of life. A small unlined tent, or rough bark hut, serves for his dwelling, while his furniture consists of a couple of blankets, which he spreads on the ground, a kettle, an iron pot, a pannikin and tin plate, and knife and fork. Of course, his living is on a similarly rough scale: a damper, made of flour, salt, and water, unleavened, and baked in the ashes, forms his bread, which, with tea and mutton chops, or steaks, is the meal, with little variety every day. When tired of this easily-cooked food, and unable to change it, he buys largely from the storekeepers of the sardines in oil, potted meats,

preserves, and pickles, offered for sale, which runs away with much of the profits of digging.

Before I had left the Ovens, a great improvement had taken place upon it. Papa finding that the prohibition of the sale of liquor by Government on the gold-fields did not tend to diminish drunkenness, but rather increase it, from the vile stuff sold in all the sly grog-shops, which the large fine of £50 sterling, and the confiscation of their stuff could not put down, being a fruitful cause of crime, petitioned the Government to license two or three respectable hotels, where the diggers might buy ale, mild wines, &c., instead of the vile spirits, which sometimes drove people mad, sold at these low places. This was granted; and, before leaving, we saw two comfortable houses go up, with reading-rooms and large dining saloon, where the digger could have three comfortable meals a-day for £4 the week, sleeping in his own tent.

Our walk home brought us round past the burying-ground, already too full, on the top of one of the hills near the bush—fit finish to a walk upon the diggings—life, such a life, ending in death—such a death! What bright visions and air-castles lay buried there. How many a wife, mother, and sweetheart, who held the foreground in fond pictures, now mourn those whose last days they were not permitted to cheer—whose butterfly chase, as far as this world was concerned, ended in “vanity and vexation of spirit,” and, perchance, the lust for gain and gold quenching out the “light of other days”—better influences, home teachings, *mother's* prayers! God forgive those whose untrue statements brought them the premature possession of this narrow strip of ground. Our eyes were blinded looking at the unrecorded graves of this lonely wilderness. How many have reached the promised land, the great future alone will re-

veal. Quicken us, O Lord, in thy ways, and make us deeply sensible of our responsibilities.

We had been about three months upon the diggings, when a question arose as to the non-payment of a license fee. This tax, or rent, of thirty shillings per month for each digger, they considered too exorbitant. Some were for reducing it—some for doing away with it altogether. Although the police were very vigilant in finding out those digging without licenses, yet many escaped for months without paying it; yet the risk and uncertainty they ran was great, as if caught and brought before the magistrate, they were fined £5, and made take out a license at once. This money was used in keeping up the Gold Commission and a police force, much needed upon the diggings; and there was no other equitable way of making the digger, who was in the country to-day and out of it to-morrow, pay his share towards these expenses incurred for his benefit, in which the whole of the revenue from this source was expended. It was necessary to keep up the Gold Commission, consisting of a resident and several assistant commissioners at each head station, with their respective clerks. They were a most useful body, and one which could not be done without. Their duties were numerous and arduous. They were liable to be called upon any moment to settle disputed claims, rights of sluicing, &c. One had to be kept at the gold office to receive the gold-dust, weigh, stamp it, and send it off to Melbourne. They were also Justices of the Peace, and had to assist the Police Magistrate when more than one justice was required to sit upon the bench. They had to give out licenses, visit and report upon any new discovery, no matter at what distance from their station—form new ones; in short, do business requiring men of talent, respectability, and judgment. These we certainly had upon the Ovens.

As to the police force, without which there would be no security for human life one hour upon the gold-field, owing to the mixture of races thrown together—the adventurers and off-scourings of all countries, and the number of escaped and freed convicts from Van Dieman's Land and Sydney, many of whom take the name and occupation of digger to cover that of thief and assassin, it required a vigilant and well-kept-up mounted force. It was true, here the digger who found fault with unnecessary expenditure, had some little cause for complaint; for there were too many police officers employed—inspectors and sub-inspectors—almost an officer for every half dozen troopers, generally young, shallow-brained fellows, proud of their uniform, treating the diggers overbearingly, and bringing down invectives upon the Government through its servants. An experienced sergeant would have done the duty with greater satisfaction to the digging population. As there are always demagogues found ready to seize upon any public feeling of discontent, and fan it to a flame, it was not long before the suppressed murmurs of the diggers rose to threats, and threatened to come to blows: Meetings were held at Bendigo, Ballarat, McIvor, Castlemaine, Goulbourne, and finally at the Ovens. Speeches were made, and resolutions passed, not to pay the license tax, and to resist, if an attempt were made to force them. Petitions were sent to the Governor and Council, praying that it might be done away with, and that, as a body, they might have representation in Council.

As the Bendigo delegates, who presented the petition to His Excellency, reported him wanting in courtesy and unsatisfactory in his replies to them, the diggers, burning to revenge what they considered as fresh proof of hard usage and insult, refused to await the decision of Council, and

determined to resist paying the fee at once. Then did the vacillating policy of the Governor show itself. One moment troops were sent to enforce the law, the next, a courier dispatched after them, with instructions not to do so; then a letter denying the statements of the delegates, and promising them his influence in Council for whatever they wanted, if they would only keep the peace; then a proclamation, saying that the tax would be enforced at all hazards. Each post seemed to bring a contradiction of the promises made in the former one; and they finally resolved to use what they called passive resistance—that was, refuse to pay, allow themselves to be taken up and sent to jail; and as there were no jails upon the diggings, it would require two thousand policemen at least to take them all to Melbourne. The consequence was, that this stroke of policy gained the day; for the Governor had to order that the police should not go in search of any more unlicensed diggers, and, therefore, none would be taken up.

I have told you all this, that you may understand how critical our position was. The anxiety was great upon the Ovens, as we were the furthest gold-field from Melbourne, and had no troops; but owing to the masterly guiding hand of our Resident Commissioner, Mr. Turner, and the respect felt by the diggers for the Commissioners generally, these diggings, which had formerly borne the name of the most disorderly, were the quietest of all, and the diggers themselves passed resolutions, not only to obey the authorities upon the Ovens, but to pay the tax till the decision of Council was made known. Matters continued thus with us for some months. In the meantime, His Excellency supposing that the Ovens' diggers meant no more by their resolutions than he did by his promises, and that, consequently, the Govern-

ment officials were not safe without additional protection, sent us eighty old pensioners, under the command of Mr. Finch, 11th Regiment, in case of a rise and attack upon the camp. This, when you consider the diggers numbered thousands, would not make us feel much more secure. Happily, we never needed them.

On the Ballarat, however, a sadder story must be told. There matters reached such a crisis, that much blood was shed. Troops were sent up from Melbourne to quell the disturbance, and many innocent lives were lost. God saved us from such troubles, and our district went on in undiminished prosperity. Little wooden houses gradually replaced the tents upon the camp, and large sheds made very tolerable stores. Papa got permission to mark out and sell town-lots: and Beechworth soon gave promise of becoming, what it afterwards did, a nice flourishing little town.

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CHAPTER XI.

Ophthalmia — House-Warming — Natives — A Pleasant Meeting — Hot Weather — Longings for Home.

IT was nearly five months before we got into our new house, and our delight was so great, after living so long in the kitchen, that we proposed giving a house-warming, of which I shall tell you presently. The house was a four-roomed cottage, with a wide passage through it, nice for G. to run in, and a door front and back. The walls of the rooms were carpeted, and the ceiling white canvas; the outside was rough deals, and shingle roof. Simple as this would appear, it cost the Government £1,000 to build. Wood is very scarce in Australia, the red gum, the most abundant tree, being too hard, too heavy, and shrinking too fast, to make boards; therefore, those of which our floors were made were of pine, brought all the way from Canada, and carted, at immense expense, up there. You will not wonder, therefore, at the cost of the house; but this was a necessity, as any other flooring shrunk and let in snakes, which were very abundant and very venomous. The tents which were spread for our old warriors, being found on a damp spot, were removed; and on taking up the bark used for flooring, whole families of snakes were found under them. Red ants were also a nuisance, and frightfully numerous. In Melbourne, the legs of the sideboards and tables had to be stood in little tin boxes filled with water, over which the ants could not travel, the only way to keep them out of food. These luxuries we could not get at the Ovens, so had to put

up with them, as well as with the centipedes and flies; the bite of the former is most severe, causing illness and fever. Frederick killed seventeen the day we moved, concealed behind the furniture.

Of the flies, I hardly know how to speak. It would fill a whole chapter to tell you what torments they were. They seemed to be the common house-fly, of a large size, but such a pest, that nothing would keep a moment with them. Our blankets and flannels hung out to air, in a short time, would be fly-blown and alive with maggots; meat had to be killed and used immediately, else it was in the same state, and beef and mutton were always tough, from being eaten so soon after killing. The Bible story of Abraham entertaining the three strangers, fetching a kid from the herd, killing and dressing it, and placing it before them to eat, is exactly the way in which food is prepared in Australia. Then when upon the table a battle had to be waged to eat it—yourselves *versus* flies—for swarms of them were circling over you all the time, ready for spoils. The moment carving operations were suspended, a wire gauze cover had to be popped over the dish, or the flies would cover and blow the hot meat under your very eyes. Happily for us, we brought a supply of these articles from Melbourne, and so were saved the disgusting spectacle which those who had none witnessed daily. Dining in this way did not improve one's appetite, you may be sure; but appetite I had none there, in spite of constant doses of quinine and bitter ale every day, ordered by the doctor. The latter had to be brought from Wanganatta, thirty miles, on horseback, and cost there eight shillings the bottle. One lasted three days, and was the the only thing that kept me up, especially when I had ophthalmia. This very common complaint upon the gold-

fields is said by some to be caused by the flies laying eggs in the corners of the eyes; others, however, attribute it to the hot sand-storms. In my case, I cannot say what brought it on, but know that I had a narrow escape from blindness. For a week, I could not even see a gleam of light; and the fear of remaining in that state made me cry so much, that it aggravated the disease, so that when we moved, G. had to be my guide, leading me from room to room.

But I am forgetting the house-warming. I had often had little parties of four or five, after the melodeon came up, in the old house. Now we wished to ask all our friends at the same time. The greatest difficulty was, in getting enough glass and china, for all these things being generally found broken when they reached the diggings. Of wine-glasses, I suppose, not a whole one could be found. At the officers' mess, they were called "no heel-taps," as they had to be emptied and turned upside-down after using. Some one tried the plan of planting his glass firmly in his bread, and this was looked upon as a grand invention, and adopted accordingly. I counted my cups, and found I had just enough to go round, including one with a broken handle, and a cracked mug. These, I impressed upon papa's mind, were to be secured by himself and my brother, to save exposing our poverty to our guests.

The evening was fine, and everybody came. I was just pouring out Frederick's nice clear coffee, when up jumped papa, bustling to the table, and saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, if I take my coffee first; my wife charged me to see that I got the cup with the broken handle, and my brother-in-law the cracked mug." At this there was general roar of laughter, in which, in spite of my discomfiture, I had to join, and a scramble for these articles, everybody being

sure their coffee would taste better out of them than any other. The evening passed pleasantly, with conversation, music, and singing, several of the officers being accomplished musicians. But it did not end here for me; for to the time I left, it was a standing joke against me, and many were the sly hits I got from them for my skill in hiding breakages, "putting the best foot foremost," &c., &c.

As summer came on, horseback exercise was suggested, as being likely to be of benefit to my health. Until I could get a suitable horse, Mr. Turner, our Owens' Governor, lent me one he had brought from Sydney—trained for his wife, whom he left there. Mounted on "Oakstick," I scoured the country for miles around, whole parties of us going together, it being dangerous for one or two to ride alone—as if your horse was handsome, a distant bushranger might shoot you down, and make off with it. Sometimes we rode to squatter's stations, never entering their houses, though; sometimes visited distant diggings, having hair-breadth escapes in the wild uncultivated country through which we passed. Beautiful country we sometimes saw, riding up the mountain ranges, and going through whole patches of the lovely, sweet-scented flowering wattle, or galloping over the long wild prairie-like grass. One evening we got benighted, and to save a round of five miles, took a frightful hill road, by the side of a precipice. The gentlemen scrambled up, leading their horses; mine being sure-footed, I was advised to ride, papa keeping close by. So steep was the ascent, that part of the way I shut my eyes, and clung, with both arms round "Oakstick's" neck. When at the top, everybody declared they would rather "take the longest way round as the surest way home," than try such an alpine path for the future.

One day we saw what looked like a black branch, across our road. The horses, as we neared it, began to snort, spinning round and acting in the most extraordinary way, till one of the party, dashing in his spurs, cleared it by a jump, calling out, "It's only a dead snake after all." We followed, and one of the gentlemen measuring it, found it to be twelve feet long; smaller ones, living, we often saw. There are several kinds: diamond snakes (so called from having diamond-shaped marks upon it), black snakes, whip snakes, and yellow snakes. The latter are the most deadly. Of wild animals there are few in Australia, the opossum and flying squirrel being the most numerous. The diggers were very fond of shooting the former and making beautiful rugs of them, by sewing their skins together. The kangaroo, of which you would read a better account in any natural history than I could give you, are being driven before the face of civilization, and are scarce. I only saw one. The emu, also, which is a large and most splendid bird peculiar to Australia, is disappearing. It resembles the ostrich, but has shorter legs, shorter neck, and thicker body. This bird measures over seven feet in height, and runs very swiftly—the feathers are most beautiful, brown and grey mixed. I had a quantity of them given me on my way down to Melbourne, but owing to their size and the difficulty of carrying them on horseback—not being able to open my baggage—I had to leave them behind, which I often afterwards regretted. The natives hunt the emu as well as the kangaroo, and great excitement prevails when one is killed—screeching and outcries—as the flesh is a great delicacy with them, and the feathers are used as aprons and ornaments for the head.

We frequently met the natives in our rides. My first acquaintance with them was made at Bannalla after my ducking.

Hearing the sitting-room door open I looked up; a black head was popped in and out again. So ugly was the object that I gave an involuntary scream and covered my face, a proceeding which evidently caused amusement, for the owner of the cranium now showed itself, making a low guttural hissing sound, meant for a laugh. Ashamed of myself, I ventured to look up again, and was introduced by my landlady to the queen of a tribe then at Bannalla, said to be *handsome*. Fancy a black woman, with hair long and stiff, hanging like porcupine's quills over her shoulders, no forehead, eyes long and half closed, broad nose, mouth from ear to ear, with the contrast of beautifully white and even teeth, and you will have the picture of a handsome Aborigine—quite a belle. She was pleased with G., who, wiser than her mother, saw nothing to be frightened at in her, and made friends accordingly. Of course she was civilized. In their native state, as I afterwards saw them, they are a very repulsive people, said to be the lowest of the human race, wearing very little clothing, and subsisting upon grubs, worms, beetles, roots, herbs, and indeed anything they can pick up, and having many curious superstitions, dreading graves, and in some tribes never using them, laying out their dead upon a sort of stretcher, raised on four posts, and letting it rot away. The moaning of the wind through the forest is supposed to be voices of the dead, and fills them with horror. Their habits are so degrading, that any white person found living with them, is severely punished by law. Though ingenious, and apt to learn; they are intensely cruel and treacherous. One man who had been much with them came to live at the Ovens, where he kept a "sly grog" tent. One of our camp servants, named Barney, having been drugged and robbed of his purse, watch and chain, by him, came to papa and informed. The

tent was struck and the man off before he could be taken. Barney fearing the consequences of his revenge, was kept, at his own request, in a hiding place for some time, and finally sent off to New South Wales, under the charge of an escort, for safety. Two days after being left there, he was tracked, murdered, and his heart torn out of his still quivering body, roasted and eaten by his enemy, who boasted of the fact some days after, when drunk, to the woman who had innocently lent him her frying pan. He was taken, tried, and executed, glorying all the time in the accomplishment of his revenge, so savage had become his nature from the evil communication of the heathens he had companied with so long. Truly does God's word say, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Upon the diggings we sometimes met people who had been drawn from home like ourselves, in search of some unknown good, and who were willing enough to acknowledge out there, that there were worse places in the world than Canada. One day our feelings were interested in a way both pleasing and painful at the same time; it was raining heavily, and papa had gone with the servant to attend to the comfort of a little mare he had just bought. When on his way he saw some men busy spreading tents, and unpacking waggons. Determining at once to send them away, as they were trespassing not only on camp ground, but upon our private property, he went over to them, when he was surprised to hear a man say in French, "*Voilà un capot d'étoffe du pays, un Canadien,*" pointing to the grey overcoat he had on, hood and all, one of our home relics; and dropping what they had in their hands, they all ran to meet him. Speaking to them in French, he asked where they were from? The sound of the language seemed to affect them powerfully. Choking

with emotion one replied, "*du beau Canada, Monsieur, et vous ?*" The reply of "Canada" was received with a wild shout of delight by these simple children of our soil. Surrounding him, they overpowered him with questions, his answers being received with loud exclamations. Some of them he found were *censitaires*, from seigniories owned by his own uncles, others knew him by name perfectly well. A full hour did he spend, talking to these men, all seemingly unconscious of the pouring rain. At last it occurred to him that I might be alarmed at his absence, and he came back to tell me of the delightful *rencontre*. Of course they were not turned off, but were given permission to remain on our ground as long as they liked. Next day he took me to see them. On approaching their tents we heard the sound of a violin, and sat upon a log to listen to the music. They were playing and singing a Canadian air, "*La belle Canadienne*." The sound brought home so before me, that I started up, nearly choked, and rushed back to the house, papa himself being scarcely less moved. In the evening he brought two of the men to see me, and their politeness, so peculiar to the French Canadian, delighted me so much, being such a contrast to the manner of the diggers and working classes in Australia, and we made up our minds that there were no peasantry in the world like them ; they were true gentlefolks of nature's making.

After a long conversation, and relation of their adventures, in which love and regret for home, gleamed through all they said, more brightly than the shining ore did, in the richest Australian clay, we separated, papa promising to get them employment, which he was enabled, in a few days, to do, the building of so many houses in Beechworth causing a demand for workmen. After this we had frequent visits from our

fellow-countrymen, who would take no steps of any importance without the advice of "*Monsieur le Magistrat*," as they called him. They even wished him to take charge of their money, as they were afraid of being robbed, and he had much difficulty in making them believe that it was safer in the Gold Commission office than in his hands.

As summer advanced, we found the heat harder to bear than we had experienced it in the tropics. We put a large canvass awning, fastened by posts, as a verandah, in front of the house, to shade the windows and door; blinds could not be made at the Ovens—but it was not much use, the Punkah of India alone would have rendered the heat bearable. At Rio we always had a sea breeze in the evening, which cooled the air, and invigorated our exhausted frames. At the Ovens we had none of that; what wind we had, coming over the land, generally brought hot sand storms with it, so that we were better with none; our shingles curled up with the heat, and dotted our canvass ceiling all over with half moons. When rain came on, the weight of water over our heads was often so great that we feared a "burst," and had to prick holes with a carving fork to let the water stream through into the tubs and basins below. As the season advanced, however, thunder and lightning storms were often dry, unaccompanied with rain, the clouds seeming to have exhausted themselves during the winter; and when the dry season began, dry it was indeed; the suffering cattle had to be driven from the hilly parts down to the low lands, everywhere, in search of water and grass, reminding one of the Bible story of Elijah's days, when Obediah went searching for sustenance for Ahab's cattle. What a beautiful story that is? I hope you enjoy Bible stories more than any others. If you do not your reading is doing you harm.

As everything became parched up, fires were frequent, both caused by the carelessness of people travelling through the bush, and by lightning striking trees, which was very frequent, and these bush fires surpassed, in their terrible grandeur and horror, anything I had ever seen. We passed through part of one on our way down, the thought of which makes my blood creep even now, and causes wonder how we ever escaped alive. Blinded with smoke, half choked, galloping, full tear along, on, on we went, feeling that each moment was precious, as it was life, dear life, that was at stake. Providentially the wind favored and we got out—it would be cold words to say—escaping a great danger. Surely we had another cause for giving praise to the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men, in bringing them out of their distresses.—Psa. cvii.

Of the fertility of Victoria, and its productions, I have as yet said little. From our Ovens' experience we might be led to suppose that it grew nothing but grass, as vegetables, potatoes, &c., were not to be had. Shortly before leaving there, an enterprising drayman brought, all the way from New South Wales, a load of cabbages and cauliflowers, which were eagerly bought up, not going far among so many purchasers. Our share was a cauliflower which cost 10s. That by careful cultivation almost any thing can be made to grow in Victoria, I have no doubt, as in the squatters' gardens I saw beautiful flowers, very fine vegetables and fruit, especially grapes. Of wild fruits, however, there are none, not a strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, or bush bearing fruit of any sort. As the portion of land which is under cultivation is very small, Victoria being one vast cattle run, there is no supply whatever, for a rapidly increasing population, the whole energies of the settlers being devoted, previous to the

gold discovery, to the exportation of wool, raising sheep for that purpose by thousands, they cultivated nothing but a small garden for their own supply. Wool being the staple commodity of the country, to protect the wool raisers, or squatters, as they are called, Government refused to sell land, locking it up for their especial benefit; the purchase of farms became an impossibility, and the consequence was, that instead of encouraging emigrants, after the gold discovery, to remain and settle on land of their own in this new country, those who made money hurried away to lay it out in a snug farm and homestead in some less exclusive part of the world, there being no inducement for the really respectable man, short of Government appointments, or in a professional capacity, to stay in the colony. So short-sighted was this policy that ships were leaving daily, filled with those whom it would have been to the interest of any country to have kept.

In Canada, on the contrary, every inducement is offered to settle, land given on easy terms, roads opened, and every means used to develop the resources of the country, and fill it with an industrious, respectable population. In Australia things are different. It is called "England's Pet Colony," and a fine colony it certainly is; but as a home, a desirable home for one's lifetime, and a place to leave one's children after one, we did not find it what we expected it to be, and it was not to be wondered at, that the often drawn comparison between the colonies, always ended in favor of the old home across the sea. Its cold, sharp dry winter, we thought better than the four or five months of incessant rain and damp, and the hottest Canada summer, to the sand storms, exhausting heat, and plagues of flies and other vermin, fever, dysentery and ophthalmia we had to contend with here.

Had land been purchasable, and our first intentions carried out, we might have become attached to the country, by owning a bit of its soil, but we felt as if we had no part nor lot in it, and cared nothing about it. Papa did his work as Judge of the district satisfactorily, and was paid for it, but we were pilgrims and strangers there, and a yearning for home, I am afraid, put a drop of bitter in every cup of sweet we drank. My health failed fast, and G., from looking like a fat healthy little pudding, as she once did, had wasted into a pale, frail little flower, seeming as if a good puff of wind would blow her away altogether. Dr. Crawford constantly shook his head, and said that the climate did not agree with us, and at last told papa that unless change of air were had, we would both fall victims to it, recommending Van Dieman's Land as the best place for both. This decided an immediate application for leave to go to Melbourne, with the intention of resigning the Ovens berth altogether, and in a short time we had left a place which had been our home for nearly nine months, with a keener feeling of regret than we had any idea we should have had, on our first arrival at Beechworth. We were leaving behind kind friends, whose like we never expected to see again; our mutual privations, our peculiar situation and hermit-like life, had been a bond of union which had drawn us together very closely indeed, and on parting our discomforts were forgotten, our many happy days remembered, and we really felt sorry to go.

As soon as it became known upon the diggings that papa did not intend to return, meetings were held, and an address drawn up by the diggers to the Governor, petitioning him not to accept his resignation, as if salary were the object *they would supply* the sum required over the Government allowance. An address was also sent us, expressing their

sorrow at his leaving, and requesting his acceptance of two very valuable large gold nuggets, to be used in purchasing a silver tea service, when he got to a place where such things were to be had, with the inscription they wished put upon it. We felt this generosity very much, and I remembered with compunctions of conscience how ungrateful I had been for this very appointment. Two public dinners were also given him by the camp, with such a kind letter, in which the officers begged him "to consider well before he resigned, and removed from a place which he had benefitted so much and was so well liked." He had but honestly done his duty, but his legal education had qualified him for a post which at that time was generally filled with military men, or young men of good family from England, who, with the best of education and talent, could not satisfactorily do work which a lawyer alone could understand, as there was a summary jurisdiction of all cases up to £50, besides disputes of all kinds, and any number of criminal cases, and an amount of work to be done which would startle many of the quiet, easy-going judges in other places.

My hardest parting was with my Sunday scholars, and breaking up a school now well filled. On the last day wee letters and bits of verses were brought me, expressing love for me and sorrow at my going away; and in looking round upon the little loving faces, down many of which the tears were streaming, I was quite overcome. "Oh! who will teach us now," they said. I could only reply "God." They promised me to read very often my parting gift of a Testament each, and to remember the Sabbath day. How often my thoughts travel back to that little band, and I wonder if they ever think of me now, or better still, if they think of what I tried to teach them. God will bless His own word,

and the scattering of copies of it is casting seed upon the waters, which will bring forth fruit to life everlasting, though the instrument used be most unworthy. Charlotte Elizabeth remarks, "We may be like a finger post which points the way, but moves not one step itself."

The mother of my first scholar, on calling to bid me farewell, tried hard to make me accept a present of two guineas, saying "it was to buy a doll for G." I had to be firm in my refusal, however ungracious it might seem, as we made it a point of never accepting the value of one pin's worth while we were upon the diggings, lest in such a demoralized place they might suppose papa open to the bribery which was the common reproach against officials upon some of the gold fields. Though I could not accept the gift, the kindness which prompted the offer pleased me much, and showed me that those people would not grudge to pay liberally for instruction, if they could get it. I spoke hopefully to her about the Sabbath school being re-opened before long, as some of the officers had wives in Sydney or Melbourne, who, now that houses were built, and matters made comfortable for them, intended bringing them up to Beechworth, and I trusted if two or three came, they might carry on the work on a better and more extended scale than I had done; and now I think I must be bringing my long story to a close—what little I have to tell you about my trip down I shall keep for the next chapter.

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CHAPTER XII.

Down again—Buck-Jumping Horse—Trees—Flies—Homeward Bound—
Old England—Ho! for Canada.

I NEED not tire you taking you down over ground you toiled so patiently up. In imagination I am sure you often felt yourself shivering with the rain and cold, and your bones sore with the jolting of the cart over such bad roads. Your feelings will be spared now, however, as the weather was finer, and the roads better than then. You will remember that when I went up to the Ovens, winter was just coming on. We arrived in the colony in April, you know. Now that I was leaving it summer was far advanced; June, July and August being the coldest winter months, and November, December and January the hottest summer ones. We spent two burning, scorching Christmas days in our lives in countries where holly and ivy, and spruce and red berries are never seen, and I think I like a visit from old *Santa Claus* when he is covered with his mantle of snow, with a beard of icicles, and all the greater inward warmth, from the outer cold, the best. The fine, clear, frosty cold Christmas circulates your blood so fast, and warms your heart so much towards all around you, but that season in Australia is as hot and unbearable as any in the tropics can be, and I fancy the Christmas-loving children of Old England never feel themselves at home out there.

I am sure you will laugh when I tell you I was not destined to leave the Ovens without another dip in its waters, and that I had more narrow escapes from drowning on land than

I ever had at sea, but I must tell you about that. Papa and I rode the whole way down to Melbourne on horseback, in six days. My brother easily kept up with us, driving a light cart, with a snug place, half seat, half bed, for G. I had often ridden thirty miles a day before for pleasure, but you may suppose that at the end of the six days I would be glad enough to exchange my saddle for any other seat.

On crossing a creek, before reaching Wangaratta, my horse turned in the middle of the stream, and got out of his depth, going down with me on his back. It was only the work of a minute or two to get free from the pummel, slide into the water, and be safely landed again, with the help I got; but from having a thick green veil tied tightly over my face, and a shade of silk and wire drawn over that again, to keep off the sun and flies, I was nearly suffocated by the force of the water driving them into my face. A young friend who was riding down with us caught my horse, and I was mounted again, more annoyed at the accident and my wet state than grateful, as I should have been, for the providential escape I had had, and cantered the whole seven miles on to the hotel without stopping. My friends at Beechworth, when they heard of the affair, thought I certainly was not born to be drowned. I must say I prefer the dry diggings to the wet ones, though I don't like the taste of either.

As our forage allowance was large, we always had the enjoyment of being able to keep two horses, which we could not have done otherwise, as hay and oats were fabulously dear. I do not think Caligula's horse could have been fed on much more expensive diet than the Victoria horses were at that time. Papa's was an iron-grey—mine a beautiful large brown, with black spotted haunches, which even the dreadful habit of branding had not marred. This branding,

which is universally practiced here upon all sorts of cattle, is done when the animal is young. They are tightly tied down, and then marked, with the owner's initials, with a red hot iron. As you never see a horse without this brand, even the most expensive carriage ones, you get so accustomed to it, that it soon ceases to be an eye-sore; and when you buy or exchange an animal, you get a deed of sale with him, describing him, and giving the initials of his mark. So handsome was this horse, that we were stopped several times on the way down to Melbourne, and asked if we would sell or exchange him, the roads being common horse-markets in Victoria. He had a naughty trick, however, but which he was good enough never to play upon me, namely, buck-jumping. As this accomplishment is peculiarly Australian, I shall try and describe it for you. A sudden rise of anger, stubbornness, or even, at times, excess of spirits, will cause them to draw their fore and hind legs together, throw up their backs suddenly, bursting the strongest saddle-girths, and pitching their rider some distance over their heads. My horse did this to my brother one day, and cured him of wanting to borrow him again. I had made such a pet of him, talking to him and giving him bits of sugar and bread whenever I went near him, that he knew me perfectly; and I got such confidence in him, that though by no means a good rider, I never feared his buck-jumping me off his back; but I suppose he was so accustomed to my light weight and easy rein, that he got saucy, and thought he ought never to carry any heavier, for when we reached Melbourne, and sent our horses to the police barracks, where they were well cared for and exercised, Mr. Tom would not allow a trooper to mount him, buck-jumping off every one who tried.

The day after we arrived, a trooper came to our quar-

ters quite in trouble, asking what he should do with this horse, as he was so vicious he could not be ridden. On finding that I had come down on his back, he was surprised, and, supposing there must have been something the matter with his saddle, went off to have it examined. It was found not so—the trick was continued; and as we shortly after left Melbourne in a hurry, and were obliged to sell our horses for what they would fetch, Government bought them for the troop, allowing us almost nothing for Tom, he had so completely lost his character, though he was the most expensive horse of the three, and at Beechworth would have sold for his full value. Poor fellow, I felt sure if I had gone to him, and patted and talked to him, instead of using whip and spur as they had done, I could have ridden him with safety; but I never saw him again. So dangerous, however, is this habit in horses, that people are frequently killed by it. A Commissioner, Captain Blake, one of the most amiable and accomplished men who ever came to the Colony, met his death, shortly before our arrival, in this way—his head coming in contact with the stump of a tree.

Our journey down would have been very pleasant, had it not been for the want of water and the tormenting flies. One day we rode thirty miles in great heat, without being able to get one drop; and when at last we reached a thick black pool, the poor jaded beasts sunk down on their knees to drink, and we could hardly get them up again. The blacks, who suffer much from the dryness of the summers, horde together in places where the malley-bush grows. This bush holds, even in the most sandy soil, a supply of fresh water in its roots. These they dig up, and break into pieces, when a large quantity of water oozes out—a merciful provision of nature where springs and streams are scarce. How

well we understood what a refuge the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land was," and the comfort of having "water sure." The malley-bushes are surrounded, or protected, with long stiff grass, called porcupine grass, but even that can hardly be called green. How dried up and ugly the trees did look to be sure—the peculiarity which several species have, of shedding their bark instead of their leaves, gives the trunks such a ragged, slovenly appearance, certainly not *spruce*-looking.

The *casnana*, commonly called "she-oak," is indigenous to Australia. It is not a pretty tree, having narrow-pointed leaves, hard and dry, as indeed all the species have, being wanting in that freshness of color and softness which leaves swept off by the changing seasons have. The gum-tree, or stringy bark, is the most useful tree in Victoria; it serves for firewood, burning well green; it splits easily into slabs, for the sides of the huts, though it shrinks so fast that it has to be run in upon grooves, to be driven close every now and then; the bark is used for roofing.* Strange to say, the only pine trees we saw in Victoria were a few at Beechworth, near our own dwelling, the only ones of the kind, we were told, within hundreds of miles; they flourished on that bleak, hilly spot. How we hailed these monarchs of our own forests. We wondered if they were transplanted like ourselves, or if they felt more at home than we did. The moan of the wind, as it waved their branches, seemed an echo of the home sigh in our own hearts.

"Exiled it grew, 'midst foliage of no kindred hue."

"To me, to me, its rustling spoke,
The silence of my soul it broke;
Aye, to my ear, that native tone
Had something of a kindred moan."

The flies caused us much suffering all the way down. G.'s and my eyes were swollen up with them, and the horses often danced with pain, though we kept whisking about a branch all the time. Poor dumb creatures, how I pitied them; their eyes were one mass of sores, and so itchy, that they were constantly rubbing their heads against each other. I rode between papa and our friend; and when I reached my destination, the skirt of my habit was in anything but a presentable state, to go through the streets of Melbourne with, from the way in which my neighbour's horse had kept wiping his eyes upon it. It was light-drab when I got it, black being too hot a color there; but between the sun beating down, and the mud dashing up, it was a funny-looking color when I rode into Melbourne.

Poor G. had felt the heat very much, and would scarcely eat anything. Added to her other troubles, she had whooping cough; and when Dr. Campbell saw her in Melbourne, he said she could not possibly live unless we could go to sea at once. The next two days we were very sorely tried as to what was best to be done. On one side, papa was offered the choice of two higher appointments nearer Melbourne, with larger salaries, if he would remain, which the Governor and many friends urged his doing—these, perhaps, being stepping-stones to something else, and sending G. and myself to Van Dieman's Land. This latter I vetoed most positively. On the other side, was the tempting inducement of a splendid ship sailing in a few days for England—one of a line of packets—a return to our old home and friends, and health for myself and the child again. The last gained the day; and though everything was done to induce him to remain, he resisted it all. The Attorney-General wrote to urge him, if he would not take office, to stay and practice

in his profession in Melbourne. Many flattering things were done and written, which I shall pass over, lest I should seem to be boasting of them to you, the last of which was the offer of keeping his berth open to him, if he returned to the colony within eighteen months' time.

My brother decided to remain in Melbourne.

In a week's time we had set sail in the ship *Admiral*, Captain Picken, for London, and soon left Melbourne and the banks of the Yarra, Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip and Australia behind us. Our return home was to be round Cape Horn, having thus made the tour of the globe at our journey's end. To make our time right running eastward, we had to have eight days in one week, keeping two Fridays. Our voyage home was the reverse, in every respect, of the one out. This time the Union Jack floated over our heads. We had ample accommodation—luxurious table, furnished with ale, porter, and all sorts of the best wines, without extra charge. The passage-money was ninety sovereigns each.

The ship was a very fine one, with a crew of forty sailors. Our passengers were mostly wealthy merchants or squatters' widows, going to live upon their money and educate their children in England. The second-class were many of them successful diggers, who, though they could have well afforded the passage-money, preferred the freedom of the second cabin. There was no steerage. Of their extravagance we had many funny stories from one of our passengers. Mr. Williamson was a Scotchman, who had been many years a dry-goods' merchant in Melbourne. After the discovery of the gold-fields he opened a second establishment, and speedily realized an enormous fortune, which he was returning to the Highlands to spend.

We had heard of the real gold slippers a digger had had beaten out for his wife—their general profligacy in the use of money; and scarcely credited it all, till confirmed by his experiences. Of course, at the Ovens there was not much opportunity for extravagance, the stores being filled with the mere necessaries of life, miners' tools, cooking implements, &c.; but at Melbourne, the splendid jewelry from India, the costly shawls and curiosities from China, tempted them to empty their pockets upon articles of which they knew little of the use. A lady in Melbourne walked the streets in the plainest possible attire—a successful digger's wife in fabrics and colors fit for an oriental princess. One day Mr. Williamson had been watching one of his clerks vainly endeavouring to satisfy a red-faced, coarse-looking woman with some dress-satin he was showing her. Going forward, and asking what she wanted, he found she was buying a dress for herself, but that what had been shown her, though the best and most expensive in the store, was not good enough. Subduing a smile, he said, "I think I know what you want, madam. You don't mind cost—your dress must stand alone." "Just so, sir. You are a gentleman, and know what will suit a lady." A piece of rich waistcoat satin, which had been lying by for a couple of years, too expensive to be saleable was then produced, which suited exactly, though, as he laughingly said, how ever she got it made into a dress he did not know, it was so stiff and heavy.

A day or two before we sailed, a sad occurrence took place in one of the banks. A very wretched-looking man, not long out from the old country, who had evidently tasted the very dregs of the cup of poverty, came into the bank, bringing with him the results of a month's successful digging. He had opened what is called a pocket, and washed out a

large quantity of gold, of the full value of which he was not aware. He had carried his hoard down to Melbourne on foot—part tied in an old stocking, the rest stowed away about his person, and went straight to the bank, emptying it all upon the counter, and wishing it changed into bank-notes. As pile after pile of the bills were laid down for him, he, who perhaps never knew what it was to possess a £5 note in his life before, could not believe his eyes. Much excited, he cried, "Is this all mine—and this, and this?" as the piles were being increased; and just as the last was put into his hand, he uttered a loud exclamation, and fell dead. The surprise, the joy had been too great a strain, and had snapped the frail cord of life in twain. Poor man, his hard-earned wealth had been hardly earned indeed.

Off Cape Horn we saw some splendid icebergs. The run round there, if in summer, gives you light night and day—if in winter, nearly all darkness. We had a beautiful lunar rainbow once or twice, with all the colors and brightness of a solar one all round the moon, just as the storm-rings we sometimes see are. Off the Falkland Islands we got the most frightful storm we had yet experienced. Our cabin was a saloon upon deck, and the waves broke into it, frightening us all very much. The gale lasted two days, and then fell suddenly, leaving us in great danger from the high waves rolling us about, without enough wind to steady us. In the tropics we were becalmed for three weeks, which lengthened our voyage considerably, as we otherwise would have made a quick run.

Across the line once more—how delighted I was to see my old friends Orion and the Great Bear, with his dipper, again. The Magellen clouds and southern cross had been beautiful; but the constellations of the Southern Hemisphere

have not nearly so many stars of the first magnitude as the northern has; for that reason, I think the southern cross is more thought of than it would be were it on the other side of the Equator. In ninety-five days we sighted land—the land of old England. What a joy that was. In the channel, papa and another gentleman went off in a pilot-boat, landed at Deal, and ran up to London by rail, getting there twenty-four hours before us. This time was so well employed, that arriving we found ourselves taken to nice lodgings in Russell Square, with dinner all ready for us, and friends, hunted up.

Pleasant as it was to land in England, we parted from the *Admiral* and her officers with regret. Everything possible had been done to make our voyage one of pleasure and comfort by the good captain, who well merited the polite little address given him by the passengers on leaving. Our Melbourne friends, the B.s, went out in one of Green's packets, with a very cross, crusty captain. He had made himself very disagreeable to the passengers till within the last few days of their arrival, when, wishing to wipe off old sores and remembrances, he became as cringing as he had before been rude. Perhaps he hoped to get an address; if so, in this he was not disappointed. A wag on board got up a mock one, saying that a piece of plate accompanied it. When presented in due form and read by the captain, he appeared quite overcome—"He had not expected that—most certainly not; indeed, he had not deserved it," &c. The paper parcel was handed him, containing the supposed present. On opening it, with trembling hands, what was to be seen—a piece of plate, undoubtedly it was, but *a bit of a china one!* The mortified man let it drop, jumped up, and rushed to his cabin, too indignant to speak. I did not hear whether the revenge

of playing this practical joke had been followed by any results on his next voyage, or if it had taught him the lesson they supposed it would; but hope you will agree with me in thinking it was a cruel bit of spite, and not to be commended—the reverse of the golden rule we are so apt to forget.

You may suppose, that after living in Australia, we would enjoy our visit to England very much—such a lovely, finished-looking country it was, every bit of its soil turned to advantage; and so quiet and peaceful-looking, it seemed a fit land to be ruled by a queen. We remained nearly a month sight-seeing in London, and would have liked to have stayed longer, but we felt anxious to end our wanderings, and get home. From London we went to Liverpool, stopped a few days at the Adelphi Hotel, and then took passage for Canada on board the steamer *Cleopatra*, bound for Quebec. We promised ourselves a ten or twelve days' run, but, instead of that, were twenty-eight days out. About half-way across the Atlantic, we had so frightful a storm, that we were nearly lost. A rough wave swept over us, taking with it our kitchen, ice-house, all our fresh provisions and bulwarks, and washing into the steerage, broke a sailor's leg, and stove in the side of a berth, killing a little child of eighteen months, just hushed by its mother to sleep.

So damaged was the vessel that we were obliged to put into St. John's, Newfoundland, for repairs. We leaked so much from the straining of the storm, that we had to stand upon racks in our state-rooms, to keep us out of the water, and almost every article of clothing, as well as the bedding, was wet. As we undressed at night we had to bundle up our clothes, and hang them high, else they would be floating in the water before morning. Poor G. was the greatest sufferer

from all this; her whooping-cough had returned at intervals the whole way home, and though the voyage had improved her wonderfully, she was still very feeble. A Mrs. M., a widow, from Quebec, had come on board at Liverpool with two children, as first cabin passengers, one of whom she said was not well, but concealed the nature of the malady. In a couple of days time we found out that one had recovered from measles, the other was just sick with it. As G. had been trotting about the cabin with these children, she speedily took the disease, and had one of the worst forms of it. Great indignation was felt by all on board at the woman's duplicity (many of whom afterwards became sufferers from it), and much sympathy for the poor little first victim of her cruelty. Every effort was made to alleviate her sufferings. We had an excellent doctor on board, but the wet state of the mattresses and bedding, which it was impossible to dry, made her case very critical. A small ladies' saloon was kindly given up to her, and two young ladies insisted upon taking turn about in sitting up with her every night, as she was so restless and exacting, I had to sit holding her hand all day. The Captain was kindness itself. The little monkey had found her way into his heart, and imposed upon him, coolly making all sorts of requests, being sure of having them granted. One day, on taking his seat by her side, and asking how she was, she pettishly said, "Sick, very sick, his bad big light hurt her eyes," pointing to a swinging lamp screwed into the panel, and his "bad big noise hurt her head," meaning the tramping of the sailors and pulling of ropes over head. He laughed, and in half an hour had a place railed off above, so that nobody could walk there, and sent the carpenter, against my remonstrances, to screw the lamp into the beautiful white and gold panneling of another corner. I

was really afraid all the petting she got would spoil her. She had been the smallest child on board the *Admiral* able to run about, and was the smallest one here, and kind-hearted people are always found upon a voyage who make too much of little children, giving you some trouble afterwards in ridding them of the high notions of their own importance acquired then.

We were two days in St. John's, and were not sorry for the cause which brought us in, as it gave us an opportunity of seeing a place we should never have seen in any other way, not that there is much to be seen in St. John's; such a funny scrambling sort of a little town, muddy streets, muddy sidewalks, muddy everything. The people, however, were very hospitable and kind, taking an extraordinary pride in their really beautiful little Cathedral. Every new person to whom we were introduced invariably put the question, "Have you seen our Cathedral?" The Archdeacon in the gravest manner possible told me "it was the finest church in the New World. On my looking incredulous, visions of Trinity Church, New York, rising before me, he qualified it with, "at least *we think so.*" I did not doubt *that.*

The Bishop had a special thanksgiving service held for our benefit, at which we all attended, save Mrs M., who told us "she had other work to do," the final completion of which revealed itself the day we reached Portland, when she married our purser. They had never seen each other before she came on board, but her assertions of being very rich had evidently captivated the young man, who was her junior by many years, and of a good family at home, and quite pleasing appearance, while she looked old enough to be his mother. The gentlemen, who all along believed it to be a flirtation, used to tease him very much, telling him as soon as he became

“papa” to those children they “begged he would buy pocket handkerchiefs for them,” articles evidently considered as superfluities in that quarter. Afterwards, when he looked radiant in smiles, kid gloves, and happiness on his wedding morning, they wished they could have wiped out of his memory all the saucy things they had said to him. A day or so after the marriage she started for home, to have her house ready for her husband, who was to follow after the ship had unloaded. Evidently his expectations were not realized, for we heard some months later of his leaving her, and finally separating altogether, a sad termination to the very romantic courtship we so often laughed at on board ship, thinking she had made him the victim of a disease worse than measles.

After leaving St. John's, our ship had all sorts of escapes. Running at the rate of ten knots an hour in a dense fog, one day we came upon some floating ice, and knocked a hole in her bows. Happily she was divided into compartments; this one was shut off, and the donkey-engine put to work. The steerage passengers were all brought aft, and the bows raised slightly, a blanket stuffed inside, and a piece of iron fastened out, and we went on again. The water gained so fast, however, that the engine had to be kept pumping out the rest of the voyage. Another day we were sitting at dinner, when a middy came running into the cabin and whispered, “Breakers ahead, Sir,” into the captain's ear. It was an Irish whisper, and was caught up and echoed by the passengers, who soon cleared the table, leaving the ladies, of whom there were only five, in consternation below. One of them, a young girl, turning to me and looking very white said, “Oh! I shall faint, Mrs. C.” “Please don't,” I replied, “wait till we are out of danger, and then faint away as fast as you like.”

This provoked a smile, and she forgot to faint, when the gentlemen came down and told us all was right again. The ship was put about, the fog rose like a curtain, and there was the terrible Cape Race frowning down a short distance in front of us. Our escape certainly was a miracle. Another time up lifted the fog, and we counted eighteen vessels all around us. The weather continued thick, murky, with heavy squalls. We tried the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and found so much ice, and were in such a disabled state again, having broken the fan of our screw, and something being wrong with the engines, that the captain decided to run to Portland, and send us all on by rail to Quebec.

After a heavy squall one evening, when the waves were running high, papa, who had been skirting the horizon with his glass, told the captain he saw what looked like a wreck in the distance. It was found to be so. We bore down upon it, and saw signals of distress out and minute guns firing. With difficulty a boat was lowered and reached the sinking vessel, now rolling so heavily that we feared every roll she would go over, and be seen no more, snatching from our very grasp the precious lives we were so anxious to save, but no time was lost; several trips of the boat were made, noble fellows volunteering for the dangerous work, the brave hearts of Great Britain's sons being the brightest jewels of her crown. The captain, sailors, and all on board were saved, even including a big black Newfoundland dog and a pig. The ship was carrying a cargo mostly of iron, and no passengers, and sunk not long after we left her. We hurried to get at a safe distance lest we should be endangered by her going down. She had been dismasted in the storm, became a hulk, a juremast was rigged, but she leaked so fast that they had been three days and nights at the pumps, and had finally

given up hope, as the water gained so upon them pumping had become useless. The captain was a man of prayer, and had never ceased to entreat the Lord to send help. They were finally commending themselves to His mercy, all hope over, when we appeared in sight, the first sail seen by them for several days. What a joyful sight we were to them. The captain was much overcome when we shook hands with him, and welcomed him to our deck. With choking voice and streaming eyes he said, "My friends, I have a wife and six helpless children at home." He had lost everything belonging to him—poor man—on board, and had been part owner, but that would be small trouble to his dear ones, himself being spared. The Lord had been better to him than his fears, and enabled us all to realize the expressiveness of His own word as we read that night.

"They that go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters. These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths. Their soul is melted, because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet; so He bringeth them into their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men."

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CHAPTER XIII.

Home Again.

MY last chapter must be very short ; I am nearly finished. One more striking instance of our Heavenly Father's care manifested to us, and the story of our wanderings is done ; the only charm of which has been its truthfulness.

As our party on board the *Oleopatra* was so increased with all the extra mouths we had to feed, and having but badly made up our provision losses at St. John's, we were very glad of the pig which was killed next day.

G. begged her friend the captain to tell her why he saved the pig's life, only to kill it. Our new cabin passenger, Captain Pugsley, in whom, you may be sure, we all felt a great interest, did not escape the contagion of the measles, but was so prostrated by it, that, on landing, he had to be taken to the hospital in Portland, with two or three others, suffering from the same cause, and left there.

We were very glad to find ourselves safely anchored in the beautiful harbour of Portland. We had had so many frights, we almost feared we never would get safely to land again. Next day the passengers were sent on by train to Canada. I had been so worn out by anxiety about G., that I was ill all the night before, and the doctor positively forbid our attempting to go with them. This hindrance I felt to be a great trial at the time, though it turned out to be one of the most remarkable providences of our lives. Two kind friends, Col. Clements and his daughter, remained behind with us to keep

us company, the young lady being one of my child's devoted nurses. The following morning we started all right again, G. well wrapped in blankets, and largely supplied with good things for her journey by the captain.

Before coming to Island Pond, we passed the *debris* of a railway train, several carriages overturned and off the track, baggage car broken, and the locomotive, some distance further, tumbled over in the water, shewing that a serious accident had taken place. On asking when it had happened, I could get no satisfaction—nobody seeming to know, till at the journey's end, when I was reminded of my murmuring at our detention of the day before, and told I had great cause to be thankful for it, as that overturned train was the one which had carried on our fellow-passengers. It had run off the track towards evening, far from houses or help. The poor travellers had to stay all night in the cars, huddled together; no means of making a fire; the ground frozen hard all round them; nothing to eat, and constantly in dread of some night train running down upon the carriage still left upon the track. Happily, nobody had been seriously hurt. It was morning before help could be got, and then the locomotive sent could only bring that carriage on, which had to be filled with both cabin and steerage passengers also, the latter of whom, coming from a long voyage, well earned the title of the "great unwashed." The cold obliging them to shut the windows, the closeness of the atmosphere became such that a lady fainted. Had G. been in that train, she must have died, as she was too ill to bear such exposure. Cowper's beautiful verse came home to us:—

" Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

A Sunday at Island Pond, another on the way, and we were home, home again, scarcely able to realize it, after being wonderfully kept, and brought through trials and dangers, by no means slight, on our journey round the world, and an absence of about two years. Our trip back had been shorter than the one out, for, including our month in England, we were only a little over five months from Melbourne, while, you remember, we left Quebec in September, and did not reach Australia till the following April.

The third day after our return to Quebec, our dear H. was born, a pleasant welcome home for us, and a richer gift than all the gold of Australia would have been. The old nest was again established, and the wee birdies thrive; the parents neither regretting the experiences of their southern migration, nor their flight north towards home, and rest again.

And now, I think, a few short extracts from letters received from a Beechworth friend, after our return, would be of interest to you, as showing the progress and prosperity of that place. They were written a year after we left:—

“MY DEAR MRS. C.,— * * * * *

I have much satisfaction in being able to inform you, that the good seed sown by you in the hearts of the Beechworth children seems to have brought forth fruit one hundred fold. It would do you good to see the large number attending the Denominational School daily; but Sunday is the crowning day of all,—then, indeed, the children flock from all parts of the diggings, and their pretty voices may be heard united in praise and prayer to God. What a change from their forlorn state, when your heart first yearned towards them! I am sure it will also gratify you to learn that several of your scholars came to make enquiries after you, on hearing I had had a letter from Mr. C. Need I add how delighted they

were on learning that you had not forgotten them, and that you were comfortably settled in your own home, after the rude and stormy absence which characterized your stay in this colony. Mr. C. will give you a history of this place since your departure. I need only add, that it daily improves, and were you now here, you would find it a tolerable place for a new colony. Give my love to G., if she remembers me. I hope little baby is well, and that your health has improved since your return," &c., &c. * * * * *

From the same friend to Papa:—

"MY DEAR C.,— * * * * *
For a long time after your departure, I felt the great loss sustained by your absence, because your successor was quite your reverse in everything that tended to keep up a good understanding between us. Mr. W., who replaced you, has now been transferred to Ballarat, and a Mr. B. appointed to this Bench, who is well spoken off." [Here follows a list of histories of the movements of personal friends, ending with that of our most intimate one.] "Jones is in the greatest desert the district can afford, at a place called Sandy Creek, on the Little River, about 40 miles from Beecroft, where he can obtain neither meat, milk, bread nor vegetables. He looks like a wild man when he visits here. He has only a clerk in that miserable place. * * * * *

"We have not such a paucity of ladies on the camp now as in your time, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Barkley, Mrs. Morphy and Mrs. Hall being residents. Mrs. Turner is an elegant little woman, whom every one admires, because of her goodness of disposition and agreeable manner. I have so often wished Mrs. C. had remained, were it only for the pleasure of Mrs. Turner's company. * * * * *

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

"Beechworth has improved very much since your stay here. It now boasts of six hotels, several large stores, looking like well fitted-up shops. A Wesleyan chapel, a school and an assembly-room are amongst its public buildings; while the new post-office is a conspicuous object for admiration. A local press has also been established, and I send you the first number of our *Ovens and Murray Advertiser*, edited by our enterprising friend Nixon. * * * Several small gold-fields have been discovered, but none to rival the old place. * * * It is gratifying to observe that the majority of the miners now erect substantial wooden huts, as if intending to remain for years. I mention a great many of these little trifles, because I believe you to be very much interested in everything that relates to Beechworth. * * *

"Politically, the colony has undergone great changes. * * * I don't think I mentioned that our gaol has been at last completed, and a stockade erected round it. Sergeant Quirk is the gaoler. He has his wife and sister here. Your man Frederick I know nothing of, save that he left Beechworth immediately after your departure.

"Dr. Crawford has just returned from England, where he has been since you left, having been recalled by the Admiralty. He has now settled at Beechworth for private practice, to the great damage of our District Surgeon *alias* Assistant-Colonial. The license fee is doomed, and I fear the entire Gold Commission will fall to ruins. The House have confined the Government to £1,300,000 for salaries for the ensuing year, and the sum last year was £2,300,000, so a corresponding reduction must take place in the numbers in each department. Melbourne is in a wretched state. Every trade is dull; bankruptcy is the natural consequence. Few are able to brave the stagnation in trade. Just fancy per-

sons purchasing in Melbourne goods shipped from England, and sending them back again, expecting twenty per cent. This is a fact, and still on the diggings here, there is little change." * * * * *

We have heard frequently of Beechworth since this letter was written, and always of its increasing wealth and prosperity. Now it is one of the most thriving towns in Victoria. Think of the contrast as it was when I first saw it—with nothing but rows of tents, and my little house the only wooden-walled dwelling in it. I suppose a town never sprang into existence faster than Beechworth did.

And now, in conclusion, dear children, I would remind you that you are all on a journey, and have both "rough and smooth" to travel over. "May your feet be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace." The world may be compared to a great gold-field, with its denizens eagerly hunting for wealth; and though the word of God and experience constantly teaches the unsatisfactory nature of the search, the warning is unheeded, the lesson unlearned. May you be given wisdom from on high to guide you to greater riches than this world's gold-field can offer—even the pearl of great price; so that life's journey over—the dark river crossed—you may enter into the full enjoyment of a home in the Promised Land, the Heavenly Canaan which the Lord has promised to those who love Him.

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